

# 18 IF MY FRIENDS COULD SEE ME NOW

## CHARITY

CUE: CHARITY: "I'M NOT MOVING."

Mod. BRIT 2

ORCH.

CUE: CHARITY: "ME IN A MILLION YEARS." (CHARITY)

IF THEY COULD

SEE ME NOW THAT LIT-TLE GANG OF MINE I'M

EAT-ING FAN-CY CHOW AND DRINK-ING FAN-CY WINE I'D LIKE THOSE

STUM-BLE BUMS TO SEE FOR A FACT THE KIND OF

TOP DRAWER, FIRST RATE CHUMS I AT-TRACT! ALL I CAN

SAY IS, "WOW - - - EE" LOOK A' WHERE I AM, TO-NIGHT I

LAND-ED, POW! RIGHT IN A POT OF JAM. WHAT A

SET UP! HO-LY COW! THEY'D NEV-ER BE-LEVE IT, IF MY

FRIENDS COULD SEE ME NOW!

# WHERE AM I GOING

## CHARITY

QUE: CHARITY: "YOU'RE DAMNER RIGHT, I'M GOING."

ORCH. CHARITY: "I DON'T KNOW WHERE."

(CHARITY)

WHERE AM I GO...ING AND WHAT WILL I FIND, WHAT'S IN THIS GRAB BAG THAT

I CALL MY MIND? WHAT AM I DO...ING A-LONE ON THE SHELF,

AIN'T IT A SHAME, BUT NO ONE'S TO BLAME BUT MY - SELF.

WHICH WAY IS CLEAR WHEN YOU'VE LOST YOUR WAY

YEAR AF-TER YEAR. DO I KEEP FALL-ING IN LOVE FOR

JUST THE KICK OF IT? STAG-GER-ING THRU THE THIN AND THICK OF IT.

HAT-ING EACH OLD AND TIR-ED TRICK OF IT. KNOW WHAT I AM, I'M

GOOD AND SICK OF IT! WHERE AM I GO-ING?

WHY DO I CARE? RUN TO THE BRONX OR

Sweet Charity

WASH-ING-TON

LOOK-ING IN

AN-GER

WHERE AM I

QUE: CHARITY "HE WON'T."

AN-GER

WHERE AM I

AN-GER

WHERE AM I

WHERE AM I

WHERE AM I

WHERE AM I

WHERE AM I

WHERE AM I

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WHERE AM I



(OSCAR smiles back and presses button. The elevator door 'closes' and THEY BOTH silently ride up. OSCAR, with his hat in his hand, stares quietly ahead. CHARITY does too, but then slyly glances his way, then looks back out at nothing ... Suddenly, THEY BOTH jerk

24

ELEVATOR STING #1

forward and we get the impression that the elevator has suddenly come to a stop ... but the door did not open. THEY are obviously between floors. It is plain to see from the blanched expression on OSCAR'S face, HE is not comfortable in this situation.)

OSCAR

(Nervously)

What was that?

CHARITY

We stopped ... Press the button. It'll start right in again.

(OSCAR quickly presses the button but nothing happens. HE presses it again and again. It doesn't move.)

OSCAR

Something's wrong. We're stuck.

CHARITY

(Cheerfully)

These old elevators. You never can trust them.

OSCAR

(Nervously wipes forehead.)

Oh, boy.

CHARITY

I had a friend who was stuck in one for eight hours. With two German shepherds and a delivery boy.

OSCAR

(Getting extremely tense. HE loosens his tie.)

It's kind of stuffy in here, isn't it? Isn't it stuffy?

CHARITY

You think so?

OSCAR

(Unbuttons his top shirt button.)  
... You want to try pressing the buttons?

CHARITY

No, that's alright. I'm sure you pressed them very well.

OSCAR

(Nods)  
I did. I pressed them very well. I gave them a very good press ... Sooo ... I guess we're stuck.

CHARITY

I guess so ...  
(SHE looks at INSPECTORS' CARD on the wall and reads ...)  
"Maximum weight in pounds ... one thousand three hundred."

OSCAR

(Looks at her.)  
... What do you weigh?

CHARITY

A hundred and twenty-eight.

OSCAR

We're alright.

CHARITY

Sure.

OSCAR

Yeah, we're fine ... Fine ... We're just stuck in the old elevator ...  
(HE forces a little laugh.)

CHARITY

Are you alright?

OSCAR

(Quickly)  
Me? Me? Yes. Yes. Fine. Yes, I'm fine. Fine. Just have to get used to it, that's all ... It's my first time trapped in an elevator ... Trapped, trapped, trapped.

CHARITY

Hey! ... You don't have claustrophobia, do you?

OSCAR

(Scoffing)  
Oh, no. No. No, nothing like that. Claustrophobia? ...  
No... I just don't like to be in small, tight places that I can't get out of.

CHARITY

That certainly makes sense to me, Oscar.

OSCAR

It's not your fault, Charity. You're a wonderful girl.

CHARITY

(Hopeful)

I am?

OSCAR

But it's my problem, Charity. I have this neurosis ... a --  
mental block.

CHARITY

There's a lot of that going around.

OSCAR

(With self-anger)

But I have this childish, incomprehensible, idiotic,  
fixation about purity. In this day and age? It's  
laughable, isn't it?

(SHE laughs.)

It's not funny. But every time I think of you -- with all  
those other men --

CHARITY

Oscar, you're making a mountain out of a couple of guys.

OSCAR

How many?

CHARITY

What?

OSCAR

(Shouts)

HOW MANY? I want to know exactly how many.

CHARITY

Gee, when you yell like that, I can't think.

(SHE starts to count on fingers.)

Frank, Harry, Sidney -- How far back do you want me to go?

OSCAR

(Covers eyes in agony.)

Oh, my God, don't tell me. I don't want to hear.

CHARITY

Oscar, I know I'm not very bright. I could go to a night  
school. We could be so happy in that gas station, I know it.  
On the days you felt 'sick,' you could stay in bed and I'd  
work the pumps ... I've got so much to give ... Let me give  
it to you.

OSCAR

Charity, get up. You're too good to be on your knees to me.

CHARITY

(Weak smile)

Give the little girl a break, heh?

OSCAR

Together, I'd destroy you. Sooner or later it would start again and I'd hound you day and night "What were their names?" "How long did you know them before?" "How did you feel when they ----" ...

CHARITY

You could ask me anything. I won't hide a thing. I'll tell you everything you want to know.

OSCAR

You'd like that, wouldn't you? ... I'd get all the pretty details wouldn't I? Give you quite a thrill, heh?

CHARITY

... I'll get the word out of me, not a word -- Don't you worry, I'm very flexible. I can go either way.

OSCAR

... I'll get the word out of me, not a word -- Don't you worry, I'm very flexible. I can go either way.

CHARITY

... I'll get the word out of me, not a word -- Don't you worry, I'm very flexible. I can go either way.

OSCAR

But the one shred of decency left in me won't let me destroy you. I must save you from me. I'm doing this for your own good, Charity. Run. Run. I'M SAVING YOU, CHARITY ... SAVING YOU!!!!

(HE has forced her down to the apron. HE pushes her into the orchestra pit.

48

FINALE

Electric sign appears:

"DITTO"

After four counts, sign goes off.

OSCAR leans over, looks down.)

Woops.