

Side Ten (B)

HUGO exits. At the exact same moment,
ROSIE, still lugging her suitcases, starts in from stage right.

ROSIE. (*Dumps suitcases and strides to the bar*) Double bourbon, scotch on the side, no ice, and a cherry in it! Make that two cherries! And bring on the dancing boys! Alvarez is the name but I want you to call me Spanish Rose! Siboney...da da da da, da da da da da, da dum dum dum dum!

BARTENDER. Spanish Rose ...

ROSIE. Si.

BARTENDER. Get out.

The phone rings, and as ROSIE continues, the BARTENDER answers it and lights come up on ALBERT in the MACAFEE living room, stage left.

ROSIE. Now wait a minute! You can't throw me out! I'm an American citizen and it's my constitutional right to have a drink here if I so choose and get loaded here if I so choose and do any manner of wild and trashy things here if I so choose! This is Spanish Rose's coming out party, and when I say coming out I mean coming out!

BARTENDER. (*As Rosie raves on*) Yeah?

ALBERT. Hello, this is Albert J. Peterson speaking.
Is Rose Alvarez there?

BARTENDER. Who?

Allá en el rancho grande,
Allá donde vivía
Aiee!

ALBERT. Rose Alvarez! In fact, I think that's her voice I hear now. Would you put her on please?

BARTENDER. Hold the wire! (*To ROSIE in middle of her "Aieee!"*) Hey, Fidel Castro! I got a guy named Peterson wants to talk to you.

ROSIE. (*Into the phone*) Tell that weaselly little rat I'm not here!

ALBERT. That proves she's there! Who else would know I'm a weaselly little rat? (*Shouting*) ... Rose, I've got to talk to you! It's about Conrad!

ROSIE. (*Grabbing the phone*) And furthermore, even if I were this Rose, which I am not, the one thing that would certainly make me hang up is any mention of anybody named Conrad!