

Side SEVEN

KIM. Don't be upset, Miss Alvarez. All men can't be like that!

ROSIE. Every one of them! Except maybe Albert Schweitzer. And I'm not his type.
They're all the same. From puberty to senility ... from Arnold to Mussolini ...

KIM. I never understood why Ingrid Bergman married him in the first place.

ROSIE. Egotistical, selfish human beasts!

KIM. Then what are we poor women to do, Miss Alvarez?

ROSIE. (*Crossing to upstage of bed*) Use them!

Music vamp in.

Let them be our playthings! While we live! Sip from the cup of life!
Mix the potion full strong and drain it to the dregs!

ROSIE slams down the lid of the suitcase. Music pauses for the next line.

How do you like them apples, Mr. Peterson!

KIM & ROSIE.

(*Sung*) Do we need them? No, we don't!
Do we want them? No, we don't!

KIM. Will we leave them?

ROSIE. No, we won't!
Tell me, what did I say that for?

BOTH. What did we ever see in them?
How could we ever think that they were nice!
Take it from us, we've paid an awful price!
It was rough, from the start,
Broken dates, broken nails, broken heart...
What did we ever see in ...

KIM. Hugo F. Peabody!

ROSIE. Hah?

KIM. Hugo! What did I ever see in him? Why, he's as bad as Mr. Peterson if not worse!
(*Suddenly*) ...Miss Alvarez, I'm coming with you!

ROSIE. Kim, don't be ridiculous! You're only fifteen!

KIM. Juliet was fourteen when she left home.

ROSIE. And look what happened to her! Now look, Kim,
why don't you have some milk and cookies and go to bed like a ...

KIM. It's too late for cookies, Miss Alvarez! I want to live!
We'll sip the dregs together! We'll help each other with our potions!