

# **BOOGIE-WOOGIE BUGLE GIRLS**

**A Musical**

*Book By Craig Sodaro  
Music and Lyrics by Stephen Murray*

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### **STORY OF THE PLAY**

While World War II rages, the Bugle sisters, Betty, Ruthie, and Sissy, turn their Grandpa Buddy's Seaside Hotel into the Star-Spangled Canteen where sailors and soldiers can relax, eat, and dance. Not only do they want to help the war effort, but they want to save the Seaside from the hands of ruthless businessman Skylar Schutt who intends to buy the Florida hotel for back taxes.

But when Schutt accuses Buddy Bugle of being a German spy, the girls – with a little help from the Ladies' League for Coastal Defense – declare all out war. And it isn't long before a platoon of spies surfaces! It seems everybody becomes suspicious of everyone else until a nighttime reconnaissance mission traps the real traitor.

Terrific songs, many patriotic, many humorous, and many with that upbeat harmonizing unique to that wonderful bygone era, make this show a red, white and blue winner!

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**

*(10 m, 17 w, extras as desired)*

**BUDDY BUGLES:** An old vaudeville star, about 62.  
**SKYLAR SCHUTT:** Businessman, about 25.  
**CLARABETH SHAPELY:** Skylar's "secretary," about 20.  
**BETTY BUGLE:** Buddy's oldest granddaughter, about 21.  
**RUTHIE BUGLE:** Another granddaughter, 19.  
**SISSY BUGLE:** A third granddaughter, 15.  
**MARIAH:** Housekeeper, about 50.  
**BOBBY BUGLE:** Buddy's grandson, a soldier, 23.  
**HERMOINE WASHINGTON:** Head of the Ladies' League for Coastal Defense, about 50.  
**GERTRUDE JEFFERSON:** Another member, about 45.  
**MARGARET ADAMS:** Another member, about 45.  
**ESTELLE LINCOLN:** Another member, about 50.  
**LORETTA:** A friend of the Bugle girls, about 19.  
**GAYLE:** Another friend, about 19.  
**LEO McCOY:** A hillbilly singer, about 40.  
**PATSY McCOY:** His wife, about 40.  
**PEGGY McCOY:** Their daughter, about 16.  
**CHARLIE CAMERON:** A sailor, 20s.  
**WILLIE MAZOTTI:** Another sailor, 20s.  
**STINKY SAILORS:** Another, 20s.  
**B.J.:** Another sailor, 20s.  
**BEULAH BENNS:** Local law officer, 30s.  
**NAN GIBBONS:** A freelance writer, 20s.  
**SAMMY SMITH:** A civilian, 20s.  
**KITTY KRAMER:** Sammy's bride, 20s.  
**FREDDY BUTTERS:** Buddy's vaudeville partner, about 65.  
**BABS DONOVAN:** A record company executive, 30s.  
**EXTRAS:** Male and female service personnel.

Radio announcements (male voice) can be pre-taped.

*Boogie-Woogie Bugle Girls*

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**SETTING**

The lobby of the Seaside Hotel, summer, 1943. The lobby is dominated by French doors USC. Through the open doors we see a terrace, railing, and the horizon beyond. A few palm trees can be seen stretching in the distance. An arched entrance USR serves as the main entrance to the hotel. Wing entrance SL leads to rooms, while wing entrances DSR lead to kitchen, dining room, and game room. Traditional hotel desk, complete with bell, mailboxes, and rotary dial phone, stands USL. Raised platform or small stage stands against wall, SR. Hanging behind stage is a poster of "Bugle and Butters," a vaudeville team. Small couch sits SL facing stage, with two chairs facing the couch at SC. Other chairs sit against the walls here and there as found in any lobby. Posters advertising war bonds should decorate the walls along with a large map of the world. Small flags dot the map indicating where Bobby has been stationed --U.S., England, North Africa.

**SYNOPSIS OF SCENES**

**ACT I**

Scene 1: Lobby of the Seaside Hotel, summer, 1943.

Scene 2: Four days later.

Scene 3: The following night.

Scene 4: The following day.

**ACT II**

Scene 1: That night.

Scene 2: Later that night, 11:45 p.m.

Scene 3: The following night.

*Boogie-Woogie Bugle Girls*

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**PROPS**

BUDDY: Cane for dancing.  
CLARABETH: Box of chocolates, notebook, pistol.  
MARIAH: Broom, dust cloth, patriotic outfit.  
BETTY: Tablet, robe, curlers, slippers.  
RUTHIE: Tablet, robe, curlers, slippers.  
SISSY: Tablet, telegram, photo album, robe, curlers, slippers.  
BOBBY: Army fatigues, paper, pen, sling for arm.  
LORETTA and GAYLE: Large sign reading "Seaside Canteen...", plates of sandwiches, letter, large heavy suitcases.  
HERMOINE: Large purse with nightstick, handcuffs, length of rope; money for card bets; Statue of Liberty costume; note cards with questions; camouflage outfit.  
GERTRUDE: Money for card bets; camouflage outfit  
LEO: Hillbilly clothes, rope, gag.  
PATSY: Hillbilly clothes, washboard, rope and gag.  
PEGGY: Hillbilly clothes, tambourine, rope and gag.  
BEULAH: Nazi flag, telegram.  
NAN: Camera with case.  
SAMMY: Ill-fitting civilian clothes, money (change), watch, marriage license.  
KITTY: Watch.  
ESTELLE: Patriotic costume, apple pie, pillow, chair cover, camouflage outfit.  
GERTRUDE: Patriotic costume, kazoo, camouflage outfit.  
FREDDY: Raincoat, fedora, dark glasses, small pebble, jacket, tattoo on arm.  
BABS: Small purse containing two dollar bills.  
MISCELLANEOUS:  
At lobby desk: Pen, guest book; men's driving gloves; Bobby's letter; radio; paper, markers, stapler and other desk supplies; donation can.  
At food table: Tablecloth; box which holds napkins, plates, etc; coffee urn, punch bowl and cups; ; cash box of money; small paper sandwich bag.  
Elsewhere: Red, white and blue decorations; posters for war bonds; "Bugle and Butters" poster; decks of cards, record player; pillow; chair cover.

**MUSICAL NUMBERS**

**ACT I**

**Scene 1**

**Intro/My Buddy** (Buddy)

**Lock, Stock, and Barrel** (Skylar)

**Can You Hear Me?** (Ruthie, Betty, and Sissy)

**Scene 2**

**He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not** (Clarabeth)

**I Can't Wait to Get Home** (Bobby)

**That 6:30 Train** (Ruthie, Betty, and Sissy)

**Scene 3**

**Mr. Lucky** (Leo, Patsy and Peggy)

**Don't Let It Bring You Down** (Mariah, Loretta, Gayle and Girls)

**Scene 4**

**100% All-American** (Ruthie, Betty, Sissy and Ensemble)

**ACT II**

**Scene 1**

**Chin Up, Spirits High** (Ruthie, Betty, and Sissy)

**My Wife Can't Cook** (Leo, Patsy and Peggy)

**Seven Cups of Coffee** (Ruthie, Betty, and Sissy)

**Scene 2**

**My Buddy** (Buddy and Freddy)

**Make a Little Noise** (Ruthie, Betty, Sissy and Ensemble)

**We Only Just Said Howdy** (Leo, Patsy and Peggy)

**Boogie-Woogie Bugle Girls** (Ruthie, Betty, and Sissy with Bobby and Ensemble)

*Boogie-Woogie Bugle Girls*

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**Scene 1**

**SONG #1 – INTRODUCTION/MY BUDDY**

*(AT RISE: The lobby of the Seaside Hotel, summer, 1943. BUDDY sings and dances to “My Buddy.” SKYLAR SCHUTT leans against the lobby desk, while CLARABETH lounges on the couch selecting chocolates from a box of candy.)*

BUDDY: *(Sings.)*

WHEN WE'RE WALKING DOWN THE STREET, MY BUDDY AND ME.  
WE'RE ABOUT AS HAPPY AS TWO PEOPLE CAN BE.  
SURE, WE HAVEN'T GOT THE THINGS THAT MONEY CAN BUY.  
BUT AT LEAST I HAVE MY B-U-D-D-Y.

I DON'T HAVE A MANSION  
I DON'T HAVE A YACHT  
LOTS OF NOTHING IS WHAT I'VE GOT.  
THERE ISN'T MUCH THAT I CALL MINE  
BUT I'VE GOT MY BUDDY AND THAT SUITS ME FINE.  
BUT I'VE GOT MY BUDDY AND THAT SUITS ME FINE.

BUDDY: *(Following verse, still dancing.)* Did I ever tell you I was in  
vaudeville?

SKYLAR: Yes, Mr. Bugle.

BUDDY: Bugle and Butters, the team to beat! If you don't laugh at their  
jokes, you'll be dazzled by their feet!

SKYLAR: Yeah? Well, I can see why you're a has-been.

CLARABETH: Shut up, Skylar! I like it!

SKYLAR: *(Grabbing chocolates from HER.)* Easy on the bon-bons,  
Baby.

CLARABETH: Hey!

SKYLAR: You'd use up all our ration points in a week if I let you!  
*(BUDDY starts to sing a second verse of the song but SKYLAR,  
impatient, claps loudly and makes CLARABETH stand up.)* Great,  
great! Now can we talk business?

BUDDY: The only business I know is show business!

SKYLAR: From the looks of things you ain't kiddin'! You ever get  
anybody to stay in this old rat hole?

BUDDY: Oh, once in a while. Folks lose their way sometimes on the  
way to Miami on account of that sign I hung up by the highway.

SKYLAR: What sign's that?

*Boogie-Woogie Bugle Girls*

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BUDDY: The one that says, "Welcome to Miami Beach."

SKYLAR: You can't do that! This is thirty miles north of Miami. We ain't near Miami Beach.

BUDDY: Nobody's said a thing yet.

SKYLAR: Look, Pops, I own Skinner Mortgage and Realty Company in Miami. I also own the Miami Bongo Club and a couple of other places around town. I've been meaning to expand my horizons, and that's why I'm making you this offer.

BUDDY: But Mr. Skinner ...

SKYLAR: Schutt.

BUDDY: Shoot what? Are you a hunter?

SKYLAR: My name's Mr. Schutt. Skylar Schutt.

BUDDY: Oh, pleased to meet you. (*Shakes SKYLAR'S hand.*)

SKYLAR: (*Cordially.*) The pleasure's all mine. (*Realizing what HE'S doing, he breaks off shaking hands, furiously.*) Would you stop all this nonsense and listen to me!

BUDDY: (*Cleans HIS ears with his little finger, then ...*) All right, I'm listening!

SKYLAR: I'll give you a thousand bucks for this dump. Take it or leave it.

BUDDY: I'm afraid I'll have to leave it.

CLARABETH: We'll offer fifteen hundred!

SKYLAR: Clarabeth!

BUDDY: Oh, I can't sell for that much.

CLARABETH: Two thousand! (*SKYLAR puts his hand over HER mouth and shoos her behind him.*)

SKYLAR: I plead temporary insanity on the part of my secretary, Miss Shapely.

BUDDY: It's quite all right. And to be honest, it doesn't matter what price you offer, I just couldn't sell Seaside. I'd managed to save up a bit so when Freddy Butters, my vaudeville partner, was hurt in a car accident and we had to end our act, I could invest in a real honest-to-goodness business that would keep me in clover.

Well, no sooner did Mattie – oh, Mattie was my wife – move in here than our only daughter and her husband were killed in a plane crash. So, it was up to Mattie and me to raise their son and three daughters. And what better place than the Seaside? It's been a joy and comfort to me even when Mattie eventually went on to join our daughter.

CLARABETH: (*Begins slugging SKYLAR through her tears.*) You big, rotten lug!



*Boogie-Woogie Bugle Girls*

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SKYLAR: What'd I do? What'd I do?

CLARABETH: How dare you try to buy this place from poor old Mr. Bugle? It's every memory he's got!

SKYLAR: If you don't get hold of yourself, you'll be walkin' back to Miami Beach, and I wouldn't be surprised if a few Nazi spies didn't kidnap you along the way.

CLARABETH: Oh, go on with the spies and all! (*SHE grabs the chocolates back and digs in again.*)

BUDDY: Miss Shapely's right, Mr. Skinner.

SKYLAR: Schutt!

BUDDY: I don't have a gun.

SKYLAR: My name's Schutt!

BUDDY: Oh, that's right. Now where was I ...

SKYLAR: You've agreed to sell the Seaside for the generous sum of one thousand dollars.

BUDDY: Oh, no! I couldn't do that. There's too much of me here ... too much of everything I love. I wouldn't part with a single board or brick.

SKYLAR: That ain't what the county clerk tells me.

BUDDY: (*Worriedly.*) Oh, dear.

SKYLAR: You haven't paid the last year and a half of taxes.

BUDDY: Well, you see, there's a very good explanation for that.

SKYLAR: The county clerk told me. You've spent every cent buying war bonds.

BUDDY: That's right. My grandson Bobby is somewhere over there fighting the Fascists. The least I can do is help pay for his uniform ... his meals ... his bullets.

CLARABETH: That is so sweet!

SKYLAR: But you can't ignore your taxes at home. The county clerk said to remind you if you don't pay the back taxes, which amounts to ... what is that figure, Clarabeth?

(*MARIAH enters USC sweeping the balcony. She listens intently, but is unseen by the others.*)

CLARABETH: (*Checking HER notebook.*) Ah, \$682.47.

SKYLAR: Yes ... if you don't pay \$682.47 by a month from yesterday, the Seaside will be sold at auction.

BUDDY: Oh dear! You won't tell anybody about this, will you?

SKYLAR: My lips are sealed, but in less than a month you're gonna get thrown out of here and then you'd better start telling somebody something!

BUDDY: I know ... I know ... but I don't know what to do.

*Boogie-Woogie Bugle Girls*

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CLARABETH: Two thousand smackers would get you pretty far, Mr. Bugle.

SKYLAR: (*Admonishingly.*) A thousand would get him just as far, Miss Shapely.

BUDDY: I'm not selling, and that's that!

SKYLAR: You don't want to sell, Mr. Bugle? Fine. But remember, in less than a month the Seaside Hotel will be mine ... lock, stock and barrel. And for a lot less than a grand.

**SONG #2 – LOCK, STOCK, AND BARREL**

SKYLAR: (*Sings.*)

I MADE YOU AN OFFER. YOU CHOSE TO REFUSE.  
SO NOW YOU HAVE SEALED YOUR FATE.  
I MADE YOU AN OFFER. I GAVE YOU A CHANCE.  
BUT NOW IT IS TOO LATE.

LOCK, STOCK, AND BARREL.  
THIS PROPERTY SOON WILL BE MINE  
THE WHOLE KIT AND KABOODLE  
THE WHOLE BALL OF WAX.  
SEE WHAT COMES FROM NOT PAYING YOUR PROPERTY TAX.

LOCK, STOCK, AND BARREL.  
THE OUTCOME IS EASY TO SEE.  
I OFFERED TO BUY. YOU SAID, "NO."  
SO, GOOD-BYE.  
THIS HOTEL WILL BELONG TO ME.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS WOULD GO A LONG WAY  
TOWARD THE OVERDUE TAXES YOU OWE.  
THE OFFER WAS FAIR. OH, BUT YOU DID NOT CARE.  
YOUR ANSWER STILL WAS "NO," SO ...

LOCK, STOCK, AND BARREL.  
THIS PROPERTY SOON WILL BE MINE.  
THE WALLS AND THE WINDOWS, THE CEILINGS AND FLOORS.  
WILL BE MY POSSESSION AND FORMERLY YOURS.  
LOCK, STOCK, AND BARREL.  
THE OUTCOME IS EASY TO SEE.

YOUR HOTEL WILL BE SOLD. YOU'LL BE OUT IN THE COLD.  
I WON'T LOSE ANY SLEEP WHEN I BUY IT DIRT CHEAP!  
I OFFERED TO BUY. YOU SAID, "NO." SO, GOOD-BYE.  
THIS HOTEL WILL BELONG TO ME.  
YES, THIS HOTEL WILL BELONG TO ME.

*Boogie-Woogie Bugle Girls*

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SKYLAR: *(Spoken.)* Come along, Miss Shapely. I want to dictate some letters as we head back to Miami.

CLARABETH: Yeah? Well, remember to talk real slow.

SKYLAR: *(Pushing CLARABETH out through arch USR.)* Good day, Mr. Bugle.

BUDDY: Yes, good-bye, Mr. Skinner.

SKYLAR: Schutt! Schutt! Schutt!

BUDDY: I'm sorry, did you stub your toe? *(THEY are gone.)* Oh, dear!

*(BUDDY sits for a moment. MARIAH enters through French door and is just about to say something when Buddy gets up and moves to phone. Mariah hides on terrace again.)*

BUDDY: Operator? I'd like to place a person-to-person long distance call to Mr. Freddy Butters. He lives in Youngstown, Ohio. That's right. I don't know his number offhand ... you will? Thank you. *(While waiting, HE reprises his soft-shoe number for a few beats, dancing along with the phone. Then.)* Yes? And you've got Mr. Butters? I appreciate it. Hello? Freddy? Is that you? This is Buddy. Well, the only Buddy you ever worked forty-eight states with. Oh, I'm muddling along. Yes, Bobby's in North Africa, but he's always full of good stories and good cheer. Takes after his mother that way. How's that hardware store of yours? Going buggy with the rationing, huh? Well, we're all the same and have to do our part, right? Say, Freddy, do you recall a long time ago I loaned you some money to start up your store? Oh, well, I did. Yes, that's right. Five hundred. Well, you see, Freddy, I'm in a bit of a pinch down here and I could sure use that money. You don't, huh? Well, that's a bit of bad luck, but I understand. Times are tough ... even in Youngstown. Well, it's been good talking to you. All my best. Good-bye, old partner. Bye.

*(He hangs up slowly. MARIAH exits unseen by BUDDY. BETTY, RUTHIE, and SISSY enter USR carrying tablets.)*

BETTY: Hi, Grandpa!

BUDDY: *(Nervously, covering.)* Oh, hello, girls ...

SISSY: What's wrong? You look a little green around the gills.

BUDDY: A touch of ... indigestion.

BETTY: Did we learn anything about indigestion at our first aid class? *(Looking at HER tablet.)*

*Boogie-Woogie Bugle Girls*

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RUTHIE: I don't think so. Maybe gargle with aspirin.  
SISSY: That sounds absolutely disgusting!  
BETTY: It would only aggravate that burning sensation.  
BUDDY: How about if I just go lie down for a bit. (*Exits DSL.*)  
RUTHIE: Gosh, Grandpa isn't quite himself today.  
BETTY: Maybe it's just getting to him and all.  
SISSY: I feel like that when I break a nail.  
BETTY: I'm talking about the war. The world's falling apart around us  
and you're saying it's like breaking a nail.  
SISSY: Sorry!  
BETTY: (*Making up.*) I just wish there was something more we could  
do.  
SISSY: We went to first aid class today.  
RUTHIE: You work in the munitions plant and I volunteer at Camp  
Jackson.  
SISSY: And I'm too young to do anything important.  
RUTHIE: C'mon, Sissy. Who collected the most used tires in the  
county? Who collected the most bottle caps and the most old  
newspapers?  
SISSY: So, I'm a pack rat.  
RUTHIE: And every little bit helps.  
BETTY: I guess so. But there's still this gnawing feeling like I want to  
go over there myself and punch Hitler in the face!  
SISSY: Yeah! Knock his stupid mustache right off his lip.

*(CLARABETH enters USR. She charges in, but suddenly notices the girls.)*

CLARABETH: Oh, hello.  
BETTY: Hello, do you need a room?  
CLARABETH: Oh, no! I just came back for Skylar's gloves.  
RUTHIE: Who's Skylar?  
CLARABETH: Skylar Schutt, owner of Skinner Mortgage and Real  
Estate Company. I'm his secretary, Miss Shapely.  
SISSY: Ah hah.  
BETTY: Sissy!  
CLARABETH: It's true! And Mr. Schutt forgot his gloves when we left a  
minute ago. (*SHE moves to table on which rests a pair of driving  
gloves.*) You see? Skylar ... I mean Mr. Schutt ... doesn't like to speed  
unless he's got his driving gloves on.

*Boogie-Woogie Bugle Girls*

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BETTY: Much safer that way.

CLARABETH: Absolutely. *(SHE looks around the room.)* Hmmmm ... you know? I think this room is going to look swell painted lime green.

RUTHIE: Who's painting it?

CLARABETH: Skylar and me! We're gonna take over this dump and make something of it!

RUTHIE: What are you talking about? Grandpa didn't put the Seaside up for sale.

CLARABETH: Yeah? Well, the county is puttin' it up for sale. Back taxes.

BETTY: Oh, no!

CLARABETH: Skylar and me are going to grab it for a song!

SISSY: Look, you! You'd better sing a different tune.

RUTHIE: Grandpa's not giving up the Seaside for anything!

CLARABETH: I still say lime green will look swell! Well, I'd love to stay and chat some more, but I've gotta go serve coffee at our Bongo Club tonight. Sure gives you a great feelin' when you can help our boys. Ta ta!

*(CLARABETH flounces off USR. BETTY sits in chair, crushed.)*

SISSY: I'll go out there and flatten their tires!

RUTHIE: Don't be silly. What good would that do?

SISSY: I'd feel a whole lot better!

RUTHIE: It doesn't matter how we feel. Think about Grandpa! He must feel awful.

*(MARIAH enters through French door.)*

MARIAH: Dang tootin' he's feelin' awful!

BETTY: Mariah, what do you know about this?

MARIAH: I caught the part when that slimy Skylar feller told your grandpa he was gonna grab this place at auction.

RUTHIE: Poor Grandpa!

SISSY: Where will we live?

MARIAH: Well, aren't you a fine bunch of old ladies!

BETTY: Mariah!

SISSY: We're not old! I'm only fifteen.

RUTHIE: But what can we do? I volunteer.

BETTY: And everything I earn pays for food and utilities. I don't make enough for rent. I sure don't have anything saved up for taxes.

*Boogie-Woogie Bugle Girls*

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RUTHIE: And Bobby's been good about sending money home, but –  
MARIAH: I know! Buddy buys bonds with every cent he gets!  
SISSY: You got some money lyin' around, Mariah?  
MARIAH: Honey, your grandpa hasn't paid me since Christmas, and  
what is it now?  
SISSY: July.  
BETTY: Maybe we could ask for a loan.  
MARIAH: Or maybe there's something else we can do.  
RUTHIE: What?  
MARIAH: You three come on 'n sit down. This idea just occurred to me  
while I was sweepin' the terrace and you gotta be sittin' down when  
you hear it! (*The GIRLS sit down.*) Now, you know I'm a member of  
the Ladies' League for Coastal Defense.  
SISSY: (*Tiredly.*) Oh, no!  
RUTHIE: Not that again!  
MARIAH: We are just doin' our part, thank you!  
BETTY: We understand that, Mariah. It really helps us sleep better  
knowing you're out on the beach at night looking through your  
binoculars for enemy aircraft.  
RUTHIE: And you do a great job serving cookies and punch at bond  
rallies.  
SISSY: But what does that have to do with keeping a roof over our  
heads?  
MARIAH: If you'd let me explain, you'd know.  
BETTY: We're sorry. Go ahead. (*There's a pause.*)  
RUTHIE: Please, Mariah! We're just upset. We didn't mean any of that.  
MARIAH: I know it. So let me lay this one on you and you see how you  
feel. For a long time the Ladies' League has been wanting to do more  
than cookies and surveillance.  
BETTY: We all do!  
MARIAH: Well, sir, you know how far it is from Camp Jackson to Miami.  
RUTHIE: Forty miles.  
MARIAH: And that's how far the boys on leave have to go to have any  
fun.  
BETTY: What are you getting at?  
MARIAH: The Ladies' League has been trying to locate a spot closer to  
Camp Jackson for a new canteen.  
RUTHIE: (*Excitedly.*) And you think –  
BETTY: Right here!?! A canteen!?

*Boogie-Woogie Bugle Girls*

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MARIAH: Why not? We're only ten miles from Camp Jackson. We got a beach. We got a dining room. (*Jumps up on the stage.*) We got a stage!

BETTY: But ... a canteen?

MARIAH: What's to a canteen? Drinks, sandwiches, pretty girls, entertainment and we can throw in moonlight for free!

RUTHIE: Where are we going to get pretty girls?

MARIAH: The Ladies' League for Coastal Defense would be willing to sacrifice their good names for the cause.

BETTY: Mariah, get serious. Any soldiers who would come would feel like they'd just gone to Grandma's for cookies.

MARIAH: Well! I give you one way to save your grandpa's neck 'n that's the thanks I get? Excuse me, but I got a toilet to clean 'n it'll be a whole lot more fun than tryin' to talk sense to you three!

*(SHE storms off SL. Pause)*

BETTY: Sandwiches aren't hard to make.

RUTHIE: I hear a canteen can get a break on coffee rations.

SISSY: I don't mind sitting and talking to a fellow. Long as he keeps his hands to himself.

BETTY: We can ask Loretta and Gayle to come over.

RUTHIE: They'd be swell! They know how to smile at a guy.

SISSY: But, gosh ... don't we have to have entertainment?

BETTY: Yeah ... you're right.

*(SISSY Jumps up on the stage. RUTHIE joins her. MUSIC starts.)*

**SONG #3 – CAN YOU HEAR ME?**

BETTY: Gosh, I'll bet the acoustics in here aren't even any good.

RUTHIE: (*Sings.*)

CAN YOU HEAR ME?  
CAN YOU HEAR ME KNOCKING?  
CAN YOU HEAR ME KNOCKING ON YOUR DOOR?  
I'VE BEEN HOPING I COULD SEE YOU MORE.  
I HOPE YOU HEAR ME.  
BECAUSE I WANT YOU NEAR ME.

CAN YOU HEAR ME?

*Boogie-Woogie Bugle Girls*

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BETTY & SISSY: *(Sing.)*

CAN YOU HEAR ME?

RUTHIE:

CAN YOU HEAR ME CALLING?

BETTY & SISSY:

CAN YOU HEAR ME CALLING?

RUTHIE:

CAN YOU HEAR ME CALLING

RUTHIE, BETTY, & SISSY:

ON THE PHONE?

RUTHIE:

ARE YOU THERE?

RUTHIE, BETTY, & SISSY:

ARE YOU ALONE?

RUTHIE:

CAN YOU HEAR ME CALLING?  
BECAUSE FOR YOU I'M FALLING.

*(MARIAH enters DSL, and listens to the GIRLS sing.)*

RUTHIE, BETTY, & SISSY:

I HAVE HAD MY EYE ON YOU FOR QUITE SOME TIME.  
HOPING FOR THE DAY WHEN I COULD CALL YOU MINE, CALL YOU MINE

RUTHIE:

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO CATCH YOUR EYE  
WHENEVER YOU WALK BY.

RUTHIE, BETTY, & SISSY:

BUT I NEED SOME KIND OF INTERVENTION.  
I CAN'T SEEM TO GET YOUR ATTENTION.

RUTHIE:

CAN YOU HEAR ME?

BETTY & SISSY:

CAN YOU HEAR ME?

RUTHIE:

CAN YOU HEAR ME SINGING?



*Boogie-Woogie Bugle Girls*

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BETTY & SISSY:  
CAN YOU HEAR ME SINGING?

RUTHIE:  
CAN YOU HEAR ME SINGING

RUTHIE, BETTY, & SISSY:  
YOU A SONG?

RUTHIE:  
I'VE BEEN SWEET ON YOU

RUTHIE, BETTY, & SISSY:  
FOR, OH, SO LONG.

RUTHIE:  
IT WOULD CHEER ME

RUTHIE, BETTY, & SISSY:  
IF YOU WOULD ONLY HEAR ME.

RUTHIE:  
CAN YOU HEAR ME CALLING?

RUTHIE, BETTY, & SISSY:  
BECAUSE FOR YOU I'M FALLING.

RUTHIE:  
I HOPE YOU HEAR ME,

RUTHIE, BETTY, & SISSY:  
BECAUSE I WANT YOU NEAR ME.

*(At the end of the song, MARIAH goes to the phone, dials, and talks excitedly as the CURTAIN falls.)*

**End of Scene**

**SONG #4 – SCENE CHANGE MUSIC**

End of *Freeview*