

DOROTHY

Do you? I'm not sure. When I started for the theatre this afternoon, I wanted to tear your heart out. I wanted to hate you, I wanted to see you fail. You, singing my songs, wearing my costumes, playing my role! But sitting there in that theatre and watching you rehearse, I found I couldn't hate you. Because you're good. Maybe even better than I would have been. The public wants youth, freshness, beauty, and Peggy, that's what you've got. Only I'm getting something too. For ten years the theatre has kept me away from the only thing I've ever wanted. And it was a broken ankle that finally made me realize it. Pat Denning and I were married this morning.

4-6-18

DOROTHY

I have only one last wish for you, my dear. Get out there and be so swell you'll make me hate you. Sawyer, one more thing. I hope you won't mind, but it's about the next to closing number. You've got to take it easy, let the audience come to you. Would you let me show you what I mean?