

ALL
 I'M SITTIN' HERE THINKIN'
 DRINKIN' AND A THINKIN'
 THINKIN' OF THE DAYS
 GONE, DRINKIN' FOR THE DAYS GONE,
 THINKIN' OF THE DAYS GONE BY.
 YEAH!

(Blackout, the then lights come up
 on THE MAN and THE BAND)

THE MAN

(Singing and joking with the band)

THE BLUES IS A WOMAN, A WOMAN I CALL MY OWN
 (I said) THE BLUES IS A WOMAN, A SWEET THING I CALL MY OWN
 THEY'RE SO HAPPY WHEN THEY'RE NEAR ME
 SO SAD WHEN I LEAVE THEM ALONE

(The music continues underneath as
 THE LADY speaks)

THE LADY

(responds to the music, then speaks
 to the audience as if they are all
 old friends)

All right, that's it! Play it now... Yeah, nothin' left but
 memories. So many memories, good and bad, livin' inside these
 four walls. And so many different kinds of folks, always
 comin' and goin'. And me... well, I just watch 'em and love
 'em all. Especially ol' Clem downstairs poundin' out that good
 sound on the piano...Yeah baby, play it now!

(SHE listens for a moment, does a quick
 dance step and laughs at herself)

I'm just wild about him. But I can't stand that old stuck up
 fool that sits in with the band. Always struttin' round here
 like the cock of the walk, tryin' to have his way with everybody,
 and thinkin' he knows everything there is to know about women.
 Humph...ain't that just like a man?

(THE MAN goes off as the lights come up
 on THE WOMAN who is at her vanity table)

And let me tell you about that glamorous, so called "mysterious
 woman" next door. You know, the one with all the fancy French
 phrases. Yeah, she gets right airish sometimes. But that's
 all right, she comes right on down with the rest of us as soon
 as she gets a little taste of that cheap wine she keeps in that
 fancy brandy bottle!

(The lights go down on THE WOMAN and come
 up on THE GIRL who is busily putting on
 makeup for her date)

Oh, and how about that cute little thing down the hall who just
 moved in! She's all bright and hopeful. Just like so many of
 the others, tryin' to mend a broken heart by finding a new love.
 Humph...she oughta knock on my door...I could set her straight
 about that right quick!

THE LADY continued

(The music fades out)

Lord, so many of these women are right on the edge. But not me!
 Oh no! I'm safe and sound in here, just laughin' and cryin' over
 my old scrapbook, keepin' my costumes and my travelin' trunk in
 order, and goin' over my old routines so I'll be ready when Toby
 calls, Yeah, Toby. T.O.B.A. That's the Theatre Owners Booking
 Association. Otherwise known as Tough On Black Asses. Yeah,
 they'll be calling me soon and I'll be right back up on top!
 And in the meantime, I'm happy with my good ol' memories.

(SHE flips through the scrapbook,
 finds a picture that makes her laugh)

Lord have mercy, here's my old hot tee tah tah number. Child,
 this reminds me of when I was a chorus girl dancin' on the
 chittlin' circuit. Lemme see if I can find that old thing.

(SHE crosses to the trunk, the music
 starts as SHE pulls out a very flashy
 costume from the 20's period)

Here it is! Lemme see if it still fits. Lord knows I was at
 least 40 pounds thinner then.

(SHE puts it on)

Well, it don't look too bad now, does it!?

(SHE puts on pieces of a flapper costume
 as SHE begins to sing)

"New Orleans Hop Scop Blues"

OLD NEW ORLEANS IS A GREAT BIG OLD SOUTHERN TOWN
 WHERE HOSPITALITY YOU WILL SURELY FIND
 THE POPULATION THERE IS VERY VERY FAIR
 WITH EVERYTHING THEY DO
 WHITE FOLKS DO IT TOO
 THEY GOT A DANCE
 SURELY IT'S SOMETHING RARE THERE

(SHE tries to remember the dance routine)

GLIDE, SLIDE, PRANCE, DANCE
 OH HOP, STOP
 TAKE IT EASY HONEY!
 OH... I CAN NEVER GET TIRED OF DANCIN' THOSE HOP SCOP BLUES

If I had a little room I could do this thing.

(As SHE remembers, SHE starts to dance
 much more fully)

GLIDE, SLIDE, PRANCE, DANCE
 THE HOP SCOP BLUES WILL MAKE
 YOU DO A LIVELY SHAKE
 THEY'LL MAKE YOU FEEL SO GRAND
 WHEN YOU JOIN HAND IN HAND
 I'LL NEVER GET TIRED OF DANCIN' THOSE HOP SCOP BLUES