

*(She downs her glass, and helps BILLY
down his.)*

START ↓

BILLY CANE

You are a modern woman, Lucy.

LUCY

A bit.

BILLY CANE

You want to be a writer?

LUCY

Better than that. I want to be a censor.

BILLY CANE

A censor? Why a censor?

LUCY

When I was twelve, I gave my father a Raymond Chandler mystery novel. I was watching him read it and suddenly, his face went the color of a rose. He set the book face down and called for my mother and took her into another part of the house and shut the door. I went over to the book to see what he had just read, and right there in the middle of the page was the word "brassiere." I thought, "this must never happen again." So now, a few nights a week, I take a manuscript home, fix myself a Manhattan, and search for hidden erotic content. Would you like to do that with me sometime?

BILLY CANE

Well...

LUCY

Well? What? You got a girl back home?

BILLY CANE

Well, no...uh...I don't know.

LUCY

Well, don't bring her to Asheville.

BILLY CANE

Why not?

LUCY

(indicates her body)

Because country girls flatten out under the city lights.

(she calls to the waiter)

Another round! ← **END**

#17 ANOTHER ROUND

BILLY CANE

Really?

DARYL

You heard the lady.

LUCY

Lady? Please! Not on a Friday night!

ALL WEEK LONG I'M UP TO MY ELBOWS
WORKIN' AWAY AT MY 9 TO 5
I'M NOT GONNA WASTE AWAY AT HOME
HITTIN' THE TOWN EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT

POUR ME ANOTHER ROUND
POUR ME ANOTHER ROUND
POUR ME ANOTHER ROUND

(Short instrumental, 8 bars.)

LUCY (CONT'D)

HAVE YOU TRIED A RITZ OR A GREYHOUND
SO MANY DRINKS AND SO LITTLE TIME
I'VE DECIDED IT'S ONLY RIGHT I
TRY THEM ALL AND SEE WHAT I LIKE

POUR ME ANOTHER ROUND
POUR ME ANOTHER ROUND
POUR ME ANOTHER ROUND

ENSEMBLE

POUR ME ANOTHER ROUND
POUR ME ANOTHER ROUND
POUR ME ANOTHER ROUND

LUCY

BESIDES ALL THAT I LIKE A LITTLE BUZZ
IN ADDITION TO THAT I LIKE A LITTLE HIGH