



Carmen Miranda, "the Brazilian Bombshell." Tha foremost Brazilian folk singer of her day and later a 20th Century Fox film-star (1909-1955).

CARMEN MIRANDA: THE MUSICAL

Book and lyrics by Ronald Tavel

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ASCAP Workshop Selection 1990

CHARACTERS

Wherever possible, singers and actors in smaller roles play more than one character.

ALOYSIO DA OLIVEIRA (A-lo-EE-zho [or zha] da O-lee-VAY-ra),
Band leader and solo singer of The Bando da Lua e
Garôto, on guitar and maracas, etc. (tenor)
ZE CARIOCA (Zay Car-ee-O-ca), clarinetist with The Bando da
Lua (tenor)
VADICO (VAD-ee-co) percussionist with The Bando da Lua
(baritone)
NESTOR AMARAL (AM-ar-al), bass guitarist with The Bando da
Lua (baritone)
CARMEN MIRANDA (Meer-AHN-da) Singer with The Bando da Lua
(loose mezzo-soprano, trick voice with chest tones)
SID, A CAMERAMAN with 20th Century Fox (basso profundo)
IRVING CUMMINGS, a Film Director for 20th Century Fox
HERMES PAN, a Dance Director for 20th Century Fox
ACHILLES VARGAS, a cutthroat and thief, the leader of The
Gang of Malcontents (baritone)
RAUL (Rowl), a lecher and member of The Gang of Malcontents
(bass)
EDUARDO, a sadist and member of The Gang of Malcontents (tenor)
LUIZ, a glutton and member of The Gang of Malcontents (baritone)
THE TAVERNMASTER of The Thirsty Jaguar (alto)
JOSEPH, a street urchin and singing beggar (boy soprano)
JOSEPH, as teenager, young adult, and adult (tenor)
AMARO MIRANDA, brother of Carmen Miranda
CECILIA MIRANDA, sister of Carmen Miranda
AURORA MIRANDA, sister of Carmen Miranda (soprano)
OSCAR MIRANDA, brother of Carmen Miranda
CUTIE, a lead chorine in 20th Century Fox films (nasal soprano)
FOUR CHORINES in 20th Century Fox Films
DAVID SEBASTIAN, a film editor in Hollywood and husband of
Carmen Miranda (baritone)
BUSBY BERKELEY, the Hollywood Choreographer and Film Director
DULSE, a Brazilian aristocrat (contralto)
NILTON, a Brazilian aristocrat (bass baritone)
ROGERIA (Ro-ZHAY-ri-a), a Brazilian aristocrat (alto)
CHORUS, as Cariocas [natives of Rio de Janeiro]
CESAR ROMERO, the film actor, dancer and singer (baritone)
THE PRESIDENT of The D.A.R. (alto)
GERTIE, THE SECRETARY of The D.A.R. (contralto)
LOUISE, THE TREASURER of The D.A.R. (soprano)
GROUCHO MARX, the comedian and actor (baritone)
CHORUS, as Carmen's Brazilian Dependents
FOUR BRITISH CHORINES of the London stage
SUE, an American dowager and tourist (alto)
ESTELLE, an American bobby soxer and niece of Sue (soprano)
JIMMY DURANTE, the comedian and singer (baritone)
TWO TELEVISION CAMERAMEN in Los Angeles
DONA MARIA, mother of Carmen Miranda

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

White Rio	Aloysio, Zé, Nestor, Vadico, Carmen and Sid
Needa Orange, Wanna Squeeze?	Vadico, Aloysio, Carmen, Zé and Nestor
Marapuama e Catuaba	Carmen, Zé, Nestor and Vadico
Why Don'ts You Marry?	Carmen, Aloysio, Zé, Nestor and Vadico
Our Own Carmen	Achilles, Raul, Eduardo, Luiz and Tavernmaster
A Singer, I	Joseph, Carmen and Aurora
The Little Dictatrix of the Samba	Cutie, Chorines, Bando da Lua and Carmen
A Gang of Malcontents, A Mob of Malcontents	Achilles, Dulse, Rogéria, Raul, Eduardo, Luiz and Nilton
A Gown of Gold Lamé	Carmen, David and Aloysio
The Carioca Girl	Zé, Vadico, Nestor, Aloysio and Carmen
A Mob of Malcontents (Reprise)	Achilles, Raul, Eduardo, Luiz, Nilton, Dulse, Rogéria and Chorus

ACT TWO

Latin Volcano	Carmen and Cesar
The Lady with Her Bellybutton Seen	President of DAR, Gertie and Louise
Professor Itch	Groucho and Carmen
I Have Only One Heart	Carmen
Chita's Burnin' London Down	Chorines, Bando da Lua, Aurora and Carmen
The Business in Brazil	Chorus, Sue, Estelle, Tavernmaster, Achilles, Luiz, Eduardo, Raul, Nilton, Dulse and Rogéria
The Catchy Tune	Durante and Carmen
Rio Miranda	Carmen, Joseph and Aloysio
Santa Carmen	Chorus, Joseph, Achilles and Aloysio

TIME:
1941 to 1974.

PLACE:
Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Los Angeles, Washington, D.C.,
Las Vegas, London, and Rio de Janeiro.

PORTUGUESE GLOSSARY:

Lua = moon
e = and
Garôto = an urchin
Garôtinho meu = my little urchin
Bossa = boss
Urca = an Indian name, a section of Rio
Vamos = let's go
Moça = young lady
Sim = yes (the "m" is almost inaudible)
Bem! bom! = good!
A = the
da = of
Irmã = sister
Obrigada = thanks
muita = many
Comei = eat (imperative)
Mira vente la gua-gua = Spanish slang: Look out, here comes
the bus
Esta morta = is dead
Quem = who
Não = no
Marapuama, Catuaba = Amazonian herbs, mild aphrodisiacs
Cachaça = a sugar cane liquor
Xingu = an Amazon tribe
Nossa = our
Cantora = singer

ACT ONE

SCENE 1.

(Hollywood. A studio at 20th Century Fox. 1941.

The BANDO DA LUA E GARÔTO:- ALOYSIO DA OLIVEIRA (tenor) on guitar and maracas, ZE CARIOCA (tenor) on clarinet, VADICO (baritone) on Latin percussion, NESTOR AMARAL (baritone) on bass guitar, and CARMEN MIRANDA (loose mezzo); SID, a FOX CAMERAMAN (basso profundo); IRVING CUMMINGS; HERMES PAN

Song: WHITE RIO

Dark stage. A very long Lead-in to "White Rio." Then a soft, gradually growing spot picks up ALOYSIO DA OLIVEIRA, the quite handsome and colorfully costumed solo singer and band leader of The BANDO DA LUA E GARÔTO, as he emerges from the darkness far up. ALOYSIO strolls deliberately down singing the Intro, a wistful, distant tune sounding as if it came from Rio's Sierras to half-echo in a valley below:)

ALOYSIO: White, White Rio...
What a sight
By the might
Of her bright
Splashing fountains
And her light
Day or night
From the height
Of her mountains
Is White, White Rio....

(Three new spots hit three variously situated cardboard flats painted with immense white hotels, apartment buildings, and tropical trees, but adorned with real flowers and fruit. ZE CARIOCA, VADICO, and NESTOR AMARAL, the other musicians in The BANDO DA LUA, each stand before one of the flats. They are imaginatively dressed in ruffled shirts and mauve slacks, and playing their instruments. ALOYSIO acquires a pair of maracas from ZE and, one by one as he passes them, his deft musicians join him in singing "White Rio." The song has a melodic calm and an almost serenade quality:)

BANDO: Come, come friends, and free your souls' white
 sails, and sail
 Down to dazzling Rio,
 To Sugar Loaf rising
 In the surprising
 Sunlight of Copacabana Beach!

Sail, sail south, and see her towers in white,
 Blinking with ocean light,
 Line the coconut shore
 You have wandered before
 Dreaming of White Rio's beach!

With a true amigo hand in hand,
 Stroll the boulevards to the Plaza Grand:
 For on afternoons a native band
 Plays a song your heart's heard before --
 By the forest streams
 Near the place of your dreams:
 White Rio, serene and demure!

Glide in sky-cars up to her mountain tops,
 Then look down at Rio:
 See a church in the square
 From The White Savior in the air,
 So high up, blessing White Rio!
 In the white light blessing all Rio!

(Enter CARMEN MIRANDA from up center, singing and dancing. The music alters -- to a sudden upbeat, naughty tempo -- a complete reversal of feeling. Her face in heavy, but artful and distinct cosmetics, CARMEN is dark, diminutive and alive. She wears a flesh-colored, yet obvious midriff connecting her wine-red halter and floor-length skirt, modest platforms, and a bandana that catches up her long, black hair and anchors two or three orchids. As she sings, a platform rolls slowly onstage from down right. On it is SID, a FOX CAMERAMAN, with his face buried in the viewer of a huge, old Hollywood camera. Simultaneously, IRVING CUMMINGS, likewise on a large platform, but standing by a director's chair and quite involved in the production number, rolls on far down from left. IRVING looks overworked, harried, and tense. He makes much of his auburn pompadour manqué, now a wet forelock, that keeps dangling in front of his eyes and blocking his view -- as if it were some hired incompetent continually obstructing him. By the time CARMEN reaches the bridge, HERMES PAN, a youthful looking dance director and energetic smart aleck, has entered down left, vaulted IRVING's platform, and handed him a telegram which the latter reads immediately -- at first with a fussy display of annoyance, and then genuine shock. HERMES' arms skewer several hoops of cheap baubles and costume jewelry which, with pretended impatience, he deftly manages to sway back and forth until they get in IRVING's way and, finally, on his nerves. Eventually, as IRVING throws his head up in despair at the telegram, and back down again, he has in hand, and appears to be reading, the baubles.)

CARMEN: Come, come down and stay up, up, up
 Nights at The Urca in Rio,
 Where the hot lights are flashing
 And the ladies all smashing
 At Cassino da Urca in Rio!

It's so very cheap and nice to find where rice
 And beans become -- yum, yum! -- Feijoada!*
 Eat the national dish
 And you will always wish
 That you dined at the hot spots in Rio!

On the dizzy pavement of old Beach Street --
 It's like wavy snakes -- they repeat and
 repeat
 When you bend your elbow!-- ai, Mama, que
 vida! --
 If you stumble and tumble down on your seat,
 You will only think;-
 "How much rum in that drink
 Brazilians call The Cachaça!"

Then jist gulp that Cachaça brimmin' with rum
 'N toast our Latin trio:
 Cause New York to Majorca
 There's no joint like The Urca
 And no life like the night life in Rio!
 --Nor hangovers like one in White Rio!**

[A regular rendering of the lines, as follows, might be used
 if The BANDO DA LUA also sings this stanza, or part of it,
 alone. CARMEN, of course, would sing/talk the irregular lines
 in her mock "child" register:

*Variation: "It's so very nice where beans and rice
 Turn to Feijoada!"

**Variation: "And no headache like the ones in White Rio!"]

IRVING: (In a dither, violently shaking the telegram and his
 forelock; HERMES standing by, a grin from ear to ear)
 This is awful!! --STOP!

HERMES: (Calmly, in a monotone) More than awful.

(CARMEN and The BANDO stop singing and playing instantly, and
 deflate with no little consternation: since they felt they had
 been doing just fine. CARMEN's hands go to her hips, one brow
 arches impressively. To IRVING:)

CARMEN: Oh, yeah, smartzy-pants, why you don't sings it
 youself then! We been do dhis doodle-noodle here
 forty timestoday an' she sound jist hokey-dokey
 wiz me!

IRVING: She is hokey -- I mean -- it is okey-dokey, you
 kids sound just fine, I mean that from the bottom
 of my heart. It's ---

CARMEN: So whats you stop us then -- why you don't shoots me we can go home?

IRVING: I can't shoot you -- I mean, I'd love to, Carmen, believe me, but I just got word hot off front desk, Top Banana don't like the lyrics.

CARMEN: Top Banana, huh?

HERMES: That's what Irv said. See, sweets, I warned you about that White Savior business: it don't ride.

CARMEN: So ze banana don't slide, eh, Nerve?

IRVING: (Distraught) Irv! Irv! not "Nerve"!

CARMEN: Dhat's what I say, Nerve, you got some.

IRVING: Look, you folks simply must forget about the White Savior bit!

CARMEN: We never forget The Savior!

ALOYSIO: And that is positif!

HERMES: Well, you're gonna have to for this number, and the above applies to the rest of that holy shtick in there. We gotta keep this number light - and a lot jazzier! A jazzy Brazilian number!

CARMEN: (Folding her arms) You are give me a lecture on jazzy Brazilian numbers -- O.K., go aheads, I am not Brazilian, I don't know no thing, I am from Brookleen -- dhat is how you say, no?, Brook-leen?!

HERMES: No, we do not say Brook-leen, we say Brook-line.

IRVING: Hold it, hold it, guys! Hermes is right, Carmen, I love your stuff -- but orders is orders, and this Flic washes with Washington -- I mean, washes along the Warbash or we don't get no cash, no weekly check, you guys got it? Now, in Indiana, Idaho, Ohio, and Iowa, yer authentic Latin folk songs just don't go down very easy. And Front Office wants a sea-to-shining-sea smash with this one, people, or we will be goin' down quite easy into the drink ourselves right up to here! (his finger held under his nose like the Führer's moustache)

HERMES: (Whipping them out) And quite by chance, I happen to have some new lyrics.

IRVING: (His finger still in place) You would!

HERMES: (Handing copies to ALOYSIO and CARMEN) Now in place of that Savior blessin' the city, put in as hereon

neatly inscribed, the following:-

CARMEN: (Interrupting) Big shots!

HERMES: (Ignoring her, reading:)
"Take a tramway to her mountain tops,
Then look down at Rio: ---"

CARMEN: (Again interrupting, reading the lyrics:)
"See fiestas in the square
From a fiesta in the air ---"
--O.K. -- I got it! --
(to The BANDO, as in "hit it!":)
--Muchachos!!

(The BANDO strikes up WHITE RIO again, this time at an even faster tempo. CARMEN and ALOYSIO, with their copies in hand, sing the new lyric. HERMES stands by, studying them:)

CARMEN &
ALOYSIO: Take a tramway to her mountain tops,
Then look down at Rio:
See fiestas in the square
From a fiesta in the air --
Up high! -- down below! -- the fiesta's all Rio,
In the white light all Rio's a fiesta!

HERMES: And while I'm at it -- I mean, while we're at it,
let me show you some new steps.

CARMEN: (Looking to IRVING) Nerve?

IRVING: A bit. But it's all right, honey, let Hermes show
you the steps.

CARMEN: But ---

IRVING: Carmen, dear, Hermes Pan has been in the business
since he wore diapers, which was -- well...
yesterday. Yesterday and a string of hits.
Besides, he's acting on orders.

HERMES: That's right, sweetheart. -And since I was in
diapers!

CARMEN: Well, Pan, somebodies ought to sometimes change
your diapers. You are very cranky.

HERMES: Never mind me cranky: let's you just crank this
here shtickler out.

CARMEN: And "Pan" -- how comes you gets you the name "Pan"
-- that been cause of all you good notices??

HERMES: Yeah, well, I've had mixed notices.

ALOYSIO: Mixed notices -- that means they were good and bad!

IRVING: (Warningly/fatherly) Aloysio! And Carmen! -- Miss Trooper!

ALOYSIO: Irv is right, vamos moça! let's get back to work.

(ALOYSIO strikes up the rhythm and The BANDO plays jubilantly. Then they all burst into song and dance, HERMES dancing with CARMEN and she quickly picking up the faster pace, hip-swinging, and [the now so very familiar] elaborate hand and arm movements which he demonstrates. IRVING re-reads the telegram during this, scratches his head, and stares at CARMEN. The CAMERAMAN, not filming, swills a nip or two.)

BANDO &

CARMEN: Take a tramway to her mountain tops,
Then look down at Rio:
See fiestas in the square
From a fiesta in the air --
Up high! -- down below! -- the fiesta's all Rio!

Far across blue Guanabara bay
Speeds a fun-filled ferry
Crammed with fish 'n huckleberry --
Merchants dancin' -- they got merry
Drinkin' up all their "For Sale!" new sherry!

IRVING: Good! Now, let's see, I think your costume could use a little elaboration. Hold still, jist a second now ---
(plucking some flowers from the set pieces and sticking them in CARMEN's bandana)
Can you move with that not looking too ridiculous?

ALOYSIO: She is not a magician, señor!

IRVING: But I just think she might be. Don't let them sway -- that's it. Go! -- go, now!

(The BANDO plays and CARMEN dances, managing the elaborated headdress. The CAMERAMAN stares regretfully into his bottle.)

IRVING: (Ecstatic) Great!! And since that works ---
(rushing to a set piece and gathering some fruit)

CARMEN: Oh, did you forget to have breakfast?

IRVING: No, but I think that's a little in line with what I'm looking for -- for a world that might have gone without enough breakfast, or any breakfast, or even lunch, a kind of substitution, a stand-in for the real thing, perhaps -- their satisfaction in the eye, in the eye alone. An empty stomach perhaps -- but, as it were, -- an eye-full.

CARMEN: (Her gaze turned up at the fruit IRVING is planting in her bandana, and trying to balance all of it)
I ought to spit in your eye!

IRVING: Save that spit for the camera, Carmy, and I think we're in business!
(to HERMES)
Can you whip up some food 'n flower lyrics?

HERMES: (Already scribbling away) Am in the middle of just that, Bossa!

CARMEN: (Sardonic) What a vunder-kind!

ALOYSIO: Si, it's a vunder anyone's kind to him.

CARMEN: (Snatching the lyrics from HERMES with no little annoyance and reading them with a wrinkled nose)
"Balanced on their heads a temptin' display --"
-- you wish, Pan! -Look, Pan, you just wish you don' goes from the cookin' pan into the fire one o' dhese smart aleck mornin's cause I'm burnin' up hot a whole lot wiz you today, you hear?

HERMES: Then you cook, Carmy, huh? just sing 'n cook!

(The BANDO blasts out the music, and CARMEN, using her quick irritation and filmic high dudgeon to fire her rendition, is even more electrifying, if possible, than before. IRVING, caught up excitedly with the momentum, signals the tipsy CAMERAMAN to roll it. The latter, though more than bemused by the proceedings, whips into action, and WHITE RIO is pulled off with spirit. HERMES looks on with childish delight.)

CARMEN: Far across calm Guanabara bay
Speeds a jumpin'-bean ferry
Squashed with fish 'n huckleberry --
Merchants cock-eyed -- they got merry
Swillin' up all their -- oh, "No Sale"-now sherry!

Balanced on their heads a temptin' display --
It is market day! --
Shrimps that vaulted into the net,
Mangoes snatched from trees still wet,
And bunches of berries all tryin' to get away!

Berry, berry, berry, berry! -- berry,
berry, berry! --
Straw 'n boysen, goose, huckle 'n cherry
Sittin' on a cushion of pink carnations,
Roses, orchids, and tulips piled up very,
Very, very high --
Come and get 'em -- ai yi! --
Holds it -- whoa! -- you gots your rations?!

So do tramway to her mountain tops
And then look down at Rio:
See a ball in the square
From a ball in the air --
Up high! -- down below! -- the fiesta's all Rio!
In the white light White Rio's a fiesta!!

IRVING: (Clapping wildly) That's it! That's a take! a honest, astonished take! -- knock off for the day, Lady and Gents... -Six sharp tomorrow!

CAMERAMAN: (Excited, his face appearing to be stuck inside his viewer) UN-con-test-a-ble, you guys! From in here looks like a battalion of berries bombarding the Gerries!

CARMEN: (Dismissive) Ah, flooey!

(CARMEN and The BANDO hop onto The CAMERAMAN's platform. The CAMERAMAN passes his bottle around to the men while singing, in his startling whiskey-basso, an improvised lyric to the tune of "White Rio." And, as the Brazilians join in, playing and singing boisterously, the platform rolls off right.)

CAMERAMAN: Bando da Lua, Aloysio, and Carmen
Cooked up a number... a samba... that's more
than charmin':-
It's a battalion of berries
What's bombardin' them Gerries
And deckin' 'em all -- man, that's harmin'!!!

BANDO &
CARMEN: It's a battalion of berries
What's bombardin' the Gerries
An' deckin' 'em all -- man, that's harmin'!!!

(IRVING, utterly worn out, and feeling deserted, is left eyeing HERMES. The lights adjust, isolating the two of them on the otherwise dark, even ominous, stage.)

HERMES: See, wise guy, I warned you what was coming along, should've jazzed up her act weeks ago.

IRVING: Warned me? I thought you meant Darryl F. Mogul -- and it's best to let her think that's just who it is -- cause --
(indicating the telegram)
Oh, Herm, you worm! you couldn't have meant -- or known -- about this!

HERMES: No, but as overaged wunderkind, I should've been able to guess, no? She performed at the White House, remember, celebrating Roosevelt's seventh year in office? He got a gander at her first-hand, and the little clocks started ticking.

IRVING: Did you read this?!

HERMES: I never read other people's telegrams. But I seen the return address. 16 Pennsylvania Ave.

IRVING: (Reading the telegram) "To Darryl F. Zanuck, 20th Century Fox Studios, Hollywood, California:- Dear Sir: Our offices have the current intention of

advancing what we shall call a "Good Neighbor Policy" towards Latin America. That is, an active and accelerating program of friendliness towards all nations south of our border. Our reason is that we must anticipate, at this juncture, and under the assault of the present German advance, that awesome possibility, the collapse of all Europe; and be prepared to assist in re-establishing in exile all European governments not hostile to The United States. With this in mind, we calculate the sole area in which we can hope to guard and protect the fallen regimes of Europe would be the continent of South America. We intend, hence, to now begin easing the American public into accepting this possibility, and therein lies the purpose of our "Good Neighbor Policy." Therefore, we suggest that you exploit, as part of this policy, a contractee of your studio, Miss Carmen Miranda, by placing her prominently in as many films as feasible and altering if need be her performances and persona to suit current North American tastes. Yours sincerely," signed, -- "Franklyn Delano Roosevelt....."

(IRVING and HERMES stare intently at each other. The lights come down to half. Beat, and BLACKOUT.)

END SCENE 1.

SCENE 2.

(The dressing room of The BANDO DA LUA at 20th Century Fox. Immediately following Scene 1.)

ZE CARIOCA; ALOYSIO DA OLIVEIRA; CARMEN MIRANDA; VADICO;
NESTOR AMARAL

Songs: NEEDA ORANGE, WANNA SQUEEZE?
MARAPUAMA E CATUABA [In Portuguese]

During the blackout, the three set pieces are turned quickly about, and in reverse they represent areas [and cheerless, partial walls] of The BANDO DA LUA's dressing room at the Fox Studio. They hold costume racks, a mirrored make-up table, and a number of chairs. As the lights spring up, The BANDO DA LUA and CARMEN are discovered bursting into the dressing room, exhilarated, exhausted, strained, and somewhat distressed. VADICO, a normally taciturn, poker-faced man, who is now slightly soused, transports the CAMERAMAN's bottle; and slick-haired ZE CARIOCA, the most effusive of the group, and something of a comic cut-up, all but storms across the stage brandishing his guitar like a battle-ax:-)

ZE: What idiots, dhose two gringos! Speed it -- speed!
 -- strum quicker, shake faster --

(NESTOR, a staid fellow and sometime foil to ZE, fixes the mouthpiece on his clarinet in a flash, and instantly improvises a riff, remindful of a Latin "Peter and The Wolf," that satirically follows the ups and downs of ZE's rather showy complaint.)

ZE: -- run 'n fetch for you tune -- sit up 'n beg for
 you bone, jump through a hoops, rolls over, over!
 you show-dogs 'n play dead -- but PLAY whiles you
 are dead -- and dance, dance too, you dogs!!

ALOYSIO: Dead is right, boys -- dead tired. What kind of
 a time this is to work:-- 6 am? I never go before
 to bed till 7!

ZE: (To NESTOR) You think you funny? I gonna break
 zat way you make you livin' over you head an'
 tomorrow you are goin' beggin' for you food on
 the streets!

CARMEN: Oh, yeah? -- hey, Zé, you breaks Nestor's clarinet
 an' maybe you gonna be lookin' for you food in the
 streets!

ZE: (On tiptoe, looking up at CARMEN's headdress)
 What I gotta look for my food for? ---
 (grabbing a crate and slamming it down next to CARMEN)
 Here's a bonnet wiz some on-it!!

CARMEN: Hola! Hold on, muchacho, what choo doin'?

ZE: (Jumping on the crate and plucking a pear from CARMEN's headdress) What I am doin'? Well, I was gonna step down for lunch now, but I find out I jist gotta step up for her instead!
 (happily munching on the pear)

CARMEN: So, Zé, you are one big comediante, eh?

VADICO: (Having taken a further slug from the bottle and tall enough to pluck an apple from CARMEN's headdress without benefit of the crate) Dhis just like bein' back in Bahia, no? you hungry, you quick just help youself to the lunch on the first tree you see!

(VADICO bursts into improvised song -- and ALOYSIO is on horn, improvising, by VADICO's second line. The OTHERS fall quite quickly into the improvisation, singing and playing:)

VADICO: Needa orange, wanna squeeze?
 Say, there's plenty in the trees:
 Jist reach up 'n pick a pear --
 Pluck it! pick it! pick it! pluck! --
 Look how many pear are there!

ALOYSIO: Some mon must haf watered Carmen
 Cause her hat's a fruity garden!

CARMEN: Say! -- you bums think I am free lunch?

VADICO: I dunno, girl, just let me munch.

ZE: Needa piña colada, fella?
 Carmen's really wearin' a hella
 Va lotta pineapple 'n coconuts --
 Pluck 'em! pick 'em! pick 'em! pluck! --
 On her head when she wiggle 'n struts!

ALOYSIO: Needa Christmas fruitscake, fella?
 Carmen's gotta lotta -- a hella
 Va lotta fruits 'n nuts --
 Pick 'em! pluck 'em! pluck 'em! pick! --
 Stuffed in her hat -- this gal's got guts!

CARMEN: Sings 'n plays, you popinjays --
 Carmen'll get yous one 'o dhese days!

VADICO: (Picking and chewing on an orchid from her hat)
 But till she does, the feastin's free --

And try a orchid -- look at me!

ZE: (Forcing a large bauble from her hat in his mouth)
Orchid, huh? -- thinks you got trouble? --
Wait'll you try a bauble, or bubble!!

VADICO: Beaded costume jewelry, Clown? --
(giving ZE the bottle)
Well, -- long as you kin wash it down!

NESTOR: (In a deep baritone, changing the raucous temper
of the improv to one of sudden seriousness)
Why do you laugh when you should cuss? --
Brasileiros! -- you fools! -- the joke's on us!!

(All of them instantly stop singing, and horsing around, and completely deflate. ZE and VADICO sit quickly down on the chairs, and turn their backs like reprimanded children.)

ALOYSIO: Nestor is correct, zey are makin' fools of us.
Zey play a tune for asses, so zat we, proud
Brazilians, can come up here and make fine asses
out of ourself.

CARMEN: Talk for youself, Aloysio, you are ze only ass.

ALOYSIO: (Angry) Me? We are all shamed by zees -- zees
mockery of our music and of our dancin' -- and dis
outfit of a buffoon zey haf put you in ---

CARMEN: But it is the street gown of the Bahiana: it is
almost what I wear to perform in Ri---

ALOYSIO: (Grabbing CARMEN) Oh, yes! -- then look --
(forcing her over to the dressing-table mirror)
Look at youself! You look ridiculous!

CARMEN: (Her neck squeezed and slightly hurt by ALOYSIO,
her face all but pressed against the mirror)
Yes, you right, my nose need some powder.
(snatching a powder puff from the table and slapping
her nose with it -- it emits a huge cloud of powder
dust: she coughs, half in earnest, half putting
it on)

ALOYSIO: So -- you make the wisecrack! -- you are a funny
woman an' zees is good humor for you, the cheapenin'
of our look an' our culture -- the degradation of
the great Bando da Lua e Garoto -- an' the nasty
humiliation of me, Aloysio da Oliveira, one of
Brazil's most respected artists!

VADICO: (Jumping up, attempting to intervene, calm the
waters) Now, Aloysio, don't you get start---

ALOYSIO: Shut up, you drunk, you!

CARMEN: (Turning from the mirror, not because ALOYSIO attacked her, but VADICO) Say, now you shut up: you just remember you who arrange dhis tour, who sign all the paper, who say "sim," it ees good we make Yankee picture, make the Broadway show whiles runnin' out to the Queens in the afternoon for dhis Worlds Fair, runnin' back to Broadway at night, flyin' outs to Hollywoods on the two days we gets off maybe ---

ZE: Wait, now, hey, you both ---

CARMEN: And you remember, you jist remember why you do dhis!

ALOYSIO: WHY?!!

CARMEN: (Rubbing her thumbs against her index and middle fingers, squinting her eyes) Money, money, money, money, money! -What? -- you got short memory, Aloysio?

ALOYSIO: We do not has to sell our souls, our heart, our art, an' the dignity of all the whole Latin America for money!

CARMEN: An' why you not think of dhis before, big mous?

NESTOR: Cut it out, dat's enough for one mornin'. I am gettin' a split headache.

CARMEN: (Brief pause to catch her breath) Ach! An' besides, you are make too big a big deal of dhis. Nobodies is sell his soul an' his art around here. We are just singin' some new fashion kinds of number up here, dhat's all -- what?, you want dhey sing the same up here like down in Rio? -- in Rio dhey not singin' the type of song same like dhey singin' 'n dancin' up here ---

ZE: Carmen is got a point dhere.

ALOYSIO: When I want your opinion ---

CARMEN: (New tone, upbeat) You knows what? You are just nostalgico for some ol' fashion Bahiana -- dhat's all -- I am right, boys? -- (exchanging her headdress for a more modest Bahian bandana and slipping out of her platforms, going barefoot) -an' we gonna give you some one right now 'n cheers up you long Aloysio face. --"Marapuama e Catuaba," Zé -- lezzgo!

(The BANDO, except for ALOYSIO, strikes up the understated melody, and CARMEN sings quietly, but playfully, in Portuguese. The tune conjures the Amazon jungle, and NESTOR interjects animal and Amerindian sounds from time to time.)

CARMEN: Xingu cook the Catuaba bark
 When the Mato Grosso's growing dark
 And that impulse finds them wanting more
 Thrill than ever they have felt before:
 But the Catuaba brew's a tea
 Much too bitter for the bel-esprit,
 So they add some Marapuama to
 Jasmine scent the aphrodisian brew
 And exchange a cupful for a kiss
 On the night the Xingu insure their bliss.
 Marapuama e Catu-a-a-a-ba
 Marapuama e Catu-a-a-a-ba

Say, young man, how old are you?
 You are maybe thirty-five --
 But you look just half alive --
 Say, old man, how old are you?

BANDO: Marapuama e Catu-a-a-a-ba
 Marapuama e Catu-a-a-a-ba

CARMEN: Is your woman losing hope?
 Has she got a roving eye
 For the neighbor's younger boy?
 Snore, sleep more, and she'll elope.

BANDO: Marapuama e Catu-a-a-a-ba
 Marapuama e Catu-a-a-a-ba

CARMEN: Quit your wife, and grab your knife,
 Strip the Catuaba bark,
 Simmer:- till you taste that spark
 Hurls you back to wife, with life!

BANDO &
 CARMEN: Xingu cook the Catuaba bark
 When the Mato Grosso's growing dark
 And that impulse finds them wanting more
 Thrill than ever they have felt before:
 But the Catuaba brew's a tea
 Much too bitter for the bel-esprit,
 So they add some Marapuama to
 Jasmine scent the aphrodisian brew
 And exchange a cupful for a kiss
 On the night the Xingu insure their bliss.
 Marapuama e Catu-a-a-a-ba
 Marapuama e Catu-a-a-a-ba
 Marapuama e Catu-a-a-a-ba...

END SCENE 2.

SCENE 3.

(The same. Without a break, following Scene 2.

CARMEN MIRANDA; ALOYSIO DA OLIVEIRA; ZE CARIOCA; NESTOR AMARAL; VADICO

Song: WHY DON'TS YOU MARRY?

The lights readjust following MARAPUAMA E CATUABA, lending a softer feeling to the dressing room. ALOYSIO is sitting now, with his back turned to CARMEN, NESTOR and VADICO. Only ZE, who sits and faces ALOYSIO, with his arms folded over his chest and a scowl on his face, appears unwilling to let ALOYSIO off the hook. CARMEN removes her bandana and sifts through the variously sized brushes and combs that are arranged around a striking deco vase on the dressing-table.)

CARMEN: So, you long-face Aloysio, you is a leetle bit more human being now, you haf heard a song from zee homelan'?

ALOYSIO: I am not more human being now, but I am wishin' I was in the homeland now -- which is all zat your song has do for me!

CARMEN: (Using two brushes to comb out her long black hair) You are not cheers up?

ALOYSIO: I am cheers down.

CARMEN: Maybe you needs a leetle kiss?

ALOYSIO: I needs to go to bed an' take ten hours of sleep.

CARMEN: (Lifting ALOYSIO's chin in her hand) Take a leetle kiss first.
(kissing him on the lips)
HMMMMMM... Take a big kiss.
(laying on a loud one)

ZE: (Feigning great disgust) He ees impervious to amor. Here ees one sad Latin fellow.

CARMEN: Sim: sad an' tired.

ZE: I am thinkin' maybe he ees in America too long, cause he ees becomin' like the Yanquis -- he not need to make bang-bang too much any more -- just,

oh, maybe, once or two time a year.

ALOYSIO: Who, me, hombre?

ZE: Sim, you, limpo.

ALOYSIO: (His macho aroused) You are gettin' mistaken.

CARMEN: You thinks Zé is mistaken? Dhen how comes, you is not wantin' to marry me by now? We are gettin' to bringin' home plenty o' bacon dhese days, you an' me, we kin go for a long honeymoon under Nicaragua Falls.

ALOYSIO: Eet's Niagara Falls, not Nicaragua Falls!

CARMEN: Niagara! Nicaragua! what ees zee difference? -Zé, gimme a balada..... -Listen to me:--

(ZE quickly strums a few tentative chords on the guitar, then several alternative ones with a ballad flavor: CARMEN cocks her ear toward him for a moment or two, appears to find the notes comfortable, and then immediately breaks into song, and sings throughout the scene. ALOYSIO joins in at first with only rhythmically spoken responses:-)

CARMEN: Say, amigo, why don'ts you marry?
Just like Toms, Dicks, and Harry?

ALOYSIO: (Speaking)
Look, amiga, why should I marry?
I kin haf many, long as I tarry.

CARMEN: Many?

ALOYSIO: Yes, many.

CARMEN: Many young ladies?

ALOYSIO: Dhat's what I said!

CARMEN: (Playfully circling his throat with her fingers)
I thinks -- ai yai! -- I'm goin' to kill you, man.
Strangle you fast -- ai yai! -- as my fingers can!

ALOYSIO: (Finally singing, but with a laugh in his voice)
You and who else, my fine feathered friend?
Strangle me now, and your marriage plans end!

CARMEN: (Nervously juggling five or six combs and brushes between her fingers, and actually managing to use most of them to comb her hair)
Look, amigo! why don'ts you marry me?
An' quicks across zee threshol' carry me
Of a mansion you'd buy in Beverl
An' we could split up all the grocery bills!

ALOYSIO: Cause I do not want to be Mister Miranda:
 Mister Carmen Miranda, on the veranda,
 Sippin' Cachaça while you pays the bills
 For all that high livin' in Beverly Hills!
 High off the peeg we would party up there --
 But I'd be a capon -- Mrs. Millionaire! --
 With a hen in pants who crowed at dawn --
 Si! -- an' pecked my plumage till I was shorn:
 Cluckin' 'n cacklin':- "Mister Carmen Miranda!
 Mister Carmen Miranda! on the veranda,
 Drunk on Cachaça while I must pay bills
 For all dhis high livin' in Beverly Hills!"

ZE: Cluckin' 'n cacklin':- "Mister Carmen Miranda! --
 Drunk on Rum 'n Cachaça while I pays the bills
 For all dhis grand livin' in Beverly Hills!"

ALOYSIO: Cause Aloysio, once dhis band's leader,
 Happen' to hire a pint-size, quick singer:
 Carmen, by name -- his petite superceder --
 So Aloysio's now secon' to a hips-swingin'!

BANDO: (Rubbing it in)
 So Aloysio's now secon' to a hips-swingin'!!

ALOYSIO: (Getting back at The BANDO)
 And The Bando da Lua -- Brazil's true pride --
 By a pint-sized hips-swingin' is pushed to the side!!

BANDO: And The Bando da Lua -- Brazil's true pride --
 A pint-size hips-swingin' has push' to the side!

CARMEN: Olá! amigo! Why don'ts you marry me?

ALOYSIO: Why should I marry? Look, I get it free!

CARMEN: Damn! -- but, to make an honest woman of me!

ALOYSIO: You are honest -- you don't lie or steal.

CARMEN: (Picking up the vase, threateningly)
 Oooo -- if you knew jist whats I'm startin' to feel!
 You see dhis vase? big vase! dhat's in my han' --
 An' you knows where's a hospital, you dumb man??

ALL: (Singing a Round:)
 Olá! amigo! Why don'ts you marry me?
 Why should I marry? Look, I get it free!
 Damn! -- but, to make an honest woman of me!
You are honest -- you don't lie or steal.
 Oooo -- if you knew jist whats I'm startin' to feel!
 You see dhis vase? big vase! dhat's in my han' --
 An' you knows where's a hospital, dumb man??

ALOYSIO: We've been engaged for years -- ain't dhat enough?
 Engagements are simple -- marriages are rough!
 Put down dhat vase -- dhis dispute is pure fluff! --

Don't break dhat vase! -- or I will show you tough,
And tonight, lover, you'll get no stuff!!

ALL: (Singing in Unison, and disarming CARMEN of the vase)
We've been engaged for years -- ain't dhat enough?
Engagements are simple -- marriages are rough.
Put down dhat vase -- dhis dispute is pure fluff --
Don't break dhat vase! -- or I will show you tough,
And tonight, lover, you'll get no stuff!
And tonight, lover, you'll get no stuff!

(They ALL take seats, or disgruntled standing poses which express both how worn-out they are and now, as well, collectively ashamed for having allowed the pressures of L.A. and their homesickness to find an outlet in pointless bickering amongst themselves. ZE pounds his fists on the wall.)

ZE: Ach! eet is Hollywood zat have do thees to us! Eet make us all crazy.

NESTOR: An' we has let eet. Like leetle childrens don't know no better.

ZE: If we was in Rio now dhis fightin' like dhis never happen.

VADICO: (Reaching for his bottle) Sure -- yeah -- if only we could be in Rio now.

CARMEN: Sim, how nice. I be gettin' in costume, ready to be goin' on.

ALOYSIO: I wonder what ees goin' on in Rio now?.....

(Freeze, into SILHOUETTE.)

END SCENE 3.

SCENE 4.

(Rio de Janeiro. "The Thirsty Jaguar," a seedy tavern in the slums.

A GANG OF MALCONTENTS:- ACHILLES VARGAS (baritone), RAUL (bass), EDUARDO (tenor), and LUIZ (baritone); The TAVERNMASTER (alto)

Song: OUR OWN CARMEN

When Scene 3 goes into silhouette, lights come up behind an as yet unseen scrim to its rear, revealing, between the scrim and backdrop, and also in freeze-silhouette, the set, owner, and patrons of "The Thirsty Jaguar," a seedy Rio tavern. This establishment is beneath street level and there is a staircase left going up against the backdrop to a small platform where its door gives onto the street. In the sparse, dilapidated tavern, a long wooden table with broken chairs. Holding up their glasses at the table is A GANG OF MALCONTENTS, headed by ACHILLES VARGAS, a devilishly winsome part-time thief and would-be cutthroat. Calling for a drink along with him is a mean looking trio, his fellow petty-criminals:- RAUL, a grungy lecher, EDUARDO, an overt sadist, and LUIZ, a dim-witted glutton midway in the act of munching on the de rigueur hors d'oeuvres in Latin bars. The tiny, timid, rotund and rather indecisive TAVERNMASTER, holding a keg of rum, is standing on the platform atop the stairs. Immediate the lights come up on their freeze-silhouette, The GANG OF MALCONTENTS breaks into a rousing drinking song [a march]. When they reach the words, "Tavernmaster, bring the keg!", they break the freeze, and the set pieces of Scene 3, with its Performers still frozen on them, track quickly out through both wings:)

ACHILLES: Tavernmaster, serve a drink!

GANG: We four rogues don't want to think!
We have lost our livelihood!

T-MASTER: Boys, I'm not sure if I should.

GANG: Tavernmaster, pour the rum!
Pour it till we're frolicsome --
Serve us -- for we mean to pay!

T-MASTER: Think so? That will be the day!

GANG: Tavernmaster, bring the keg!
Do not wait for us to beg --
Cause we won't --

(breaking the freeze, whipping their gleaming
switch-blades out)
-- we'll cut your throat!

T-MASTER: (Starting down the stairs)
And, on hearing just that note...

GANG: (Threateningly)
You don't want to get our goat?!

T-MASTER: (At the table)
No, I don't:- the table d'hôte.....
(staring at the switch-blades)
-Two cruzeiros --
(humiliated)
-- look, don't gloat.

(Fly up scrim, and ACHILLES pounds the table in triumph,
finishing the Song:)

ACHILLES: And -- we're served! -- on just that note!!

GANG: (Gloating)
Sir, we do not wish to gloat,
But we're served on just that note!

(Tremblingly, the TAVERNMASTER fills the four glasses, while
ACHILLES, yanking out his apron pocket, slowly and contemptu-
ously drops the two cruzeiros [a low price] into it. The
GANG gulps their drinks. RAUL wipes his lips on his cuff.)

RAUL: Ach! that is good!

EDUARDO: No, it is not -- it is cheap rum, and half water.
But anyhow, I do not know if even strong drink
could wash away the grim futures that we face.

RAUL: At least, Eduardo, you see a future!

EDUARDO: For when the people are unemployed, then we, so
to speak, are unemployed -- eh, Achilles?

ACHILLES: (Slamming his glass on the table) And what is
the cause of all our malcontent, my friends?

EDUARDO: Not enough jobs to go around?

RAUL: Not enough aristocrats to rob?

EDUARDO: Not enough bureaucrats to bash?

RAUL: Not enough floozies charging reasonable fees?

LUIZ: (Holding up an empty hors d'oeuvre plate) Not
enough petits bêtises served with the drinks?

ACHILLES: (Shouting) No! you uneducated scoundrels, you

ill-informed, ignorant, slum-dwelling vermin!...
United Fruit! -- and all the other United States
of America monopolies -- plundering the
breadbaskets of Brazil -- enslaving our workers
and subtracting their salaries! -- that is the
reason why we have no one to rob, and come
sorrowing and thirsty to "The Thirsty Jaguar"!

LUIZ: Oh.

ACHILLES: How long must our collective gullets get scorched
for sorrow under the plague of that imperial
locust to the north?!

LUIZ: Not too long. I am about to drop dead of
starvation, myself.

ACHILLES: (Furiously grabbing hold of LUIZ by the ear)
And that woman!

RAUL: (Suddenly interested) What woman?

ACHILLES: That woman with the half-foot heels, with the
carnival hat -- and with the smile from ear
(dramatically grabbing hold of LUIZ' other ear)
to ear!

LUIZ: (Blank faced) Who?

ACHILLES: Who? Who? -- Car-men, Carmen Mir-an-da, that's
who!

T-MASTER: What's wrong with our Carmen?

EDUARDO: (Gleeful at the opportunity to stand and threaten
the TAVERNMASTER) Did you say something, stingy
proprietor of "The Thirsty Jaguar"?

T-MASTER: (Blithering) I said, what's wrong with our farmin',
not enough food in the market, we kin go up country
'n -- uh -- start farmin' -- uh -- uh --

LUIZ: Uh, yes, a-hem, what is wrong with her?

ACHILLES: What is wrong with her? What is wrong with her?
You blind bag of skin and bones! Have you seen
the moving pictures she is making, our Carmen? --
ones she is making in the palacial studios of the
imperial oppressor? While we starve, while we
scrounge for rinds of offal in empty ash cans,
she presents to all the world an image of Brazil
as The Fruitful and The Plentiful! While we watch
our loved ones go hungry, go without schooling, go
without work, go without hope, she conjures up a
bonanza, a Brazilian bonanza of gaiety and
carelessness! -- yes, she says to the Yanks that
we are joyous, that we are thrilled with their

helping themselves to our farms, our factories,
our house, our home and hearth!

RAUL: Drink, Achilles, or your throat will dry out with
your woe!

EDUARDO: Sing, Achilles, sing, Achilles Vargas! like all
good Brazilians and shoo your woe away.

ACHILLES: (Drinking, then:)
Aye, I'll sing, Brazilian that I am --
but not to shoo the woe away --
to coax it nearer still,
until it's large as day!
(breaking into song, the same march tune:)
Our own Carmen! Carmen Miranda!
Sells our souls for propaganda!
Filthy Yankee propaganda
Suits the once Brazilian Miranda!

Carmen! Carmen! the carnival queen
Growing rich while we grow lean!
Laughs and smiles from ear to ear
While we hunger year to year!

Our own Carmen -- once she was!
But talent is as talent does --
And she who sang to lift our hopes,
Dances now, and says we're dopes --

Dopes for sweating in the sun
Of hot Brazil while she has fun
Growing rich on reckless lies --
Lies for which her homeland dies,

Shrivels, cringes in the heat
While she wiggles to the beat
Of the tunes that brought her fame --
Hell! -- why not? -- we share the blame:-

Yes, we do, the fault is ours:
Letting those damn Yankee czars
Bleed our land and lead astray
Carmen -- our Carmen, they took away!

ALL: (Returning to a freeze)
Oh, those tunes that brought her fame:-
Yes, we share, we share the blame:-

Friends, we do, the fault is ours:
Letting all those Yankee czars
Drain our veins and lead astray
Carmen -- our Carmen -- they took her away!!

(The scrim falls, and instant BLACKOUT on "The Thirsty Jaguar.")

END SCENE 4.

SCENE 5.

(Beverly Hills. By the gate to Carmen's house on Bedford Drive. January, 1943.

JOSEPH (boy soprano); CARMEN MIRANDA; Carmen's Siblings:- AMARO, CECILIA, AURORA (soprano), and OSCAR

Song: A SINGER, I

The scrim now depicts CARMEN's house in Beverly Hills, a two-story building with a sprawling, multicolored garden and low surrounding wall. Two full, six-foot hedges framing a gate track on quickly from right wing and stop a few feet in front of the scrim, considerably right of center. Shivering by the hedges is JOSEPH, a small, ten year old street urchin, heart rending in his ill-fitting rags. A stiff, whistling wind in the L.A. winter compels him to press his torn jersey [whose breastpocket holds a pint of cheap wine and a large cigar] closer to his thin frame. He wipes a tear from his face, then bravely extends an open, empty palm and begins, albeit falteringly, a touching ballad in his pure and sweet soprano voice:)

JOSEPH: Won't some kindly passerby
Stop just long enough to look
Through his pockets for a coin?
A penny, or a nickel would
Say that in this world there's good.

For I'm no forlorn beggar boy --
A singer, I, upon the street,
And never otherwise annoy
Passersby:- I sing to eat.

If my singing's soft and clear,
Find a token you can spare
Says it's pleasing to the ear.
But if I'm not in key, or loud,
Tell me, cause I'm very proud:

For I'm no forlorn beggar boy --
A singer, I, upon the street,
And otherwise I don't annoy
Passersby:- I sing to eat.

(during the bridge, removing his pint and cigar)
When summer's here I spread my shirt
On a broken bench or patch of dirt
In any park or empty lot

And squat on it -- oh, any spot
 Where no one comes will do to dine.
 And, boy, if there's a pint of wine!
 Then, I'm -- if I've a good cigar --
 Content to watch folks from afar
 And never miss their company --
 Not friends -- nor dames -- nor family:
 Dismissing, even, with a yawn
 The disappearing stars at dawn.

But now the winter's whistling through
 The railroad stop or bus depot
 Where just to sleep I'm forced to go.
 So nickels -- or a quarter! -- might
 Rent a room this chilly night:

For I'm no greedy, lazy boy --
 But vocalist, who, on his own,
 In January must annoy
 Sainted souls he's never known.

(The foliage on one of the hedges is parted, and CARMEN MIRANDA pokes her head through. A flaming kerchief knotted at the nape completely covers her hair, and she is wearing huge, dark sunglasses whose outlandish frames are decorated with pitchforks, horns, cloven hoofs, and a corkscrew tail.)

CARMEN: Hey, whats are you doin' there?

JOSEPH: (Startled, concealing the pint and cigar behind his back in a single hand) Ooooo!

CARMEN: I hear singin' like is a leetle bird, an' come outs here to find what's carolin' near my lawn. An' I finds:- looks like a wren in rags -- or is it jist a plain, beat-up, brown sparrow, (poking his concealing arm) wiz a broken wing, eh?

JOSEPH: And you -- you are --... a demon in the hedge!

CARMEN: (Overcome with merriment) A demon! You thinks I am a demon?

JOSEPH: Well, um, a happy demon, anyway.

CARMEN: (Emerging from behind the hedge in a severely shoulder-padded, long mink coat and slacks; she is not much taller than the boy) An' you was expectin' a saint. Before I gets my make-ups on, yes! I am not even a happy demon. I is a fierce and grouchy one. Boy, ees cold here! An' who you are?

JOSEPH: (Proudly) A street singer, ma'm. -Gotta nickel?

CARMEN: Has I got a nickel? Well, what choo has, choo

holdin' behin' you back?

JOSEPH: (Retreating a pace or two) Nothing.

CARMEN: Then you are lettin' me look if is nothin'.

JOSEPH: I don't think so.

CARMEN: Yeah? O.K., I am givin' you two quarters if you gives me what choo got behin' you behin' there.

JOSEPH: (Enthralled) Two quarters!

CARMEN: (Paying up and seizing the goods) Some fine things! brat you age... -Break my heart, but I lets Aloysio have a Havana an' a cocktail for Valentine's. Oh, yeah, Aloysio -- he's live downstairs from me in dhis here house. Maybe you likes dhis house, huh? So what's you name?

JOSEPH: Joseph.

CARMEN: Joseph. -Joseph the Garôto! You know what means "garôto" in my language? Means a leetle urchin, a street boy like you.

JOSEPH: I am not a street boy, ma'm: I am a vocalist.

CARMEN: O.K., dhat's good, you is a vocalist. Maybe you wants to come in the house wiz me an' warms up?

JOSEPH: No I have to work now, right here. I've not a mother or father who will feed me if I don't.

CARMEN: Well. Well. O.K., you can do you work. But I gots lots of rooms. You can stay in one, an' come outs an' do you work every day.

JOSEPH: But time is money, and I cannot lose any, ma'm ---

CARMEN: You call me, Carmen.

JOSEPH: I cannot take off for a minute, Carmen, if I don't sing now I shan't be able to buy another pint today.

CARMEN: (Almost to herself) For my God's sake. I never knows before dhere is garôtos in dhis great America don't has what to eat if dhey don't begs. To eat?

JOSEPH: (Upset) I don't beg! -don't say that ---

CARMEN: O.K., sure, O.K., Joseph, don't get crazy -- me, I sing too, to gets some, um, food. Maybe you let me sing wiz you, helps you out, you not doin' so good today?

JOSEPH: I am afraid that I am a solo act. And this is my

spot now, Carmen, you'll have to take that one down the street, if it's not too windy there.

CARMEN: But I can give you some tips, Joseph -- look, I buy this big house with my singing'.

JOSEPH: Well....

CARMEN: Sure, come on, you try it once with me, we are making some good money out here. Lezzgo:-

(Standing together, CARMEN and JOSEPH sing a duet, hesitating slightly when they alter the initial words of JOSEPH's song, but, all in all, experiencing little incompatibility:)

JOSEPH &

CARMEN: Won't some kindly passerby
Stop just long enough to look
Through his pockets for a coin?
A penny, or a nickel would
Say that in this world there's good.

For we're no forlorn beggar folk --
But singers, we, upon the street,
And out of luck and awfully broke,
Passerby:- we sing to eat.

If our singing's soft and clear,
Find a penny you can spare
Proves it's pleasing to the ear.
But if we're not in key, or loud,
Tell us, cause we're very proud:

For we're no forlorn beggar folk --
But singers, we, upon the street:
We're down on luck and awfully broke,
Passerby, and sing to eat.

When summer's here we spread our shirt
On a broken bench or patch of dirt
In any park or empty lot
And squat on it -- oh, any spot
Where no one comes will do to dine.
And, boy, if there's a pint of wine!
Then, we're -- if we've a good cigar --
Content to watch folk from afar
And never miss their company --
Not friends -- nor dames -- nor family:
Dismissing, even, with a yawn
The disappearing stars at dawn.

(CARMEN steps back to allow JOSEPH to continue the song by himself. Carrying valises, AMARO, CECILIA, AURORA and OSCAR enter, in that order [by age, the eldest first, etc.], from wing left, and stand there staring at the duo. AURORA has something distinctive [in a florid way] about her clothes, but the other THREE are dressed identically. All FOUR look

somewhat alike, and not unlike CARMEN.)

JOSEPH: But now the winter's whistling through
The railroad stop or bus depot
Where homeless lads are forced to go.
So nickels -- or a quarter! -- might
Rent a room this chilly night:

For I'm no greedy, lazy boy --
But vocalist, who, on his own,
In January must annoy
Sainted souls. Oh, I'm alone!

(CARMEN steps forward to join JOSEPH in ending the song, and AURORA, having just cocked her listening ear, unexpectedly adds her own soprano voice to the chorus:-)

JOSEPH,
CARMEN &
AURORA:

For I'm no greedy, lazy boy --
But vocalist, who, on his own,
In January must annoy
Sainted souls. -Oh, I'm alone!

(Chattering incomprehensibly, AMARO, CECILIA, AURORA and OSCAR charge across the stage toward JOSEPH and CARMEN.)

JOSEPH: Say, look at that, Carmen, we're doing good! That crowd of folks looks like it wants to give us plenty!

AURORA: Thees is it -- 616 Bedford Drive!

AMARO: Hola; what a beeg house!

CECILIA: She ees probably still sleepin'!

(They all but trample JOSEPH and CARMEN as they crowd the hedges and crash through the gate. Then, AURORA stops short, does a double take, and comes back out. She screams.)

AURORA: Wait a minute, everyone: Carmo!

AMARO,
CECILIA &
OSCAR:

Carmo! Irmã!!

CARMEN: My Heaven to Betzy! Is -- is Aurora! Cecília!
Amaro! Oscar! Whats you are all doin' here?!

AURORA: Whats we are doin'? We hear you are plenty rich
alot, an' we are comin' to live wiz you, you gotta
must be lonely wizout you lovin' family!

CARMEN: Oh! -- well --- sure. Why nots?

(They ALL hug and scream, etc. Then AURORA spots JOSEPH:)

AURORA: (Mildly disgusted) Say, who is this tatterdemalion?

CARMEN: Oh -- dhis is Joseph, he works wiz me, we tries out my new numbers together. He don't like it, I don'ts do it!

AMARO: Bem! bom! you has to try new tunes out on somebody honest. An' the ear of the garôto, it never lies!

CARMEN: Joseph, thees is Amaro, the oldest, Cecília, the next, Aurora, next old, and Oscar, the youngestmost -- my brothers an' sisters, all of them!

JOSEPH: (Shaking all their hands) How do you do?

CARMEN: An' I has two more brothers and two more sisters. Where dhey is?

AURORA: Oh, dhey are too small to travel now.

CARMEN: Uh-huh. Good.

CECILIA: Dhey will be comin' up wiz mama and papa next week.

CARMEN: Oh.

AMARO: So we all can be togedder, once again, Carmo!

CARMEN: Oh.

OSCAR: Come on, I am hungry, whatchoo got cookin'?

(Chattering madly in Portuguese, AMARO, CECILIA, AURORA and OSCAR [in that order] crowd through the gate and disappear.)

CARMEN: Well, Joseph, you comin' along?

JOSEPH: But ---

CARMEN: You don'ts, you make a liar out of me -- you wants to make a liar out of you new friend?

JOSEPH: No -- I ---

CARMEN: An' I thinks you gonna like the room I gots for you. She have lots of sunshine, Joseph -- she have the most sunshine of any room in my house.

(Gently taking his hand, CARMEN draws JOSEPH through the garden gate. They sing as they go.)

CARMEN: For I'm no greedy, lazy boy --
But vocalist, who, on his own,

JOSEPH: In January must annoy
Sainted souls he's never known.

END SCENE 5.

SCENE 6.

(A spacious studio at 20th Century Fox.

SID, The CAMERAMAN; CUTIE, Lead CHORINE (nasal soprano);
FOUR CHORINES; DAVID SEBASTIAN (baritone); BUSBY BERKELEY;
ALOYSIO DA OLIVEIRA; ZE CARIOCA; NESTOR AMARAL; VADICO;
CARMEN MIRANDA

Song: THE LITTLE DICTATRIX OF THE SAMBA

The lights go to half, and the set change from Scene 5 to Scene 6 is done as if a company and tech crew, both of whom are being filmed, were actually engaged in putting up the new set. Enter from right SID, The CAMERAMAN, walking a crane on to several yards beyond right wing. The crane box, which holds his enormous black camera and a storyboard, is resting at ground level: and, immediately he positions the crane, SID jumps into its box and starts shooting CUTIE and another dark-haired, barefooted CHORINE who bounce on from up right. Wearing loose, bogus-Grecian togas and hoods that conceal the costumes beneath, The CHORINES busy themselves engineering the gate and hedges out right. Then far up, in the wake of the hedges, visible only in silhouette [and remaining so for some time: and hence, fairly inconspicuous], DAVID SEBASTIAN, a strapping, good looking blond in turquoise-tinted work clothes, pantomimes the orders to fly out the Beverly Hills scrim and, in its place, drop a new back scrim which gives the impression, at this point, that it is entirely blank. THREE other dark-haired and barefooted CHORINES, togaed like the first TWO, roll on set pieces from down and center left which hold clusters of four-foot high cherries and slender, leaning, voluptuously laden banana trees whose drooping leaves are made of emerald shaded satin. Meanwhile, DAVID rolls on another [unmanned] camera from left and stations it there. Enter from right with script in hand, BUSBY BERKELEY, medium height with brown, thinning hair and a mole on his left cheek, dressed in a white sweatshirt and loose white slacks, accompanied by ALOYSIO DA OLIVEIRA in a red and yellow perpendicular-striped shirt with high collar and flowing, red pantaloons, carrying a viola. As they speak, DAVID and The CHORINES bring onstage additional fruit bush and wheat sheaf laden set pieces which they join together up center while SID continues to film them.)

BUSBY: "Latin Dynamite," eh? Have you seen this script, Aloysio? -- I mean, can you read English well enough to have? The fool thing's risible from start to finish!

ALOYSIO: Yes, Mr. Berkeley, I can read English well enough to has, an' therefore I has. Reed it, I mean.

BUSBY: (Poking his finger in the script) That old bromide! -And this cliché! -- you see? Shoot, who writes these things, Zanuck's mistresses?

ALOYSIO: We can make eet come out O.K., Mr. Berkeley.

BUSBY: Well, I can make it look O.K., if that's what I've been hired for, but what this idiotic pic will all add up to, is open to dispute. -Sid, you get the cover shots on the gals 'n crew settin' up the number, all right?

SID: (Making the "Perfect!" circle with his thumb and index) You bet. It's a wrap on them, Buzz!

BUSBY: Beautiful. So lemme see what the Greek Intro looks like, ladies, 'fore we do Take One and -- with any luck -- only One on it.
(stepping into the crane box beside SID, and peering into the viewer while The FIVE CHORINES assemble)
Can't be profligate with the canned stuff, Aloysio, you hear what they're chargin' for technicolor prints these days?

ALOYSIO: I am sure a great deal.

BUSBY: Damn straight! It's war material. -Set, girls? Go, Cutie!

(Airy, "mythical" INTRO music O.S., and The CHORINES, led by CUTIE, first rush far down as a "distressed" group, and then flutter about in a classical weave with their hands cupped and elbows joined. Their singing voices, high and sharp, to simulate the tone of innocent maidens, flirt dangerously with an unintentional send-up of the material:)

CUTIE: Demeter, Demeter, Demeter.....

O Lonely Goddess, failed in love,
Have you a plan you're thinking of?
They say that you are sailing down
To some place new -- a Latin town?
Demure Demeter, will that be
A really wise locale for thee?

CHORINES: We worship at the altar of
Demeter, who with garden glove
Does sow and grow the dainty shoot
Whose blossoms sprout in luscious fruit:
The God of Goodness from above,
And sadly, Disappointed Love!

CUTIE: Demeter, Demeter, Demeter.....

CHORINES: We know you've something up your sleeve
That none of us would quite believe.
They say that you are headed where
The sun's so fierce you need no gear.
Demure Demeter, is that wise?
Do you think you'll acclimatize?

Demure Demeter, you're so small,
We cannot see you there at all.
We mean the change from cold to hot:
Could little you survive, or not?
A tiny Goddess such as you,
In steamy clime -- what will you do?

Demeter, Demeter, Demeter...
Whose green thumb grows the grain and fruit
That nourish man and maid and brute.
How sad that you whose smile can reap
The harvest and warm wool of sheep ---

CUTIE: (Interjecting quickly; speaking:)
Whose heart's the harvest bountiful
And has the courage of the bull ---

CHORINES: And blesses all she's mistress of,
Should suffer Disappointed Love!
Demeter, Demeter, Demeter.....

CUTIE: (Speaking; seeming genuinely puzzled) Da meter?
We don't know nuthin' about da meter -- we jist sing!

(The CHORINES abruptly end INTRO and stand, rather awkwardly,
looking at BUSBY. He stares back at them. Long pause.)

BUSBY: It's crap, but it'll sell.

ALOYSIO: Ah, you are bein' cynical now.

BUSBY: And you know what cynical people in Hollywood are
called? -Millionaires.

ALOYSIO: What about droppin' Cutie's bein' cute?

BUSBY: No. It's just corny enough to work.

ALOYSIO: But -- after -- when we come on, we are not bein'
corny.

BUSBY: (Slowly looking up from the viewer: hard:) You
wanna say that again?

ALOYSIO: (Taken aback; shamed, and fumbling) But -- I thinks
-- I thinks ees distractin' what she do, dhis Cutie
here ---

BUSBY: And I thinks that you, Aloysio, are keepin' your
big nose outta this, and haulin' tush offstage --

or you'll be late on your cue and savin' me a lotta time that I could use, editing you out.

ALOYSIO: (His face showing no emotion) Yes, Mr. Berkeley.

BUSBY: Places, girls. I wanna great shoot now, Sid, I took a readin' on the lights myself and they stand pat.

SID: (Holding up the storyboard) You want the shots pat, too, like on the storyboard here, Busby?

BUSBY: Just like on the storyboard there.

(The CHORINES position themselves alluringly, astride the huge cherries, or leaning back on the leaning tree trunks. ALOYSIO, after glaring icily at BUSBY for several moments, turns on his heel and executes a long, stiff-legged cross out left. DAVID settles at left, out of camera range. BUSBY unhooks a mike in the crane box and stares intently at the composition. Then he signals O.S., and the lights drop to a glimmer.)

BUSBY: (Into the mike) Production Number Four:-- "The Little Dictatrix of the Samba!" Go on cue, people. Music!

(The airy INTRO music begins, elaborately orchestrated this time. Then, one by one, variously gelled, tight spots pick out The CHORINES. Into the second instrumental verse, The CHORINES sit up severally, out of their order right to left, and then, one by one, leave their set pieces, with CUTIE always appearing bewildered and late to get in step. She even stubs her bare foot. Choreography. Finally, The CHORINES rush far down, sing, and weave as before to weaving beams.)

CUTIE: Demeter, Demeter, Demeter.....

O Lonely Goddess, failed in love,
Have you a plan you're thinking of?
They say that you are sailing down
To some place new -- a Latin town?
Demure Demeter, will that be
A really wise locale for thee?

CHORINES: We worship at the altar of
Demeter, who with garden glove
Does sow and grow the dainty shoot
Whose blossoms sprout in luscious fruit:
The God of Goodness from above,
And sadly, Disappointed Love!

CUTIE: Demeter, Demeter, Demeter.....

CHORINES: We know you've something up your sleeve
That none of us would quite believe.
They say that you are headed where
The sun's so fierce you need no gear.
Demure Demeter, is that wise?

Do you think you'll acclimatize?

Demure Demeter, you're so small,
We cannot see you there at all.
We mean the change from cold to hot:
Could little you survive, or not?
A tiny Goddess such as you,
In steamy clime -- what will you do?

Demeter, Demeter, Demeter...
Whose green thumb grows the grain and fruit
That nourish man and maid and brute.
How sad that you whose smile can reap
The harvest and warm wool of sheep ---

CUTIE: (Interjecting, speaking with less breath than before)
Whose heart is the harvest bountiful
And has the courage of the bull ---

CHORINES: And blesses all she's mistress of,
Should suffer Disappointed Love!
Demeter, Demeter, Demeter.....

CUTIE: (Speaking) Da meter? We don't know nuthin' about
da meter -- we jist sing!

(Samba music "answers" the joke and then equips fully as the
lights spot The BANDO DA LUA, all dressed exactly like ALOYSIO,
who appear suddenly together right in front of the huge camera,
singing and playing their instruments:-)

BANDO: I know a lady short in height,
And, pound for pound, she's also slight.
But pound a drum, and she'll ignite:
The Lady's Latin Dynamite:
Empress of maracas and the gamba,
And the Little Dictatrix of the Samba!

In size an elf, and pound for pound
Though much too light -- still, rather round --
So though she's kin to elf and sprite,
The Lady's Latin Dynamite:
Empress of the castanets and gamba,
She's the Little Dictatrix of the Samba!

(The CHORINES begin moving apart the set pieces up center and,
as they do so, the crane holding BUSBY and SID, filming in it,
slowly rises almost to the rafters. When the crane is nearly
fixed in place, garish gells wake up the area just behind the
displaced flats and CARMEN MIRANDA, wearing a brazenly mid-
riffed and centrally slit red and black gown, and a turban
heavy with cherries and bananas, appears ensconced sidesaddle
atop a realistically-looking, gigantic stuffed bull surrounded
by plump stuffed sheep. Papayas garland the bull's horns.)

CHORINES: (Drawing back, as if shocked) Why, Demeter!!

CARMEN: Dhat's me! --Hal-lo!!

(Recouping, The CHORINES lustily cast off their hooded togas, revealing the midriffed green gowns beneath, and their yellow bandanas knotted in a large bow secured with a huge cherry. NESTOR and VADICO lift CARMEN over the bull's horns and set her down amidst The CHORINES. The tempo accelerates, and CARMEN, with habitual gusto, dances in a line with The FIVE CHORINES, and eventually bursts into song. Uncharacteristically, on every second bar or so, during the song as well as the choreography, she glances downward toward her five-inch-platform shoes -- and during the instrumental is moving her lips. The BANDO moves down and along with the DANCERS.)

CARMEN: Some people say I'm just a shrimp
And that I'm much too merry,
But I think I'm a joyful imp
Who won't stay stationary:
With a twisting torso ---

BUSBY: (Screaming into the mike) Stop! Stop this fiasco!
(the music and performers halt)
With your twisting torso and your wobbling feet!
Did you rehearse this? Carmen, I can see you
counting!

CARMEN: (Confused) What?

BUSBY: (Shrieking) I said I can see you counting your
steps -- one, two, three, four! -- I can read your
lips, the camera is picking it up, what the heck
are you doing?!

CARMEN: I am so sorry, I don'ts think so. You are havin' to
be mistaken, I do not counts when I am performin'.

BUSBY: (Astounded) Well! to just whom do you think you are
talking back, young woman? You are not dealing, my
dear, with some softie like Irv Cummings -- or his
flunkie Hermes Pan! -- on this flick! You are
dealing with Busby Berkeley now, and if Busby
Berkeley says you are counting your steps, then you
are counting your steps!

CARMEN: I was not aware I was ---

BUSBY: And if you're that unsteady on your feet, how will
you hold your head rigid, and in place, against the
drop for the finish?
(SID whispers in his ear)

CARMEN: Then I repeats, I am so sorry, cause I was not
aware. Can we takes it again?....
(BUSBY is listening to SID who is indicating the
viewer)
.....Please, can we takes it again, Mr. Busby
Berkeley?

BUSBY: And that is not all, Señorita! Where, if I am not being too personal, are your pants?

CARMEN: Where?

BUSBY: I said where.

CARMEN: I don'ts wear -- don'ts wear any. Ever.

BUSBY: And why not, if I'm not being, again, too personal?

CARMEN: Because dhey restricts my movement, dhat's why not.

BUSBY: Well, as sure as God made décolletage, your décolletage, which we're thankful for, and little green apples, we can practically see all the way to China, Madame!

CARMEN: (As the CAST gasps) But I ---

BUSBY: And Sid here has just told me, in fact, that the camera did see all the way to China when they took you over the horns, Señorita!

CARMEN: Then ---

BUSBY: Then, nothing: just go and get your pants.

CARMEN: I did nots bring them to the studio.

BUSBY: And may I ask, then, what you did bring to the studio?

CARMEN: Just a towel.

BUSBY: Just a towel??

CARMEN: Si.

BUSBY: And why is that??

CARMEN: (Evenly) Because in the end, the only thing you has really to do in dhis life is wipe youself off.

BUSBY: (Stunned, his breath caught in his throat for a moment. Then, recovering:) This morning you took your last drop of alcohol -- didn't you, Madame? I mean, cause either that was your last drop, or your next will be!

DAVID: (Emerging from the semi-obscurity left) I wouldn't threaten the señorita like that if I were you, Mr. Berkeley.

BUSBY: (Disbelieving his ears) Just a minute, here ---

DAVID: Just a minute is right. You don't talk to a lady that way.

BUSBY: I don't, huh? So do I inquire, instead, just who in creation you are, Sir?

DAVID: Mr. Sebastian, Sir. David Sebastian.

BUSBY: Before I explode, precisely what does Mr. David Sebastian do around here?

DAVID: I edit, Mr. Berkeley. And I'll be editing, if you please, "Latin Dynamite."

BUSBY: And if you're editing this magnum opus, might I know what the hell you are doing on this set now?

DAVID: It helps me to craft my work better, later, if I watch the footage now while it's being shot.

BUSBY: (Heavily sardonic) Oh, the real conscientious type!

DAVID: I don't think I'm in anyone's way.

BUSBY: And you come, as well, to the rescue of ladies in distress, do you, Mr. Sebastian?

DAVID: Not by rote, Sir. But I think being impolite to a lady is not altogether in place, and more especially when the lady in question to whom you are being impolite, having to portray Demeter, the Goddess of Fertility and with all that that slyly implies, is being subjected hence, and without complaining one bit, to quite out of the ordinary, and absolute, exploitation.

BUSBY: Well, well, well.

SID: (Trying to calm him) Listen, Buzz ---

BUSBY: (Holding SID off) No; now wait a minute. The lady in question is in America now -- not Brazil. And in America, everyone is exploited. The only difference among people being that persons with power here have the option of choosing just how they will be exploited. And Carmen, if I am not mistaken, has some real power these days, I think -- you get me?

SID: All right, all right, guys. We'll run overtime again if we keep this up. Why don't you two get together for a game o' golf afterwards an' settle the sociological implications of our shootin' session then? Tab's on me, fellas, how's about it?

BUSBY: (Pause; then, the ice breaks) Whew! We're all gettin' out of hand here. Must be my divorce and the accident trial, Sid, I'm due in court at 8 every morning. --Blotto, Sid, you're on. Me and Mr. Sebastian'll have eighteen on you.

SID: I think Busby would like to call places again,
everybody! Ya want it from the top, Buzz?

BUSBY: No, uh, take it from the Bando's entrance. And
button that skirt, will ya?

(DAVID and The CHORINES hurriedly re-place the up center set
pieces while CARMEN, after staring for a moment at DAVID, and
The BANDO go to their places. The lights re-adjust.)

BUSBY: (To SID, regretting his outburst) Think she'll
be O.K.?

SID: Who, Carmy? Carmy's a trooper, I worked with her
before, she'll be fine. Bet all their adrenalin's
up now, they'll be fantastic, don't worry. And
the number's gang-busters. You gotta go easier,
Boss. No pic's worth tzoris like this...

(Samba music, and a spot hits The BANDO grouped by the camera:)

BANDO: I know a lady short in height,
And, pound for pound, she's also slight.
But pound a drum, and she'll ignite:
The Lady's Latin Dynamite:
Empress of maracas and the gamba,
And the Little Dictatrix of the Samba!

In size an elf, and pound for pound
Though much too light -- still, rather round --
So though she's kin to elf and sprite,
The Lady's Latin Dynamite:
Empress of the castanets and gamba,
She's the Little Dictatrix of the Samba!

CHORINES: (Revealing CARMEN as before:) Why, Demeter!!

CARMEN: Dhat's me! --Hal-lo, ladies!!

(The CHORINES drop their togas, NESTOR and VADICO place CARMEN
amongst them, they dance as before, and CARMEN sings:)

CARMEN: Some people say that I'm a shrimp
And that I'm much too merry,
But I think I'm a joyful imp
Who won't stay stationary:
With a twisting torso
-- Only moreso! --
And a high bandana,
I top the whole shabang with cherry
And a big banana.

Ai, fruiti-kazooti, fruiti-kazooti!
Zoot-zoot-zooti,
Zoot-zoot-zoot! (etc.)

I know my tricks can never kicks
 Because I treat them good,
 Since I'm the Samba Dictatrix
 And if I don't, who would?
 For I've really power
 In my hour-
 Glass's shape -- na-ná! na!
 I hopes I'm not misunderstood,
 Me and my banana!

Ai, fruiti-kazooti, fruiti-kazooti!
 Zoot-zoot-zooti,
 Zoot-zoot-zooti! (etc.)

(CARMEN disappears into the dark upstage while The BANDO and CHORINES dance, down, together. CUTIE, the odd woman out, flounders ludicrously for a partner. They continue the song:)

BANDO: Empress of maracas and the gamba,
 She's the Little Dictatrix of the Samba!

CHORINES: We know a Goddess short in height,
 And count her pounds, she's very slight:
 In size an elf, in weight a sprite,
 Yet she is Latin Dynamite:-
 Empress of the castanets and gamba,
 Now she's Little Dictatrix of the Samba!

(A dazzling spot hits CARMEN, now stationed flush against the back scrim. The tempo virtually doubles for the final stanza and CARMEN manages to gyrate her hips, toss her arms, and frame her cheeks with her long-nailed fingers, and nevertheless still keep her head in an unmoving position against the scrim for the duration of the number:-)

CARMEN: Fruit-fruit-fruiti, fruit-fruit-fruiti!
 Fruit-kazooti, kazooti-kazoo!

My hat's a cornucopia
 Enough for several meals --
 You've heard of worse phenomena:-
 Medea's head had eels!
 And with twisting torso
 -- Only moreso! --
 And my high bandana,
 I'm waitin' now to see who peels --
 Uh-oh! -- my banana!

(When CARMEN reaches the word "peels", lights ignite by upward degrees behind the scrim: and on it is painted a compilation of bananas, all appearing to be atop her turban, that increase in size from normal appearing ones just above it to staggeringly humongous ones reaching into the rafters. The MUSICIANS play a breathtakingly fast additional stanza to cover the full revealing of the bananas, and climax on a thunderous pitch and the BLACKOUT.)

END SCENE 6.

SCENE 7.

(Rio de Janeiro. "The Thirsty Jaguar" tavern.

DULSE (contralto); NILTON (bass baritone); ROGERIA (alto);
ACHILLES VARGAS; EDUARDO; RAUL; LUIZ; The TAVERNMASTER

Song: A GANG OF MALCONTENTS, A MOB OF MALCONTENTS

While the set pieces of Scene 6 track out through both wings, the drop flies up: and in slow degrees the table, broken, overturned chairs, and staircase of "The Thirsty Jaguar" become visible far upstage. Heaped up under the table and snoring loudly are ACHILLES VARGAS, EDUARDO, RAUL, LUIZ, and The TAVERNMASTER. In a freeze and staring down at them from the platform atop the staircase is a trio of slumming ARISTOCRATS in high-deco fashion: NILTON, a tall, mustachioed gentleman with fedora, Eton collar, and pince-nez, and two blatantly pretentiously ladies, DULSE, a blonde, and ROGERIA, a redhead, whom NILTON supports on either arm. The table piece and the staircase then track down and when they reach center, DULSE breaks the freeze with her mocking laughter:)

DULSE: Oh, Nilton, is not this underground tavern appropriately named, "The Thirsty Jaguar"?

NILTON: (Very tentative) Er, I am not exactly certain ---

DULSE: (Leaning in front of NILTON, rudely) What do you think, Rogéria?

ROGERIA: No name could be more fitting for it, my dear Dulse, than "The Thirsty Jaguar"! For look, the denizens of this dump are little more than inebriated animals!

ACHILLES: (Stirring at their voices, rolling over onto all fours, and making a jaguar-sound) Grroooooowwll...

DULSE: Eeek! Rogéria, that good-looking one even growls!

ROGERIA: How positively fetching -- in a revolting way, of course!

NILTON: Then you two ladies are pleased that I brought you slumming here?

ACHILLES: Hey, we do not like ritzy slummers at "The Jaguar"...

DULSE: But you are too drunk to do anything about what you do not like!

ACHILLES: Come down here and say that, you!

DULSE: And faint from the stench of garlic-breath and rum?!

ROGERIA: Oh, Dulse, you are marvelous!

EDUARDO: (Waking up) Grumpf: who are those plumméd popinjays up there?

RAUL: (Up and relishing the sight: smacking his lips)
Who are the two little pigeons anyway?

DULSE: Oh, listen, Rogéria: they even talk!

NILTON: Now, ladies, perhaps we shouldn't provoke these ---

DULSE: Nilton, shut up. You are too opinionated for your own good, hon.

ROGERIA: And too opinionated for our own good fun!
(shrieking wildly at her "cleverness")

RAUL: Another minute and I will take that redhead's giggle down a register or two, Achilles.

ACHILLES: Will you, Raul? You are too blotched even to stand.

DULSE: Say, why have you five devils down there drunk yourselves under the table, today?

LUIZ: We are not five devils, we are a cutthroat Gang of Malcontents: and we are in mourning for the loss of our Carmen.

ROGERIA: For the loss of your Carmen? -Carmen Miranda?

ACHILLES: Aye!

DULSE: What do you mean, the loss of your Carmen?

ACHILLES: Have you three seen her latest moving picture, "Latin Dynamite"?

ROGERIA: But of course, hasn't every one in Rio seen "Latin Dynamite"? It's the one with the bananas, no?

RAUL: (Standing, lecherously sniffing the air) So then you know what Achilles Vargas means, my sweetly perfumed parrakeets.

DULSE &
ROGERIA: I am afraid we do not!

EDUARDO: Then sing for them, Achilles, recall the words --
sing to these three songless birds
the stanzas that we drinkers did compose
to express our loss and woes!

DULSE: Song-less birds? -that sadistic-looking brute has got his nerve!

ROGERIA: And prob'ly lots of gusto, and a heap of verve!
(again, shrieking at her own "cleverness")

(ACHILLES struggles to sit up and, with considerable effort, haltingly sings in and out of key. At times, he trails off and hiccups. Presently, the OTHERS all join him.)

ACHILLES: Before they got her up with all this razz-ma-tazz,
Our Carmen sang refined, and very Latin jazz;
And sometimes even folk songs from the regions where
Mestizos, Blacks, and Xingu lay their burdens bare:
Those almond Amazonians who so often gave
A final voice to sorrows that had dug their grave.

But now she's singing nonsense, every single word,
And silly patter songs -- yes! she once preferred
Compassionate, melodic notes our peasants made
When plucking cheap guitars in the olive branch's shade;
Or laments of slaughtered Amazonians -- who lent
A hymn to massacres, solemn and eloquent.

DULSE: And yet we hadn't seen the worst of her until
This singer listeners thought once stood rather still,
Began to shimmy like machine-guns when they kill
So they could nick-name her "The Bombshell from Brazil!"
-Machine-guns, mind you, when they raze whole towns
and farms!
And so much for her lady-like Brazilian charms!

ROGERIA: And I, myself -- you bums -- cannot imagine why
She's come to represent Brazil: I'd rather die
Than look like her: her face is like a Mexican's --
You know those half-breed ranchers, those vulgarians?
Well, don't she look like them? Besides, she's
Portuguese:
She was born in Portugal -- and prob'ly with disease!

GANG: Our Carmen comes from Portugal, from Por--- not here?

ROGERIA: That's right: the bitch was born in Portugal -- I swear!

LUIZ: A counterfeit! A sham! For when we've not a crumb,

ACHILLES: That such a well-fed opportunist should become

GANG: Our nation's very symbol -- and represent Brazil,
So falsely represent -- against our need and will!

NILTON: You Gang of Malcontents, do you know what is next?
For on a whim -- or dare -- the flimsiest pretext,
Your Carmen's coming back -- to sing in Rio -- yes!
And with her five-inch heels and food-bedecked
headdress!

DULSE: Song-less birds? -that sadistic-looking brute has got his nerve!

ROGERIA: And prob'ly lots of gusto, and a heap of verve!
(again, shrieking at her own "cleverness")

(ACHILLES struggles to sit up and, with considerable effort, haltingly sings in and out of key. At times, he trails off and hiccups. Presently, the OTHERS all join him.)

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Those almond Amazonians who so often gave
A final voice to sorrows that had dug their grave.

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ACHILLES: That such a well-fed opportunist should become

GANG: Our nation's very symbol -- and represent Brazil,
So falsely represent -- against our need and will!

NILTON: You Gang of Malcontents, do you know what is next?
For on a whim -- or dare -- the flimsiest pretext,
Your Carmen's coming back -- to sing in Rio -- yes!
And with her five-inch heels and food-bedecked
headdress!

GANG: Can this be true?! Oh, how she prances and exalts!
How high and mighty she, to play this country false
And then return to sing, and rub our nose in it!
If only we could get to see that hypocrite:
We'd show the wigglin', painted pipsqueak how we deal

LUIZ: With wealthy women when we thieves don't have a meal!

DULSE: Well we have tickets for her brazen, vulgar show.
Uh, Nilton, ain't that right? -- it's at the Urca, no?

NILTON: (A malicious idea darkening his tone:)
How would you Gang of Malcontents -- well -- like to go?

GANG: Hell, yes! we would -- have you more tickets to her show?

NILTON: As many as you need -- and I could get you clothes
To wear in that swank club -- you cannot go in those!

ACHILLES: Then get us tickets, get us clothes -- and we, a Gang
Of Malcontents, will swell your ranks -- so we can hang --
I've got it: yes! -- a Mob of Malcontents will hang
That traitor Carmen -- thus, her scheme will boomerang!

T-MASTER: (Waking up, listening, and becoming alarmed) Oh!

MOB: Then we, a Gang of Malcontents, a Mob of Malcontents
will be!
And rid our nation of pretenders: from the fake we'd
all be free!

GANG: So get the tickets and some duds -- and we, a Gang
Of Malcontents, will close up ranks with you, to hang --

MOB: That's it!!:- a Mob of nameless Malcontents will hang
The famous woman -- thus, her fraud will boomerang!

For we, a Gang of Malcontents, a Mob of Malcontents
will be!
And rid our nation of pretenders -- from the fake
we shall be free!!

(BLACKOUT.)

END SCENE 7.

SCENE 8.

(CARMEN MIRANDA's dressing room at 20th Century Fox.

CARMEN MIRANDA; JOSEPH; DAVID SEBASTIAN; ALOYSIO DA OLIVEIRA

Song: A GOWN OF GOLD LAME

A blank scrim drops to cover clearing Scene 7 and a softly lit single piece, representing CARMEN MIRANDA's dressing room, tracks on from down left in front of it and stops within inches of the apron and a few feet of left wing. CARMEN, unturbaned and wearing a dazzling silver-tasseled, gold lamé gown, is seated before her mirrored make-up table, nervously spearing one lobe with a huge coin earring. She fails at the task, pops a pill instead, and washes it down with what remains in a large liquor flask. She examines the empty flask, and tosses it under the pleated trimming of her table. Then she tosses the pillbox under there as well. After a pause, she impulsively gathers more articles up from the table and heaves them under it. Pause.)

JOSEPH: (From under the table, unseen) Thanks.

CARMEN: (Pause; looking about: puzzled) Dids you find it?

JOSEPH: I think so...

CARMEN: (Looking down) Well: let's go then.

JOSEPH: (His hand reaching out from under the trimming, holding up the mate to CARMEN's earring) Here.

CARMEN: (Taking the earring) Obrigada.
(then, suddenly, frantically searching the table, lifting up and looking under various objects)
Ai! where is dhat silver -- the snood, my silver-mesh snood -- Joseph! is dhat dhere, too?

JOSEPH: Yup!

CARMEN: I don'ts know why everythin' is end up under dhis table! -So, give its to me ---
(JOSEPH's hand reemerges with a silver-mesh snood)
An' come out from under dhere. Whatchoo thinks dhis table is -- a crawl-in clothin' closet?

JOSEPH: No, but I figure that's what you must think. You want to pick out your shoes, too, now? There's fifteen or sixteen pairs under here.

CARMEN: Come outs now, I say!

JOSEPH: (Crawling out, with gold wedgies in tow) Yes, mother. Wear these.

CARMEN: (Dusting off his zoot-suit trousers) Looks at you -- what a zoots-suits dust-mop you are! --Oh -- dhose are nice! -- they matches up. (slipping into the wedgies) Thank you, garôzinho meu!

JOSEPH: There's a coupla turbans 'n necklaces 'n bracelets there, too.

CARMEN: Is dhat so? Well, after you cleans up dhose cigar butts in you own room, you -- ouch! dhis earrin' hurts eet's so heavy!... (adjusting one earring; then looking JOSEPH up and down, dressed as he is in a baggy, outlandish zoot-suit, down to the dangling key chain) So, Joseph, has you stopped drinkin' dhese days?

JOSEPH: Have you?

CARMEN: (Pause) Joseph, dhat's no way to be speakin' to --- (a knock is heard) Come in!

(DAVID SEBASTIAN, carefully attired in matching turquoise and an ascot, enters tentatively from left, carrying a chair.)

CARMEN: (More than surprised -- and pleased) Well!... Yes?

DAVID: Señorita, I, uh, I.... uh, brought a chair.

CARMEN: Why? I gots lotsa chairs in my dressin' room.

DAVID: Yes, but -- I thought..... Oh, do you?

CARMEN: I see. Joseph, you can go now.

JOSEPH: But mother ---

CARMEN: Joseph! ...You homework: you forgets about dhat? ...Say, goodbye.

JOSEPH: (Sighing) Bye, mother. -Goodbye, Mr. ...?

DAVID: Call me David.

JOSEPH: Okey-doke! -Have a cigar, Dave. Sorry, but I gotta make like tomorra's prohibition on homework. See ya' (handing DAVID a Havana, and exiting left, slyly whistling "A Gown of Gold Lamé")

CARMEN: (Humming "A Gown of Gold Lamé"; then:) So, puts down the chair an' sits in it.

DAVID: (Doing so, jumpy as a cat) I, uh... like your...
uh... well, what you're wearing. It's, um, it's ---

CARMEN: Well, eet's not a playsuit, Mr. David.

DAVID: Oh, no, I didn't think so -- it's a -- a -- sort
of -- a ---

CARMEN: Gown.

DAVID: Yes, that's it!

CARMEN: (Singing: a playful, rather teasing tune)
I wear a gown of gold lamé,
I wear a silver snood,
And silver tassels to shashay
Because that suits my mood;

And gold and silver in my shoes,
That way I never brood:
With costly clothes I chase the blues,
And that, sir, suits my mood.

For fine lamé in Rio stands
For wealth and great success,
And I look good in golden strands
And swinging tassels, yes?

(speaking) You sing? David?

My earrings are of hammered coin
And big as ostrich eggs:-
That says at night I eat sirloin --
With nylon on my legs! ---

(speaking) Do you sing? -Come on: try.

DAVID: (With some effort, singing)
I -- I wear an ascot, cotton-white,
And shirt of eggshell-blue
Because those colors pair so right --
As might -- myself with you...

CARMEN: My earrings, they're of hammered coin --
They're gold and silver, too:
Because dhese metals blend and join
As might -- well -- me and you.

DAVID: I own a ring -- here, look -- as well
Of silver mixed with gold,
But it may suit you more, ma'amselle,
If I may be so bold ---

(ALOYSIO DA OLIVEIRA emerges angrily from the shadows upstage.
CARMEN hurries to hide the bottles remaining on her table.)

ALOYSIO: I don't thinks you should be so bold! -You keepin'

company wiz him?

CARMEN: (Frantic) Say it in song, Aloysio, say it in song
or Carmen does not hear no-thing.

ALOYSIO: O.K.! -- try this!:-
(singing, to the same tune, but with great anger)
I hear that now you're poppin' pills
With rum to wash 'em down:
You found some doctor says downhill's
The way to go to town?

CARMEN: When doctors tell you not to booze
Or pop a pep-up pill,
They mean, don't worry when you use
Dhose things -- or you'll get ill!

ALOYSIO: I'll bet you find it better to
Not worry 'bout your wrongs:
The drugs, the drink -- and how you coo
Your sex 'n nonsense songs:

Cause if Brazil's still on your mind --
And that they're watchin' this --
How do you think Brazilians find
Such sex 'n nonsense, Miss?

CARMEN: They know that sex and silly songs
Are life itself to them --
So if they frown on all my wrongs,
Brazil's what they condemn!

Si! give Brazilians drink 'n song,
And lots of sexy femmes!

ALOYSIO: With all our critics you belong!
It's you Brazil condemns!

And now I hear you're makin' plans
To sing in Rio, Miss --
Is this to please your vanished fans,
Or just your avarice?

It's drink an' pills that made these plans --
Your legs are tremblin', Miss --
What will you stand on there -- your han's?
Or just your avarice?

CARMEN: In Rio I'll be spick-and-spans
And fuel your jealousy:
Cause I'll have a million movie fans
And David there with me!

-You're comin', David, aren't you?
To see that things go well?

DAVID: Oh, gee, I'd not -- and yet, I knew

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Somehow -- oh, gee! that's swell!

CARMEN &

DAVID: And we'd have told you that we'd go
Together, but until
This moment, Al, we didn't know
We're sailin' to Brazil!

(BLACKOUT.)

END SCENE 8.

SCENE 9.

(Rio de Janeiro. The Cassino da Urca.

ZE CARIOCA; VADICO; NESTOR AMARAL; ACHILLES VARGAS; EDUARDO;
RAUL; LUIZ; NILTON; DULSE; ROGERIA; The TAVERNMASTER; DAVID
SEBASTIAN; CARMEN MIRANDA; ALOYSIO DA OLIVEIRA; and ALL of
the other CAST MEMBERS

Songs: THE CARIOCA GIRL
A MOB OF MALCONTENTS [Reprise]

Immediate the dressing room piece is blacked-out, the scrim comes alive with light and on it is painted a joyful, almost cartoon impression of Rio de Janeiro and Guanabara Bay. Then, as the dressing room tracks out left, a spotlight behind the scrim hits ZE CARIOCA standing on a stage far right, dressed in a light suit and dark tie, holding his banjo in one hand and a mike in the other. He is all smiles and high spirits.)

ZE: Senhoras e senhors, welcome to the Cassino da Urca in beautiful and sophisticated Rio de Janeiro. My name is Zé Carioca and on behalf of the Bando da Lua e Garôto, let me tell you how happy we are to return here to perform for you followin' our successful taking of The United Estates by storm! But however well-received we was in Norte América, as a native of Rio, that is to say, a true Carioca, I never can be comfortable anywhere but here:- for a real Carioca is, no matter to what wonderful places he travels,
Always a homesick native of
this seaside city known for love:-

(The spot enlarges to encompass VADICO and NESTOR AMARAL, also dressed in light suits. Then, as the THREE hit their painted instruments and begin to sing, the scrim slowly flies up, revealing the full set of the elegant Cassino da Urca. Low, nightclub lights softly illuminate its cluster of tables running from the performers' platform right, all across to left. Behind the furnishings, cut-glass screens, etched with 40s palmfronds and crouching panthers. NILTON, DULSE, and ROGERIA, dressed to the nines, are seated down front; and dispersed at various tables throughout, and all heavily, if preposterously, disguised, are ACHILLES VARGAS, EDUARDO, RAUL, and LUIZ. The remaining CAST MEMBERS, as elegant nightlifers, fill the Cassino to capacity.)

BANDO: A natty bon vivant and wiz
A chic, sleek Carioca is --

And a plucky, lucky native of
That seaside city known for love:-
Great Rio de Janeiro! -- white
Both after dark in candlelight
And later when it's not so bright
And Cariocas, slightly tight,
Make a beeline for the ballroom floor
To do the dance that they adore:
A Samba, taken slower so
There's not that much you have to know:-
It's called The Carioca! -- dance
Of urban swells -- oh, and romance!

ZE: Zé Carioca is my name:
 As nifty bon vivant I've fame;
 A sharpy I, well-dressed, a wiz,
 And lady-killer's what I is!
 And, look, since Rio's where I live,
 Zé Carioca Carioca is!

(Enter from down left The TAVERNMASTER in a black, very wide-brimmed hat and huge flowing cape which bulges altogether too much, even for his weight. He marches straight across the stage, attracting all eyes, and interrupting ZE, and seats himself up, right next to the platform. ZE stares at him.)

ZE: Hey, Shorty, don' mind me: but if you gotta make
 as big a exit as dhis here entrance, while I'm still
 singin' -- don't! -- cause it might jist be gas!

(The CROWD laughs, and The TAVERNMASTER good naturedly salutes ZE. Unobtrusively, DAVID SEBASTIAN, in cream-yellow shirt and slacks, enters from up right and positions himself at a stand-spot on the platform. The TAVERNMASTER glances at him.)

ZE: Now, later, when it's not so bright,
 Zé Carioca, slightly tight,
 Will beeline for the ballroom floor
 To do the dance you all adore:
 A Samba -- taken slower so
 There's fewer steps for me to know:-
 It's called The Carioca, too,
 So Zé The Carioca'll do!

VADICO &
NESTOR: Zé Carioca is his name
 And lady-killer is his fame:
 Zé lives in Rio so he's called
 A Carioca alcoholled!
 He's chic, sleek, natty 'n wise --
 But maybe jist a pack of lies:
 For how can he give it a whirl
 Wizout a Carioca Girl?
 --Hey, Zé, Zé Carioca, say,
 Is this or is this not your day?
 Cause you are very quick to brag
 For someone who has hit a snag:-

Cause how can you give it a whirl
Wizout a Carioca Girl?

(DAVID aims the spot at the center of the platform and clicks it on. CARMEN MIRANDA emerges like a whirlwind into the spot and begins singing. She wears a midriffed costume with an unattractive net design at the hips; and otherwise, it is weighted down with an almost alarming amount of mismatched junk. ALOYSIO DA OLIVEIRA, in a white suit, follows her onstage, playing. The CROWD stirs, rather disagreeably.)

CARMEN: A Carioca Girl!
 How I can twist and twirl, twirl,
 Dancin' the dance élite
 To Rio's favorite beat, beat!

ZE: (Grabbing CARMEN and dancing a Carioca with her)
 O Carioca Girl,
 Let's 'cross the ballroom swirl, swirl:
 Dancin' is how we'll meet --
 Ai yi! -- but you're petite, Sweet!

 The Carioca Girl!
 How my mustaches curl! curl! --
 Only a quick retreat
 Will help me beat this sweet heat!

CARMEN: The Carioca Girl!
 I make mustaches curl! curl! ---

ACHILLES: (Suddenly) Curl with anger, you sell-out! you slut!

CARMEN: Only if you retreat ---

EDUARDO: We won't retreat -- you will!

(EDUARDO stands and throws a limp celery stick at CARMEN. ZE catches it and throws it back. Then The GANG OF MALCONTENTS suddenly breaks into song and, one by one, comes to its feet, throwing vegetables at CARMEN. On the third stanza, NILTON, DULSE, and ROGERIA join them, singing and throwing garbage.)

GANG: Before they got her up with all this razz-ma-tazz,
 Our Carmen sang refined, and very Latin jazz;
 And sometimes even folk songs from the regions where
 Mestizos, Blacks, and Xingu lay their burdens bare:
 Those almond Amazonians who so often gave
 A final voice to sorrows that had dug their grave.

(increasing the tempo, with viciousness:)
But now she's singing nonsense, every single word,
And silly patter songs -- yes! she who once preferred
Compassionate, melodic notes our peasants made
When plucking cheap guitars in the olive branch's shade;
Or laments of slaughtered Amazonians -- who lent
A hymn to massacres, solemn and eloquent.

MOB: And yet we hadn't seen the worst of her until
 She who, when singing, once stood reasonably still,
 Got nicknamed, "The Brazilian Bombshell," by the Yanks --
 Compared, yes!, to machine-gun fire, too, and tanks
 That flatten flowers, fences, children, stock and farms!
 And so much for her lady-like Brazilian charms!

(CARMEN, with considerable courage, resumes her performance,
 but The MOB sings simultaneously, and at an even faster pace,
 virtually drowning her out:)

CARMEN:

MOB OF MALCONTENTS:

The Carioca Girl!
 Yes, she can twist and
 twirl, twirl,
 Movin' her little feet
 To Rio's favorite
 beat! beat!

A Carioca Girl!
 The blue Atlantic
 pearl! pearl!
 Doin' the dance elite
 To Rio's ballroom
 beat! beat!

And now she sings in English, this
 bodacious bitch!
 And here at our Cassino -- listen
 to the witch!
 Well, let these soft tomatoes and
 these rotten eggs
 Say what Brazilians think: -- that
 Carmen is the dregs!
 Aye! let these black bananas and
 these lousy limes
 Warn her how we feel, a hundred
 thousand times!!

MOB: For we, a Mob of Malcontents, less malcontent intend
 to be
 By ridding Rio of pretenders -- friends! let's from
 this fraud be free!!

(The MOB, and most of The CAST, move menacingly toward the
 platform. The TAVERNMASTER throws open his bulging cape,
 where an arsenal of pipes and poles is roped around his
 girth. Quickly, he tosses a pole to DAVID who leaps into
 action like Errol Flynn, fending off The CROWD. Then The
 TAVERNMASTER arms The BANDO. ACHILLES jumps onto the stage.)

ACHILLES: (To DAVID) Out of our way, americano!

DAVID: But you, sir, are in the lady's way!

(DAVID strikes ACHILLES several times and as ACHILLES crumbles,
 he quickly beats EDUARDO as well to the ground. Then, while
 The BANDO and TAVERNMASTER struggle with The [still singing]
 CROWD, DAVID sweeps CARMEN off her feet and carries her down
 far right, out of immediate danger. She is in semi-shock.)

DAVID: Wow! Guess they really hate you here. But I
 don't; I love you. Will you marry me?

CARMEN: (Stunned) Well -- uh -- sure!

DAVID: Great! -- at least that is settled! And these
 people -- your countrymen -- do you really care

what they think about you?

CARMEN: Yes, David, I do.... More than anythin' in the world I care what is in the minds of my countrymen. And to be in their hearts -- I would give my own heart a hundred times, give it up, to be in theirs!

DAVID: Then, together, you and I shall win back their hearts!
(singing, while The BANDO and TAVERNMASTER put the
finishing touches on The CROWD)
Then let us fight these jealous malcontents when you,
dear, marry me!
Together we shall prove them wrong, together make
their hearts agree

That in your new, invented tunes, employing rapid-
fire skill,
How all Brazil is heard if Carmen sings: for you,
dear, are Brazil!

DAVID &
CARMEN: Then let us fight the foolish malcontents when you,
 dear, marry me!
Together we shall change their minds, together make
 their hearts agree

That in her rapid Samba turns, and through her
strong, undaunted will,
All -- all Brazil is heard when Carmen sings: for
Carmen is Brazil!!

(The scrim with Rio de Janeiro painted on it, falls.)

END ACT I.

ACT TWO

SCENE 1.

(Hollywood. The Hollywood Stage Door Canteen. January, 1945.

CESAR ROMERO (baritone); CARMEN MIRANDA

Song: LATIN VOLCANO

The stage is almost dark: bare except for a small table with a banner reading, "USO", it represents an outdoor scaffold at The Hollywood Stage Door Canteen. Sporting a formal white jacket with a black bow tie, handkerchief and ducks, tall, pencil-mustached, and sleek-haired CESAR ROMERO, with a huge megaphone in hand, is standing up center in the smoke-filled pyramid of an ungelled overhead. As he speaks, CESAR turns up two or three times, giving the impression that he is fully surrounded, both out and up, by a large audience of servicemen. Although no servicemen are visible, this impression is scored and reinforced by the restless shadowplay, the humming and buzzing punctuated by outcries, catcalls, and applause, and the occasional flashing of a camera -- the latter rather quite startling from the dark.)

CESAR:and so it is really our pleasure to be here performing at The Hollywood Stage Door Canteen for you boys -- you men -- who are about to leave us in battleships and aeroplanes for points overseas. And for me, myself, Cesar Romero, it is a special honor indeed to be M.C.ing this show. Now, believe me, I know that nothing we moving picture people can do can repay you guys who defend democracy and America with your lives. Yet on behalf of The USO, it is our wonderful privilege to attempt, for one night, to take your mind off things. So without further ado, let me introduce our next entertainer, the gal who can sing at fast-forward... --that Brazilian Flying Fortress -- Carmen Miranda!!

(Stomping, shouting, wolf-whistles, and deafening applause greet CARMEN MIRANDA's sudden emergence into the overhead's harsh glare. She is costumed in a gold halter with enormous white ruffled sleeves, four star-charmed necklaces, and a

silver and black leaf-printed gold skirt gathered below her navel and circumferenced in pink and white ruffle at the floor. Her headdress holds a foot-round dark pink rufflebunch from which sprout four plumes and innumerable glistening glass balls on the points to a span of gold needles; and from out this configuration rises a miniature gold-plated volcano. Her samba, incited by bongo drums, is provoked by additional percussion, and she uses her trick range to accelerate certain sections, notably the nonsense chorus, to a velocity of which, put simply, the human voice is thought incapable:)

CARMEN: Latin Volcano! She erupts:
Flingin' her lumps of lava!
Latin Volcano interrupts
Breakfast with cups -- of java?

CESAR: (Extricating a cup labeled "COFFEE" from the
miniature volcano on CARMEN's headdress; singing)
Brava! brava! brava!

CARMEN: Drink dhat up -- it's java!
(CESAR drinks, and places the cup on the table)

Latin Volcano! She erupts:
Tossin' her fiery lava!
Latin Volcano interrupts
Lunch -- with a bunch of guava!

(while CESAR extricates guavas from the volcano,
and munches and gulps at her instruction)
Comei, comei a guava!
Mira vente la gua-gua!
Brava! brava! a brava!
Drink dhat up -- it's java!

Latin Volcano! She erupts:
Throwin' up balls of lava!
Latin Volcano -- she disrupts
Dinner -- with root cassava!

(springing to the table and chopping the cassava
CESAR draws from her headdress)
Chop, chop, chop, chop cassava!
Ca ca sa sa ca cava, sa ca casa sa rava!
Cookin' tapee-pee-oca
For zee Cari-kee-oca!
Comei, comei a guava!
Mira vente la gua-gua!
Brava! brava! a brava!
Drink dhat up -- dhat's java!

CESAR: (As CARMEN sings, following her instructions as
quickly as he can; then, while he himself sings
the bridge, sweeping CARMEN off her feet, dancing
with her and lifting her up and swinging her about;
cameras flash)

O it is insane, no?
Things that survive
A Latin Volcano
When it's alive?

I'll bet my insane dough
I won't survive
A Latin Volcano
That's still alive!

CARMEN: Latin Volcano -- all is gone!
Down to the smallest carrot!
Everythin' gone? From Amazon?
—What do you call dhis parrot??
(yanking a bewildered parrot out of the volcano)

Latin Volcano! She explodes:
Listen to dhat:-- oh! ow'! wah!
Blows up to pieces and unloads --
Little long-lost Chihuahua!
(pulling a Chihuahua out of the volcano)

Latin Volcano -- boom! bonzai!
Flattens the house and villa:
Nothin' is left, so say: "Bye-bye'" --
'Cept to dhis poor chinchilla!!
(producing a chinchilla from the volcano)

Hey, skidoo! -- all of you -- boo!
Chin-chin-chilla chin-chin'-choo!
Chop, chop, chop, chop cassava!
Casa sa ra ca cava, ra ca casa ra lava! (etc.)
Cookin' tapee-pee-oca for zee Cari-kee-oca!
Comei, comei a guava!
Mira vente la gua-gua!
Brava! brava! a brava!
Drink dhat up -- it's java!

CESAR: (Again, dancing with CARMEN, and swinging her in
circles so that her skirt rises about her)
O it is insane, no?
Things that survive
A Latin Volcano
When it's alive?

I'll bet my insane dough
I won't survive
A Latin Volcano
That's still alive!!

(A camera bulb pops blindingly as CESAR, facing the backdrop,
lifts CARMEN over his head, with her skirt suddenly flaring
above her legs. They freeze, briefly, in this position --
with their backs to the [real] audience. And BLACKOUT.)

END SCENE 1.

SCENE 2.

(Washington, D.C. The Headquarters of The D.A.R.)

The OFFICERS of The DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION:-
The PRESIDENT (alto); GERTIE, The SECRETARY (contralto);
LOUISE, The TREASURER (soprano)

Song: THE LADY WITH HER BELLYBUTTON SEEN

An important looking mahogany conference table tracks on from down right and stops a few yards shy of center. It bears a jumble of telephones, some buried beneath others. At the table are the stuffy OFFICERS of The D.A.R., all outfitted in tailored suits with grotesquely exaggerated shoulder-pads and bizarre hats through and around which their upswept hair-dos are sculptured. The PRESIDENT, whose full bosom bulges under a pleated lace bib, worries about her fingernails between sips from a "tea" cup. GERTIE, The SECRETARY, is ever alert to antagonize the other two; and LOUISE, The TREASURER, whose hat is a singularly unplaceable animal, indulges a craving for caviar at the very most inopportune moments.)

PRESIDENT: Ready, Members -- for our morning pep-up?
(using her gigantic nail file as a baton; singing:)
O ladies, just why are --
As we convene our meeting --
We called The D.A.R.?!
...Now look, Louise, no eating --
Let's save that caviar:
I won't have lunch competing
With our important work.
--Stop eating now, you jerk!

ALL: When push comes down to shove,
We make our contribution
By telling God above
The patriot's solution:
So call us Daughters of
The 'Merkin Revolution --
For that's just who we are!
(shouting)
--INITIALS:- D.-A.-R.!!

(The PRESIDENT promptly drops into a stupor. The TREASURER resumes her feast while opening her morning mail, pulling an 8 X 10 glossy with note attached from an envelope. Lifting her veil, The SECRETARY eyes The PRESIDENT with an eye to making trouble, and then turns her attention to The TREASURER. She sings:)

SECRETARY: Treasurer, who sent you that?
Gosh, I love your Easter hat:
What's its native habitat?

TREASURER: Oh, my goodness gracious me!
Secretary, do you see --
Gasp! Oh, horrors! -- what I see?

SECRETARY: (Grabbing the photo)
Oh, my world! for heaven's sake --
President! are you awake?
Look at this! -- think it's a fake?

PRESIDENT: Ladies, don't make such a fuss!
What will people think of us?
Careful, Gertie, or you'll muss

My imported Belgian lace!
Nine o'clock's no time to face
Crises...
(looking at the photo, her eyes popping)
Shoot! what a disgrace!

TREASURER: Who's this woman? What's her name?
Hasn't she an ounce of shame?
Clearly, she's the one to blame

For allowing some fool man
With a snapshot thus to damn
Her immortal soul!

PRESIDENT: Some fan
More than likely took this shot,
Ignorant of what he'd got
Till it was developed. What

Reason, though, had he to mail
Filth like this -- with such detail! --
To our office?
(angrily, to The SECRETARY)
-Watch my nail!

TREASURER: (Reading the attached note)
And, of course, no signature.
Only wants to reassure
Us that duplicates galore

Of the photo found herein
G.I.'s heads are making spin!
Also says it's genuine.

PRESIDENT: That woman's Carmen something -- wait, I'll get
My magnifying glass... -The devilette! --
You know -- who gyrates like a jumping bean --
The lady with her bellybutton seen:
Below-the-Border's threat to Waspdom! who
Makes films to undermine both me and you

With half an orchard, and the DDT
 Still on it, sprouting from that felony
 She calls a turban -- yet Gethsemane
 With all its weeping trees wore no such gloom
 When Judas in it sealed Our Savior's doom!
 Oh, you' know -- gyrates like a jumping bean?
 The lady with her bellybutton seen?
 I tell you, girls, unchecked, she'll lay to waste
 Our breeding, cultivation, and good taste;
 And, single-handedly, with sex destroy
 The soul of every simple soldier boy!
 Her name is Car--- oh, you know who I mean! --
 That lady with her bellybutton seen!

SECRETARY: (Snapping her fingers, coming up with the name)
 --MIRANDA! Bad for privates and recruits:
 Corrupts young men with vegetables and fruits!

PRESIDENT: Hit the wires! hit the phones!
 Last one to it only owns
 Lots in Boston's battle zones!

TREASURER: (Dialing and connecting immediately; breathless)
 Hello, Hedda Hopper there?
 We've a snapshot, if you care:
 -Hedda, it is -- CARMEN BARE!

...Yes, the print is fairly good --
 And you'll, in' all likelihood,
 Drive her out of Hollywood...

PRESIDENT: (On another phone, her tone ironic)
 Walter Winchell? -- here's a switch:
 I've got you a commie witch.
 Latin; low-class; quite a bitch!

TREASURER: You don't want it, understood
 Dorothy Kilgallen should...
 --Drive her out of Hollywood!

PRESIDENT: (Defensive) Soldier boys fall in their bunk
 With this kind of hard-core junk! --
 Walter Winchell, where's your spunk?

SECRETARY: (On a phone) Guess I'm last -- but doing fine:
 Darryl Zanuck's on the line!
 ...Business bad? -- you always whine!

Listen, Darryl, you've a star
 Who we think has gone too far --
 ...Who?! -- this is The D.A.R.!

-Miss Miranda's gone and shown
 Something I'd say's not on loan:
 I'd say her career is blown!

TREASURER: (Trilling) Hedda, doll, I knew you could

Drive her out of Hollywood!
 -- Apple pie and motherhood!
 (speaking: and triumphantly hanging up)
 Tooodle-do!

PRESIDENT: Winchell, we're at loggerheads!
 After you I ring the Feds --
 Teach you to defend the Reds!
 (miffed, buzzing off; snapping up another phone)

SECRETARY: (Furious) Zanuck, we are quite high-bred!
 We could start a watershed
 Drowning Fox where you're head fred! --
 Kill her contract, or you're through --
 Tell Miranda, "Drop dead, you!"
 ...Mull it over? -What a schmoo!

PRESIDENT: (With delicious one-upmanship as her rival fails)
 Think you reached a head fred, pup?
 I've got Roosevelt picking up!
 -Please, Louise, refill that cup:
 (The TREASURER fills it with brandy; she gulps it)

Delano! -- it's you! how nice!...
 ...It concerns that film star's vice.
 What I want's a sacrifice

On your grand and gracious part:
 Hope this doesn't break your heart:
 You gave Carmen M. her start.

But that hussy's now taboo --
 Gone and posed with her kazoo --
 Why, I'm sure I've not a clue.

So, we'd like, dear President,
 You to punish this event
 Like in The' Old Testament.

Wire Zanuck, head of Fox --
 Cause he's stubborn as an ox --
 Have him pack a large hatbox --

HAH! -- and tell the whore to scat!
 ...Good! -Well, I've enjoyed this chat.
 Bye, Prez.

(smugly hanging up; grinning; hitting a high note:)
 Ladies: that is that!

(The lights come down slowly as THE PRESIDENT, on a "passing-out" note, slumps back into her stupor.)

END SCENE 2.

SCENE 3.

(Las Vegas. A suite in a posh hotel. 1948.

AURORA MIRANDA; CARMEN MIRANDA; ALOYSIO DA OLIVEIRA; DAVID SEBASTIAN; GROUCHO MARX (baritone)

Song: PROFESSOR ITCH

While the conference table tracks out right, centerstage fades in, revealing the sitting room in a suite at a posh Las Vegas hotel. A door center, and a large window to its left through which the sparkling Vegas strip is visible. A pebbled-glass dressing screen left of the window and near it a standing lamp with an exotic shade. Papered walls on either side with doors to unseen rooms. CARMEN MIRANDA, [whose English by now is somewhat improved], wearing a lounging robe and looking pale and drawn, is crocheting in an overstuffed -- and sipping a drink. AURORA MIRANDA, smoking and in costume, anxiously paces around her. Up left, DAVID SEBASTIAN, very expensively dressed and holding a ribboned candy box, shifts uneasily from foot to foot. ALOYSIO DA OLIVEIRA sits on a couch several yards upright of CARMEN. He is in a brown study, exemplified by his guitar which leans idly against a music stand.)

AURORA: Well, are you going to get in costume, or not? We haf thirty, thirty-five minutes, and then we are on with Groucho Marx!

CARMEN: In thirty-thirty-five minutes, Aurora, you are on with Groucho Marx. Tonight, I do not appear.

AURORA: Are you losing your mind? Groucho Marx is a bery professional man, he got a temper like the Brooklyn Dodger who struck up, 'n he don't tolerate for any---

CARMEN: Good. You perform with him. He is too struck-up for me.

AURORA: But this is a rich audience they have here in Las Vegas -- and a drunk one -- who pay out a pile to see all three of us!

CARMEN: So return one turd of their pile, and they see just two of us. They can miss me, they are drunk, no?

AURORA: You are drunk!

ALOYSIO: Aurora, that is enough.

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AURORA: (Quashing her cigarette) Oh, she is drivin' me nutsy. -And you, Mr. Sebastian, her husband! you are goin' to stand just around? -Force her to ---

CARMEN: David is not gonna force me to do what I don't want. And I hafta crochet a lotta small sweaters now -- you didn't see I got three new babies I adopted?

AURORA: You stop singin' and those babies better adopt you.

ALOYSIO: Aurora, go and look out the window. The lights there are like Rio. Carmen will dress when she is good and ready.

CARMEN: And you can jump out the window, Rio Aloysio!

(AURORA crosses to the window in a huff. An awkward pause.)

DAVID: I -- I didn't forget your birthday, Carmo.

CARMEN: I didn't think you were polite enough to.

DAVID: (Pause; offering the candy box) Here.

CARMEN: (Looking at it, not moving) What's that?

DAVID: Uh -- truffles. Chocolate truffles.

(CARMEN continues crocheting and DAVID, embarrassed, gingerly places the box on the arm of her overstuffed; he pauses again.)

DAVID: (Breathing deeply) Uh -- Carmo -- I -- I feel lucky tonight... I mean, I know I am -- and the blackjack table -- the odds are incredible this evening... and I'm -- I'm out ---

CARMEN: You are out of bucks.

(CARMEN puts her crocheting aside and opens her purse. DAVID glances sheepishly at ALOYSIO, and then AURORA, who both avert their eyes. CARMEN comes up with a roll of bills.)

DAVID: (After a moment, seizing it) You're all heart!

ALOYSIO: And no liver. Her drinkin' took care of that.

(DAVID opens the door and GROUCHO MARX with steel bifocals, mustache, cigar et al. -- and a bottle of champagne -- pops in. He spots the wad in DAVID's hand, plays patacake, and deftly relieves him of it, leaving the bottle in its place.)

GROUCHO: (Shooting his lines rapid-fire throughout) Well, my good man, I don't work the bar here, behind it, that is, but I thank you for the thought anyhow and there's your champagne, folks!

DAVID: Hey, wait a minute ---

AURORA: (Alarmed) Uh-oh! Got to see a man about a horse!

ALOYSIO: (Bounding with AURORA for the door) Me, too!

GROUCHO: (Seeing them come at him, quite shaken) Whoa! this ain't Saratoga! It's not even Chia Lea!

(AURORA, ALOYSIO and DAVID converge on the doorway all at once, winding GROUCHO, and all four get firmly stuck in it.)

GROUCHO: (His head poking out between the men's waists) Why do I feel like I mistook Mae West's bedroom for Carmen's? Now, if it's a matter of this gentleman's tip, I'll be glad to refund half.

ALOYSIO: Oh, no, it is not that: we just thought we'd ---

GROUCHO: Well, you stay, Al, I wanna run over my tune with you -- if I don't get run over first by the crowd leavin' here. Mob like this don't usually rush the door till I start my opening song.
(popping out from the jam with the bottle in tow)
And sister Aurora and the kibetzer here can go see their bookies. -Whadda ya tryin' to do, Blondie -- steal my champagne!
(spotting CARMEN crocheting an infant's sweater)
Eeeeeek! Carmen, I've never seen you without your turban before! And -- eeeeeek! -- crocheting a -- you expectin'?

CARMEN: (Calmly, not looking at him) Not exactly.

DAVID &
AURORA: (Exiting; together:) Uh-oh! Bye-bye, Carmen!

GROUCHO: You look like a hot tamale -- from yesterday.

CARMEN: I do not sleep. I am an insom-maniac.

GROUCHO: That so? What's keepin' you up? 'Sides your husband?

ALOYSIO: She tried to sell a Cadillac at a preposterous price. And got no takers.

GROUCHO: Hittin' the pawn shops, eh, just cause Fox dropped your contract? Well, you've no need to plead busted. Why, "Carmen Miranda, the Brazilian Bombshell" is a national catch-phrase. Even "The Brazilian Speeding Torpedo" makes the fanzines every month. To say nothing of "The Brazilian Flying Tiger"! In fact, if it's having a Wall Street rating that you're up to, being in pictures ain't the way to do it. Cause there's piles more o' the payroll here on the nightclub circuit. Just look at this:-
(displaying her roll he pilfered from DAVID)
Have some, grows on trees around here.

CARMEN: (Steadily, taking the roll and then offering him the candy) And you have some of these -- chocolate troubles.

GROUCHO: (Arch) Meaning big things come in little packages? (gobbling a handful)
Hmmm, all our troubles should taste so good. -It's your hubby, ain't it, that big blond? Well, don't worry. Sex is just a substitute for food, anyhow. And, having noted which....
(greedily helping himself to an encore of truffles)

CARMEN: I didn't say that was the troubles...

GROUCHO: No, you didn't. But how's about a divorce anyway?

ALOYSIO: For a Latin Catholic, Groucho? Never. Never!

GROUCHO: I don't know why not -- a lotta Latin icemen would feel safer in a dark alley.

CARMEN: (Compulsively fingering her nose) Maybe it's this operation. It didn't work out.

GROUCHO: Hell with that. That's nothin', either. Why, look at Durante. -I said, look at Durante, not me! This schnoze comes with the glasses.

ALOYSIO: Then why don't you tell Groucho, Carmen? Tell someone, for Jesus' sake, it is eating you up alive!

CARMEN: (Pause) Aloysio means another operation. Well, I had... a -- last month, a miscarriage.

GROUCHO: (Subdued) You can try again. Lots of women ---

CARMEN: No, I'm getting too old. I feel ---
(dropping her crochet work; standing, looking about, apparently unable to locate it)
I wanted a son -- more than the whole world...
Don't you see, Groucho, a son could have saved my marriage. And he was my last hope.
(picking the sweater up; looking directly at GROUCHO)
A little unborn boy.

GROUCHO: And Fox had dropped your film contract -- a few weeks before that, huh?

ALOYSIO: Yup.

GROUCHO: (His energy returning) So what are you going to hell in a fruit basket over that? Why, I'd give your right arm to see you get out of this! Tell you what: Groucho has a ditty for you, I was gonna tear through it here anyhow, ask you to go duet, break you into the Reno-Vegas club circuit real good 'n quick. So now, see if it don't quite by

chance have a coupla pointers. Quite by chance now,
I say, Carmen, though I did concoct it keeping in
mind we'd be appearing together. Gimme a chord,
maestro ---
(pulling guitar strings severally from his pocket)
Or take one. Here, take two -- take three. Coupla
tough cats were serenading someone else's pussy,
then lost their guts.

ALOYSIO: Oh, someone must have had a sale!

GROUCHO: Nah, joker at the 21-table ran out of collateral.
And just to keep sittin' there, tugged, as it were,
on his fellow-gamblers heartstrings a little too
long. -F Sharp, Aloysio! Or anything sharp --
like a knife if you play flat! And,
I'll tell you how Professor Itch
In mid-life made a happy switch!

(ALOYSIO strums his guitar and GROUCHO, assuming his famous
slouch, dances about. He sings quite rapidly and, though he
stresses his puns, never pauses for audience response:)

GROUCHO: Professor Itch -- a lively blade! --
Was altogether underpaid
To teach semantics up at State.
And yet each day he couldn't wait.

The reason is that Itch at State
Had all-girl classes -- such is fate. --
In which, no matter what he said
He'd talk a co-ed into bed.
(popping the champagne bottle)

So Itch enlarged his puny peck -- uh -- check
With inexpensive dates -- well, heck!
Until a student "under" Itch
Decided finally she would snitch

And told the snooty dean one day
Professor Itch was only a
Distinguished Full Professor of
Semantics in the game of love.

And I'll tell you how Professor Itch
In mid-life made a happy switch!

So Itch from State was shown the door
(leaving through a wall-door and rushing back in
through another, drinking the champagne)
And for a time he taught no more,
But swilled --
(talking to the lamp and removing its shade)
'Scuse me, ma'am...
and skid until --
(rushing out one door, reentering by another with

And stuffed his pockets and his belt
With half their jewels and gambling gelt.

Oh, I'll tell you how Professor Itch
In mid-life made a happy switch!

For when he stopped they felt a slack --
They craved more aphrodisiac!
Which made these dollies play roulette
So crazed, they all went into debt!

And so the Vegas gambling joint
Cleaned up that night, and got the point:
They hired Itch to play the week
And business reached an all-time peak!

I'm telling how Professor Itch
In mid-life made a happy switch!

Cause after that the chicest clubs
And gambling halls and ritzy pubs
In Reno, Frisco and Orleans
All hired Itch -- had they the means! --

Because although by now his price
Was Rockefeller's income twice
And scratch was one of Itch's aims,
A more important one was dames:

So rich Professor Itch would play
At only clubs -- how shall I say? --
Where gambling men could get their kicks
Out-numbered ten to one by chicks!

So that was how Professor Itch
In mid-life made a happy switch!

(lecturing directly to CARMEN)
Now, if at State he'd made the grade,
Our Itch would still be underpaid --
So what at first appeared his doom
But showed a man's gift maketh room.

That gift was Itch's nightclub act --
Which now I will repeat, in fact:-
He'd have a few, and then, askew,
That shpeel on -- well -- semantics, spew:-

(GROUCHO, discouraged at CARMEN's apparent non-response, and showing fatigue, suddenly deflates. ALOYSIO trails off.
CARMEN stares at GROUCHO, puts the sweater aside, and stands.)

CARMEN: That's no place to end, you grouch. Come on, I know the shpeel: I heard you rehearsings it last night when I was tryin' to sleep. It was givin' me the insom-somethin'-a. -Aloysio, pick it up! -Here, help me up there...

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GROUCHO: (Yanking CARMEN up on the couch) Why not? -- this couch holds two. Prone and supine, anyhow.

(CARMEN and GROUCHO sing the "lecture" together, at moments chaotically, but managing, just when they appear to be losing it, to miraculously recoup -- giving the final effect of a shrewdly varied, multi-keyed babble:)

CARMEN &

GROUCHO: "Now a synthetic a priori preposition, class,
Is not a diegesis when the aggregate is crass,
But rather a systemic sub-uncategory -- clear?
Whose sinecure is sine qua and sine non sincere
And causal non-redactional lineal effect,
An intersubjectivity and inconsistent wrecked
Whose narrativity is gynocritic'ly correct
And constantly a constancy semantics must reject
For over-hectic dialectic base materielle
If any clearer, students, would, believe me, never
sell:
And so I say a sympathetic propagation's good
For propositions' preposition's proper -- and it
would!"

CARMEN: There! -- that's the stuff! Solid! Whatch for was you so depressed about?

GROUCHO: (Astounded) Me?!

ALOYSIO: (Simultaneously with GROUCHO) Him?!

CARMEN: (Stepping down) I think maybe you think you can't remember all the tongue-crackers you got to sing in your song. But, you see, you can done it. Come on -- let's get dressed and go down. I want to make a name for myself on the nightclub circus.

GROUCHO: Like what -- "The Brazilian Flying Trapeze"?

CARMEN: (Wiggling across the room to the dressing screen)
You got it!

GROUCHO &

ALOYSIO: (GROUCHO puffing on his cigar, while BOTH watch CARMEN's robe and nylons float over the screen)
What a woman!

(BLACKOUT.)

END SCENE 3.

SCENE 4.

(Beverly Hills. The library in Carmen Miranda's house. Thanksgiving Day.

AURORA MIRANDA; ZE CARIOCA; CECILIA MIRANDA; NESTOR AMARAL; JOSEPH (tenor); AMARO MIRANDA; OSCAR MIRANDA; VADICO; CARMEN MIRANDA; ALOYSIO DA OLIVEIRA; DAVID SEBASTIAN; ACHILLES VARGAS; Remaining Cast as Carmen's Brazilian DEPENDENTS

Song: I HAVE ONLY ONE HEART

A drop falls mid-stage, covering Scene 3. On it is painted the tall bookshelves, lamps, desks, and potted plants, etc., of a home library. A door to the right leading to the dining room, and one on the left giving onto the hall. Track on from left a platform bearing VADICO playing a small piano around which are gathered AURORA, CECILIA, AMARO and OSCAR MIRANDA. A great ice-carved dove with an olive branch in its mouth rises from a tray of sumptuous hors d'oeuvres on top of the piano. Sprawled atop the piano as well, and in a convenient position to annoy CECILIA, is ZE CARIOCA mothering a brood of beer bottles. Track on from right a platform bearing NESTOR AMARAL in a leather-stuffed, and JOSEPH going through a pile of magazines and newspapers on a coffee table. JOSEPH, tall and handsome now, has his back to the audience. Everyone in the scene is formally dressed, and in a party mood.)

AURORA: (Sampling an hors d'oeuvre) Hmmmmmm, Cecília, did you try the ones with the little shrimp on it?

ZE: (Mumbling to himself) Somebody talkin' about the leetle shrimp, again?

CECILIA: (Gorging herself) Ignore him, Aurora -- yes, I did, they are wonderful. Carmo has not lost her touch. Amaro -- Oscar, taste these. Our sister Carmen continues to be the real, and the only, chef in the family.

NESTOR: (Looking about) Where is your sister?

AURORA: Still in the kitchen. Bastin' the turkeys.

NESTOR: She should be in here, entertaining her guests.

CECILIA: What for? She can see them any day. We are all not really guests -- people you see every day.

NESTOR: Then David should be out here.

AURORA: David is out, period.

NESTOR: -Joseph, did you find that article yet?

JOSEPH: One second, Nestor, it's somewhere in the middle.

NESTOR: Of Variety?

JOSEPH: Yeah.

AMARO: Joseph the Garôto! -- every time I see him, I can't believe how tall he is getting.

OSCAR: Joseph the Giant, we should call him.

ZE: Giant and the beanstalk, he is skinny as one.

AURORA: (Snide) How many beers do you take to get odd?

ZE: (Feigning a British accent) Odd?

CECILIA: (Hitting the ceiling) Eeek! Zé Carioca! I feel each 'n every pinch you do! my feelin' is excellent!

ZE: Too bad you haven't found out how to make money from such excellence -- and considerin' how much you eat, you ought to. --Talkin' about people who can't found out how to make money, and eat a whole lot...

(A large GROUP of Carmen's Brazilian DEPENDENTS enters noisily from the hall and immediately crowds-out the hors d'oeuvres.)

ZE: Zey go at it like prohibition starts tomorra on food.

VADICO: (Bombarded) Uh, help yourselves, folks, don' mind me!

JOSEPH: (Facing the audience) Ah, here it is, Nestor.

NESTOR: Read it to me.

JOSEPH: (Reading) Ready? --"Carmen Miranda, the peppy item from Rio, became this year the highest salaried woman in the United States. She collected \$201,485 by wiggling her towering turbans and sequined hips and exploding in Portuguese."

AMARO: (Surfacing from the crowd) No kiddin'! She's loaded!

OSCAR: (Surfacing behind AMARO) Our little sister!

ZE: (Flat) And our little playin'.

NESTOR: And so where is the part you said bothers you?

JOSEPH: That's down farther. -Look, see, it says here that

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"consultants find surprising not only that a foreigner should top the income list, but that that foreigner should be a colonial as well." What do they mean by a "colonial," Nestor?

NESTOR: Well, you know, of course, Brazil used to be a Portuguese colony. But I think the newspaper is implying more than that, Joseph. You see, your mother developed her sensational costumes from the daily wear of Bahian street-vendors. Or to be more exact, Brazilian blacks. That disturbed Brazilian whites when she first started out back in the 20's. And I'm afraid right now that still disturbs, and rather deeply, American whites.

JOSEPH: You mean, that my mother, inspired by blacks, should make more money than they do?

(JOSEPH and NESTOR fail to notice CARMEN MIRANDA appear behind them in the dining room door, hands on her hips, wearing a print bolero jacket and an apron over a red crepe silk dress.)

NESTOR: Something like that. And they use a word like "colonial" to ---

JOSEPH: (Suddenly) Then why did Mother, favoring blacks, marry a blond?

NESTOR: Smart boy like you can't see the logic in that? You might say, your mom takes things to logical extremes.

JOSEPH: You mean logical colonial extremes.

CARMEN: Say, what is all this intellectual talks about colonial and logicscal in the library?

NESTOR: What kind of talk ought to be in a library, if not intellectual?

CARMEN: On Thanksgivin' Day? You will lose your appetites.

JOSEPH: Not me!

DEPEND'TS: (Finally noticing CARMEN through their gorging; severally:) Hola! Carmen, how are you? Happy Thanksgiving Day! How's the Brazilian Ambassatrix of Good Will?

ZE: (Mumbling) Mos' likely runnin' outta tricks...

CARMEN: Fine, I'm fine -- but the stuffed turkeys is gonna get cold 'n bored 'n take a walk for themselves if everybody don't go in an' stuffs yourself instead!

(The entire CROWD starts a noisy exit to the dining room as ALOYSIO DA OLIVEIRA enters from the hall, slightly breathless. He hastily undoes a long, white silk scarf.)

ALOYSIO: Carmen! I am sorry I am late. But I have just come from a conference with Walt Disney, and he kepted me for two hours, that one.

CARMEN: Walt Disney, huh?

ALOYSIO: (Excited) Sim! I am going to do some producing with him! I am branching out a bit on my own this year: the Bando do not take up all my time. And also, my moça, I want to see if I can compete with your income!

CARMEN: Good! a gentlemans should have a hobby. Even if she's competition. But Walt Disney -- he is a big deal, no?

ALOYSIO: The biggest! -- And you know what, moça, he wants to make a picture with you -- (encircling her hips with his scarf and kissing her) mixin' real people in with cartoons! They can do that now.

CARMEN: That is sweet of Mr. Disney, but how many, many, many contracts I have! -- and I cannot break them... Besides, the cabarets and stadiums pay me more money.

ALOYSIO: But what an opportunity this is -- all his pictures are classics!

CARMEN: (Escorting ALOYSIO to the dining room door) You do you producing with Disney, and we talk about this later. For now, Aloysio, you hurry and get a good dinner before the hongry ones in there gobbles down all the gobble-gobbles...

(DAVID SEBASTIAN enters, very annoyed, as ALOYSIO exits.)

DAVID: Carmo! I can't believe this, some bum detained me on the walk for fifteen minutes, he wants to come in.

CARMEN: Is he Brazilian?

DAVID: Well he claims he is.

CARMEN: Then let him in, David.

DAVID: But he is a vagrant: he's filthy and ragged -- a skinnymalink!

CARMEN: Then you bring him in quick -- we give him a bath, a new outfit, and fattens him up.

DAVID: But there's so many hangers-on here now ---

CARMEN: David, he is Brazilian, we take him in. That is all.

DAVID: (Grumbling as he exits through the hall) We'll end up in the poorhouse, an army of Carmens couldn't support the numbers of riffraff you drag in off the

streets....

(Alone for a moment, CARMEN's enforced cheerfulness relaxes and the strain shows in her face and carriage. She tinkles with the piano keys, playing notes of the Scene's upcoming ballad. DAVID reappears, showing in ACHILLES VARGAS, needing a shave and slovenly attired, wearing a torn watch-cap.)

ACHILLES: Uh, Boa tarde, Senhora, I -- I regret to interrupt---

DAVID: I believe a gentleman removes his cap in a lady's presence!

CARMEN: (Firmly) Go and take charge of the guests, David, or we have a pandemonium in there.

(DAVID exits angrily and ACHILLES, hesitant and insecure, does not remove his cap. Instead, he draws it farther down and turns away, making it difficult for CARMEN to see his face.)

ACHILLES: I -- I regret to spoil your holiday like this -- but I learned you help all Brazilian people in trouble...

CARMEN: So then you don't have to regret nothin'.

ACHILLES: I -- I came up here to the States looking for work. I searched for months. And so far found nothing.

CARMEN: Then you stay with me till you find somethin'. I have a house full of our countrymen down on their lucks.

ACHILLES: A house full?

CARMEN: Sim, there's thirty now. That's pretty full. Maybe I build another house soon. But you stay here long as you like. I will fix you up a room.

ACHILLES: I couldn't do that -- live on a woman. I just need some food -- one meal. Then I go -- and find work.

CARMEN: I help you. What kind of work you do?

ACHILLES: I -- well, never really... Senhora -- I was... well, a thief in Rio -- and worse!

CARMEN: (Giving ACHILLES an hors d'oeuvre which he wolfs down) Worse? Come on, you talks, no one hears us.

ACHILLES: If I had to -- yes, oh, yes! -- I...
(gesturing, his finger crossing his throat)

CARMEN: A cutthroats? Oh, such a handsome fellow, maybe you are just imaginings you do this.

ACHILLES: And I don't want to stay here in the States, either. Not any more!

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CARMEN: Sure, you are homesick, just like me. Look, my dad, he is still in Rio, he owns a barbershop. I think cuttin' throats is not so different from cuttin' beards. They are next to each other. I'm goin' to buy you a ticket back to Brasil, and I telegram my papai and tell him he hire you first day off the boat.

ACHILLES: (Pause; bowing his head; then, removing his cap)
Do -- do you recognize me?

CARMEN: I see you before. In Rio.

ACHILLES: Where?

CARMEN: Oh, at The Urca. The Cassino da Urca.

ACHILLES: Then...?

CARMEN: Yes, I think you are the first one to throw eggs and garbage at me when I stage my comeback there.

ACHILLES: And ---

CARMEN: Then you get everyone at The Urca to do likewise. And you tell them to grab me and hang me.

ACHILLES: (Tearing his cap, choking on his words) But -- but -- why -- then why do you want to help me now?

CARMEN: (Touching the ice dove) You see this dove with the olive branch of peace in her mouth? Bem:- I am tryin' hard, Senhor, to make my peace with Brasil. And cause I know if you come here to me now, you are tryin' to make peace, too.

ACHILLES: I feel ashamed.

CARMEN: You don't need to. You feel sorry for what you did. I feel sorry for everythin' too. Sorry that Esther Williams marries the hero at the end of the movie, and sorry that Sonja Heine marries the hero in the end. The first can only swim, but she is a redhead; the other only skates, but she is a blonde. And I, who am still the best known singer in South America, can never marry the hero. Cause I have black hair, cause I am Latino, and because I let them do that.... I am repenting, Senhor. I want to change the past.

ACHILLES: (Pause) My -- my name is Achilles Vargas.

CARMEN: Well, you are goin' to have the best barbershop in Rio, Achilles. I think before you turnsabout, you will make a whole chain of barbershops!

ACHILLES: Senhora -- Carmen -- how can I repay you?

CARMEN: (Showing him to the dining room door) By eatin' a

good dinner now and someday seein' that other people who got no luck have a good dinners.

(As ACHILLES exits, enter JOSEPH with his nose in the air.)

JOSEPH: Another addition to the family?

CARMEN: He will not stay long in House No. 3.

JOSEPH: But that does it: the tables are full! Now there's no place for me. Where am I gonna sit?!

CARMEN: (Hurt by his selfishness) Here. You and me will have our Thanksgivin' dinner here in the library.

JOSEPH: Oh, Mother!

CARMEN: I didn't get a chance to talk to you for the past four or five months, anyway.

JOSEPH: Then, first, let's talk about the three houses full of people you are supporting!

CARMEN: Well, this one just you, me and David live in. ...And Aloysio, downstairs.

JOSEPH: And House No. 2 -- your mother and four sisters and four brothers live in. Can't any of them find work and support themselves?

CARMEN: That is not the Brazilian way. If one family member is successful because Heaven blesses her, all the others retire, and move in.

JOSEPH: And House No. 3 -- there's thirty spongers shackin' up there!

CARMEN: Joseph, you were once a sponger. Remember that. House No. 3 is for people I feel sorry for...
-Joseph, the Church has always told us that is the right thing to do...

(CARMEN stands at the piano and tinkles the keys. She cries.)

JOSEPH: (Suddenly anxious) Mother, what is it?

CARMEN: There was a request yesterday from another pan-American charity who does wonderful work. I don't know where I can find enough days for all the clubs and theatres I'll have to play to afford to give to them, too.

JOSEPH: But you never stop! What about your health?

CARMEN: Health? ...They cost, yearly, a king's ransom, our big family and all these organizations.

JOSEPH: Then why?

CARMEN: God wants it this way, Joseph. That's why He gave me my voice and made thousands of men and women want to hear it.
(surrendering to her tears)

JOSEPH: (Humbly) Can I do anything?

CARMEN: No, no -- it's simply that I don't feel hungry. I think I just want to rest. Play with me.
(JOSEPH sits and quietly plays the piano with her)
Oh, Joseph, I have only one heart, and it must beat for so many people....

(Gradually, with JOSEPH's help, CARMEN finds the tune -- and the words -- for a meditative ballad. At several places JOSEPH hums a counterpoint in his youthful tenor. The lights lower.)

CARMEN: I've but one heart within my breast,
And it must beat, it cannot rest:
For it must beat -- I took that vow --
For so -- so many people now...

With whom, and where, I may abide
The men who run the world decide;
They choose my path, my route they guide,
And I am left no place to hide.

Those days must come that can't be nice:
There is a rent in paradise...
For every great success a price...
These times demand a sacrifice...

A woman who's let men see how to use her,
Discovers there are none who won't abuse her
Or take the bread she's cast upon the water
And send it back to her as hate and slaughter...
And after that it's wasting time to blame them
And foolish if she even tries to shame them:
For she will triumph when it shall suffice her
To change from sacrificed to the sacrificer.
For she will triumph when it shall suffice her --
The sacrificed -- to be the sacrificer:

Cause there's no other way to live
When she's been called upon to give --
Except to choose -- to choose to give --
I choose -- I choose -- I choose to give!

(hugging JOSEPH, resting her head against his offered shoulder, and strolling with him to the apron; a musical riff while the scene goes dark about them and the set platforms track quietly out)

When ruling bodies see her use
A lonely woman must produce

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And quickly, then and there, deduce
The chains that bind her won't come loose...

And living where I'm but a guest,
For eight -- nine years I've had the best:
In fame and fortune doubly blessed --
And at two governments' request!

I've but one heart within my breast,
And it must beat, it cannot rest:
For it must beat and beat somehow
For so -- so many people now.

When one's allowed the world to take and use her,
Remarkable how very few refuse her
Or let the bread she's cast upon the water
Return to her as more than war or slaughter...
But after that it's losing time to blame them
And futile if she even tries to shame them:
For she will triumph when it shall suffice her
To change from sacrificed to sacrificer --
And she will triumph when it shall suffice her,
The sacrificed, to be the sacrificer:-

For there's no other way to live
When I've been called upon to give --
Except to choose -- to choose to give --
I choose -- I choose -- I choose to give!

(SLOW FADE.)

END SCENE 4.

SCENE 5.

(London. The stage of the London Palladium Theatre.

ALOYSIO DA OLIVEIRA; ZE CARIOCA; NESTOR AMARAL; VADICO;
AURORA MIRANDA; Four BRITISH CHORINES; CARMEN MIRANDA

Song: CHITA'S BURNIN' LONDON DOWN [Partly in Portuguese]

The lights broaden gradually from a central point, revealing a drop painted with a graceful integration of London and Rio's popular symbols:- Big Ben, Eros and Piccadilly Square, The London Tower and Bridge, Ipanema Beach, Cristo Redentor on Corcovado Mountain, Sugar Loaf, orchids, palm trees, coffee bales, etc. The stage is otherwise bare. ALOYSIO DA OLIVEIRA emerges from the focal point strumming his guitar and leading ZE CARIOCA, NESTOR AMARAL and VADICO down to the apron. They are fancifully costumed in ruffled shirts and Fire engine red slacks, and play a brief, lively reprise of a previous song.)

ALOYSIO: (Reaching a mike far downstage) Ladies and Gents, the star of Walt Disney's awesome, tune-filled extravaganza, "The Three Caballeros" -- Aurora Miranda!

(Wearing a Bahian costume and modest, striped bandana, AURORA MIRANDA, flushed and breathless, enters from down right to loud applause. The BANDO strikes up a few bars of the reprise.)

AURORA: Thank you, thank you, muito obrigada, Aloysio! Ladies and Gentlemen of the London Palladium, you wonderful audience of this gigantic theatre, all two thousand, three hundred and twenty of you, I cannot conceal my excitement tonight -- for we have just learned that even though we'd come here to England to perform for one week -- due to our really unexpected success that has broken all previous records at the Palladium -- and truly, there's no modest way to report that! -- we have been asked by the management to now play the entire season through! (enthusiastic applause breaks her speech and The BANDO again strikes up the reprise)
Thanks, folks, thank you again... -And I have one more announcement -- Aloysio, you want to tell it?

ALOYSIO: No, no, Aurora, you do.

AURORA: Well, this very afternoon, my sister Carmen's recording of "Tico Tico No Fubá" -- which Aloysio

wrote -- became England's best-selling disc of all time! Yes! -- of all time!
(thunderous applause; she starts to laugh)

ALOYSIO: (Grabbing the mike) Aurora is laughing because we are not going to perform that one now!

AURORA: (As the audience groans its disapproval) No, please, wait, please, we will do "Tico Tico" later... Cause right now, my sister and I would like to sing a little tune for you that Aloysio composed especially for our appearance here in London:- "Chita's Burnin' London Down!" And a lovely, homegrown bevy of your own English chorus girls will join us -- dressed Brazilian-style, of course:-

(Four BRITISH CHORINES appear from center in tropical costumes and The BANDO DA LUA joins them, singing, playing and dancing. The number, a swing-samba so loud and aggressive it borders on rock, is elaborately staged, and several of its vocal sections are repeated in Portuguese.)

TWO CHORINES:

Tikka ta tah'
Tikka ta tah'
Rikka tikka ta ta tah'

TWO CHORINES:

Chita chee cha'
Chita chee cha'
Rita Chita chee cha chah'

BANDO &

CHORINES: Chita's burnin' London down
Checkin' subjects of the crown --
SOS! -- she's screamin' mad:
Where's a satisfyin' lad?!

Chita's through with Latin men
Out before the count of ten --
SOS! -- she's screamin' mad:-
Englishmen are just as bad!

AURORA:

Chita works in London town,
Dancin' there and singin',
And she turns it upside down
For a guy who's swingin'...

Chita has the chap in mind:
Steady, slow, 'n thorough,
But she cannot seem to find,
Checkin' every borough,

Where's the Englishman so cool
He could satisfy her --
Cause she wants a Britain who'll
Also i yi yi her!

TWO CHORINES:

Tikka ta tah'
Tikka ta tah'
Rikka tikka ta ta tah'

ZE & VADICO:

Chita chee cha'
Chita chee cha'
Rita Chita chee cha chah'

ALL: Chita's burnin' London down
 Checkin' subjects of the crown --
 SOS! -- she's screamin' mad:
 Where's a satisfyin' lad?!

Chita's through with Latin men
 Out before the count of ten --
 SOS! -- she's screamin' mad:-
 Englishmen are just as bad!

AURORA: (Leading CARMEN MIRANDA, in a sensational flame-
 decorated, Chinese red gown with "flaming" turban,
 out from the midsts of The BANDO and CHORINES)
 When she meets a British chap
 Who's reserved and proper,
 She will leap right in his lap --
 Who is gonna stop her?

CARMEN: I am through with Latin men,
 Vigorous and bossy,
 Comin' up for oxygen
 Just to keep them saucy!

 So, sir, where in England will
 I now find the fella
 Twice as hot as in Brazil
Because he's twice as mella?!

ZE: (Shouting out to CARMEN) Shake your bunda!!

BANDO & CHORINES:	CARMEN & AURORA:
Tikka ta tah'	Chita chee cha'
Tikka ta tah'	Chita chee cha'
Tikka rikka ta ta tah'	Chita Rita chee cha chah'

CARMEN: I myself am pipin' hot,
 London keeps me busy:-
 So I want a guy who's not --
 Where in England is he?

ALL: Chita's through with Latin men,
 Vigorous and bossy,
 Comin' up for oxygen
 Just to keep them saucy!

CARMEN: So, sir, where in England will
 I now find the fella
 Twice as hot as in Brazil
Because he's twice as mella?!

ALL: Chita's burnin' London down
 Checkin' subjects of the crown --
 SOS! -- she's flamin' mad:-
 Englishmen are naughty -- BAD!!

(The number ends abruptly, and BLACKOUT.)

END SCENE 5.

SCENE 6.

(Rio de Janeiro. A chic commercial avenue. 1953.

A GROUP OF TOURISTS; SUE (alto); ESTELLE (shrill soprano);
CARIOCAS [natives of Rio de Janeiro]: The TAVERNMASTER,
ACHILLES VARGAS, RAUL, EDUARDO, LUIZ, NILTON, DULSE, ROGERIA;
Remaining Supporting Cast as CARIOCA CUSTOMERS or BUSINESSMEN

Song: THE BUSINESS IN BRAZIL

A chic commercial avenue in Rio de Janeiro. A flat from wing to wing comprised of fancy shops and elegant hotels. Among them a Tourist Agency, in or before which The TAVERNMASTER stands, a boutique with Carmen Miranda-type costumes in the windows, in or before which DULSE and ROGERIA stand, a Music Publishing House with ads for "Chica Chica Boom Chic" and "Tico Tico," etc., in the windows, before which NILTON stands, a barbershop called "Miranda Haircuts II" in which ACHILLES VARGAS is situated and three more barbershops dispersed along the avenue, numbered "Miranda Haircuts III", "IV", and "V", and a restaurant and "Grande Hotel." When the lights come up, the music, a brassy and busy 50s-type production number blares forth, and a frantic GROUP OF TOURISTS rushes in, singing. Using the revolving doors like a treadmill, they bounce from one establishment to another. Among The TOURISTS is SUE, a tall American dowager, and her niece, ESTELLE, a ditzy bobby soxer all but hidden by her acquisitions.)

TOURIST 1:(To DULSE)
Is this the street where stores, Ma'mselle,
Have Carmen souvenirs to sell?

SUE: (To NILTON) I want the music sheets to all
Miranda's hits! -Oh, what a ball
We'll have, Estelle, performing them
When we get back, for Auntie Em!

TOURIST 2:(Spotting the restaurant, freaking-out)
This where The Bombshell comes to eat?!

TOURIST 3:(Spotting the hotel) And this her favorite retreat?

TOURIST 4:(At Haircuts II) And is this where she does her hair?

SUE: (Pointing) No, I think Carmen does it there!

ESTELLE: Or there! -- or there! -- Sue, I don't care:-
Miranda's soul is everywhere

Along this tropic avenue!!

CARIOCAS: (Trying to control themselves amidst the vulgarity)
Be still, my heart:-- the revenue!

SUE: Oh, there's a tourist agency:
They'll tell us every place where she --
The Bombshell -- ever sat or stood:
And there, will we!

T-MASTER: For me, that's good.

CARIOCAS: These Carmen-tourists make you ill:
But bring the business to Brazil!

T-MASTER: This avenue was once a slum
Where no one proper dared to come:
But now it's crammed from nine to five --
Our stores are jammed, the owners thrive,
And tourists rich each day arrive --
This neighborhood, it is alive!
And who's responsible for that?
-The lady in the fruit-filled hat!
O, who's responsible for that?
-The lady in the fruit-filled hat!

ALL: Yes, Carmen's song and dance and style
Have brought to all the world a smile:
And so to flee their humdrum lives
That world's come here, and Rio thrives!

CARIOCAS: Sim, Carmen brought prosperity
By snubbing glum austerity --
Ignoring all, she broke the mold
And turned a poor land into gold!

T-MASTER: Now way back in the Thirties when
Young Carmen was a local star,
I owned a low-down scoundrels' bar --
A robbers' liar -- a cutthroats' den --
(lifting a large sign reading, "TOURISTS": under it
is another one reading, "THE THIRSTY JAGUAR")
But now -- in Nineteen Fifty-Three --
The den's a tourist agency:
And Carmen caused that overhaul
By going international!
O, Carmen caused this overhaul
By going international!

ACHILLES: By putting baubles on her dress
And saying "yes" to joy -- "Oh, yes!"
She put to work our sluggish bums
And made a showplace out of slums:

ALL: For tourists now from near and far
Arrive by boat and plane and car
To find this joy and to partake

In Rio's life for Carmen's sake!

ACHILLES: Now I was once a dashing rogue
Who liked to threaten, strut, and preen --
My gang thought I was quite the vogue,
Though day by day I grew more lean:
So I, Achilles, stoned the star --
Yes, Carmen! -- that's how bullies are!
Yet begged her to forgive the past
When hunger brought me down at last:
So Carmen telegraphed her pop
And placed me in his barbershop!

And there I proved to be a hit
With dudes who under dryers sit
And made so much by curling mops
I opened four new barbershops!

And there with all the trade she brought
By making films with laughter fraught
I earned enough by cropping mops
To open four more barbershops!

LUIZ: (Suddenly peeking out from "Miranda Haircuts III")
Now I, Luiz, a glutton, ate
With joy what folks left on their plate.
Achilles, though, claimed he should stop
My eating slop -- and made me swap
The scrounging hours I enjoyed
For ones where he has me employed.
So Carmen, then, is why I run
This barbershop. -And have no fun!
And Carmen must be laughing still:-
I got the business in Brazil!

EDUARDO: (Emerging fearsomely from "Miranda Haircuts IV")
Eduardo, I -- as sadist sworn,
A nine-to-five did always scorn.
Achilles, though, with one mean bop
Convinced me, too, to run a shop!
Besides, he said, you still could strop
A dagger in a barbershop,
And putting razor to a beard
Extract the tips not volunteered.
And somewhere Carmen's laughing still --
I got the business in Brazil!

RAUL: (Coming sadly out from "Miranda Haircuts V")
And I, Raul, a lecher born,
Think tending shop to be pure corn.
But stern Achilles said unless
To run one shop I'd acquiesce
He'd squeeze my gaucho till I saw
A single dame as three or four!
So Carmen turned my quill to nil:
I got the business in Brazil!
Forget it, girls -- I point downhill:-

I got the business in Brazil!

ACHILLES: (Laughing) These petty thieves would rather rob
The people blind than hold a job:
Yet I, Achilles, never met
A better barbershop quartet!

And that, you creeps, is why I let
You run my chain of clip-joints yet:
Because I simply never met
A better barbershop quartet!

ACHILLES,
LUIZ, RAUL

& EDUARDO: (Standing together, as a barbershop quartet:)
So enter, if you've time to kill:
And test our clip-joints' clipping skill:
We're not The Barber of Seville --
We got the business in Brazil!

--Sung by the' -- who'll clip you yet --
"Brazilian Barbershop Quartet"!

NILTON: It's Nilton here, who wants to say
That music always was a way
In-debt Brazilians got to pay
Their bills: Now, if I had to play
Some instrument, or sing, I'd starve.
No, nothing there for me to carve
A living from -- and lately my...
My gambling left me high and dry.
But publishing! -- now, there's a game
A gentleman might play sans shame...

So into music publishing
Quite recently I took a fling:
And since our Carmen's lyrics sell
Like enchiladas, did quite well!

DULSE: And we -- Rogéria and I --
Without an escort, also shy
Of funds, decided we would buy
A broke boutique and make it fly.

ROGERIA: And so our store is crammed ad hoc
With duplicates galore in stock
Of Carmen's samba shoe and frock --
And we're the sell-out on the block!

DULSE &
ROGERIA: For each senhor and sen'-hor-a'
Must have a Carmen replica:
And so we got to have that thrill,
Hard cash for each and every bill!
And no man calls us imbecile:
We got the business in Brazil!

LUIZ: (Appearing in the restaurant, slyly looking about,
and then shoveling down goodies quickly as he can)
Now when Achilles' not around,
I moonlight here -- on hallowed ground:
And have, as rest'rant night guard, free
An after-hours eating spree!

ACHILLES: (Laughing at LUIZ and jauntily entering the hotel)
I also moonlight -- but, my friends,
As do tycoons: with dividends!
I think you'll find I've done quite well:
-You guessed!:- I own this Grand Hotel!

TOURISTS: Is this the street where stores, Ma'mselle,
Have Carmen souvenirs to sell?
We want the music sheets to all
Miranda's hits! And what a ball
We'll have performing them as she,
The wiggling hipped Terpsichore!
This where The Bombshell comes to eat?
Is this her favorite retreat?
And is this where she does her hair?
No, I think Carmen does it there!

Or there! -- or there! -- Oh, we don't care:-
Miranda's joy is everywhere
Along this Latin avenue!

CARIOCAS: Be still, my heart:- the revenue!

TOURISTS: And there's a tourist agency:
They'll tell us how you go to see
Her haunts predating Hollywood:
And off we'll go!

CARIOCAS: Oh, good! Oh, good!
And so while it could make you ill,
We got the business in Brazil!

TOURISTS: And from the corners of the earth
We tourists come to find the mirth
That all Miranda movies say
Is here in Rio, night and day.
So we'll make merry till we wake
Late afternoons with heads a-ache!
And we've a hunch before we're through
Our friends we'll recommend it to:
We'll tell them they just have to come
To Carmen land and join the fun!

CARIOCAS: And so this economic boom
Itself invents yet further room
For quick financial growth. And each
Advance once thought beyond our reach
Has bloomed beneath the turban of
A woman we were slow to love!

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ALL: And give the devil all her due --
 For Carmen Miranda now is to
 The Western World a household word:
 On every lip that name is heard:-

 The Lincoln or, George Washington
 Of vast Brazil -- a claim hard won!
 The Lincoln or, George Washington
 Of vast Brazil -- except, she's fun!

(The TOURISTS and CARIOCAS end the number together, as a fast double round:-)

TOURISTS:

She left her place of humble
 birth
To flash her smile around
 the earth:
And that's how Carmen's
 patient skill
Has brought our business to
 Brazil!

CARIOCAS:

Her songs enhanced by swing
 and drums
Have made a palace out of
 slums:
So it is Carmen's iron
 will
That brings the business to
 Brazil!

END SCENE 6.

SCENE 7.

(Los Angeles. The stage of a television studio.
August 5, 1955.

JIMMY DURANTE (baritone); Two TELEVISION CAMERAMEN; CARMEN
MIRANDA; ALOYSIO DA OLIVEIRA; ZE CARIOCA; NESTOR AMARAL;
VADICO

Song: THE CATCHY TUNE

The flat of Scene 6 splits in two and rolls out through both wings revealing the stage of a television studio, bare except for a piano tracking directly down from up center, at which JIMMY DURANTE stands while he plays. JIMMY has a large satin Spanish shawl thrown over the shoulders of his suit and a turban stuffed with towering bananas perched on his head. He is accompanied by an unseen orchestra and, as he sings and plays, two CAMERAMEN on platforms holding TV cameras roll in from either side and dolly along close to him. Aside from cracks about his huge nose, JIMMY's standard technique is to interrupt his own song; and he gets considerable mileage from his persona as a bluecollar man with a penchant for polysyllabics, the mispronunciation of which he punches up. His number is typically sparkling, rousing, old-fashioned, and ripe. The orchestra has occasional difficulty following him.)

JIMMY: Hit that piana like Mister Iturbi
When you feel a cold comin' on!
Tinkle until you've a tune that's superb --
(coming up with a bar that seems to surprise and
please him)
Gee!:
And you'll feel a song comin' on!
Then open yer yapper, 'n sneeze while ya croon,
And think: "I'm jist catchin' a catchy ol' tune!":
A-choo! A-choo! A-choon!
(to the orchestra, speaking) Hold it! Hold it!
Cut! -Now you boys gonna listen to Durante and move
inta the chorus, or just play another voice on yer own?
(the orchestra shifts into the chorus)
That's better! We can always send ya back to Juliyard!
(singing) Now folks who can sneeze in key
Get well -- ah, I guarantee!
Especially if they sing
As Frank, or perhaps as Bing,
A mellow 'n catchy tune --

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CARMEN: Oh, not me, never, it looks just fine, I likes it!
But it could use a few bunch of grapes-es and some
pears and apples and oranges maybe.

JIMMY: Well, if we was doin' a sickcom I would insist: but
seein' as how this here is a respectable variety
show, I didn't think it was right to overdress!

CARMEN: (Her eyes straining upward at her own ample turban;
archly) Oh, yeah?

JIMMY: (Trying to control his laughter) Now leave us not
convoise at length about our decor'-ative wear:-
after all, persons of depth appreciate people's
natural fixtures -- and a monkey in silk is still
a monkey!... So:- how do you like the heroic set
to my mouth?

CARMEN: I can't tell. It's under an awning.

JIMMY: You are no doubt referring to my Latin American
cha-poo, again!

CARMEN: Of course, what else? But it is just that in Latin
America we puts all the bananas on top of the hat!
(raucous audience laughter)

JIMMY: Lines like that fracture 'em! But remember, I got
influencial friends in the immigration department!

CARMEN: Hmmm, I think I gots two or three brothers work
for them, too.

JIMMY: Oh, yeah? Well, I ain't gonna let this drop, Carmen:
because while you may be top banana in the biz,
(indicating his nose)
this one's special effect has never been surpassed!

CARMEN: Indubitably! and that is why you are a naturals for
TV! Television has really give a boosters to your
career, Jimmy!

JIMMY: It ain't done bad for you, edder, Carmen: why, they
say you're the performer most in demand in the
burgeoning industry!

CARMEN: Si, but ---

JIMMY: (Improvising, indicating his nose again) Talk about
burgeoning!!
(CARMEN cracks up, and cannot continue)
Windy old gal, ain't she?

CARMEN: Oh, Jimmy, I cannot learn all these lines you give
to me!...

JIMMY: Then let's pick up the bridge instead, Carmen!...

And sneeze like a whole platoon!
 (speaking) Or a loud typhoon!
 (singing) So join the big Schnozz -- that's me!
 If you would be verily,
 Indubitably immune
 And sneeze to the catchy tune!
 A-choo! A-choo! A-choon!
 Your illness'll soon scadoon
 If ya sneeze to the catchy tune!

Hit that high "C" note like Dī'-ana Durban
 When you feel a sneeze comin' on!
 (the turban starts to slip: pushing it upright, and
 quickly, appearing to improvise:)
 --Hold them bananas stuck onto your turban
 When you feel a sneeze comin' on!
 Or else -- like the Schnozz -- when you start
 in to croon,
 You'll lose the shabang with some catchy ol'
 tune:-
 A-choo! A-choo! A-choon!

(speaking) Now take it from me -- I'm no maroon!
 (singing) And sneeze to a catchy tune!
 And 'specially if you sing
 As Frank, or perhaps as Bing ---

(speaking) Or perhaps as our guest of honor tonight
 on "The Jimmy Durante Television Show," someone I
 have a lot in common with: both of our fathers are
 barbers, and we both make our livin' from
 (indicating his nose)
 bananas -- ah ha! -- Ladies and Gentlemen, the girl
 who put Brazil on the map -- Miss Carmen Miranda!
 Bring her out....

(A whitewashed Spanish arch drops from the grids up center and
 a spotlight finds CARMEN MIRANDA and The BANDO DA LUA suddenly
 standing under it. Loud applause, and after a freeze for its
 duration, The BANDO strikes up the reprise of an earlier number
 and accompanies CARMEN dancing her way downstage to JIMMY.
 She is attired in a highly typical costume and her headdress
 is her by-now comfortingly familiar basket of fruit.)

JIMMY: Carmen, you and your orchard look lovely tonight!
 How are you?

CARMEN: Ah! muita obrigada. Que maravilha! Graças a Deus!
 Estou tão feliz de estar aqui. Essa é uma ocasião
 fantástica para mim e para Nestor, Zé, Vadico e Alo---

JIMMY: Watch your language -- we're on television!

CARMEN: No, no, Jimmy, I just say how glad I am to be on
 your show!

JIMMY: I thought you was criticizin' my cha-poo!

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-Aloysio, if you please -- a little Latin beauty!

(JIMMY and CARMEN launch into a duet on the bridge and, with The BANDO playing, a Latin rhythm is incorporated into it:)

JIMMY &

CARMEN:

If you sneeze so loud that yer crystal knacks
End up fulla cracks
And the winda panes in another room
Find a matching doom,
Folks will sympathize
If you harmonize
With yer schnozz and sneeze to a catching tune,
With the Schnozz and sneeze to a catchy tune:-
A-choo! A-choo! A-choon!

CARMEN:

A knicks! A knack! A knacks!
A knack a knick a knack!

JIMMY &

CARMEN:

Hit that piana like Jo-zay Iturbi
When you feel a cold comin on ---

(Suddenly an expression of great pain registers on CARMEN's face. She grabs onto JIMMY's shoulder, and then, gripping his arm, slips to one knee. JIMMY calls frantically to the staring CAMERAMEN, who at first appear to think it's another gag.)

JIMMY: Cut! Cut! CUT, I SAY!! Cut to a commercial! Move it!

(ALOYSIO drops his guitar and lifts CARMEN, who faints, in his arms. There is a momentary scramble and confusion until The CAMERAMEN click off their instruments and signal above and out. The lights go to house. ALOYSIO carries CARMEN out left. The BANDO and JIMMY stand stunned for several seconds. Then NESTOR exits left at a run, and all the OTHERS follow. A moment or two later, the stage goes dark.)

END SCENE 7.

SCENE 8.

(Beverly Hills. The living room in Carmen Miranda's house. Later that night.

ALOYSIO DA OLIVEIRA; NESTOR AMARAL; DONA MARIA; ZE CARIOCA; VADICO; CECILIA MIRANDA; AURORA MIRANDA; AMARO MIRANDA; OSCAR MIRANDA; JOSEPH; CARMEN MIRANDA; Most of Carmen's Brazilian DEPENDENTS

Song: RIO MIRANDA

The piano of Scene 7 tracks back up center while a full flat representing the rear wall of Carmen's living room rolls across the stage to meet it. Unrealistically tall and beautifully draped French doors right, and a staircase running up against the flat to a landing and exit left near the rafters. A platform bearing a Morris chair and an end table tracks on from right: NESTOR AMARAL is standing by the table, his ear to the phone. Another platform, holding plants, a number of chairs and a deco sofa, tracks in from left. Carmen's mother, DONA MARIA, is seated on the sofa wringing her hands, and ZE CARIOCA, VADICO, CECILIA, AURORA, AMARO and OSCAR MIRANDA are seated or standing about her. ALOYSIO DA OLIVEIRA stands far down right, tensely watching NESTOR, and unconsciously destroying a cigarette. ALOYSIO, NESTOR, ZE and VADICO are all still partly in costume. Long shadows are cast everywhere.)

ALOYSIO: What are doing?

NESTOR: Trying to reach Havana.

ALOYSIO: Why?

NESTOR: Carmen asked me to. I think you better relax, don't you, Aloysio?

ALOYSIO: Tomorrow. Where is Carmo?

NESTOR: Upstairs, with Joseph. Ah -- sssh! -- I reached ---
(into the phone)
Sí, sí -- Juan? Aquí Nestor Amaral. -Sí!....

DA. MARIA: Ah, Carmo minha! -- is she --

ZE: Please, Dona Maria, your daughter is all right...
She will come down very soon.

VADICO: Sim, Senhora, you must not worry now.

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DA. MARIA: But -- I still don't understand what happened: she fell, she fell on the television program.

CECILIA: Drink your tea, Mama, we don't know yet. The doctors said not to bother her.

AURORA: I am just as worried, Mama, but we can't ---

NESTOR: (Calling upstairs) Carmen! -- I have him: Juan -- in Havana! You want to talk?

(CARMEN MIRANDA appears at the top of the staircase in a red nightcoat. JOSEPH, in slacks and polo shirt, is at her side.)

JOSEPH: Just a moment, Nestor ---

CARMEN: Yes, wonderful! tell him to hold!

JOSEPH: (Alarmed) Mother, don't run!

CARMEN: (Bounding down and over to the end table) Oh, yes, thanks you, Nestor.
(into the phone, while EVERYONE stares at her)
Juanito -- is that you?... Really?... I can, oh! hardly hear you!
(to the OTHERS)
Oh, I can hardly hear him -- he is at the Club Cubana -- there's so much shouting and singings. What a time they are having down there!... Listen, Juan, I want to fly to Havana this weekend -- sí! -- for a rest, I have been working too hard here!... You'll have everything ready?... Yes, Aloysio and Joseph and me. You know the suite I want... Good! It will be ready... Bem, bem! Listen, Juanito, I can't hear you with all that celebrating there... I am going to hang up now: we'll see you Saturday. Adiós, adiós, gracias, adiós!

DA. MARIA: (As CARMEN hangs up) Carmo, daughter, how ---

CARMEN: I am all right, Mama, the doctor said I must rest, so I am going to Havana, that's all. Ah, I have to sit down....

DA. MARIA: You don't look well, you fell on the stage.

CARMEN: (Sitting in the Morris and snatching a drink left on the end table) Aurora, Oscar -- take Mama, will you? Sit over there on the sofa, Mama. I need room to breathe. Good: here's a drink all prepared! Thank you, Nestor. Cachaça -- that is very thoughtful! -- Why are you all looking at me?

ALOYSIO: Carmo, must you now?

CARMEN: Sure, now and always! You called the family? I want to have a big party!

ALOYSIO: Yes, I called them.

JOSEPH: Should you excite yourself this way, Mother?

CARMEN: Now, Joseph -- ah, there's the chimes! -- Aloysio, do go greet the family -- Amaro, get drinks for everyone -- Cecília, help him!
(THEY hasten to follow her orders)

JOSEPH: Mother, listen, the doctor ---

CARMEN: Here, sit on the arm of this chair, Joseph, I want you next to me. Hey, what is that look on your face -- frowning, again? You'll spoil your beautiful forehead with wrinkles ---

JOSEPH: But the doctor ---

CARMEN: You will soon be a doctor yourself, no?

JOSEPH: A surgeon.

CARMEN: That is right -- so you can see I am okey-dokey. You don't need to listen to some other sturgeon.

(Shown along by ALOYSIO, most of Carmen's Brazilian DEPENDENTS enter in a rush from left, greet CARMEN with a mixture of wild enthusiasm and doting concern, and proceed to do justice to the drinks AMARO and CECILIA offer them -- and all to the brash accompaniment of VADICO at the piano and a horrendous clamor. During their libationary distraction, CARMEN opens a secret compartment in the huge platform of her shoe and removes a small packet which she unfolds and sniffs. JOSEPH catches her.)

JOSEPH: (Shocked) Oh, Mother, not now!

CARMEN: Sim, sim, now! Why not now? -- we are havin' a party.

JOSEPH: And in your shoe -- hidden in your shoe, no less!

CARMEN: Sure, you don't think I wore five-inch platform shoes all these years for nothin', did you?

JOSEPH: God! I cannot believe Brazilians are serious.

CARMEN: Neither are Americans, Joseph -- but the difference is Brazilians never claimed to be!

JOSEPH: And right on cue, always, with the quick answers:- I just can't handle you, Mother.

ALOYSIO: (Noticing CARMEN's vibrancy) Carmo, I know what you are doing!

CARMEN: Oh, yeah? I'm havin' a Cachaça.

ALOYSIO: You are havin' a cocaine fix, you think I cannot

tell by your sparkle, your sparkling eyes!

CARMEN: Oh, let my eyes sparkle tonight, Aloysio, I have you and I have Joseph; and I am happy tonight, let me be happy!

ALOYSIO: But you are running yourself down -- down, down to the -- you fell on the boards this evening, Carmo, stop ---

CARMEN: Oh, Aloysio, the white stuff with the Cachaça makes me think of Rio; don't you want me to think of Rio, please, let me remember Rio tonight! -Come to the piano, both of you. Nestor and I, we are working on a new song to surprise you. -Weren't we, Nestor?

NESTOR: (Confused amidst the din) Uh -- well, yes...

CARMEN: (At the piano) Do it with me -- Joseph, Aloysio -- here, the melody is simple. Look, there's the lyrics. Nestor calls it; "Rio Miranda," he named it for me. -Vadico: play.

(JOSEPH and ALOYSIO read the lyrics while VADICO plays the piano and CARMEN begins to sing a meditative and rather sad ballad. The CROWD grows quiet and listens; the lights dim.)

CARMEN: Time and opportunity
May build up years and place the sea
Between my de Janeiro home and me...

Yet in time or countries far
The memory's door is left ajar --
For Rio's nearer than the largest star,

Nearer than her misty night
When foghorns shout and gulls take flight
Like bashful saints astonished into sight

Over Ipanema beach:
So close, on tiptoe I can reach
Right out and touching them condense the breach

Separates Brazil from me...
How long the years and grey the sea
Between my de Janeiro home and me.

JOSEPH &
ALOYSIO: River of January, rushing by,
Many's the night I asked you why.
River of January, flow through me
Seeking your way to sleep at sea...

CARMEN: Through a life of heights and falls
My January home recalls
Her streets of Carnival, parades and balls

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Laughing everywhere you look:
For Rio is an open book
In January, every lane and nook
Houses song and dancing feet
Wherein the wise may read the sweet
Good faith of samba groups as they compete
Night and day to win the crown
Of Carnival...

JOSEPH &
ALOYSIO:

They hope to drown
The sorrows of the year with that renown...

CARMEN,
JOSEPH &
ALOYSIO:

Rio's nightclubs and cafés,
Her gardens, beaches, dancehalls, plays,
Cascades and lakes are with me all my days...

River of January, rushing by,
Many's the time I asked you why.
River of January, flow through me
Seeking your way to sleep at sea...

CARMEN: (As the song ends, suddenly) Oh, I feel tired.

DA. MARIA: Carmo, my baby ---

CARMEN: No, Mama, please, I am O.K. I just think I go upstairs to rest a while -- everyone else, you all have fun here, I will be down again in a little bit. And I want to see you all havin' a good time. Amaro, more drinks!

ALOYSIO: I'll go up with you ---

CARMEN: No, no, I'm embarrassed: no place now up there for a -- for a woman's favorite...
(she laughs, joylessly)
Joseph, you come with me. And Nestor, somber Nestor.

DA. MARIA: Now, Maria do Carmo Miranda da Cunha, you are not going up there without me!

CARMEN: All right, Mama, you come, too.

NESTOR: Here, Senhora, let me help you.

DA. MARIA: I am old, but I don't need ---

NESTOR: You take my arm, Senhora, and Joseph will take Carmen's. Please, don't argue, Senhora.

(While CARMEN, JOSEPH, NESTOR and DONA MARIA carefully mount the staircase to its exit, VADICO hits the piano with a reprise

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and the remaining CAST drinks and dances: except for ALOYSIO, who finds himself again isolated far down right and ZE, who passes near him, in no mood to join the merrymaking.)

ALOYSIO: What did those doctors say it was?

ZE: Peritonitis.

ALOYSIO: (Lighting a cigarette, staring at The CELEBRANTS; then:) All right, everybody, that's enough: I think you better go home now. You can all come back tomorrow. We will be here. -You, too, Zé.

(The CELEBRANTS groan their displeasure at ALOYSIO's party-pooping, but gather their things and exit left in several small groups. AURORA hesitates, looking upstairs; ZE gets her wrap.)

ZE: Come, Aurora. I'll call you a cab.

(When ZE and AURORA leave, ALOYSIO remains alone smoking for a number of moments while the lights, unnaturally, come down to low across the stage. Then, in an eery silence, the French doors are blown open and the long drapes begin to billow into the room. Suddenly, a strange phosphorescence grows brighter and brighter through the doors. ALOYSIO stands silhouetted and perplexed, watching his cigarette smoke curl in the light, and fails to notice NESTOR, barely evident in the spill on the stairs' landing. NESTOR comes slowly down a third of the steps before stopping and staring at ALOYSIO.)

NESTOR: A Senhora esta morta.

ALOYSIO: Quem? -Dona Maria?

NESTOR: Não. Carmen.

(They continue to outstare each other, while the drapes grow still and the phosphorescence fades, leaving the stage in complete darkness.)

END SCENE 8.

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SCENE 9.

(Rio de Janeiro. A plaza on Governor Island in Guanabara Bay. February 9, 1974.)

ACHILLES VARGAS; JOSEPH; ALOYSIO DA OLIVEIRA; The Complete Remaining Cast as CARIOCAS

Song: SANTA CARMEN

A drop falls covering the set of Scene 8: on it is painted the sunlit waters of Guanabara Bay and, beyond them, the Serra dos Órgãos Mountains which culminate in the Peak of God's Finger. ACHILLES VARGAS and JOSEPH, both in formal attire, are standing beneath the [now veiled] Matheus Fernandes bust of Carmen which is cheated slightly toward the drop. ACHILLES has a full shock of white hair and JOSEPH, now in his 40s, himself boasts a becoming streak of grey at the temples. The sound of breaking waves is heard.)

ACHILLES: Joseph, it is good to see you in Rio again! And you look quite as dignified today as ever did the head of a famous clinic!

JOSEPH: And you, Achilles Vargas, I think I'll never get used to you as a prominent entrepreneur. Tuxs, no less: I'm sorry, but I really miss you in your Prince-of-thieves' outfits.

ACHILLES: (Jocular) Oh, come now, I believe I am rather dashing in the guise of a successful investor. I was born to wear these clothes. Or steal them, at any rate. So -- Joseph, you must be very proud today: at the unveiling of the bust of your mother.

JOSEPH: Yes: to think it's almost twenty years since she passed away -- and honored yet by her countrymen.

ACHILLES: Honored? Why, she is Brazil's national daughter -- arguably, my nation's symbol.

JOSEPH: The location's great, and the way the statue faces the waters of Guanabara Bay and the Sierras beyond them. She would have liked that.

ACHILLES: Like that?:- she loves it! Speak of your mother in the present, for she is with us now, she lives this very moment in the hot, red blood of every breathing Brazilian!

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JOSEPH: (Looking at his watch) Aloysio is late. The crowd will be here soon. -And I suppose there'll be the usual singing and dancing -- won't there, Achilles?

ACHILLES: Of course: all public occasions are an excuse for Brazilians to sing and dance -- like at Carnival!

JOSEPH: Somehow, that saddens me.

ACHILLES: Oh, you Americans!

JOSEPH: No, because, you know, I always think of Rio's Carnival as a government-sponsored Roman circus to keep the people distracted from their repression and exploitation. And really, Achilles, my mother's whole life was one unending commercial and political exploitation -- for better or worse ---

ACHILLES: Usually for the better, Joseph -- for the better, man!

JOSEPH: And her death itself was turned into the most gross manipulating ever of her career -- millions sambaed at her funeral! They still call it The Great Samba Funeral. And so, not only to the end, but decades after the end, my mother continues to be used by racists and contrarebels, by megaindustry and agriculture, by generals, dictators and war machines---

ACHILLES: I don't think your mother felt that way... I do not think she even knew it.

JOSEPH: (Softly) Believe me, Achilles, she did.

ACHILLES: Here comes Aloysio.

(ALOYSIO enters, out of breath, and also formally dressed.)

ALOYSIO: Don't give to me an argument, I took the fastest taxi here from Flamengo Park -- that is where the museum is to be.

JOSEPH: Museum?

ALOYSIO: Yes, museum, of course, The Carmen Miranda Museum! I helped them break ground for it -- that's why I am late. It's to house your Mom's costumes, trinkets, turbans, trophies, keys to many cities, and diplomas and awards ---

ACHILLES: Good, good! I have a few things I lifted to donate myself ---

ALOYSIO: It will open in about two years: it's to be a circular building, half underground -- and atom bomb proof!

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JOSEPH: And atom bomb proof. -Yes, but of course: they'll have found some new and ingenious way to still take advantage of her after an atomic war... I should have anticipated that ---

ALOYSIO: And the crowd's come up with an appropriate song for the unveiling of this bust.

ACHILLES: Yes?

ALOYSIO: Called, "Santa Carmen"! Look at the sheets:

JOSEPH: (Taking the music sheets, sadly) "Saint Carmen..."

ALOYSIO: Are you proud, Joseph?!

JOSEPH: What? -Uh, yes, Aloysio, certainly. That's good, good. And you and I are to lead the singing?

ALOYSIO: Who else? -And this old rogue here, as well: we're the guests of honor!

(The CROWD of CARIOCAS enters. They carry, variously, many festive purple, pink, red, and white-flowered wreaths of the South American mimosa. A number of the CARIOCAS are dressed in Carmen-inspired costumes, while others appear masquerading as The BANDO DA LUA. As they sing and dance, they place the indicated wreaths at the bust, and draw away the veil:)

ALL: Fabulous Santa Carmen!
Santa Cantora Nossa!
Carmen Miranda:- here are
Purple and pink mimosa!

These, for the people hail you,
Santa Cantora Nossa:
Those you regaled, regale you --

ALOYSIO,
ACHILLES,
& JOSEPH: Garlands of red mimosa!:

ALL: Red for the land remembers,
Santa Cantora Nossa,
You through the flame and embers! --

ALOYSIO,
ACHILLES,
& JOSEPH: Garlands of white mimosa!:

JOSEPH: Sensitive white mimosa:
Touched:- and these droop, dear flowers --
Closing! as you, your hours:
Santa Cantora Nossa!

(A GROUP of CARIOCAS dances far down, with identical images of Carmen's face with a serious expression, sewn on their

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colorful blouses:)

GROUP: Santa Carmen, glistening
In the clouds, is christening
All of Rio's glorious,
Simply hunky dorious
Populace adorable --
All the more deplorable,
(they turn about, and sewn on their backs is an
image of Carmen's face grinning and winking with
suggestive naughtiness:)
Cause they're quite notorious
A posteriorious!!

ALL: Sensitive white mimosa:
Touched, and they droop, sweet flowers --
Closing! as you, your hours:
Santa Cantora Nossa!

Garlands of white mimosa,
Santa Cantora Nossa!

END.