ittle of the Barbie (ELLIOT begins to unpack and to put clean sheets on the tiny bed.)

ELLIOT

(Undressing)

She lied about being married. She lied about the dog. That probably isn't even her kid. She probably hired her from an agency just to get me out.

PAULA

(Yells back)

Are you going to talk to yourself all night?

ELLIOT

(Yells back)

I'm not talking to myself. My son is with me. I brought him in the duffel bag.

(To himself again)

Why do you answer her? She's just gonna answer back. Ignore her. Pay no attention.

PAULA

I have to get up early tomorrow morning and take my daughter to school.

ELLIOT

(Yells back)

Why? Sleep in. Let King take her. Arf, arf, arf.

(To HIMSELF)

Yo, Elliot. Great. That nailed her. Always get a nifty zinger in, that drives them nuts.

PAULA

(Yells back)

Maybe that's nifty in Chicago, but it doesn't zing in New York.

ELLIOT

(To Himself)

Didn't I tell you not to talk back!! She knows New York, she's better at this than you ... Okay. Don't panic. Think of the alternatives.

## PIANO/CONDUCTOR

**Elliot** Paula Lucy

"The Goodbye Girl"

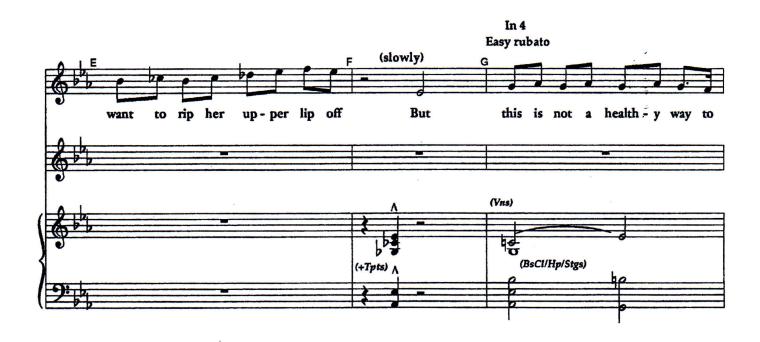
## Good News, Bad News [rev 12/93]

**Orchestration: Billy Byers** 

Warning: "Didn't I tell you not to talk back?"

Cue: "Think of the alternatives."











Paula: The the street knock wood



