# Summer 1947 Act I Scene II

The Bazaar Headquarters-

The lighting is less bright, (Indicating a change from 1965 to Summer 1947). A desk with a typewriter replaces the couch and piano; a poster with a Bazaar Magazine cover hangs on the wall. There’s swing music in the background. Doris ( 35 years old in a wig/change of hairstyle and dress instead of trousers) is typing at the desk; West and McCann are standing in front of the desk.

Doris: (Stands, hugs McCann) How did you two racketeers get past my secretary? OSS privilege?

McCann: The Agency. We can get into any building in Paris. It's the CIA now, Daisy. Remember? We reorganized. Barr and I missed you when we came in 45. We couldn't let that happen this time.

West: Two years is too long to go without seeing our Daisy. That's what Mac said. We need to catch up.

McCann: We hear you're dating again.

West: A gentleman by the name of Poor-fee- ree-oh Roo-bee-rosa.

McCann: Barr, should we tell Daisy how we found out about her date? The Ambassador. Doris: (Sits down begins typing) Don't tell me you're back to reading gossip columns?

West: Let's say there's some concern about you fraternizing with the Ambassador. You've been seen all over Paris. Daisy, you've got to exercise some discretion. The Ambassador's boss is the dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo; you've heard of him?

Doris: My days of fraternizing with dictators ended when I left the OSS.

West: Doris, no one appreciates a woman with a sense of humor more than I do. But… The Agency has some troublesome intel on the Ambassador. He was married to the dictator Trujillo's daughter. That was his first wife. Doris, you're the richest woman in the world. Do you think it's pure coincidence that this character was married to his boss' daughter and now wants to go around…

Doris**:** (Interrupting West) Character? Go around? Is this what this friendly visit is about? (Mimicking McCann) Oh, we couldn't come to Paris without seeing our sweet Daisy. Since you're reading gossip columns, you already know that when I got away from my mama, it wasn't so the government could pick my men.

West: Doris, listen, the rumor mill is in full swing. Do you know who this Ambassador is? Anything at all about his past? Do you know what he did?

Doris**: (**Looking up at West while typing**)** Fellows, you're too late. I've accepted Ambassador Rubirosa's proposal. We're honeymooning near San Francisco.

McCann: Doris, please, this is serious. (Chuckling) nobody, honeymoons in Frisco. Seven different temperatures in one day….

Doris: That's what I mean. You don't know squat about Rubi and you're judging him from gossip. We're honeymooning near San Francisco de Macoris, that’s near his hometown in the Dominican Republic.

West: (Pacing back and forth) San Francisco de what? Well, we might as well say what we came to say. We've… Mac and I have been doing some digging.

Doris: Is the hole big enough for two?

West: Doris, God damn it… You gotta listen. You think we want to tell you this? Doris: Well…. Daddy Duke always said, don't do anything you don't want to do.

West: Ambassador Rubirosa's boss is a fascist. He assigned the Ambassador to Berlin in 1936; he was there with his first wife. They made some German friends. We have it on good authority that the Ambassador and his current wife, Danielle, spent some time waltzing around with Goebbels at the height of the war.

Doris: (Shaking her head) I have it on good authority that Rubi is no friend of Nazis. And he doesn't waltz. In the Dominican Republic, they dance merengue. (Doris puts both hands on West’s shoulders and dances, swaying her hips)

West: (Smiling with a look of disbelief) Well. No point in beating around the bush, then. Doris, the Ambassador, can't marry anybody. Have you heard of a charming French lady, Danielle Darieux? She and the Ambassador are happily keeping house in the 7th Arrondissement. What's more, Madame Rubirosa is Catholic and doesn't believe in divorce.

Doris: Ridiculous. (Sits down to type frantically, looks up at West)

All that religious fervor didn't stop her from divorcing her last husband to marry Rubi. (Shouting) Simone, please show these gentlemen out. They've forgotten the way.