

(Boat Dock. Reporters with cameras ready to interview celebrity.
Glamour debutante steps down from the gang plank preceded by
porters etc.)



Reporters

There she goes. -- Hold it --Miss Wright -- How was your trip?
Are you glad to be back -- Where did you park the Prince? --
Who's the lucky guy now? Etc.

(She goes off followed by reporters)

(The Deb On the Debit Side comes down the gang plank very much alone
and neglected.)

According to society reporters
Life is a party for debutante daughters
A bed of orchids, a bucket of champagne
A shoe by Miller, A killer diller, a handsome-adoring swain
They float in a haze of Matchabelli
Decolletted by Schiapparelli
The darling of the Prom, the Sweetheart of the Team
The glamour and the oomph in a shipping clerk's dream
So says Lucius
So says Confucius
But the sad, sad truth of the matter is
That a debutante can sometimes fizz
And just be a hapless hopeless Lizz
Like me
You see
Life with Father's Okay for Lindsay and Grouse
But am I a woman or am I a louse?

I'm a deb on the debit side
When it looked at me the candid camera cried
I look like Hell in a gown by Chanel
My shoes are like a southbound freighter
At the Colony for tea, the only man who speaks to me
Is the waiter.
Just a deb on the debit side
El Morrocco doesn't point to me with pride
Tho Papa paid scads and scads to get me cold cream ads
They only gave me dog food to endorse
For the rotogravure, they always make sure
I'm standing way behind the horse
Life goes to other deb's parties - not even die hards come to mine
Take my debut -- it was too, too Bovine
It simply stank with swank
We had Hedy Lamarr as Neptune's daughter
While Billy Rose swam in a glass of water
Three bands and a piccolo player
A cornerstone to lay the Mayor
We gave the Empire ^otate away with every plate
And the first act of Hellsapoppin
Not even a Willkie button would drop in
Even when a friend gets me a friend, I'm always left behind
With my blind date off in a corner of the bar, desperately getting blind
I went out with a Phi Beta Kappa one night
But got no romantic patter
Sex was a science to him all right
It was his mind over my matter

But my hopes took an awful spill
When next morning he left for Brazil

(Glamour deb re-enters with reporters and steps behind Deb On The Debit Side without the latter noticing her)

Reporters

(Focusing cameras)

Hold it please -- Smile -- Wave --

(Deb On Debit Side thinks reporters are shooting her and responds to requests as does the Glamour Deb)

That's it -- Thank you --

Glamour Deb

Thank you. (Reporters and Glamour Deb exit. Deb on the Debit Side realizes her mistake)

Just a deb on the debit side

I've never been a bridesmaid, never mind a bride

Even Grandpa's fortune hasn't got enough charm

If Father were asked for my hand - He'd gladly give his arm

Instead of coming out - why didn't I hide

I'm a deb on the debit side.