

Women Mrs. Wylie (p. 11-12):

Carmen, Jo. She's a force of nature. She sucks men up like they're chicken with salsa. She has a body like the Rio Grande. It just keeps flowing. She goes through lovers like they're chunks of raw meat, and when she's had enough, she laughs at Don Jose until he stabs her to death with a butcher knife and she cries out to the gods in defiance and anger. "*Take me! Take me to hell! I'm ready for you!!*" It isn't you, Jo. "Ladies and gentlemen. May I have your attention, please. I regret to inform you that Miss Elena Firenzi, the greatest soprano of her generation, scheduled to make her American debut with the Cleveland Grand Opera Company in honor of our tenth anniversary season, is regrettably indisposed this evening, but...BUT!...I have the privilege to announce that the role of Carmen will be sung tonight by a somewhat gifted amateur making her very first appearance on this, or indeed, any other stage, our company's very own factotum, gofer and all-purpose dogsbody, Jo!" Do you see the problem?

Men Jerry (p. 74-75):

I-I hope you don't mind me being here. The door was wide open but you weren't here. Which I guess you know, since you were somewhere else. Wanh! So then I waited for you, because I have a message from Aunt Julia. She's not really my aunt, you know. I just call her my aunt since my mother never had any sisters. In case you're wondering. Anyway, she asked me to-to wait here and remind you that she hopes you'll make a speech at the reception. In English, I mean, not Italian because they probably don't...speak Italian. Anyway, and I'm sure they'd really appreciate it, if you feel like it, which you probably don't, which is understandable, and that's the message.