Scene 1
The street.
Tommy Katzmann enters with his jazz band, The Strays. He sings in the style of Cab Calloway, assuming Cab Calloway was a giant feral cat. (I don't know, I'm not going to Google it.)

Song: "Minnie de Menthe"

Tommy: *There's a sweet little dame*
From the bad side of town.
All the folks know her name
For kill-o-metres around.

The police dogs love her,
(The reefer-cats too)
She'll break your heart faster
Than a—

Minnie: (*Offstage*) Boop-boop-bee-doo!

Tommy: *Oh sound off, honey!*
Come meet your friends!
She's the one, she's the **lonely—**
She's Minnie De Menthe!

Minnie: (*Offstage*) Here, kitty kitty...

Tommy: Well don't I feel cute!

Minnie: (*Offstage*) Where's that sweet little pussy?

Tommy: Oh I do love when you're crude!

Minnie: (*Offstage*) Wait, has the show started?

Tommy: Several minutes ago...

Minnie: (*Offstage*) Well in that case, sugar, why didn't you say SOOOOOO!

Tommy: (*Sotto voce*) Ah one, ah two, ah LX GO!

Minnie De Menthe enters. It is glorious. Like Chicago *on steroids. At last, she stops and smiles demurely.*

Minnie: (*To audience*) Why, hello. I did see you there. (*To Tommy*) Tommy Katzmann?

Tommy: Yesssss, kitten?

Minnie: Could you strike up my band, pretty please?

Tommy: A greater pleasure I cannot fathom!
Ah one
Ah two
Ah sound cue GO!

Minnie dances sensationally in her trademark, jaw-dropping fashion (that is to say, lots of elbows and manic smiling). It is simply a revelation.

Minnie: *Good evening, my boos,*
I'm Minnie de Menthe!
Write my name 'cross the sky!
Scrape it through wet cement.

It's a name you can whisper,
Or a name you can scream
When you're just coming outta
From a soaking wet dre—

Tommy: Minnie!

Minnie: Well, that works, too. (*Wink!*)

Tommy: Behave yourself, dandelion! It's early yet.

Minnie: It's bedtime somewhere!

Wink!

Minnie/Tommy/Chorus: *Minnie de Menthe!*
(She goes down a treat!)
Minnie de Menthe!
(She'll rot out your teeth!)

She was born to an angel
On a dusty church pew
And her own dear ol' daddy is—
Well, let's just call him "Lou."

Another tremendous dance break. Minnie works the room.

Minnie: *This is all well and good,*
But who am I, truly?
Sure I'm smart and quite humble,
Nocturnal, unruly...

Tommy: *Sounds like you're having an ID dilemma!*

Minnie: *Nope, I just want* them *to know who-I-am-a!*

Tommy: Tell the people, girlfriend!

Minnie: *I'm a visual artiste,*
A bad fortune teller,
A one-time teetotaller,
A great head-stone seller.

I type up the horoscopes
For our Daily Gazette
I pre-write obituaries
(Ain't missed a deadline yet).

Ghost hunter, librarian,
Gift wrapper on occasion,
The most-sinning atheist
In all of Creation.

The music stops.

Minnie: Tommy.

Tommy: Yeah, baby?

Minnie: I'm tired. Do I gots to keep singing this song?

Tommy: Nah, Minnie, you don't hafta do nothing you don't wanna do!

Minnie: Don't you tell me what to do! Imma finish it!

Tommy: But—

Minnie: (*Intensely*) *Put your blistered palms together, ladies and gents,*
The songbird of paradise lost—

All: *MINNIE DE MENTHE!*

A circular frame descends. Minnie strikes a pose and utters her classic catchphrase:

Minnie: *Well, shit!*

Pause for rapturous applause.

Minnie: Tommy Katzmann, you little stinker! How you doing?

Tommy: Feline fine, girl! Much like yourself.

Minnie: Well, I'll be damned if you don't know how to make a girl feel special.
(And damned for a bunch of other stuff, too!)

Wink!

Tommy: Fanfare's a dying art, Miss Minnie. But it's the only way to start a show right, in my humble op-in-i-on.

Minnie: You feral so-and-so. Get outta here before I fix ya.

Tommy: Me-ouch! (*Starts to go*) Oh— before I go—
(*He takes on a grandiose, declamatory air:)*
Be careful, Minnie! Minnie look out!
The Morgue Street Killer is out and about!

Minnie: Killer?

Tommy: Yes, Ma'am! He struck again just last night!

Minnie: Nuts to you, ya rabid bastard! I ain't scared of no murderer!

Tommy: I had a feeling you'd say that. I'll see you in the next life, Minnie. Rowr!

He scampers off into the night.

Scene 2
The street.
Minnie walks home (on the spot) as the scene slowly revolves past behind her.

Minnie: A murderer? On Morgue Street! Well, if that doesn't make me laugh!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA.
Why should I be scared of some piddly killer? After all, there's been murderers around for literally decades and *I'm* still alive!

A pigeon alights upon her finger.

Minnie: Why, hello there, you sweet garbage dove.

Pigeon: Coo coo, Minnie! Minnie, Coo coo!
The Morgue Street Killer's a-coming for you!

Minnie: Ha! Oh, birds! Get outta here!

It flies away.

Minnie: Farewell, pigeon: thou bedbug of the sky! What mysteries might those warblings reveal, shouldst I ever learn thy tongue? Oh well!

She continues to walk. A group of hobos enter, swaying behind a bopping trash-can.

Minnie: Ooh look! Domestic freelancers! How ya doing, fellas?

Hobos: Hail!

Hail!
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Minnie: Well golly, a gal could get used to this.

Hobos: Minnie, Minnie—

Trashcan: The street shall run red!

Minnie: What's the big deal? I've painted whole *towns* red before!

Hobos: Minnie, Minnie—

Trashcan: Your soul shall be fled!

Minnie: My soul? But I sold that years ago! HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA.

She leaves them in the dust.
Patrolman Beau enters. He's as sweet as ice cream cake.

Beau: Well howdy-do, Minnie!

Minnie: Patrolman Beau! (*Aside, in lover's anguish*) Be still, my parts.

Beau: You know, you shouldn't be out and about like this. (*Sotto Beaucce*) There's a killer on the loose!

Minnie: Well this is the first I'm hearing about it.

Beau: You really oughta be getting in where it's safe!

Minnie: Now you wouldn't be looking out for my best interests, now wudja?

Beau gets very embarrassed.

Beau: Well I don't know nothing about that...

Minnie: Double negative. Sexy. I'll see ya around, Patrolman Beau.

Beau: You take care now, Minnie— Oh hold up! (*Romantical:)* There's some *dog poo* on the sidewalk there.

He takes off his jacket and lays it across the spot.

Beau: Allow me.

Minnie: (*Charmed, crossing over the jacket*) Why, thank you, Beau.

Beau: Oh wait! There was a fella here asking about you!

Minnie: A man, you say? (*Thinks*) Billy?

Beau: No.

Minnie: Timmy?

Beau: No...

Minnie: Andrew?

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Minnie: Bobby?
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Beau: I don't... Oh, wait— Why, here he comes now!

He points. Minnie gives the ol' eyes a roll and turns to look. The Grim Reaper enters.

Minnie: Eek!

Grim Reaper: Oh, hey there, goooooood-looking.

Minnie: Well, hello yourself.

He plays a rousing trumpet solo.

Grim Reaper: *Girrrrrrrl!*
There's a price on your head
In the office below;
We're taking bets around the vendin' machine.
In a day you'll be dead
And in our grotto below,
Looking like somethin' from Halloween.

Minnie: Well, shit!

Beau: Run, Minnie!

She runs on the spot away from the Grim Reaper and Beau, who disappear in the distance.

Grim Reaper: See ya real soon, Minnie!

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