

BY MOUTH | Martin Garrison, Producer
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ROLE: **HUGO**

HUGO: A former Anarchist who served ten years in prison in Europe for his activities. Hugo has a heavy, comic German accent and wears thick glasses. He is a devotee of the Movement but it is revealed that he has bourgeois yearnings. His pipe dream of political liberation allows him to deny his desire to rule over the masses. He is drunk for the entire play, intermittently rousing from his stupor to denounce the crowd, whine for a drink, and make odes to Babylon.

3 takes + pickups = \$300.

IMPORTANT: Looking for ACTIVE, natural, well-paced reads rather than SLOW, self-indulgent "actor-y" ones.

Be mindful of UNDERSCORING for emphasis-- and THROW AWAY non-emphasized words (please no reads emphasising every word).

Don't let the above make you rush or act stilted--simply keep it in mind.

For those who want an edge (casting process will be slow), read the entire SCRIPT before auditioning.

PLEASE READ HUGO LINES 1644-1666

HUGO LINES BEGIN ON NEXT PAGE

39 ale. And their ships are long since looted and scuttled
40 on the bottom? To hell with the truth! It's irrelevant
41 and immaterial, as the lawyers say. The lie of the
42 pipe dream is what gives life to the whole mad
43 lot of us, drunk or sober. And that's enough wisdom to
44 give ya for one drink of rot-gut.

45 ROCKY: De old Foolosopher, like Hickey calls yuh,
46 ain't yuh? I s'pose you don't fall for no pipe dream?

47 LARRY [a bit stiffly]: I don't, no. Mine are all
48 dead and buried behind me. What I do have is the
49 comforting fact that death is a fine long sleep,
50 and it can't come soon enough.

51 ROCKY: Just hangin' around hopin' you croak, are yuh?
52 Well, I'm bettin' you'll have a good long wait.
53 Jeez, somebody'll have to take an axe to croak you!

54 LARRY [grins]: Yes, it's my bad luck to be cursed with a
55 constitution even Bess's booze can't corrode.

56 ROCKY: De old anarchist wise guy knows all de answers!

57 LARRY [frowns]: Forget the anarchist part--I'm through
58 with the movement--a long time ago. I saw men didn't
59 want be saved--that would mean they'd have to give up
60 greed, and they'll never pay that price. So I said:
61 God bless, and may the best man win and die of gluttony!
62 And I took a seat in the grandstand to observe the
63 other cannibals.

64 NARRATOR: Larry shakes his buddy Hugo.

65 LARRY [chuckling]: Ain't I telling the truth,
66 Comrade Hugo?

67 ROCKY: Aw, fer Christ sake...

68 NARRATOR: Raising his head, Hugo peers through thick
69 glasses.

70 HUGO [thick German accent]: Capitalist swine! Bourgeois
71 stool pigeons! Have the slaves no right to speak even?
72 [grins playfully] Hello, leedle Rocky--leedle monkey-
73 face--vere are your slave girls? [abruptly bullying
74 tone] Don't be a fool--lend me a dollar--damned
75 bourgeois Wop--buy me a trink!

76 NARRATOR: His head falls--and he's asleep again.

PARRITT: No, no, no chance. [hesitates--then blurts out]
I don't think she wants to hear from me--we had a fight
just before--she bawled me out--said I was going around
with tarts--I told her, "You've always been a free
woman, you never let anything stop you from--"
[checks himself--then hurriedly] That made her sore--
she said she wouldn't of given a damn except she'd begun
to suspect I was losing interest in the Movement.

LARRY: And were you?

PARRITT: Sure! I'm no fool--I couldn't go on forever
believing that gang was going to change the world by
shooting off their traps on soapboxes and sneaking
around blowing up a lousy building or two. I got wise,
Larry--same as you. That's why I came--I knew you'd
understand.

HUGO [declaims aloud in guttural style]: "The days grow
hot, O Babylon! 'Tis cool beneath thy villow trees!"
[not recognizing Parritt] Who are you? Gottammed stool
pigeon!

PARRITT [startled]: What--you can't call me that--you
lousy bum!

HUGO [recognizing him now; teasing]: Oh, hello, little
Parritt--leedle monkey-face--I did not recognize you.
You have grown big boy. How is your mother? [breaks into
wheedling/bullying tone] Don't be a fool--loan me a
dollar--buy me a trink!

PARRITT [with relief]: Sure, I'll buy you a drink, Hugo.
I'm broke but I can afford one for you. I'm sorry I got
sore--I should've remembered when you're soused you call
everyone a stool pigeon. [turns to Larry] Gee, he's
passed out again.[defensively] What's that look for,
Larry? Think I was going to hit him? I've always stood
up for Hugo--especially when people in the movement
wrote him off as drunken has-been. He had the guts to
serve ten years in the can in his own country and get
his eyes ruined in solitary. I'd like to see some of
them here do that. Well, they'll get their chance now--
[hastily to cover] I don't mean...Anyway, tell me
some more about this dump--who are all these tanks?
Who's that guy trying to catch pneumonia?

LARRY: That's The Captain, one-time hero of the British
Army. That scar on his back he got from a native spear.

work--it's the deadliest habit known to science, a great physician once told me. He was positively the only doctor in the world who claimed that rattlesnake oil, rubbed on the butt-ocks, would cure heart failure in three days. I remember well his saying to me, "You are naturally delicate, Ed, but if you drink a pint of bad whiskey before breakfast and never work if you can help it, you may live to a ripe old age. It's staying sober and working that cuts men off in their prime."

[The gang roars w/ laughter.]

NARRATOR: Even Hugo looks up.

HUGO [giggling]: Laugh, leedle bourgeois monkey-faces!
Laugh like fools, leedle stoopid peoples! [tone changes;
pounds fist on table] I vil laugh, too--but I vil laugh
last--I vil laugh at you! [reciting] "The days grow hot,
O Babylon! 'Tis cool beneath thy willow trees!"

[The gang jeers.]

HUGO [giggles good-naturedly]:

THE CAPTAIN [tipsily]: Well, now that our little Robespierre has got his daily bit of guillontining off his chest, tell me more about this doctor friend, Ed. He strikes me as the only bloody sensible medic I ever heard of. I think we should appoint him house physician here without delay.

ED: The old Doc passed on, I'm afraid. He didn't follow his own advice--kept his nose to the grindstone and sold one bottle of snake oil too many. The last time we got paralyzed together he told me: "This game will get me yet, Ed. You see before you a broken man, a martyr to medical science. If I had any nerves, I'd have a nervous breakdown. You won't believe me, but this last year there was actually one night I had so many patients, I didn't even have time to get drunk. The shock to my system brought on a stroke, which, as a doctor, I recognized as the beginning of the end." Poor old Doc--when he said this he started crying. "I hate to go before my task is completed, Ed," he sobbed. "I'd hoped I'd live to see the day when, thanks to my miraculous cure, there wouldn't be a single vacant cemetery lot left in this glorious country."

[The gang roars w/ laughter.]

1623 too gabby. Why don't yuh tell 'em to lay off me--I don't
 1624 want no trouble at de Boss's boithday party.

1625 MARGIE [a victorious gleam in her eye--tauntingly]:
 1626 Aw right, den, yuh poor little Ginny--I'll lay off yuh
 1627 till de party's over if Poil will.

1628 PEARL [tauntingly]: Sure I will--for Bess's sake not
 1629 yours yuh little Wop!

1630 ROCKY [stung]: Say listen youse!

1631 LARRY [bursts into a sardonic laugh]:

1632 ROCKY [transferring anger to him]: Who de hell yuh
 1633 laughin' at, yuh half-dead old stew bum?

1634 CORA [sneeringly]: At himself, he ought to be! Jeez,
 1635 Hickey's sure got his number!

1636 NARRATOR: Ignoring them, Larry turns to Hugo and shakes
 1637 him by the shoulder.

1638 LARRY [in a comically intense, crazy whisper]: Wake up,
 1639 Comrade! The Revolution's starting right in front of you
 1640 and you're sleeping through it! By God it's not to
 1641 Bakunin's ghost you ought to pray in your dreams, but to
 1642 the great Nihilist, Hickey! He's started a movement
 1643 that'll blow up the world!

1644 HUGO [with guttural denunciation]: You, Larry! Renegade!
 1645 Traitor! I will have you shot! [He giggles.] Don't be a
 1646 fool--buy me a trink! [spying a drink in front of him]
 1647 Ah! [he downs it in one gulp--in a low tone of hatred]:
 1648 That bourgeois svine, Hickey--he laughs like good
 1649 fellow, he makes jokes, he dares make hints to me so I
 1650 see vhat he dares to sink. He sinks I am finish, it is
 1651 too late, and so I do not vish the Day come because it
 1652 will not be my Day--oh, I see vhat he sinks--he sinks
 1653 lies even vorse, dat I--

1654 NARRATOR: He stops abruptly with a guilty look--afraid
 1655 he's about to let something slip.

1656 HUGO [vengefully guttural]: I will have him hanged on
 1657 de first lamppost! [abruptly giggling again]: Why you so
 1658 serious, leedle monkey-faces? It's all great joke, no?
 1659 So ve get drunk, and ve laugh like hell, and den ve die,
 1660 and de pipe dream vanish! [A bitter mocking contempt
 1661 creeps into his tone.] But be of good cheer, leedle
 1662 stupid peoples! "The days grow hot, O Babylon!"

1663 Soon, leedle proletarians, ve vill have free picnic in
 1664 ze cool shade, ve vill eat hot dogs and trink free beer
 1665 beneath the villow trees! Like hogs, yes! Like beautiful
 1666 leedle hogs! [Then he abruptly stops--confused and at
 1667 what he's heard himself say] Huh...[then gutturally]
 1668 Dot Gottamned liar, Hickey--it is he who makes me want
 1669 to sleep.

1670 [His head hits the wood table.]

1671 CORA [uneasily]: Hickey ain't overlookin' no bets,
 1672 is he--he's even give Hugo de woiks.

1673 LARRY: I warned you this morning he wasn't kidding.

1674 MARGIE [sneering]: De old wise guy!

1675 PEARL: Yeah, still pretendin' he's de one exception,
 1676 like Hickey said--he don't do no pipe dreamin'--oh, no!

1677 LARRY [sharply resentful]: Huh! [pause] All right, take
 1678 it out on me, if it makes ya feel good. I love every
 1679 hair on your heads, my great big beautiful baby dolls--
 1680 and there's nothing I wouldn't do for ya!

1681 PEARL [stiffly]: Yeah? Well we ain't big. And we ain't
 1682 your baby dolls! [Suddenly mollified, she smiles]
 1683 But we admit we're beautiful--huh, Mahgie?

1684 MARGIE [smiling]: Sure ting--but what would he do wid
 1685 beautiful dolls, even if he had de price, de old goat?
 1686 [She laughs teasingly] Aw yuh're aw right at dat, Larry,
 1687 even if yuh are full of bull!

1688 PEARL: Sure, yuh're aces wid us--we're noivous, dat's
 1689 all. Dat lousy drummer--why can't he be like he's always
 1690 been? I never seen a guy change so. You pretend to be
 1691 such a fox, Larry--what d'yuh tink's happened to him?

1692 LARRY: I don't know. With all his gab, I notice he's
 1693 kept that to himself. Maybe he's saving the great
 1694 revelation for Bess's party. [then irritably] To hell
 1695 with him--I don't wanna know! Let him mind his own
 1696 business and I'll mind mine.

1697 CHUCK: Yeah, dat's what I say.

1698 CORA: Say, Larry, where's dat young friend of yours
 1699 disappeared ta?

1700 LARRY: I don't care where he is--except I wish it was a
 1701 thousand miles away!

NARRATOR: Catching his excitement, Chuck and Rocky go out, grinning expectantly. The girls gather around Hickey, full of thrilled curiosity.

PEARL: Jeez, yuh got us all heated up--what is it?

HICKEY: I got it as a treat for the three of ya more than anyone. I thought to myself: I'll bet this is what'll please those whores more than anything.

NARRATOR: Before they have a chance to be angry...

HICKEY [affectionately]: I said to myself: I don't care how much it costs, they're worth it--they're the best little scouts in the world, and they've been damned kind to me when I was down and out--nothing's too good for them. [earnestly] I mean every word of that, too--and then some! [jubilantly]: Look--here it comes!

NARRATOR: Chuck and Rocky enter carrying a huge wicker basket full of champagne.

PEARL [with childish excitement]: Look Mahgie--it's dat wine wid bubbles! Jeez, Hickey, you is a sport!

NARRATOR: She gives him a hug, forgetting all animosity, as do the other girls.

MARGIE: I never been soused on dis kinda wine--let's get stinko, Poil.

PEARL: You betcha--de bot' of us!

NARRATOR: A holiday spirit has seized them all. Even Joe stands up to grin at the champagne--and Hugo raises his head to blink at it.

JOE: You sure is hittin' de high spots, Hickey. [boastfully] Man, when I runs my gamblin' joint, I'm gonna drink dat old bubbly water in steins! [He stops guiltily--then with defiance] I's goin' to drink it dat way, too, Hickey--soon's I make my stake! And dat ain't no pipe dream, neider!

ROCKY: What'll we drink it outa--we ain't got no wine glasses.

HICKEY [enthusiastically]: Joe has the right idea--schooners! That's the spirit for Bess's birthday!

HUGO [with his silly giggle]: Ve vill trink vine beneath the villow trees!

1856 HICKEY [grins at him]: That's the spirit, Brother--and
1857 let the lousy slaves drink vinegar!

1858 HUGO [muttered]: Gottamned liar!

1859 NARRATOR: He puts his head back on his arms and
1860 closes his eyes--but this time his customary pass-out
1861 looks like hiding.

1862 LARRY [in a low tone of anger]: Leave Hugo be! He rotted
1863 ten years in prison for his faith--he's earned his
1864 dream. Have you no decency or pity?

1865 HICKEY [quizzically]: Hello, what's this--I thought you
1866 were in the grandstand.

1867 LARRY [dismissive]: Huh.

1868 HICKEY [with simple earnestness]: Listen--Larry--you're
1869 gettin' me all wrong. Hell ya ought to know me better--
1870 I've always been the best-natured slob in the world--
1871 of course I have pity. But now I've seen the light,
1872 it isn't my old kind of pity--the kind yours is--
1873 the kind that lets itself off easy by encouraging some
1874 poor guy to go on kidding himself with a lie--the kind
1875 that leaves the poor slob worse off because it makes him
1876 feel guiltier than ever--so his lying hopes nag at him
1877 and eat at him until he's a rotten skunk in his own
1878 eyes. I know all about that kind of pity. I've had a
1879 bellyful of it in my time, and it's all wrong! [with a
1880 salesman's persuasiveness] No, sir, the kind of pity
1881 I feel now is the kind that will really save the poor
1882 guy, make him content with what he is and quit battling
1883 himself--so he can find peace for the rest of his life.
1884 Oh, I know how you resent the way I have to show you up
1885 to yourself--I don't blame ya--I know from my own
1886 experience it's bitter medicine, facin' yourself in the
1887 mirror with the old false whiskers off--but you'll
1888 forget that, once you're cured--you'll be grateful--when
1889 all at once you find you're able to admit, without
1890 shame, that all the grandstand foolosopher bunk and the
1891 waiting for the Big Sleep stuff is a pipe dream. You'll
1892 say to yourself: I'm just an old man who's scared of
1893 life--and even more scared of dyin'--so I'm stayin'
1894 drunk and hanging on to life at any price--and what of
1895 it? Then you'll know what real peace means, Larry,
1896 because you won't be scared of life or death any more--
1897 you simply won't give a damn. Any more than I do!

2449 HICKEY [ignoring this--with a kidding grin]: I'll bet
 2450 when you admit the truth to yourself, you'll confess you
 2451 were pretty sick of her hatin' you for getting' drunk.
 2452 I'll bet you were really damned relieved when she gave
 2453 ya such a good excuse. [pause] I know how it is, Jimmy.
 2454 [then losing his confidence and becoming confused]
 2455 I know how it is...

2456 LARRY [seizing on this with vindictive relish]:
 2457 Ha! So that's what happened to you, is it? Your iceman
 2458 joke finally came home to roost. [He grins tauntingly.]
 2459 You should have remembered there's truth in the old
 2460 saying you'd better look out what you call because in
 2461 the end it comes to you!

2462 HICKEY--[himself again--grins to Larry kiddingly]
 2463 Is that a fact. Well, well! Then you'd better watch out
 2464 how you keep calling for that Big Sleep! [abruptly
 2465 changing back to his jovial, master-of-ceremonies self]
 2466 But what are we waitin' for, boys and girls? Let's start
 2467 the party rollin'! [He shouts to the bar] Hey Chuck and
 2468 Rocky--bring on the big surprise! Bess, you sit at the
 2469 head of the table, here. Come on, girls, sit down.

2470 ROCKY [with forced cheeriness]: Real champagne, bums!
 2471 Cheer up! What is dis, a funeral? Jeez, mixin' champagne
 2472 wid Bess's redeye'll knock yuh paralyzed--ain't yuh
 2473 never satisfied?

2474 NARRATOR: After he and Chuck finish filling up the
 2475 schooners, they grab the last two themselves and
 2476 sit down in the remaining chairs. As they do, Hickey
 2477 raises--schooner in hand.

2478 HICKEY: This time I'm going to drink with you all,
 2479 Larry--to prove I'm not teetotal because I'm afraid
 2480 booze would make me spill my secrets, as you think.
 2481 [brief pause] I don't need booze or anything else any
 2482 more but I wanna be sociable and propose a toast in
 2483 honor of our good friend, Bess, and drink it with ya.
 2484 [pause] Wake up our demon bomb-tosser, Chuck--we don't
 2485 want corpses at this feast.

2486 CHUCK [gives Hugo a shake]: Hey, Hugo, come up for air--
 2487 don't yuh see de champagne?

2488 HUGO [giggling]: We will eat birthday cake and trink
 2489 champagner beneath the willow tree!

2490 [He grabs his schooner and takes a greedy gulp--
 2491 then sets it back down on the table.]

2492 HUGO [in an arrogantly disdainful tone, as if he were
 2493 rebuking a butler]: Dis champagner is unfit to trink--
 2494 it has not been properly iced!

2495 HICKEY [amusedly]: Always a high-toned swell at heart,
 2496 eh, Hugo? God help us poor bums if you ever get to
 2497 telling us where to get off! You'd be drinking our blood
 2498 beneath those willow trees! [chuckles--then as he goes
 2499 on he becomes more moved and obviously sincere] A toast,
 2500 Ladies and Gents! To Bess Hope, who's been a friend in
 2501 need to every one of us! Here's to the old gal, the
 2502 best sport and the kindest, biggest-hearted gal in the
 2503 whole world! Here's wishin' ya all the luck there is,
 2504 and long life and happiness! Come on, everybody!
 2505 To Bess! Bottoms up!

2506 MAC/ED/WILLIE/JOE/JIMMY/PEARL/MARGIE/CORA/ROCKY/CHUCK
 2507 [they've caught his enthusiasm]: To Bess!

2508 [They drain their drinks down.]

2509 HOPE [deeply moved--her voice husky] Thanks, all of ya.
 2510 Bejeez, Hickey you old son of a gun, that's good of ya!
 2511 Bejeez, I know you meant it, too.

2512 HICKEY [moved]: Of course I meant it! And I mean it when
 2513 I say I hope today will be the best day of your life,
 2514 and in the lives of everyone here, the beginning of a
 2515 new life of peace and happiness where no pipe dreams can
 2516 ever nag at you again. Here's to that, Bess!

2517 NARRATOR: But this time he drinks alone--in an instant,
 2518 the attitude of the gang has become uneasy and
 2519 defensive.

2520 ROCKY [growls]: Aw, forget dat bughouse line of bull for
 2521 a minute, can't yuh?

2522 HICKEY [sitting--good-naturedly]: No, you're right--it's
 2523 Bess we want to hear from. Come on, Bess! [He pounds his
 2524 schooner on the table.] Speech! Speech!

2525 [The gang raps their schooners on the table.]

2526 BESS HOPE [lamely]: Bejeez, I'm no good at speeches.
 2527 All I can say is--thanks to everybody for remembering me
 2528 on my birthday. [bitterness coming out] Only don't think
 2529 because I'm sixty I'll be a bigger damned fool easy mark

2933 JOE: Hey you two--cut it out! You's ole friends--don't
2934 let dat Hickey make you crazy!

2935 CHUCK [turns on him]: Keep out of it, yuh black bastard!

2936 ROCKY: Stay where yuh belong, yuh doity dinge!

2937 NARRATOR: Joe springs from behind the counter--
2938 bread knife in his hand.

2939 JOE [snarling with rage]: You white sons of bitches--
2940 I'll rip your guts out!

2941 NARRATOR: As Chuck raises a bottle above his head--and
2942 Rocky jerks a small revolver from his pocket--Larry
2943 pounds hard with his fist on the table.

2944 LARRY: That's it--murder each other, you damned loons!
2945 With Hickey's blessing! Didn't I tell you he's brought
2946 death with him?

2947 NARRATOR: Startled by his interruption, their fury melts
2948 and they look deflated and sheepish.

2949 ROCKY: Aw right...

2950 CHUCK: Yeah...

2951 JOE: Okay...

2952 HUGO [giggles foolishly]: Hello, leedle peoples!
2953 Neffer mind--soon you will eat hot dogs beneath the
2954 villow trees. [abruptly in a haughty fastidious tone]
2955 But the champagner was not properly iced. [with guttural
2956 anger] Gottamned liar, Hickey! Does zat prove I want to
2957 be aristocrat? I love only the proletariat! I will
2958 lead them! I will be like a Gott to zem! They will be my
2959 slaves! [He stops in bewildered self-amazement] I am
2960 very trunk, no, Larry? I talk foolish--I am so trunk,
2961 Larry, old friend--I do not know vhat I say?

2962 LARRY [pityingly]: You're raving drunk, Hugo--I've never
2963 seen you so paralyzed--lay your head down now and
2964 sleep it off.

2965 HUGO [gratefully]: Yes, I will sleep--I am too crazy
2966 trunk.

2967 JOE [behind the lunch counter--brooding]: You's right,
2968 Larry--bad luck come in de door when Hickey come.
2969 I's an ole gamblin' man and I knows bad luck when I
2970 feels it! [then defiantly] But it's white man's

3636 Who d'yuh tink yuh're kiddin'? Dey wasn' no automobile!
 3637 Yuh just quit--cold!

3638 BESS HOPE [feebly]: Guess I oughta know! Bejeez, it
 3639 almost killed me!

3640 HICKEY [kindly]: Now, now, Bess--you've faced the test
 3641 and come through--you're rid of all that nagging dream
 3642 stuff now--you know you can't believe it any more.

3643 BESS HOPE [appeals pleadingly to Larry]: Larry you saw
 3644 it, didn't you--drink up--have another--have all you
 3645 want--bejeez, we'll go on a grand old souse together--
 3646 you saw that automobile, didn't ya?

3647 LARRY [compassionately, avoiding her eyes]:
 3648 Sure, I saw it, Bess--you had a narrow escape--by God,
 3649 I thought you were a goner!

3650 HICKEY [turns on him with a flash of indignation]:
 3651 What the hell's the matter with you, Larry--you know
 3652 what I said about the wrong kind of pity--leave Bess
 3653 alone--you'd think I'd harm her--my oldest friend--what
 3654 kind of a louse do you think I am? There isn't anything
 3655 I wouldn't do for Bess, and she knows it! All I wanna do
 3656 is fix it so she'll finally be at peace for the rest of
 3657 her days! And if you'd only wait, why--! [He turns to
 3658 Bess coaxingly]: Come now, Bess--it's all over and dead!
 3659 Give up that ghost of an automobile.

3660 BESS HOPE [beginning to collapse within herself--dully]:
 3661 Yes, what's the use--now--all a lie--no automobile.
 3662 But, bejeez, something ran over me! Must have been
 3663 myself, I guess. [She forces a feeble smile--then
 3664 wearily] Guess I'll sit down--feel all in--like a
 3665 corpse, bejeez.

3666 NARRATOR: She picks a bottle and glass from the bar,
 3667 walks to the first table and slumps down in a chair.
 3668 The sound of the bottle on the table rouses Hugo.

3669 BESS HOPE [a flat, dead voice]: Hello, Hugo--coming up
 3670 for air? Stay passed out, that's the right dope--
 3671 there ain't any cool willow trees--except the ones that
 3672 come in a bottle.

3673 [He pours a drink and gulps it down.]

3674 HUGO [with his silly giggle]: Hello, Bess, stupid
 3675 proletarian monkey-face! I will trink champagner beneath
 3676 the--[with a change to aristocratic fastidiousness]

3677 But ze slaves must ice it properly! [with guttural rage]
3678 Gottamned Hickey--peddler pimp for nouveau-riche
3679 capitalism! Vhen I lead the jackass mob to the sack of
3680 Babylon, I vill make zem hang him to a lamppost the
3681 first vun!

3682 BESS HOPE [spiritlessly]: That's right an' I'll help ya
3683 pull on the rope! Have a drink, Hugo.

3684 HUGO [frightened]: No, sank you--I am too trunk now--
3685 I hear myself say crazy sings. Do not listen, please--
3686 Larry vill tell you I haf never been so crazy trunk--
3687 I must sleep it off.

3688 NARRATOR: Starting to put his head on his arms, he stops
3689 and stares at Bess with growing uneasiness.

3690 HUGO: What's matter, Bess--you look funny--you look
3691 dead--vhat's happened? I don't know you--listen, I feel
3692 I am dying, too--because I am so crazy trunk--it is very
3693 necessary I sleep--but I can't sleep here with you--
3694 you look dead.

3695 NARRATOR: In a panic, Hugo scrambles to his feet.
3696 Turning his back on Bess, he plops down at the next
3697 table--thrusting down his head on his arms like an
3698 ostrich in the sand.

3699 LARRY [to Hickey with bitter condemnation]: Another one
3700 who's begun to enjoy your peace!

3701 HICKEY: Oh, I know it's tough on him right now, same as
3702 it is on Bess--but that's only the first shock--
3703 I promise you they'll both be fine.

3704 LARRY: And you believe that! I see you do--you mad fool!

3705 HICKEY: Of course I believe it! I tell you I know from
3706 my own experience!

3707 BESS HOPE [spiritlessly]: Close that big clam o' yours,
3708 Hickey--you're a worse gabber than that nagging asshole
3709 Harry was.

3710 [She drinks her drink mechanically and pours another.]

3711 ROCKY [in amazement]: Jeez, did yuh hear dat?

3712 BESS HOPE [dully]: What's wrong with this booze--there's
3713 no kick in it.

3793 beginning to feel free--from guilt and lyin' hopes--
 3794 finally at peace with yourself.

3795 BESS HOPE [with a dull callousness]: Somebody croaked
 3796 your Evelyn, eh? Bejeez, my bets are on the iceman!
 3797 But who the hell cares--let's get drunk and pass out.
 3798 [She tosses down her drink with a lifeless, automatic
 3799 movement--complainingly] Bejeez, what did you do to the
 3800 booze, Hickey--there's no damned life left in it.

3801 PARRITT: [stammers]: Don't look like that, Larry--
 3802 you've got to believe what I told you--it had nothing to
 3803 do with her--it was just to get a few lousy dollars!

3804 [Hugo suddenly pounds on the table with his fists.]

3805 HUGO: Don't be a fool--buy me a trink! But no more
 3806 champagner! It is not properly iced! [with guttural
 3807 rage] Gottamned stupid proletarian slaves--buy me a
 3808 trink or I will have you shot! [He collapses into abject
 3809 begging.] Please, for Gott's sake--I am not trunk
 3810 enough--I cannot sleep--life is a crazy monkey-face--
 3811 always there is blood beneath the villow trees--I hate
 3812 it and I am afraid! [He hides his face on his arms,
 3813 sobbing muffledly.] Please, I am crazy trunk--I say
 3814 crazy sings--for Gott's sake, do not listen to me!

3815 HICKEY [with worried kindness] You're beginning to
 3816 worry me, Bess--something's holding you up. I don't see
 3817 what-- You've faced the truth about yourself--you've
 3818 killed your nagging pipe dream. Oh I know it knocks you
 3819 cold--but only for a minute--then you see it was the
 3820 only way to peace--and you feel happy--like I did.
 3821 That's what worries me, old friend--it's time you began
 3822 to feel...happy...

3823 [Brief musical interlude]

3824 NARRATOR: Around half past one in the morning, the
 3825 tables in the bar have a new arrangement.

3826 Two bottles of whiskey are on each--with glasses and a
 3827 pitcher of water.

3828 At one table sit Larry, Hugo and Parritt--at another
 3829 Cora and The Captain--at another, Mac and The General--
 3830 and at the last, Willie, Bess, Ed and Jimmy.

3831 Slumbering in a chair next to the bar--asleep--is Joe.
 3832 Rocky approaches him from behind.

That's kind. I knew you were the only one who could understand my side of it.

NARRATOR: He gets to his feet and turns toward the hall.

HUGO [bursts into his silly giggle]: Hello, leedle Parritt, leedle monkey-face--don't be a fool--buy me a trink!

PARRITT [puts on an act of dramatic bravado--forcing a grin]: Sure, I will, Hugo! Tomorow! Beneath the willow trees!

NARRATOR: He walks into the hallway with a careless swagger then disappears.

HUGO [after Parritt stupidly]: Stupid fool! Hickey make you crazy, too. [He turns to the oblivious Larry--with a timid eagerness] I'm glad, Larry, zey take that crazy Hickey away to asylum--he makes me have bad dreams--he makes me tell lies about myself--he makes me want to spit on all I have ever dreamed. Yes, I am glad zey take him to asylum--I don't feel I am dying now. He was selling death to me, that crazy salesman. I sink I have a trink now, Larry.

[He pours a drink and gulps it down.]

BESS HOPE [jubilantly]: Bejeez, gang, I'm feeling the old kick--or I'm a liar! It's putting life back in me! Bejeez, if all I've lapped up begins to hit me, I'll be paralyzed before I know it! It was Hickey kept it from us--Bejeez, I know how that sounds, but he was crazy, and he got all of us as bughouse as he was. Bejeez, it does strange things to ya, having to listen day and night to a lunatic's pipe dreams--pretending you believe 'em, to kid him along and doing any crazy thing he wants to humor him. It's dangerous, too--look at me pretending to go for a walk just to keep him quiet. I knew damned well it wasn't the right day for it. The sun was broiling and the streets full of automobiles. Bejeez, I could feel myself getting sunstroke, and an automobile damn near ran over me.

NARRATOR: She appeals to Rocky--afraid of the result, but daring it.

BESS HOPE: Ask Rocky--he was watching. Didn't it, Rocky?

ROCKY [a bit tipsily but earnestly]: De automobile, Boss? Sure, I seen it! Just missed yuh! I thought yuh

4735 was a goner. [Assuming the old kidding tone of the gang,
4736 but hesitantly, as if still a little afraid.] On de woid
4737 of a honest bahtender!

4738 BESS HOPE [her old self]: Huh! Bar-robber is more
4739 like it. You and Chuck ought to have cards in the
4740 Burglars' Union!

4741 [The gang laughs eagerly]

4742 BESS HOPE: Bejeez, it's good to hear someone
4743 laugh again! All the time that bastard--I mean--poor old
4744 Hickey was here, I didn't have the heart--Bejeez, I'm
4745 getting drunk and glad of it! [She cackles. Bottle being
4746 picked up.] Come on, gang--it's on the house.

4747 [Many drinks are poured.]

4748 BESS HOPE [sentimental]: Poor old Hickey--we mustn't
4749 hold him responsible for anything he's done--we'll
4750 forget that--and only remember him the way he was before
4751 --the kindest, biggest-hearted drummer who ever wore
4752 shoe leather.

4753 CORA/ROCKY/CHUCK: Dat's right, Bess!

4754 THE GENERAL: Vhat's all!

4755 JIMMY/THE CAPTAIN/WILLIE: Finest drummer!

4756 ED/MAC/JOE: Best scout!

4757 BESS HOPE: Good luck to you in Matteawan, Hickey!
4758 Come on, bottoms up!

4759 [They all drink.]

4760 NARRATOR: At his table--his hands tensely gripping the
4761 edge--sits Larry, listening intently.

4762 LARRY [cannot hold back an anguished exclamation]:
4763 Christ! Why don't he [jump for god's sake]--!

4764 HUGO [beginning to be drunk again--peers at him]:
4765 Why don't he what? Don't be a fool--Hickey's gone--
4766 he vas crazy. Have a trink. [then as he receives no
4767 reply--with vague uneasiness] What's matter with you?
4768 You look funny. What you listen for, Larry?

4769 CORA [tipsily]: Well, I thank Gawd me and Chuck did all
4770 we could to humor de poor nut. Jeez, imagine us goin'
4771 off like we really meant to git married, when we ain't
4772 even picked out a farm yet!

4773 CHUCK [eagerly]: Sure ting, Baby--we kidded him we was
4774 serious.

4775 JIMMY [confidently--with a gentle, drunken zeal]:
4776 I may as well say I detected his condition almost at
4777 once. All that talk of his about tomorrow, for example.
4778 He had the fixed idea of the insane. It only makes them
4779 worse to cross them.

4780 WILLIE [eagerly]: Same with me, Jimmy--only I spent the
4781 day in the park--I wasn't such a damned fool as to [try
4782 to]--

4783 THE CAPTAIN [getting jauntily drunk]: Picture my
4784 predicament had gone to the Consulate. The pal of mine
4785 there is a humorous blighter. He would have got me a job
4786 out of pure spite. Instead I strolled about and finally
4787 came to roost in the park. [He grins with affectionate
4788 kidding at The General] And lo and behold, who was on
4789 the neighboring bench but my old battlefield companion,
4790 the Boer that walks like a man--who, if the British
4791 Government had taken my advice, would have been removed
4792 from his fetid pen on the veldt straight to the baboon's
4793 cage at the London Zoo, and little children would now be
4794 asking their nurses: "Tell me, Nana, is that the Boer
4795 General, the one with the blue behind?"

4796 [The gang laughs uproariously.]

4797 THE CAPTAIN: No offense meant, old chap.

4798 THE GENERAL [beaming]: No offense taken, you tanned
4799 Limey! [going on--grinningly] About a job--I felt de
4800 same as de Limey here.

4801 HUGO [with uneasy insistence]: What's matter, Larry--
4802 you look scared--vhat you listen for out zere?

4803 JOE [with drunken self-assurance]: No, suh, I wasn't
4804 fool enough to git in no crap game--not while Hickey's
4805 around--crazy people puts a jinx on you.

4806 MAC [with drunken earnestness]: You saw how it was--
4807 no good trying to explain to a crazy guy that it ain't
4808 the right time--you know how getting reinstated is.

4809 ED: Sure, the same with the circus. The boys tell me the
4810 rubes are spendin' all their money buying food and times
4811 was never so hard. And I never was one to cheat for
4812 chicken feed.

4813 BESS HOPE [looks around her in an ecstasy of bleery
4814 sentimental content]: Bejeez, I'm cockeyed! Bejeez,
4815 you're all cockeyed! Bejeez, we're all all right!
4816 Let's have another!

4817 [They pour out drinks.]

4818 HUGO [reiterates stupidly]: Vhat's matter, Larry--why
4819 you keep eyes shut--you look dead--vhat you listen for?

4820 NARRATOR: Larry doesn't answer. Or open his eyes.
4821 Suddenly, Hugo bolts up and backs away from the table.

4822 HUGO [mumbling with frightened anger]: Crazy fool--you
4823 is crazy like Hickey--you give me bad dreams, too.

4824 ROCKY [greet's him with boisterous affection]:
4825 Hello, dere, Hugo--welcome to de party!

4826 BESS HOPE: Yes, bejeez, Hugo--sit down--have a drink!
4827 Have ten drinks, bejeez!

4828 HUGO [giving his familiar giggle]: Hello, leedle Bess!
4829 Hello, nice, leedle, funny monkey-faces! [warming up,
4830 changes abruptly to his usual declamatory denunciation]
4831 Gottamned stupid bourgeois! Soon comes the Day of
4832 Judgment!

4833 THE CAPTAIN [good-naturedly derisive]: Sit down!

4834 CHUCK [good-naturedly derisive]: Can it!

4835 HUGO [giggling good-naturedly]: Give me ten trinks,
4836 Bess--don't be a fool.

4837 [The gang laughs.]

4838 NARRATOR: Everyone turns towards the rear as Margie and
4839 Pearl appear, drunk and disheveled.

4840 MARGIE [defensively truculent]: Make way for two good
4841 whores!

4842 PEARL: Yeah! And we want a drink quick!

4843 MARGIE: Shake de lead outa your pants, Pimp! A little
4844 soivice!

4845 ROCKY [face grinning welcome]: Well, look who's here!
4846 [He goes to them with open arms.] Hello, dere,
4847 Sweethearts! Jeez, I was beginnin' to worry about yuh,
4848 honest!

4922 BESS HOPE [calls effusively] Hey there, Larry! Come over
4923 and get paralyzed! What the hell you doin', just sittin'
4924 there?

4925 NARRATOR: But Larry doesn't reply. Almost immediately,
4926 she forgets him and turns back to the gang.

4927 BESS HOPE: Bejeez, let's sing! Let's celebrate. It's my
4928 birthday party! Bejeez, I'm oreyed!

4929 HUGO [singing in French]: Dansons la Carmagnole! Vive le
4930 son! Vive le son! Dansons la Carmagnole! Vive le son des
4931 canons!

4932 [The gang howls derisively.]

4933 HUGO: Capitalist svine! Stupid bourgeois monkeys!
4934 [declaiming] "The days grow hot, O Babylon!"

4935 WILLIE/ED/JOE/THE CAPTAIN/THE
4936 GENERAL/JIMMY/MAC/CORA/ROCKY/CHUCK [taking it up]: 'Tis
4937 cool beneath thy willow trees!

4938 [They pound their glasses on the table.]

4939 NARRATOR: In his chair--staring straight ahead--
4940 oblivious to all the racket, sits Larry.

4941 [The gang roars with boisterous laughter.]

4942 HUGO [giggles]:

4943 THE END