

BY MOUTH | Martin Garrison, Producer
martin@bymouth.org

ROLE: **WILLIE**

WILLIE: An erudite-sounding man in his 30's who left Harvard Law School upon the ruin of his prominent industrialist father. Willie speaks with "mocking suavity." of starting his legal career but shudders continually in his drunken stupor.

3 takes + pickups = \$375.

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 WILLIE LINES 506-532

WILLIE LINES BEGIN ON NEXT PAGE

77 ROCKY [exasperated not angry]: He's lucky we know him--
78 or he'd wake up every morning in a hospital.

79 LARRY: No one takes him seriously.

80 ROCKY: He's gonna pull dat slave-girl stuff on me once
81 too often. [defensively] Hell, yuh'd tink I was a pimp or
82 sometin'--everybody knows me knows I ain't--I'm a
83 bahtender. Dem tarts, Margie and Poirl, dey're just a
84 side line to pick up some extra dough--strictly
85 business. I fix de cops for dem so's dey can hustle
86 widout gettin' pinched. Hell, dey'd be in the clink if
87 it weren't fer me. And I don't beat dem up like a pimp
88 would--I treat dem fine. So what if I do take deir
89 dough--dey'd on'y trow it away. Tarts can't hang on to
90 dough--me, I'm a bahtender and I work hard for my livin'
91 in dis dump--you know dat, Larry.

92 LARRY [flatteringly]: A shrewd business man, who doesn't
93 miss any opportunity to get on in the world. That's what
94 I'd call you.

95 ROCKY [pleased]: Sure ting--dat's me--have another,
96 Larry.

97 NARRATOR: Larry pours himself another drink from the
98 bottle.

99 ROCKY: Yuh'd tink dese bums didn't have a good bed
100 upstairs to go to. Scared if dey hit de hay de wouldn't
101 be here when Hickey showed up and dey'd miss a coupla
102 drinks. Dat's what keeps you up too, ain't it?

103 LARRY: It's not so much--for me--the hope of booze, if
104 you can believe that. It's that Hickey is such a great
105 one for making a joke of everything--it cheers me up.

106 ROCKY: Yeah, he's some kidder! Remember how he woiks up
107 dat gag about his wife, when he's cockeyed, cryin' over
108 her picture and den springin' it on yuh all of a sudden
109 dat he left her in de hay wid de iceman? [laughs] What's
110 happened to him? Yuh could set yer watch by his
111 periodicals before dis. Always a coupla days before
112 Bess's birthday party, and now he's only got tonight to
113 make it. Dis dump is like de moigue wid all dese bums
114 passed out.

115 NARRATOR: Willie jerks and twitches in his sleep.

116 WILLIE [mumbling from his dream]: It's a lie! It's a
117 lie!

ROCKY [frowning]: Jeez I've seen him bad before but never this bad. Look at dat get-up. Sold his suit and shoes at Solly's two days ago. Solly give him two bucks and a bum outfit. Yesterday, he sells de bum one back to Solly fer four bits and gets dese rags to put on. Now he's through. Solly's final edition he wouldn't take back fer nuttin'.

LARRY: It's a great game, the pursuit of happiness.

ROCKY: De Boss dunno what to do about him. She called up Willie's old lady's lawyer like she always does when Willie gets licked. Yuh remember dey used to send somebody down to bring him somewheres to dry out? This time the lawyer says the old lady's off Willie for keeps--that he can go to hell.

LARRY: I think he's knocking on the door right now.

WILLIE [yelling in his nightmare]: It's a God-damned lie! [begins to sob]

ROCKY: Hey you! Cut out de noise!

NARRATOR: Proprietor Bess Hope opens one eye over her spectacles.

BESS HOPE: Who's that yellin'?

ROCKY: Willie, Boss. De Brooklyn boys is after him again.

BESS HOPE: Well, why don't you give the poor bugger a drink to keep him quiet? Bejeez, can't I get a wink of sleep in my own back room.

ROCKY [indignantly to Larry in a low voice]: Listen to that blind and deaf old gal, will yuh? She give me strict orders not to let Willie have no more drinks, no matter what—

NARRATOR: Bess puts her hand to her ear.

BESS HOPE: What's that? I can't hear you. [Then drowsily irascible] You're a cockeyed liar. Never refused a drink to anyone needed it bad in my life! Told you to use your judgement. You're too busy thinking up ways to cheat me. Oh, I ain't as blind as you think--I can still see a cash register bejeez!

ROCKY [grins at her affectionately]: Sure, Boss. [flatteringly] Swell chance of foolin' you!

156 BESS HOPE: I'm wise to ya. Bejeez, you're a burglar not
157 a barkeep. Laughin' behind my back, tellin' people you
158 throw money up in the air and whatever sticks to the
159 ceilin' is my share! A fine crook you are--you'd steal
160 the pennies off your dead mother's eyes!

161 ROCKY: Aw, Boss...

162 BESS HOPE [more drowsily]: I'll fire ya, bejeez, if you
163 think you can play me for an easy mark. No one ever
164 played Bess Hope for a sucker!

165 ROCKY [aside to Larry]: No one but everybody.

166 BESS HOPE [eyes shut again--mutters]: Least you could do
167 is keep things quiet--

168 NARRATOR: Soon, Bess is asleep again.

169 WILLIE [pleading]: Give me a drink, Rocky--Bess said it
170 was all right.

171 ROCKY: Den grab it--it's right under your nose.

172 NARRATOR: With twitching hands, Willie takes the bottle,
173 tilts it to his lips and gulps down the whiskey.

174 ROCKY [sharply]: When--when! [grabs bottle] I didn't say
175 take a bath!

176 LARRY: Leave him be, poor devil. A half pint in one swig
177 will fix him for a while--if it doesn't kill him.

178 ROCKY: Aw right--it ain't my booze.

179 JOE: Whose booze--gimme some. Where's Hickey? What
180 time's it, Rocky?

181 ROCKY: Time you begun to sweep up de bar.

182 JOE: I was dreamin' Hickey come in, crackin' one of his
183 drummer's jokes, wavin' a big bankroll and we was all
184 goin' be drunk for two weeks. [Suddenly his eyes go
185 wide.] Wait a minute--I got an idea--say, Larry, how
186 'bout dat young guy came to look you up last night and
187 rented a room? Where's he at?

188 LARRY: In his room--asleep. Anyway, he's broke.

189 JOE: Dat what he told ya? Me and Rocky knows different.
190 Had a roll--didn't he--when he paid his room rent--
191 I seen it.

He displays it whenever he's completely plastered. The bloke opposite him is The General, who led a commando in the Boer War. The two of them met when they came here to work in the war exhibit at the World's Fair and they've been bosom pals ever since. They dream away the hours in happy dispute over the brave days in South Africa when they tried to murder each other. The little guy between 'em was in it, too--correspondent for some English paper. Jimmy Tomorrow we call him. He's the leader of our Tomorrow Movement.

PARRITT: What do they do for a living?

LARRY: As little as possible. Once in a while one of 'em makes a successful touch somewhere, and some of 'em get a few dollars a month from back home on the condition they never come back. For the rest, they live on free lunch and their old friend, Bess Hope.

PARRITT: Must be a tough life.

LARRY: It's not. Oh, they manage to get drunk, by hook or by crook. In fact, I've never known more contented men. Same applies to Bess and her two cronies there. She's so satisfied with life she's not set foot out of this place since her husband died twenty years ago. The place has a decent trade from the Market folks and waterfront workers across the street, so in spite of Bess's thirst and her generous heart, she comes out even. Don't ask me what her friends work at because they don't--except at being her guests. The one facing this way is her brother-in-law Ed. He once worked for the circus. The other one, Mac, was a police lieutenant back in the flush times of graft. But he got too greedy and when the usual reforms came he was caught red-handed and thrown off the Force. Joe here...his yesterday was in the same flush period. He ran a colored gambling house and was a hell of a sport, so they say. Well, that's the family circle. Except for Rocky the barkeep and his girls, two "ladies of the evening" that room on the third floor.

WILLIE: Why omit me from your Who's Who in Dypsomania, Larry? An unpardonable slight, especially as I am the only inmate of royal blood.[to Parritt--ramblingly] Educated at Harvard, you see--you must have noticed the atmosphere of culture here--my humble contribution. Yes, Generous Stranger--I trust you're generous--I was born

the heir of the late world famous Bill Oban, King of the Bucket Shops. A revolution deposed him, conducted by the District Attorney--he was sent into exile--in fact, not to mince matters, they locked him in the can and threw away the key. And so he died. Undoubtedly all this is known to you. Everyone in the world knows.

PARRITT: No, I never heard of him.

WILLIE: Never heard? Why, even at Harvard my father was well known by reputation, although that was some time before the District Attorney gave him so much unwelcome publicity. Yes, even as a freshman I was notorious. Harvard was my father's idea--always knowing what was best for me. But I did make myself a brilliant student--I was a brilliant student at Law School, too--my father wanted a lawyer in the family. A thorough knowledge of the law close at hand to help him find fresh ways to evade it. But I discovered a loophole--whiskey--and escaped his jurisdiction. [abruptly to Parritt] Speaking of whiskey, sir, reminds me--and, I hope, reminds you--that when meeting a Prince the customary salutation is "What'll you have?"

PARRITT: All you guys seem to think I'm made of dough. Where would I get the coin to buy for everyone?

WILLIE [skeptically]: Broke? You haven't the look of the impecunious. I'd judge you to be a plutocrat--your pockets stuffed with ill-gotten gains. Two or three dollars, at least. And we shall not question where you got it. As Vespasian remarked, the smell of all whiskey is sweet.

PARRITT [defensively]: What do you mean, how I got it? [forcing a laugh]: Me a plutocrat! I've been in the Movement my whole life.

WILLIE: One of those, eh? Go away and blow yourself up, that's a good lad. Hugo's the only licensed preacher of that gospel here. He would sooner blow the froth off a schooner of beer as look at you! [pause] Let us ignore this useless youth, Larry. Let us join in prayer that Hickey, the Great Salesman, will soon arrive bringing blessed bourgeois greenbacks! Meanwhile, I will sing a song. [boisterously singing] "Jack, oh, Jack, was a sailer lad, And he came to a tavern for gin. He rapped and he rapped with [rap, rap, rap], But never a soul seemed in. He rapped and rapped, and tapped and tapped,

555 Enough to wake the dead, Till he heard a damsel [rap,
556 rap, rap], On a window right over his head."

557 BESS HOPE [with fuming irritation]: Bejeez Rocky--can't
558 you keep that crazy bastard quiet?

559 WILLIE: "Oh, come up," she cried, "my sailor lad, And
560 you and I'll agree, And I'll show ya the prettiest [rap,
561 rap, rap], That ever you did see."

562 NARRATOR: Rocky shakes Willie by the shoulder roughly.

563 ROCKY: What d'yuh tink dis dump is, a dump?

564 BESS HOPE: Go on--lock him in his room!

565 ROCKY: Come on, Bum!

566 WILLIE: No, please, Rocky--I'll go crazy up in that room
567 alone! Please, Bess--let me stay--I'll be quiet!

568 BESS HOPE [immediately relents--indignantly]: What the
569 hell you doing to him, Rocky? I didn't tell you to
570 beat up the poor guy--leave him alone, long as he's
571 quiet.

572 WILLIE: Thanks, Bess--you are an esteemed lady.

573 BESS HOPE [to Ed & Mac]: Leave it to that Dago to keep
574 order and it's like bedlam in a cathouse. [brief pause]
575 And you two barflies are a hell of a help to me, ain't
576 ya? Eat and sleep and get drunk--all you're good for,
577 bejeez! Well, you can take that "I'll-have-the-same"
578 look off your mugs--there ain't gonna to be no more
579 drinks on the house til hell freezes over!

580 MAC [winking at each other]: Sure, Bess.

581 ED: That's right.

582 BESS HOPE: Yeah, grin--wink, bejeez! Fine pair of slobs
583 to have glued on me for life!

584 THE CAPTAIN: Have I been drinking at the same table with
585 a bloody Kaffir?

586 JOE [grinning] Hello, Captain--you comin' up for air?
587 Kaffir--who's he?

588 THE GENERAL: Dot's a nigga, Joe--dot's joke on him. He's
589 still plind drunk, the bloody Limey chentlemen! A great
590 mistake I missed him at the pattle of Modder River.
591 Vit mine rifle I shoot damn fool Limey officers py da

LARRY: Nothin', Bess. Just had a crazy thought in my head.

BESS HOPE: Crazy is right--yah old wise guy! Wise, hell!
A damned old fool Anarchist-I-Won't-Work-er! I'm sick of
you--and Hugo, too. You'll pay up tomorrow or I'll start
a Bess Hope Revolution! I'll tie bombs to your tails
that'll blow ya out to the street! Bejeez I'll make your
Movement move! [cackles]

MAC & ED [guffaw]:

ED: Bess, you sure say the funniest things. [pause]
Hell, where's my drink? That damn Rocky's too fast
cleaning tables--why, I'd only taken a sip of it.

BESS HOPE: No, you don't! Any time you only take one sip
of a drink, you'll have lockjaw or paralysis! Think you
can kid me with those old circus con games? Me, that's
known ya since you was knee-high, and, bejeez, you was a
crook even then!

MAC: It's not like you to be so hard-hearted, Bess.
It's hot, parching work laughin' at your jokes so early
in the mornin' on an empty stomach!

BESS HOPE: Yah! You, Mac--another crook! Who asked you
to laugh? Bejeez, Harry'd never forgive me if he knew
I had you two bums living in his house, throwin' ashes
and cigar butts on his floor. "That Mac is the biggest
drunken grafter that ever disgraced the police force,"
he used to say.

MAC: He was angry because you used to get me drunk.
But he knew I was innocent of all the charges.

WILLIE: Lieutenant Mac--are you aware you are under
oath? Do you realize what the penalty for perjury is?
Come now, Lieutenant, isn't it a fact that you're as
guilty as hell? Gentleman of the jury, the court will
now recess while the D.A. sings a little ditty he
learned at Harvard. [sings] "Oh, come up, " she cried,
"my sailor lad, And you and I'll agree. And I'll show
you the prettiest [rap, rap, rap] That ever you did
see."

BESS HOPE [threatening]: Rocky!

WILLIE: Please, Bess--I'll be quiet--don't make him
bounce me upstairs--I'll go crazy alone! [pause]
I apologize, Mac--don't be sore--I was only kidding you.

NARRATOR: Seing Bess relent, Rocky returns to the bar.

MAC: Sure, Willie, kid all you like--I'm used to it.
[pauses--then seriously] But I'm tellin' ya--some day
before long I'm going to make 'em reopen my case.
Everyone knows there was no real evidence against me,
and I took the fall for the ones higher up. This time
I'll be found innocent and reinstated. My old job on the
force. The boys tell me there's fine pickings these
days, and I'm not getting rich here, sitting with a
parched throat waiting for Bess to buy me a drink.

WILLIE: Of course, you'll be reinstated, Mac. All you
need is a brilliant young attorney to handle your case.
I'll be straightened out and on the wagon in a day or
two. I've never practiced but I was one of the most
brilliant law students in Law School and your case is
just the opportunity I need to start. You will let me
take your case, won't you, Mac?

MAC: Sure I will and it will make your reputation,
Willie.

NARRATOR: Ed winks at Bess, shaking his head, and Bess
does the same.

LARRY: I'll be damned if I haven't heard their visions a
thousand times? Why should it get under my skin now?
[pause] I wish to hell Hickey'd turn up.

ED: Poor Willie needs a drink bad, Bess--and I think if
we all joined him it'd make him feel he was among
friends and cheer him up.

BESS HOPE: More circus con tricks! Harry had you sized
up--he used to tell me, "I don't know what you see in
that worthless, drunken, petty-thief brother of mine.
If I had my way," he'd say, "he'd get booted out into
the gutter on his fat behind." Sometimes he didn't say
behind, either.

ED: Remember the time he sent me down to the bar to
change a ten-dollar bill for him?

BESS HOPE: Do I Bejeez! [cackles]

ED: I was sure surprised when he gave me the
ten-spot. Harry usually had better sense, but he was in
a hurry to get to church. I didn't really mean to do it,
but you know how habit gets you. Besides, I still worked
then and the circus season was going to begin soon, and

NARRATOR: Rocky appears in the rear doorway, his arm around Hickey.

ROCKY: Here's the old son of a gun!

NARRATOR: They all stand and greet him.

JIMMY: Hello, Hickey!

ED: If it ain't...

JOE: It sho is.

MAC: Hickey!

WILLIE: My boy!

THE CAPTAIN: How goes it old chum?

THE GENERAL: Velcome, Hickey.

NARRATOR: Even Hugo raises his head and blinks through his glasses.

HICKEY [jovially]: Hello, Gang! [He immediately puts on on entrance act.] "It's always fair weather, when good fellas get together!" [changing to bass and another tune] "And another little drink won't do us any harm!"
[The gang cheers.]

NARRATOR: Rocky grins and goes to get drinks. Hickey comes forward and doffs his cap affectionately to Bess.

HICKEY [smiling]: Hickey, at your service, fine lady.

BESS HOPE [blushing]: Bejeez Hickey, you old bastard, it's good to see you!

NARRATOR: As Hickey shakes hands with the gang, Rocky sets out whiskey glasses and a bottle on every table.

BESS HOPE: Sit down, Hickey--sit down.

[Hickey sits.]

BESS HOPE: Bejeez Hickey, it seems natural as rain to see your grinnin' mug. This dumb broad here was tryin' to tell us you'd changed, but you ain't changed a bit. How you been doin'? Bejeez you look like a million bucks.

ROCKY: Here's your key, Hickey--same old room.

1166 HICKEY: Thanks, Rocky--I'm going up in a little while to
1167 grab a snooze--haven't been able to sleep lately an' I'm
1168 tired as hell--a couple of hours will fix me.

1169 BESS HOPE: First time I ever heard you worry about
1170 sleep. Bejeez, you never would go to bed (cackles
1171 suggestively) Get a few slugs in ya and you'll forget
1172 sleepin'. Here's mud in your eye, Hickey.

1173 WILLIE: To Hickey!

1174 ED: Hickey!

1175 JOE: To you, suh!

1176 MAC: Bottoms up!

1177 JIMMY: To your health!

1178 THE CAPTAIN: Cheers!

1179 THE GENERAL: Vat's right!

1180 HICKEY: Drink hearty, boys and girls!

1181 NARRATOR: All drink but Hickey.

1182 BESS HOPE: Bejeez is that a new stunt, not drinkin'?

1183 HICKEY: No, I forgot to tell Rocky--you'll have to
1184 excuse me, boys and girls, but I'm off the stuff.
1185 For keeps.

1186 BESS HOPE: What the hell-- [then choosing to play along]
1187 Sure! Joined the Salvation Army, did ya? Take that
1188 bottle away from him, Rocky--we wouldn't want to tempt
1189 him into sin. [chuckles]

1190 [The gang laughs.]

1191 HICKEY: No, honest, Bess, I know it's hard to believe
1192 but--[pauses then simply] Cora was right--I've changed.
1193 I mean, about booze. I don't need it anymore.

1194 NARRATOR: They all stare a bit uneasily.

1195 BESS HOPE [her kidding's a bit forced]: Yeah, go ahead,
1196 kid the pants off us, bejeez! Cora said you was coming
1197 to save us--well, go on--start the service--sing a
1198 God-damned hymn if you like--we'll all join in the
1199 chorus.

1200 HICKEY [grinning]: Oh, hell--you don't think I'd come
1201 around here peddling some brand of temperance bunk,

light the candles on the cake when you hear us coming,
and Cora you start playing Bess's favorite song. Hustle
now, everybody--we want this to come off in style.

CORA: Jeez, I ain't laid my mits on a box in Gawd knows
when.

[She begins to play "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley"]

LARRY [suddenly laughs--in his comically intense, crazy
tone] By God, it's the second feast of Belshazzar, with
Hickey doing the writing on the wall!

CORA [while playing]: Aw, shut up, Old Cemetery--always
beefin'!

NARRATOR: Willie emerges from the hall in a terrible
state--his face pasty, his eyes sick and haunted.

CORA: If it ain't Prince Willie! [then kindly] Gee, kid,
yuh look sick--git a coupla shots in yuh.

WILLIE [tensely]: No, thanks--not now--I'm tapering off.

NARRATOR: He sits down next to Larry.

CORA [astonished]: What d'yuh know--he means it!

WILLIE [confidentially--in a low shaken voice] It's been
hell up in that damned room, Larry! The things I've
imagined! [He shudders.] I thought I'd go crazy. [with
pathetic boastful pride] But I've got it beat now. By
tomorrow morning I'll be on the wagon. I'll get back my
clothes the first thing. Hickey's loaning me the money.
I'm going to do what I've always said--go to the D.A.'s
office. He was a good friend of my Old Man's. He was
only assistant, then. He was in on the graft, but my Old
Man never squealed on him. So he certainly owes it to me
to give me a chance. And he knows I was a brilliant
law student. [self-reassuringly] Oh, I know I can make
good, now I'm getting off the booze forever. [moved]
I owe a lot to Hickey--he's made me wake up to myself--
see what a fool-- It wasn't nice to face but-- [with
bitter resentment] It isn't what he says--it's what you
feel behind--what he hints--Christ, you'd think all I
really wanted to do with my life was sit here and stay
drunk. [with hatred] I'll show him!

LARRY--[masking pity behind a sardonic tone] If you want
my advice, you'll put the nearest bottle to your mouth
until you don't give a damn about Hickey!

NARRATOR: Willie stares at a bottle greedily--tempted.

WILLIE [bitterly]: That's fine advice--I thought you were my friend!

NARRATOR: Willie moves to the end of the table, where he sits shaking in misery--chin to chest.

Parritt enters from the hall looking frightened.
Relieved when he sees Larry, he slips into the chair next to him. Larry pretends not to notice.

PARRITT: Gee, I'm glad you're here, Larry. That damned fool Hickey knocked on my door. I opened it because I thought it was you--and he came busting in and made me come downstairs. I don't know what for--I don't belong at this birthday celebration--I don't know this gang and I don't want to be mixed up with 'em. All I came here for was to find you.

LARRY [tensely]: I've warned you--

PARRITT [goes on as if he hadn't heard]: Can't you make Hickey mind his own business? I don't like that guy--the way he acts, you'd think he had something on me. Why, just now he pats me on the shoulder, like he was sympathizing with me, and says, "I know how it is, son, but you can't hide from yourself, not even here on the bottom of the sea--you've got to face the truth and then do what must be done for your own peace and the happiness of all concerned." What did he mean by that, Larry?

LARRY [snaps]: How the hell would I know?

PARRITT: Then he grins and says, "Never mind. Larry's getting wise to himself. I think you can rely on his help in the end. He'll have to choose between livin' and dyin', and he'll never choose to die while there's a breath left in the old bastard!" And then he laughed like it was a joke on you. [pause] Well, what do you say to that, Larry?

LARRY: I say nothing. Except you're a bigger fool than he is to listen to him.

PARRITT [with a sneer]: Is that so? He's no fool where you're concerned--he's got your number, all right!

NARRATOR: Larry's face tightens but he keeps silent.

2296 like, I can't spend my life sitting here with you,
2297 ruining my stomach with rotgut. I'm tapering off, and in
2298 the morning I'll be fresh as a daisy. I'll have me a
2299 private chat with the Commissioner. [with forced
2300 enthusiasm] Man alive, from what the boys tell me,
2301 there's sugar galore these days, and I'll soon be
2302 ridin' around in a big red automobile--

2303 ED [derisively--in a Chinese accent]: One Lung Hop put
2304 fresh peanut oil in lamp and cook Lieutenant nice fine
2305 poppy! It Lieutenant night off!

2306 MAC [stung--pulls back a fist threateningly]:
2307 One more crack like that and I'll [knock your]--!

2308 ED [putting up his fists]: Yeah? You start it--!

2309 ROCKY: Hey--are you guys nuts--it's de Boss's boithday
2310 party--sit down and behave!

2311 ED [grumpily]: All right--only tell him to lay off me.

2312 MAC [grumpily]: And tell him to lay off me.

2313 NARRATOR: Hickey bursts in from the hall, excited.

2314 HICKEY: Everything all set? Fine--half a minute to go--
2315 Bess's starting down with Jimmy. I had a hard time
2316 getting them to move--they'd rather stay hiding up
2317 there, kidding each other along. [He chuckles.]
2318 Bess don't even wanna remember it's her birthday now!
2319 [There's a noise from the stairs.] Here they come!
2320 [urgently] Light the candles! Get ready to play, Cora!
2321 Stand up, everybody! Get that champagne ready, boys!

2322 NARRATOR: Rocky and Chuck go behind the bar. Margie and
2323 Pearl light the candles on the cake. Cora puts her hands
2324 over the piano keys. Everybody at the table stands up--
2325 Hugo the last, suddenly coming to and scrambling to his
2326 feet. Bess and Jimmy appear from the hall, and Hickey
2327 looks up from his watch.

2328 HICKEY: On the dot--it's twelve! [like a cheerleader]
2329 Come on now, everybody:

2330 HICKEY/WILLIE/PEARL/MAGGIE/CORA/ROCKY/CHUCK/JOE/
2331 THE CAPTAIN/THE GENERAL [spiritless except Hickey]:
2332 Happy Birthday, Bess!

2333 [Cora begins playing.]

2373 ED [uninspired]: Sure, Bess.

2374 WILLIE: [uninspired]: Yes.

2375 MCLOIN [uninspired]: Of course we do.

2376 NARRATOR: Bess comes forward to the two girls--with
2377 Jimmy and Hickey following--and pats them awkwardly.

2378 BESS HOPE: Bejeez, I like you broads--you know I was
2379 only kiddin'.

2380 MARGIE: Sure we know, Bess.

2381 PEARL: Sure.

2382 HICKEY [grinning]: Bess's the greatest kidder in this
2383 dump and that's sayin' somethin'! Look how she's kidded
2384 herself for twenty years!

2385 BESS HOPE [bitterly]: Huh.

2386 HICKEY: Unless I'm wrong, my good lady--and I'm
2387 bettin' I'm not--we'll know soon, eh? Tomorrow morning.
2388 No, by God, it's this morning now!

2389 JIMMY [with a dazed dread]: This morning?

2390 HICKEY: Yes, it's tomorrow at last, Jimmy. [Pause]
2391 Don't be so scared--I've promised I'll help ya.

2392 JIMMY [masking his dread behind an offended, drunken
2393 dignity]: I don't understand you. Kindly remember
2394 I'm fully capable of settling my own affairs!

2395 HICKEY [earnestly]: Well isn't that exactly what I
2396 want you to do--settle with yourself once and for all?
2397 [a confidential whisper] Only be careful of the booze,
2398 Jimmy--not too much from now on--you've had a lot
2399 already and you don't want to let yourself duck out of
2400 it by being too drunk to move--not this time!

2401 BESS HOPE [to Margie--still guiltily] Bejeez, Margie you
2402 know I didn't mean it--it's that lousy drummer riding me
2403 that's got my goat.

2404 MARGIE: I know. [waving her head] Come on--you ain't
2405 noticed your cake yet--ain't it grand?

2406 BESS HOPE [trying to brighten up]: Say, that's pretty.
2407 Ain't had a cake since Harry--six candles--each for
2408 ten years, eh--bejeez that's thoughtful of ya.

2409 PEARL: It was Hickey got it.

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 vine is unfit to trink--it has
 2494 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

good! I had to get ya to help me--and I saw I couldn't do it alone--not in the time I had. I knew when I came here I wouldn't be able to stay long--I'm leavin' on a trip, see--so I knew I'd have to hustle and use every means I could. [with a joking boastfulness] Why if I had enough time I'd sell my line of salvation to each of ya personally--like in the old days, when I traveled house to house to convince some dame, who was sicking the dog on me, her house wouldn't be properly furnished unless she bought another washer. And I could do it, all right, hell, I know every one of ya, inside and out, by heart. I may've been drunk when I've been here before, but old Hickey could never be so drunk he couldn't see through people. I mean--everyone except himself. And, finally, he had to see through himself, too.

NARRATOR: As he pauses, they stare at him--bitter, uneasy but riveted.

HICKEY [deeply earnest]: Now, I swear I'd never act like I have if I wasn't absolutely sure it'll be worth it to you in the end, after you're rid of the damned guilt that makes you pretend you're something you're not--and the remorse that nags at you and makes you hide behind lousy pipe dreams about tomorrow. You'll be in a today where there is no yesterday or tomorrow to worry you. You won't give a damn what you are any more. I wouldn't say this unless I knew. Because I've got it-- here--now--right in front of you--you can see it! You remember how I used to be! Even with two quarts of rotgut under my belt--joking and singing "Sweet Adeline" I still felt like a rotten skunk. But you can see I don't give a damn about anything now. And I promise you, by the time this day is done, I'll have every one of you feeling the same way! [long pause] Well...I guess that'll be it from me, boys and girls--for the present. So let's get on with the party, eh?

LARRY [sharply]: Wait! [insistently--with a sneer] I think it would help us poor pipe-dreaming sinners if you explained what happened that converted you to this great peace you've found. [with deliberate taunting] I notice you didn't deny it when I asked about the iceman. Did this great revelation of the evil habit of dreaming about tomorrow come to ya after you found your wife was sick of ya?

WILLIE [taunting sneer]: Ah, ha!

2616 MAC [spitefully]: Yes!

2617 ED [spitefully]: That's right!

2618 BESS HOPE: Bejeez, you've hit it, Larry! I've noticed he
2619 hasn't shown her picture around this time!

2620 ED: He hasn't got it--the iceman took it away from him!

2621 MARGIE: Jeez, look at him--who could blame her?

2622 PEARL: She must be hard up to fall for an iceman!

2623 CORA: Imagine a sap like him advisin' me and Chuck to
2624 git married!

2625 CHUCK: Yeah he done so good wid it!

2626 JIMMY: Least I can say my Mary chose an officer and a
2627 gentleman.

2628 THE CAPTAIN: Look at him, chaps, he's sprouted horns
2629 like a bloody antelope!

2630 THE GENERAL: Pigger, py Gott--like water buffalo!

2631 WILLIE [sings his Sailor Lad tune]: "Come up," she
2632 cried, "my iceman lad, And you and I'll agree--"

2633 WILLIE/ED/JOE/THE CAPTAIN/THE GENERAL/MAC/
2634 PEARL/MARGIE/CORA/ROCKY/CHUCK "And I'll show ya the
2635 prettiest [rap, rap, rap] That ever you did see!"
2636 [A roar of derisive, dirty laughter]

2637 HICKEY [joining in the laughter--enjoying the joke at
2638 his expense]: Well, boys and girls, I'm glad to see you
2639 in good spirits for Bess's party, even if the joke's
2640 on me. I admit I asked for it by always pulling that
2641 iceman gag in the old days. [w good-natured generosity]
2642 So laugh all you like.

2643 NARRATOR: But this time they don't laugh--they only
2644 stare at him with baffled uneasiness.

2645 HICKEY: Well, this forces my hand--your bringing up the
2646 subject of Evelyn. I didn't want to tell you--not yet--
2647 I wanted to wait until the party was over. But you're
2648 getting the wrong idea about poor Evelyn--and I've got
2649 to stop that.

2650 NARRATOR: As he pauses, there's a tense stillness in the
2651 room.

3009 CHUCK [angrily]: Can yuh beat de noive of dat dinge!
3010 Jeez, if I wasn't dressed up, I'd go out and mop up de
3011 street wid him!

3012 ROCKY: Aw, let him go, de poor old dope! He'll be back
3013 tonight askin' Bess for his room and bummin' me for a
3014 drink. [vengefully] Den I'll be de one to smash de
3015 glass--I'll loin him his place!

3016 NARRATOR: The street doors swing open and Willie enters:
3017 face shaved, wearing an expensive suit, good shoes and
3018 clean linen. Though he's completely sober, he looks sick
3019 and he has a mean case of the shakes. He heads for the
3020 bar.

3021 CHUCK: Another guy all dolled up! Got your clothes from
3022 Solly's, huh, Willie? [derisively] Now yuh can sell dem
3023 back to him tomorrow.

3024 WILLIE [stiffly]: No, I--I'm through with that stuff--
3025 never again.

3026 ROCKY [sympathetically]: Yuh look sick, Willie--have a
3027 drink to pick yuh up.

3028 WILLIE [clears his throat, nervously]: No thanks--the
3029 only way to stop is to stop--I'd have no chance if I
3030 went to the D.A.'s office smelling of booze.

3031 CHUCK: Yuh're really goin' dere?

3032 WILLIE [stiffly]: I said I was, didn't I? I just came
3033 back here to rest a few minutes--not because I needed
3034 any booze. I'll show that cheap drummer I don't have to
3035 have any Dutch courage--[guiltily] But he has been very
3036 kind and generous staking me. He can't help his
3037 insulting manner, I suppose.

3038 NARRATOR: He turns away from the bar.

3039 WILLIE: My legs are a bit shaky--I better sit down a
3040 while.

3041 NARRATOR: He goes and sits across from Parritt, who
3042 gives him a suspicious glance then ignores him.

3043 The Captain appears from the hall.

3044 CHUCK [mutter]: Here's anudder one.

3045 NARRATOR: The Captain looks spruced and clean-shaven--
3046 his ancient tweed suit is brushed and his frayed linen

ROCKY [in disgust]: Dat's right, wait on her and spoil her, yuh poor sap!

NARRATOR: He shakes his head and begins to mechanically wipe the bar.

Willie regards Parritt across the table with a calculating eye.

WILLIE: [leaning over, in a low confidential tone.]

Look here, Parritt--I'd like to have a talk with you.

PARRITT [scowling defensively]: What about?

WILLIE [his manner becoming his idea of a crafty criminal lawyer's] About the trouble you're in.

Oh, I know--you don't admit it--you're quite right--that's my advice--deny everything--keep your mouth shut. Make no statements whatsoever without first consulting your attorney.

PARRITT: Say! What the hell--?

WILLIE: But you can trust me--I'm a lawyer, and it's just occurred to me you and I ought to co-operate. Of course I'm going to see the D.A. this morning about a job on his staff. But that may take time--there may not be an immediate opening. Meanwhile it would be a good idea for me to take a case or two, on my own--prove my brilliant record in law school was no flash in the pan. So why not retain me as your attorney?

PARRITT: You're crazy--what do I want with a lawyer?

WILLIE: That's right--don't admit anything--but you can trust me, so let's not beat around the bush--you got in trouble out on the Coast--and now you're hiding out--any fool can see that. [lowering his voice even more]
You feel safe here, and maybe you are, for a while--but remember, they get you in the end--I know from my father's experience--no one could have felt safer than he did. When anyone mentioned the law to him, he nearly died laughing. But--

PARRITT: You crazy mutt! [turning to Larry with a strained laugh] Did you get that, Larry? This damned fool thinks the cops are after me!

LARRY [bursts out with his true reaction before he thinks to ignore him] I wish to God they were--and so should you, if you had the honor of a louse!

3287 need one after the hell of a night I've had-- [Scowls]
3288 That son of a drummer--I had to lock him out. But I
3289 could hear him through the wall doing his spiel to
3290 someone all night long. He was still at it with Jimmy
3291 and Bess when I came down just now. But the hardest to
3292 take was that flatfoot Mac trying to tell me where
3293 to get off! I had to lock him out, too.

3294 NARRATOR: As he says this, Mac appears from the hall.
3295 The change in his appearance and manner is identical to
3296 Ed's and the others.

3297 Mac: He's a liar, Rocky--it was me locked him out!

3298 WILLIE: Come and sit here, Mac--you're just the man
3299 I want to see--if I'm to take your case, we oughta have
3300 a talk before we leave.

3301 Mac [contemptuously]: You damned fool--ya think I'd have
3302 your father's son for my lawyer? They'd take one look at
3303 you and bounce us both out on our necks!

3304 NARRATOR: Willie winces and shrinks down in his chair.

3305 MAC: I don't need a lawyer, anyway. To hell with the
3306 law! All I've got to do is see the right guys and get
3307 'em to pass the word--they will, too--they know I was
3308 framed. And once they've passed the word, it's as good
3309 as done--law or no law.

3310 ED: God, I'm glad I'm leaving this madhouse! [Key
3311 unpocketed and slapped on bar.] Here's my key, Rocky.

3312 Mac: And here's mine. [He too slaps key on bar.]
3313 I'd rather sleep in the gutter than spend another night
3314 under the same roof with that loon Hickey, and a lyin'
3315 circus grifter!

3316 NARRATOR: Ed spins on him furiously but Rocky leans over
3317 and grabs his arm.

3318 ROCKY: Take it easy now! [Rocky tosses the keys on the
3319 shelf in disgust] You boids gimme a pain--it'd soive you
3320 right if I didn't give de keys back to yuh tonight.

3321 NARRATOR: They both turn on him resentfully, but there's
3322 an interruption as Cora enters from the hall with Chuck
3323 behind her. She is drunk, dressed in her gaudy best,
3324 her face plastered with rouge and mascara, her hat on
3325 but her hair disheveled.

3440 HICKEY [exhortingly]: Next? Come on, Ed--it's a fine
3441 summer's day and the call of the old circus is in your
3442 blood!

3443 NARRATOR: Ed glares at him, then goes to the door.
3444 Mac jumps up and follows him.

3445 HICKEY: That's the stuff, Mac.

3446 ED: Good-bye, Bess.

3447 NARRATOR: Ed goes out, turning right.

3448 MAC [glowering after him]: If that crooked grifter has
3449 the guts--

3450 NARRATOR: Mac goes out, turning left. Hickey glances at
3451 Willie who jumps up from his chair before Hickey can
3452 speak.

3453 WILLIE: Good-bye, Bess, and thanks for all your
3454 kindness.

3455 HICKEY: That's the way, Willie! The D.A.'s a busy man--
3456 he can't wait all day for you, ya know.

3457 BESS HOPE [dully]: Good luck, Willie.

3458 NARRATOR: While Willie exits and turns right, Jimmy, in
3459 a sick panic, sneaks to the bar and reaches for a glass
3460 of whiskey.

3461 HICKEY: Now, now, Jimmy--you can't do that to yourself.
3462 One drink on top of your hangover an' an empty stomach
3463 and you'd be cockeyed. Then you'll tell yourself you
3464 wouldn't stand a chance if you went up soused to get
3465 your old job back.

3466 JIMMY [pleading]: Tomorrow--I will tomorrow--I'll be in
3467 good shape tomorrow! [abruptly getting control of
3468 himself--clearing his throat] All right, I'm going.
3469 Take your hands off me.

3470 HICKEY: That's the ticket--you'll thank me when it's all
3471 over.

3472 JIMMY [in a burst of futile fury]: You dirty swine!

3473 NARRATOR: He tries to throw the drink in Hickey's face,
3474 but his aim is poor and it lands on Hickey's coat.
3475 Jimmy turns and dashes through the door, turning right.

everybody? Sorry I had to leave you for a while.
But there was something I had to get settled--it's all
fixed now.

BESS HOPE [mechanically voicing a hopeless complaint]:
When are you going to do something about this booze,
Hickey--bejeez, we all know you did something to take
the life out of it--it's like drinking dishwater--
we can't pass out--and you promised us peace.

WILLIE/ED/JOE/THE CAPTAIN/THE

GENERAL/JIMMY/MAC/CHUCK/CORA: Yeah!

HICKEY [bursts into resentful exasperation]: For God's
sake, are you still harpin' on that damned nonsense!
You've kept it up all afternoon and night--and you've
got everybody else singing the same crazy tune--I've had
about all I can stand--that's why I phoned-- [He gets
control of himself.] Excuse me, boys and girls--I don't
mean that--I'm just worried about you, when you play
dead on me like this. I was hoping by the time I got
back you'd be like you ought to be! Figured you were
deliberately holding back, while I was around, because
you didn't want to give me the satisfaction of showin'
me I had the right dope--and I did! I know from my own
experience. [exasperatedly] But I've explained that a
million times--by rights you should be happy now,
without a single damned hope or dream left to torment
ya! But here you are, actin' like a lot of stiffs
cheatin' the undertaker! [He looks around accusingly.]
I can't figure it--unless it's just pigheaded
stubbornness. [He breaks--miserably] Hell, you shouldn't
act this way with me--you're my old pals, the only
friends I've got. You know the one thing I want is to
see you all happy before I go--[rousing himself to his
old brisk, master-of-ceremonies self] And there's damned
little time left--I've made a date for two o'clock--
we've got to get busy right away and find out what's
wrong. [There's a long silence. He goes on
exasperatedly.] Can't you appreciate what you've got,
for God's sake--don't you know you're now free to be
yourselves, without having to feel remorse or guilt, or
lie to yourselves about reforming tomorrow? Can't you
see there is no tomorrow, now--you're rid of it forever--
you've killed it--you don't have to care a damn about
anything any more--you've finally got the game of life
licked, don't you see that? [angrily exhorting] Then why

4615 HICKEY [as he is walked towards the rear--insistently]:
 4616 All I want ya to see is I was out of my mind when I
 4617 laughed at her! I was a rotten raving lunatic or I
 4618 couldn't have called her a [bitch]--Why, Evelyn was the
 4619 only thing on God's earth I ever loved. I'd have killed
 4620 myself before I'd ever hurt her!

4621 BESS HOPE [calls after him]: Don't worry, Hickey--they
 4622 won't give you the Chair--we'll testify you was crazy--
 4623 crazy as a bedbug--won't we, gang?

4624 CORA/ROCKY/CHUCK [yell]: Dat's right!

4625 THE GENERAL [yell]: Dat's right!

4626 WILLIE/ED/MAC [yell]: We won't testify.

4627 THE CAPTAIN/JIMMY [yell]: Don't worry, Hickey.

4628 [From the hall comes the slam of the street door.]

4629 BESS HOPE [with genuine sorrow]: He's gone--the poor
 4630 crazy bastard! Bejeez, I need a drink.

4631 NARRATOR: The gang all grab their glasses.

4632 BESS HOPE [hopefully]: Bejeez, maybe it'll have the
 4633 old kick, now he's gone.

4634 NARRATOR: She drinks--and they all follow suit.

4635 ROCKY: Yeah, Boss--maybe we can get drunk now.

4636 NARRATOR: They all sit still--with hopeful expectancy--
 4637 waiting for the effect of the booze.

4638 LARRY--[his voice full of pain and pity--in a whisper,
 4639 aloud to himself] May the Chair bring him peace at last,
 4640 the poor tortured bastard!

4641 PARRITT [leans toward him--in a strange low insistent
 4642 voice]: Yes, but he isn't the only one who needs peace,
 4643 Larry--I can't feel sorry for him--he's lucky--he's
 4644 through, now--it's all decided for him. I wish it was
 4645 decided for me--I've never been any good at deciding
 4646 things--even about selling out. It was the tart the cops
 4647 got after me who put it in my mind. You remember what
 4648 Mother's like, Larry--she makes all the decisions--she's
 4649 always decided what I had to do--she doesn't like anyone
 4650 to be free but herself.

4651 NARRATOR: He pauses, as if waiting for Larry to comment
 4652 --but he ignores him.

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 Vhy 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!

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

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

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

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

[The gang laughs uproariously.]

THE CAPTAIN: No offense meant, old chap.

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

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

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

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

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

4922 BESS HOPE [calls effusively] Hey there, Larry! Come over
4923 and get paralyzed! What the hell you douin', 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 birrthday party! Bejeez, I'm oreyeyed!

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

4931 [The gang howls derisively.]

4932 HUGO: Capitalist svine! Stupid bourgeois monkeys!
4933 [declaiming] "The days grow hot, O Babylon!"

4934 WILLIE/ED/JOE/THE CAPTAIN/THE
4935 GENERAL/JIMMY/MAC/CORA/ROCKY/CHUCK [taking it up]:
4936 'Tis cool beneath thy willow trees!

4937 [They pound their glasses on the table.]

4938 NARRATOR: In his chair--staring straight ahead--
4939 oblivious to all the racket, sits Larry.

4940 [The gang roars with boisterous laughter.]

4941 HUGO [giggles]:

4942 THE END