

ALAN. Makes the story more interesting. Tell me what you did exactly.

HAL. Well, you know me, Seymour. I'm an agreeable guy.

ALAN. Sure.

HAL. So when they took me to this tourist cabin, I said, "Okay, girls, if I gotta pay for the ride ——" Well—(He shrugs and turns away.) you know, they musta thought I was King Kong.

ALAN. You mean . . . both of them?

HAL. Sure.

ALAN. (Crosses R. to C. lawn.) Golly!

HAL. Then I said, "Okay, girls, the party's over—let's get goin'." Then this dame on the weed, she sticks a gun in my back. She says, "This party's goin' on till we say it's over, Buck!" You'da thought she was Humphrey Bogart!

ALAN. What happened?

HAL. Finally I passed out! (Alan crosses to C. steps and sits.) And when I woke up, the dames were gone and so was my two hundred bucks! (Crosses D. R. to porch corner.) I went to the police and they wouldn't believe me—they said my story was wishful thinking! How d'ya like that! (Crosses to U. C. lawn.)

ALAN. Mmmm.

HAL. (Crosses D. C.) I'm telling you, Seymour, women are gettin' desperate. Well, that did it. (Sits C.—lies down, head L.) Then I thought, what's a poor bastard like me ever gonna do.

ALAN. You don't sound to me like you'd had such a bad life.

HAL. Then I got thinking of you, Seymour, at school—how you always had things under control.

ALAN. Me?

HAL. Yah. Never cut classes . . . understood the lectures . . . (He sits up.) took notes! (Alan laughs.) What's so funny?

ALAN. The one authentic hero the University had, and he envied me!

HAL. Yah! Big hero, but just between the goal posts. Seymour, you're the only guy in the whole fraternity ever treated me like a human being.

ALAN. I know.

HAL. Those other phonies always watchin' to see if I used the singular instead of the plural.

ALAN. You just imagined that.

HAL. In a pig's eye, I did!

START

ALAN. Why do you feel you're any worse than everybody else?

HAL. (Lies down, head L.) Maybe I'll tell you some day.

ALAN. Your father drinks. So what? It happens in the best of families.

HAL. He died in jail, Seymour, the last time they scraped him up off the sidewalk.

ALAN. Gee, Hal, I'm awfully sorry to hear that.

HAL. The old lady wouldn't even come across with the dough for the funeral. They had to bury him in Pauper's Row.

ALAN. What about the filling station?

HAL. Oh, he left it to me in his will, but the old lady wanted it so bad she was gonna have him declared insane. So I let her have it. Who needs it?

ALAN. Yeah. When did you get into town?

HAL. This morning, on a freight.

ALAN. Why didn't you come to see me right away?

HAL. I didn't want to walk into your palatial mansion lookin' like a bum.

ALAN. That wouldn't have made any difference.

HAL. I wanted to pick up some change and buy a new shirt. I was hoping maybe you and your old man, between you, might fix me up with a job.

ALAN. What kind of a job, Hal?

HAL. What kinda jobs you got?

ALAN. What did you have in mind?

HAL. (Sits up.) Oh, something in a nice office where I can wear a tie . . . and have a sweet little secretary . . . and talk over the telephone about enterprises and . . . things. (Alan walks away to D. L. of stump. Hal rises—crosses to D. C.) I've always had the feeling, if I just had the chance, I could set the whole world on fire.

ALAN. (Reasonably.) Maybe you could, Hal. (Turns to Hal.) But for the time being you've got to be content to work hard and be patient.

HAL. Yah! That's something I gotta learn. *Patience!* (Hal turns D. R. Mrs. Potts enters from Flo's kitchen.)

ALAN. Mrs. Potts, Sinclair is hiring new men, aren't they? **END**

MRS. POTTS. Yes, Alan. Carey wants a hundred men for the pipeline.

ALAN. How about the pipeline, Hal?