

TOMMY

No phone?

FIONA

No, sir.

TOMMY

Tell me. What's so strange about this place?

(CHARLIE DALRYMPLE enters UR.
HE is a sandy-haired youth in
his early twenties. HE greets
the few around HIM as HE comes in)

FIONA

Nothin', sir. Ye're the one who's strange...

ANGUS

(Calling upstage to CHARLIE.
CHARLIE Xes to booth R)
Charlie! Here's a bottle o' claret. Have a dram
o' good luck with me.

FIONA

Well, the merry bridegroom himself!

TOMMY

Bridegroom?

FIONA

Ay!

CHARLIE

(X to FIONA)
Good mornin', darlin'.
(Kisses HER on the forehead)

FIONA

He's marryin' my sister this evenin'.

TOMMY

Oh!

CHARLIE

(To TOMMY)
Good mornin', sir.

TOMMY

Good morning.

FIONA

Charlie, this is Tommy Albright. He jus' happened in a
little while ago.

CHARLIE

What? Oh! Why, of course. Welcome to ye, sir.

TOMMY

Thanks. Welcome to you.

(ANGUS walks around with a jug and a couple of glasses HE has taken from under HIS booth and hands one to CHARLIE)

ANGUS

Here's your dram, Charlie.

CHARLIE

(Moves right)

Thank ye, Angus.

ANGUS

(Between FIONA and CHARLIE. To TOMMY)

An' how about ye, sir? Some claret?

(After handing TOMMY the wine, ANGUS stands DL of HIM)

TOMMY

(As HE takes the offered glass)

Thanks.

CHARLIE

(Raising HIS glass)

I think I'll drink this one to Mr. Forsythe. I jus' hope he knows how grateful I am to 'im for postponin' the miracle for me.

TOMMY

(To FIONA)

The what?

FIONA

Sh!

CHARLIE

An' may God bless me this evenin' as much as I would bless Him if I were He an' He were Charles Dalrymple.
(HE drinks)

TOMMY

What did you say about postponin' a miracle?

CHARLIE

Oh! 'Tis a toast we have here.

FIONA

Take it down. I'll explain it to ye sometime.