

ACT TWO
Scene 4

/27/ CHANGE OF SCENE - (Orchestra)

SCENE: A BAR IN NEW YORK CITY.

This is a small inset placed downstage R. It is like the end of an elliptical shaped bar so that one gets the feeling the rest of the bar is offstage R. There are two stools in front. The rest of the stage is blacked out.

TIME: Late afternoon - four months later.

AT RISE: A piano is heard playing "cocktail music." It fades, curtain opens and the scene begins. JEFF is seated on a stool. Although not incoherent, it is quite obvious he is "pickled." Behind the bar stands FRANK, the bartender, looking like a bartender.

JEFF

(Taking a sip from a glass)

Ugh! What is this, Frank, D.D.T.?

FRANK

The usual, bourbon.

(Music fades out)

JEFF

Why do you say 'the usual'? Have I been drinking it long?

FRANK

Continuously since you got back from Scotland four months ago.

JEFF

Well, I just decided I don't like it. It's not near as good as the whiskey mother used to make. Give me some gin.

FRANK

What'll you have with it?

JEFF

A little bourbon.

FRANK

Yes, sir.

JEFF

(Shakes HIS watch)

What time is it, Frank? I think my watch has stopped.

FRANK

(Looking at HIS wristwatch)

Six-ten.

JEFF

Hmph! I'd better be getting home.

(FRANK hands HIM HIS drink)

Give me another one to take with me, Frank. I like to drink portal to portal.

FRANK

(Fixing it - puts bottle on back bar)

It's just about time for Miss Ashton to call.

JEFF

Who?

FRANK

Jane Ashton, Mr. Albright's fiancée. Don't tell me you don't remember her?

JEFF

All right, I won't. What about her?

(FRANK takes out a cigarette, JEFF lights it, then takes it out of FRANK's mouth and smokes it)

FRANK

Well just about this time every day she either calls or comes in or both looking for Mr. Albright.

JEFF

She does, eh?

FRANK

Yes, and from what I gather, she can't find him.

JEFF

I'm glad you warned me. I'll drink up and get out of here.

FRANK

Don't you like Miss Ashton, Sir?

JEFF

Oh, very much. But not when she's stalking Mr. Albright.

(HE drinks)

I tell you, Frank, scratch the surface of any woman...
and she'll enjoy it.

FRANK

But where is Mr. Albright?

JEFF

I don't know, Frank. He quit his job about a month ago,
picked up his parcels and vanished...like...Brigadoon.

FRANK

Like who?

JEFF

That was the name of my brother who ran away.

(TOMMY enters R)

TOMMY

Hi!

FRANK

Hello, Mr. Albright. Nice to see you.

JEFF

(Going to HIM)

Tommy! My old friend, Tommy.

(Throws HIS arms around TOMMY)

TOMMY

(Disengaging himself)

How are you, Jeff?

(HE Xes to stool at L end
of bar and sits)

JEFF

(To FRANK)

It's my old friend, Tommy. He's back.

TOMMY

Hello, Frank.

JEFF

Where've you been all month, Tommy?

TOMMY

Up on a farm in New Hampshire.