

*At Table 3.*

FIRST MAN. I'm going to beat it.

SECOND MAN. Oh say, listen! I'm counting on you to take the other one off my hands.

FIRST MAN. I'm going to beat it.

SECOND MAN. For the love of Mike have a heart! Listen - as a favor to me - I got to be home by six - I promised my wife - sure. That don't leave me no time at all if we got to hang around - entertain some dame. You got to take her off my hands.

FIRST MAN. Maybe she won't fall for me.

SECOND MAN. Sure she'll fall for you! They all fall for you - even my wife likes you - tries to kid herself it's your brave exploits, but I know what it is - sure she'll fall for you.

*Enter two girls - TELEPHONE GIRL and YOUNG WOMAN.*

GIRL (*coming to table*). Hello -

SECOND MAN (*grouch*). Good night.

GIRL. Good night? What's eatin' yuh?

SECOND MAN (*same*). Nothin's eatin' me -thought somethin' musta swallowed you.

GIRL. Why?

SECOND MAN. You're late!

GIRL (*unimpressed*). Oh - (*Brushing it aside.*) Mrs. Jones - Mr. Smith.

SECOND MAN. Meet my friend, Mr. Roe. (*They all sit. To the WAITER.*) The same and two more. (*WAITER goes.*)

GIRL. So we kept you waiting, did we?

SECOND MAN. Only about an hour.

YOUNG WOMAN. Was it that long?

SECOND MAN. We been here that long - ain't we Dick?

FIRST MAN. Just about, Harry.

SECOND MAN. For the love of God what delayed yuh?

GIRL. Tell Helen that one.

SECOND MAN (*to YOUNG WOMAN*). The old Irish woman that went to her first race? Bet on the skate that came in last - she went up to the jockey and asked him, 'For the love of God, what delayed yuh'.

*All laugh.*

YOUNG WOMAN. Why, that's kinda funny!

SECOND MAN. Kinda! - What do you mean kinda?

YOUNG WOMAN. I just mean there are not many of 'em that are funny at all.

SECOND MAN. Not if you haven't heard the funny ones.

YOUNG WOMAN. Oh I've heard 'em all.

FIRST MAN. Not a laugh in a carload, eh?

GIRL. Got a cigarette?

SECOND MAN (*with package*). One of these?

GIRL (*taking one*). Uhhuh.

*He offers the package to* YOUNG WOMAN.

YOUNG WOMAN (*taking one*). Uhhuh.

SECOND MAN (*to* FIRST MAN). One of these?

FIRST MAN (*showing his own package*). Thanks - I like these.

*He lights* YOUNG WOMANs *cigarette*.

SECOND MAN (*lighting* GIRL's *cigarette*). Well - baby - how they comin', huh?

GIRL. Couldn't be better.

SECOND MAN. How's every little thing?

GIRL. Just great.

SECOND MAN. Miss me?

GIRL. I'll say so - when did you get in?

SECOND MAN. Just a coupla hours ago.

GIRL. Miss me?

SECOND MAN. Did I? You don't know the half of it.

YOUNG WOMAN (*interrupting restlessly*). Can we dance here?

SECOND MAN. Not here.

YOUNG WOMAN. Where do we go from here?

SECOND MAN. Where do we go from here! You just got here!

FIRST MAN. What's the hurry?

SECOND MAN. What's the rush?

YOUNG WOMAN. I don't know.