

RS#8 Miss Forsythe, Happy, Stanley, Bill

Start →

MISS FORSYTHE. I'm expecting someone, but I'd like a...

HAPPY. Why don't you bring her...? Excuse me, miss, do you mind? I sell champagne, and I'd like you to try my brand. Bring her a champagne, Stanley.

(Stanley puts menu on shelf of girl's table.)

MISS FORSYTHE. That's awfully nice of you.

HAPPY. Don't mention it. It's all company money.

(Happy laughs. She laughs. Stanley laughs. She freezes him with a look. He exits. Happy deliberately knocks cigarettes off his table towards her, says, "Oops," and laughs.)

MISS FORSYTHE. That's a charming product to be selling, isn't it?

HAPPY. Oh, gets to be like everything else. Selling is selling, y'know.

MISS FORSYTHE. I suppose.

HAPPY. You don't happen to sell, do you?

MISS FORSYTHE. No, I don't sell.

(He picks up cigarettes and straddles his chair, facing her.)

HAPPY. Would you object to a compliment from a stranger? *(She looks at him, a little arch.)* You ought to be on a magazine cover.

MISS FORSYTHE. I have been.

(Stanley comes on with a glass of champagne.)

HAPPY. What'd I say before, Stanley?—you see?—She's a cover girl.

STANLEY. Huh—oh, yeah, sure, sure. *(Serves her champagne.)*

MISS FORSYTHE. *(Takes drink.)* Thank you.

HAPPY. You know what they say in France, don't you? "Champagne is the drink of the complexion." ...H'ya, Biff!

(Happy rises, steps to above his table. Biff, wearing blue shirt, black tie, single-breasted blue-gray gabardine suit, has entered and crosses D. to R. of R. table. Stanley gets napkin from shelf of L. table, brings it to R. table for Biff.)

BIFF. Hello, kid, sorry I'm late.

HAPPY. I just got here. Uh, Miss...

MISS FORSYTHE. Forsythe.

HAPPY. Miss Forsythe, this is my brother.

BIFF. Is Dad here? (*Sits R. of table.*)

HAPPY. His name is Biff. You might've heard of him? Great football player. (*Biff lights cigarette.*)

MISS FORSYTHE. Really? What team?

HAPPY. Are you familiar with football?

MISS FORSYTHE. No, I'm afraid not.

HAPPY. (*With authority.*) Biff is quarterback with the New York Giants. (*Biff looks at Happy, then at girl.*)

MISS FORSYTHE. Well!—that is nice, isn't it? (*She drinks.*)

HAPPY. Good health.

MISS FORSYTHE. I'm happy to meet you.

HAPPY. That's my name, Hap. It's really Harold, but at West Point they called me Happy.

MISS FORSYTHE. (*Now really impressed.*) Oh... I see. How do you do? ←

End