

the lights shift, and Tom and Gene head away, we move to the Rotary gathering . . . held in the Grill Room of one of the local country-clubs. . . . Possibly a piano is heard off-stage, playing old-fashioned singing-type songs [badly]. . . . A tinkle of glasses . . . hum of men talking and laughing . . . This area is presumably an outer hallway or locker-room, where the men leave their coats. . . . A man enters, wearing a large name button, and carrying a glass . . . This is the minister, Doctor Pell, a straightforward, middle-aged man.)

DR. PELL. Hello, Tom, good to see you back.

TOM. (His face lights up in a special "greeting the fellows" type grin . . .) Hello, Sam.

DR. PELL. Did you have a good trip?

TOM. All except for that damned wind down there. . . . Oooops. Excuse my French, Sam. . . . You know my son, Gene . . . Reverend Pell.

DR. PELL. Yes, of course. Hello, Gene. (They shake hands.)

TOM. Gene was a Marine. (Gene frowns . . .) You were a Marine, weren't you, Sam?

DR. PELL. No. Navy.

TOM. Well, same thing.

DR. PELL. Don't say that to a Marine. (Gene and Dr. Pell smile.)

TOM. Gene saw the flag go up on Iwo.

GENE. (Embarrassed by all this inappropriate line.) Let's order a drink, Dad.

TOM. Sam, I've been wanting to talk to you. . . . Now is not the appropriate time, but some bozo has been crowding into our pew at church. . . . You know Margaret and I sit up close because she doesn't hear very well. . . . Well, this guy has been there in our pew. I've given him a pretty sharp look several times, but it doesn't seem to faze him. Now, I don't want to seem unreasonable, but there is a whole church for him to sit in.

DR. PELL. Well, we'll see what we can do, Tom.

TOM. (Calling to bartender.) A martini, George . . . six to one. (To Gene.) Dubonnet?

GENE. A martini.

TOM. Six to one?

GENE. Yes. Only make mine vodka.

TOM. Vodka? . . . Out! Phooey!

DR. PELL. What have you got against vodka, Tom?

TOM. It's Russian, isn't it? . . . However, I don't want to influence you. . . . Make his vodka. Six to one, now! These fellows like to charge you extra for a six to one, and then they don't give you all the gin you've got coming to you.

DR. PELL. I hope you don't drink many of those, Tom, six-to-one.

TOM. My grandmother used to give me, every morning before I went to school, when I was knee high to a grasshopper . . . she used to give me a jigger of gin with a piece of garlic in it . . . to keep away colds. I wonder what the teacher thought. . . . Phew. I must have stunk to high Heaven. . . . She used to put a camphor ball in my necktie too. . . . That was for colds, too, I think. . . . But they were good people. They just didn't know any better. That's my Grandfather and my Grandmother . . . I lived with them for a while when I was a little shaver, because my Father . . . well, that's another story . . . but my Grandfather—

DR. PELL. (*Hand on Tom's arm.*) —I don't mean to run out on you, Tom, but I was on my way to the little boy's room . . . I'll catch up with you later.

TOM. Go ahead. We don't want an accident.

DR. PELL. (*As he is going . . . to Gene.*) You got a great Dad there. (*And he disappears.*)

TOM. I don't really know these fellows any more. . . . (*Indicating people off.*) All new faces. . . . Most of them are bores.