

LQ155 - 1/2

L - music fade

LQ160 - ^{house} out

M - Stinger in

ACT II

LQ170 - S/F NT

O - Stinger fade

at evening.
only one lamp is lit, and the stage
oments. Then the door opens, and
in the light from the
d closes door behind
off cape, shakes it,
back of it, crosses to
sofa, sits. Without a word, STELLA goes directly to bar
and mixes two drinks and, still silent, comes over and
hands one to FRANCES. Then she, too, sinks into a sofa,
and in absolute silence they sip their drinks. Suddenly
PARROT speaks.

P - mic on

LQ171 - Fish lamp

LQ175 - S/F X DS

THE PARROT. S. R. O., darling, S. R. O. Bless you, darling! No seats 'til January!

STELLA. (Looking across room.) You should live so long. (Raises her glass.) Cheer up, Frances. It's only money. Sidney's lucky—you've still got your ice-skates. (Takes another sip.) Maybe that's where this play belongs—on ice.

FRANCES. (R.) It would still stink. (Rises, crosses u. around R. end of sofa to u. c.) There ain't enough ice in the world for what we saw tonight, Stella, believe me! (She bangs her glass down on table and paces for a moment or two.) One hundred and fifty thousand bucks! Do you realize how many times I have to fan my tail around an ice-rink for that kind of dough, Stella? (Crosses to c. chair.)

STELLA. It cost three hundred thousand, dear.

FRANCES. (Crossing to table.) I know damn well it did. Half of it's my dough. (Crosses above L. C. chair.)

STELLA. No kidding! I didn't know that.

FRANCES. It's true. Meet Mrs. Shmoe.

STELLA. Well, whaddeye know! What made you do it, Frances? (FRANCES crosses u. c.) I always figured you for a smart girl. You didn't read it, did you?

FRANCES. Who reads? (Crosses u. L., crosses above c. of sofa.) No—it wasn't that, Stella.

LQ180

Parrot covered
Q - mic out

LQ285.5 - door open

Yes, sir, I'll deliver that note personally. (Crosses to PETER.) What a malicious old bastard I am!—but oh, how I've earned it through the years. Come on, (Crosses u. to door.) I've started to butter those griddle cakes. (Exits. PETER stands in door, looks around room, makes gesture of finality—exits. For a long moment room remains in darkness and no sound is heard. Then: from IRENE'S room, TYLER comes out, stumbles at piano bench. He knocks on STELLA'S door as he is D. L.)

LQ286 - lights off

TYLER. Mother? (Crosses above sofa.) You'd better come out! You'd better come out right away!

LQ287 - door closed

STELLA. (Entering in negligee.) What is it, Tyler? (Crosses c.) I was just going to bed. (Suddenly, the shrill blast of a trumpet is heard outside in the hall and a group of drunken male voices singing "Margie" to the trumpet's blare. Then comes a woman's scream of terror, and some drunken laughter.)

LQ290 - doors open

TYLER. Irene's losing her voice, Mother. It's going faster than it's ever gone before!

LQ295 - light on St. door

STELLA. All right, dear. You go back to bed, and I'll call Dr. Schollus. (Crosses to phone. Noise of Shriners outside.) Oh, those goons! (Crosses out in c. hall. She goes to door and stands in hall.) Go on—get out of here! Get away from this door—go be funny some place else.

LQ296 - light switch

A SHRINER. Hello, Peachy! Cookie, do you do the samba?

LQ297 - door light out

TYLER. Stand aside, (Crosses out in hall.) Mother!—I'll handle these ruffians. (He goes past her.) Now, look here, you fellows —

LQ298 - S. NT door

A SHRINER. Oh! A spoilsport! (Punch! TYLER staggers back holding bis eye—STELLA helping him.)

IRENE. (Staggering out of her room, and crossing D. above sofa.) All this noise! What is all this racket!

TYLER. I got hit! A Shriner hit me!

IRENE. (Crossing D. c.) I do think, Tyler, that with your wife very ill, you might do me the courtesy of not indulging in vicious street brawls. (TYLER crosses u. in alcove.)

LQ300 - S. close door

SIDNEY. (Crossing D. L. c. Enters as IRENE sits R. C. chair.) I just took a walk. It's a cold night and I came to a cold decision. The show is opening in New York as per schedule. I'm in so deep, a few thousand more won't make any difference. All I want now out of this whole thing is to read those notices the next morning on you and Carleton Fitzgerald. (IRENE coughs.) You're coming in