

toy . . . or . . . I dunno, some aerosol that's dangerous to us? Would you take the job?

Boy. I don't make it. I just sell it.

CHARLIE. I dunno if I'd take it or not.

Boy. Well, it's sweet of you to care. Why don't you make the decision when you get the choice? Let's talk about it again—when someone asks you to do a commercial. (Beat.)

CHARLIE. Well, I guess we're not doing bad.

Boy. How's 'at?

CHARLIE. Things are looking up. I've got an offer from a rep and a good chance at a soap. You've got a commercial and maybe a ~~Jackpot~~.

Boy. And a Broadway show.

CHARLIE. (Smoothly.) You've got a commercial and a ~~Jackpot~~ and a Broadway show. (Hollers.)

Boy. It's not certain yet. I shouldn't talk about it. ~~Charlie. Ship a few lines down to where you talk about it.~~

START
↳

Boy. Well, it may not be Broadway; they're gonna tour it forever. It's a musical based on the movie *Ship of Fools*, which was based on a book. I'm up to play George Segal; they're making him younger. I mean I have the part. It's mine. If they can clear the rights, if John Davidson turns it down, if they can get a new lyricist, if Paramount will back it, if ~~new~~ brings in a similar show, if they can get the right house, if Ford's Theatre doesn't want too big a cut, if Equity will bend a bit, if they can work a deal with the musicians, if the Mark Taper will take it, if we can try it in Toronto, if the economy holds, if the two old movie star leads don't die, and the rains come, the part is mine.

~~Charlie. How'd you get it?~~

Boy. The director wants me. (Beat.) A lot.

~~Charlie. What's the director?~~

Boy. Henry Schuman.

←
END

Boy #1

CHARLIE. (Uncertain what Harry means.) Ya' mean he . . . ?

Boy. (Nods.) A lot.

Boy. (Same as CHARLIE's verbal shrug. Down.) So. CHARLIE. What'll you do, Harry? I mean, it's just a part. So, er . . . what'll you do?

Boy. Anything. Anything at all. What'll you do, Charlie?

(The Boy tosses his apron to CHARLIE and exits. CHARLIE catches the apron and slowly and silently clears everything except the cloths, off the tables and onto the tray. Looks at the audience then.)

CHARLIE. I . . . I don't want to talk to you just now. Lot on my mind. (Retires to the service area. He returns without his jacket, carrying three solid