

SCENE 3 SIDES

(We hear the sound of a car screeching to a halt and then we hear the drunken voice of GARRETT BREEDLOVE calling loudly :)

GARRETT

Whoa!!!

(We hear a car door open and GARRETT staggers towards his front door. GARRETT is a delightful rogue, whose beer belly spills out over the cummerbund of his tuxedo. His tie is askew, and his white dinner jacket is stained. He is accompanied by a twenty-year-old girl named DORIS.)

DORIS

Do you need some help?

GARRETT

I'll be fine.

DORIS

Omigod, Mr. Breedlove, you're bleeding.

GARRETT

Yeah...that's okay

(He thinks about it a beat)

GARRETT

Actually, I might not be okay. I might need a little help. Maybe you ought to come in.

DORIS

Mr. Breedlove, I only brought you here because you were too drunk to drive your own car.

GARRETT

Yes, I was. And now, I'm too drunk to go up to my own bedroom. How about a hand?

No thank you.

DORIS

(GARRETT leans in toward her,
drunkenly, barely able to stand)

What are you afraid of, Doris?

GARRETT
(Suggestively:)

I'm not afraid.

DORIS

Well then why not come in?

GARRETT

I'm embarrassed.

DORIS

Why? Did you do something unseemly?

GARRETT

I'm embarrassed for you.

DORIS

For me? I'm at the top of my form.

GARRETT
(Slurring:)

DORIS

Because you're drunk. Because when I went there tonight, it was to see a United States astronaut give a lecture. I didn't expect him to prowl after me all night long. I didn't expect some silly flirt, who's more than twice my age, who has to keep his jacket open because his belly's too big. I expected a hero. I'm sorry, Mr. Breedlove, but you're a disgrace. You better tend to that cut.

(She exits and we hear the sound of her
car, screeching off.)

GARRETT

Well, okay, Doris. Don't come in. I don't want you in my house.