

BROADWAY JONES

by

GEORGE M. COHAN

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## ACT I

At rise of curtain the stage is dark with the exception of one light in the reception hall L. Off-stage the wedding march from "Lohengrin." is being whistled off key, the inference being that the men are drunk. RANKIN, the man servant, comes on from R, goes up to window C, looks out, CL, then comes down L and as he hears JACKSON coming in from L he goes over CR of piano and stands until JACKSON sits at table LC. JACKSON enters, staggering R, goes up to window C, waves his handkerchief to men outside, then comes down to L of piano and turns on piano lamp. He sees a photograph on piano, picks it up, looks at it intently for a moment, and then puts it down and bows to it very solemnly. He then comes down and sits R of table LC, and is just about to fall asleep when RANKIN comes forward from R and taps him on the shoulder.

RANKIN

(standing R of JACKSON and  
tapping him on the shoulder)

Mr. Jones! Mr. Jones!

JACKSON

(rousing)

Hello, who's there?

RANKIN

It's Rankin, sir.

JACKSON

(looks at him)

Rankin, sir?

RANKIN

Yes, sir.

JACKSON

(thinks)

Who's Rankin, sir?

RANKIN

I'm the butler, sir.

JACKSON

(thinks)

Butler?

RANKIN

Yes, sir, the butler.

JACKSON

(faces him)

Aren't you ashamed of yourself? When you were a little boy your mother had great hopes for you -- thought you were going to be President of the United States. Now you see you've disappointed everybody -- you've turned out to be nothing but a butler. You Ought to be ashamed of yourself.

RANKIN

Ah, but see whose butler I am, sir.

JACKSON

(thinks)

Whose butler are your?

RANKIN

I'm your butler, sir.

JACKSON

Oh, you're my butler?

RANKIN

Yes, sir.

JACKSON

(gets up, goes to RANKIN C  
and shakes his hand)

I congratulate you. I'm very fond of my little butler.

(Pats him on the cheek)

I love my little butler. You must come out some night with me, Rankin.

RANKIN

I should like to, sir.

JACKSON

(whistles Wedding March and  
laughs drunkenly)

I know something you don't know.

(Shakes hands with RANKIN  
again)

Now I'll bid you goodnight.

RANKIN

Goodnight, sir.

JACKSON

Nightie, nightie!

(Waves his handkerchief at  
RANKIN and starts toward  
door R, laughing and  
whistling)

RANKIN

(when JACKSON gets to door)

When do you wish to be called, sir?

JACKSON

(turns toward RANKIN)

What's that?

RANKIN

I say, when do you wish to be called?

JACKSON

(leaning over settee R)

Oh, that's so, I must be called.

RANKIN

Yes, sir.

JACKSON

Now, let me see, when do I wish to be called?

(Pause)

What day is it, Rankin?

RANKIN

It's Thursday, sir.

JACKSON

Thursday? Well, I tell you what you do, Rankin, you call me  
Saturday.

(He staggers out of door R,  
laughing and whistling)

RANKIN

(stands looking after JACKSON  
as he exits, then goes and  
turns out hall light L. As  
he comes back to piano the  
clock strikes five)

Five o'clock in the morning.

(Stands shaking his head,  
then turns out piano lamp)

Stage is in complete darkness for  
about thirty seconds, then curtain

goes up fully lighted. The clock strikes eleven. Stage is bare. Bell rings off-stage and RANKIN enters from R, crosses stage and exits door L to answer bell. Off-stage.

RANKIN  
(off-stage)  
Good morning, Mr. Wallace.

WALLACE  
(off-stage)  
Hello, Rankin. Is Mr. Jones up and about?

RANKIN  
Not yet, sir.

WALLACE enters from L, carrying newspaper in his hand, followed by RANKIN. WALLACE goes to piano, places his hat and cane on it, then goes to table L and sits R of it. He opens paper he carries and starts reading.

RANKIN  
(has followed WALLACE and stands RC)  
Shall I tell Mr. Jones you're here?

WALLACE  
(looking at paper)  
Great Scott! Here it is on the front page of this paper!

RANKIN  
(turns to WALLACE)  
I beg pardon, Mr. Wallace, but is it all true, sir?

WALLACE  
(looks at RANKIN)  
What?

RANKIN  
The story in the morning papers, sir, about --  
(Points to room R)  
His -- engagement?

WALLACE  
(over to RANKIN RC)  
I don't know. That's what I'm here for, to find out if it is true. I was at the dinner party and stayed till 12:30. The engagement was announced, I believe, shortly after I left. Were you up when he got home this morning?

RANKIN

Yes, sir.

WALLACE

Did he talk about it at all?

RANKIN

(shakes his head)

He couldn't talk very much, sir.

WALLACE

Tipsy?

RANKIN

(confidentially)

Stewed!

WALLACE

Did he come home alone?

RANKIN

He came in alone, but a crowd serenaded him from the sidewalk after he arrived. I couldn't quite understand why they kept whistling the Wedding March until I saw the morning papers.

WALLACE

Well, what do you think of it, Rankin?

(As RANKIN shrugs his  
shoulders)

Oh, come on, you can tell me -- just between us.

RANKIN

(confidentially)

She's old enough to be his mother, sir.

WALLACE

She's old enough to be his mother's mother. Go and tell him I want to see him.

(Sits R of table and picks up  
paper)

RANKIN

Yes, sir.

(Exits R)

WALLACE

(reading aloud from paper)

"Mrs. James Gerard announces her engagement. The three times widow to share her millions with Broadway's own Jackson Jones. Announcement made at a big dinner given by the young spendthrift in honor of the wealthy widow."

(Throws paper down in  
disgust)

That's the biggest laugh New York has had in years.

(MORE)

WALLACE (cont'd)

(Phone rings. He picks up  
receiver on table)

Hello! Yes -- no. This is Mr. Wallace speaking. I'm a friend  
of his. No, I can't call him to the phone now, he's dressing.  
No, I can't make an appointment for you. What's the name?  
Yes, I have it. Peter Pembroke. You must see him today? Say  
you'll call? All right, goodbye.

(Hangs up receiver, gets up  
and goes over near window as  
RANKIN enters from R)

Well, did you wake him?

RANKIN

Yes, sir; he'll be dressed in about ten minutes.  
(Goes over to table L and  
gathers up papers lying on  
it)

I told him I'd just read of the engagement and I  
congratulated him.

WALLACE

(comes down to C)

What did he say?

RANKIN

Nothing, sir; just asked for the papers and a whiskey sour.  
(Crosses over to R -- stops)  
Oh, sir, he says to be sure and wait.

WALLACE crosses over to L, in front  
of mantelpiece.

WALLACE

Oh, I'll wait, all right.

Bell rings outside L.

RANKIN

(leaves papers on piano)  
Another early caller.  
(Starts toward door L)

WALLACE

If that's a newspaper reporter, tell him Mr. Jones is out of  
town.

RANKIN

Yes, sir.

(Exits L)

MRS. GERARD

(off-stage L)

Good morning, Rankin.

RANKIN  
(off-stage L)  
Good morning, Mrs. Gerard.

MRS. GERARD enters from L and goes  
over R, RANKIN following her on and  
over to R door.

MRS. GERARD  
(as she passes WALLACE)  
Good morning, Mr. Wallace.

WALLACE  
(coldly)  
Good morning.

MRS. GERARD  
(to RANKIN)  
Where's Mr. Jones?

RANKIN  
(at piano, gathering up  
newspaper)  
He's dressing, ma'm.

MRS. GERARD  
Well, tell him I'm here to take him for a spin through the  
park. Say to him that it's a glorious morning.

RANKIN  
Yes, ma'am.  
(As he exits he turns and  
shakes his head pityingly at  
her)

MRS. GERARD  
(to WALLACE, as she throws  
off her wraps, puts them on  
piano and comes down toward  
WALLACE L of table)  
Won't you join us, Mr. Wallace?

WALLACE  
(coldly)  
No, thanks.  
(Sits L of table)

MRS. GERARD  
(sits R of table)  
You ran away early last night.

WALLACE  
Yes.

MRS. GERARD  
You didn't wait for the announcement.

WALLACE  
No.

MRS. GERARD  
Were you surprised when you heard it?

WALLACE  
Staggered!

MRS. GERARD  
I thought you would be. What do you think of it all?  
(No reply from WALLACE)  
I say, what do you think of our engagement?

WALLACE  
What do you think of it?

MRS. GERARD  
I'm as happy as a little bird in a tree top.

WALLACE laughs uproariously. MRS.  
GERARD looks at him in surprise and  
then in indignation.

WALLACE  
You'll pardon me, Mrs. Gerard, but I was thinking of  
something funny.

MRS. GERARD  
Something that just happened?

WALLACE  
No, something that happened years ago.

MRS. GERARD  
Oh, I see. For a moment I thought you were laughing at me.

WALLACE  
Oh, Mrs. Gerard, how could you?

MRS. GERARD  
I know I'm horribly touchy in some respects. Mother always  
calls me a silly child.

WALLACE  
Your mother! Is your mother still living?

MRS. GERARD  
Why, yes, of course. And what a mother! What a wonderful  
mother! Sixty-five.

WALLACE  
Sixty-five children?

MRS. GERARD  
No, no, of course not!

WALLACE  
What am I thinking of.

MRS. GERARD  
Ten children; five girls and five boys. The baby, they always called me.

WALLACE  
I suppose most of the boys are still going to school?

MRS. GERARD  
Why, no, of course not -- they all married.

WALLACE  
Foolish youngsters!

MRS. GERARD  
Oh, I don't know. I married my husband when I was eighteen. That's twenty long years ago.

WALLACE  
Do you mean to tell me that you're --

MRS. GERARD  
'Ssh!  
(Puts her finger to her lips  
and looks around room)  
I don't tell my age to everyone.

WALLACE  
I can readily understand that.

MRS. GERARD  
How old are you, Mr. Wallace?

WALLACE  
I'll be twelve in October.

MRS. GERARD  
Twelve!  
(Looks puzzled, then laughs)  
Oh, I see, you want me to add about twenty to that.

WALLACE  
(gets up)  
Yes, and add about thirty to your own.

MRS. GERARD

What!

WALLACE

Oh, come, Mrs. Gerard, you don't expect me to believe that --

MRS. GERARD

(gets up and crosses to  
settee R)

How dare you, sir! Do you know what you're saying?

WALLACE

(follows her over to settee)

I know what I'd like to say.

MRS. GERARD

About what?

WALLACE

About your engagement to young Mr. Jones. Why, you're not taking this fellow seriously, are you?

MRS. GERARD

What do you mean?

WALLACE

Just what I say, that it's all wrong; it's laughable! The idea of a woman of your age imagining for a minute that this boy is fool enough to mean such a thing! Do you stop to think what people will say? Don't you realize that it can't be? That it's simply preposterous? Why --

MRS. GERARD

Are you trying to insult me, sir?

WALLACE

No, I'm trying to save you from being humiliated and laughed at. Deny the story at once. Say that it was all a joke. Say anything, but for heaven's sake, don't let it go any further.

(Walks away from her to L,  
then back again)

Surely, you don't think he really intends to marry you?

MRS. GERARD

And why not?

WALLACE

Because it's ridiculous. You're a sensible woman. Give it serious thought. Why, you're over twice his age.

MRS. GERARD

What!

WALLACE

Why, he's only twenty-five.

MRS. GERARD

You're a brute!

(Flounces into settee  
angrily)

WALLACE

I'm your friend and I'm trying to save you from being made  
the laughing stock of the town.

MRS. GERARD

Do you mean to insinuate that Jackson doesn't love me?

WALLACE

Jackson love you! Say, Jackson doesn't love anything but a  
good time. Why, he doesn't take anything seriously,  
especially women. To my knowledge he's been engaged to thirty  
of them during the past two months.

(Crosses to L of table)

MRS. GERARD

(follows WALLACE to L)

I don't believe you.

WALLACE

Very well, go ahead. It's no affair of mine.

MRS. GERARD

You'll do well to attend to your own business, Mr. Wallace.

WALLACE

Excuse me, I'm sorry I spoke.

JACKSON

(is heard singing "I Love  
You, I Love you" off R. He  
enters, still singing, and  
goes to MRS. GERARD)

Beatrice, my Beatrice!

MRS. GERARD

(as she runs over R to him he  
takes her hand)

Jackson!

WALLACE sits at L of table, looking  
thoroughly disgusted.

JACKSON

Good morning, Bob.

(To MRS. GERARD)

And how is my little banquet queen this morning?

MRS. GERARD

I came here happy as a lark, but now I'm horribly upset.

JACKSON

Why, what's happened to my little round of pleasure?

Gesture of disgust from WALLACE.

MRS. GERARD

This man has been saying terrible things to me.

(Nods in WALLACE'S direction)

JACKSON

(crosses to L and stands R of  
table)

Why, Bob, what have you been saying to little Beatrice?

WALLACE

Oh, don't!

(Turns from JACKSON, annoyed)

JACKSON

(over R to MRS. GERARD)

Tell me, what has he been saying to you?

MRS. GERARD

Called it a ridiculous match. Said I shouldn't take you  
seriously. Intimated that you didn't love me, and --

JACKSON

(over to WALLACE)

You said these things?

WALLACE

Yes, and a great deal more.

JACKSON

Bob Wallace, I'm surprised! Shame on you!

WALLACE

Oh, rats!

JACKSON

What the deuce do you mean?

WALLACE

Oh, cut it out, be sensible.

JACKSON

Sensible?

WALLACE

Yes, a joke's a joke, but you're carrying this too far. Do you know that the whole town is laughing at the story in today's papers?

MRS. GERARD

(tearfully)

See, there he goes again!

JACKSON

(to WALLACE)

You mean the announcement of our engagement?

WALLACE

Of course that's what I mean. If you think it's funny, your sense of humor has got the better of you. You're making a fool of yourself and one of Mrs. Gerard.

MRS. GERARD

How dare you, sir!

JACKSON

(turns slightly toward MRS.  
GERARD)

Wait a minute.

WALLACE

You see? You've got her believing it's true, and pretty soon the whole town will be taking it just as seriously.

(Gets up and faces JACKSON  
across table)

Jackson, if you don't telephone the newspapers and deny this story at once, I'll do it myself

MRS. GERARD

Jackson, are you going to stand there and allow this man to --

JACKSON

(over to MRS. GERARD)

No, no, no!

(Crosses to WALLACE standing  
R of table)

Now you listen to me, Mr. Wallace! I'm over twenty-one years of age and can come pretty near handling my own affairs. Without any particular reason, you've insulted this lady, and you've insulted me. Now, sir, I demand an apology.

WALLACE

Now, see here, Jackson, I --

(Grabs JACKSON by coat  
lapels)

JACKSON

(pulling away impatiently)

Don't do that! Don't do that! You've insulted my future wife and I want you to apologize!

WALLACE

(thunderstruck)

You mean to say you're really going to be married?

JACKSON

Of course we're going to be married.

MRS. GERARD

Of course we're going to be married.

WALLACE

Very well, then, I apologize.

JACKSON

(pointing to MRS. GERARD)

Not to me, to the lady.

WALLACE

(hesitates, then crosses over  
to MRS. GERARD, JACKSON  
following)

Mrs. Gerard, I offer a thousand apologies.

MRS. GERARD

(coldly)

After such impertinence, I don't know that I can accept your apology.

WALLACE

But, don't you see, I thought it was all a joke.

MRS. GERARD

Why should you think such a thing? Is it at all unusual that people in love should marry?

WALLACE

(after a look between JACKSON  
and WALLACE, goes upstage L)

Why, no, of course not, but I -- I didn't understand. I --

(Rushes over to JACKSON, who  
is over L, walking up and  
down, singing or humming  
snatches of Wedding March)

Now, see here, Jackson, if you're trying to fool me, I want to know. I --

MRS. GERARD

There he goes again -- another insult!

WALLACE  
(turning to MRS. GERARD)  
Really, Mrs. Gerard, I didn't mean it.

MRS. GERARD  
Then what did you mean?

WALLACE  
(over to MRS. GERARD R)  
Why, I -- Oh, I don't know what I mean!  
(Turns disgusted to C)

JACKSON  
(crosses over R to L of  
WALLACE)  
Well, I think I do. You're still in doubt as to whether or  
not we're really going to be married. Isn't that it?

MRS. GERARD  
(half tearfully)  
But why should he imagine such a thing

JACKSON  
(to MRS. GERARD, trying to  
soothe her)  
Sweetheart, dearie, please!  
(To WALLACE)  
Come on now, tell the truth.

WALLACE  
Well, I will admit I did think at first that it was all a  
joke, but --

JACKSON  
And you're not quite satisfied yet that it isn't?

WALLACE  
Well, of course, if you say so, why --

JACKSON  
Then I'll put you right. It's all true. We're engaged. We're  
going to be married and we expect to be very happy. Do you  
believe it now?

WALLACE  
Why, certainly, if you say so.  
(Turns to MRS. GERARD)  
Might I ask how long you've been engaged?

MRS. GERARD  
We became engaged last night at dinner.

JACKSON

That's right, last night at dinner. It was during the ice cream.

MRS. GERARD

It all happened in a moment.

JACKSON

It happened just like this -- you see --

(Snaps his fingers)

That's just the way it happened. Only one question asked, "Will you marry me?" and I said, "Yes."

MRS. GERARD

What!

JACKSON

I mean she said yes. Beatrice said yes.

MRS. GERARD

We're going to spend our honeymoon in Spain.

WALLACE

Spain?

JACKSON

Yes, Spain. I'm going out this afternoon to buy a tambourine. Dear old sunny Spain!

(Executes a few Spanish dance steps, while singing)

Congratulations?

WALLACE

Now see here, Jackson, if you're trying to fool me I want to know.

MRS. GERARD

There he goes again, Jackson. I'm not going to stay here and be insulted in such a manner.

(Starts upstage, taking her wraps from piano as she passes it, and goes up to L door, JACKSON following her)

JACKSON

(up LC)

There, there, don't lose your temper. Mr. Wallace thinks we're fooling him.

MRS. GERARD

Why should he think such a thing?

JACKSON

(to WALLACE, as the latter  
follows him upstage,  
expostulating)

Go away!

(WALLACE comes down stage and  
sits on settee RC, disgusted  
and sore. To MRS. GERARD,  
near door L)

Now you leave him to me and in five minutes I can convince  
him that it is absolutely true.

MRS. GERARD

(peevish -- disappointed)

Then you won't come for a drive?

JACKSON

I tell you what you do -- stop for me in, say, half an hour.

MRS. GERARD

(brightens)

Very well, then I'll run along. I must get the air. This man  
has given me a dreadful headache.

JACKSON

(looking at WALLACE on settee  
and shaking his head at him)

You shouldn't have done that, Bob, it was dead wrong.

WALLACE shrugs his shoulders  
impatiently.

MRS. GERARD

(at arch LC)

Bye, bye, dearie!

JACKSON

Bye, bye, sweetheart!

MRS. GERARD

In half an hour.

JACKSON

About that.

MRS. GERARD

Don't you listen to that man.

JACKSON

No, I'm going to make him listen to me.

MRS. GERARD

Oh, you dear boy! Bye, bye, dearie!  
(Exits upstage L)

JACKSON  
(goes to arch)  
Bye, bye, sweetheart!

Stands looking out door L, singing  
"Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye"  
until WALLACE crosses C stage and  
comes up and faces JACKSON at door  
L, when the latter stops abruptly  
and comes shamefacedly down to R of  
table LC.

WALLACE  
(coming down L of table)  
Say, are you going crazy?

JACKSON  
(seriously)  
Nothing of the kind. I'm perfectly all right.

WALLACE  
(still unable to believe)  
You mean to tell me --

JACKSON  
Sit down, sit down! I've got a whole lot to tell you. Sit  
down.

(WALLACE sits L of table.  
JACKSON L of C. Bell rings.  
RANKIN enters from R and  
crosses to L to answer bell.  
JACKSON calls to him as he  
gets near L door)  
If it's anyone for me, I'm not at home.

RANKIN  
(stops as JACKSON calls)  
Yes, sir.  
(Exits L)

JACKSON  
(across table, rubbing eyes,  
after RANKIN exits)  
Now, in the first place, I want you to thoroughly understand  
that I'm positively serious about this whole affair, and  
nothing you can say will change my plans. Is that understood?

WALLACE  
Well, go on.

JACKSON  
Mrs. Gerard and I are going to be married, and it's going to  
happen very shortly, so whether you like the idea or not, if  
(MORE)

JACKSON (cont'd)

you care to retain my friendship you must get used to it the same as I will have to do. Am I clear?

WALLACE

(grimly)

Well, I'm listening.

JACKSON

I know several girls who will cry very bitterly  
(WALLACE gives a contemptuous  
grunt)

And I know a lot of fellows who will laugh very heartily. But the fact remains that the lady you just saw leave this room is to become my wife, so once and for all get it out of your head that it's a joke. And don't sit there like a pall-bearer. Smile!

(WALLACE forces a grin)

Utter a few kind words. Say something

(WALLACE leans forward to  
expostulate)

But don't give me any argument about this thing, for it will only be a waste of time. My mind's positively made up.

WALLACE

But do you realize what --

JACKSON

What people will say? Of course I do. I've gone over all that. I've threshed it out with myself from every possible angle. I know what they'll say and I know exactly what they'll think.

WALLACE

Well, what will they think?

JACKSON

Well, the natural thought will be that I'm marrying her for her money.

WALLACE

Why, they know better than that. Everyone's aware of the fact that you have all the money you need.

JACKSON

(laughs)

Do you think so?

WALLACE

Well, haven't you?

JACKSON

Just a second.

(Goes upstage L and calls)

Rankin, oh, Rankin!

RANKIN  
(enters from L. with  
telegram, which he hands to  
JACKSON)

Telegram, sir.

JACKSON  
Telegram?

(Puts it in his pocket  
without looking at it)  
Say, Rankin, I don't want to be disturbed for the next five  
minutes. I want to talk over some business with Mr. Wallace.

RANKIN  
Very well, sir.  
(Exits R)

JACKSON  
(sits R of table again)  
Bob, I'm going to let you in on a little secret -- my secret.  
No one else in the world knows. I wouldn't tell anyone but  
you, and I wouldn't tell you if it weren't for the fact that  
we've always been so close and such good friends. But,  
remember, this is Masonic.

WALLACE  
Why, certainly.

JACKSON  
(frankly)  
I'm broke.

WALLACE  
(startled -- sits up eagerly)  
You're what?

JACKSON  
Broke, dead broke. Are you surprised?

WALLACE  
Say, what kind of a joke is this?

JACKSON  
It's no joke to be broke, Bob, but it's even worse than that  
with me. I'm in debt.

WALLACE  
In debt!

JACKSON  
To the extent of about fifty thousand dollars.

WALLACE  
Well, what have you done with all your money?

JACKSON

Put it back into circulation where it came from.

WALLACE

You mean Wall Street?

JACKSON

No, Broadway.

WALLACE

Investments gone wrong?

JACKSON

I never invested any money. The only thing I ever did was to spend it.

WALLACE

But you couldn't spend the money you had.

JACKSON

I didn't have any trouble getting rid of it. Everybody seemed very glad to take it.

WALLACE

But I always thought you had an enormous income.

JACKSON

Well, that's what they all thought, and still think. That's why I've been able to go along and run head over heels in debt. I owe tailor bills, boot bills, jewelry bills, flower bills, restaurant bills -- I've got a flock of bills over there in that room --

(points to room R)

-- that would make Rockefeller complain of the high cost of living, and I can't pay them because I'm broke, flat broke. It's hard to believe, isn't it?

WALLACE

Why, you always led me to believe you were a millionaire.

JACKSON

Well, I lied a little. At that, I could have been worth a million by now if I'd had any business ability with the bank-roll I had to go with. When I came here to New York five years ago and started to burn up Broadway I had two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. My father died and left me that when I was ten years old; didn't come into it until I was twenty-one. There was a whole lot of cash, some real estate, and a half interest in a chewing gum factory. The first thing I did was to sell the real estate, and then I sold my interest in the gum plant. I wanted cash -- hadn't use for anything else. My father's partner, his brother (my uncle, old Andrew Jones), bought me out, and cheated me, too. A measly hundred thousand, that's all I got. Since then I

(MORE)

JACKSON (cont'd)

understand he's made a dozen fortunes with the darned old gum. I heard the Gum Trust offered him a million dollars for the plant last year. You've often heard me speak of the gum?

WALLACE

Yes, Jones's Pepsin.

JACKSON

Yes, that's right. Jones's Pepsin, made in Jonesville. The town was named after my grandfather. He was in the gum business before his two sons. It's the oldest gum on the market. Ever chew it?

WALLACE

No.

JACKSON

Don't! It's awful! It's terrible stuff!

WALLACE

Well, go on, tell me what happened.

JACKSON

Nothing happened except that I couldn't wait to get hold of that money and get out of that town. I wanted New York, nothing but New York. I had heard about New York; I'd read of New York; I talked New York; I dreamed New York. Why, from the time I was a kid in knickerbockers up to the day I left Jonesville, everybody in the town called me "Broadway."

WALLACE

"Broadway"?

JACKSON

That was my name, "Broadway," just because I wore patent leather shoes and put on a clean collar every now and then. That's the kind of a town it is. Oh, I've lived up to the name, all right. I know every newsboy, policeman, actor, chorus girl, wine agent, gambler and bartender in the town. I've been to bed just one night in four years before four o'clock in the morning -- one night, and that was because I had a toothache and my face was swollen. It wasn't the pain that kept me in, it was the looks of the thing. Oh, what I haven't done to Broadway! Well, you know, you've been with me.

WALLACE

Well, I always said you were pretty speedy, but I thought you could afford it. The trouble with you is you've been too liberal.

JACKSON

I know it. I've been the bright-eyed baby boy around this town, all right. It's cost me a quarter of a million, but I've had a wonderful time!

WALLACE

How long have you been broke?

JACKSON

About six months. My credit's carried me on. When I first went broke I made up my mind I wouldn't run in debt no matter what happened. You know what I did? I put on an old suit of clothes that morning and started out looking for a job.

WALLACE

(laughs)

What kind of a job?

JACKSON

Any kind of a job. Elevator boy, messenger boy -- I didn't care. I promised myself I'd earn a living without begging, borrowing or stealing.

WALLACE

Well, what happened when you went out looking for a job?

JACKSON

I know it sounds funny to tell, but it's a positive fact. I started out looking for a "Boy Wanted" sign. My intentions were the best in the world. I got to thinking of something else, and when I came to, where do you suppose I was?

WALLACE

Where?

JACKSON

In Delmonico's, having breakfast. Turned in there out of force of habit. I made a dozen attempts to do the right thing. I cut out automobiles and rode in street cars for two or three days; I went to an opening night at a theatre and sat in the gallery; I bought a pair of ready-made shoes; I ate my meals at a forty-cent table d'hote and smoked five-cent cigars, just practicing, trying to get used to it all, but I couldn't, I simply couldn't. All my good resolutions went to smash every time I took a look at Broadway. I knew my credit was good -- the things I wanted were there -- I could have them, and, well, I took them, that's all.

WALLACE

And now you're fifty thousand dollars in debt.

JACKSON

I don't know the exact amount, but that's a fairly good guess.

WALLACE

Well, you've kept pretty quiet about it; it hasn't seemed to worry you much.

JACKSON

It hasn't worried me, eh?

(Gets up)

Well, I don't mind telling you that I just woke up out of the first sound sleep I've had in weeks. The first month I went broke I bet I walked to Chicago and back every night.

(Crosses to R and back to R  
of table again)

-- if you measured the carpet by the mile. I thought so much and worried so much that I didn't dare trust myself alone. I had the weirdest ideas -- I did the craziest things you ever heard of.

(Sits R of table)

I'll tell you something you don't know. I belong to the Salvation Army.

WALLACE

What!

JACKSON

On the level. It's a positive fact. I went over to Newark and joined it one night about two months ago.

WALLACE

What was the idea?

JACKSON

Well, I was discouraged. I thought it would be a good way to forget my troubles. I played the bass drum for two nights and couldn't stand it any longer. Have you ever been to Newark?

WALLACE

Yes.

JACKSON

Well, then, you know what I suffered. Oh, you can't realize what I've been through, Bob. I've made a bluff and pretended to be happy all along, but you can believe me, old pal, there have been times when I actually started out for that old Brooklyn Bridge.

(WALLACE lays one hand on  
JACKSON'S in sympathy)

I didn't care about the money I'd spent, mind you, it wasn't that. It was the fact of piling this debt up day in and day out, with no chance of ever paying it.

WALLACE

And still you kept on accepting credit.

JACKSON

I know it was wrong, dead wrong, but it was in my blood. I couldn't help it.

WALLACE

But your uncle?

JACKSON

My uncle?

WALLACE

Yes. He's a rich man -- have you tried him?

JACKSON

Yes, he's been tried -- and found guilty. I wrote and told him I was short of ready cash and I asked him for a few thousand dollars.

WALLACE

Did he answer?

JACKSON

Yes, he answered. Sent me a package of his gum and a note: "Chew this and forget it." He's in Europe now; he's been in Europe for weeks. That old fellow's worth a million if he's worth a nickel.

WALLACE

Well, tell me, where have you been getting enough for tips and pocket money?

JACKSON

You know that big French car I said was in dead storage?

WALLACE

Yes.

JACKSON

I sold it. Remember, I told you I had lost a lot of jewelry?

WALLACE

Yes.

JACKSON

Well, I didn't. I pawned it. How is my work?

WALLACE

You're a wonder. I've got to hand it to you. But why haven't you confided in me long ago?

JACKSON

(troubled)

Because I didn't have courage enough to confide in anyone.

(Gets up, goes over RC, then

(MORE)

JACKSON (cont'd)

back to table)

All I've been waiting for is some miracle to happen to set things right. All I've been thinking of is money; how to get it; where to get it.

(Sits R of table)

And, Bob, last night at that banquet table I sat there looking at Mrs. Gerard and thinking of her millions and wondering what she'd do if I told her my story -- trying to pluck up enough courage to take her into my confidence and ask her to help me. I didn't realize what I was doing, but I must have been staring at the woman for fully ten minutes when a waiter came up and handed me a note.

WALLACE

A note!

JACKSON

It was from her.

WALLACE

What did it say?

JACKSON

"Why do you stare at me so?"

WALLACE

Did you answer it?

JACKSON

Yes.

WALLACE

What did you say?

JACKSON

Oh, I couldn't help it, Bob, I was desperate.

WALLACE

Come on, tell me -- what did you say?

JACKSON

(sheepishly)

"Because I love you."

WALLACE

Did she answer that?

JACKSON

Yes. "I love you, too."

WALLACE

Then your answer?

JACKSON

"Not as much as I love you."

(WALLACE turns from JACKSON  
with a snort of disgust)

Oh, we had quite a correspondence -- seven or eight notes  
either way.

WALLACE

Who sent the last one?

JACKSON

She did. "Will you marry me?"

WALLACE

She proposed to you?

JACKSON

On the level.

WALLACE

And you said yes?

JACKSON

I didn't put it in writing. The letter-carrier lost his job  
right there.

(Gets up and leans over  
table)

For fear she'd change her mind before the mail arrived, I  
leaned right over the table and hollered, "Yes."

(Goes over toward RC)

WALLACE

Well, what happened then?

JACKSON

(turns and comes back toward  
table L)

She fainted. Table deserted; general excitement; smelling  
salts; usual speech; "Where am I at?"; embrace; kiss;  
announcement; wild applause. Then somebody ordered twenty  
cases of wine and the next thing I remember Rankin called me  
and told me you were here.

(Sits R of table)

Well, what do you think of it all?

WALLACE

I think it's terrible!

JACKSON

How?

WALLACE

Why, you can't afford to do this thing!

JACKSON

I can't afford to do anything without signing a tab for it.

WALLACE

(impatiently)

Oh, you can do something. Haven't you got any "get up and go"?

JACKSON

Yes, that's all I can do -- get up and go! --

WALLACE

If you go to work, you have the makings of a business man.

JACKSON

If I go to work, I won't have the makings of a cigarette. I know what I can do.

WALLACE

How do you know? You haven't tried. I'll get you a job.

JACKSON

Where?

WALLACE

With my firm; on my recommendation.

JACKSON

Yes, I'd look funny in the advertising business, I would.

WALLACE

I'll see the Guv'nor tomorrow. I'll get you about five thousand a year to start with.

JACKSON

Five thousand a year! What good is that in New York? I pay more than that for these apartments. I owe ten times that amount right now.

WALLACE

Well, I have about twenty thousand of my own. I'll lend you that.

JACKSON

That's very nice of you, but I'd never be able to pay it back.

WALLACE

That doesn't make any difference.

JACKSON

Oh, yes, it does. Even though you loaned me enough to pay all I owe, I'd still be in debt, wouldn't I? What's the odds whether I owe it to you or the other fellow?

WALLACE

But you can't do this thing, Jackson; it isn't right.

JACKSON

How do you mean?

WALLACE

Do you mean to tell me you'd do such a low, contemptible, despicable thing as to deliberately marry a woman for money?

JACKSON

Who says I'm marrying her for her money?

WALLACE

Well, you know you don't love the woman!

JACKSON

I don't know anything of the kind.

(WALLACE gets up with an exclamation of anger, and stands L of table, in front of mantel-piece)

Now, see here, suppose you were in trouble, wouldn't you love some one who came forward and helped you out of it?

(Gets up and paces back and forth from L to R)

Besides, it's too late now, the engagement's been announced.

WALLACE

(goes over C, near piano)

Engagements are broken every day in the week. You leave the whole thing to me. I'll have a talk with Mrs. Gerard, and I'll guarantee to prove to her that it's an utter impossibility. You needn't enter into it at all. I'll take the whole thing on my shoulders and she --

JACKSON

No, there's no use, Bob. I told you before I started I wouldn't listen to any argument against it. My mind's made up, that's all there is to it. I'm going through with it -- I have to.

(WALLACE gets his hat and came from piano)

I'll show you something. See this?

(Pulls a banknote from his pocket)

A hundred dollars -- that's my bankroll.

(Goes C, near WALLACE)

WALLACE

You'll lose every friend you ever had in the world.

JACKSON

No, I won't. People with money never lose their friends.

WALLACE

I know one you'll lose.

JACKSON

(goes up L near window-seat)

You?

WALLACE

Yes. And unless you tell me within the next twenty-four hours that you've reconsidered this matter and that you're going to fight it out in a real way, I'll never speak to you again as long as I live!

JACKSON

You don't mean that.

WALLACE

You bet I mean it. There are other things in the world besides money.

JACKSON

(sits on stool in window-seat)

Huh!

WALLACE

(leans against R of table L)

Oh, I know it's an old speech, but in this case it goes. Is it getting me anything giving you this advice? It isn't putting a dollar in or out of my pocket one way or the other, whether you marry this woman or not. You're nothing to me except a friend and a pal, but I don't want to see you do something you'll be sorry for all your life.

(Goes up near JACKSON in window-seat)

I'm sorry you're in trouble, and there isn't anything I won't do to help you. I'll go the limit for everything I've got, but if you don't give up all idea of this marriage, never expect the friendship of any man who has any decency or self-respect. That's all I've got to say -- now I'm going.

(Starts toward door L)

JACKSON goes after him and brings him down C, throwing his arm around WALLACE'S shoulder.

JACKSON

Wait a minute, Bob. Don't go like that. Gee whiz! I had a wild night. Give me a chance to think -- please.

WALLACE

All right. Go ahead and think.

(Sits R of table L)

It's about time you began to think.

JACKSON

(standing back of WALLACE)

Don't you suppose I know it's a shabby thing to do? But, Great Scott! look at the fix I'm in. You're not sore at me, are you?

WALLACE

I've had my say; you've heard my opinion.

JACKSON

Do you think everybody will feel that way about it?

WALLACE

Why, certainly.

JACKSON

(nervously walking back and forth, L to R and back)

If it wasn't for all those debts -- all those bills on my hands.

WALLACE

You don't know the exact amount?

JACKSON

No.

WALLACE

Well, why haven't you added them up?

JACKSON

Because I haven't had time, I've been too busy.

WALLACE

Doing what?

JACKSON

Well, I -- Now, don't give me the third degree, will you, please! Look, see here, I'm so nervous now I'm trembling like a leaf.

(Over to WALLACE, holding out his hand)

WALLACE

(gets up)

Where are those bills?

JACKSON

(points to room R)

In my room in the desk.

WALLACE

Do you mind if I look them over?

JACKSON

No, I wish you would. Will you do that, Bob?

WALLACE

Why, certainly.

(Crosses over toward door R)

JACKSON

(goes after WALLACE R and  
brings him down to C)

Say, Bob!

WALLACE

Well?

JACKSON

Suppose I take your advice and call this thing off, what am I  
going to say to Mrs. Gerard?

WALLACE

You won't have to say anything -- I'll manage her.

JACKSON

Well, what are you going to say?

WALLACE

Will you please leave that to me? Go over there and sit down  
and do some more thinking. You've got many a think coming to  
you, young fellow! I'm going to see how much you owe the  
world.

(Exits door)

JACKSON

(stands thinking a moment,  
then goes to table L, picks  
up phone and sits R of it)

Hello, give me 4000 Bryant, please.

(Wait)

I wish I'd never seen New York.

(In phone)

Hello, is this Sperry's Restaurant? I want to talk to Mr.  
Armstrong. Oh, is that so? I didn't recognize your voice.  
This is Jackson Jones. Yes. Say, Mr. Armstrong, have you made  
up my bill for last night's affair? Yes, I know, but I just  
want the total, just the total . . . Well, you look it up for  
me, will you? I'll hold the wire. Thank you very much.

(To RANKIN, who enters from R  
and places flowers in  
jardiniere near door R)

Say, Rankin

RANKIN

Yes, sir.

(Crosses toward JACKSON at  
table)

JACKSON

(looks toward him, phone to  
ear)

I'm sorry, Rankin, but you'd better look around for another  
job.

RANKIN

Hasn't my service been satisfactory, Sir?

JACKSON

Oh, yes, every little thing has been all right, Rankin, but  
you see I'm going to leave town. I expect to do a lot of  
traveling.

RANKIN

I should like to accompany you, sir.

JACKSON

Well, I'd like to have you, Rankin, but you see I'm thinking  
seriously of locating in -- in Japan, and I've got to have  
some one who understands the language.

RANKIN

I speak Japanese very well, sir. I was in service with two of  
them for over five years, sir, and in case you're thinking of  
China --

(Outside door-bell rings. He  
starts for L door)

JACKSON

(in phone)

Hello. Just a moment. Hold the wire a second, please.

(To RANKIN as he gets to L  
door)

If it's anyone for me, I'm not at home, now remember that.

RANKIN

Yes, sir.

(Exits L)

JACKSON

(in phone)

Hello . . . yes. Just give me that again. Twenty-three  
hundred and twenty-three dollars? The what? The vintage? The  
vintage . . . Oh, the vintage! Oh, is that so? No, no, not at  
all -- twenty-three hundred is all right. It would be just  
the same to me if you said twenty-three thousand . . . Yes,  
much obliged. Goodbye.

(Hangs up receiver, goes  
(MORE))

JACKSON (cont'd)

toward R, then back to L)

Twenty-three, twenty-three, and the butler speaks Japanese. I can't win a bet.

(Sees calendar on mantel and  
fires it into grate. Then  
turns up near L door as  
RANKIN enters)

The twenty-third! No wonder

RANKIN

(enters from L. Holds out  
card to JACKSON)

A gentleman to see you, sir.

JACKSON

(comes down to C)

Didn't I just tell you I wasn't home?

RANKIN

(following JACKSON down c)

I told him that, sir, but he said he'd wait. He says it's imperative that he should consult with you on some matter as soon as possible.

JACKSON

(takes card from RANKIN and  
says impatiently)

Peter Pembroke -- I don't even know who he is!

RANKIN

He appears to be a man of some importance, sir.

JACKSON

Does he?

RANKIN

Yes, sir.

JACKSON

Well, you've told him I'm here -- all right.

RANKIN

Yes, sir.

(Exits L)

JACKSON

(crosses over to door R,  
opens it and calls)

Bob! Oh, Bob!

WALLACE

(off-stage R)

Hello!

JACKSON

When you get that total, add twenty-three hundred and twenty-three dollars to it. Get that right now.

WALLACE

(off-stage R)

What's that for?

JACKSON

Vintage.

(Goes over L, passing in front of table L and up to door, and as RANKIN enters, showing PEMBROKE in, follows the latter as he crosses R)

RANKIN exits L, after showing PEMBROKE in.

PEMBROKE

(crosses to settee R, standing in front of it. To JACKSON, who has followed him over)

Mr. Jones?

JACKSON

Yes, sir.

PEMBROKE

My name is Pembroke.

JACKSON

How do you do, sir? Sit right down, Mr. Pembroke. I'll be right with you.

PEMBROKE

Thank you.

(Sits on couch and takes papers from his pocket and looks them over while JACKSON talks to RANKIN, who has entered from L and starts to exit to R)

JACKSON

(goes up L of piano and snaps his finger to attract RANKIN as he is crossing to R. RANKIN comes to JACKSON, who hands him a bill)

You pay the chef a month's salary and discharge him. Tell him I don't like his cooking any more.

RANKIN

Shall I engage a new man, sir?

JACKSON

No, I won't want any new man. Didn't I just tell you that I expected to locate in -- in Egypt?

RANKIN

Egypt! Oh, what a delightful country, sir. I lived there for two years. I'll be of service to you, I'm sure, on the entire trip. I'll see the chef, sir.

(Exits R)

JACKSON stands looking after RANKIN, thunderstruck, then comes down to table, gets chair from L of it and places it in front of PEMBROKE and sits.

PEMBROKE

(looks up)

Of course you expected me, Mr. Jones.

JACKSON

Expected you?

PEMBROKE

Why, yes. Didn't Mr. Spotswood wire you that I'd call?

JACKSON

Spotswood!

PEMBROKE

Yes, Spotswood, Judge Spotswood, attorney-at-law, Jonesville, Connecticut.

JACKSON

Oh, you mean old Judge Spotswood. Sure I remember him. I know his whole family well. No, he didn't wire me.

PEMBROKE

That's strange! I talked with him over the long distance phone less than an hour ago and he told me that he had wired you early this morning.

JACKSON

(shakes his head in negation)

No.

PEMBROKE

I can't understand it.

JACKSON

Hold on a minute! The boy did give me a telegram a while ago.

(Goes to table L and searches  
among papers, finally  
finding it in his pocket)

Here it is. I forgot to open it.

(Sits again in chair in front  
of PEMBROKE)

PEMBROKE

(gets up and stands directly  
in front of JACKSON)

You have my deepest sympathy, Mr. Jones.

JACKSON

(looks at PEMBROKE, puzzled)

Have I?

PEMBROKE

You most certainly have, sir. I knew your uncle very well. A fine, able man.

JACKSON

Yes, he's abroad.

PEMBROKE

Yes. Too bad it should happen at such a time. Very unfortunate, indeed.

JACKSON

(has been looking at PEMBROKE  
wonderingly all this time,  
now gets up, opens telegram  
and reads)

"Cable from Dr. Graham, London, England, announcing your uncle's demise, received late last night. His last will and testament, made prior to his sailing, places you in possession of the estate. His entire fortune, his business, his every earthly belonging, he leaves unconditionally to you, his nephew, and only heir. Shall I come to New York or expect you here? Pembroke will call on you today. Answer at once."

JACKSON

(stupefied and amazed)

Great Scott!

PEMBROKE

I'm awfully sorry for you, young man.

JACKSON

(surprised)

Are you?

PEMBROKE

Ah, yes, something we all have to go through.

JACKSON

(earnestly)

I'll never go through this if I get it, never in the world!

PEMBROKE

It all happened so suddenly I could hardly believe it.

JACKSON

That's just the way I feel about it, isn't that funny?

PEMBROKE

Your uncle was worth his weight in gold.

JACKSON

How much was he worth, do you know?

PEMBROKE

That I can't say. We offered him twelve hundred thousand dollars for his business and good will less than two months ago. The proposition still holds good, Mr. Jones. We stand ready to close the deal in forty-eight hours. I realize that in your time of trouble and grief it is hardly right to discuss business affairs, but it is vitally important that we bring the matter to a closing point by Saturday noon, as we are considering the Sprucemint Company at the same time, but our preference leans toward the Jones gum, and we --

JACKSON

Wait a minute. Wait a minute, please. What do you mean by we? Who's we?

PEMBROKE

I am referring to the company of which I have the honor to be second vice president, Mr. Jones, the Consolidated Chewing Gum Company of America.

JACKSON

Just a second, please, just a second.

(Shoves chair back to R of  
table, then goes C to

PEMBROKE)

Let me get this clear. Your people want to buy the Jones gum?

PEMBROKE

We do.

JACKSON

And you're willing to pay twelve hundred thousand dollars for it?

PEMBROKE

The top price.

JACKSON

Where's the money? Have you got it with you?

PEMBROKE

I can get my lawyers together within the hour if you are ready to close the deal.

JACKSON

Well, come on, then. Let's get them.

(Goes up C with PEMBROKE)

What are you waiting for? Let's get this over as quickly as we can.

PEMBROKE

Do you mean business?

JACKSON

Certainly I mean business. Don't I look like a business man? Look at this business suit.

(Suits action to words)

See, I've got a lead pencil and everything.

(Takes pencil from his pocket  
and flashes it)

Certainly I mean business.

PEMBROKE

You mean you'll sign the articles today?

JACKSON

For twelve hundred thousand dollars I'd sign a murderer's confession.

PEMBROKE

(looking at his watch)

It's twelve o'clock.

JACKSON

Is it?

PEMBROKE

We'll meet here at two.

JACKSON

I'll be right here waiting.

PEMBROKE

Will you shake hands with me?

(Extends his hand)

JACKSON

Sure. I'll kiss you if you want me to.

They shake hands.

PEMBROKE

Jones, you're doing business with a great company.

JACKSON

You're the greatest company I ever met.

PEMBROKE

Two o'clock.

JACKSON

Two o'clock.

PEMBROKE

Don't forget.

(Starts for door L)

Two.

(Holds up two fingers)

JACKSON

Don't forget -- twelve.

(Holds up both hands. Goes to  
door L with PEMBROKE)

PEMBROKE

(at door)

Goodbye.

JACKSON

Goodbye.

PEMBROKE

(exits and calls back)

Goodbye.

JACKSON

(up at door L)

Goodbye.

(Calls after PEMBROKE, off-  
stage L)

Be careful crossing the street.

(JACKSON stands at door a  
moment, apparently dazed,  
and then comes down to C)

That's the first time I ever knew they could telegraph from  
heaven.

RANKIN

(enters from R and comes to  
JACKSON C)

I told the chef, sir, and he said --

JACKSON

Never mind what the chef said. You tell him he must stay. I wouldn't lose him for anything in the world. You go and raise his salary and give him my regards. Understand?

RANKIN

(stares at JACKSON,  
stupefied)

Yes, sir.

JACKSON

(goes after RANKIN as the  
latter starts R)

Say, come here. Where do you live?

RANKIN

Harlem, sir.

JACKSON

Got a flat?

RANKIN

Yes, sir.

JACKSON

Like this furniture?

RANKIN

Beautiful, sir.

JACKSON

It's yours.

(Crosses to L)

RANKIN

(following JACKSON L)

Oh, thank you, sir. Anything else?

JACKSON

No, what else do you want? Get out! Don't bother me!

(Gives RANKIN a shove toward  
door)

I'm a business man.

(RANKIN exits R. JACKSON goes  
to table L, picks up phone  
and stands R of table,  
talking)

Give me long distance, long distance.

(Pause)

Hello, long distance, I want to talk to Jonesville,  
Connecticut. Jonesville, Connecticut . . . Judge Spotswood,  
Judge Spotswood, Biddle Building . . . Biddle Building --  
Biddle Building, Jonesville, Connecticut. Spotswood . . .  
Spotswood. This is 2468 Huyler. Rush it through, will you?

(MORE)

JACKSON (cont'd)

Thanks.

(Hangs up receiver)

WALLACE

(enters at "Rush it through"  
with sheaf of bills in his  
hand and comes down to RC)

Well, I've figured this through once the best I could, and  
the grand total, as I make it, is \$61,482.

JACKSON

(goes over to L of WALLACE)

How much?

WALLACE

Sixty-one thousand, four hundred and eighty-two.

JACKSON

(laughs and slaps WALLACE on  
back)

Spending money, my boy, spending money!

He circles the room, firing  
flowers, cushions, photo frames,  
etc, in the air and smashing vases  
on mantelpiece, all the while  
singing, "As We Go Marching Through  
Georgia."

WALLACE

(following JACKSON,  
expostulating at his  
behavior)

Say, what's the matter with you -- going crazy all over  
again?

JACKSON

(down to C)

Do you know what I'm going to do from now on? I'm going to  
make the loudest noise Broadway has heard since Pershing came  
home from the war!

WALLACE

(RC)

Say, what's the matter with you?

JACKSON

Do you know what's happened since you left this room? A  
messenger with golden wings and a jeweled harp blew in  
through that window, handed me this message --  
(hands WALLACE the telegram)  
-- and flew right back to the Golden Gate. Read, read, read!

JACKSON goes flying around the room  
as before, singing "Marching  
Through Georgia."

WALLACE

(looks over telegram hastily  
and reads the following)

"Cable from Dr. Graham, London, England. His entire fortune  
he leaves unconditionally to you -- Pembroke will call on you  
today. Answer at once."

(Looks up from telegram and  
exclaims)

God!

JACKSON

(comes quickly down to  
WALLACE L of him)

Is it signed by him?

(Takes telegram from WALLACE  
and looks at it)

WALLACE

Signed, Judge Spotswood. Who's he?

JACKSON

He's my uncle's lawyer.

WALLACE

Say, is this a joke?

JACKSON

If it is, I'll make a reputation as a gun man.

WALLACE

Why, this is the most wonderful thing that ever happened!

JACKSON

(laughs hilariously)

Ha, ha, ha! Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to  
buy Brooklyn and close it up!

(Goes upstage C and then back  
to WALLACE)

WALLACE

(thinks)

Pembroke -- why, he phoned. I got his message.

JACKSON

He was here. Say, did you ever hear of the Consolidated  
Chewing Gum Company?

WALLACE

Certainly. They're the biggest advertisers in America.

JACKSON

Well, he's the second vice president. He's coming back here at two o'clock.

WALLACE

What for?

JACKSON

To bring me a check -- a check for twelve hundred thousand dollars. I'm going to sell him the Jones Pepsin.

WALLACE

He made you that offer?

JACKSON

Yes.

WALLACE

And you accepted?

JACKSON

Yes.

WALLACE

Sign an agreement?

JACKSON

Not yet.

WALLACE

And you're not going to.

JACKSON

What!

WALLACE

No, don't give me any argument. You've been a damned fool all your life and here's a chance to get even with yourself.

JACKSON

Turn down a million, two hundred thousand!

WALLACE

Yes.

JACKSON

Not on your biography! No, sir!

WALLACE

What you need is a keeper, and I'm going to take the job.

(Phone rings)

I'll answer it.

(Goes to table and picks up  
phone)

JACKSON  
(following WALLACE to phone,  
standing R of him)

I guess that's for me.

WALLACE  
(in phone)

Hello . . . What?

JACKSON  
(R of WALLACE)

I think it's Jonesville. I called up Judge Spotswood.

WALLACE  
(in phone)

Hello, Mr. Spotswood . . . What?

JACKSON  
Tell him I want him to come to New York as quickly as he can  
get here.

WALLACE  
(in phone)

No, no, don't come here. We'll come there.

JACKSON  
I tell you I won't do anything of the kind

WALLACE  
(in phone)

Yes, we'll be there by six o'clock, in time for dinner.

JACKSON  
(tries to talk in phone over  
WALLACE'S shoulder)

We won't be there at all!

WALLACE  
Get away from here!  
(Shoves JACKSON to R and  
hangs up receiver)

JACKSON  
Say, what are trying to do, run my affairs for me?

WALLACE  
Yes.  
(Calls to RANKIN as he goes  
up R)

Rankin! Oh, Rankin!

RANKIN  
(enters from R)

Yes, sir.

WALLACE

Pack a grip for Mr. Jones. He's going traveling.

RANKIN

Going to Japan?

WALLACE

Same thing -- Connecticut.

(Comes down stage and crosses  
over to L)

RANKIN

Yes, sir.

(Exits R)

JACKSON

(going toward WALLACE in  
front of table)

Say, look here, I don't intend to --

Doorbell rings.

WALLACE

(turns)

Someone at the door. See who it is.

JACKSON

Say, I'm not working for you, am I?

WALLACE

Go on, do as you're told.

JACKSON

Well, I'll be damned!

(Starts toward door L)

WALLACE

Wait a minute!

(Up after JACKSON)

It may be Mrs. Gerard.

(As JACKSON rushes up to  
window C, jumps up on window-  
seat C and looks out CL)

Didn't she say she'd be back in half an hour?

JACKSON

(comes down c)

Surest thing you know. It's her car, all right.

WALLACE

(comes down C)

Wait a minute.

(Thinks)

Get your hat.

JACKSON

Get my hat?

WALLACE grabs his hat from table L  
and JACKSON his from the piano.

WALLACE

Is there another way out of this house?

JACKSON

The servants' elevator at the back.

WALLACE

(calls as he goes over R)

Rankin, Rankin!

RANKIN

(enters from R)

Yes, sir, I'll have the grip packed in five minutes.

WALLACE

Never mind the grip. We can't wait for that. We've got to  
make a train. See who's at the door.

(RANKIN starts L, passing  
back of piano)

We're going out the other way.

(Starts pulling JACKSON off  
R)

Come on!

JACKSON

(holds back to speak to

RANKIN LC)

Say, Rankin, there'll be a party of gentlemen here at two  
o'clock to see me.

RANKIN

(over L, near door)

What shall I tell them, sir?

JACKSON

Tell them to --

WALLACE

Tell them to go to hell! Come on!

(Drags JACKSON off-stage R)

RANKIN exits L. As second curtain  
rises he is seen showing MRS.  
GERARD in from L and seating her at  
L of table C, where she sits until  
the curtain falls.

CURTAIN

ACT II

Parlor in home of JUDGE SPOTSWOOD,  
Jonesville, Connecticut.

At rise of curtain SAM SPOTSWOOD is  
sitting L of table, playing the  
banjo, with a sheet of music  
propped up on a chair in front of  
him. He plays a few measures, when  
he is interrupted by DAVE.

DAVE

(entering from R, brushing  
himself with whiskbroom, and  
goes over back of table L)

Say, Sam!

(No reply from SAM)

Sam!

(This much louder)

SAM

(stops playing)

Well, what do you want?

DAVE

Your mother wants you to come right in to your supper.

SAM

Oh, tell her to keep my supper hot for me, will you?  
(Starts playing again)

DAVE exits R. MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
enters.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(Enters from R and goes to R  
of table)

Sam! Sam Spotswood, how many times have you got to be told a  
thing? Your supper's ready.

SAM

(stops playing)

I ain't hungry, Mom -- honest I ain't.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

Well, your father wants you to stop playing that banjo.

SAM

Why?

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

Haven't you got any sense? Don't you know the whole town's in mourning? I should think you'd have more respect for your late employer.

(As SAM starts playing, she goes around back of table to him, saying angrily)

Now, you quit plunking on that thing and go get your supper!

SAM

Well, what's the use of me taking banjo lessons if I don't get a chance to practice?

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(straightening tidies on sofa up L)

Well, no back talk, now, or I'll box your ears. You've got to get out of here, anyway. Your father expects company tonight.

SAM

(gets up, passes in front of table and stands C)

Well, is company more important than my musical education? Anybody's got to practice to master an instrument.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

You go and master them pork chops and shut up.  
(Tidying table)

SAM

No one kicks when Clara wants to play the organ, I notice.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

That's enough! Now go and eat your supper. Your father wants you to go on an errand for him as soon as you're through.

SAM

Gosh! He always picks me out. I notice he never sends Clara on an errand.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

Clara's a girl.

SAM

Yes, they always get the best of everything. I bought the darn old banjo to try to make a future for myself. If you think I'm going to work in that old chewing gum factory all my life, you're mistaken. A fellow ain't got a chance in these small towns, anyway.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(over to SAM at C)

Oh, you want the big city life, I suppose.

SAM

Yes, that's what I want, and as soon as I can I'm going to live in New Haven.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(laughs heartily)

Yes, you'd do well in New Haven, you would.

(Goes upstage and arranges  
tidies on sofa L, laughing)

SAM

(crosses up to MRS.

SPOTSWOOD, who is LCU)

What are you laughing at? All the great men come from small towns. When Abraham Lincoln was my age he didn't amount to much, either.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(annoyed and out of patience)

Oh, go eat your supper!

SAM

Well, I'll fool you all some day.

(JUDGE enters. SAM turns R  
and starts to exit)

I know it's in me if I ever get the chance.

JUDGE

Here, Sam!

(Hands SAM a bunch of keys)

Soon as you finish your supper, go to my office and bring me that bundle of papers on my desk. The Yale key opens the desk. They're important papers, so be careful of them.

SAM

(takes keys and starts toward  
door R)

All right. Say, Pa, didn't you tell me that Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin?

JUDGE

Yes, sir. What of it?

SAM

Nothin'. I just wanted Mom to know, that's all.

(As he exits R, sulking)

I haven't got a chance to practice or do anything around here.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD laughs as SAM exits.

JUDGE

Where does the joke come in?

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

He's going to become a great man and live in New Haven!

JUDGE

Well, that's a novel idea, at any rate.

(Sits R of table)

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

What time do you expect your callers?

(Sits L of table, opposite  
JUDGE)

JUDGE

When I left them at the hotel they were ordering supper. They said they'd get here around seven or a little after.

(Looks at watch)

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

Why didn't you invite them here to supper?

JUDGE

Well, they had to clean up and everything. I guess they were pretty well tired out after four hours on the train. It's quite a journey.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

How does the boy look?

JUDGE

Broadway?

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

Yes.

JUDGE

He looks ten years older. My, how that boy's changed!

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(sighs and shakes her head  
dolefully)

Hard work, I suppose. What business is he in, did he say?

JUDGE

Yes. He said that he had invested most of his money in the wholesale liquor business.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(shakes her head)

Did anybody recognize him at the depot?

JUDGE

No, nor at the hotel, either. He just registered his first name,

JACKSON

He doesn't seem to want anyone to know he's in town.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

I don't blame him. My goodness, what a curiosity he'll be to the folks here!

JUDGE

Charlie Gilroy, the hotel clerk, got off a pretty good one. I had to laugh.

(Laughs)

Broadway's friend wanted to know if they could have their supper served in their room, and Charlie asked them if they wanted him to go up and feed them.

(Both laugh very heartily)

You know, Gilroy's very witty.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

Is he?

JUDGE

Very. He's from Bridgeport.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

Did you tell Broadway we had read in the New York Herald about him going to get married?

JUDGE

Yes, I asked him about that.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

What did he say?

JUDGE

Well, he started to say something, but his friend spoke up and told me not to believe what I read in the New York papers.

(MRS. SPOTSWOOD gets up)

Broadway didn't have much to say.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

No?

JUDGE

No, his friend did most of the talking.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

Why, who's he?

JUDGE

His name is Wallace. He seems to be a right nice chap.

(MRS. SPOTSWOOD crosses over  
toward C. He turns to her)

I tried to pump him about what the boy intended to do in

(MORE)

JUDGE (cont'd)

regard to the gum plant, but he didn't seem inclined to talk about it, so I dropped it. The Consolidated people telephoned me today for his New York address.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
(comes back to JUDGE at  
table)

They did?

JUDGE

Yes, and I wanted to find out if they'd made any proposition at all.

(Gets up and paces back and  
forth in front of table)

I'm worried about this matter, Mom.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

Did you talk to the boy about it at all?

JUDGE

I didn't have time to talk about anything.

(Looks at his watch)

He ought to be here in a few minutes. He wants to settle everything up right away. He says he has to get back to New York and attend to business.

(Goes L of table)

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

Well, I hope he'll consider us all before he does anything rash.

(Starts toward R)

JUDGE

(thinks)

I hope so. Oh, say, Mom!

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
(turns and looks at JUDGE)

Yes?

JUDGE

(LC)

Tell Clara I want to see her when she's through supper.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

Very well, I will.

(Starts to exit R and meets  
SAM coming in)

Did you eat already?

SAM

(chewing mouthful of food)

Yes, Ma'am.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

Didn't I tell you to stop gulping down your meals? You'll get indigestion. You're cranky and fussy enough now without that.  
(Crosses SAM to door R)

SAM

(turns and faces MRS.  
SPOTSWOOD)

I can't help it if I'm cranky, can I? Benjamin Franklin was cranky when he was a boy.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

Don't forget the errand you've got to do for your father.  
(Exits door R. JUDGE sits L  
of table)

SAM

Oh, all right.

(Crosses to L and stands R of  
table)

Say, Pa, I wish you'd ask Ma to quit pickin' on me all the time.

JUDGE

(looks up quietly)

Why, what's the matter now, son?

SAM

Well, she doesn't understand me. I've got good stuff in me. I'm going to amount to somethin' some day.

JUDGE

(smiles)

Do you think so, Sam?

SAM

Yes, I do. Every time I read about a great man I wish I was him.

(Stands back of table)

That's a good sign, ain't it?

JUDGE

(smiles, looks over his  
newspaper)

Why, yes, I guess so.

SAM

Well, I wish you'd speak to her and tell her to let me alone.

JUDGE

(ignores SAM'S last speech)

Hurry up and get those papers for me. I'll need them in a few minutes.

(Resumes his reading)

SAM

Nobody can tell. Maybe some day they'll be pointing to this house and tellin' people I was born in it.

(Goes to door C upstage,  
turns back and comes down to  
R of table)

Say, Pa, give us six cents for a soda, will you?

JUDGE

(reaches in pocket for money,  
then pauses)

You're sure it ain't for cigarettes?

SAM

No, honest! I ain't smoked since you caught me.

(JUDGE hands him nickel)

Thanks, Pa. I remember what you told me about cigarettes, all right. No more of them for me.

(Going toward door upstage C)

I ain't goin' to do anything to weaken my brain, I'll tell you that right now.

(Exits door upstage)

The JUDGE laughs quietly, then lays down his paper and gets up as CLARA enters.

CLARA

(enters from R and goes L to  
JUDGE, who is standing in  
front of table)

Mom said you wanted something, Pa.

JUDGE

Yes, Clara, I want you to do me a favor. Run over to Josie Richards' house and tell her I want to see her tonight about something very important.

CLARA

You want her to come here?

JUDGE

Yes. Tell her it's something about the plant.

CLARA

Has the trust bought it?

JUDGE

(smiles)

No, no! Did your mother tell you who's in town?

CLARA

No. Who?

JUDGE

The new owner, the young man himself.

CLARA

(eagerly)

Honestly? When did he get here?

JUDGE

On the five-fifty. Don't tell that to anyone but Josie, and tell her to keep it quiet. He doesn't want anyone to know it.

CLARA

I understand, Pa.

(Starts upstage C and turns  
back to JUDGE)

Shall I tell her that he'll be here?

JUDGE

Yes, and tell her he'll likely want to know all about how things stand, so she'd better come over.

CLARA

All right, Pa. I'll run over there right. away.

(Goes up and puts hat on,  
standing in front of mirror  
in organ)

JUDGE

You understand now?

CLARA

Sure! I won't breathe it to a soul but her.

Doorbell rings.

JUDGE

(anxiously -- quite nervous)

I guess that's him now.

CLARA

I'll let him in, Pa.

(Exits upstage C to RU hall)

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(enters from door R quickly)

Did Clara go to the door?

JUDGE

Yes.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(half whisper)

Is it him?

JUDGE  
(anxiously)

I expect so.

CLARA  
(off-stage CR)

Yes, sir. He's waiting for you. Don't you remember me, Mr. Jones?

At the sound of voices off-stage, JUDGE and MRS. SPOTSWOOD start primping. MRS. SPOTSWOOD straightens tidies on chairs, sofas, etc. JUDGE arranges papers on table.

JACKSON  
(off-stage)

You're not Clara?

CLARA  
(off-stage)

Yes, that's right.

JACKSON  
(off-stage)

Well, what do you think of that! Why, you were a little girl the last time I saw you. This is my friend, Mr. Wallace. This is the Judge's daughter, Bob.

WALLACE  
(off-stage)

I'm pleased to meet you, Miss Spotswood.

CLARA  
(off-stage)

Thank you, I'm pleased, too. Go right in the parlor -- straight ahead.

JACKSON enters from door upstage, followed by WALLACE. JACKSON comes down L and meets the JUDGE, who comes up toward door to welcome him. WALLACE looks off C at arch.

JUDGE  
(shakes hands heartily with JACKSON)

Welcome, my boy!

(Points to MRS. SPOTSWOOD over RC)

Remember that lady?

JACKSON

I should say I do.

(Goes to MRS. SPOTSWOOD and  
shakes hands with her. The  
JUDGE takes his hat as he  
crosses to MRS. SPOTSWOOD)

Hello, Mrs. Spotswood. I'm awfully glad to see you again.

WALLACE and JUDGE are up C, shaking  
hands. JUDGE places hat on sofa up  
LC.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(turning JACKSON round to get  
a good look at him)

Well, well, well, Broadway! It doesn't seem possible that  
it's you.

JACKSON

(laughs)

Yes, I guess I have changed.

(Turns upstage to WALLACE and  
JUDGE)

There's a funny thing. Nobody seemed to know me, and I saw  
only one that I recognized.

(To MRS. SPOTSWOOD)

This is my friend, Mr. Wallace, Mrs. Spotswood.

JACKSON goes over R, back of them,  
looks at pictures on wall R.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(up to WALLACE, who advances  
to meet her. She shakes his  
hand heartily)

How do you do, Mr. Wallace? Make yourself right at home. I  
guess Broadway knows that all his friends are our friends.

WALLACE

You're very kind, Mrs. Spotswood.

JUDGE

(following WALLACE down C)

Won't you sit down, Mr. Wallace?

(Points to chair R of table)

WALLACE

Thanks.

(Sits R of table)

JUDGE

Shall I take your hat?

(Takes WALLACE'S hat and  
places it upstage on sofa)

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(turns to RC to JACKSON)

'Twas all very sudden, wasn't it?

JACKSON

(turns to MRS. SPOTSWOOD)

What's that?

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

I mean about your uncle.

JACKSON

Oh, yes! Too bad, too bad!

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(tenderly)

He was so good, so generous!

JACKSON

(alert)

Was he?

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

Every time I think of him I fill right up.

(Sobs quietly -- wipes eyes.

JACKSON uneasy)

JUDGE

Now, Mom, don't start that here; we've got business to talk.

JACKSON sits extreme R armchair.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

Yes, of course, I understand.

(Goes over C to WALLACE R of  
table, drying her eyes)

Will you have a glass of milk and some cake?

WALLACE

(eyes JACKSON)

No, thank you.

JACKSON

We're very much obliged, Mrs. Spotswood, but we just finished  
dinner at the Grand Hotel.

WALLACE

(correcting JACKSON)

Supper.

JACKSON

I mean supper.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

Well, I'll make a pitcher of lemonade, anyway. You're liable to get thirsty while you're talking.

(Is standing C)

JACKSON

(has gone up R. and is looking at picture on wall)

Oh, Bob, come here. This is my uncle's picture.

(Points to picture)

WALLACE

(rises and goes over Rr to JACKSON)

Is that so?

JUDGE

(standing in front of L table)

Yes, that was taken about ten years ago.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(coming down C, faces them)

But he didn't change much in the last ten years.

JACKSON

You bet he didn't.

WALLACE and JACKSON talk in pantomime during following lines.

JUDGE

(over to MRS. SPOTSWOOD at C. Aside to her)

Say, Mom.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(aside)

Yes?

JUDGE

(aside)

Is Dave out in the kitchen?

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(aside)

Yes.

JUDGE

(aside, handing her a quarter)

Well, give him this quarter and tell him to go over to the drug store and get me six good cigars.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(aside)

I'll send him right away.

(Exits hurriedly door R)

JUDGE

(going CR toward WALLACE and  
JACKSON -- smiles)

You didn't remember Clara when she went to the door, did you?

JACKSON

(turns to JUDGE)

No, I didn't. She's quite a young lady now, isn't she?

JUDGE, JACKSON and WALLACE start  
slowly toward table L.

JUDGE

Nineteen.

WALLACE

She's a mighty pretty girl, Judge.

JUDGE

Well, we're very proud of her.

(As the three get to table L,  
the JUDGE takes a flask from  
his pocket, looks anxiously  
toward R door, half whispers  
-- smiles)

I thought maybe you boys would like a little drop of  
something, so I brought home this flask. Can I fix you up a  
drink, Broadway?

JACKSON

Not now, thanks.

(Sits back of table)

JUDGE

(offering it)

Mr. Wallace?

WALLACE

A little later, Judge.

(Sits R of table)

JUDGE

(puts flask back in his hip  
pocket -- confidentially)

Well, don't say anything about it. Mrs. Spotswood would raise  
thunder if she thought I brought it in the house. She's an  
awful temperance crank.

JACKSON

Not a word out of me, Judge.

WALLACE

Nor me.

JUDGE

(as he sits L of table)

Wait until you see Sammy. You won't know him. He'll be here directly. I sent him down to my office for some stuff I forgot to bring. I want you to see a copy of that will.

JACKSON

(eagerly, across table)

Yes, I'd like to as soon as possible.

JUDGE

(to WALLACE)

You know, very few people imagined that this boy would come in for it all.

JACKSON

I can't understand it myself.

JUDGE

Of course I knew.

JACKSON

You know, Judge, I always thought the old gentleman hated me.

JUDGE

No, siree! Of course he didn't like the idea of you not wanting to take up the partnership where your father left it off. He'd never bought you out only he thought you'd sell to someone else. I knew -- I was in his confidence for years. He didn't want you to go to New York, either, for fear you'd get to squandering your money.

(Look of amusement passes  
between WALLACE and JACKSON)

But he was really very fond of you. Naturally, he would be; never married, no children of his own. He used to feel hurt that you never came to see him, but he always felt that the plant belonged to you. You know, your father was the one who made the real success.

JACKSON

(to WALLACE)

What did I tell you?

WALLACE nods understandingly.

JUDGE

That's the real reason why your uncle never let go to the trust.

WALLACE

It must be an immense fortune, isn't it, Judge?

JACKSON listens eagerly across  
table.

JUDGE

The Consolidated people offered him twelve hundred thousand dollars for the plant and the trademark. You see, those trust fellows have been so anxious to get the Jones gum that they've been making it warm lately. They knew we had a fund for advertising purposes, but they killed that fund for us two years ago with one of their business tricks.

WALLACE

(across table)

How do you mean?

JUDGE

Well, they sent in such a demand on us that we added to the size of the plant and spent the money for machinery. We never realized that it was anything but a legitimate increase until the sudden smash came -- and no advertising done all that year.

JACKSON

(to WALLACE, assumed sympathy  
-- but not understanding)

Can you beat that?

WALLACE

Just shows you what chance the little fellow's got.

JUDGE

None at all against capital.

JACKSON

(tries hard to assume  
understanding)

What did he do then, Judge?

JUDGE

He turned everything he had in the world into money and put it right back in the business.

JACKSON

(uneasy)

Then you mean that aside from the business he left very little?

JUDGE

Nothing at all.

(A look of consternation  
passes between JACKSON and  
(MORE)

JUDGE (cont'd)

WALLACE)

Well, I believe the plant did show a profit last year. I expect Miss Richards here shortly. She can tell you exactly what it is -- she's got it at her finger-tips.

WALLACE

Miss Richards?

JACKSON

Who's she?

JUDGE

She's our chief accountant. I sent Clara over for her. She'll tell you all about it.

WALLACE

We're very anxious to know.

DAVE enters from R, with cigars in  
paper bag.

JACKSON

(uneasy)

I should say we are.

DAVE

(goes directly to JUDGE at  
table L)

Here's the cigars, Judge. The Missus said you wanted them in here.

(Puts cigars on table in  
front of JUDGE)

JUDGE

Yes, thanks, Dave.

(DAVE exits R)

Have a cigar, Broadway?

(Passes cigars to JACKSON)

JACKSON

(takes a cigar)

Thanks, very much, Judge.

(Smells it on the side)

I'll smoke this later on.

(Puts cigar in his pocket)

JUDGE

Mr. Wallace?

(Passes cigars to WALLACE)

WALLACE

No, thanks. I use cigarettes.

(Takes a cigarette from case)

SAM

(enters from door upstage)

Oh, excuse me.

(Comes forward to between  
JACKSON and JUDGE and places  
keys and papers on table)

Here's your papers, Pa, and here's your keys, too.  
(Goes RC)

JUDGE

And where's your cap?

(SAM removes his cap. JUDGE  
points from SAM to JACKSON)

Do you remember him?

JACKSON

(faces SAM, assuming  
interest)

That isn't Sammy?

JUDGE

(smiles)

That's him.

JACKSON

(laughs, amused at SAM'S  
appearance)

Well, what do you think of that!

JUDGE

Come and shake hands with these gentlemen, Sammy.

JACKSON

(as SAM comes to him, he  
turns in his chair and  
shakes hands with him)

Hello, Sammy.

WALLACE

(turns toward SAM and shakes  
his hand)

How are you, young man?

Both WALLACE and JACKSON laugh at  
SAM. WALLACE lights a cigarette and  
starts smoking.

JUDGE

He was only nine years old when you left here.

JACKSON

Sure, I remember him.

(To SAM)

(MORE)

JACKSON (cont'd)

Well, Sammy, you haven't grown very tall, but you got a little wide. You're a great big boy now, Sammy.

SAM

Napoleon Bonaparte was short and stout.

(All laugh)

Well, what are you laughin' at? I seen his picture.

JUDGE

(looking through papers, but smiling at SAM)

Sam reads the pictures of all the great men.

SAM

(has been watching WALLACE, sulking)

Say, if you keep on smokin' cigarettes you'll weaken your brain.

WALLACE

(turns to SAM, astonished)

What!

JUDGE

(gets up and says sternly)

Sam, don't you know better than to say such a thing?

SAM

Well, that's what you told me.

JUDGE

(points to door upstage C)

Go on -- get out of here.

As SAM exits upstage, the JUDGE seats himself.

JACKSON

(laughs)

He gave you away that time, Judge.

JUDGE

He sure did.

They all laugh.

WALLACE

Do you object to cigarettes, Judge?

JUDGE

(confidentially, across table)

Lord, no! I smoke them myself once in a while, when there ain't anyone looking. I guess Sam does, too.

(MORE)

JUDGE (cont'd)

(Both laugh. JUDGE takes will  
from bundle of papers and  
hands it to JACKSON)

Here it is. It'll take quite a while to read it; better put  
it in your pocket and look it over tonight.

(Gets up with the rest of the  
papers and places them on  
top of bookcase L, speaking  
as he gets up)

We'll go over this other stuff later on.

(Bell rings)

Someone at the door. Excuse me just a minute. I'll see who it  
is.

(Exits to upstage door, C to  
R)

JACKSON

(uneasy, gets up and stands  
back of WALLACE'S chair)

You see, nothing but the plant. I've got to sell.

(Goes up to door C upstage  
and back again)

WALLACE

But not at their price! Didn't you hear? The plant showed a  
profit last year without any advertising?

JACKSON

(sits L of table in chair  
JUDGE has vacated)

I know all about that, but this is Thursday, and Pembroke  
said they'd have to know by Saturday, sure.

WALLACE

That's a bluff.

JACKSON

(impatiently)

You don't seem to realize the enormity of the amount. This is  
twelve hundred thousand dollars! We're not talking about a  
nickel, you know.

WALLACE

(across table)

I tell you to hold out.

JACKSON

But I tell you I can't afford to hold out.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD enters with tray and  
glasses of lemonade from R.

WALLACE  
(sees MRS. SPOTSWOOD)

Piano!

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
Did the Judge go to the door?

JACKSON  
Yes, Mrs. Spotswood.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
(brings tray over and places  
it on table)  
Here's some nice lemonade. I made it myself, so you must  
enjoy it.

(The boys nod their thanks  
weakly)  
I didn't bring any for Pa. He never drinks it.  
(Sits back of table between  
boys. Both show hesitancy in  
tasting the lemonade, then  
show surprise at finding  
whiskey in it)  
I put a little drop of whiskey in it. The Judge would have a  
fit if he even knew it was in the house. He's a temperance  
crank.

They both then drink quickly. The  
boys finish drinking and put  
glasses on tray.

JACKSON  
I'll keep your secret.

WALLACE  
It's sacred with me.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
If you want any more, just shout out.  
(Gets up)

WALLACE  
Thank you.

JACKSON  
I'm liable to shout any minute for that.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
(looks at both boys and  
laughs, then turns to exit  
R, when she sees the JUDGE  
entering from door C  
upstage)  
Who was at the door, Pa?

JUDGE  
(going toward JACKSON)  
Someone to see you, Broadway.

JACKSON  
(gets up from table surprised  
and goes to JUDGE up C)  
To see me!

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
(comes down stage RC)  
I thought nobody knew you were in town.

WALLACE  
(rises)  
Someone about recognized you in the street.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
Lord, that settles it! Now the whole town will turn out.  
(Exits R)

WALLACE at JACKSON'S L, faces off  
RU.

JUDGE  
This man's a stranger. I told him you weren't here, but he  
said he knew better. He knew the time you left New York and  
all about it.

JACKSON  
(at R of arch)  
Was he a tall man with a gray mustache?

JUDGE  
If you're thinking of Pembroke, it wasn't him. I know him.

JACKSON again looks off CR.

WALLACE  
(comes down to C)  
Who the deuce was it?

JACKSON  
(down LC to WALLACE quickly)  
Mrs. Gerard's lawyer

WALLACE  
(laughs)  
No, no!

JUDGE  
He said he'd wait for you at the Grand Hotel, that it was  
very important and he had to see you tonight.

JACKSON

(to JUDGE, sorrowfully)

Did he go to the Grand Hotel?

JUDGE

Yes.

JACKSON

Did you tell him I wouldn't see anybody?

JUDGE

I didn't even admit that you were here.

WALLACE

(to JACKSON)

Perhaps I'd better go to the hotel and see who it is.

JACKSON

Yes, will you do that for me, Bob?

WALLACE

Sure.

(Crosses JACKSON to L below  
table, thinking)

JUDGE

Here's your hat over here, Mr. Wallace.

(Gets hat from sofa L and  
hands it to WALLACE)

WALLACE

Thanks.

JACKSON

(has gone below L of table --  
goes up L to mantel)

Say, Bob, hurry back, will you?

WALLACE

(starts up stage C -- gets L  
of arch)

I won't be any longer than I can help.

CLARA

(JOSIE and CLARA enter from  
upstage door)

Here's Josie, Pa.

JUDGE

Hello, Josie.

JOSIE

Good evening, Judge.

JUDGE

This is Miss Richards, Mr. Wallace.

WALLACE

Miss Richards.

(Bows to JOSIE. She returns  
bow)

JUDGE

(to WALLACE)

You've met my daughter.

WALLACE

Yes, I've had that pleasure.

CLARA

(crosses to WALLACE RC and  
shakes hands with him)

Yes, I met him out in the hall, Pa.

JUDGE

(comes down to L of JACKSON,  
holding JOSIE'S hand)

Josie, this gentleman is Mr. Jones. This is the little lady  
I've been telling you about -- Miss Richards.

JACKSON

(shakes hands with JOSIE)

How do you do, Miss Richards? I've been hearing a lot about  
you.

(Motions her to sit at table  
L)

JOSIE

(comes in front of table and  
sits L of it)

I've heard a lot about you, too.

JUDGE

(goes to WALLACE and CLARA  
RC)

Think you can find your way all right, young man?

JACKSON crosses up to mantel --  
eyes JOSIE.

WALLACE

(starts upstage toward door  
C)

Yes, I think so. Let me see, it's three blocks down and then  
to the left.

JUDGE

No, to the right, and then across the square.

CLARA  
(up to WALLACE at door,  
smiling)  
Where are you going, to the hotel?

WALLACE  
Yes.

CLARA  
Well, I'll show you the way, Mr. Wallace.

WALLACE  
Oh, please don't trouble.

CLARA  
(smiles)  
Oh, it's no trouble at all. I'm going down that way, anyhow.

JUDGE  
Yes, you'd better do that, Clara. He's liable to get mixed.  
It wouldn't do to get lost in a big city like Jonesville.

All laugh.

CLARA and WALLACE exit, laughing  
and talking ad lib, through upstage  
door. The JUDGE stands at door C,  
looking after them until they exit,  
then goes over RC as MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
enters R.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
(enters from R and goes  
toward door upstage,  
watching CLARA and WALLACE  
off, then turns to JUDGE)  
Where's Clara going?

JUDGE  
She's showing Mr. Wallace the way to the hotel.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
Oh, I see.  
(Sees JOSIE at table and  
comes down to her, R of  
table)  
Hello, Josie, dear. I didn't know you were here.

JOSIE  
(gets up)  
Mr. Spotswood sent for me.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
Oh, I see. Have you met Mr. Jones?

JOSIE

Yes, I've had that pleasure.

JACKSON bows, but does not speak.

JUDGE

Come, Mom. We've got important things to talk about.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

Yes, I understand.

(Turns to JACKSON L)

Will you have another glass of lemonade, Broadway?

JACKSON

No, thanks, not now.

(Goes up to mantel -- eyes  
JOSIE)

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

Have a cup of tea, Josie?

JOSIE

I don't think so, Mrs. Spotswood.

(Sits L of table)

JUDGE

(up RC, annoyed with MRS.  
SPOTSWOOD)

Mom, Mom, please!

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(a little huffed)

Yes, I'm going, I'm going.

(Starts R. When near door she  
turns to JUDGE)

You have to be polite to people, don't you?

(Flounces angrily out of room  
R)

JUDGE

(starts talking as he goes  
toward table L)

I've explained to Mr. Jones, Josie, that the affairs of the  
plant are entirely in your hands.

(JACKSON comes down stage and  
stands back of table)

You can give him a pretty good idea of how matters stand  
without the books and figures in front of you, can't you?

JOSIE

Well, hardly, Judge. There are so many things to go over and  
so much detail, I'm afraid I'd have to have the figures for  
that.

JUDGE

The old gentleman told me you showed a profit of about forty thousand dollars last year.

JOSIE

Oh, it was more than that.

JACKSON

It was!

(Becomes interested at this statement and sits back of table, looking closely at JOSIE)

JOSIE

Why, yes, nearer fifty, if I remember rightly.

JACKSON

Well, that wasn't so bad, was it?

JOSIE

Why, no. Considering the fact that we've been fighting the trust all the time, I think it was perfectly remarkable.

JACKSON

(draws chair closer -- more interest)

You do?

JOSIE

Why, yes, don't you?

JACKSON

Sure, I think it's all right. What do you think, Judge?

JUDGE

(emphatically)

I always said it was the best chewing gum in the world.

JACKSON

We're talking profits, not chewing gum.

JOSIE laughs.

JUDGE

(gets up from table, laughing)

Well, you talk it over with Josie. I'm a poor hand where figures are concerned.

(Walks toward door R while finishing speech)

I want to see Mom about something, anyway.

(Looks at JOSIE and JACKSON a moment, then exits R)

JACKSON

(makes sure JUDGE is gone --  
leans over table toward  
JOSIE, speaking earnestly  
and confidentially --  
quickly)

Now, see here. I want to find out whether or not I'm in a position to hold out for a bigger price against this Chewing Gum Trust. They've made me an offer of over a million dollars for the plant, but a friend of mine wants me to hold out. He advises this, you understand. How is business right now?

JOSIE

We did over a hundred and twenty thousand dollars worth of business last month.

JACKSON

You did A hundred and twenty thousand dollars worth of business last month! Can I go down to the bank and get that money right away?

JOSIE

(laughs)

Why, certainly not!

JACKSON

You don't understand. Now this is between us.

(Draws chair close -- then  
across)

You see, I'm broke, I'm in debt, and I must get some money, quick money, and I want to know how much cash you have in bank this minute.

JOSIE

You mean our cash balance?

JACKSON

(eager)

Yes.

JOSIE

(thinks a moment)

Over eighteen thousand dollars, I should say.

JACKSON

Eighteen thousand dollars! Eighteen thousand dollars, and you did a hundred and twenty thousand dollars' worth of business last month!

(Gets up and takes chair  
JUDGE has vacated R of  
table)

JOSIE

I hope you're not thinking seriously of going over.

JACKSON

Going over where?

JOSIE

To the trust.

JACKSON

Why? Don't you think the price they offer is big enough?

JOSIE

It isn't a question of price, Mr. Jones, it's the principle of the thing.

JACKSON

(across table)

You'll have to explain that to me

JOSIE

Why, think of what you're selling. The thing your grandfather worked for and handed down to your father; the thing that he worked for and handed down to you; and now the thing that you should work for and hand down to your children, and then to their children, and so on and so on. Why, think of what you're selling.

JACKSON

I can't see where there's any sentiment connected with this thing.

JOSIE

(spiritedly)

You can't? You'd ruin the town you were born in? You'd see seven hundred men and boys turned from their employment? You'd see the very bread and butter taken from the mouths of their families? You'd see all this without a regret?

JACKSON

(facing her)

How is all this going to happen?

JOSIE

Because if you sell to the Chewing Gum Trust it means that this plant will close.

JACKSON

Why?

JOSIE

They manufacture in Ohio.

JACKSON

Are you sure about that?

JOSIE

Positive. I'd give it very serious thought if I were you, Mr. Jones. Oh, it would be perfectly great of you to stand by and protect the people of this little town. You've a chance to do something very, very big, a really wonderful thing. I hope you'll do it -- and I think you will.

(Pauses for a moment, then  
gets up)

I must run along now.

(Goes toward door upstage C,  
then comes back to JACKSON  
at his R)

You'd better come to the plant as early as possible. There's a great deal to be done and so many things to be explained.

(Pauses for a moment)

Think it over, Mr. Jones.

(JACKSON gets up, pauses for  
a moment, thinks deeply --  
impressed)

Goodnight.

JACKSON

Goodnight.

JOSIE goes up toward door C.

JUDGE

(enters from door R)

Are you going, Josie?

JOSIE

Yes. Goodnight, Judge.

(Starts up C)

JUDGE

(going over toward C. JACKSON  
sits L of table)

Well, you didn't have much of a talk, did you?

JOSIE

(slowly, drops LC)

No, but Mr. Jones is coming over to the plant tomorrow morning and we're going over everything very thoroughly.

(Comes down to C)

JUDGE

Oh, I see.

(Eyes JACKSON)

JOSIE

(to JACKSON)

What time did you say you'd be at the plant?

JACKSON  
(with a dazed look on his  
face)

I don't know.

(To the JUDGE)

What time is it now?

JUDGE  
(looking at watch)

Just seven-thirty.

JOSIE  
(to JACKSON, smiles)

I'll expect you about ten in the morning, shall I?

JACKSON  
(still dazed)

Make it ten minutes after ten.

JOSIE

Very well.

(Starts upstage C, then comes  
back to JACKSON. She takes a  
package of gum from her  
purse and places it on table  
in front of him)

I don't think you've seen this -- our latest, Jones's Pepsin  
Wafers. Goodnight, Mr. Jones.

JACKSON  
(still looking dazed)

Goodnight

JOSIE turns to door C. JACKSON goes  
back of table.

JOSIE  
(at door she turns and looks  
back at JACKSON)

Goodnight.

(Exits upstage door RC)

JACKSON  
(thinking deeply -- full  
front)

Miss Richards was just explaining to me that if I sell to the  
chewing gum trust, this plant will close.

JUDGE

Yes, they don't care for that old shack and the machinery.  
What they're after is the gum and the trademark.

(Sits R of table)

She's a nice girl, isn't she?

JACKSON

Yes, she seems to be a very nice girl.

JUDGE

Well, how did she strike you?

JACKSON

An awful blow!

(Hand raised)

JUDGE

Awful blow?

JACKSON

(explaining quickly --  
strings him)

No, no! I said blue, awful blue.

JUDGE

You're awful blue?

JACKSON

No, no. I mean her eyes -- her eyes are awful blue.

JUDGE

(smiles)

Everybody in this town is just mad about her.

JACKSON

She's a very nice girl.

JUDGE

(points to cigars on table)

Have another cigar?

JACKSON

No, thank you. I wouldn't mind having another glass of  
lemonade.

JUDGE

(rising)

Sure! I'll tell Mom that. It'll tickle her to death.

(Exits door R)

JACKSON

(picks gum up from table)

Jones' Pepsin -- I'll give it to my children and they'll give  
it to their children.

(Shakes his head dubiously)

WALLACE

(enters from upstage CR with  
CLARA on his arm. She is  
eating from a box of  
(MORE)

WALLACE (cont'd)

chocolates. They come down  
to RC, laughing and talking,  
walking together)

Do you like chocolates?

CLARA

Oh, they're fine! The ice cream soda was good, too. You know,  
that's the only decent soda water fountain in town.

WALLACE

(assuming seriousness, winks  
at JACKSON, who eyes him  
quickly on "soda water")

It's not bad at all.

CLARA

When I was in New York last August I used to go to Huyler's  
every day for ice cream soda. Do you ever go there?

WALLACE

Oh, yes, I hang out there all the time. All the boys I go  
with meet there every afternoon.

JACKSON looks at WALLACE in  
derision, then gets up and paces  
back and forth. WALLACE has turned  
to JACKSON at conclusion of his  
speech, sees him in the hall,  
watches him for a moment, then goes  
back to CLARA over R.

CLARA

(giggling)

Funny, you like the same flavor I do.

JACKSON comes in from hall and sits  
back of table.

WALLACE

Yes, isn't it strange? You know, there isn't anything I like  
so well as orange ice cream soda.

(Turns and gives JACKSON a  
look)

I just love orange ice cream soda.

CLARA

(giggling)

So do I. I'll tell Pa we're back.

(Starts toward door R)

WALLACE

(goes over toward R with her,  
seriously)  
(MORE)

WALLACE (cont'd)

Just a moment. Tell him I want to talk to Mr. Jones privately for a few minutes -- that is, if it isn't too much trouble.

CLARA

It's no trouble at all -- it's a pleasure.

(Exits R, giggling, smiling  
at JACKSON)

WALLACE

(stands RC, bowing  
extravagantly to CLARA until  
she is offstage, ignorant of  
the fact that she has made  
her exit. He finally looks  
up, and, seeing she has  
gone, he turns to JACKSON,  
laughing heartily. JACKSON  
gets up and goes out into  
hall, pacing back and forth)

She was waiting for me in the drug store on the corner.

(Goes C and stops JACKSON as  
he is coming into room)

Say, I've got a real live knock-out surprise for you, young fellow. Pembroke was waiting at the hotel office.

JACKSON

(LC)

He was?

WALLACE

That was his man he sent here. He knew we were leaving New York before we started. He was telephoned to from the Grand Central. That's how skillfully they work in these days of frenzied finance. He didn't wait to take a train. He made it by motor. And just to show you what a smart little fellow you are for wanting to close at their price at two o'clock today, I, who represented myself as Henry Wilson, your secretary, have given them until eleven o'clock tomorrow to close the deal for fifteen hundred thousand dollars. He's burning up every telephone and telegraph wire between here and Cleveland right now, and unless I miss my guess I'm making you richer by several hundred thousand dollars, just proving to you the value of patience.

(WALLACE sits R of table  
JACKSON L of him, back  
table)

Fifteen hundred thousand dollars. A million and a half.

(Leans back in his chair  
complacently)

What do you think of that?

JACKSON

Bob, I've given this thing a whole lot of thought, and I can't sell this plant.

WALLACE

You can't!

(Great surprise -- quickly  
sits up)

JACKSON

(seriously)

You don't know, you haven't heard. Why, just think what I'd  
be selling. Now, you figure this thing out.

(Picks up gum from table,  
imitating JOSIE'S speech)

See this? Here's the thing my grandfather worked for and  
handed down to my father; and the thing my father worked for  
and handed down to me! Now this is the thing I should work  
for and hand down to my children, and then to their children,  
and so on and so on.

(WALLACE pulls his chair  
back, thunderstruck)

WALLACE

Say, what the hell's the matter with you?

(Looking at JACKSON in  
amazement as curtain falls)

CURTAIN

Second CURTAIN: MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
brings JACKSON a glass of lemonade  
on a tray and stands smiling at him  
as he drinks it. The JUDGE stands  
RC WALLACE is still looking at  
JACKSON wonderingly.

ACT III

Business office of the Jones  
Chewing Gum Factory.

Time: Morning.

AT RISE of curtain HENRY, the  
stenographer, is seated at desk R,  
writing. JOSIE enters from door  
upstage RC, places a book she  
carries on a filing desk upstage C,  
then sits at desk. HENRY goes over  
R to his typewriter. As soon as  
JOSIE is seated she touches buzzer  
in desk. SAM enters from door L.

JOSIE

(hands SAM a letter from desk  
C)

Take this letter to Mr. Davis in the shipping department and  
tell him it's a record of the last St. Louis shipment he  
asked for. Tell him to file it.

SAM

Yes, ma'am. Pa's outside and wants to see you.

JOSIE

Tell the Judge to come right in.

SAM

(goes to door L and calls)

All right, Pa. Come on in.

(Crosses back of desk and  
exits door R)

JUDGE

(enters from L and goes to  
JOSIE'S desk)

Good morning, Josie. How are you today?

JOSIE

Very well, Judge, thank you.

(HENRY, who is seated at his  
typewriter R, comes to JOSIE  
with a letter to be signed  
which he has just taken from  
his machine. To JUDGE, as  
she signs paper)

Excuse me just a moment.

JUDGE

(LC)

Go right along. Don't let me disturb you.

HENRY

(standing R of desk)

Good morning, Judge.

JUDGE

How are you, my boy?

JOSIE

Get that right off, Henry. Put a special on it -- it's important.

HENRY

Yes, ma'am.

(Exits door RC)

JUDGE

Well, I just came from the Grand Hotel.

JOSIE

Did you see the young man?

JUDGE

Only for a minute. He was eating breakfast in his room and his valet was pressing his clothes.

(Laughs as he sits L of desk,  
facing her)

JOSIE

(surprised)

His valet!

JUDGE

Yes, he just got here this morning. It seems that both the young men came here without any baggage, so they telephoned the valet last evening to bring them on some clothes.

JOSIE

He promised to be here at ten minutes past ten.

JUDGE

Yes, that's what brought me over. He asked me to tell you he'd be a little late. I guess he didn't sleep very well. He says he had a lot of horrible dreams. What sort of a talk did you have with him last night, anyway?

JOSIE

Didn't he tell you?

JUDGE

No, he left the house soon after you did. You must have said something to upset him. He acted dreadfully worried.

JOSIE

I simply told him the true state of affairs and explained to him what the plant meant to the town.

JUDGE

What did he say?

JOSIE

Nothing much. He kept inquiring how much cash we had. He doesn't seem to be much of a business man.

JUDGE

He struck me that way, too. Did he say the trust had made him an offer?

JOSIE

Yes.

JUDGE

That's what I thought. Did he talk as if he intended to sell?

JOSIE

I'm afraid that's what he's thinking of, Judge. We must do all we can to influence him against it.

JUDGE

(leans toward her)

You have influence with him, Josie.

JOSIE

Do you think so?

JUDGE

I know it.

(Gets up and stands leaning  
on desk L of it)

You made a great impression on him. He likes you, Josie.

JOSIE

Oh, nonsense, Judge!

JUDGE

I know what I'm talking about. Why, after you left last night he just raved about your eyes!

JOSIE

My eyes!

JUDGE

That's what he did. He said you had the bluest eyes he'd ever seen.

JOSIE

Why, Judge, my eyes are gray.

JUDGE

Are they?

(Looks at her closely,  
surprised)

Why, so they are.

(Walks away from her,  
perplexed)

Well, what do you think of that?

JOSIE

(laughs)

Perhaps he's color blind, Judge.

JUDGE

Maybe that's what it is.

SAM

(enters from door RU)

The foreman wants to know if he can see you about something.

JOSIE

Yes, tell him I'll see him in just a few minutes.

SAM

(opens door upstage and calls  
loudly)

She'll see you in a few minutes, Mr. Higgins.

(Closes door and exits L,  
leaving door slightly open)

JUDGE

(comes to L of desk)

I thought of something on the way over, Josie. Nobody but us knows that the young fellow's in town. He registered at the Grand under the name of Jackson. Don't you think it would be a good thing to spread the news around the plant?

JOSIE

Perhaps that would be a good idea.

JUDGE

(starts toward door upstage)

Well, you leave it to me. I won't have to tell over one or two of them. You know how everything travels in this factory. I'll stop on my way out and tell you what effect it has.

(By this time he is at door  
upstage)

JOSIE

Yes, Judge, do.

JUDGE

(opens door and sees HIGGINS  
outside. Turns to JOSIE)

Are you ready for Higgins?

JOSIE

Yes, tell him to come in.

JUDGE

(through open door to  
HIGGINS)

Miss Richards says all right, Joe.

(Holds door open for JOE, who  
enters and comes down R)

How do you feel today, Joe?

HIGGINS

(speaking gruffly as he comes  
down R)

I don't feel well.

JOSIE takes book up to filing desk  
as HIGGINS enters, then comes back  
and stands R of desk.

JUDGE

You never do, do you?

(Laughs sarcastically and  
exits upstage door)

JOSIE

(standing R of desk)

Well, what is it, Higgins?

HIGGINS

I want to ask you a question, Miss Richards.

JOSIE

Go right ahead.

HIGGINS

(threatening)

I'll expect you to tell me the truth, too.

JOSIE

(facing him)

I'm not in the habit of lying.

HIGGINS

(surly -- vigorous)

I'm speaking for every man in the plant. We had a meeting  
(MORE)

HIGGINS (cont'd)

this morning, and we want to know whether this concern is going over to the trust or not. We decided that we're entitled to some information, and that's what I'm here for -- to find out what you know about it.

JOSIE

I don't know anything about it.  
(Writes)

HIGGINS

(surly)

Well, if you don't, who does?

JOSIE

I'm sure I don't know.

HIGGINS

Well, we want an answer one way or the other. It's our work and our living, and we've got to know where we're at.

JOSIE

You'll have to get your information from the man who owns the plant.

HIGGINS

(quickly)

Where's he?

JOSIE

He's here in town.

HIGGINS

Young Jones here in town?

JOSIE

Yes, he's stopping at the Grand Hotel.

HIGGINS

When did he get here?

(Over to JOSIE at desk)

JOSIE

Last evening.

HIGGINS

(eager)

Have you seen him?

JOSIE

Yes.

HIGGINS

(suspicious -- surly)

He got here last evening, eh? That settles it!

(MORE)

HIGGINS (cont'd)

(Goes down R, then back to  
JOSIE)

He came here with that trust fellow, didn't he?

JOSIE

(looks up)

What trust fellow?

HIGGINS

Pembroke, one of the head men of the Consolidated.

JOSIE

Is Mr. Pembroke here in town?

HIGGINS

(wisely)

Oh, you didn't know that, eh?

JOSIE

I certainly did not.

HIGGINS

Well, he's here. Several of the men saw him and recognized him. I suppose he's here with Jones to close us out, is that it?

JOSIE

(coldly)

I don't know any more about it than you do, Higgins.

HIGGINS

(a step R -- turns)

You say the young fellow's stopping at the Grand?

JOSIE

Yes.

HIGGINS

(suspicious)

Well, nobody there knows anything about it.

JOSIE

I believe he registered under another name.

HIGGINS

(snarling, a step to her)

Well, what did he do that for?

JOSIE

(coldly)

How should I know?

HIGGINS

(very vigorous -- surly)

Well, I guess I do. It's because he's a sneak. He knows it's a rotten thing he's doing and he's afraid of the consequences.

(Goes down R -- turns threateningly)

The men are not in a very good temper. You mark my words, there'll be the devil to pay around here before the day is over unless we get some satisfaction and find out exactly what he intends to do.

JOSIE

(coldly -- looks up from writing)

I wouldn't talk that way if I were you, Higgins.

HIGGINS

(surly)

Oh, you're on their side, are you? I thought so.

(Up to JOSIE)

I never did believe in you.

(Down to R, turns)

I told the men that this morning. For all we know you've been working for the interest of the trust all the time.

JOSIE

(rises -- down R to HIGGINS)

That will be about enough, Higgins. Now get out of this office!

HIGGINS

I'd like to see anybody put me out till I get ready to go!

JACKSON

(enters quietly from L and goes directly to HIGGINS RC, passing in front of desk. To JOSIE)

Good morning.

JOSIE

Good morning, Mr. Jones.

(Sits at desk)

HIGGINS

(As JACKSON gets up close to him)

Hello, Mr. Jones! I didn't know you were in town.

JACKSON

Yes, you did. Miss Richards just told you. I've been standing out there listening to what you had to say. I remember you, Higgins. You always were a grouch and forever nosing into

(MORE)

JACKSON (cont'd)

other people's affairs. Now I want to tell you something. This plant belongs to me, and it's nobody's business whether I keep it or sell it or give it away, do you understand?

HIGGINS

(in a surly tone)

Well, the men asked me to come here and get the information.

JACKSON

They didn't ask you to come here and insult this girl, did they? Now I'll put you out of the office, and I'll throw you out of the plant, and I'll drive you out of the town, if I hear any more red-fire talk out of you. The trust isn't going to buy this plant -- it isn't for sale. You go and tell the men I said so.

JOSIE sits up, interested.

HIGGINS

(very apologetic -- shuffling  
with hat in hand)

I'm sorry I was hasty, Mr. Jones. I didn't mean to lose my temper.

JACKSON

You don't want to lose your job, do you?

HIGGINS

No, sir.

JACKSON

Then go on and get out of here.

HIGGINS

Yes, sir.

(To JOSIE)

I hope you'll forgive me, Miss Richards. I know I've got a rotten disposition, but my heart's in the right place.

JOSIE

I understand.

HIGGINS

I'll tell the men what you said, Mr. Jones.

(Brightens)

Gosh, what a relief it will be to them all.

(Starts whining)

It's made a different man out of me already.

(Cries)

JACKSON

Well, what are you crying about?

HIGGINS

(weeping between words)

Because I'm happy. It's the first time I've been happy in twenty years.

(Exits upstage, crying)

JACKSON

Can you beat that? He's so mean he's crying because he's happy! I wonder when he laughs?

(JOSIE laughs)

He's a nice, cheerful little fellow. I'd like to be around him a whole lot.

(Sits L of desk)

JOSIE

Did you have a goodnight's rest?

JACKSON

Oh, my back is broken! Who named that hotel?

JOSIE

(laughs)

The Grand?

JACKSON

(grimaces)

Oh, it's an awful thing!

JOSIE

Is it as bad as all that?

JACKSON

There are men in prison for doing less than running a hotel like that.

JOSIE

Why don't you open your uncle's home?

JACKSON

My uncle's home?

JOSIE

It's a beautiful place.

JACKSON

You don't think it will be necessary for me to live in this town, do you?

JOSIE

Well, the business will need your attention.

JACKSON

Go right on with the business. Don't pay any attention to me.

JOSIE

(goes upstage to filing desk with papers. JACKSON gets up while her back is turned and surreptitiously looks over papers and books on her desk. When he is seated again she returns to desk, standing R of it)

Have you thought of what we talked about last night?

JACKSON

All I dreamed about was poverty-stricken families crying out for food. Thousands of men, women and children chased me through the streets, out of the town and into a wild forest where there was nothing but chewing gum trees.

(JOSIE laughs and sits at desk)

Oh, I had an awful night! I could have slept this morning, but the Elks started to rehearse their minstrel show across the street, so I got up and ordered breakfast. Did you ever eat breakfast at the Grand?

JOSIE

(smiles)

No.

JACKSON

I dare you!

(Business -- gesture signifies awful)

JOSIE

It's the best hotel in town. All the theatrical troupes stop there.

JACKSON

Well, they probably deserve it. I don't know. It's an awful thing!

JOSIE

I've worked all morning with the auditor on a statement which shows the year's business up to the first of this month.

(Goes to JACKSON with trial balance sheet, holding it out to its full length for his inspection)

Do you care to go over it now?

JACKSON

(appalled at the length of the paper)

No, not right now. Mr. Wallace has promised to do that for me.

JOSIE

Oh, you mean your friend.

(Puts sheet back on desk)

JACKSON

Mr. Wallace, yes. He'll be right here. He had to go to the barber shop.

JOSIE

(comes upstage and gets  
yellow papers from filing  
cabinet. Then comes back to  
desk before speaking)

Do you know that Mr. Pembroke of the Consolidated is here in town?

JACKSON

Yes, I know it.

JOSIE

Did he come here with you?

JACKSON

No, he followed me here.

JOSIE

Have you seen him?

JACKSON

No, but Mr. Wallace saw him last night and turned down his offer, too.

JOSIE

Oh, I'm so glad!

(Sits at desk)

JACKSON

(gets up)

We gave him to understand we wouldn't sell for less than a million and a half. We expect him here at eleven o'clock with his answer.

(Puts his chair upstage LC,  
then comes down L of desk)

JOSIE

(faces him)

But you just sent word to the men that --

JACKSON

Oh, don't be afraid, Miss Richards. I meant just what I said to Higgins. I don't mind telling you that when I came here yesterday my intention was to sell this business and get it off my hands at any price or sacrifice, but Rockefeller couldn't buy it this morning if he offered me every dollar

(MORE)

JACKSON (cont'd)

he's got in the world. Mr. Wallace and I sat up talking it over until two o'clock this morning. I told him everything you said and went over the whole situation with him. I promised to take his advice, and he's convinced me that the right thing for me to do is to stick right here and put up a fight for these people the same as my uncle did.

JOSIE  
(feelingly)

I knew you would!

JACKSON

Did you?

(Crosses in front of desk to  
R of it -- turns upon her --  
speech-making style, very  
earnest)

Now I don't know anything about business and I don't know anything about money. I never did a day's work in my life, for the simple reason that I never had to. The only thing I've entered into in the last five years is a contest to see who could stay up the longest. I've never done anything good before because I've never had anything good to do. What I've needed all along -- what I've needed all along -- was an incentive -- that's what I've needed, an incentive, something to inspire me, something to spur me on -- to bring me to a realization of -- to bring me to a realization of -- can you beat that?

(Takes written speech from  
his pocket and hands it to  
JOSIE)

I knew that thing by heart when I left the hotel. Read the rest of it, will you?

(JOSIE laughs and starts  
reading it)

Wallace wrote that. He thought I could learn it. Not a chance in the world!

SAM  
(enters from L quickly)

Are you too busy for company?

JOSIE  
(turns -- facing him)

Who is it, Sammy?

SAM

Mom and Clara.

JOSIE looks at JACKSON inquiringly.  
JACKSON goes up RC.

JACKSON

Tell them to come in.

SAM

(goes to door L and calls)

All right, Mom. Come on in.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(enters with CLARA from L and  
goes over toward JOSIE)

Good morning, Josie.

JOSIE

(nods, rises)

Good morning, Mrs. Spotswood.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(sees JACKSON over RC and  
crosses to him, passing in  
front of desk. JACKSON comes  
down stage R and he and MRS.  
SPOTSWOOD meet RC, front of  
desk. CLARA goes to JOSIE  
and the two girls talk in  
pantomime)

Oh, hello, Broadway. I'm awfully glad to see you here in the  
plant. Did you have a goodnight's rest?

JACKSON

How do I look?

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

Grand!

JACKSON

Don't mention the name, please.

CLARA upstage LC.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(over to R of desk)

You must come to our house for supper.

JACKSON

Believe me, I'll be glad to get it!

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

You too, Josie.

CLARA goes to JACKSON'S R. They  
talk in pantomime.

JOSIE

(down LC)

Thank you.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
(R to JOSIE)

Is the Judge here?

JOSIE  
Yes, he's out in the works.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
I thought he would be. We were down town shopping, and I thought we'd drop in.

(Aside to JOSIE, first  
turning to see if JACKSON is  
looking)  
Anything new?

(JOSIE and MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
talk in pantomime during  
following)

CLARA  
(trifle gushily)  
Do you expect Mr. Wallace here?

JACKSON  
Yes, he'll be right along.

CLARA  
You know, I think he's an awfully nice fellow.

JACKSON  
(stringing her)  
Do you really? I'll tell him you said that.

CLARA  
Yes. He treated to ice cream soda last night and bought me a box of chocolates, too.

JACKSON  
(gesture)  
Oh, he doesn't care what he does with his money.

CLARA  
He doesn't?

JACKSON  
No, he spent over thirty-two dollars one night.

CLARA  
(shakes her head)  
He must have just thrown it away.

Cheering heard outside in plant.  
All turn and look upstage. CLARA  
goes up to door RC. Opens it and

stands there for a moment looking out.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
(turns to JOSIE, startled)

What's that?

JOSIE  
(surprised)

I don't know, I'm sure.

She goes up to door RC, looks out and then comes down to L of desk. As she goes to door, CLARA comes down L of desk and MRS. SPOTSWOOD goes up to L of door upstage.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
(to JOSIE, as the latter crosses to L of desk)

What is it?

JOSIE

I don't know.

JUDGE  
(enters upstage RC in great excitement and stands RC)

Great Scott! Talk about excitement! The plant's in an uproar!

JACKSON

What is it, Judge?

JUDGE  
(RC, very excited)

Did you send a message out there by Higgins?

JACKSON

Yes.

JUDGE  
Well, that's why they're cheering. The men are yelling and the boys are dancing -- you'd think Bedlam had broken loose. They're hollering for you, Broadway. Come out and let them see you.

JACKSON  
(holds back)

No, not now, please!

One cheer heard outside.

JUDGE

Listen to that!

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(over to JACKSON)

Oh, do go out and say something, Broadway.

JACKSON

I can't say anything. I never made a speech in my life.

(By this time he has worked  
to R of desk)

JOSIE

(comes below desk and hands  
JACKSON speech he gave her)

Read this to them.

Cheers outside, which keep up until  
JACKSON is well offstage, then loud  
applause, then one big cheer.

JACKSON

Really, I'd rather not. I --

JUDGE

Oh, come on. It'll make them all feel good.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD and the JUDGE coax  
JACKSON to door, all talking ad  
lib. When JACKSON gets up to door,  
he stands irresolute for a moment,  
then squares his shoulders and goes  
out, followed by the JUDGE, MRS.  
SPOTSWOOD and JOSIE. CLARA stands  
at open door looking out, then  
closes it.

SAM

(enters from L)

What's all the hollering about, Clara?

CLARA

Mr. Jones is going to make a speech.

(Goes over to L of desk,  
passing back of it)

SAM

A speech!

(Rushes upstage RC, passing  
front of desk)

Gosh, I've got to hear that!

(Runs out of upstage door RC  
to L)

WALLACE

(enters from door L)

Oh, hello!

CLARA

(turns smiling)

How do you do, Mr. Wallace? You didn't expect to find me here, did you?

WALLACE

Well, hardly. This is an unexpected pleasure.

CLARA

Mr. Jones will be back in a few minutes. He went out in the works to make a speech.

WALLACE

(startled)

To make a speech!

(Backs away L, laughing heartily, then goes over front, extreme R, and places his hat on rack near door RC)

CLARA follows him over as he goes, stopping in front of desk C.

CLARA

Well, you should have heard them cheering! That's more noise than this town has ever heard before.

WALLACE

Yes, I dare say it is.

(Comes down to CLARA in front of desk, R of her)

Funny, I was thinking of you as I passed the drug store now.

CLARA

(little bashfully)

That's strange! I've been thinking of you, too.

WALLACE

Have you, really?

CLARA

Yes. Oh, the chocolates were fine. I ate them all before I went to bed. But you shouldn't be spending your money the way you do.

WALLACE

(thunderstruck)

What!

CLARA

Mr. Jones told me you were a regular spendthrift.

WALLACE backs away from her down R.

WALLACE

(gets wise)

When did he tell you that?

CLARA

Just a little while ago. He said you spent over thirty-two dollars one night.

WALLACE

(gets the humor of it)

Oh, did he tell you about that night?

CLARA

(finger up)

Yes, and you mustn't waste it that way, either.

SAM

(enters from RC door upstage,  
laughing -- quickly, at door  
looks C)

He's going all through the works, shakin' hands with everybody!

CLARA

Who? Mr. Jones?

SAM

(crossing back of desk to L)

Yes. Gosh! He was afraid to make a speech. I wish I had a chance to make a speech. I bet I wouldn't be afraid. If ever I amount to anything, the first thing I'm goin' to do is to make a speech about myself.

WALLACE

(laughs as he sits in chair  
R)

You've got the right idea, Sammy.

SAM

You bet I've got the right idea. I've got some darned good ideas if I ever get a chance to develop them.

CLARA

Oh, Sammy! Shut up talking about yourself.

SAM

(takes a couple of steps  
toward her)

You shut up yourself You don't understand me. There's more to me than you think. I've got a brain, I have.

WALLACE and CLARA exchange amused  
looks.

WALLACE  
You never can tell, maybe he has.

SAM  
(angrily)  
I'll surprise you all some day, see if I don't.  
(Exits L, slamming door)

CLARA  
(goes over to WALLACE. He  
gets up as she starts for  
him)  
Ain't that funny! He really thinks he's going to be a big  
man.

WALLACE  
Well, maybe he will. Then again, he's liable to fall away to  
nothing.

(Up close to CLARA)

CLARA  
(giggling)  
Oh, I see what you mean! You're always joking, aren't you?

WALLACE  
(kidding her, takes her hand)  
Aren't I the cut-up, though?

They stand laughing and swinging  
hands.

JOSIE  
(entering from upstage door  
RC, and as she notices their  
intimate attitude, she  
coughs to attract their  
attention)  
Ahem!

WALLACE and CLARA separate,  
confused, CLARA going L and WALLACE  
over R.

WALLACE  
Good morning, Miss Richards.

JOSIE  
(at R of desk, upper end)  
How do you do, Mr. Wallace?  
(Going toward desk C)  
Mr. Jones is causing quite a sensation out in the works.  
(Sits -- writes)

WALLACE

So I understand.

CLARA

(crosses over to WALLACE R)

Shall I tell him you're here?

WALLACE

(smiles)

I wish you would if it isn't too much trouble, Miss Spotswood.

CLARA

Not at all. I'll be only too pleased.

(Looks to see if JOSIE is  
listening before next line)

Nobody ever calls me anything but Clara.

WALLACE

(aside)

Oh, you Clara!

CLARA

(giggling, backs up RC)

I'll tell him right away.

WALLACE

I wish you would.

(Follows her up)

CLARA

(upstage, giggling)

Goodbye.

WALLACE

Goodbye, goodbye.

(CLARA exits upstage  
giggling. To JOSIE)

Has Mr. Pembroke called?

JOSIE

No. Mr. Jones was saying he expected him at eleven o'clock.

WALLACE

(looking at watch)

Yes. Well, he's got a few minutes yet.

(Sits R of desk)

JOSIE

(to WALLACE)

Mr. Jones told me of the advice you gave him. We have a great deal to thank you for, I'm sure of that.

WALLACE

I don't see why. He's only doing what is right. Any man with a conscience would do the same. Of course, my influence may have had some bearing on his decision, but believe me, his mind was fully made up when you got through with him last night.

JOSIE

Oh, it means so much to so many.  
(Goes toward R door)

WALLACE

(thinks a moment, goes C,  
then back to R)  
Anyway, I think he'd be a fool to sell.

JOSIE

You do?  
(Turns to WALLACE)

WALLACE

Certainly. A proposition that showed the profit that this did last year without any advertising! Why, it's wonderful! I know what I'm talking about. I'm with the biggest advertising firm in New York City.

JOSIE

But we couldn't afford to advertise except in a small way, and the big firms wouldn't handle a petty contract.

WALLACE

Why didn't you try the Empire?

JOSIE

We did. They refused to handle us at all. You see, they do most of the Consolidated work. I guess that's the reason.

WALLACE

Oh, no. We don't make agreements of that kind. No corporation can dictate to us. The Empire's my firm, my Guv'nor's the president.

JOSIE

Oh, well, then perhaps you know all about it.

WALLACE

(thinks)  
You say they refused to handle your work?

JOSIE

Absolutely.

WALLACE

(thinks a moment, rises, then  
goes to phone on desk)

May I use your phone?

JOSIE

Certainly.

WALLACE

(at phone)

Long distance.

(To JOSIE)

You know that's a pretty rotten trick if it's so -- to  
squeeze the little fellow out like that. You're sure it was  
the Empire?

JOSIE

Yes, we tried all the big advertising firms.

WALLACE

There isn't any other big advertising firm. If there was,  
we'd whip it over to the Empire in pretty quick shape!

(In phone)

Hello, long distance. I want New York -- 444 Spring. Mr.  
Grover Wallace . . . Just a minute.

(To JOSIE)

What is this number?

JOSIE

Two-two Main.

WALLACE

(in phone)

Two-two Main -- the Jones plant -- all right.

(Hangs up receiver, rises and  
goes over RC, thinking)

There must be some mistake about this, Miss Richards.

JOSIE

I have all the correspondence if you care to see it.

WALLACE

I'd like to very much.

(Goes toward JOSIE)

JOSIE

I'll look it up in a very few minutes. Excuse me.

(Starts to exit R)

WALLACE goes over L of desk.

OUTSIDE: "What's the matter with  
Broadway? -- He's all right!" This  
is repeated three times with  
cheers. As JOSIE exits R she meets

JACKSON coming in from upstage door  
RC The JUDGE and MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
follow JACKSON on.

JACKSON  
(Enters waving his  
handkerchief)  
I've shaken hands with everybody in the world!  
(Goes up L)

JUDGE  
(crosses in front of desk to  
L, speaking to WALLACE)  
Hello, Mr. Wallace.

WALLACE  
(L of C table)  
How are you, Judge?

JUDGE  
Why didn't you come out and see all the fun?

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
(R)  
You ought to feel very proud, Broadway. It was a grand  
reception.

CLARA  
(comes down stage to R of  
desk)  
I should say it was.

JACKSON  
(down L to WALLACE. Aside)  
Funny Pembroke isn't here.

WALLACE  
He'll be along.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
Are you going to stay here, Judge?

JUDGE  
(crossing back of desk toward  
R)  
For a while. I'll be home at twelve.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
(Starts L, passing front of  
desk)  
Come on, Clara. We've got to get up town.

CLARA  
(following MRS. SPOTSWOOD)  
I'll be right with you, Mom.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
(to WALLACE L)  
We'll expect you to supper, Mr. Wallace. Broadway's coming.  
I've invited Miss Richards, too.

WALLACE  
Thank you.

CLARA  
(to WALLACE L of desk)  
You're surely coming to supper?

WALLACE  
Yes.

CLARA  
(holds up finger)  
That's an appointment, isn't it?

WALLACE  
It's a godsend.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
(to JACKSON when she is  
standing in doorway L)  
What would you like with your supper, Broadway, tea or  
coffee?

JACKSON  
(smiles)  
I'll take some of your lemonade, if you don't mind.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
(laughs)  
You shall have it. Come on, Clara.  
(Exits L)

CLARA  
(starts toward door L)  
I'm coming.  
(To WALLACE, as she gets to  
door L)  
Goodbye, Bob!

WALLACE  
Eh?  
(looks at her in surprise)  
Oh, goodbye, Clara!

CLARA

Goodbye.

(Exits L giggling)

JACKSON

(to WALLACE)

Is it eleven yet?

WALLACE

(looking at his watch)

Just.

JACKSON

(over to WALLACE LC)

What are we going to say to this fellow Pembroke when he gets here?

WALLACE

Now remember, I told you to let me handle him. He thinks I'm your secretary, anyway.

JUDGE

(drops down RC)

If you boys want to talk things over I'll skip along.

JACKSON

(turns to L of desk)

No, stay right here, Judge. We may need a lawyer.

WALLACE

We're just waiting for Pembroke, that's all.

JUDGE

Pembroke? Oh, yes, some of the men told me he was in town.

(Sits in chair R of desk --  
pulls chair out to RC)

What's he coming here for?

JACKSON sits in chair at back of  
desk.

WALLACE

To try to give us a whole lot of money.

(Stands L of desk)

But we're not going to take it.

(To JACKSON)

We don't need it, do we?

JACKSON

(seated at desk in JOSIE'S  
chair)

Don't make me laugh. I didn't sleep well.

JUDGE

You've made the people of this town very happy today, my boy.  
They owe you a great debt.

JACKSON

Please don't talk about debts, will you, Judge?

WALLACE

(looking around him)

The old gentleman has pretty nice offices here, Judge.

JUDGE

Yes. Seems strange, though, not to see him sitting at that  
desk. First old Oscar Jones sat there and he died; then John  
sat there and he died; then Andrew sat there and he died; and  
now --

JACKSON

(gets up and goes to chair L  
of filing desk, upstage)

That's the last time I'll ever sit there.

JUDGE

Every man in the plant loved the old gentleman. They all feel  
awful bad. Just think, he was alive forty-eight hours ago,  
and now the whole town is in mourning.

JACKSON gets up and goes toward  
door L.

HIGGINS

(enters excitedly from  
upstage and goes toward  
JACKSON, who comes toward R  
as HIGGINS enters. JOSIE  
enters and stands back of  
JUDGE. HENRY follows her on  
and sits at typewriter R)

Excuse me, Mr. Jones. The men want to know if you have any  
objections to them celebrating tonight. They're thinking of  
having a torchlight procession and fireworks in honor of your  
arrival. Is it all right?

JUDGE

(gets up)

That's a bully idea!

JOSIE

Why, Judge!

JUDGE

(turns to JOSIE, surprised)

What's the matter? JOSIE

(turns L toward HIGGINS)

(MORE)

JUDGE (cont'd)

Higgins, you tell the men to do nothing of the kind. Don't they realize what happened? How can they forget so quickly?

HIGGINS

Oh, that's so. I'll have to remind them of that.  
(Exits door upstage RC)

JUDGE

By George, I forgot all about it myself!  
(Goes upstage and stands back  
of WALLACE and JACKSON)

WALLACE

(over to JACKSON, who is  
standing above desk)  
The King is dead! Long live the King!

JACKSON

Get away from me!  
(Pushes WALLACE away L)

JOSIE

(steps forward to WALLACE and  
hands him papers)  
Here are those letters, Mr. Wallace.  
(Starts R slowly)

WALLACE

(crosses to her)  
It's the Empire, all right. I know the pink paper.  
(Is about to examine papers  
when SAM enters)

SAM

(enters from L)  
Mr. Pembroke and Mr. Leary to see Mr. Jones.

At this announcement JOSIE stops  
dead up R.

JACKSON

Tell them to come right in.  
(Goes L near door a step)

SAM

Yes, sir.  
(Exits L)

WALLACE

Judge, did you ever see a man refuse to take a million and a half?  
(Goes up R)

JUDGE

Not yet.

WALLACE

(points to JACKSON)

Well, watch the little professor over there.

(To JACKSON)

Sit at that desk and look business-like.

JACKSON

(L of desk)

In that chair? Not after what he said.

JOSIE

(to JACKSON)

Shall I go?

JACKSON

No, please don't.

WALLACE

You'd better remain, Miss Richards.

(Goes up to her)

PEMBROKE enters from L and stands near door, followed by LEARY, who stands back of him. WALLACE and JOSIE are standing in front of filing desk. The JUDGE is R.

JACKSON

How do you do, Mr. Pembroke?

PEMBROKE

Mr. Jones.

(Bows)

JACKSON

(crosses back of desk)

Sit right down there.

(Points to chair at desk)

PEMBROKE

No, thank you.

JACKSON

He's on!

PEMBROKE

(bowing to each as their name is called)

Judge -- Miss Richards -- Mr. Wilson, I've met.

They acknowledge salutation by  
bowing.

JUDGE AND JOSIE  
(together)

Wilson!

WALLACE  
(quickly)  
Yes, that's right -- Wilson, that's my name.

PEMBROKE  
(turns L toward his  
stenographer LEARY)  
Mr. Leary  
(LEARY bows, sits on stool by  
door L, and takes out  
stenographer's notebook)  
Take the entire conversation, John.  
(JACKSON comes down stage R  
of PEMBROKE )

LEARY  
Yes, sir.

JACKSON  
(watches LEARY taking out his  
notebook, then looks over at  
HENRY, who is sitting R at  
typewriter. He points to him  
and says to JOSIE)  
Is he a stenographer?

JOSIE  
Yes, sir.  
(Calling)  
Henry.

HENRY  
(rises)  
Yes, sir.

JACKSON  
Take the entire conversation, Henry.

HENRY  
Yes, sir.  
(Reaches for his notebook)

PEMBROKE  
Are we to talk in the presence of all here?

JACKSON  
I'm satisfied if you are. Sit down, Judge.

JUDGE sits in chair down RC.  
WALLACE and JOSIE are leaning  
against filing desk up RC. JACKSON  
stands L of desk, facing PEMBROKE,  
who is between JACKSON and L door.

PEMBROKE

Very well. Mr. Jones, I am not in the habit of doing business through hirelings. Your Mr. Wilson, your secretary as he represents himself to be -- and whose impertinence, by the way, is beyond description -- has had the audacity to state that I should have to do business through him or not at all.

JACKSON

(earnestly)

Those were my instructions.

PEMBROKE

I should like to understand the reason for so unusual an arrangement?

JACKSON

Well, you want to buy something I own. He's the salesman, that's all.

(Points to WALLACE upstage)

John Wanamaker owns a store, but he doesn't wait on the customers, does he? Ha, ha, ha!

(Laughs boisterously, then  
turns quickly to WALLACE)

How was that?

WALLACE

You're immense, on the square!

PEMBROKE

(indignantly, to JACKSON)

You are flippant, sir! You gave me your word and hand that the deal would be consummated at two o'clock yesterday afternoon. The price was settled and agreed upon by both of us. I returned by appointment with my solicitors and papers ready to sign, and upon inquiring from an insolent butler as to your whereabouts, I received the information that you were on your way to Egypt, and that the only word you left for me was a profane request that I go to -- well, never mind. Believing you to be a man of integrity -- unfortunately for me -- I had no witness present at the binding of the bargain. Still, I ask you now, as a man, is your word worthless?

JACKSON

(leans over desk)

Yes, when I'm doing business with unscrupulous people.

PEMBROKE

(turning to LEARY)

Have you got that, John?

LEARY

Yes, sir.

JACKSON

(looks over at HENRY)

Got that, Henry?

HENRY

Yes, sir.

JACKSON

(a pause, then hesitatingly  
to PEMBROKE, gathering  
strength as he proceeds)

When I fell for your rush, football business methods yesterday and agreed to sell, I wasn't aware of the low, contemptible tricks your company had stooped to in the endeavor to put my poor uncle out of business. I didn't know it was the result of the business blows you'd dealt him that sent him to his grave. I didn't know it was the purpose of the company with which I was dealing to throw out of work hundreds of men that eked an existence from the very thing I was selling. Lots of things I didn't know yesterday, Mr. Pembroke. But I've found them all out since, and that's why I broke my word.

(Smashes desk with his fist)

You didn't think I could talk like that, did you?

(To WALLACE)

How was it?

WALLACE

Great!

JACKSON

(to PEMBROKE)

Go on now, you say something. Tell you what I'll do with you. I'll talk you for a thousand dollars a side.

PEMBROKE

Then I am to understand that the price is --

JACKSON

The salesman will quote the prices. I'm the owner.

(Motions to WALLACE to come  
down to table)

The latter comes down pompously and stands R of table, opposite PEMBROKE. JACKSON steps directly back of table, between the two men.

PEMBROKE

(comes to L of desk, facing  
WALLACE)

I don't consider any commercial trademark worth a million and a half of dollars.

WALLACE

Neither do I.

PEMBROKE

(slowly and coldly)

Still, even in business we sometimes desire to satisfy our pride. It has always been the ambition of our company to control this output. For ten years we have tried to absorb it into the Consolidated without success. I have communicated with my people in Ohio, and while we feel and know the price to be highly exorbitant, we have decided to take it over, and I am prepared to buy.

WALLACE

(slowly and emphatically)

Well, we are not prepared to sell.

PEMBROKE

What! I've agreed to your terms.

WALLACE

I heard everything you said.

PEMBROKE

I don't quite gather your meaning.

WALLACE

No, and you're not going to gather our chewing gum, either. We're not going to sell. We're going to fight. You haven't a tottering old man to deal with now, but a youth full of fire and fight and energy and ambition. Look!

(Points dramatically to  
JACKSON, who straightens up  
and tries to look  
impressive)

We have an article that on its own merits has stood up under almost impossible competition. We have the goods to deliver and we're going to fight and beat you at your own game. We're going to make you take your own medicine, Mr. Pembroke. We're going to make you compete with us. We're going to advertise as no article was ever advertised before. We're going to post and plaster from one end of the country to the other. We're going to snow you under, that's what we're going to do, and we're in a position to do it.

JACKSON

(to PEMBROKE)

What do you think of that!

PEMBROKE

We spend a million dollars a year advertising, Mr. Wilson.

WALLACE

No, you don't! I know what you spend better than you do yourself. And my name isn't Wilson, and I'm not Mr. Jones's secretary. Here's my name and here's my business.

(Hands PEMBROKE his card)

PEMBROKE

(takes card, reads it, then  
looks at WALLACE  
incredulously)

You mean the Empire Advertising Company is behind this concern?

WALLACE

That's just what I mean, and we're going to do five times as much advertising as you ever did at about one-tenth the cost.

PEMBROKE

Then my people do no more business with the Empire.

WALLACE

All right. Then see how much outdoor advertising you get this side of the Rocky Mountains!

PEMBROKE

Very well. I'll take the eleven-forty back to New York.

(Turns toward L. Gets to  
door, then comes back and  
points his finger menacingly  
at JACKSON'S face)

You mark my word, Mr. Jones! You'll be glad to do business with us before another year has passed.

JACKSON

All right. Come around and see me in about a year. I may want to buy your company.

PEMBROKE

(turns angrily to door)

Come, John.

(Exits L)

LEARY starts after him.

JACKSON

(calling to LEARY as he  
starts to follow PEMBROKE  
off)

Say, John!

(LEARY turns and looks at  
JACKSON)

(MORE)

JACKSON (cont'd)

Take down that last one I said. I thought it was a corker!  
(LEARY smiles and exits door  
L)

JUDGE

(gets up )

I'd give ten years of my life sooner than have missed that  
Josie.

(Enthusiastically)

It was all wonderful.

(Comes down R of desk)

WALLACE

(to JOSIE)

Have the boy make carbon copies of that, we may need them.

JOSIE nods and exits R, HENRY  
following.

JUDGE

Incriminating, every word of it!

WALLACE

(to JACKSON)

Didn't I tell you I'd scare the life out of him P

JACKSON

I wasn't so bad myself, was I?

JUDGE

(starts for door upstage)

I'll tell Higgins. He'll spread the news in a jiffy.

WALLACE

That's a good idea. Go on.

(Goes upstage, urging the  
JUDGE off, then comes  
downstage C to JACKSON)

Well, what do you think of it?

JACKSON

It's a good plot, but how are we going to play it?

WALLACE

Why, it's the biggest cinch in the world. If this plant  
showed the profit they say it did last year, I'll bet you  
that --

(Telephone. Starts for phone  
as it rings)

I'll answer that.

JACKSON

You want to do everything now, don't you?

WALLACE

(in phone. JACKSON walks back  
and forth nervously)

Hello, hello! Oh, hello, Guv'nor This is Bob . . . Yes, I  
called up . . . I'm up here in Connecticut . . . Oh, no,  
strictly business. Say, Guv'nor, I can get a big contract  
from the Jones Pepsin people.

(JACKSON sits on desk,  
dumfounded at this  
statement)

They're going in heavy, I hear. I can close the deal, right  
away. What do you think . . . New owners take possession  
today. Yes, they're all right. I looked them up . . . Well,  
will you let me use my own judgment about that? I think I'll  
make a splendid deal . . . Say, Guv'nor, will you send me a  
wire authorizing me to sign the contract? Thanks . . . No, I  
won't be back until tomorrow.

(Hangs up receiver)

JACKSON

(going over C to L of desk)

See here! What are you going to do?

WALLACE

(going down R of desk)

I'm going to show Pembroke we're not bluffing. I'm going back  
tomorrow and cover New York for a starter.

JACKSON

(both are now standing C in  
front of desk)

Where's all this money coming from? What are you trying to  
do, ruin me?

WALLACE

I'll draw the contract and give you a year to pay for it.  
You'll be the best advertised article in America in a month.

JACKSON

But Great Scott! I can't afford to take a chance like that,  
Bob. I don't know anything about this chewing gum business.

WALLACE

Say, will you give me all you make over a million in the next  
two years if I give you this advertising free?

JACKSON

(astounded -- quickly)

Over a million I should say I will!

WALLACE

Shake hands with your partner.

(WALLACE and JACKSON shake)  
(MORE)

WALLACE (cont'd)

This will be the quickest, softest and first important money I ever made.

JACKSON

Do you mean it?

WALLACE

You bet I mean it.

JACKSON

Are you sure you mean it?

WALLACE

You bet I'm sure.

JACKSON

Bob, this is the happiest minute of my life!

They stand shaking hands as SAM enters.

SAM

(enters from L)

Mrs. Gerard to see Mr. Jones.

JACKSON

(grabs WALLACE, clinging to him in his fright)

Mrs. Gerard

WALLACE

(yells at SAM)

Tell her to wait!

SAM

The gentleman wants to see you first.

JACKSON

Gentleman? What gentleman?

SAM

Mr. Rankin.

JACKSON

Rankin! Tell the gentleman to come in, but have the lady wait.

(Shoves SAM over toward door L)

SAM

Yes, sir.

(Exits L, leaving door partly open)

JACKSON

Mrs. Gerard, where the deuce did she come from? How did she know I was here?

RANKIN enters from L.

WALLACE

(points to RANKIN)

There's Rankin now.

RANKIN

Mrs. Gerard's here, sir.

JACKSON

(over to RANKIN L)

I know. Where did she come from?

RANKIN

She didn't say. She got to the hotel five minutes ago, and demanded to be brought to you. I couldn't help it, sir.

JACKSON

Great Scott! What am I going to do? I've got to get her away from here. I've simply got to get her out of town!

(Tears from L to LC,  
desperately excited)

WALLACE

I'll get rid of her somehow. Go on, hurry up! Take it on the run!

JACKSON

You bet I will!

(Grabs hat and cane from desk  
near L door, then rushes  
over R, passing in front of  
desk just as JOSIE enters  
from R door, dressed for the  
street)

JOSIE

Why, where are you going?

JACKSON

Any place. Where are you going?

JOSIE

I'm going to dinner.

JACKSON

Come on. I'll go with you.

(Grabs JOSIE by the arm and  
rushes her out through door  
(MORE))

JACKSON (cont'd)

R upstage, talking ad lib)

Let's go out this way. I love to walk through the works.

WALLACE

(sits at desk and touches  
button. SAM enters from L)

All right. Show the lady in.

SAM

Yes, sir.

(Exits L, leaving the door  
open)

RANKIN

(who has been standing up L)

Shall I go, sir?

WALLACE

Stay where you are.

MRS. GERARD enters from L, out of  
breath. WALLACE gets up and  
advances to meet her, apparently  
surprised.

WALLACE

Why, Mrs. Gerard, what are you doing here? I know you're  
looking for Jackson. He's on his way to the depot. He's going  
to make that eleven-forty to New York. I think you can catch  
him if you run all the way.

(As GERARD exits on a run he  
calls after her)

But you'll have to run all the way!

(Turns quickly to RANKIN,  
speaking quickly and  
excitedly)

Listen. You follow her to the depot and get her on that train  
if you have to bind and gag her. And don't lose sight of her  
until you see her safely landed in New York, do you  
understand?

RANKIN

Yes, sir.

WALLACE

Well, go on!

(WALLACE pushes RANKIN off-  
stage L, the latter closing  
the door. Cheering heard off-  
stage. JUDGE enters from  
door upstage R, smiling. To  
the JUDGE)

Well, what are they cheering about now?

JUDGE

Broadway is making a speech.  
(Motions to WALLACE to come  
upstage)

WALLACE

Making a speech!

The JUDGE and WALLACE go up to  
door, open it and listen.

JACKSON

(off-stage)

Why, think of what I'd be selling! The thing my grandfather  
worked for and handed down to my father; the thing that my  
father worked for and handed down to me; the thing that I  
should work for and hand down to my children, and then to  
their children, and so on and so on --

CURTAIN

ACT IV

Exterior of the JONES Home,  
Jonesville, Connecticut.

TIME: Evening.

At RISE of curtain the JUDGE, MRS.  
SPOTSWOOD, JOSIE, CLARA, WALLACE,  
SAM and JACKSON are seated on steps  
of house. SAM is playing the banjo  
as curtain goes up. JACKSON  
interrupts after a few bars.

JACKSON

Say, Sammy, I don't want to interrupt you, but did you write  
that yourself?

SAM

Yes, sir.

JACKSON

Well, I don't think it's at all bad.

WALLACE

No, indeed. It's very good.

SAM

Very good! I should say it was very good!

General laugh from all. CLARA,  
WALLACE and JOSIE exit into house  
in this rotation.

SAM

Now I'll play you another tune I made up myself.

JACKSON

(after a few bars)

If you're doing that for me, Sammy, you can quit right now.

Piano starts inside house.

SAM

Well, I've got to practice, anyway.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

Well, go home and practice. We don't want to hear you.

JUDGE

Keep on practicing, Sammy. You'll get there some day.

JUDGE and MRS. SPOTSWOOD exit into house. SAM goes over C.

SAM

Say, keep that piano quiet, will you? Gosh! shows how much you know about music! You can hear a piano any day. There ain't ten good banjo players in Connecticut.

JACKSON

You're all right, Sammy. I don't know how you stand with the rest of the folks, but you're all right with me.

(Exits into house, laughing)

SAM

(goes over near steps)

I ain't goin' to stand here and listen to that darned old thing! I'm goin' to take my banjo and go home.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(off-stage)

Then go home -- go home.

SAM

Gosh! That's all the thanks I get for goin' to all the trouble of bringin' my instrument along and everything!

(GROVER WALLACE enters from upstage R and comes down to C)

Some day they'll be darned glad to hear me play, when I get it down perfect.

GROVER WALLACE

Excuse me, young man.

SAM

(impertinently)

Well, what do you want?

GROVER WALLACE

This is the Jones home, is it not?

SAM

Yes, what of it?

GROVER WALLACE

That's Mr. Wallace playing the piano, isn't it?

SAM

Yes, that's him showin' off. He makes me tired!

GROVER WALLACE

Will you kindly tell him there's a gentleman here who wishes to see him?

SAM

Oh, go tell him yourself. What do you think I am? I ain't goin' back in there. They made a fool out of me once tonight already.

(He starts up toward gate)

GROVER goes over R.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(enters from house, calling  
to SAM)

Sammy, come here!

(Piano stops off-stage)

SAM

(turns toward MRS. SPOTSWOOD)

Well, what do you want, Mom?

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(comes down steps and goes up  
toward SAM)

Haven't you got any more manners than to go without saying goodnight and thanking Mr. Jones for the supper?

SAM

Well, my feelin's are hurt and I'm goin' home.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

Just for that, you don't get any money to go to the circus this year.

SAM

Well, if it ain't any better than it was last year I don't care a darn. I'm gettin' tired of bein' bossed around, anyhow. I'll bet Edison, the inventor, didn't let people boss him around when he was a little boy. I'm goin' to take my banjo and live in New Haven.

(Exit upstage through gate R,  
MRS. SPOTSWOOD calling after  
him)

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

Sammy, Sammy, come here!

JUDGE

(enters from house and goes  
toward MRS. SPOTSWOOD)

What's the matter, Mom?

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(turning to JUDGE)

Pa, you've spoiled that boy. What he needs is a good spanking.

JUDGE  
(looks R and sees GROVER)

Who's the stranger?

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
(looks at GROVER)

I don't know.

GROVER WALLACE  
(approaching JUDGE)

I beg pardon.

JUDGE  
(crosses MRS. SPOTSWOOD to  
GROVER)

Yes, sir. What is it?

GROVER WALLACE  
I should like to speak to Mr. Wallace, if you don't mind  
telling him so.

JUDGE  
Mr. Wallace? Why, certainly, I'll tell him right away.  
(Turns toward MRS. SPOTSWOOD)  
Mom, tell Mr. Wallace that a gentleman wants to see him.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
(to GROVER)  
Shall I give any name, sir?

GROVER WALLACE  
Just say to him that his father is here.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
Certainly, sir.  
(Exits into house)

JUDGE  
(goes toward GROVER)  
Have I the honor of addressing Mr. Grover Wallace?

GROVER WALLACE  
Yes, sir.

JUDGE  
I'm mighty pleased to meet you, sir. My name is Spotswood.  
Judge Spotswood.

GROVER WALLACE  
Pleased, I'm sure.

JUDGE  
Your son has told me all about you. You have a fine boy, Mr.  
Wallace, smart as a steel trap. I've taken a great liking to  
(MORE)

JUDGE (cont'd)

him. Mr. Jones just opened the house today and we all came over to supper, or dinner, as he calls it. Perhaps you'd better come inside.

GROVER WALLACE

No, thanks. I'll wait for him out here.

BOB WALLACE enters from house,  
crosses the JUDGE, goes over to  
GROVER and extends his hand, which  
GROVER refuses.

WALLACE

Hello, Guv'nor. Well, you have handed me a surprise.

GROVER WALLACE

You've handed me a surprise also.

WALLACE

Why, what's the matter?

GROVER WALLACE

That's what I've come here for -- to find out what the devil is the matter with you!

WALLACE

(turns to JUDGE)

Just a moment, Judge.

JUDGE

Oh, certainly, excuse me.

(Exits into house)

JACKSON

(enters from house, crossing  
the JUDGE. Speaks first to  
WALLACE, then goes to  
GROVER)

Have your father come right inside, Bob, and make himself at home.

(Crosses WALLACE and shakes  
hands with GROVER)

By gracious! I'm awfully glad to meet you, Mr. Wallace. Bob has spoken of you so often and told me so much about you that I feel I know you as well as he does.

(To WALLACE)

Did you know he was coming?

WALLACE

No.

JACKSON

Oh, a little surprise, eh? Well, why didn't you tip me? I'd have held dinner for him. Come along inside and meet the folks. We're having a bully time, aren't we, Bob?

WALLACE

Yes, fine! This is Jackson Jones, Guv'nor. You've heard me speak of him.

GROVER WALLACE

I believe I have.

JACKSON

Isn't it strange we never met before? Bob and I being such good friends. But we're going to get better acquainted, aren't we? Come on inside.

GROVER WALLACE

No, thank you. I'd like to speak to my son alone, if you've no objections.

JACKSON

Oh, why of course.

(To WALLACE as he starts L)

Anything wrong?

WALLACE

It will be all right. Don't worry.

JACKSON

(going up steps of house)

Well, I'll expect you in as soon as you're through your little talk. I'm going in to prepare a nice little lunch for you.

GROVER WALLACE

You needn't bother, sir.

JACKSON

(comes down steps quickly)

Oh, it's no bother at all. I'm only too glad to get the chance to entertain. You know, this is my first day in a regular home, and I'm having the time of my life!

(As he goes up the steps)

Don't you let him get away, Bob. I'll fix him up something cute. I know what he wants.

(Exits into house)

GROVER WALLACE

Now, sir, perhaps you'd like to explain the meaning of all this damned nonsense.

WALLACE  
(L of GROVER)

What nonsense?

GROVER WALLACE  
What are you doing here?

WALLACE  
Didn't I phone you yesterday I was here on business?

GROVER WALLACE  
Business! Humph, fine business! Do you realize the sort of contract you sent in from this concern? Who ever gave you the authority to sign such an agreement for the Empire Company?

WALLACE  
You told me over the phone that I could use my own judgment.

GROVER WALLACE  
Well, I didn't suppose I was talking to a crazy man. Do you know you've guaranteed to cover every eastern and middle west state at a price that wouldn't pay for Pennsylvania alone? What the devil do you mean by making a statement to the Consolidated Gum people that the Empire was behind the Jones Company?

WALLACE  
Why, I was bluffing them, that's all.

GROVER WALLACE  
And for what purpose, sir? You have bluffed us out of half a million dollars' worth of future contracts that were pending, and signed an agreement that, if it were made public, would make us the laughing stock of the advertising world.

WALLACE  
Well, it's too late to kick now, Guv'nor, the deal's made. Besides, I have your telegram authorizing me to sign the contract.

GROVER WALLACE  
Why didn't you answer my telegram today?

WALLACE  
Because I knew you'd come here if I didn't, and that's what I wanted you to do. I want to talk to you.

GROVER WALLACE  
Go on, go on, I'm listening.

WALLACE  
Well, it's a long story.

GROVER WALLACE

I dare say.

WALLACE

Come on and take a little stroll with me. I want to get you in a good humor to hear it all. Wait a minute.

(Calls into house, while  
getting his hat from porch)

Oh, Jackson! Say, Jackson!

JACKSON

(inside house)

Yes, what is it, Bob?

JACKSON enters from house and comes  
to L of WALLACE and GROVER.

WALLACE

The Guv'nor and I are going to take a walk. We'll be back in a few minutes.

JACKSON

Well, be sure you are. I'm getting up a nice little lunch for you, and the girls are just crazy to meet you.

GROVER WALLACE

The girls! Why, what the --

WALLACE

(trying to pacify GROVER)

Oh, not what you mean, not what you mean, Guv'nor. Regular girls, nice people, you understand. Come on.

(Takes his father's arm and  
starts upstage R)

JUDGE enters from house and stands  
on steps.

JACKSON

(following WALLACE and GROVER  
upstage)

Say, Bob, do me a favor, will you? Show your father the Chewing Gum plant.

WALLACE

I'm going to.

(To his father as they exit  
through gate R)

You see, this is the residential part of the town, and over there is the business plant, etc.

Ad lib. as they exit arm in arm.

JACKSON

(calls after them)

Say, Bob, show him the drug store, too!

JUDGE

(comes down steps to L)

Has he gone for good?

JACKSON

No, he's coming back.

JUDGE

He was mad as a hatter about something. Did you notice it?

JACKSON

Yes, and I think I know what it is.

JUDGE

Something the young fellow did?

JACKSON

I'm afraid so.

JUDGE

Nothing wrong?

JACKSON

I hope not.

JUDGE

Oh, I'm sure it can't be. If I'm any judge of character, that young man is incapable of anything but good. He's a great friend of yours, my boy.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD enters, carrying  
JUDGE'S hat, followed by CLARA and  
JOSIE.

JACKSON

I should say he is.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(over R to JUDGE)

Come on, Pa. We've got to get home. It's after seven o'clock already.

(Hands JUDGE his hat)

JUDGE

Yes, I guess we'd better.

(To JACKSON)

Mom's generally a-bed by eight.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(turns to JACKSON up L)

Except Saturday nights. But I sleep late Sundays; don't get up till after six. Come on, Clara.

JACKSON

You're not all going to leave me, are you?

JOSIE and CLARA are standing in front of steps.

CLARA

(to JACKSON)

Where's Mr. Wallace?

JACKSON

He went to take a stroll with his father.

CLARA

Oh, I'm just crazy to see his father, aren't you, Josie?

JOSIE

I should like to, yes.

JACKSON

(to MRS. SPOTSWOOD)

You don't mind if Clara stays over a while, do you?

(To JOSIE)

You're not in a hurry, are you, Miss Richards?

JOSIE

Why, no, I --

JACKSON

Oh, please don't go. I can't bear to be left alone.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

Well, you girls remain here and keep Broadway company till Mr. Wallace gets back.

(Turns R to JUDGE)

It's all right, isn't it, Judge?

JUDGE

Yes, I guess so. But don't be late, Clara.

CLARA

I won't, Pa.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD

(to JACKSON, extending her hand)

Goodnight.

JACKSON  
Goodnight.  
(Taking her hand)

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
Had a lovely time.

JACKSON  
Did you really?

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
Sorry Sammy acted so mean.

JACKSON  
Now, Sammy's all right.

JUDGE  
That's what I keep telling her.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
(turns angrily to JUDGE)  
Pa, you've spoiled that boy.

JUDGE  
Mom, please!  
(MRS. SPOTSWOOD turns  
upstage. JUDGE goes to  
JACKSON and shakes his hand)  
Goodnight, my boy.

JACKSON  
Goodnight.

JUDGE  
See you in the morning.  
(Starts upstage)

JACKSON  
Sure. Goodnight, folks.  
(Goes R and sits on arm of  
settee)

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
(turns as she gets up to  
gate)  
Goodnight, Josie.

JOSIE  
Goodnight.

JUDGE  
(turns as he gets to gate and  
says sweetly)  
Goodnight, Josie.  
(MORE)

JUDGE (cont'd)  
(To CLARA, sternly)  
Half-past eight, Clara.

CLARA  
All right, Pa.  
(Goes to JACKSON R)

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
(as she and the JUDGE exit  
through gate R)  
What Sammy needs is a good talking to.

JUDGE  
He'll outgrow these things.

MRS. SPOTSWOOD  
The only thing he'll outgrow is his old clothes. It keeps me  
poor dressing him the way I do. He's just as mean, etc, etc.

Ad lib. as they exit through gate  
R.

JACKSON  
(to CLARA, laughing)  
Your brother is the cause of all this.

CLARA  
Pa said Mr. Wallace's father was angry about something. Was  
he?

JACKSON  
Well, he wasn't exactly in the best of humor. I guess it was  
nothing serious, though.

CLARA  
I wish I could get a good look at him. I'm interested in him.  
(She goes upstage to gate and  
looks off R)

JOSIE  
(goes over to JACKSON near  
bench)  
Do you think it was the advertising contract that brought Mr.  
Wallace here?

JACKSON  
I don't think there's any doubt about it.

JOSIE  
I thought it was a pretty liberal agreement.

JACKSON

Liberal! It was criminal! I told Bob that, when he fixed it up. I don't blame the old gentleman at all. Did you enjoy the dinner?

JOSIE

Very much indeed.

JACKSON

Did you really? You must come over often.

JOSIE

Thanks.

CLARA

(jumping up and down in her excitement)

Oh, I see him! I see him! I see him!

JACKSON

See whom?

(Goes up to CLARA at gate)

JOSIE sits on bench.

CLARA

Bob.

(Corrects herself quickly, placing hand over mouth)

I mean, Mr. Wallace -- and his father -- just turning around Kennedy's place. I'm going to see if I can get a look at him from a distance. I'll be back in a few minutes.

JACKSON

(laughs, then comes down to JOSIE on settee)

Did you hear that? She calls him Bob and he calls her Clara.

JOSIE

Yes, I noticed that.

JACKSON

Did you notice it? I didn't think you noticed it.

(Looks around at house and grounds)

Nice little home, isn't it?

JOSIE

Oh, I just love it!

JACKSON

Do you?

JOSIE

Why, yes. Don't you?

JACKSON

Sure. I'm just crazy about it, that's all. You know, I think in time I'll become a model country gentleman.

(Goes over L)

JOSIE

(after a pause)

This must seem strange to you after the life you've been living.

JACKSON

What do you know about the life I've been living?

(Sits L of JOSIE)

JOSIE

I mean New York -- that great, big, wonderful place! It is a wonderful place, isn't it?

JACKSON

Have you never been in New York?

JOSIE

Never.

JACKSON

Would you like to go to New York?

JOSIE

I don't think I'd care to live there. I'd like to see New York.

JACKSON

Well, I can show it to you. It takes only four hours to get there. It took me five years to get back.

JOSIE

You had a long trip.

JACKSON

Yes, I had a long trip.

JOSIE

What is Broadway?

JACKSON

Broadway?

JOSIE

A street?

JACKSON

Sure, it's the greatest street in the world.

JOSIE

Some people say it's terrible.

JACKSON

Philadelphia people.

JOSIE

And some people say it's wonderful.

JACKSON

That's just it, it's terribly wonderful!

JOSIE

I don't understand.

JACKSON

Nobody understands Broadway. People hate it and don't know why. People love it and don't know why. It's just because it's Broadway.

JOSIE

That's a mystery, isn't it?

JACKSON

That's what it is, a mystery.

Both sit musing. JOSIE sighs,  
JACKSON echoes it.

JOSIE

Tomorrow's Sunday.

JACKSON

Is it?

JOSIE

I suppose you go to church every Sunday morning.

JACKSON

What's that again?

JOSIE

I say, I suppose you go to church every Sunday morning.

JACKSON

I've been to Churchill's every Sunday night.

(Gets up laughing)

Broadway!

(Goes over L)

JOSIE

What are you thinking of?

JACKSON

Oh, I was just thinking of what a great thing it would be if I made a success out of this business.

JOSIE

(gets up)

Why, you're going to.

JACKSON

Do you think so?

JOSIE

(goes over toward JACKSON L)

Yes, but you must make up your mind to work; to keep busy.

JACKSON

Yes, that's it, I've got to work. Now, tomorrow I'm going to plant a lot of vegetables, and I'm going to cut the grass. I'm going to milk the cows and I'm going to paint the house. Oh, I'm going to be the busiest little fellow you ever saw. You know what I hope? I hope that butler of mine never comes back. I want to do all the work myself -- every bit of it.

JOSIE

Your butler?

JACKSON

Yes, I sent him to New York yesterday on an errand.

JOSIE

You sent him back for something?

JACKSON

No, I sent him back with something.

JOSIE

Something valuable?

JACKSON

Well, it's worth a lot of money.

JOSIE

Perhaps he's lost it and is afraid to return.

JACKSON

If he lost it, he'll return, all right -- no such luck.

(Goes up toward gate and  
meets CLARA as she enters on  
run)

JOSIE goes over toward L.

CLARA

Well, those two men are holding the longest conversation I ever heard.

(Down L to JOSIE)

They're standing on Kennedy's corner going it a mile a minute!

JACKSON

(following CLARA down L)

What are they talking about?

CLARA

I didn't get close enough to hear what they said, but they're both waving their arms in the air and talking to beat the band.

JOSIE

There goes our advertising!

RANKIN enters from upstage L and  
comes down to R.

JACKSON

Surest thing you know.

RANKIN

(to JACKSON)

Well, here I am.

JACKSON

(over RC to RANKIN)

Hello, Rankin!

RANKIN

I suppose you thought you were never going to see me again.

JACKSON

When did you get in?

RANKIN

Just now. I've a great deal to tell you, Mr. Jones.

JACKSON

What detained you?

RANKIN

It was necessary.

JACKSON

Why didn't you send me some word?

RANKIN

I can explain all that.

JACKSON

(over to CLARA and JOSIE, who  
are standing near steps)

You girls don't mind stepping into the house for a minute, do you?

JOSIE

I think it's time we were going, don't you, Clara?

CLARA

Oh, let's wait and see what Bob's father is like, will you?

JACKSON

Just for a few minutes, and then I'll walk home with you?

JOSIE

All right.

Girls exit into house, JACKSON  
talking ad lib. to them until they  
are off. Over to RANKIN RC.

JACKSON

Well, come on! What's the news?

RANKIN

Surprising news, sir.

JACKSON

Well, tell me, tell me, what did she say? How did you get rid of her?

RANKIN

I didn't get rid of her.

JACKSON

What! Where did you leave her?

RANKIN

I didn't leave her, sir. I've been with her ever since.

JACKSON

Where is she?

RANKIN

She's here, sir.

JACKSON

She came back here with you?

RANKIN

Yes, sir.

JACKSON

You idiot, what did you let her do that for?  
(Goes up steps, closes door  
of house and then comes down  
to RANKIN RC)

RANKIN

She insisted that she must see you and talk with you, sir.

JACKSON

I won't see her! I won't talk to her!

RANKIN

But she's at the hotel, sir. You must see her. She's  
perfectly reconciled, sir, believe me.

JACKSON

Reconciled! You mean she understands that I --

RANKIN

Oh, yes, sir. She's already sent out a denial of her  
engagement to you in the form of another announcement.

JACKSON

You mean she's engaged to someone else?

RANKIN

Yes, sir; we are to be married tomorrow.

JACKSON

You are going to marry Mrs. Gerard!

RANKIN

I think it's best for all concerned, sir.

JACKSON

You are going to marry Mrs. Gerard!

RANKIN

Yes, sir. I am doing this for you, sir.

JACKSON

What!

RANKIN

If you'll pardon me, sir, I'll pack my things.  
(Starts L toward house)

JACKSON

(takes RANKIN by the arm and  
stops him)

Look here, Rankin. Do you mean to tell me you'd do such a  
low, contemptible, despicable thing as to deliberately marry  
a woman for her money?

RANKIN

Yes, sir, and thank you for the opportunity.  
(Exits into house)

Piano starts playing inside house.  
JACKSON stands looking after  
RANKIN, thunderstruck. WALLACE and  
his father enter, arm in arm,  
talking.

WALLACE

(as he and GROVER enter)

The entire population of the town is about 4000. The plant  
employs about 700.

(Sees JACKSON)

There's Jackson now. Tell him what you just told me.

(To JACKSON as the three meet  
C)

They offered a million and a half for it, didn't they?

JACKSON

That's what they offered, a million and a half.

GROVER WALLACE

Mr. Jones, my son has just told me of the grand, single-  
handed fight you are making against this giant corporation. I  
admire your pluck, sir. You deserve all the encouragement and  
assistance possible. Your loyalty to the people of this  
little town is commendable, sir. You deserve great credit and  
I want to shake your hand.

(Extends his hand)

JACKSON

(shaking hands with GROVER)

Thanks, Mr. Wallace, but the real credit belongs to Bob.

WALLACE

I knew he'd say that.

GROVER WALLACE

He has told me of your modesty. I am very proud that you have  
taken him into the firm, and if advertising has any market  
value, we'll fight them to a finish. I have promised my son  
to return here Monday morning. I may have a proposition to  
put before you. I'd like to see him an equal partner in a  
business with such a promising future.

JACKSON

I don't know what to say, Mr. Wallace.

GROVER WALLACE

Monday's time enough. I have an appointment with Pembroke at  
his house tomorrow morning. After ten minutes' talk with him  
I promise you the Consolidated people will make no further  
(MORE)

GROVER WALLACE (cont'd)  
attempts to absorb. I must go now. Goodnight.  
(Shakes hands with JACKSON)

JACKSON  
Goodnight, Mr. Wallace.

GROVER WALLACE  
(to WALLACE)  
Goodnight, my boy, and good luck.  
(Slaps WALLACE on the  
shoulder)

WALLACE  
Thanks, Guv'nor. Going to motor back?

GROVER WALLACE  
(goes upstage toward gate,  
boys following)  
Yes, my car is just beyond. Even a flivver is better than the  
New Haven and Hartford Railroad. See you Monday. Goodnight.  
(Exits R through gate)

WALLACE  
(calling off-stage to GROVER)  
Goodnight, Guv'nor!

JACKSON  
(calling after GROVER)  
Goodnight, Mr. Wallace.

WALLACE  
Goodnight, Guv'nor.

JACKSON  
Goodnight, Mr. Wallace.

JACKSON and WALLACE turn and face  
each other, then grab each other by  
the hand and come down stage to C.

WALLACE  
Isn't it like a dream?

JACKSON  
I can't believe it's true.

WALLACE  
He wants to buy me a half interest in your business. Did you  
get that?

JACKSON  
All I want is enough money to pay my debts, that's all.

WALLACE

Don't tell him that -- he's a business man.

JACKSON

Is he?

WALLACE

I think you'd better let me handle this for you.

JACKSON

Yes, I think you had.

CLARA and JOSIE enter from house.

CLARA

Oh, there they are!

(Runs over to WALLACE)

Where's your father, Bob?

WALLACE

He's gone.

CLARA

Oh, I wanted to see him.

WALLACE

You'll see him Monday. Come on, let's get an orange ice cream soda.

(He takes her arm coaxingly)

CLARA

Oh, yes, let's !

(They start upstage arm in arm. As they pass, CLARA looks back over her shoulder and calls to JOSIE)

Come on, Josie!

JOSIE

All right, I'm coming.

JACKSON

(holds JOSIE back as she starts)

Wait a minute.

(To WALLACE)

Go ahead, Bob. We'll be right along.

WALLACE

(he and CLARA stop and look back at JOSIE and JACKSON)

Well, what's that all about?

WALLACE and CLARA exit through gate  
R, laughing.

JACKSON

(to JOSIE)

Do you mind if I call you Josie? He calls her Clara and she  
calls him Bob.

JOSIE

Why, that's my name.

JACKSON

That's the reason. It's because I'm fond of you. I like you --  
I love you, Josie!

JOSIE

Why, sir, how can you say such a thing!

JACKSON

It's because I love you. Oh, I know you heard that I was  
engaged, but I'm not. That was all a joke. I can't explain it  
all now, but -- will you marry me, Josie?

JOSIE

What!

JACKSON

I mean it, honestly I do. What I've needed all along is an  
incentive -- something to work for. That's what I've needed  
all my life. My grandfather had something to work for and he  
handed it down to his children; my father had something to  
work for and he handed it down to his children; and now I  
want something to work for and hand down to your children --  
(corrects himself hastily at  
JOSIE'S look of surprise)  
-- to our children, to our children.

JOSIE

Why, Mr. Jones!

JACKSON

Don't call me Mr. Jones. You know what I want you to call me.  
Go on, let's hear you say it just once.

JOSIE

Jackson.

JACKSON

No, call me "Broadway."

JOSIE

Why do you like Broadway?

JACKSON

I don't know. Come here.

(She steps closer to him. He  
kisses her)

Come on, let's you and I go and get some orange ice cream  
soda.

They exit upstage arm in arm  
through gate R. RANKIN enters from  
house with suitcase, goes up to  
gate, looks after JOSIE and  
JACKSON, then turns and exits L.

CURTAIN