

*Grace sits on stool.*

DR. LYMAN. Sometimes Nature blesses me with a total blackout. I seem to remember absolutely nothing after we started our performance. How were we?

ELMA. Marvelous.

DR. LYMAN. Oh, I'm glad. Now I'll have a cup of that coffee you were trying to force on me last night.

ELMA. All right. (*Crosses to u.s. end of counter.*) Can I fix you something to eat?

DR. LYMAN. No. Nothing to eat. (*Makes a face of repugnance.*)

ELMA. Oh, Dr. Lyman, you *must* eat something. Really.

DR. LYMAN. *Must* I?

ELMA. Oh, yes! Please!

DR. LYMAN. Very well, for your sweet sake, I'll have a couple of three-minute eggs, and some toast and orange juice. But I'm doing this for you, mind you. Just for you.

*Elma slips behind the counter to begin his breakfast, as Virgil gets up from the counter and goes to Bo. Dr. Lyman slowly crosses to counter and sits on stool.*

VIRGIL. I'll go help the driver with his chains, Bo. You stay here and take care a that hand.

*He goes out front door. Bo finds his way again to Cherie. Grace is working behind counter with Elma.*

BO. Cherry...would I be molestin' ya if I said somethin'?

CHERIE. (*Rises as Bo crosses to her.*) No...

BO. Well...since you brought the subject up, you *are* the first gal I ever had anything to do with.

*There is a silence.*

By God! I never thought I'd hear m'self sayin' that, but I said it.

CHERIE. I never woulda guessed it, Bo.

BO. Ya see...I'd lived all my life on a ranch...and I guess I din know much about women... 'cause they're *diff'rent* from men.

CHERIE. Well, natur'ly.

BO. Every time I got around one...I began to feel kinda scared... and I din know how t'act. It was aggravatin'.

CHERIE. Ya wasn't scared with *me*, Bo.

BO. When I come into that night club place, you was singin'...and you smiled at me while you was singin', and winked at me a coupla times. Remember?

CHERIE. Yah. I remember.

BO. Well, I guess I'm kinda green, but...no gal ever done that to me before, so I thought you was singin' yor songs just fer *me*.

CHERIE. Ya did kinda attract me, Bo...

BO. Anyway, you was so purty, and ya seemed so kinda warm-hearted and sweet. I...I felt like I *could* love ya...and I did.

CHERIE. Bo—ya think you really did love me?

BO. Why, Cherry! I couldn't be *familiar*...with a gal I din love.

*Cherie is brought almost to tears. Neither she nor Bo can find any more words for the moment, and drift away from each other back to their respective places. At the counter Dr. Lyman eats his breakfast, which Elma has served him. Carl comes back in front door, followed by Virgil and Will. Carl has got his overshoes on now. He comes c. again to make an announcement.*

CARL. Bus headed west! All aboard! Next stop, Topeka!

*He rejoins Grace at the counter and, taking a pencil from his pocket, begins making out his report. Will speaks to Bo.*

WILL. How ya feelin' now, cowboy?

BO. I ain't the happiest critter that was ever born.

WILL. Just 'cause ya ain't happy now don't mean ya ain't gonna be happy t'morrow. Feel like shakin' hands now, cowboy?

BO. (*Hesitant.*) Well...

VIRGIL. Go on, Bo. He's only trying to be friends.

BO. (*Offering his hand, still somewhat reluctantly.*) I don't mind.

*They shake.*

WILL. I just want you to remember there's no hard feelin's. So long.

BO. S'long.