

MS. FORSYTHE / HAPPY

MISS FORSYTHE. I'm expecting someone, but I'd like a...

HAPPY. Why don't you bring her...? Excuse me, miss, do you mind? I sell champagne, and I'd like you to try my brand. Bring her a champagne, Stanley.

(Stanley puts menu on shelf of girl's table.)

MISS FORSYTHE. That's awfully nice of you.

HAPPY. Don't mention it. It's all company money.

(Happy laughs. She laughs. Stanley laughs. She freezes him with a look. He exits. Happy deliberately knocks cigarettes off his table towards her, says, "Oops," and laughs.)

MISS FORSYTHE. That's a charming product to be selling, isn't it?

HAPPY. Oh, gets to be like everything else. Selling is selling, y'know.

MISS FORSYTHE. I suppose.

HAPPY. You don't happen to sell, do you?

MISS FORSYTHE. No, I don't sell.

(He picks up cigarettes and straddles his chair, facing her.)

HAPPY. Would you object to a compliment from a stranger? *(She looks at him, a little arch.)* You ought to be on a magazine cover.

MISS FORSYTHE. I have been.

(Stanley comes on with a glass of champagne.)

HAPPY. What'd I say before, Stanley?—you see?—She's a cover girl.

~~STANLEY. Hmm—oh, yeah, sure, sure, sure.~~

~~MISS FORSYTHE. *(Takes drink.)* Thank you.~~

~~HAPPY. You know what they say in France, don't you? "Champagne is the drink of the complexion." ...H'ya, Biff!~~

~~*(Happy rises, steps to above his table. Biff, wearing blue shirt, black tie, single-breasted blue-gray gabardine suit, has entered and crosses D. to R. of R. table. Stanley gets napkin from shelf of L. table, brings it to R. table for Biff.)*~~

~~BIFF. Hello, kid, sorry I'm late.~~

~~HAPPY. I just got here. Uh, Miss...~~

~~MISS FORSYTHE. Forsythe.~~

~~HAPPY. Miss Forsythe, this is my brother.~~