

# The Bread Man

by

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## **The Bread Man**

(This work is dedicated to my mother, Mary M. Dorsey, nee O'Leary. The genes that she has passed down to drive this lonely avocation.)

### CHARACTER OUTLINE

- Bosley Brahm.....A man in his late forties. He is small in stature and thin. His complexion is pale and wan. He sports a Hitler-type mustache. He is a very passive, and at times, submissive individual. He wears a breadman's uniform throughout.
- Margaret Brahm.....An obese woman in her mid-forties. By her appearance, it is obvious through facial characteristics, etc., that she was once a very attractive woman. As the play progresses, one learns that she once was a petite woman, much like her daughter. She is dominant and crude. She is pushy, unpredictable, and neurotic. She wears a printed bathrobe throughout the play.
- Jenny Brahm.....An attractive girl about 19 years of age. From time to time, throughout the play, she imitates her mother's personality. Her ambition and main goal are to get married as soon as possible.
- Davey Downs.....A 19-year-old recent high school graduate. He is unsure as to what direction he should pursue in his future. He is very infatuated with Jenny and his strong sex drive is his most noticeable weakness. His height is average, his build is slim, and his features are handsome.

*PLACE: A large front porch in the suburbs of Baltimore.*

*Time: Around midnight.*

Scene I

*As the lights come up, two figures appear from the shadows. They walk slowly down the street, arms around one another, and ascend the steps of the front porch. The only furniture on the porch is a sofa-like swing. Davey Downs is dressed in a summer Tux, and Jenny Brahm wears a semi-formal gown of the mid-fifties. They pause for a moment and gaze at the summer sky. He takes her in his arms and kisses her lightly. After they kiss, they look at each other in silence for a brief moment, then she interrupts the mood.*

Jenny

What did you say?

Davey

When?

Jenny

Just now. What did you say?

Davey

I didn't say anything.

Jenny

You did. Just now, you said something.

Davey

I didn't.

Jenny

You did.

Davey

Well, if I did. What did I say?

Jenny

If I knew what you said, I wouldn't have asked you what it was you said, would I?

Davey

No.

Jenny

Well then. Why don't you tell me what it was that you said?

Davey

I didn't say anything.

Jenny

All right! If you insist that you didn't say anything. Then you didn't say anything. (*Slight pause*) But you were thinking of something to say, weren't you?

Davey

I can't remember.

Jenny

How can you forget, so soon, something as important as that to say?

Davey

Well, maybe I wasn't going to say it.

Jenny

I don't understand you! Every time we start to say serious things to one another, you always forget what it was you were going to say. Why is that Davey?

Davey

I don't know.

Jenny

Is it because you have another girl?

Davey

I didn't say that.

Jenny

You didn't have to, you were thinking it.

Davey

How come you always know what I'm going to say before I say it?

Jenny

Then you were thinking of another girl?

Davey

No, Jenny. I love you. You're my girl.

Jenny

*(Smiling)* That's what I thought you said.

Davey

That I love you?

Jenny

Yes.

Davey

You're the coolest girl I know.

Jenny

Put your arms around me and hug me, Davey.

Davey

*(He puts his arms around her lightly)* You smell good, Jenny.

Jenny

Tighter, hug me tighter.

Davey

What's that stuff you're wearing that makes you smell so good?

Jenny

Marry me.

Davey

*(He steps back)* What?

Jenny

It's the perfume. That's what it's called, MARRY ME.

Davey

Oh. *(He takes her back into his arms)*

Jenny

*(Pause)* Do you think it's all that bad?

Davey

What?

Jenny

Marriage?

Davey

I don't know. I haven't thought about it all that much.

Jenny

I have. I think about it a lot. *(Pause)* Why don't you think about it, Davey?

Davey

Now?

Jenny

No, not now! Before! Why haven't you ever thought about it before?

Davey

I don't know. I just haven't. I'm only nineteen. My mom says I've got plenty of time for that kind of stuff later.

Jenny

*(She pushes him away)* When are you ever going to grow up, Davey? You're nineteen years old. Are you going to hang on to your mother's apron strings forever?

Davey

No.

Jenny

*(Really losing her patience with him)* Well, when, Davey?

Davey

Soon.

Jenny

*(Pause)* Am I your girl, Davey?

Davey

I said you were before.

Jenny

Did you mean it when you said you loved me?

Davey

I think so.

Jenny



Do you only think so?

Davey

No.

Jenny

Then you did mean it?

Davey

Yes.

Jenny

Well, when are you going to stop talking about it, and do something?

Davey

I'm not sure what it is you want me to do.

Jenny

Davey, tonight at our graduation exercises, while you were in the men's room, my best friend, Alice, came up to me wearing a big diamond in her left hand.

Davey

Maybe her parents gave it to her as a graduation present. Mom gave me a watch, see. *(He lifts his left shirt cuff)*

Jenny

I saw the watch, Davey. The ring was on her left hand.

Davey

I gave you my class ring in my junior year, remember?

Jenny

Yes! And your mom made you ask me for it back. Do you remember that?

Davey

*(Looking somewhat embarrassed)* Yes, I remember.

Jenny

And do you remember what you said then?

Davey

That I still wanted you to be my steady girl.

Jenny

That's what you said. And I said I would. And you said that as soon as we graduated, we would start to make plans for the future.

Davey

But we just graduated tonight.

Jenny

Have I brought up this subject before tonight?

Davey

No.

Jenny

That's right, I didn't. I wanted to give you plenty of time to think, and time to plan our future carefully. After all, it is our future and I want it to be perfect.

Davey

I said that we would start making plans after graduation. I didn't say that I would think about them before.

Jenny

You're trying to confuse me, Davey.

Davey

I'm not. We will make plans. We'll do everything right, just like you want. And maybe after I get out of the army and graduate from college, we'll get married.

Jenny

Army? College?

Davey

Yeah. I thought I would join the army and get that out of the way. Then I would be eligible for the G.I. Bill and get a college education.

Jenny

But you never said anything about all this before.

Davey

Well, I knew that you would go along with anything that I wanted to do. You always have before. You even go see the movies that I like.

Jenny

There's a slight difference between making plans for the future and seeing a movie. Davey. If you think I'm going to wait around for years, while you do all the things you want to do, you're crazy. I'm nineteen years old. When my mother was my age, she had my sister and was expecting me.

Davey

Your Mom sure must have been some kind of chick. *(He laughs)*

Jenny

Davey Downs, don't you be disrespectful about my mother!

Davey

I'm not being disrespectful. *(Pause)* Aw, come on, Jenny. My way is the only sensible way.

Jenny

Your way is always the only sensible way. You made me a promise, Davey. And men live up to their promises.

Davey

What is it you want me to do?

Jenny

I want you to make a choice. The army and college, or me!

Davey

But Jenny, those things are for you.

Jenny

That's not the way I see it. I want to get married. I want a house like this one. I want to have two children, girls. I want to be like my mother. *(The front door opens, and Mrs. Brahm appears in the doorway taking up the better part of its space)*

Mrs. Brahm

Do you two know what time it is?

Jenny

Oh, hi Mom.

Davey

Mrs. Brahm, I can explain.

Mrs. Brahm

I don't want to hear excuses. I told you, young man, that I wanted her home at one o'clock. It is now nearly two-thirty. *(Slight pause)* Well, what do you have to say?

Davey

You see, Mrs. Brahm, it was like this.....

Mrs. Brahm

I told you before, no excuses.

Davey

But I thought you said.....

Mrs. Brahm

Never mind what I said. I'm asking you a question, and I want an answer.

Davey

But how can I answer you when you won't let me explain?

Mrs. Brahm

I want answers, not excuses. When you get married and have children, and your children go running off 'til all hours of the night with some untrustworthy individual, then you might begin to understand my concern.

Jenny

Mama, Davey's not untrustworthy.

Mrs. Brahm

What time did he promise me, promise me, mind you, that he would have you home?

Jenny

One o'clock.

Mrs. Brahm

And what time did he finally get you home?

Jenny

Two o'clock.

Mrs. Brahm

He's untrustworthy! Jenny, you know I can't go to sleep until you come home and are safely in bed.

Jenny

I know, Mama. But I'm nineteen years old now.

Mrs. Brahm

You're still living under my roof, aren't you?

Jenny

Yes, but.....

Mrs. Brahm

Then you'll come home when I tell you to come home, and not a minute later. *(She rubs her arm)* My arthritis always acts up when I don't get my proper rest. *(To Davey)* You know this isn't the first time this has happened. But you always have a nice neat little excuse to offer, don't you? Well, this time, I'm not buying it, Davey Downs!

Davey

I'm sorry I upset your arthritis, Mrs. Brahm.

Mrs. Brahm

Your condolences will get you nowhere. *(To Jenny)* What's the name of that nice boy you used to date before this tardy individual.

Jenny

Which one, Mama?

Mrs. Brahm

You know the one I mean, the refined young man with the big car. His father was a judge or something.

Jenny

Oh, you mean, Norman. Norman Bates.

Mrs. Brahm

That's the one, Norman Bates. He certainly was a fine young man. Now there was a young man with class and upbringing. He would call on the phone for Jenny in the most respectable way. He would say, "This is Master Bates, may I please speak to Jennifer".

Davey

Yeah. That about sizes up Master Bates all right. *(He laughs)*

Jenny

Davey!

Mrs. Brahm

You can laugh if you want to. But he knew what to bring a young lady home at a decent hour.

Jenny

We were only in the tenth grade then. His father made him have the car home by ten o'clock.

Mrs. Brahm

But still. That's the kind of young man that would attract my fancy if I were a young girl today. *(To Jenny)* Whatever happened to him?

Davey

He's probably serving a five-year sentence for making obscene phone calls.

Mrs. Brahm

That's not funny, young man! You're in a lot of trouble with me. And if you want to continue to come around here, you had better start taking some lessons from Master Bates.

Davey

Children have to break away from the apron strings sometimes, Mrs. Brahm.

Mrs. Brahm

*(Looking at Jenny)* The sooner the better; then maybe I'll be able to get some sleep.

Jenny

We were just talking about that very subject, before you came out, Mama.

Mrs. Brahm

About my getting some sleep.

Jenny

No, Mama. When people reach a certain age, they should begin to seriously look toward their future.

Davey

That's right, Mrs. Brahm. We were just having a very serious discussion.

Mrs. Brahm

There isn't anything you two want to tell me, is there?

Jenny

I don't know. Is there anything we want to tell her, Davey?

Davey

Tell her? Do you mean about us, and about what we were talking about?

Jenny

You know, the plans we were discussing.

Davey

Plans?

Mrs. Brahm

What plans? You're making plans. How come you're making plans? Don't you think that the proper thing to do is to talk to Mr. Brahm and me before you run off and start making a lot of elaborate plans?

Davey

Well, they weren't exactly elaborate, Mrs. Brahm. You see...

Mrs. Brahm

There you go making excuses again.

Jenny

Davey's right, Mama, we were just putting them into some kind of order, that's all.

Mrs. Brahm



When your father and I decided that we wanted to take the big step, we didn't sneak off to some dark corner of some front porch to talk about it. I took Bosley right to Daddy. I'll never forget that evening if I live to be a hundred. The whole family was there, my sister Grace, my brother Eddie, his wife Gloria, and their two boys, Huey, and Louie, and of course, Mama. Daddy was sitting in his big, overstuffed chair, reading the paper, and smoking his big Havana cigar. Your father was so nervous; I don't think he even knew where he was. I kept giving your father the elbow, hoping he would get up his nerve long enough to get Daddy's attention, and pop the big question. Well, finally, out of desperation, I gave him one big push in the ribs, and down on the floor, and he went. Daddy looked up from the paper, saw your father spread out on the floor, and said, "What are you doing down there on the floor, young man?" Your father said, in a barely audible voice, "I want to ask for your daughter's hand, sir." Everything in the room suddenly became silent. Even the kids stopped crying. Your father became self-conscious from the silence and tried to say something else, but nothing would come out. There he was sitting on the floor, his mouth wide open, everyone looking at him, and Mama started to cry. Then, finally, Daddy said, "Son, are you asking permission to marry my daughter?" Your father nervously shook his head, yes, and everybody began to congratulate and kiss us. It was a wonderful evening. After that, your father never had much to say. He always let me dominate the conversation. I respect a man who lets a woman go first, even if it is in conversation.

Davey

That's a very nice story, Mrs. Brahm. But I don't think that Jenny and I are quite that far along in our discussions.

Mrs. Brahm

Don't be so presumptuous, young man. What makes you think that Mr. Brahm would give you his blessing anyway?

Jenny

Mama's right, Davey. And what makes you so sure that I would accept?

Davey

You mean you wouldn't marry me if I asked you?

Jenny

Are you asking me?

Davey

I just want to know if you would or not?

Jenny

I will not answer a question that I have not been asked.

Davey

I don't see any reason to ask a question to get an answer.

Mrs. Brahm

You are a mixed-up young man, aren't you?

Jenny

You're asking for a pretty serious answer, and I think it deserves a question.

Davey

All right! Will you, or won't you?

Jenny

That is not an acceptable form of the question.

Davey

Well, what do you want me to say?

Jenny

I want you to say, "Will you marry me, Jenny?"

Davey

*(Nervously laughing)* I guess you want me to get down on one knee too, huh?

Mrs. Brahm

That might reflect some spark of character in your muddled behavior.

Davey

I've got to know, Jenny

Jenny

Just ask and find out.

Davey

All right, I will. Jenny, will you...

Mrs. Brahm

Hold it!

Davey

What's the matter now?

Mrs. Brahm

Down on your knee.

Davey

Are you kidding?

Mrs. Brahm

I am not kidding! Down on your knee! Her father did it. And what's good enough for her father is good enough for you.

Davey

But Mrs. Brahm, this is 1955. People don't do things that way anymore.

Mrs. Brahm

That's the trouble with the younger generation, no chivalry. Before you know it, the women will be asking the men to marry them.

Davey

*(Laughing)* Yeah! Down on one knee.

Mrs. Brahm

You're not funny, young man.

Jenny

You're not being funny, Davey.

Davey

I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

Jenny

Are you going to ask me, or are you just going to entertain us with your questionable sense of humor?

Davey

*(Half pleading)* Do I have to do it on one knee?

Mrs. Brahm

Yes!

Davey

Jenny?

Jenny

Yes!

Davey

But I feel ridiculous. Suppose someone is watching out a window somewhere.

Mrs. Brahm

It's two thirty in the morning. This is a decent neighborhood and decent people are in bed at this hour.

Jenny

Davey, if you don't ask me! I'll never speak to you again!

Davey

*(Looks around embarrassed, then slowly goes down on one knee)* Jenny.

Jenny

Yes, David?

Davey

I think I just tore the seat out of my trousers.

Jenny

You're not funny, Davey.

Davey

I'm not kidding. I felt it give, as I went down. *(To Mrs. Brahm)* This is serious Mrs. Brahm. That guy at the tux rental place said, "Kid if you damage it, you buy it."

Mrs. Brahm

So, what do you want me to do, write you a check?

Davey

Well, this knee business was your idea.

Jenny

Davey!

Mrs. Brahm

Are you kneeling there and telling me that you're about to ask my daughter to marry you, and you can't even afford to have your trousers repaired?

Davey

Yes ma'am. I think that's what I'm trying to say.

Jenny

Will you hurry up and ask me! We can worry about how you can afford to do it later!

Mrs. Brahm

I will not allow this proposal to continue until he outlines to me how he can afford to propose it.

Jenny

Mama, we'll work it out.

Mrs. Brahm

Your father had a good steady job at the bakery when he asked for my hand. Why, my father would have thrown him right out on his ear, if he had asked for his daughter's hand without a means of supporting her.

Davey

We're not planning on getting married now. I'm only asking her, that's all.

Mrs. Brahm

Do you have no intention of doing it soon?

Jenny

I haven't accepted yet.

Davey

Not for a couple of years. There's the army and college.

Mrs. Brahm

The army? College?

Davey

Yeah. That's what she said.

Jenny

We can talk about this later, too. Now are you going to ask me or not? You look awful ridiculous down there on one knee.

Mrs. Brahm

We'll talk about it now! Now, what's all this talk about the army and college?

Davey

Do you mind if I get up? My knee is going to sleep.

Jenny

Rise Sir Lancelot! You have just lost Guinevere. *(He rises and sits on the swing)*

Davey

That wooden floor is hard on the old knee. I injured it playing football last year.

Mrs. Brahm

If you would go to church more often, maybe you would develop some calluses.

Davey

You see, Mrs. Brahm, I've got it all planned. I figured I would volunteer my draft, do my time, get discharged, go to college on the G.I. bill, and study law.

Jenny

Law? You didn't tell me you wanted to be a lawyer.

Mrs. Brahm

If I'm intruding on a private conversation, just say so, and I'll go back in the house.

Davey

It is getting late. And I do have a few things to say to Jenny.

Mrs. Brahm

Look here, young man. This is my front porch. Paid for by my husband's hard-earned money. And if I want to sit out here all night, I will. And you or no one else will tell me when to go in the house. Now, what about this law stuff?

Davey

I just made up my mind that I wanted to be a lawyer, that's all.

Mrs. Brahm

Just like that, you made up your mind.

Davey

Yep.

Mrs. Brahm

Do you know how long it took my Bosley to make up his mind that he wanted to be a bread man?

Davey

How long?

Mrs. Brahm

Two whole months! He couldn't make up his mind between bread and milk.

Davey

There's a big difference between bread and the law, Mrs. Brahm.

Mrs. Brahm

What's the difference?

Davey

Bread! (*He laughs*)

Jenny

You're not being funny again, Davey. You're making fun of my father's profession.

Davey

Profession? Delivering bread isn't a profession.

Mrs. Brahm

To my Bosley it is! He takes pride in his work. Did you know that he hasn't missed a delivery in over twenty years?

Davey

Gee, I didn't know that. I'm impressed.



Jenny

No, you're not! You're being facetious.

Mrs. Brahm

You can be smug if you want to young man. But it's been a good life for Bosley and me. Bosley loves his work. And he loves me and the girls.

Davey

You have a very nice family, Mrs. Brahm.

Mrs. Brahm

And that's what you should be striving for, Mr. Downs. And forget all this crazy notion about the army and college.

Jenny

You can always go to night school, Davey.

Davey

Nobody ever finishes night school. It takes too long.

Mrs. Brahm

Bosley finished high school at night. It was the year after we were married.

Davey

Yeah. But that's different. You don't need the education to deliver bread.

Jenny

That's what we've been trying to tell you.

Davey

What?

Jenny

That you won't need the education to deliver bread.

Davey

Are you suggesting that I become a bread man?

Jenny

If the bread doesn't appeal to you, Daddy has some connections in milk.

Mrs. Brahm

That's not a bad idea, honey. Then we could get a wholesale price on our milk, too.

Davey

Wait just a minute! I don't exactly see myself delivering bread or milk. I don't even like getting up early in the morning.

Mrs. Brahm

My God! He's lazy too!

Jenny

He's not lazy, mama. You're not lazy are you, Davey?

Davey

No, I'm not lazy. If I wanted to, I could get up in the morning with the best of the breadmen.

Jenny

Davey, I'm afraid that Daddy wouldn't give us his blessings if you don't have the possibility of a job.

Davey

When I become a lawyer, I'll have a job.

Jenny

But, Davey, I don't want to wait that long!

Davey

It won't be all that long.

Jenny

How long?

Davey

It'll be seven, maybe eight years, including my army time.

Jenny

Eight years!

Mrs. Brahm

Don't wait for him, honey. Old Miss Simpson waited for a young man to finish medical school about forty years ago. He met some nurse while he was interning and never did marry Miss Simpson. The poor old thing never did get married. All she does is sit out there on the porch the in evenings and swing. Waiting and watching for her young doctor friend to come courting. *(To Jenny)* That could be you in forty years.

Jenny

Is that what you want, Davey?

Davey

What?

Jenny

For me to sit around here waiting for you for years, and in the meantime, lose my mind and wind up an old maid in a swing!

Davey

I just don't think that eight years is unreasonable. *(The door opens, and Bosley Brahm enters. He is dressed in a breadman's uniform and is carrying a lunch box)*

Bosley

I heard all this commotion down here. So, I thought I might as well get up and get an early start on the route.

Mrs. Brahm

Bosley, will you talk some sense to this young jerk.

Bosley

What seems to be the trouble, Margaret?

Mrs. Brahm

He wants to marry Jenny. But he wants her to wait eight years, while he flits around the world doing God knows what.

Davey

I'm not going to flit around the world. I was just saying that I would like to go to college and get an education before settling down to the responsibilities of marriage.

Bosley

I don't see anything wrong with that, Margaret.

Mrs. Brahm

Whose side are you on, anyhow, ours or his?

Bosley

I'm not on anybody's side, Margaret. If the young man wants to get an education before getting married, that's what he should do. Sometimes, I wish I had done the same thing. Then I wouldn't have to get up in the middle of the night and deliver bread.

Mrs. Brahm

You always told me you loved your work.

Bosley

What I said was I liked my work. You tend to exaggerate sometimes, dear.

Jenny

Daddy, can't you give Davey any better advice than that?

Bosley

But Davey's not asking for my advice.

Jenny

Yes, he is. Aren't you, Davey?

Davey

What? Oh, sure. I'd be glad to listen to your advice, Mr. Brahm.

Bosley

Well, just what would you like me to advise you on, Davey?

Davey

Were you ever in the army, Mr. Brahm?

Mrs. Brahm

Bosley was in the Air Raid Wardens during the war.

Bosley

I didn't see any action though. Just getting up in the middle of the night and walking up and down the street warning people to turn off their lights.

Mrs. Brahm

You looked so handsome in that Air Raid Warden's helmet. Bosley was the block leader. He had five other Wardens under him. And every third Tuesday, he taught first-aid to the recruits at the armory.

Bosley

Those alarms would always go off about an hour before I was to report for work. I would get up and put on my armband and helmet, fill up that damn water tank and take to the streets

Davey

Water tank?

Bosley

They issued us a water tank. It held about five gallons of water. The Warden was supposed to pump it manually. A stray dog on the street could have put out more fires

with one discharge than I could have with that thing. *(Pause)* I would just walk up and down the street watching the sky for enemy craft, wishing, and hoping that one night it would be the real thing. But it never happened. Not one damn bomb was dropped! Not one damn fire to put out! *(Slight pause)* So you see, my contribution to the war effort was rather limited.

Davey

If you have a thing for fires, Mr. Brahm, you could have always joined the volunteer fire department.

Mr. Brahm

I was proud of Bosley. And his contribution wasn't all that small. Somebody had to protect the home front from the invasion.

Bosley

That's what you told me when I wanted to join the navy, Margaret. You said, "Somebody has to protect the girls and me from the invasion. But the invasion never came, damn it!"

Mrs. Brahm

You wanted to go away and leave us, didn't you?

Bosley

I wanted to serve my country. There's a difference, Margaret.

Mrs. Brahm

And all this time, I thought you were doing what you wanted to do.

Bosley

What you wanted me to do is what I always wanted to do, Margaret. It's always been that way. And as far as I can tell, it will always be that way.

Jenny

I love you the way you are, Daddy.

Bosley

I know you do, sweetheart. Now, why don't you girls go into the house, so Davey and I can have a nice quiet talk? And while you're in there, fix us some coffee.

Jenny

Daddy's right, Mama, let's leave the men alone for a few minutes to talk. I think they might have a few things to say to each other.

Mrs. Brahm

Be sure to tell this young man what married life is really like. Its responsibilities; its trials; its tribulations; its...

Bosley

Do you want me to tell him? Or would you rather do it, Margaret?

Mrs. Brahm

All right, I'm leaving. Come on, honey, we can take a hint. *(They exit)*

Bosley

*(There is a long and uncomfortable pause. Davey sits very still, almost afraid to breathe. Bosley begins to pace, not knowing quite how to begin. Then he turns to Davey and speaks)* So you want to know about marriage?

Davey

Well, I don't know. You see, I haven't even thought about it until tonight. And to be perfectly honest with you, I'm not sure if it was me thinking about it, or Jenny thinking about it for me.

Bosley

That's how it is.

Davey

What do you mean?

Bosley

Men never think about it. Women think about it for them and make them believe they were thinking about it.

Davey

*(Puzzled)* Yeah. Come to think of it. That's about how it was.

Bosley

It's universal.

Davey

You see, Mr. Brahm, I'm not sure. I mean, I like Jenny and all, but...

Bosley

But you don't love her?

Davey

I'm only nineteen.

Bosley

You didn't answer my question.

Davey

I've been having a lot of trouble with answering questions lately, too. You see, Jenny is the only girl I've ever dated. I haven't even kissed another girl...except my mother.

Bosley

It was the same with me.

Davey

You mean, Mrs. Brahm was the only girl you ever kissed?

Bosley



Well, yes, before we were married. *(Pause)* I shouldn't be telling you all this. You might slip and tell Jenny.

Davey

No, I won't, Mr. Brahm, honest. There should be things that only men talk about. I think that maybe women are one of them.

Bosley

*(He looks around to make sure that no one is eavesdropping)* There have been a few in the past couple of years. After all, Margaret isn't the same girl I married twenty-three years ago. She's gotten a little heavy, a little less romantic, and a little more monotonous. When these things happen to a woman, a man naturally begins to notice other women. And, of course, in my line of work, I come in contact with a lot of people.

Davey

At four o'clock in the morning?

Bosley

That's when the exciting things in life come out to play.

Davey

At four o'clock in the morning?

Bosley

Not all the ladies along my route are served at four o'clock in the morning. I have a six-fifteen lady and a seven-thirty lady.

Davey

Do you have three ladies?

Bosley

There have been more. But the ladies mentioned are the status-quo.

Davey

I would have never believed it.

