

2. GALLANTRY

Gloria _____ High voice

Martin _____ Low voice

TIME: Present.

SET: A hotel room. Bed, bedside night-stand with lamp (lit) and telephone, upholstered chair and luggage rack. A bathroom and closet are presumed to be off-stage.

Martin enters, exhausted, wearily. puts his suitcase on bed and sits down beside it.

MARTIN What a day! Apart from everything else that went wrong, that stupid hotel lost the reservation I made over a month ago.

He stands, takes off his shirt and jacket, puts them on luggage rack, then kicks off his shoes and opens suitcase during:

So I'm running around all over town like a lunatic looking for a room. But I lucked out. I finally got the only room left, apparently, with all these conventions going on.

He takes pajama top from suitcase and puts it on during:

Can't wait to get to bed. Gotta be fresh for the meeting. - ~~Talk to you tomorrow~~

He puts suitcase on floor and heads for the bathroom.

The moment he is off there is a loud scream. He has walked in on Gloria.

Martin slowly backs out of wing, followed

GLORIA

(Scream)

What are you do-ing in my room?

Fast

MARTIN *by a furious Gloria in her nightgown.*

What are you do-ing in my room? They gave this room to me! The

last room in the place! That's what they told me too! It's

mine in an-y case!

Is not!

Is not! Is

Is too!

Is too!

G. *not!* *It's mine!* *You must be craz-y if you*

M. *Is too! It's mine!*

G. *think I'm giv-ing this room to you!* *If you think I'm go-ing to leave then*

M. *3* *3*

Gloria crosses to Telephone and picks up receiver.

M. *you must be craz-y too!* *What are you doing? Calling the manager!*

G.

M. *Wait! Don't do that. Why shouldn't I?* *If you call the man-ager, it'll be*

G. *Comodo*

M. ³

me who ends up on the street — and boy, all I need is some-thing like that and my

M. G. M. ³

day will be com-plete. Not my problem. It was just a sim-ple mis-take they made,

M. ³ ³

giv-ing one room to both of us There's no way they can fix it now so what

M. G. M. ⁶/₈

good will it do to make a fuss? What do you suggest? That we share the room just for tonight.

G. M. ⁶/₈

There's on-ly one bed and as for the rest of it-- I know it's awk-ward but we'll have to

Faster

M. *make the best of it. Look, You take the bed. I'll sleep in the*

M. *chair. Will that be O K? Now is-n't that fair? Yes, I can accept that -- under the circumstances. Al-*

G. (hanging up the telephone receiver)

G. *though you're a per-fect stran-ger, you're be-ing res-pect-ful to me. I*

Slower

G. *want you to know I ap-pre-ci-ate your old-fash-ioned gal-lan-try.*

M. (settling into chair) G. (getting into bed) M. *Well, gotta turn in. Got an early start. Me too. Well, Good night. Good night.*

Slow

G. *ad lib.* She turns out the light. He is already snoring. *She turns the light on.*

See you in the morn-ing.

Very slow

G. What's your name?
 M. (half awake, groggy) What? Oh. Martin.
 G. I'm Gloria.
 M. Pleased to meet you.
 G. Enchantée.
 M. Well, good night. Gloria.

G. *ad lib.* *She turns off the light.* *Turns it on-*

Good night, Mar-tin.

G. Oh, Martin.
 M. (waking) Huh? Huh? Oh. Gloria. Something wrong?
 G. (petulant) I'm cold.
 M. ~~There are some blankets on a shelf in the closet. I'll get you one.~~ *Well, under the blanket*
He exits for a moment and returns with a blanket.
He covers her with it.

G. Oh Martin, you're so con-(cont.)

sid-er-ate. *Comodo (Smart)* You're the kind of man one does-n't meet ev-ery day. *Not*

G. *on-ly a real gen-tle-man but at- trac-tive too I must say. Thank you. Well, good night, Gloria.* M.

G. *ad lib. Good night, Mar-kin dear- See you in the morn-ing-* *She turns out the light-*

G. *Very slow. She turns the light on. Mar-kin, I can't sleep.*

M. (*getting up*) I have a sleeping pill.

G. It's not that. I keep thinking about you having to sleep in that awful chair all night and--

M. Please don't worry. I'll be alright.

M. *But I real-ly have to get to sleep. It's ver-y im-por-tant, don't you see?* Moderato

M. *3 3 3 3*

If I fall a-sleep at the meet-ing to-mor-row, what good am I to my com-pan-y?

G. I'm sorry. But Martin, I have an idea.

M. Yes?

G. We can share the bed!

M. We can?

G. Yes!

G. *6/8*

We can pre-tend we're mar-ried! This bed is pret-ty wide — so

Comodo

G. *6/8* M. *6/8*

we can a-void couch-ing— if we each stay on our own side. Sure! That's great! We can

M. *6/8* G. *6/8*

pretend to be married! Are you sure you would-n't mind? I would-n't mind a

G. *bit.* How a-bout you? M. Oh, I'm per-fect-ly fine with it.

Martin gets into bed. They say good night to each other and Gloria turns out the light.

Very slow

She turns light on- G. Martin, I'm

G. (cont.) still cold.

M. You want me to get you another blanket?

G. (suggestive) That's not exactly what I had in mind.

M. Gloria, how long have we been married?

G. Oh, I'd say about ten years.

He explodes.

M. Ten years! (Begin music)

M. *He gets out of bed.*

Fast

I've had ten years of your bit-ting and moan-ing! Now I don't want to hear an-oth-er

M.

peep! If you think you need a blank-et, you can get it your-self! Now shut

M. *He turns off the light*

up and let me get some sleep!