

## Last Night of Ballyhoo - Joe and Sunny (p.26 - 28)

JOE. Yeah. Great meal, Mrs. Levy. You too, Mrs. Freitag. 'Night, Mr. A.

ADOLPH. Have a safe trip, Joe.

JOE. So long, Lala. 'Night, all. *(He exits. A momentary silence.)*

REBA. Well now, never you mind.

LALA. *(Staying calm.)* Mind? Mind what? I believe I'll go on up to my room and see what's on the radio. *(She goes out into the hall.)*

Stop looking at me. *(She runs up the stairs.)*

BOO. Adolph, that kike you hired has no manners.

### End Scene

### Scene 3

*In the dark we hear the voice of a railroad conductor.*

CONDUCTOR. Baltimore. The stop is Baltimore. Baltimore coming up! *(Lights up on a small sleeping compartment of The Crescent Limited, five days later. Sunny Freitag, twenty years old, is alone, reading a book. She is attractive, reserved. There is a knock on her compartment door.)*

SUNNY. Yes? *(Joe enters, wearing a hat and a topcoat.)*

JOE. You Miss Freitag? Sunny Freitag?

SUNNY. Yes?

JOE. Joe Farkas. Pleased to meet you. *(He holds his hand out pleasantly. She shakes it warily.)*

SUNNY. I—I don't understand.

JOE. Uncle Adolph asked me to look in on you.

SUNNY. What?

JOE. See if you need anything.

SUNNY. Oh. *(A beat.)* Thank you.

JOE. What?

SUNNY. What?

JOE. What do you need?

SUNNY. Oh. Nothing.

JOE. Because he gave me a little extra cash to give you if—

SUNNY. No.

JOE. Sure?

SUNNY. Yes.

JOE. Okay.

SUNNY. Thank you. *(She goes back to her book, expecting him to leave.)*

JOE. What're you reading?

SUNNY. Um, *The Profits of Religion*. Upton Sinclair.

JOE. Upton Sinclair, hunh? The glorious unwashed masses and the beauty of the working class. You really enjoy reading this stuff?

SUNNY. Yes.

JOE. Eugene V. Debs too?

SUNNY. Yes.

JOE. Oh boy!

SUNNY. What?

JOE. I sure didn't peg you for a communist.

SUNNY. Reading Sinclair and Debs doesn't make a person a communist.

JOE. You don't know my Uncle Velvel.

SUNNY. Uncle what?

JOE. Velvel.

SUNNY. Velvel?

JOE. Jewish for William.

SUNNY. Oh. Well, I'm not a communist.

JOE. That's a relief!

SUNNY. I'm a sociology major.

JOE. Wellesley, I know.

SUNNY. Who told you?

JOE. Your family. I work for Mr. A.

SUNNY. Mr. A?

START  
HERE



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JOE. Uncle Adolph.

SUNNY. In Baltimore?

JOE. Atlanta.

SUNNY. You don't sound like Atlanta.

JOE. Sorry.

SUNNY. No! I didn't mean—I just—Never mind.

JOE. You do.

SUNNY. I do what?

JOE. Sound like Atlanta. It's nice.

SUNNY. (*Embarrassed.*) Oh.

JOE. So I happened to be in town here on a little business and Mr. A said would I mind giving you a look-see in case you needed something. What's the matter?

SUNNY. Nothing.

JOE. Come on.

SUNNY. It boggles the mind.

JOE. What?

SUNNY. I'm a junior at Wellesley with an A minus average and Uncle Adolph still treats me like a baby.

JOE. Why do you say that?

SUNNY. He doesn't even think I can take a train home by myself.

JOE. Oh, I think he just loves you a lot. And I really did just happen to be in Baltimore. So how come the minus?

SUNNY. What?

JOE. You mentioned your average was A minus.

SUNNY. I had trouble with zoology last year. What was yours?

JOE. Zero. Didn't go. Well, I did, kind of. I went to art school.

SUNNY. Don't they have grades in art school?

JOE. I guess. I was only there for five weeks.

SUNNY. Why?

JOE. My father died. I had to go to work.

SUNNY. Oh no! I'm so sorry!

JOE. Yeah. Well, it was a long time ago.

SUNNY. I hope you kept up with your art work.

JOE. When I get the chance. I guess you've got a lot lined up over Christmas vacation.

SUNNY. A lot of work.

JOE. So you won't be going to this Ballyhoo thing?

SUNNY. Did Uncle Adolph tell you about that?

JOE. No. Your cousin, Lala.

SUNNY. Really?

JOE. Yeah, and she was dropping plenty of hints.

SUNNY. Hints?

JOE. I think she wants me to take her.

SUNNY. Oh. And?

JOE. I pretty well sidestepped the issue.

SUNNY. You were smart.

JOE. How's that?

SUNNY. Ballyhoo is asinine.

JOE. Yeah? Why?

SUNNY. Oh, you know, a lot of dressed-up Jews dancing around wishing they could kiss their elbows and turn into Episcopalians.

JOE. Sounds pretty terrible.

SUNNY. It is.

JOE. Wanna go with me?

CONDUCTOR. (*Offstage.*) All aboard! All aboard. (*Joe moves toward the door.*)

JOE. Word is I'm a good dancer.

SUNNY. I'm not.

JOE. Baloney. I gotta' get to work. Think it over. (*He smiles, leaves. She looks after him.*)

END  
HERE



End Scene