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JFK and Inga Binga

A comedy by
JULIAN WILES

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JULIAN WILES

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(INGA BINGA)

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JFK and Inga Binga (formerly *Inga Binga*) was originally produced by Charleston Stage at The Historic Dock Street Theatre in March 2011.

CAST:

Hank Hamilton.....	Victor Clark
Skip Rollins.....	Josh Harris
Ensign John F. Kennedy (Jack).....	Phil Mills
Lemoyne “Lem” Billings.....	Brian Porter
Betty Jennings.....	Beth Curley
Red.....	Luke Whitmire
Inga Arvad.....	Gardener Reed
Josephine/Special Agent-in-charge/ J. Edgar Hoover	Drew Archer

A revised version was subsequently produced by Charleston Stage at The Historic Dock Street Theatre in February 2023.

CAST:

Hank Hamilton.....	Michael Lochlair
Skip Rollins.....	Anthony T. Matrejek
Ensign John F. Kennedy (Jack).....	Raymond Cronley
Lemoyne Billings (Lem).....	Cedar Valdez
Betty Jennings.....	Beth Curley
Bud.....	Luke Shaw
Inga Arvad.....	Eliza Knode
Josephine/Special Agent Rottweiler/ J. Edgar Hoover	Chad Estel

JFK and Inga Binga

CHARACTERS

ENSIGN JOHN F. KENNEDY* (JACK): 24 years old.

INGA ARVAD FEJOS* (INGA BINGA): Jack's Danish girlfriend, 28 years old.

LEMOYNE BILLINGS* (LEM): Jack's best friend, 25 years old.

HANK HAMILTON: Experienced FBI agent, 45 to 55 years old.

SKIP ROLLINS: Novice FBI agent, mid-20s.

BETTY JENNINGS: Reporter for *LIFE* magazine, mid-20s.

FREDDY: Local wedding photographer, about 19 years old.

BUD: Hotel bellhop, 19 years old.

JOSEPHINE/SPECIAL AGENT ROTTWEILER: An FBI agent undercover (in drag) as a hotel maid, 46 years old. Revealed at the end of the play to be J. EDGAR HOOVER.

* These characters are based on real historical figures.

TIME: Feb. 6, 1942, eight weeks after the attack on Pearl Harbor.

PLACE: The Fort Sumter House Hotel, Charleston, S.C.

PRODUCTION NOTES

HOOVER: It is important that the actor playing Josephine is perceived by the audience as a woman until the end of the play. In order not to give away the fact that Josephine is actually J. Edgar Hoover undercover and disguised as a woman, in the program listings we assigned the role of Josephine to a fake actor, including a fake bio and photo. The real actor who played the part was only identified in program listings as playing Special Agent Rottweiler.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: A note from the author, a summary of the historical record and a suggested floor plan can be found in the back of the book.

SCENES

ACT I

SCENE 1: The Hidden Microphone, *Friday afternoon*

SCENE 2: Arrivals, *later that afternoon*

SCENE 3: Suspicion, *Friday night after dinner*

ACT II

SCENE 1: The Picnic, *Saturday morning*.

SCENE 2: Covert Activities, *that afternoon*.

SCENE 3: Sleeping In, *Sunday morning*.

SCENE 4: Undercover, *later that night*.

JFK and Inga Binga

ACT I

SCENE 1: The Hidden Microphone

(Friday afternoon, Feb. 6, 1942.

The set consists of a deluxe suite at The Fort Sumter House Hotel in Charleston, S.C. While the real Inga and Jack stayed in room 132, for the purposes of the play, they are staying in the imaginary and very elaborate General Beauregard Suite. This should be decorated with columns and décor that represents a grand Southern home. It should be on the edge of being over-the-top.

UC is the front door to the suite that leads to an upstage hallway. On the back of the door [the hall side] is room number “132.” Off L on this platform are French doors leading to the terrace. This terrace is shared with an unseen adjoining room further L. The unseen hotel room L is occupied by prying reporters from LIFE magazine, who will make their entrances through the terrace French doors. UR is an alcove that leads off R to the bathroom. Between the front door to the suite and the entrance to the bathroom is a revolving wall with a shelf-like dressing table above which is a large round mirror. This is actually a two-way mirror, and at times the FBI agents can be seen behind it listening in on the conversation in the room. This wall rotates at times to show a surveillance closet behind the mirror that houses the FBI agents. There are identical mirrors and dressing table shelves on both sides of this rotating wall.

Steps lead from the entranceway platform into the lower level of the suite. DR is a pull-down Murphy bed, which is closed at the beginning of the scene. In the center of the suite is a 1940s “modern” chair and a dramatic chaise lounge. A small table, which holds the room’s telephone, sits between the chair and the chaise lounge. A matching table sits on the L side of the chaise lounge, and there are two side tables on each side of the bed when it is lowered. There is a second phone on the downstage bedside table. There are two small pouf seats DL and DR. UR in front of the French doors is a full bar with two barstools.

AT RISE: The door to the suite is open, and JOSEPHINE is fluffing up pillows on the chaise lounge. Her back to the audience, she has a feather duster in one hand. Note that in this scene, as with other scenes, when JOSEPHINE appears, her face is often partially blocked by the props, such as her duster, towels, ice buckets, etc. This is to help cover the fact that JOSEPHINE is being played by a man in drag. This is not for comic effect; rather the goal is for the audience to believe that JOSEPHINE is indeed a woman until the final scene.

Jaunty 1940s swing music underscores her actions as she tidies up the room. She makes a few passes with the feather duster on the chaise lounge and table and dances up the steps and out the door.

As JOSEPHINE closes the door, HANK HAMILTON, who has been hiding behind the open door, is revealed. He has been hiding behind the door the entire time. He holds a small wooden toolbox in his hand. He starts to move downstage when, a moment later, we hear someone outside the hotel room. We hear them inserting the key in the lock and turning it to unlock the door. Hearing this, HANK crosses R and ducks into the alcove next to the bathroom door. A moment

later, the hotel room door opens. SKIP ROLLINS, holding a bouquet of flowers in one hand and a wire recorder in the other, enters tentatively. He is a bit of a scared rabbit, as this is his first stakeout.)

SKIP (*looks around, sees no one and whispers the password*).
Pistachio? Pistachio?

(HANK, exasperated that his new novice partner has forgotten the password, steps out from his hiding place, startling poor SKIP.)

HANK. Pinocchio! The password is *Pinocchio*, kid.

SKIP (*sheepishly*). Oh, sorry. *(He rushes back out into the hall, closes the door behind him and, after a moment, re-enters and now proudly uses the correct password.)*
Pinocchio.

HANK (*unimpressed*). Oh, God. They must be scraping the bottom of the barrel.

(HANK crosses downstage to begin planting a bug.)

SKIP (*confused, questioning*). You're Agent Hank Hamilton, right?

HANK (*turns back*). If you're Skip.

SKIP (*eager, too eager*). Yes, Skip Rollins, the new—

HANK. Trainee. I've heard.

SKIP. I was told to bring flowers. *(He holds flowers out to HANK.)*

HANK (*snatching the flowers out of SKIP's hand*). Keep doing as you're told, kid, and maybe, just maybe, you'll do.

(HANK crosses and puts the flowers in the vase on the table DR, which is the left side table of the Murphy bed. Then he takes a screwdriver and a pair of pliers out of his toolbox.)

SKIP (*looking around*). Wow, this is some suite.

HANK (*bends down to begin taking the faceplate off the electrical outlet that sits behind the DR table*). The Fort Sumter House is Charleston's finest, and this is its finest suite.

SKIP. It's so exciting, my first stakeout and all.

HANK (*motioning over his shoulder*). You can set up your recording equipment on the shelf in the surveillance closet behind the mirror up there.

(HANK goes upstage and pushes on the wall that holds the large round mirror. As he does, the wall rotates revealing a hidden surveillance closet.)

SKIP (*admiring the rotating wall*). Wow, so this is an FBI suite.

HANK. Well, apparently, they did teach you something.

SKIP. I can't believe Mr. Hoover put these surveillance closets in hotels all across the country.

(NOTE: There are no such things as FBI suites of course. This concept was invented for the play. FBI agents did, however, bug Inga and Jack's hotel rooms in Charleston, listening in from an adjoining room.)

HANK. Well lucky for us he did.

SKIP (*poking his head out from the surveillance closet*).
What if the mark doesn't book this room?

HANK. Doesn't matter, hotel managers are instructed to tell them the room they booked isn't ready and they're upgrading them to a suite—no one turns down a suite.

SKIP. Right, smart. (*Looking into the surveillance closet*).
How long do you think we'll be stuck in this thing?

HANK. We won't be stuck. There's a door in the closet that leads to the outside hall. We can come and go at will. But I suspect we'll spend quite a few hours there though.

SKIP. Listening in?

HANK. And watching. That's a two-way mirror. We can see right into this room from inside there.

(SKIP looks at both sides of the mirror, marveling at it. From his suitcase, he removes a wire recorder, a precursor to reel-to-reel tape recorders. It records on a spool of wire instead of audio tape.)

SKIP. Wow, that Mr. Hoover thinks of everything. And he spares no expense. This is the best wire recorder on the market. I bet NBC doesn't have anything fancier. Where does he get the money for all this stuff?

HANK. Money's never been a problem. Ever since Mr. Hoover became FBI director, Congress has given him a blank check.

SKIP. Because of the war, I guess.

HANK. No, because every time a congressman misbehaves, J. Edgar has a recording or a photograph of it.

(HANK has gotten the faceplate off the outlet and has pulled out a wire from inside. This wire will soon be attached to a microphone that will be hidden in the flowers on the table.)

SKIP *(naive, incredulous)*. Congressmen misbehave?

HANK. Jeez, you are green. Look, like all FBI suites, this one is pre-wired. I've already pulled a wire out of the outlet. It runs back to the surveillance closet. *(Holds up a miniature microphone.)* Here, make yourself useful. Hide this mic in the flowers there.

SKIP. Sure thing.

HANK *(handing the microphone to SKIP)*. Here.

SKIP. Got it.

(SKIP crosses R and attaches the microphone to the wire coming out of the outlet, then hides the microphone in the flowers on the table. HANK crosses to the surveillance closet to grab a stack of files and then crosses back downstage.)

SKIP (*cont'd*). How many of these have you done, Hank?

HANK (*looking through the files he carries*). How many what?

SKIP. Stakeouts.

HANK (*continuing to leaf through the files*). Oh, hundreds, I guess—but this is the first one with a virgin.

(By this time, SKIP has placed the microphone in the flowers, picked up a screwdriver and is about to put the faceplate back onto the electrical outlet.)

SKIP. How did you know I was a —

HANK. Just keep screwing, kid.

SKIP. Sorry. (*He tightens the screw on the faceplate.*) I'm a last-minute replacement. I heard your regular partner got shipped off to London.

HANK. Yeah, well, there's a war on. Every agency is shorthanded.

SKIP. Lucky for me though, eh? Getting to work on my first stakeout with an experienced agent like you.

HANK (*unimpressed*). Uh huh—did they give you a copy of these case files to read?

SKIP (*having finished replacing the faceplate, he stands up and crosses to HANK*). No, just a train ticket. They said you'd brief me when I got here.

HANK. Then you better have a look. (*He hands the stack of files to SKIP.*) Pretty good read, actually.

SKIP (*sits on the pouf L to look through the files*). Nifty.

HANK. Read while I bug this phone. I bugged the other one before you came in.

(HANK crosses to the phone on the table beside the chaise lounge and begins to unscrew the mouthpiece. He places another mini-microphone inside. Once done, he screws the mouthpiece back on.)

SKIP *(picking up a magazine from the surveillance file)*. What's this? Some kind of foreign magazine?

HANK *(still working on the phone)*. Yeah. Just check out page thirty-seven.

SKIP *(slowly looking through it)*. What language is this? German?

HANK. Danish—*Dansk FotoPlay*—*Danish Photoplay*. Our subject was once a Miss Denmark.

SKIP. You're kidding!

HANK. We don't kid in the FBI, kid.

SKIP. Sorry. *(Leafing through the magazine.)* What's the dame's name?

HANK. Inga, Inga Arvad. Or Fejos.

SKIP. Fejos? Is that an alias?

HANK. Her married name.

SKIP *(incredulous)*. Our mark is sleeping with a married woman!

HANK. Hard to believe, kid, but that happens sometimes. The dame is married to Paul Fejos, a Danish movie director. She appeared in a couple of his pictures.

SKIP. Casting couch, eh?

HANK. Probably, especially considering he's twenty years older than she is.

SKIP. No wonder she's cheating on him.

HANK. Yeah, from the wiretaps we did on her phone in Washington, it sounds like her marriage is on the rocks. Her husband's still in Europe and another guy apparently moved into her bed.

SKIP. So, who's the other guy?

HANK. A Navy ensign. Apparently, he has an eye for blondes.
SKIP. So, what's the big deal? A lot of ensigns have eyes for blondes. (*Finally reaching the page in the magazine.*) Wow! She's *some* blonde.

HANK. I told you, she's a beauty queen—Scandinavian, and a movie actress too. There's a full spread on her there.

SKIP (*a centerfold unfolds from the magazine he's holding, and he whistles*). It's some spread!

HANK (*crosses and grabs the magazine from SKIP*). Give me that! Aren't you engaged?

SKIP. How would you know that?

HANK. It's in your case file.

SKIP. There's a case file on me?

HANK. The bureau has a case file on everyone.

SKIP. You're kidding.

HANK. There's no kid—

SKIP. Kidding in the FBI, I know, I know. But a case file on me?

HANK. Mr. Hoover has eyes on everyone, kid—congressmen, bigwigs—he even has his eyes on little wigs like you.

SKIP. What's he got on me?

HANK (*takes a slim notebook out of his coat pocket and reads*). Grew up in Dubuque, oldest of three, high-school grad despite having spiked the punch at the prom—

SKIP (*protesting*). That wasn't me, that was Eddie Edmunds!

HANK. You like strawberry ice cream, got engaged a few weeks back. How does your gal like being engaged to a G-man?

SKIP. She doesn't know about that.

HANK (*incredulous*). What?

SKIP. I was told I was undercover; I couldn't tell her.

HANK. What the hell does she think you do?

SKIP. She thinks I'm a Fuller Brush salesman—that's the alias the bureau gave me.

HANK. And she bought it?

SKIP. Hook, line and sinker. Even sold her my first two brushes.

HANK. Not a bad alias, that'll explain why you're on the road a lot.

SKIP. Yeah, exactly.

HANK. Does she work?

SKIP. She works up in New York. We spend all our money on train fare going back and forth to see each other so, until I got this job, we were as poor as Job's turkey. We plan to get hitched when we can afford it. When I move up to full agent maybe I can afford a diamond.

HANK. *If* you move up to agent.

SKIP. Will you put in a good word for me?

HANK. You're getting ahead of yourself, kid. Let's see how you do on your first stakeout.

SKIP. Yes, sir. So, tell me more about this dame we're surveilling. Why would the bureau want us to follow her all the way down here to Charleston? Why do they think she's so important?

HANK. Because she might turn out to be the first Nazi spy we catch.

SKIP. You're kidding (*He stops as HANK gives him a dirty look.*)—Sorry, no kidding in the FBI, I get it.

HANK. I know we're only eight weeks into the war, but Hoover thinks there could be Nazi spies everywhere. (*Handing SKIP another file.*) Keep reading.

SKIP (*reading*). "As a newspaper correspondent in Berlin, Miss Arvad became friendly with leading Nazis." (*Looking up.*) Leading Nazis? Which ones?

HANK. Just keep reading the file, kid. (*He starts gathering up his tools and toolbox.*)

SKIP. OK, but how did she get from Deutschland to Dixie?

HANK. That's a long story, but her ensign got transferred down to Charleston, and she's come for a visit.

SKIP. Does her ensign have a name?

HANK. It's Kennedy.

SKIP (*surprised*). Kennedy, you mean like Joe Kennedy, the gazillionaire?

HANK. Ensign Jack Kennedy. He's in Naval Intelligence and privy to all sorts of classified information.

SKIP. And he's sleeping with this Danish dame?

HANK. That's what our wiretaps in Washington picked up.

SKIP. Jeez, this is something. If she's a Nazi spy, why hasn't she been arrested already?

HANK. Because we don't have the goods on her yet. We have to catch her passing secrets to this Kennedy kid. That's why we've been sent down here to listen in on their pillow talk.

SKIP (*leaving the files on the pouf DL, he wanders about the room looking for a bed*). But there's no pillow. There's not even a bed.

HANK (*crosses to the Murphy bed, which is in the wall R.*) If you want to be an undercover agent, kid, you have to uncover things. (*Crosses to pull the Murphy bed down from the wall.*)

SKIP. It's a Murphy bed! (*Kicking himself for having overlooked it.*) The bed was right there in front of me.

HANK. Often what you're looking for, kid, is right in front of you.

SKIP (*suddenly, the phone rings, startling him*). Crap, that scared the bejesus out of me. Should we answer it? (*Phone abruptly stops ringing on the second ring.*)

HANK. No. Someone's coming. Crap! They're early. (*He flips the Murphy bed back up and into the wall.*)

SKIP (*beginning to panic*). How do you know?

HANK. Two rings and a hang up—signal from the front desk that someone is coming up to this room.

SKIP (*panicking*). Oh my God, whatta we do? Whatta we do?

HANK (*calmly but in a rush*). We just have to make ourselves scarce. Come on.

(He grabs SKIP by the collar and pulls him toward the revolving wall of the upstage surveillance closet, but just as they get there, HANK remembers that SKIP has left the files on the stool.)

HANK (*cont'd*). Wait, grab those files.

(SKIP races back downstage, grabs the files and starts to return to the surveillance closet. On the way, he drops the files on the floor. Kneeling down, he scrambles to gather them up. Just as he does, the sound of the key in the front door is heard and the door begins to open. SKIP freezes in terror.)

HANK (*cont'd, calls out*). Hide, kid!

(HANK closes the revolving wall as the front door swings open and BUD appears. He is in a bright red uniform with shiny brass buttons and a bellboy cap. He sports a Clark Gable pencil-thin mustache. BUD doesn't see SKIP because he is backing into the room. Panicked, SKIP backs up against the wall that holds the Murphy bed and then, in a moment of inspiration, reaches up and pulls the Murphy bed down on top of himself and hides underneath. BUD then turns and enters the room, jabbering in a rapid-fire staccato. He's followed by ENSIGN JOHN F. KENNEDY [JACK], in uniform, and LEMOYNE BILLINGS.)

BUD. Here you go, gents. This is the best room in the hotel. Best of the best. Crème de la crème. This is our deeeeeelux suite! (*He giggles. This silly giggle will become a running gag.*)

LEM (*looking around the room*). A suite, Jack? Nice to have friends who always go first class.

JACK. Only the best for friends like you, Lem.

LEM. Somehow, I don't think you rented this suite to impress me.

JACK. Actually, it was an upgrade; the room I booked wasn't ready, so the hotel upgraded me to a suite.

LEM. Lucky you.

BUD. Well, you can't go wrong with this room, gents, it's our General Beauregarde Suite, you can even see Fort Sumter from your terrace. (*He crosses to open drapes that reveal the French doors and opens one of them.*) Have a look.

(*JACK and LEM follow.*)

LEM (*looking out of the French doors*). Wow, some view, Jack.

JACK (*looking over LEM's shoulder*). That's Fort Sumter out there, eh?

BUD. That's where you folks started that ruckus back in 1861.

JACK. I thought you folks started that ruckus.

BUD. Not according to our history books. But we don't hold it against you Yankees despite the fact that y'all talk so funny. But we don't need to be fighting each other these days; there's plenty of other bad guys to take care of. Looks like you're ready to get in the fight, Ensign. (*Putting his arm on JACK's shoulder.*)

JACK (*wanders R toward the Murphy bed*). Well, the only fighting I've seen so far is battling the stack of paperwork on my desk.

LEM. Jack's stuck with a desk job, but he's put in for active duty. And who knows, Jack might see action right here in this room this weekend. (*He pats the bed.*)

JACK. Lem, behave.

BUD *(missing the innuendo but seeing LEM looking at the bed)*. Oh, this is a Murphy bed, let me put it up to give you boys some more room.

(He crosses to lift it up. Underneath, the audience sees SKIP panicking. But BUD only lifts the foot of the bed up about six inches from the floor when JACK stops him.)

JACK. No, it's fine, just leave it down. We can put it up later if we want.

(SKIP breathes a sigh of relief that he was not discovered.)

BUD. Sorry all the twin rooms were taken. With the war on, practically every room is fully booked, but I can bring up a cot.

JACK. No, no—this room's only for my friend Lem.

LEM. Jack got transferred down here. I just flew down to help him get settled.

BUD. Flew? Wow! I signed up for pilot training myself, but the Navy wouldn't take me.

LEM. Too young for active duty?

BUD. I'm actually nineteen but you wouldn't know it—baby faced, my mama says.

LEM. Navy got something against baby faces?

BUD. No, it's not that, I'm blind as a bat without my glasses.

JACK. So is four-eyed Lem there.

BUD. Really? Sorry.

LEM. Yeah, I'm 4-F, too. I know how disappointing it is not being in the service these days, son.

BUD. Yeah, when I got turned down, I got this job as a bellhop so at least I'd be in uniform. *(Showing off his shiny uniform, he twirls around like a ballet dancer.)* Pretty sharp, eh?—Striped pants, brass buttons, fancy cap.

(He pulls the cap up on his head, releases it and the elastic under his chin snaps it back in place. JACK and LEM share a look as if to say “What’s up with this kid?” Suddenly the deafening blare of an air-raid siren is heard.)

LEM *(shouting over the loud siren)*. What the hell is that?

BUD *(shouting to be heard as well)*. Air-raid siren!

LEM *(can’t hear over the blare of the siren)*. WHAT?

BUD *(shouting even louder)*. AIR-RAID SIREN!

LEM *(still can’t hear)*. WHAT?!

BUD *(louder than ever)*. AIR-RAID—*(Suddenly the siren stops, but BUD is still screaming at the top of his lungs.)* SIREN! *(Lowering his voice back to a normal level.)* Sorry, new air-raid siren up on the roof. They’ve been putting them up all over town.

(NOTE: Air-raid sirens were placed on top of hotels and other buildings in downtown Charleston and other cities in early 1942.)

JACK. Guess they’re testing them.

BUD. Yeah, they’ve been testing them all this week. And there’s to be a blackout drill soon too. *(Excited at the prospect.)* They’re going to practice cutting the power and blacking out the whole city—you know, to hide it from enemy bombers.

JACK. You folks expecting enemy bombers any time soon?

BUD. No, sir. But those folks at Pearl Harbor didn’t expect enemy bombers either.

LEM *(fondly patting BUD on the shoulder)*. You’re right, son, good to be vigilant.

BUD. Yes, sir! *(Moving away from LEM.)* Actually, not to brag, but I’ve signed up to be a Junior Air-Raid Warden myself. *(He shows off a badge he pulls from his pocket.)*

LEM. What do they do?

BUD. We guide folks to air-raid shelters when the lights go out.

LEM (*with a slightly lusty eye*). So, I should look for you when the lights go out?

JACK (*admonishing*). Lem.

BUD. The plan is for guests to gather in the lobby. Then Junior Wardens like me will lead you to one of the bomb shelters that have been set up all over town. The closest one to us is the vocational school over on Chisholm Street.

JACK. I've seen it. It's just around the corner from my apartment on Murray Boulevard.

BUD. There wasn't room for your friend to stay there with you? Oh you naughty little boys, you have girlfriends coming to visit, don't you? Well, your secret is safe with me. I know boys will be boys. When do the dames arrive?

JACK. There's just going to be one dame.

BUD. For both of you?

JACK. Lem's girl coming down from Washington to stay with him here in this room this weekend.

LEM (*surprised, this is news to him*). I do?

JACK. Yes, her name is Barbara White (*He gives LEM a "play along with me" look.*)

LEM (*getting the message*). Oh, yes, good ol' Barbara.

BUD. Oh.

JACK (*checking his watch*). Actually, she should be here soon. Be on the lookout for her, will you?

BUD. Sure thing. Oh, here's that bar service you requested.

JACK (*seeing that it's a full bar*). Good Lord! We just asked for some bourbon and a few glasses; we didn't need a full bar.

BUD. Well, we take our drinking pretty seriously in Charleston, sir. You want me to fix you two a drink?

JACK. I think we can manage. (*Holds up a glass to LEM.*) Lem?

LEM. Don't mind if I do.

(JACK begins to fix drinks.)

BUD. Will there be anything else, Mr. Billings?

LEM *(digging in his pocket for money for a tip)*. My friends call me, Lem.

BUD *(confused over the name)*. Lem?

JACK *(still pouring drinks)*. Yeah, Lem. Like lemonade.

LEM. It's short for Lemoyne. Silly name, I shortened it to Lem.

What's your name, son?

BUD. Bud, short for Bud.

LEM *(giving BUD a tip)*. Here you go, son.

BUD *(seeing that it's a large tip)*. Oh, yes, thank you, sir—and remember if you need anything, all you have to do is ask.

LEM. Thanks.

(BUD exits closing the front door behind him. LEM turns back to JACK.)

LEM *(cont'd)*. All I have to do is ask? Cute kid.

(JACK, handing LEM a drink, gives him a "behave, Lem" look. LEM takes a sip of his drink.)

LEM *(cont'd)*. Sorry. So, tell me about my girlfriend, Miss Barbara White. *(He takes a seat on one of the bar stools.)*

JACK *(sitting at the other barstool)*. Let me explain, Lem.

LEM. I wish you would. I knew something was up when I got that cryptic telegram: "Sending ticket STOP. Fly down to Charleston at once STOP. Need your help STOP." I figured you were in the brig for deflowering some Southern magnolia.

JACK. Would a good Catholic boy do something like that?

LEM. No, but a proven-to-slide Catholic boy like you could, Jack.