

SIDE 'P' BO, VIRGIL, CHERIE

START SIDE 'P' BO, VIRGIL, CHERIE

BO. Cmon, Virge, y'old raccoon!
VIRGIL. (Demurring.) Now look, Bo . . . listen 'rime for a second.
BO. (Who can't listen to anything in his high revelry. One arm is around Cherie, the other hugs at Virgil.) Cmoni Doggone it, we wasted enough time. Let's git goin'.
VIRGIL. (Pulls away.) Listen, Bo. Now be quiet jest a minute. You gotta hear me, Bo. You don't need me no more. I ain't goin'.
BO. (Not believing his ears.) You ain't wubut?
VIRGIL. I . . . I ain't goin' with ya, Bo.
BO. (Flabbergasted.) Well, what ya know about that?
VIRGIL. It's best I don't, Bo.
BO. Jest one blame catastrophe after another.
VIRGIL. I . . . I got another job in mind, Bo. Where the feed's mighty good, and I'll be lookin' after the cattle. I meant to tell ya 'bout it 'fore this.
BO. Virge, I can't believe you'd leave yor old sidekick. Yor jokin', man.
VIRGIL. No . . . I ain't jokin', Bo. I ain't.
BO. Well, I'll be a . . .
CHERIE. Virgil—I wish you'd come. I liked you . . . 'fore I ever liked Bo.
BO. Ya know Cherry likes ya, Virge. It jest don't make sense, yor not comin'.
VIRGIL. Well . . . I'm doin' the right thing. I know I am.
BO. Who's gonna look after the cattle?
VIRGIL. Hank. Every bit as good as I ever was.
BO. (Very disheartened.) Aw, Virge, I dunno why ya have to pull a stunt like this.
VIRGIL. You better hurry, Bo. That driver's not gonna wait all day.
BO. (Starting to pull Virgil, to drag him away just as he tried once with Cherie.) Daggone it, yor my buddy, and I ain't gonna let ya go. Yor goin' with Cherry and me 'cause we want ya . . .
VIRGIL. (It's getting very hard for him to control his feelings.) No . . . No . . . lemme be, Bo . . .
CHERIE. (Holding Bo back.) Bo . . . ya can't do it that way . . . ya jest can't . . . if he don't wanna go, ya can't make him . . .

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BO. But, Cherry, there ain't a reason in the world he shouldn't go. It's plumb crazy.
CHERIE. Well, sometimes people have their own reasons, Bo.
BO. Oh? (He reconsiders.) Well, I just hate to think of gettin' along without old Virge.
VIRGIL. (Laughing.) In a couple weeks . . . ya'll never miss me.
BO. (Disheartened.) Aw, Virgel!
VIRGIL. Get along with ya now.
CHERIE. Virgil—(Brightly.) will ya come and visit us, Virgil?
VIRGIL. I'll be up in the summer.
BO. Where ya gonna be, Virge?
VIRGIL. I'll write ya th' address. Don't have time to give it to ya now. Nice place. Mighty nice. Now hurry and get on your bus. (Carl bunks the born off R.)
BO. (Managing a quick embrace.) So long, old boy. So long!
VIRGIL. 'Bye, Bo! C'bye! (Now, to stave off any tears, Bo grabs Cherie's hand.)
BO. Cmon, Cherry. Let's make it fast. (Before they are out the door, a thought occurs to Bo. He stops, takes off his leather jacket and helps Cherie into it. He has been gallant. Then he picks up her suitcase and they go out the front door, calling their farewells behind them.)
CHERIE. 'Bye—'bye, everyone! 'Bye! (Virgil stands at the door, waving good-bye. Elma runs to window. His eyes look a little moist. In a moment, the bus's motor is heard to start up. Then the bus leaves.)
GRACE. (From behind counter.) Mister, we gotta close this place up now, if Elma and me're gonna get any rest. We won't be open again till eight o'clock when the day girl comes on. The next bus through is to Albuquerque, at eight forty-five. (Elma returns to counter.)
VIRGIL. Albuquerque? I guess that's as good a place as any. (He remains by the front entrance, looking out on the frosty morning.)
ELMA. Poor Dr. Lymani!
GRACE. Say, did you hear what Carl told me about that guy?
ELMA. No. What was it, Grace?
GRACE. Well, according to Carl, they run him outa Kanz City.
ELMA. I don't believe it.

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