

ADAM, JERRY

Act 1, Scene 2 – 10

## Act 1, Scene 2 – Dutois' Café

*(Early morning. ADAM, smoking, disheveled, wired; HE has been up all night working on his composition. Hunched over manuscript paper, HE scribbles with one hand as HE plays piano with the other. JERRY appears.)*

JERRY

Excusez-moi, je cherche un chambre *[sic]* pour louer.

ADAM

At last! A fellow slaughterer of the French tongue! Welcome, soldier. Corporal Adam Hochberg, 2nd Armored Division, at your service.

JERRY

Lieutenant Jerry Mulligan, 4th Infantry. But now it's just Jerry.

ADAM

What can I get you, Just Jerry?

JERRY

Anything... coffee?

ADAM

Too early in the day for coffee, have some *(reveals a bottle of)* champagne!

JERRY

This your café?

ADAM

Might as well be; the Dutois give me run of the place. *(Toasting.)* Liberté!

JERRY

Égalité!

JERRY & ADAM

Fraternité!

ADAM

So when are you shippin' home?

JERRY

That's just it; I missed my train.

ADAM

Kinda sorta on purpose? Yeah, me too. I sure as hell didn't see parading this...

Act 1, Scene 2 – 11

(ADAM indicates HIS bum leg.)

ADAM (continued)

...in front of the relatives.

JERRY

Yeah, no parades for me either, thanks.

ADAM

You wanna talk about it? Sorry, it's just been lonely as hell around here, frankly, and I've been driving myself crazy with this damn concerto.

JERRY

You a composer?

ADAM

Not if this is any indication.

JERRY

It sounded great.

ADAM

Naaah, something's missing, I can't put my finger on it –

(Seeing Jerry's sketchpad.)

Hey, you an artist?

(JERRY nods.)

JERRY

Yeah, starving and homeless.

ADAM

Well, the Dutois got another *petit alcove* upstairs, and they like to think of themselves as art patrons, even though they haven't got a *casserole* to *uriner* in –

(JERRY laughs.)

ADAM

When they found out I was studying with Nadia Boulanger, you heard of her?

(Very quick nod from JERRY.)

JERRY

Um-hum.