

INTRODUCTION

Once every ten weeks, office worker Towers Chandler dresses like a man with a million dollars, goes to one of the best restaurants in New York, and eats the most expensive food. One evening, he meets a girl . . .

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

Towers Chandler, an office worker
Marian, a pretty young girl
Sissie, Marian's sister
Marie, a servant
Jeff White, an office worker
Mrs Black, whose house Chandler and White live in
Waiter
Four other people in the restaurant

PERFORMANCE NOTES

Scene 1: The doorway of a house
Scene 2: A street corner in New York
Scene 3: A restaurant, with three tables and six chairs, two chairs at each table
Scene 4: Marian's bedroom, with a bed, and other bedroom furniture

You will need coffee, cups, plates, some food and some wine for the other people in the restaurant.

A Night Out

SCENE 1

One dollar a week

The doorway of the house where Chandler has a room. He is dressed in his best clothes, ready for his evening out. He is going out as his friend, Jeff White, comes in.

WHITE What are you doing this evening, Towers?

CHANDLER *(Smiling)* Tonight I'm going to live like a man with a million dollars!

WHITE What are you talking about? You haven't got a million dollars!

CHANDLER How much money are you and I paid each week, Jeff?

WHITE Eighteen dollars. Why?

CHANDLER And how much of that eighteen dollars do you spend each week?

WHITE All of it, of course.

CHANDLER Well, I don't. Each week I save one dollar out of my eighteen. Then, every ten weeks, I can buy myself an evening to remember.

WHITE What do you do?

CHANDLER I put on my finest clothes, go to one of the best restaurants in New York, eat the most expensive

food on the menu, drink the best wine, then take a taxi home!

WHITE (*Very surprised*) Why?

CHANDLER Why? Because it makes me feel wonderful to sit with some of the richest people in America, and to make them think that I'm rich, too.

WHITE You're crazy!

CHANDLER (*Laughing*) Perhaps I am!

Mrs Black comes in.

MRS BLACK Ah, Mr Chandler. I wanted to see you.

CHANDLER Good evening, Mrs Black. What a lovely evening.

MRS BLACK Lovely evening perhaps, but you haven't paid me for your room this month. When am I going to get the money?

CHANDLER Soon, Mrs Black. Very soon.

Mrs Black looks at Chandler's clothes.

MRS BLACK You can spend money on expensive clothes, but you can't pay for your room. Is that right?

CHANDLER (*Hurrying away*) Goodnight, Mrs Black!

SCENE 2

A pretty girl

A street in New York. Chandler is walking along the street when a girl, Marian, comes round the corner. She

is wearing an old hat and a cheap-looking coat. She is moving quickly, walks into Chandler, and falls down.

MARIAN Oh!

CHANDLER Oh, dear!

Chandler helps her to get up. She has hurt her foot.

MARIAN My foot! I've hurt my foot.

CHANDLER Can you walk?

MARIAN I—I think I can.

She tries to walk, but her foot hurts too much.

MARIAN Oh! Perhaps—

CHANDLER I'll call a taxi to take you home.

MARIAN No, please. I'll be all right in a minute.



'Can you walk?'

Chandler looks at her carefully for the first time, and likes what he sees.

CHANDLER Your foot needs a longer rest, I think.

MARIAN Perhaps you're right.

CHANDLER I was on my way to eat by myself. Why don't you come with me? We'll have dinner together, and by then your foot will carry you home very nicely.

MARIAN But we don't know each other . . .

CHANDLER I'm Towers Chandler. Now that you know my name, come and have dinner. Then I'll say goodbye, or take you home if you prefer.

MARIAN But my clothes! They aren't—

CHANDLER I'm sure that you look prettier in them than anyone we shall see in the most expensive restaurant.

MARIAN Well . . . my foot does hurt. All right, Mr Chandler, I'll come. You can call me . . . Miss Marian.

SCENE 3

Chandler tells a story

Chandler and Marian are sitting at a restaurant table. A waiter is giving them coffee. There are two other tables near them. The people sitting at them are dressed expensively and are talking quietly while eating.

MARIAN That was a very good dinner. Thank you, Mr Chandler. Tell me, what do you do?

CHANDLER (*Laughing*) Do? I ride my horses, go dancing, travel to Europe. And then there's my boat.

MARIAN Haven't you got any work to do? Something more — well, interesting?

CHANDLER My dear Miss Marian, there's no time for work! Think of dressing every day for dinner, and of calling at the houses of six or seven friends every afternoon or evening.

MARIAN Yes — well—

CHANDLER Oh yes, we 'do-nothings' are the hardest workers in the country!

MARIAN (*Sadly*) I see. Well, thank you for a nice time. I must go home now. My foot is much better. I can walk home. There's no need for you to come with me.

CHANDLER Oh. Well, goodbye, Miss Marian.

She gets up from the table and walks away. Chandler watches her, sadly.

CHANDLER (*Talking to himself*) What a wonderful girl! A shop girl, perhaps? Why didn't I tell her the true story of my life? Perhaps then . . . well, it's too late now. Oh, how stupid I am!

SCENE 4

The right man for Marian

In Marian's bedroom. She is with her sister, Sissie. Both girls are sitting on the bed, talking excitedly.

SISSIE It's two hours since you ran out in that old coat and hat. Mother has been very worried. She sent Louis in the car to find you. You *are* a bad girl! Marie comes into the room.

SISSIE Ah, there you are, Marie. Tell mother that Miss Marian is home again.

MARIE Yes, miss. (She leaves the room.)

MARIAN I only ran down to my dressmaker's to tell her to use blue on my new dress instead of red. Marie's old hat and coat were just what I needed.

SISSIE You're crazy!

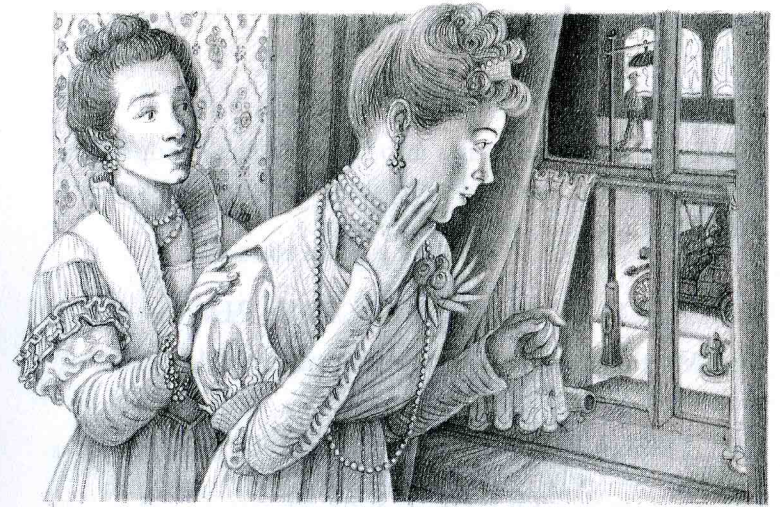
MARIAN (Laughing) Everyone thought that I was a shop girl! It was wonderful!

SISSIE Dinner is finished. You're very late.

MARIAN I know. I fell and hurt my foot. I couldn't walk, so I went to a restaurant and sat there until I was better. (She gets up from the bed and walks to the window. She looks down into the street below.)

We'll have to marry one day, Sissie.

SISSIE Yes, that's true.



'I could love a man with kind blue eyes.'

MARIAN We're rich, and mother and father will want us to marry somebody who is as rich as we are. But can I *love* a man like that?

SISSIE Who could you love?

MARIAN I could love a man with kind blue eyes, who doesn't try to make love to every girl he sees. But I could only love him if he has some important work to do in the world. Then it doesn't matter how poor he is.

SISSIE You *are* crazy!

MARIAN Perhaps. But, sister dear, we only meet men who ride their horses and go dancing. I couldn't love a man like that, even if his eyes are blue and he's kind to poor girls who meet him in the street.