**Biloxi Blues Scenes**

**Daisy**

#1

Daisy. Hello

Eugene. Hi. (He looks to audience then back to Daisy)

Daisy. Would you care to dance?

Eugene. Me? 0h. Well, I don't dance very well.

Daisy. I bet you do.

Eugene. No. I swear. I never dance.

Daisy. Then why did you come to a dance?

Eugene. That's a logical question. Because I like to talk. And I was hoping I meet someone I felt like talking to.

Daisy. We could talk while we dance.

Eugene. It's hard for me because I'm always counting when I dance. Whatever you said, I would answer, 1, 2, 1, 2.

Daisy. (Laughs) Well, I’ll only ask you mathematical questions. (Eugene laughs as well.) I'll bet you didn't know how to march before you got into the army.

Eugene. No, I didn't.

Daisy. Well, if you could learn to march you can learn to dance.

Eugene. Yeah, except if I didn't learn to march, I'd be doing push-ups till I was 83.

Daisy. I'm not that strict. But if it makes you that uncomfortable I won't intrude on your privacy. It was very nice meeting you. Goodbye. *(She starts to walk away. She gets a few steps when Eugene calls out.)*

Eugene. Okay!

Daisy. Okay what?

Eugene. 1, 2, 1, 2.

Daisy. Are you sure?

Eugene. Positive.

Daisy. Good. *(She crosses to him then stands in front of him and raises her left arm and right arm in position to hold his wrist.)*

Eugene. All I have to do is step into place, right?

Daisy. Right. *(He tucks his cap in his belt and then steps into place, taking her hand and her weight and he starts to dance. It's not Fred Astaire but it's not too awkward.)*  You're doing fine. Except your lips are moving.

Eugene. If my lips don't move, my feet don't move.

Daisy. Well, try talking instead of counting.

Eugene. Okay.. let's see... My name is Gene. *(Softly)* one, two, one, two... Sorry.

Daisy. It's okay. We're making headway. Just plain Gene?

Eugene. If you want the long version, It's Eugene Morris Jerome. What's yours?

Daisy. Daisy!

Eugene. Daisy? That's funny because Daisy is my favorite character in literature.

Daisy. Daisy Miller or Daisy Buchanan?

Eugene. Buchanan. *The Great Gatsby* is one of the all-time great books. Actually I never read *Daisy Miller*. Is it good?

Daisy. It's wonderful. Although I prefer *the Great Gatsby.* New York must have been thrilling in the twenties.

Eugene. It was oh, it was... That's where I'm from... Well, I only saw a little of it from my baby carriage, but it's still a terrific city... What else?

Daisy. What else what?

Eugene. What other books have you read? I mean, you don't just read books with Daisy in the title, do you?

Daisy. No I like books with Anna in the title too. *Anna Karennina..*. And *Anna Christy.* That was a play by O'Neal.

Eugene. *Eugene O'Neal.* Playwrights named Eugene are usually my favorite... Listen, can we sit down? I stepped on your toes three times so far and you haven't said a word. You deserve a rest. *(They sit)* I can't believe I'm having a conversation like this in Biloxi, Mississippi.

Daisy. Don't you like Biloxi?

Eugene. Oh, it's not a bad town... It's all right... It's okay... I hate it!

Daisy. I'm not that fond of it myself. Actually I'm from Gulfport. We all are.

Eugene. Gulfport? No kidding? I know a girl from Gulfport!

Daisy. Really? Who is she? Maybe I know her.

Eugene. Oh no... I doubt it. She's in the clothing business... Do you go to school there?

Daisy. *(Nods)*  Mm hmm. Saint Mary's. It's Catholic. An all girls’ school. I really have to move on. We're supposed to mingle. If we're with anyone more than 10 minutes the Sisters get very nervous.

**Rowena Scene**

#1

Rowena. *(Calls out)* How you doing, honey?

Eugene. *(Behind screen)* okay.

Rowena. You having any trouble in there?

Eugene. No. No trouble.

Rowena. What the hell you doing for 10 minutes? Come on, kid. I haven't got all day. *(Eugene appears. He is wearing his khaki shorts, shoes and socks. A cigarette dangles from his lips. Rowena looks at him.*) Listen you can keep your shorts on if you want to, but I have a rule against wearing Army shoes in bed.

Eugene. *(Looks down)* Oh. I'm sorry. I just forgot to take them off. (*He sits on the bed and very slowly starts to unlace them. To audience:)*  I started to sweat like crazy. I prayed my Aqua Velva was working. *(Rowena sprays around her with perfume from atomizer.)*

Rowena. You don't mind a little perfume, do you, honey? The boy before you had on a gallon of Aqua Velva.

Eugene. *(Looks at the audience than at her)* No, I don't mind. You can spray some on me. *(She smiles and sprays him playfully. )*  Gee it smells good.

Rowena. If you'd like a bottle for your girlfriend. I sell them. $5 a piece.

Eugene. You sell perfume too?

Rowena. I sell hard to get items. Silk Stockings. Black Panties... You interested?

Eugene. *(Earnestly)* ... Do you carry men's clothing?

Rowena. *(Laughs)* That's cute. You're cute, honey... You want me to take your shoes off?

Eugene. I can do it. Honest. I can do it. *(He gets his first shoe off.)*

Rowena. Is this your first time?

Eugene. My first time? *(He laughs.)*  Are you kidding? That's funny... No... It's my second time... The first time they were closed.

Rowena. You don't smoke cigarettes either do you? *(She takes cigarette out of Eugene's mouth.)*

Eugene. How'd you know?

Rowena. You look like your face was on fire... If you want to look older, why don't you try a mustache?

Eugene. I did but it wouldn't grow in on the left side... What's your name?

Rowena. Rowena... What's yours?

Eugene. My name? *(To audience )*  I suddenly panicked. Supposing this girl kept a diary.

Rowena. Well?

Eugene. *(Quickly)* Jack...Er... Jack Mulgroovy.

Rowena. Yeah? I knew a Tom Mulgreevy once.

Eugene. Mine is Mulgroovy. Ooo not EE.

Rowena. Where you from, Jack?

Eugene. *(Slight accent )*  Texarkana.

Rowena. Is that right?

Eugene. Yes, ma'am.

Rowena. Is that Texas or Arkansas?

Eugene. Arkansas, I think.

Ruina. You think?

Eugene. I left there when I was two. Then we moved to Georgia.

Rowena. Really? You a cracker?

Eugene. What's a cracker?

Rowena. Someone from Georgia.

Eugene. Oh, yeah. I'm a cracker. The whole family's crackers... Were you born in Biloxi?

Rowena. No. Gulfport. I still live there with my husband.

Eugene. Your husband??... You're married??... My God! If he finds me here he'll kill me.

Rowena. No he won't.

Eugene. Does he know that you're a- you’re a -

Rowena. Sure he does. That's how we met. He's in the Navy. He was one of my best customers. He still is.

Eugene. You mean you *charge* your husband!!

Rowena. I mean he's my best lover... You going to do it from there cowboy? Cuz I'll have to make some adjustments.

Eugene. I'm ready. *(To Rowena)*  Here I come. *(She holds open blank if he gets into the bed and clings to the side)*

Rowena. If you're going to hang on the edge like that we're going to be on the floor in 2 minutes.

Eugene. I didn't want to crowd you.

Rowena. Crowding is what this is all about Tex. *(She pulls him over . He kneels above her.)* Okay, honey. Do your stuff.

Eugene. What stuff is that?

Rowena. Whatever you like to do

Eugene. Why don't you start and I'll catch up.

Rowena. Didn't anyone ever tell you what to do?

Eugene. My brother once showed me but you look a lot different than my brother.

Rowena. You're sweet. I went to high school with a boy like you. I had the biggest damn crush on him.

Eugene. *(Still above her)* Do you have a hankie?

Ruina. Anything wrong?

Eugene. My nose is running. *(She takes hanky, wipes his nose.)*

Rowena. Better?

Eugene. Thank you. Listen please don't be offended but I really don't care if this is a wonderful experience or not. I just want to get it over with.

Rowena. Whatever you say... Lights on or off?

Eugene. Actually I'd like a blindfold.  *(She reaches over and turns off the lamp.).*.. Oh, God... Oh, my GOD!!! (*slumps down)*... WOW!... I DID IT!... I DID IT!!

Rowena. Anything else, honey?

Eugene. *(Calmer, more mature)* Yes. I'd like two bottles of perfume and a pair of Black Panties.