

(HENNESEY looks at the others for help. There is none forthcoming. He gets up and slips into his pants. He puts on his shirt and begins to button it. He steps down front away from the group, putting his tie on. He suddenly begins to sob.

Lights out on the barracks.

Light up on EUGENE in limbo.)

EUGENE. (to audience) . . . I felt real lousy about Hennesey . . . The next weekend I went to Rowena's again . . . She didn't even remember me . . . She acted like I was a stranger . . . I tell her about Hennesey doing it with another guy and maybe getting five years in jail and she says, "Well, I haven't got too much sympathy for their kind, sweetheart. They're just taking the bread out of the mouths of my babies" . . . I'm never going to pay for it again . . . It just cheapens the whole idea of sex . . . (The sets begin to change into the U.S.O.) . . . I was determined to meet the perfect girl. I knew just what she would be like . . . She's going to be pretty but not too beautiful. When they're too beautiful, they love them first and you second . . . And she'll be athletic. Someone I could hit fly balls to and she'd catch all of them. She'll love to go to the movies and read books and see plays and we'd never run out of conversation . . . She's out there, I know it. Right now the girl I'm going to fall in love with is living in New York or Boston or Philadelphia—walking around the streets, not even knowing I'm alive. It's crazy. (Light up on U.S.O. DAISY dancing with a soldier.) — There she is and here I am. The both of us just waiting around to meet. Why doesn't she just yell out, "Eugene! I'm here! Come and get me" . . . (The dance ends. Soldier goes off. DAISY crosses to EUGENE.)

DAISY. Hello.

EUGENE. (turns) Hi. (He looks to audience then back to DAISY.)

Eugene #2

start

stop