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Tomorrow Never Comes: A Play in Three Acts

I. Francis Gregory

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TOMORROW NEVER COMES



DR. I. FRANCIS GREGORY

I. FRANCIS GREGORY

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

269727



McCANN PUBLISHING COMPANY
Bangor, Maine

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COLLEGE
YEAR BOOK
OF 1939



FOREWORD

In the fast pace of our modern civilization of today, Man has been caught in a race against Time. From the moment Man awakens in the morning he becomes a slave to Time. Throughout his working day, the race continues, with scarcely time out to feed his Body, and none at all to feed his Soul. It is only after the race is over, sometimes many hours after the day's sun goes down, does Man experience a longing and desire to feed his Soul.

A few men find solace in Religion. Some find happiness living in an imaginary environment with the characters of a book. The majority of men, however, turn to the opposite sex—Woman. We are told God devised it thus; that He made Woman to be Man's companion in Life. However, like many other skeins in the life pattern of Man, this relationship between Man and Woman has become twisted.

Man in the few short hours of his social life seeks Relaxation and Quiet. Intuitively he turns to Woman for such. He finds the elements, whether they be Beauty, Grace, Charm, Character or Personality, which brings Relaxation and Quiet, in some but not in others.

In the past Man found it necessary to erect a social barrier—Marriage, to protect Woman—his source of happiness. Today, he discovers that this social barrier is sometimes protecting the Wrong Woman. In confusion Man has attempted to rid himself of the latter: he has instituted the Divorce Court. Meanwhile, both Man and Woman struggle—ofttimes to their Death.

It was with these few thoughts in mind, and moti-

vated by my association with the splendid men and women of the Bangor-Brewer Little Theatre, I wrote this play—"Tomorrow Never Comes."

It is my privilege to dedicate this piece of dramatic literature to Oscar A. Shepard, Dramatic Critic of *The Bangor Daily News*, whose genial encouragement and competent guidance has aided me spiritually and materially.

I am grateful to Frances Moran, my secretary, and Helen Hobbs for their efforts in preparation and proof reading. I express my gratitude to the printer.

THE AUTHOR.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

A Play in Three Acts

BY I. FRANCIS GREGORY

CAST

(In Order of Their Appearance)

Raymond "Ray" Barker.....

Cora Davis.....

Benjamin "Benny" Bronson.....

Anthony "Tony" LaBrie

Julie Anderson.....

Warren Darryl.....

Edna Darryl.....

Tim

O'Keefe

Warden

Clergyman

Spectators at Electrocution.....

ACTION AND SCENES

The play takes place in Bangor, Maine

ACT I

Scene 1—The studio of "Ray" Barker, a Commercial Artist. A morning in Fall.

Scene 2—The same as Scene 1. A few minutes later.

ACT II

Scene 1—The law office of Warren Darryl. A morning in Fall.

Scene 2—The same as Scene 1. An evening in Winter. Three months later.

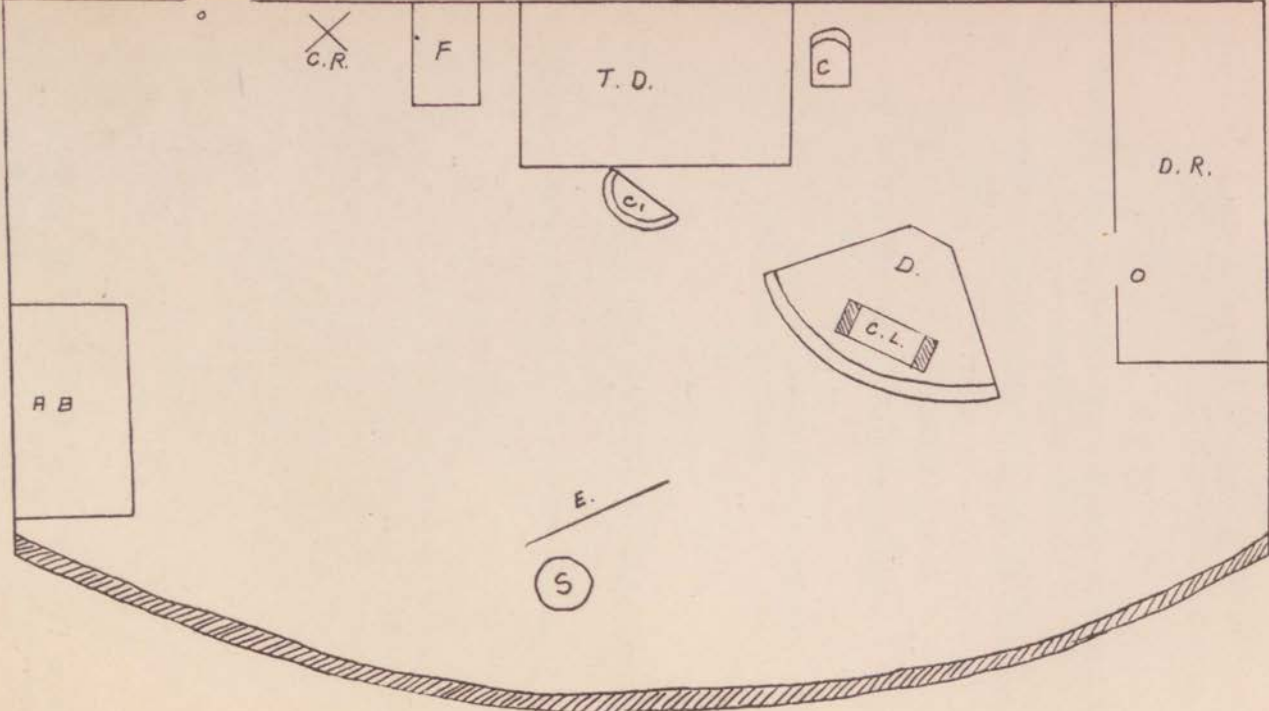
ACT III

Scene 1—*State Prison death House. It is mid-night of a Spring evening.

Scene 2—Same as Scene 1. A few minutes later.

*The author is permitted through dramatic license to substitute Capital Punishment for Life in Prison—the punishment for Murder in the State of Maine.

ACT ONE



ACT ONE
SCENES I AND II

A. B. Artist Bench
C. R. Coat Rack
F. File
T. D. Typewriter Desk

C. 1. Swivel Chair
O. 1. Exit Off Stage
D. R. Dressing Room
D. Dais
C. Office Chair

C. L. Chaise Lounge
E. Easel
S. Stool
O. Dressing Room Doorway

ACT ONE

SCENE I

THE SCENE is a commercial artist's studio in Bangor, Maine. On the walls of the studio are commercial art pictures and two or three large art calendars. A large clock advertising some commercial product hangs on the right wall. Back stage left is a partitioned off space for dressing room. Toward center left is a one-step platform or dais. In the center of the dais may be a stool, wooden bench or chaise lounge on which silk stocking model is posing as curtain rises. Back stage center is a single wooden folding typewriter desk and chair. The usual paraphernalia such as papers, ink-stand, telephone, etc., is on the desk. To the right of desk is a single metal filing cabinet. To right of metal filing cabinet is a coat rack near door. Down stage right center is a large easel on which is a canvas about three feet high portraying the almost finished painting of a silk stocking model. The painting is a striking reproduction of the model as she is sitting, posing on dais when the curtain rises. Against right wall of stage, down front, is a sloping commercial artist's bench, on which is an unfinished art picture of a girl displaying lingerie, art gum, yard stick, and a few pieces of blank colored cardboard. Above bench on the wall are tacked two or three cards illustrating various types of lettering. To right and in front of easel is a wooden stool on which are various glass jars containing colored paints of bright hues; also two glass jars containing artist's paint brushes. There is only one entrance off stage. The door of this entrance is situated back stage extreme right. There is a doorway in the side wall of the partition near the front end. A flowered cotton or silk curtain hangs from the top of the doorway.

CORA

(On dais posing for stocking ad)

Ray?

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RAY

(At easel painting)

Yes?

CORA

What time is it?

RAY

(Looking up at clock)

Almost ten.

CORA

How are you coming?

RAY

Pretty fair.

CORA

Is it a likeness?

RAY

Better than I expected.

CORA

Do you like it?

RAY

Why shouldn't I? It's you.

CORA

You old flatterer.

RAY

That's not flattery.

CORA

You know . . . even flattery from you is worth something.

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RAY

Think so?

CORA

Yes, and some of the other girls think so too.

RAY

Who for instance?

CORA

Oh! A few of my friends who would like to take my place.

RAY

(Looking up at CORA for first time)

Why, thinking of leaving?

CORA

No . . . not exactly.

RAY

I don't like . . . the "exactly."

CORA

I'm not bothering you by talking?

RAY

You never did.

CORA

I take it you're in a good mood this morning.

RAY

Why not?

CORA

Why so?

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RAY

Oh! I think Nels has something up his sleeve.

CORA

You mean another contract?

RAY

Guess so.

CORA

How do you know?

RAY

He wants to see me this morning.

CORA

Didn't he say what for?

RAY

Yes. I ran into him last night. Said he had a few collar ads to do.

CORA

Ray . . . you're almost through aren't you?

RAY

Yep . . . Why?

CORA

Well . . . I'm hungry.

RAY

Didn't you have any breakfast?

CORA

No.

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RAY

How come?

CORA

I was late getting here.

RAY

Oversleep?

CORA

The alarm didn't go off.

RAY

Every try getting in a good night's rest?

CORA

Occasionally.

RAY

Out late last night?

CORA

. . . Yes.

RAY

With Tony?

CORA

Why pick on Tony?

RAY

You're seeing Tony quite a lot lately, aren't you?

CORA

No more than usual. . . . Why?

RAY

I don't like your seeing too much of Tony—

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CORA

(Changing subject)

What I wouldn't give for a cup of coffee and a cigarette!

RAY

We'll be through any moment now.

CORA

I don't think I'll be able to move a muscle.

RAY

Okay! Let's call it quits.

CORA

Finish it?

RAY

All but the background. . . . The figure is finished.

CORA

(Rising and stretching. Busies herself putting on negligee)

Thank Heavens! Will I be damned glad when I get away from all this!

RAY

(Looking over at CORA as he wipes his brushes with rag)

What do you mean?

CORA

Huh?

RAY

What do you mean, "getting away from all this"? What fool notion are you playing around with now?

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CORA

Oh nothing. Guess I'm tired this morning.

RAY

If you'd cut out the night life, you'd feel more like working.

CORA

(Coming down to look at easel)

Not bad!

RAY

Not good either.

CORA

Why? What's wrong with it?

RAY

Oh! The canvas itself is all right. I'm thinking of all the poor suckers who will have to foot the stocking bills.
(Moving stool and easel to right of artist's bench)

CORA

Oh! . . . *(Starts slowly for dressing room. Stops, turns, looking over at RAY)* Ray?

RAY

Yes?

CORA

Why don't you run down to Ikey's and get some coffee and doughnuts?

RAY

All right.

CORA

(On walk to dressing room)

Did you have breakfast?

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RAY

(Follows CORA to dressing room)

No.

CORA

(Both CORA and RAY at dressing room door)

Well, run along. I'll dress . . . and have everything ready by the time you get back.

RAY

(Turns, looking at clock)

I've got to get away early myself. Nels said he'd meet me at Woodford's at ten-thirty.

CORA

(Lingering at D. R. door to let Ray go in and get his hat and coat)

Better hurry.

RAY

God! How I hate to work with those gigolos for those collar ads of Nels.

CORA

There's good money in them. . . . Some of those boys are real nice.

RAY

Sure! Nice for what? *(RAY puts arm around CORA)*
Listen, Hon . . .

CORA

Ray, I've got to hurry.

RAY

What for?

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CORA

I've got to get dressed.

RAY

Is that all?

CORA

Have an appointment at eleven.

RAY

Tony?

CORA

No, silly . . . the hairdresser.

RAY

Oh! . . . What did you mean, Sweet . . . A little while ago when you said . . . you wanted to . . . "get away from all this"?

CORA

Did I say that?

RAY

Don't you remember?

CORA

Well . . . I would like a change.

RAY

Aren't you satisfied here?

CORA

Sure . . . you've been a dear . . . just one of my mornings, I guess.

RAY

Do you love me?

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CORA

Now, Ray . . . please. I've got to get going.

RAY

What's all the rush about?

CORA

I told you once. My hair is wretched—

RAY

It's swell . . . the way it is.

CORA

(RAY tries to embrace her)

Please, dear . . . you pick the darndest times—

RAY

(Petulantly)

Oh! It seems I always do . . .

CORA

(Sealing his lips with fingers)

Shhh!

RAY

Lately, it's either the hairdresser or . . . mother is waiting . . . always something. *(Trying to kiss her)*

CORA

(Avoiding kiss)

Ray, please. Some other time. You run along like a good boy and get the coffee. . . . Please, Ray.

RAY

(Reluctantly enters dressing room to get coat and hat)

Okay!

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CORA

That's a good boy.

RAY

(Coming out of D. R., passes CORA)

What's the matter . . . afraid of me?

CORA

Don't be a goose.

RAY

(Proceeding to exit)

Oh! I don't stand a goose's chance. . . . After all I've done for you.

CORA

(Stands looking at departing RAY. Comes out with skirt on only, slip showing. Looking up at clock, hurries to telephone. Stops and listens to make sure RAY is gone, then dials phone.)

Hello, hello dear . . . Oh, I've felt better. *(Laughs)* How do you feel this morning? . . . Well, everything's all set . . . Told him I had an appointment. . . . No! Of course not. . . . With the hairdresser . . . eleven-thirty. . . . Right here. . . . I mean it. He's going out. He has to go down town to see about a job . . . and a new model, if you should ask me. . . . Don't be silly . . . he hasn't the slightest idea . . . He'd be furious. Tony! . . . Don't tell me I'm going to have a suspicious husband. . . After all, dear, Ray will lose his best model. *(Laughs)* Listen dear, I've got to hurry. Eleven-thirty . . . here . . . that's right . . . good-bye, dear. *(CORA busies herself cleaning off top of desk, pushing things to the back of it. Takes white tablecloth from drawer of desk and spreads it over top of desk. Returns to D. R. humming a tune. Exits from D. R. and proceeds to desk with plate and two sets of cups and sau-*

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cers. Then returns to D. R. Hears someone in studio.) Is that you Ray?

RAY

(Enters and walks to desk with packages)
Yep. Haven't you finished dressing yet?

CORA

Not yet dear. Just a little war paint and I'll be out in a minute.

RAY

(Looking up at clock)
Thought you were in a hurry.

CORA

I am.

RAY

You're certainly taking your time about it.

CORA

Had an accident.

RAY

(Leaves desk to walk to artist's bench)
An accident?

CORA

Got a run in my stocking had to take it off.

RAY

Not in Bronson's two-fifty per pair?

CORA

Right! Got too close to one of the legs of this damn iron cot in here.

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RAY

Pair you modeled in? (*Busying himself at artist's bench*)

CORA

Yes, but a good leg show can always get half a dozen pair out of Benny.

RAY

Oh! . . . So you've got five more pair to fall back on.

CORA

And how!

RAY

(*Taking slip of paper out of pocket and putting it on spindle*)

Got a job from Ikey.

CORA

What doing?

RAY

Oh! Just a few signs for his shop.

CORA

Ikey's good for the money.

RAY

Which reminds me . . . It's going to be pretty hard if you team up with Tony.

CORA

What do you mean?

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RAY

(Starts across stage to D. R.)

You'll have to go easy on the stockings sixty-nine cents a pair will be the limit.

CORA

(Gets through doorway before RAY enters.

RAY attempts to put his arms around her. She spies packages on desk and avoids an embrace)

Mmmm. Let me at that coffee. *(She proceeds to desk, pours coffee from container into cups and empties doughnuts from bag onto plate)*

RAY

(Coming out of D. R. goes to desk)

I could stand a cup myself.

CORA

Could you? Sugar?

RAY

One. How about you? Cream?

CORA

No No, I can stand it black this morning.

RAY

Yes, I guess you do need a little stimulation.

CORA

(Sitting in chair at left of desk, lights cigarette and sips coffee)

How's this for a brothel's breakfast a cup of coffee and a cigarette?

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RAY

*(Sits in desk chair, munching on doughnut
and drinking coffee)*

What makes you say things like that, Cora? Not very ladylike.

CORA

I'm not a lady, dear boy.

RAY

No-o? Let someone call you anything different and you'd raise Hell.

CORA

Why not? Not everyone knows me as well as you do.

RAY

I dunno as I know you so well.

CORA

You ought to you've lived with me for two years.

RAY

Yes, but you're further away from me today than the first day I met you.

CORA

Think so?

RAY

I know it. Just what did you mean when you said you'd be glad to get away from all this?

CORA

(Warily)

Nothing much.

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RAY

I wonder.

CORA

Oh! It's just that one gets pretty tired doing the same thing every day.

RAY

Sure! I agree with you. And don't you think I ever get fed up?

CORA

I'm fed up with modeling. . . . Been at it every day for two years now.

RAY

Not the worst job in the world.

CORA

No, and it's not the easiest.

RAY

Good money in it.

CORA

I know but money isn't everything.

RAY

No? Ever try getting along without it?

CORA

Not at my age, dearie.

RAY

. . . . Got anything in view?

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CORA

We-ell Benny Bronson offered me a job in one of his hosiery shops.

RAY

Oh! Threw that in with the stockings, eh? You'd like that a lot.

CORA

Oh, it wouldn't be so bad. . . . Regular hours—

RAY

How much did Benny offer?

CORA

Twenty-five a week.

RAY

(Laughs. Lights cigarette and smokes)

Twenty-five a week.

CORA

Sure! What's wrong with that?

RAY

Oh, nothing at all. It's the opportunity of a lifetime.

CORA

What do you mean by that crack?

RAY

Just what I said. It's an opportunity of a lifetime for some nice little girl up the river but not Cora Davis.

CORA

What's wrong with me?

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RAY

Nothing, Cora. Nothing at all. . . . But did you ever stop to think how far you can go on twenty-five a week?

CORA

Oh! I'd get along.

RAY

Think so? How many weeks do you think you'd have to work to pay installments on that fur coat I bought you?

CORA

I won't need a fur coat for years.

RAY

That's true. But how about the apartment? Who's going to pay for that?

CORA

Oh! One of the girls and I . . . could share expenses of a small apartment.

RAY

Sounds easy. You know, I got a feeling you're not even thinking of taking Bronson's offer.

CORA

No? Why?

RAY

Ah, you're too . . . matter-of-fact about the whole thing.

CORA

Well . . . I haven't given it much thought.

RAY

I'll say you haven't.

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CORA

That doessn't mean I won't do it.

RAY

You know, you've been acting a bit distant toward me lately. Don't talk much around the studio

CORA

Why, Ray! How can you say that?

RAY

You don't pour out your heart to me like you used to—

CORA

I'm not pouring out my heart to anyone, dearie. I never did.

RAY

No. Wonder how much heart-pouring you're doing with Tony these days or should I say nights—

CORA

Don't be like that, Ray.

RAY

Maybe you and Tony have plans you're not letting yours truly in on.

CORA

What if we have? I mean—

RAY

Yeh. I know what you mean.

CORA

No, Ray. Don't misunderstand me. I mean why should our plans be of interest to anybody but ourselves?

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RAY

Sure! Perfectly all right. I suppose you think I'm not interested.

CORA

But why should you, Ray?

RAY

Oh! For no reason at all just the fact I took you in two years ago made you did everything I could for you. I suppose

CORA

I appreciate all you've done for me, Ray—

RAY

You never thought that well, I might really care for you. You probably figured I was perfectly satisfied with the way things were going.

CORA

No, Ray. It isn't that, but I'm single and free now . . . free to go and do as I please.

RAY

Oh, I see. That's it. I wondered why you were acting pretty independent lately—

CORA

I haven't acted any different than before.

RAY

Ever since you met Tony—

CORA

Skip it, Ray.

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RAY

I suppose you feel free to do as you please.

CORA

Sure! Why not? I'm single—

RAY

(Changing his attitude. Getting up to go over to put his arm around CORA. Sitting on arm of chair)

Yes, I know you are, Cora. . . . And that's why I feel better about everything—

CORA

What do you mean?

RAY

I mean . . . everything between you and I.

CORA

(Rising, picking up dishes)

Ray. We'd better get going. It's getting late. If you keep Nels waiting he'll have a fit.

RAY

(Rising. Going over to CORA as she proceeds from desk, putting arms around her)

Listen, Dear, I'll be getting that divorce pretty soon—

CORA

(Draws away from embrace)

Please, Ray. . . . You don't understand. I want to be free . . . free to enjoy myself . . . to do as I please. When I met you two years ago, I'll admit I was in a pretty tough spot . . . out of work for almost a year . . . living off a kid sister . . . but you changed all that . . . and I

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felt I had to pay back your way. Well, I have, haven't I? (*Passes into D. R. with dishes*)

RAY

All right. All right, Honey. But

CORA

(*Coming out of D. R., proceeding to desk*)

Now, things are different. I'm older too. I know my way around—

RAY

(*RAY follows over to desk*)

But what's wrong with me? I give you everything.

CORA

There's nothing wrong with you, Ray. You've been swell to me but you've got a wife.

RAY

I said I was going to get a divorce.

CORA

That isn't the answer, Ray. Oh, I'm I'm just fed up with all this. You and I weren't meant for each other in the first place.

RAY

What do you mean? We've go along all right—so far.

CORA

Yes. But don't forget we're not married. It would be different if we were.

RAY

I can't see that.

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CORA

Even now you find plenty of fault with me.

RAY

In what way?

CORA

Well, for instance, you disapprove of my smoking. You don't like to see me take a drink. You accuse me of always being on the make—

RAY

Oh, I'll get over all that. I guess it's because . . . well, I'm so much in love with you. Maybe . . .

CORA

No. It isn't all you Ray.

RAY

After we're married—

CORA

No. We're two different people, Ray. I like to step out . . . drop into a night club . . . dance and enjoy myself. You don't like that sort of thing at all.

RAY

I suppose I could learn.

CORA

Maybe you could . . . but that isn't all either. Our ways of doing things are different. We think different . . .

RAY

Yes, but—

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CORA

(On walk to D. R. with dishes)

You nag me about smoking and drinking. I dunno, Ray You're funny. You don't realize that going on living together is, well when I went to Sunday School, I got the impression that that wasn't so good either.

RAY

(Follows CORA)

What's bad about it? We're not hurting anybody are we?

CORA

(At doorway on return)

No one but ourselves.

RAY

We're not poking our noses into other people's business. We're not criticizing and finding fault with others like a lot of those Holy-of-Holies who go to church every Sunday—

CORA

Some of them are pretty decent people—

RAY

Sure! And some of them can't enjoy themselves unless they're spreading around a lot of scandal about their neighbors.

CORA

I guess you're right about that.

RAY

And what's more—

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RAY

Sh-h-h. There's someone coming— (*Ducks into D. R.*
RAY *turns, walks over toward desk*)

BENNY

(*Comes into studio*)

Vell! Vell! If it isn't mine old friend, Barker!

RAY

Hello, Mr. Bronson. Take off your things.

BENNY

By gollies, it's cold out this morning! (*Hanging hat
and topcoat on coat-rack*)

RAY

Yes, it is. Have a chair, Mr. Bronson. (*Offering tilt-
back office chair in front of desk*)

BENNY

(*Rubbing his hands together*)

You're right on the job, this morning.

RAY

Well, I got a lot of work ahead of me, Mr. Bronson.

BENNY

Raymond! Dere's one t'ing I like about you.

RAY

What's that, Mr. Bronson?

BENNY

You're so nize and respectable to everybody call-
ing them Mister—

RAY

Not the women.

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BENNY

Vy not? Dey wear pants, too. Ha! Ha! (*Ray laughs with Bronson*)

RAY

I guess I was brought up like that.

BENNY

Never mind dot. From now on it's Benny to you.

RAY

Okay, Benny.

BENNY

Dot's better. (*He sees portrait*) Oh, ho! You've finished it!

RAY

Not quite. Got to put in the background.

BENNY

(*Walking over to easel at right of artist's bench, followed by RAY*)

She looks real. I could go for her myself in a big way. (*Rubbing fingers down leg of figure*)

RAY

Be careful, Benny it's not dry yet.

BENNY

My! My! And to t'ink mine people discouraged me ven I was a little fellow. I used to like to draw.

RAY

Probably just as well.

BENNY

Vot do you mean? Look vot I vould be doing now.

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RAY

You like it?

BENNY

Like it? It's magnificent! It's colossal!

RAY

Not bad.

BENNY

Not bad! No vonder dey call you Barker the Great!

RAY

Well, I did go to town on that. After all you've been pretty loyal to me, Mr.—I mean, Benny.

BENNY

(Walking toward center, followed by RAY)

Vell. You're a nize fellow, Ray. I try to help you all I can but remember—

RAY

What?

BENNY

The prize remains the same.

RAY

Just what I agreed to do it for.

BENNY

Dot's fine. Dot's anudder reason why I like you. Your vord is as good as your bond. *(Hears noise in D. R.)* Who's dot?

RAY

My model getting dressed.

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BENNY

Getting . . . dressed?

RAY

Yes. She's just finished posing for your hosiery girl
(*Pointing to portrait*)

BENNY

Oh, I see. She must be nize.

RAY

You ought to know.

BENNY

How should I know?

RAY

I understand you offered her a job yesterday.

BENNY

Oh! You mean, Cora.

RAY

That's right.

BENNY

Vell, vhy not? Ha! Ha!

RAY

(*Goes over and sits in chair beside desk*)
Sit down, Benny. Think she'll take it?

BENNY

(*BENNY sits in tilt-back chair in front of desk*)
I dunno. . . . Is she t'inking of quitting? . . . I hope so.

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RAY

If she does . . . I think we're both going to lose out.

BENNY

Is dot so? She vould look good in one of my best shops.

RAY

She looks good to a lot of people.

BENNY

Ha! Ha! Dot's all de better.

RAY

Think so?

BENNY

Vhy not? De more people like you in my shops de more people buy stockings.

RAY

Oh! I see what you mean.

CORA

(Comes out of D. R. fully dresssed. Walking over to BENNY, shakes hands, holding hand a bit)

Why, hello, Mr. Bronson.

BENNY

(Stands up and shakes hand)

My! My! You look nize.

CORA

Think so?

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

BENNY

Sit down, Cora. Make yourself comfortable. (*Offers his chair, and looks around for a seat*)

RAY

Guess you'll have to use that for now. (*Points to stool or chaise lounge*)

BENNY

Cora. Did you hear vot I said, ven I saw the picture?

CORA

No.

BENNY

I said, I would like to step out with her myself. (*Points toward picture, winking at CORA and laughing*)

CORA

Okay! Let's! But I think you're joking—

BENNY

'Pon my soul! I mean it.

RAY

Don't take her too seriously, Benny.

BENNY

Are you telling me?

CORA

I'm not really as bad as I'm painted am I Mr. Bronson?

BENNY

Bad? Who said it vos bad? Say, Raymond tells me you may quit the model bizness?

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

CORA

Well, I have been thinking of it.

BENNY

(Rubbing hands)

Vell, vell, dot's fine. Maybe you and I could get together.

RAY

No, Benny. I think there's more money modeling.

CORA

Mr. Bronson could keep me in stockings anyway, couldn't you?

BENNY

(Occupied with cigar)

Sure! Vot did you say?

RAY

You can't go around just wearing stockings.

BENNY

Vell, it wouldn't be such a bad idea. *(They all laugh)*

~~CORA~~
~~RAY~~

(Looking up at clock)

Better be getting along, Ray if you're going to meet Nels—

~~RAY~~
~~CORA~~

(Rising)

That's right. What did you have on your mind, Benny?

BENNY

Oh! I just dropped in to see how it vos coming along. *(Pointing to portrait, then nods head meditatively)* When dey see dot cut in the magazines, Cora it'll sell a lotta stockings I hope.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

CORA

Thank you, Mr. Bronson.

RAY

Well, I've got to get going. (*Starts for D. R.*) Going my way, Benny?

BENNY

(*Rising*)

Vich vay?

RAY

Down town.

BENNY

No. I've got my car downstairs. I've got to run over to Waterville.

CORA

Have you a shop in Waterville, Mr. Bronson?

BENNY

Sure! I just opened it last week.

CORA

(*Lifting dress above knees suggestively*)

Were you thinking of putting me in it, Benny?

BENNY

Listen, Cora. Vit a shape like yours—(*pointing to legs*) Pardon me, just talking bizness. I would put you in my Fifth Avenue shop if I had one.

RAY

(*Coming out of D. R. with hat and coat on*)

Well so long, Benny.

BENNY

Vait a minute! Vait a minute! I'll go vit you.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

CORA

You're not afraid of little me, Mr. Bronson?

BENNY

(Going over to coat rack and putting on topcoat)

It's not you I'm afraid of, Cora. I'm afraid of myself. *(As he reaches door)* Vell, don't forget my offer. Any time you decide, Cora, give me a ring. *(Both RAY and BENNY exit)*

CORA

Good-bye, Benny.

RAY

(Returns, goes over to CORA who is sitting at desk. Leans against desk, putting hand on CORA'S shoulder)

Listen, Cora. I think the world of you. Stick around awhile, will you? Things will break pretty soon.

CORA

What did you do with Benny?

RAY

Oh! I told him I forgot some copy. He went along ahead.

CORA

(Looking up at clock)

You better hurry along, Ray. You know what Nels is like when he's kept waiting. You're late now.

RAY

Oh! To Hell with Nels! Talking with you is more important, to me. Listen, Hon . . . better take it easy with Tony.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

CORA

Ray—

RAY

After all I can give you more than he can
(CORA rises and walks a few feet down the stage toward left center. RAY follows CORA) Maybe the feeling isn't mutual, but I think I can make up the difference—

CORA

Let's talk about it some other time, Ray Nels will be sore.

RAY

(Turns, looks up at clock, shrugging
shoulders)

All right I can see you're in no mood this morning.

CORA

I told you I wasn't feeling so hot.

RAY

Okay! I'll leave you alone. (Walking short distance toward door)

CORA

I'll be back after lunch.

RAY

You know, Cora I've got a felling you're not telling me everything.

CORA

(Turns to face RAY)

Why? What do you mean, Ray?

RAY

(Going back to CORA)

Cora. Listen kid, you mean a lot to me. Foolish of me to think so; I suppose—

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

CORA

Why?

RAY

Damn foolish, when a snap of my fingers~~s~~ can bring a dozen good looking numbers up here to work for me—

CORA

Oh!

RAY

But I wouldn't trade you for the whole dozen. And I'll tell you one thing, Cora. I'm not going to let you go without putting up a battle.

CORA

Ray, please go now. . . . Nels—

RAY

Yes, sir! I'm in there with the best of them Tony included. Oh, I'll admit I don't look like a Lothario. Tony has height build good looks andall that rot which damn near all women fall for.

CORA

(Puts finger to RAY'S lip)

Shhh!

RAY

(Walking toward door then turning toward

CORA

It's a funny thing about women what they fall for. Some of them yes, damn near all of them

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

prefer a raw deal. They're not really happy unless they're getting beat up or double-crossed by the lout they married. Well, that's that (*at door*) So long, Cora! Think it over. You know this thing called Love or should I say Tony, doesn't make a very substantial breakfast when you're hungry some morning. So long!

Curtain

ACT ONE

SCENE II

Scene opens as CORA is coming out of D. R. with traveling bag. She places it on floor to right of desk near door. She is returning to D. R. when phone rings. It's TONY.

CORA

Tony, darling! How could I miss knowing it was you of course I knew your voice. Where are you? . . . Why don't you come up? Yes, right now No, No one is here He's gone. No. He won't be back till late come right ahead, Dear 'Bye, darling. (CORA enters D. R. Brings out top coat and gay umbrella and places them over travelling bag. As she starts for D. R. again, TONY enters) Tony, darling!

TONY

(Embraces CORA)

Hello, Sweet.

CORA

How come you're so early your call surprised me?

TONY

How come? Do you realize Cora, what tomorrow means to me?

CORA

Does it mean so much, Tony?

TONY

(Embraces CORA Again)

Cora, darling. It means more than you could ever realize.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

CORA

(Looking over TONY'S shoulder at clock)

Let's sit down a minute, Tony. I've had a busy morning *(They both proceed to chairs at desk)*

TONY

What have you been doing, Pet? *(TONY pulls out package of cigarettes. They light up)*

CORA

Well, we finished the copy. *(Pointing to portrait)*

TONY

(Looking over, getting up, going over and scrutinizing the portrait closely)

Say, this is all right!

CORA

Yes, Ray does good work.

TONY

I didn't mean that. I meant you. *(Returns to desk chair)*

CORA

Flatterer!

TONY

Haven't I a right to flatter my future wife?

CORA

Will you always, Tony?

TONY

No reason why not.

CORA

That's one of Benny Bronson's jobs *(pointing to por-*

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

trait) He was in this morning stuck around awhile when he and Ray left I started doing a little packing.

TONY

You did put in quite a morning at that.

CORA

To tell the truth, I packed a few things yesterday, and hid the bag under the cot inside. (*Indicating D. R. and bag by motions of her head*)

TONY

You haven't got everything in that! (*Pointing to bag*)

CORA

No. We'll have to stop at the apartment to pick up my fur coat and another bag.

TONY

I'm glad I brought the car along.

CORA

You did? Good! I was going to call a taxi.

TONY

You see, Cora. I try to be quite thoughtful about everything concerning you.

CORA

That was thoughtful of you, Tony. In fact, I find it pretty hard to find fault with you about anything.

TONY

(*Laughs*)

Good! I hope you'll always be like that for there's one thing I object to, and that's fault-finding.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

CORA

I suppose you have the trip all arranged, too.

TONY

Just as I told you last night.

CORA

Oh! It'll be grand to get away from all this.

TONY

By the way how did you manage it with Ray?

CORA

What do you mean?

TONY

I mean what did you tell Barker?

CORA

Nothing.

TONY

Nothing at all?

CORA

Well, I did give out a hint.

TONY

Didn't you tell him you and I were going to be married?

CORA

Not a word. You see you don't know Ray like I do.

TONY

That may be true, Dear, but shouldn't you let him know somehow?

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

CORA

Oh I'll call him up or drop him a line.

TONY

You saidyou gave him a hint?

CORA

Yes I told him I was getting fed up with modeling.

TONY

Did he believe you? I mean . . . did he take it seriously?

CORA

Yes, I think he did. Probably a bit too seriously that's why I didn't tell him any more.

TONY

Does he expect to find you here when he gets back?

CORA

Well I did tell him I'd be back after lunch.

TONY

I don't know. I think you ought to leave a note after all, Ray has been pretty decent to you.

CORA

I suppose I should.

TONY

You're not coming back, you know.

CORA

No. But I'd hate to have Ray find out I was pulling out so quickly. He'd be furious.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

TONY

I can't see that attitude.

CORA

I know him better than you do, Tony. He's pretty hard to handle when he doesn't get his own way.

TONY

Why should he be over this? Did he expect you to stay here forever?

CORA

I don't think Ray ever gave it much thought.

TONY

I suppose probably the easiest way is the best way.

CORA

It is when you're handling Ray.

TONY

Say, I've got an idea why not type a note and leave it explaining everything?

CORA

I hadn't thought of that but not everything, Tony I'll just say I'm quitting for good. *(They exchange places. CORA sits in desk chair. Gets typewriter out and begins to type)* Let me see, how shall I put it?

TONY

Oh, just say something to the effect that you regret you're getting through, and so on.

CORA

I can just imagine the expression on his face when he reads it. *(She is typing)*

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

TONY

Oh, he won't have any trouble finding another. Of course, she won't be like you, Dear. (*Places hand over CORA'S*)

CORA

I'll say she won't. Not unless he gets one young and tender.

TONY

(*Laughs*)

Say! I don't know how to take that—

CORA

Just a minute listen to this "Dear Ray, I'm leaving. Guess you'll soon find someone to take my place. Thanks for all you've done—"

(*BARKER enters studio. Both TONY and CORA are surprised*)

TONY

Hello, Ray!

RAY

(*Looks over at TONY and CORA. Doesn't make any remark but follows through to D. R. Returns in shirt sleeves. Stands rolling up sleeves of shirt while looking at bag*)

Rather unexpected, wasn't it?

CORA

(*Fluttering*)

Why what do you mean, Ray?

RAY

My coming back so quickly.

CORA

Why no, Ray.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

TONY

After all . . . *(Laughs)* It's your studio.

(RAY crosses to right stage, pulls easel over as if to begin to work. Tries out colors on artist's bench)

CORA

(Rising slowly to go to D. R.)

See Nels, Ray?

RAY

No. *(Meanwhile TONY busies himself with magazine he finds on desk)*

CORA

(Stops, looking over at RAY)

Were you late?

RAY

No.

CORA

Didn't you see Nels at all?

RAY

I didn't try to.

CORA

Oh!

RAY

(Turning to TONY)

Aren't you working, Tony?

CORA

Not today.

RAY

How come? *(CORA has proceeded to D. R. door)*

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

TONY

Oh, took the day off. (*Looking significantly at CORA, who then turns and enters D. R.*)

RAY

Pretty easy! Taking Cora out to dinner?

TONY

Yes.

RAY

(*Raising voice so CORA can hear him*)

Thought you were going to the hairdressers, Cora?

CORA

I am. (*RAY crosses to desk. On walk glances at bag significantly. Stands reading letter in typewriter. Crosses back to easel*)

RAY

Guess you and the hairdresser will have a long wait, Tony.

TONY

Oh, I don't mind.

RAY

By the way, Tony, have you got your car with you?

TONY

I sure have!

RAY

(*Crosses back to desk. Opens center drawer and takes out post card*)

I've got a package down at the post office. I forgot to stop in this morning Tony would you just as soon run down and get it?

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

TONY
(Rises)

Sure! Be glad to.

RAY

That's fine! Thanks, Tony. (TONY picks hat off desk and starts for door)

CORA

(Appears at doorway of D. R.)

Where are you going, Tony?

TONY

Just going to run down to the post office for Ray. I won't be long. (He exits)

RAY

(Takes letter from typewriter. Leaning back against desk nodding his head with a sneer on his face. BARKER is looking over at CORA who stands in doorway of D. R.)

So you were going to pull a fast one, eh?

CORA

(Steps out from D. R. doorway)

What do you mean, Ray?

RAY

You know what I mean this! (Shaking note in his hand. Then beginning to read it) 'Dear Ray,' . . . ! huh, that's funny. 'I'm leaving.' Just like that, eh? 'You'll soon find someone to take my place.' Easy, isn't it? 'Thanks for all you've done.' You should have said, thanks for the memories even though they may be bitter. Was that all you were going to say?

CORA
(Meekly)

Yes.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

RAY

Oh, it was! short and brief like a dagger
in the back—

CORA

I don't think you understand, Ray.

RAY

I think I understand too well. That's why I came back.
I had a feeling something was in the air.

CORA

(Scared but fighting her fearful emotions)

Tony just dropped in to take me to lunch.

RAY

You've gone to lunch with Tony before, haven't you?

CORA

Yes.

RAY

Is this one of your new ideas? leaving farewell
notes before going to lunch.

CORA

Why no—

RAY

No-o-o! Well it seems to be.

CORA

You see, Ray—

RAY

In fact, I don't ever recall seeing any farewell notes
before. *(Shaking note in hand)*

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

CORA

I'm trying to explain—

RAY

Go right ahead.

CORA

I told you this morning I was getting fed up with modeling.

RAY

That's right. You did.

CORA

Well. I've decided to quit.

RAY

Rather sudden? Wasn't it?

CORA

No.

RAY

No, I guess it wasn't. (*Looking at bag*) I can see that.

CORA

(*Advancing to right center lighting a cigarette*)

Ray, you're probably not going to like what I'm going to say, but Tony and I are going to be married—

RAY

My! You do make rather quick decisions, don't you?

CORA

I thought it best not to tell you because well I knew you'd be a little upset about it.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

RAY

(Advancing down stage center closer to CORA.

CORA turns facing RAY)

Is that so? You thought I'd be a little upset about it, did you?

CORA

Yes.

RAY

Whatever made you think that?

CORA

I I don't know.

RAY

Your conscience wasn't bothering you, was it?

CORA

I don't see why it should. I have a perfect right to do as I please. *(Spoken with timidity)*

RAY

Oh, so that's your attitude. A bit selfish, aren't you?

CORA

What do you mean?

RAY

You didn't give a damn about Barker, did you?
(Advances closer to CORA) After all I've done for you—

CORA

(Interrupting)

I appreciate all you've done, Ray.

RAY

Sure you do. "Date with the hairdresser," huh?
I thought you sounded a bit hollow "be back after

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

lunch" so you planned to pull a fast one with that punk. (*Nodding towards exit door*)

CORA

(*Turns facing RAY*)

Look here, Ray Barker—

RAY

A lot you cared about my feelings. This (*shaking note in hand*) after two years spent building you up making something out of you putting you in every magazine in the country clothing you, feeding you, paying for your apartment and now, this! (*Shaking note*)

CORA

You wanted to do it. You said you did.

RAY

Sure I wanted to. I wanted to just like I wanted to buy you little things I'd see in store windows, because it made me happy but you wouldn't understand why it made me happy.

CORA

(*Coming closer to RAY*)

Listen, Ray. It's you who just doesn't understand.

RAY

No. I guess I don't. But what I don't understand is women. As I said before they're not happy unless they're falling for, or married to some lout who beats them up on an average of three times a week . . . and they're not happy unless married to some lame brain who can't support them some pimp who gets great pleasure in double-crossing them every chance he gets.

CORA

Ray! Please try to see it my way. I know we've lived

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

together two years. You supported me, bought my clothes, tried to please me in every way. You remember, Ray I didn't want to come to live with you, but you begged and urged me to. I knew then that some day we would have to part because I didn't love you then and I don't love you now. Maybe I wasn't any good, or I wouldn't have listened to you. Maybe I'll never be any good but I'm going to try. Tony and I are going to be married. We're going to try and hit it off together right. I'm fed up with this sordid mess I'm in living with another woman's husband taking what belongs to her and giving what she should give. (*Getting hysterical*) You stand there and preach about what you've given me. Well, I've given you plenty back in payment but no like all men, you're thinking of yourself only. You forget the days of agony I've spent posing on that damn thing (*pointing to dais*) for you. You forget the nights the nights I've laid awake by your side knowing that somewhere there was a God who would some day crush me for the rotten life I was living. Oh! I've told you time and again you and I could never hit it off and now I'm through through with you and this rotten filthy life. (*Blowing cigarette smoke in RAY'S face and flinging cigarette across stage*)

RAY

(*Stands fascinated, seemingly hypnotized and drawn closer to CORA. His hands are twitching, opening and closing*)

So You're through with me! (*He strikes out and grabs CORA by the throat and begins choking her*) Well, you're not!

CORA

(*Screaming and clutching his hands, trying to pull them from her throat*)

Ray! Stop! You're choking me! You damn fool! You're mad!

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

RAY

(Still squeezing CORA'S throat and bending her backwards)

Maybe I am a damn fool! Maybe I am mad! Sure I'm Mad! Madly in love with the likes of you and no one is going to have you if I can't have you do you get it? *(Shaking CORA'S head back and forth as CORA sinks to the floor)* There! *(RAY now stands over stricken form of CORA brathing heavily. He looks at his outstretched hands)* I've done it! Oh, my God! I've killed her. Oh, I knew this would happen. Ah, you poor dead fool. You thought you could outwit Barker. *(Drops on knees and peers into her face, slaps CORA'S face, crying out)* Cora! Cora! No she's gone. Oh, my God! She's gone. The only thing I've ever cared for in life and I killed it. *(Begins to weep and throws himself across the upper part of CORA'S body takes her head into hands and begins kissing her)* Your cheeks are still warm Oh, my God! How beautiful you are in death! *(Scanning her body)* But how rotten you were in life! *(Begins to act wildly, running his fingers frenziedly through her hair, crys out)* Oh, what have I done! what have I done! Oh, God! Oh, God! What have I done!

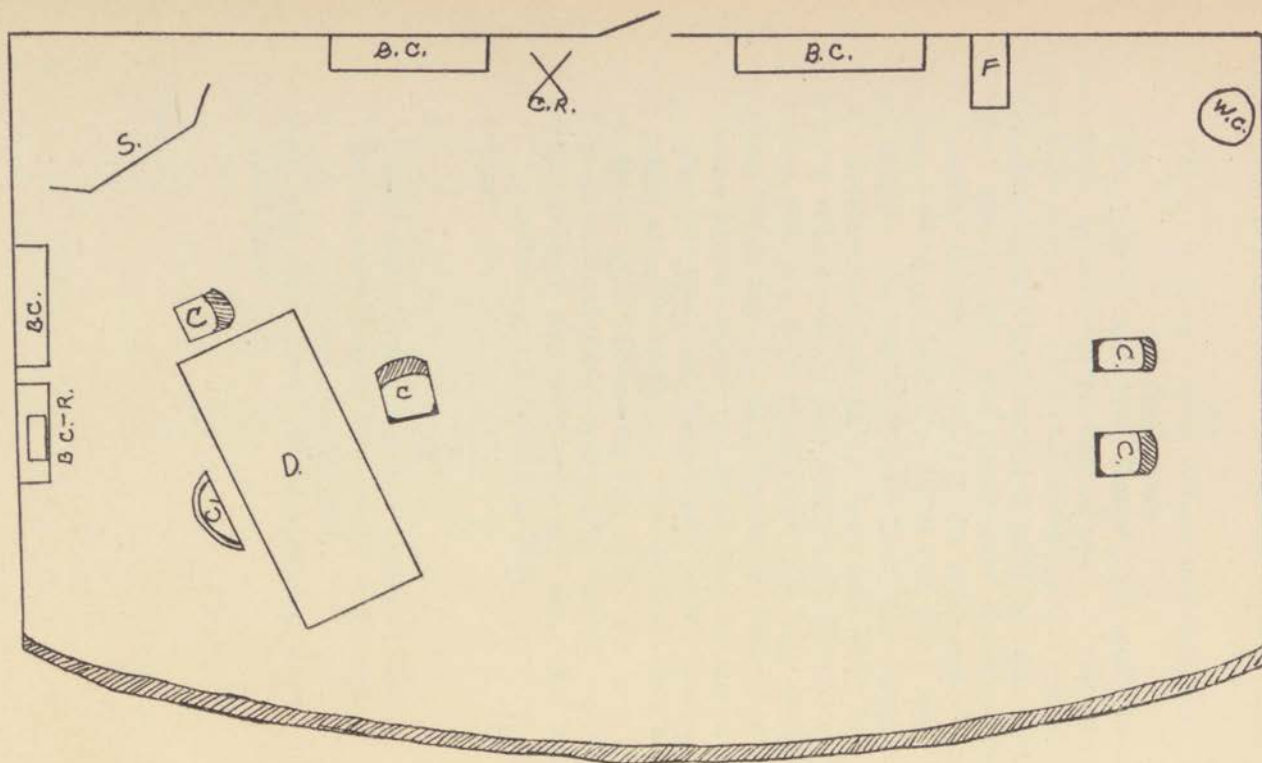
TONY

(TONY enters studio, stands in doorway stupified by what he sees. Then starts across stage towards figures)

Why, you dirty beast! What have you done? you've killed her!

Curtain

ACT TWO



ACT TWO
SCENES I AND II

B. C.-R. Book Case and Radio
B. C. Book Cases
C. 1. Swivel Chair
D. Desk

C. Reception Chairs

C. R. Coat Rack
F. File
W. C. Water Cooler
S. Screens

ACT TWO

SCENE I

THE SCENE is that of a typical law office in the small City of Bangor, Maine. Down stage right is a large office desk and tilt back chair. To right of desk is an office reception chair, and in front of desk is same. To right of desk against wall are two sets of bookcases. On top of first book case, nearest desk, is a small table-model radio. Back stage in right corner is a set of dark wooden screens supposedly screening a wash bowl. Back stage to left and right of center door, only exit, are sets of bookcases. All bookcases contain facsimilies of law books. Between door and bookcase on right is a coat rack. Beyond bookcase left of center door is metal filing cabinet. Against left wall of stage is water cooler and two office reception chairs.

As curtain rises, JULIE ANDERSON enters with filing folders under arm, and a small rose in her hand. She places folders on top of filing cabinet, procures a vase from top of cabinet and then proceeds to desk, placing rose in vase, and putting latter on WARREN DARRYL'S desk. She crosses stage left, brings over one of reception chairs to front of filing cabinet and begins filing the above correspondence folders.

DARRYL

(Enters hanging hat and top coat on coat rack to right of door)

Good morning, Julie.

JULIE

(Looking up and smiling)

Good morning, Mr. Darryl.

DARRYL

You know, Julie, one can't say we don't start the day formally, what with, "Good morning, Julie" "Good

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

morning, Mr. Darryl." (*Crosses over to sit on arm of reception chair in which JULIE is sitting*) Ah, Julie, it's great to be back with you again! Seems as if I've been away weeks and yet it was only a few days. Now, isn't that a pretty compliment? (*Kisses JULIE*)

JULIE

How did you enjoy your trip, Warren? (*Straightening DARRYL'S tie, letting her arm fall across his lap*)

DARRYL

Well, I can't say I got much enjoyment out of it, although I did get eight hundred out of Blake . . . for our client.

JULIE

Good! That's really more than you expected.

DARRYL

Yes it is, but don't forget Blake was representing the bus line they had the money and why shouldn't my client get the limit. She certainly deserved it, poor thing.

JULIE

Quite a bit of mail this morning, Warren. (*Looking over toward desk*) and I made four appointments for this afternoon.

DARRYL

Shame on you, Julie! I've been away for three whole days . . . I'm not back five minutes and you're all business Why, I've I've missed you! (*Kisses JULIE*)

JULIE

I've missed you, too, Warren. Things seem dead around here when you're gone.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

DARRYL

(Rising from arm of chair, walking over to desk while JULIE files last filing folder and puts the reception chair back in place)

Well, I suppose I've got to dig in. *(Sits in desk chair and starts opening mail)*

JULIE

I'll get my notebook. *(She passes to outer office through center door and returns with notebook and pencil, sitting in chair to right of desk)*

DARRYL

Oh, er what are the appointments you made?

JULIE

(Looking at notebook)

Mr. Adams is coming at two.

DARRYL

Oh, yes for those corporation papers. Did we get them back from the Secretary of State?

JULIE

Yes. They came in yesterday's mail. *(Pointing to mail on desk)*

DARRYL

I see and who else? *(He is reading mail)*

JULIE

Mrs. Patterson.

DARRYL

About her divorce, I suppose?

JULIE

Yes. And a Dr. Moore.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

DARRYL

Did he say what he wanted?

JULIE

No. Just that he wished to see you.

DARRYL

This is one time, Julie, I'll have a chance to turn the trick on the medical profession. (JULIE *smiles*) Customarily I should be paying the doctor to see me (this time it's the doctor who pays. (Both *smile*))

JULIE

Be careful, Warren. Better knock on wood. (JULIE *knocks on desk*)

DARRYL

Doctors are to be envied, Julie. They as a group, are the most consulted in life and yet they themselves do little consulting. Probably because they learn how to keep out of mischief from the experiences of their patients By the way, here's a letter from Benham up State he says he would like to have a copy of that contract we drew up for Davidson and Bloom. (JULIE *is seen jotting down note*) You can take care of this Julie. (He *hands JULIE the letter*) We have the original copy in our files. (Meanwhile, DARRYL *has picked up a bill*) Oh, my! Look at this! (Hands *bill to JULIE*)

JULIE

(Looking at *bill*)

It must be beautiful!

DARRYL

No doubt it is That, Julie, is the price one pays for being married to an expensive woman. (Meanwhile, he *has opened a letter, evidently an advertisement and tossed it into waste basket*)

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

JULIE

Shall I send a check today?

DARRYL

Yes. Might just as well pay it today and have it over with. (*Takes out his check book proceeding to write check*)

JULIE

Mrs. Darryl must be delighted with such a handsome fur piece.

DARRYL

Delighted like a child, Julie and like a child little knowing how hard and difficult it is sometimes to get the money to pay for such things. Julie, would you mind wiping the ink off my pen? (*DARRYL has been writing out check. He gets ink on his fingers. Rises, goes to wash basin behind screen*)

JULIE

(*JULIE rises and goes over to file. She produces cloth from bottom drawer. Wipes pen*)
My, but you're cynical this morning, Warren.

DARRYL

(*Behind screen where he is washing his hands*)

Oh! Why shouldn't I be. I caught the very devil last night when I got home it was late of course it was I can't very well regulate the train schedules. (*Sighs*) I suppose Edna has some reason for being critical and suspicious I'm not home very much. (*He comes out from behind screen wiping his hands on towel. JULIE returns to her chair*) I'm a sensitive pup, Julie, when it comes to taking criticism: especially when it comes from you. (*Replaces towel back of screen*)

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

JULIE

(Half turning in chair)

Warren, dear, you know I didn't mean it that way.

DARRYL

(Walks over to back of JULIE'S chair)

No, I know you didn't Sweet. *(Bends down, kisses JULIE on forehead from behind her chair)* However, I think if I were paying that for you *(pointing to bill with check attached)* it would be different. *(Pats JULIE on the shoulder)*

JULIE

Oh, I don't know about that. *(Looking up at him and smiling)*

DARRYL

(Continues walk, to stand in front of JULIE, leaning against bookcase. But as he is passing her right side, he stoops down, cups JULIE'S face with his hands and kisses her)

At least you would appreciate it, dear girl.

JULIE

I would be thankful for many, many things, were I Mrs. Darryl Warren. You said you caught the very dickens, last night was it . . . was it anything about me?

DARRYL

No. No but you know how suspicious Edna can be at times.

JULIE

Warren, maybe it would be better if I . . . *(with catch in her voice)* well, if I just left.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

DARRYL

(Wishing to change subject. Stands close to and looking down at JULIE taking her hands in his)

No, Julie, that wouldn't be the answer. To do that, Julie would take away the only pleasure I get out of life coming down here every morning, being with you, working with you spending the day with you.

JULIE

Do you really feel that way?

DARRYL

You know I do and I like to think that you, too feel that way about it. *(Walks to his chair behind desk and sits)*

JULIE

I do, Warren.

DARRYL

(Reaching over and taking one of JULIE'S hands)

You really do?

JULIE

Yes, Warren. *(Looking straight ahead and dropping her eyes)*

DARRYL

(Resumes opening mail)

Well, that's all that matters. Just forget all about that idea of leaving. Eventually, everything will work out all right.

JULIE

I'm not so sure.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

DARRYL

(Still reading mail)

You know come to think of it I'm not so sure, either. Sometimes I wonder how much you really care for me. You never seem to be very spontaneous about showing your affection. I feel at times Oh! as if I were forcing myself upon you.

JULIE

You shouldn't feel that way, Warren may be I don't show my affection as you do but well, I show it in other ways. I do try to make things easy for you at the office—

DARRYL

(Contemplating, he leans his arms on desk with hands crossed, apparently looking off into space)

Yes, that's true. You're absolutely right. I don't know what I would do without you. You couldn't leave, Julie. You mean too much to me. There's that rose for instance. *(Pointing to rose in vase on desk)* Nearly every morning I find one on my desk and it means to me, Julie, that on your way to work you're thinking of Warren Darryl Ah, it's mighty cheerful to know that someone feels that way about you. *(Picks up his pipe from desk. Reaches into right pocket for pouch and then proceeds to fill pipe and smoke)*

JULIE

I often wondered if you ever gave my bouquet a thought.

DARRYL

Yes. Many times. And I often think how much more cheerful and warmer life would be if . . . if we just took occasional time out to be more thoughtful of one an-

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

other. You may not have known it, but that single rose means more to me than the thought of the most beautiful floral tribute you could give after I'm gone. (*Resumes with mail*)

JULIE

Really, Warren! I don't think you should go on any more business trips. (*Laughing*)

DARRYL

Why?

JULIE

Why? You haven't been back no time and already I've accused you of being cynical and now I think your thoughts are positively morbid what, with discusssing floral tributes after you're gone. (*Laughs*)

DARRYL

Don't blame the trip for that.

JULIE

Oh! (*Drops her eyes concentrating on notebook in her hand*)

DARRYL

Oh, now! don't let your imagination run away with you. (*Rising, going over to sit on arm of JULIE'S chair, putting his arm around JULIE'S shoulder*)

JULIE

I try not to, Warren.

DARRYL

It was just that Edna was on the warpath, as usual—

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

JULIE

I know I know what happened. She accused you of being with me while you were away. Didn't she?

DARRYL

Oh! She would anyhow Forget it. You know it's peculiar how we humans react I don't seem to mind her lectures, nights you and I have been out together and Heaven knows they're few and far between—

JULIE

Warren, something's going to happen. I feel it something terrible. Only the other night I dreamt that you and I were being carried away by rushing waters farther and farther apart we drifted I cried out to you then suddenly I seemed to realize you were gone forever. Oh, Warren! Don't you think it would be best for everyone if I went away.

DARRYL

Say! I thought you just told me that you didn't let your imagination run away with you. Why, kiddie, if some of the dreams I dreamt ever came true, I'm afraid I'd spend the rest of my life trying to untangle myself. (*Laughs*) Ah! You're letting your nerves get the best of you. (*Getting up, passing to his desk in front of JULIE*) I guess you're right. I can see I've got to stop going on business trips. We both seem to get pretty low and morbid during each others absence. (*Smiles. The buzzer sounds*) Somebody is bright and early this morning.

JULIE

(*She starts to rise to answer buzzer*)

You better wipe off the lipstick, Warren. (*WARREN does. JULIE is arranging her hair as she passes up stage. Procures her handbag which is hanging on coat rack. Then proceeds to powder her nose and touch up her lips, etc.*)

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

This takes a little time. JULIE then passes to outer office. Shortly after the telephone rings)

DARRYL

Yes, Julie. Oh, yes, send her in. (*EDNA DARRYL struts across stage towards desk looking around office*) Good morning, Edna. Down town early this morning?

EDNA

I hope I didn't interrupt you and Miss Anderson. (*Said acidly*) Look here, Warren! There's nothing I hate more than having to wait out there in that outer office until that sweet-faced assistant of yours gives me permission to come in. Every time I come down here—

DARRYL

Whoa! Wait a minute! Calm down! (*EDNA sits in chair in front of desk*) What's this going to be . . . a continued installment from last night? You know you just can't barge into my private office. What would a client think?

EDNA

Is she one of them?

DARRYL

What's that . . . sarcasm?

EDNA

Well, it took her long enough to come out and see who it was.

DARRYL

Did you ever stop to think Miss Anderson may be taking dictation—

EDNA

That's all very well for you to talk but I certainly dislike cooling my heels out there. And, moreover,

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why can't she let me come in here without first announcing my arrival by telephone?

DARRYL

Just one of the unbreakable rules of the office. You're no different than anyone else.

EDNA

You don't have to tell me that. I'm fully aware of the fact.

DARRYL

Now, there you go. I didn't mean it that way.

EDNA

I wonder.

DARRYL

Well, let's stop arguing You're up rather early and about this morning. How come?

EDNA

*(Still in chair in front of desk. Drops
belligerent attitude)*

I came down to do some shopping.

DARRYL

Oh, oh! I shouldn't have asked.

EDNA

(Looking up indignantly)

Why?

DARRYL

This is a poor place to come shopping unless it's for—

EDNA

Money! Go ahead and say it.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

DARRYL

I was but you beat me to it.

EDNA

By God, I knew it! Every time I ask for a cent, you let a yell out of you. (*Raising voice*)

DARRYL

Edna, please! I'm not yelling. That is I haven't started yet.

EDNA

No, but it won't be long.

DARRYL

What do you want now?

EDNA

(*Coyly*)

I haven't a decent thing to wear this Fall. I was thinking I could save by buying a suit instead of a coat—

DARRYL

You don't save by buying, Edna, you—

EDNA

There you go! Here I'm trying to save you money instead of buying a Fall coat which runs into money—

DARRYL

Ah, well—

EDNA

That's right. Go ahead. Act the martyr. It's painful, isn't it, because you have to buy me a few clothes? I suppose you think you're the only one who suffers that I don't have to put up with anything.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

DARRYL

What do you mean by that?

EDNA

What do I mean? I suppose you think that I thoroughly enjoy being at home alone. Going places alone—

DARRYL

Listen, Edna, we thrashed all that out last night and that wasn't the first time. You know I can't carry on with a large law practice and at the same time be the community's number one play boy—

EDNA

I still can't understand for the life of me what keeps you away from home so much. You often tell me that you're down town reading up cases I wonder.

DARRYL

I am quite often.

EDNA

I still have my doubts. I've called this office at night—

DARRYL

Checking up on me?

EDNA

Not exactly but Wednesday night I called and you weren't here I wanted to go to a show.

DARRYL

You know, Edna I don't especially care for the pictures.

EDNA

You could learn to like them. Plenty of other people do.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

DARRYL

(Laughs lightly)

Oh, I think if you really wanted to see a certain picture you would have gone without me. By the way, *(is emptying pipe into waste basket)* I got the bill this morning for that fur piece you're wearing.

EDNA

(Stroking fur with hand)

How do you like it?

DARRYL

(Is filling his pipe)

You mean the bill?

EDNA

(Stamping her foot)

No! I didn't mean the bill. And you know damn well I didn't. Just another one of your sarcastic remarks. I suppose if I went down the street naked, as Warren Darryl's wife, you would thoroughly enjoy the comments you'd hear.

DARRYL

Well, I don't know . . . *(busying himself with papers on desk)* I suppose if one of the members of the local nudist colony was making the comment it would be interesting.

EDNA

Oh! You're impossible!

DARRYL

(Getting up and going to one of bookcases, procuring a law book. Returns to desk)

Well, we don't seem to be getting anywhere. I suppose you want some money.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

EDNA

I tried on a suit yesterday . . . it was very becoming—

DARRYL

(Standing behind desk)

How much was it?

EDNA

Oh . . . about Fifty.

DARRYL

I may be mistaken . . . but haven't you quite a few suits at home? What's wrong with the one you have on? *(Nodding his head and pointing toward EDNA with pipe in hand)*

EDNA

(Jumping up and pacing away from desk to stage left)

God! What a life I live with you? Questions! Questions! Questions! *(When EDNA reaches far left, she turns facing DARRYL)* I made the biggest mistake of my life when I married you. *(Turns facing up stage, looking down at handbag which she is nervously opening and shutting)*

DARRYL

(Still standing behind desk)

No, I don't think you did. It was I who made the mistake.

EDNA

(Half turning, looking at DARRYL)

That's right! Throw it up at me again . . . like you've always done! Whose fault was it in the first place? *(Stamps her foot and turns with her back to DARRYL)*

DARRYL

I'm not throwing anything up at you . . . As a matter

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of fact it was my own fault and I'm paying for it
and have been ever since.

EDNA

(Whirls around facing DARRYL)

You're paying for it! And what do you think I'm doing? Do you think for one minute I enjoy living with you?

DARRYL

No. Not any more than I enjoy your company and I feel pretty low saying it.

EDNA

Oh! You're low enough to say anything—

DARRYL

Thank you. But, er people in glass houses—

EDNA

(Striding up stage, running her hands through her hair. Turns quickly facing

DARRYL)

Oh, say it! Say what you're thinking! Go ahead! Blame me for everything!

DARRYL

Why should I blame you. I blame myself. I got myself into the mess I'm in—

EDNA

Sure! And I know what the mess is you're referring to that you wouldn't have married me if you didn't have to.

DARRYL

Have I ever said a word about it?

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

EDNA

You don't have to say anything. Every time you look at me I know what you're thinking . . . that I roped you inthat I got you into your so-called mess—forced you to marry me Go ahead! (EDNA screeches) Say it!

DARRYL

Listen, Edna. You don't have to raise your voice Julie—

EDNA

(Sreeching)

Julie! What in hell do I care about her!

JULIE

(Hearing her name, enters. Looks inquiringly at both)

Yes, Mr. Darryl?

DARRYL

That's all right, Julie there was't anything. (JULIE turns to go but stops on hearing EDNA'S voice)

EDNA

No. Let her stay in. Let her listen to a nice family chat. Maybe it will come in handy for her some day—

DARRYL

(Comes from behind desk to stand in front of it looking over at EDNA)

Edna, please—

EDNA

Maybe she can tell me more about your recent trip how much reading you really do down here evenings.

DARRYL

Edna, I think you had better go—

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

EDNA

Oh! You do. Well, let me give you a little advice before I go and you to. (*Nodding to JULIE*) Don't think I'm a fool altogether. I have a pretty damn good idea what's going on between you two. You're not pulling the wool over my eyes either of you. Don't you suppose some of my friends haven't told me how often they see you two together? And you . . . (*turning to JULIE*) you double crossing little sneak!

DARRYL

Edna!

EDNA

Oh! So you're ready to defend her, are you? Rather chivalrous of you. (*Turning to JULIE*) You should feel rather proud of yourself. (*DARRYL resignedly walks to behind desk*) Probably I'm boring you. (*Looking over at DARRYL*) Well, get this Warren Darryl, and get it straight (*looking at JULIE*) And this goes for the both of you. Some day I'm going to catch up with you, and when I do it's going to be just too bad for someone. (*She looks menacingly at both of them and then sweeps off stage*)

DARRYL

(*Sitting at desk staring into space*)

I'm sorry, Julie I guess I am pretty much of a cad She's right When we make mistakes in Life maybe we should live by them. Just think how one little wrong can bring so much disaster so much unhappiness into our lives. I guess it explains why men forsake their wives and women, their husbands. Many of them weren't meant for each other in the first place. Maybe the right kind of marriages are made in Heaven, Julie, but God forgot to tell us what to do about the wrong kind.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

JULIE

*(Has been walking slowly over to desk.
Stands by his side with her hand over his
shoulder)*

Warren, don't feel bad about me. I don't mind I mean—

DARRYL

I know what you mean, Julie.

JULIE

No, Warren. I mean I'll stay. I love you and I just couldn't leave you. You need my love she has never loved you and she knows that you never loved her.

DARRYL

Ah, you're swell, Julie but something has got to be done. I'm a fine lawyer, Julie. I can patch up everybody's troubles but my own I've always detested divorce cases never cared about handling them they always seems to me like a legal loophole Man has devised to escape his own punishment but maybe there's something to them after all.

JULIE

I don't think you should do it, Warren It will hurt you.

DARRYL

Won't it be nice Cheap newspaper publicity all the muck and rot the news-hounds can lay their hands on—

JULIE

Warren, please!

DARRYL

No. I can't stand it any longer. I'll have a talk with

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Kildare. Maybe he can work out something quiet with Edna. She'll do anything for money I'll end up broke in more ways than one but I'll have happiness.

JULIE

Let's forget it, Warren for the time being. (*Looks at wrist watch*) Oh, look! It's time for the news flashes. Shall I turn them on—

DARRYL

Yes, turn it on, Julie. I suppose there's nothing like listening to other people's troubles to forget our own. (*JULIE turns on radio and stands listening to first announcement. The following news flash comes over the air*)

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Bangor, Maine. Both local and state police are on the lookout for one Raymond Barker. Barker, an artist with studios on Main Street in that city strangled his pretty model, Cora Davis, in his studio late this morning. Information concerning the crime was furnished the police by one Anthony LaBrie. Miss Davis and LaBrie were planning to be married tomorrow. Jealousy was given as the motive for the crime. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Barker is requested to get in touch with his local or state police headquarters.

DARRYL

Turn it off a minute, Julie. Wasn't that the name of the fellow for whom we collected a few bills, last Spring?

JULIE

Yes. Seems to me it was. Just a minute (*walks to file*) I think we did handle one or two of his collections. (*Stoops down to last drawer and looks through folders. Brings out one folder*) Yes. Sure enough! Here's one of them. Barker Versus Applebee. (*Returns folder to file and stands listening to DARRYL*)

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

DARRYL

(Lights pipe)

Well, Julie one never knows who the next murderer will be. Too bad! If I remember rightly he did seem to be rather an excitable fellow.

JULIE

(Walking to chair, right of desk)

I feel sorry for the girl to get mixed up with a fellow like that.

DARRYL

(Still sitting at desk)

You would, Julie. You're a woman and so was she.

JULIE

Just think. She was to be married tomorrow.

DARRYL

Yes, Julie "Tomorrow"! Reminds me of that will I drew up for old Brady the other day. I had the darndest time getting it. The old man kept interrupting to tell me about his chicken farm he was going to have some day. As I was leaving, his son told me that for twenty-five years the old fellow has been planning to have a chicken farm when he retired And there he was with but a few days to live still planning still dreaming of a, "Tomorrow" Ah, but tomorrow never comes for some people, Julie.

JULIE

(Wistfully)

That's true, Warren for some people.

DARRYL

(Looking at JULIE)

Come over here and sit down, Julie. Let's relax for a moment. I've had rather an engaging morning.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

JULIE

(Coming over and sitting in chair at right of desk)

Upsetting, would be a better word for it.

DARRYL

(Laughs)

Oh! You're referring to Edna now. She'll get over it. Women like Edna don't stay upset very long. It doesn't pay she'll be all smiles when I get home this evening. After all, you must remember she still wants a new Fall suit but it can't go on forever like this.

JULIE

Well, I certainly can't say Mrs. Darryl gazed upon me with fondling eyes as she went out.

DARRYL

No-o-o she saves those for her own mirror, Julie. Come here, Julie. *(Takes JULIE by the hand, brings her close to him)* What were you implying when you said a while back "that's true—for some people"?

JULIE

Isn't that what you said, Warren? "Tomorrow never comes for some people?"

DARRYL

Yes. I did say that but I think I caught a note of wistfulness in your voice when you said it, Julie.

JULIE

Oh, Warren, dear! *(Holds both of WARREN'S out-stretched hands)* I wish you and I could be together always.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

DARRYL

I wish we could, Julie but it just can't be. All we can do as two sane, intellectual people is to get as much out of Life as possible, without treading on anyone's toes. In other words, Julie . . . just as Society puts it "Do anything, but don't get your name in the paper."

JULIE

(Laughs. Starts away from desk as she hears someone loudly and excitedly knocking on door. JULIE proceeds to open door. She blocks doorway. BENNY BRONSON is outside. He is very agitated and wishes to see DARRYL)

How do you do? You wish to see Mr. Darryl?

BENNY

Do I wish? Oh, I beg your pardon! How do you do? Yes, lady. I want to see him right away I can't wait.

JULIE

Your name, please?

BENNY

My name! Oh, Benjamin Bronson! Listen, lady! This is a matter of Life and Death I mean death Listen, lady! I got to see him!

JULIE

One moment, Mr. Bronson. *(Closing door, she turns to DARRYL, who has been looking at episode)* A Mr. Benjamin Bronson to see you.

DARRYL

Let him come in, Julie.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

JULIE

(Opens door)

You may come in, Mr. Bronson.

BENNY

(Hurries into office, going to desk)

Oi! Am I glad to see you, Mr. Darryl. Oi! Vot a relief! My name is Bronson Benjamin Bronson I sell stockings wholesale and retail. I'm in a Hell of a mess, Mr. Darryl. Oi! Vot did I ever go there for in the foist place. Oi! Vait till Fanny hears of this! I'm ruined! I'm ruined! *(BRONSON is walking up and down frantically in front of desk, stopping now and then to gesture wildly before DARRYL)*

DARRYL

Sit down, Mr. Bronson. What seems to be the trouble? Maybe I can help you?

BENNY

Maybe? You've got to help me. Oi! Vot a damn fool I've been. I don't know vot I vos t'inking of. *(Finally sitting down, tapping desk with hand)* Mine Gott! I may go to prison myself!

DARRYL

Go to prison what for?

BENNY

I dunno. All I know is I vos dere. Oi! Vot a headache I've got I've got gas on my stomach, too—

DARRYL

Look here, Mr. Bronson. You'll have to calm down and give me the facts. You said something about being some place did something happen?

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

BENNY

No just somebody got murdered.

DARRYL

Somebody was murdered? Did you witness the crime?
Were you there?

BENNY

I vos dere. But I didn't see anyt'ing.

DARRYL

Then how do you know somebody was murdered?

BENNY

Let me tell you I'm so upset I don't know vere to begin. Let me see when I got to my store in Waterville, they told me all about it. And to t'ink I just came from dere.

DARRYL

From where?

BENNY

I vos in to see a friend of mine . . . No, no . . . I take dot back he's no friend of mine. He vorked for me. He vos doing some advertising copy for me you know painting. Vell, I dropped into his studio this morn-ing. I talked vith both of dem for a little vwhile Den I left and when I got to my store in Waterville dey told me he had murdered her

DARRYL

Now, let me see. You say you talked with both of them? Who are these people?

BENNY

Vell, de fellow's name is Barker, an artist her name vos Cora Cora Davis she vos his model.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

DARRYL

Oh-h-h-h yes.

BENNY

You know about it, too?

DARRYL

I heard the police bulletin over the radio. They're looking for this Barker.

BENNY

Oi! Maybe the perlice are looking for me, too? Oi, vot vill Fanny say she's my wife.

DARRYL

The police will probably call you in for questioning, Mr. Bronson.

BENNY

I knew it! By Gott! I knew it! Maybe de perlice t'ink he's vith me now.

DARRYL

No. I don't think so, Mr. Bronson. You and I will go down to Police Headquarters together. You just tell your version of the story and I think we'll have no trouble convincing the police that you had nothing whatsoever to do with the crime.

BENNY

Vell I'm not so sure. Maybe I did have something to do vith it. You see I offered Cora a job to work in one of my stores—

DARRYL

Is that all?

BENNY

No . . . dot's the voist part of it Yesterday, I gave her half a dozen pair of my best stockings . . . vait till Fanny hears of dot.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

DARRYL

(DARRYL looks questioninglly)

Are you trying to tell me that maybe Barker was jealous of you?

BENNY

By the eternal! I never t'ought of dot you t'ink maybe—

DARRYL

(Laughs)

No, Mr. Bronson. I don't think anything of the sort.

BENNY

(Walks across stage to left)

Oi! Vot have I done to deserve this? Oi! Vot vill Fanny say? Vot vill her people say?

(There is considerable commotion at door. JULIE'S voice is heard saying) "You can't go in there, you will have to wait." (Likewise BARKER'S voice is heard saying) "I can't wait, I've got to see—" (BARKER pushes past JULIE, rushing into inner office. Both BARKER and JULIE enter, JULIE trying to restrain BARKER)

DARRYL

That's quite all right, Julie. Let the gentleman come in.

BENNY

(Hearing commotion looks over toward entrance)

Oi! Mine Gott! Dere he is!

RAY

(Disheveled and wild-eyed, crosses to DARRYL'S desk)

Mr. Darryl—

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

DARRYL

Yes, Mr.—

RAY

Barker, Ray Barker's my name. You remember me, Mr. Darryl I came to see you last Spring Some billsyou handled.

(JULIE is standing somewhat to left of doorway BRONSON stands stupefied in front of reception chair)

DARRYL

Oh, yes! Sit down. *(BARKER is pacing nervously in front of desk)* You'll excuse me a moment, Mr. Barker. Mr. Bronson here— *(DARRYL comes around right of desk to go over to talk to BRONSON)*

RAY

(Turns on hearing BRONSON'S name)

Hello, Benny! That's all right, Mr. Darryl! I know Benny he's a friend of mine. He can stay here I don't care who hears what I've got to say.

DARRYL

(Returning to desk)

Very well just as you wish.

RAY

The police are after me I know it. Oh, I knew they'd be after me I don't care. I've killed someone Mr. Darryl. I've killed the only thing I ever loved. I couldn't let her go I loved her. I don't know why I did it but I'd do it again she was rotten and selfish—

DARRYL

Just a moment, Mr. Barker. You say you've actually killed someone and the police are after you—

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

RAY

Yes. I got mad. She told me she and Tony were going to be married She said she was through with me and then she blew smoke into my face it was like spitting on me. I grabbed her by the throat and began squeezing until until she fell to the floor.

DARRYL

Sit down, my friend. Take it easy. Care for a drink?
(Reaching down into lower drawer of desk)

RAY

I don't drink.

DARRYL

Smoke? *(Holding out humidor which he has picked up from desk)*

RAY

I don't drink or smoke, Mr. Darryl.

DARRYL

Now tell me, Mr. Barker. Who was this woman?

RAY

Miss Davis a Miss Cora Davis. She was my model and secretary Benny knew her.

DARRYL

And secretary?

RAY

Yes.

DARRYL

You say you were in love with her?

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

RAY

Ever since she came to live with me two years ago
Oh! I knew she wasn't any good from the very beginning.

DARRYL

How do you know she's dead? Maybe she just fainted?

RAY

No No She's dead She's gone. I tried
to get her to talk—

DARRYL

Yes?

RAY

But she wouldn't. Her friend, Tony, came we
fought but I beat him off and got away.

DARRYL

You remember everything?

RAY

Everything Mr. Darryl everything.

DARRYL

Maybe . . . if your memory wasn't so good, I might
be able to do something for you

RAY

What do you mean, Mr.—

DARRYL

I might get you off on an insanity plea.

RAY

I'm not insane, Mr. Darryl. I knew what I was doing.
Benny knows I'm not insane Don't you Benny? (*Half-
turning towards BENNY*)

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

DARRYL

I know, but well we'll take care of that later. I think the best thing for us to do now is to notify the police.

RAY

Tell them I'm here?

DARRYL

Exactly.

RAY

Very well Go ahead! I know I can't stay here. I might just as well get it over with They'll get me in the end.

DARRYL

That's true, Barker. I'll call the police. (*Picks up phone*). You take it easy. Calm down. Don't say anything. Keep your mouth shut.

RAY

Yes, Mr. Darryl I will.

DARRYL

That's fine. Julie, get me police headquarters (*JULIE exits*) Hello Police Headquarters? This is Attorney Warren Darryl speaking That's right A Mr. Raymond Barker is in my office Yes. I understand you are looking for him That's the one . . . He's right here in my office. Very well, he'll be here when you come. (*BENNY drops into chair in collapse.*)

Curtain

ACT TWO

SCENE II

WARREN DARRYL'S law office. Three months later. Curtain rises on black stage. A moment later door is seen opening. Light from outside corridor streams in through doorway. The gleam of a flashlight plays across the blackness of the law office. The silhouetted figure of a woman is seen entering, flashlight in hand. The ray of the flashlight seeks out DARRYL'S desk. Figure walks to desk, turns on desk lamp. The figure is that of EDNA DARRYL. She walks to right of desk laying handbag and flashlight down. Glances over books and papers on desk. Surveys the office studying the room and its contents. EDNA DARRYL walks about room and from far left studies the set of screens. Walks to screen and looks behind. Satisfied with what she sees. She goes to desk. Here she opens handbag, extracting cigarettes. Is about to light one when apparently it dawns upon her that the smell of smoke may later betray her presence. Contemplating cigarette, she puts it back in pack, replaces pack in handbag. Withdraws nickel plated revolver, studying same. Replaces latter in bag. After studying the screens for a moment or two, she picks up bag and flashlight. Putting out desk lamp, she proceeds to find her way behind screens with aid of flashlight. Once again, stage is in complete darkness. A few minutes later JULIE ANDERSON'S voice is heard off stage.

JULIE

(Off stage)

I have my key, Warren!

DARRYL

(From Distance)

Okay, Julie! I'll be up in a few minutes.

(JULIE enters, snaps electric button which lights stage.)

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

Humming a tune she proceeds to take off fur evening wrap hanging it on coat rack beside door. Still humming she crosses to desk, turns on desk lamp, then busies herself lighting cigarette which she procures from humidor on desk. She then turns from desk and walking over to radio, turns latter on. Radio music is playing softly when DARRYL enters in evening-wear. He proceeds to remove overcoat, hanging it on coat rack.)

DARRYL

Mighty frosty out tonite, Julie. Luckily you had your key with you. When I changed this evening I forgot all about taking mine.

JULIE

Isn't it cozy and warm here, Warren? (She is sitting in chair at right of desk, smoking and listening to radio)

DARRYL

(Coming over to desk, beginning to gather various papers together)

Yes, it is. You know, I get more of a kick out of coming up here evenings, even when I'm alone, than I do going home. Somehow or other I shouldn't feel that way, I suppose . . . but, oh, it's so quiet and restful here in the building after office hours . . . hardly ever a soul in the building here at night, except old Ned upstairs.

JULIE

I haven't seen Ned . . . and his lady friend . . . Miss Adams, lately.

DARRYL

Well, Ned's getting pretty old. *(Gathering papers together and closing law books)*

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

JULIE

I've noticed that ever since he was sick a year ago she isn't with him so much.

DARRYL

Can't expect a man to keep the fire of Love burning forever, Julie. Ned's in his sixties.

JULIE

There is quite a difference in their ages.

DARRYL

(Turning to look at JULIE, then coming over to her chair, putting hands on arms of chair, bending down and looking into JULIE'S face)

Yes, Julie and there's quite a difference in our ages. Just think twenty years from now, I'll be sixty like Ned, and you'll be—

JULIE

Oh, but that's so far away, Warren!

DARRYL

(Standing erect with hands in pockets, then walking behind desk and sitting)

Not so far at that. We kid ourselves, Julie both men and women. When I was in Law School, I thought the day would never come when I would be out on my own practicing law earning money independent. Now, I have money. I'm independent but not happy. I often wish I could go back and what for? Only for one thing, Julie for Youth. Oh, God! How I envy the Youth of today! I envy you, Julie. You have that youth that freshness and buoyancy that irresponsible, happy, carefree spirit of Youth which I can't buy.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

JULIE

Warren, dear, you talk as if you were one of the ancients.

DARRYL

Oh, I might just as well be. (*Again picking up papers*)

JULIE

You know what they say "Life begins at Forty."

DARRYL

What they meant was Life begins to end at forty.

JULIE

Warren. I'll be glad when that Barker case is over. (*Pointing to material on desk, indicating brief case, etc.*)

DARRYL

It will be tomorrow But why the Barker case?

JULIE

Well, it seems that ever since you took the case you've been more or less morbid. You weren't a bit conversational at dinner tonite you didn't care about dancing. And lately when I talk with you, you seem to be miles away You haven't been acting like yourself, Warren.

DARRYL

I guess the case has got under my skin a little I pity that poor devil.

JULIE

I can't say that he has my sympathy.

DARRYL

He'll need more than sympathy tomorrow. That jury is going to find him guilty of First Degree Murder. I have

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

argued with him for hours to let me pin our hopes on an insanity plea, but do you think he'd let me do it? No, sir!

JULIE

Even so, Warren, I don't think you should have become so engrossed and absorbed in the case. You're neglecting yourself.

DARRYL

No, Julie. I'm not I'm defending myself.

JULIE

Defending yourself! Why of all things to say! What do you mean?

DARRYL

I suppose I shouldn't say this to you nevertheless, it's true and like many truths, they're bitter when told. Did you ever stop to realize how closely parallel the lives of Barker and Miss Davis were to ours? (*JULIE turns her head from DARRYL. She sits with downcast eyes*) Barker was married so am I. She was his model and secretary you're my secretary Their environment was a studio ours an office. His married life was incompatible so is mine. Cora Davis filled a void in his life so do you in mine. He was planning to get a divorce so am I. We know how that affair ended, Julie Death for both of them. We don't know how ours will end. Something catches up with all of us sooner or later. The Theologians like to call that something God I call it Nature. Yes, sir, Julie. Nature has a way of catching up with all of us sooner or later.

JULIE

(*Jumping up, stretching out arms and turning radio up a little louder*)

Warren, dear, you just have a bad case of the multi-

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

grubs as my dear old Aunt Susan puts it. Now, don't let me hear you say another word about that Barker case tonite. Please, Warren!

DARRYL

(Laughing)

Okay, Julie! I'll hush.

JULIE

Gosh! I do enjoy dining and dancing with you, Warren. It's just Heaven for a little while. *(Strains of accordion music are heard over the radio. A popular sentimental ballad of the day is being played)* Warren, listen. There's your favorite. Your theme song, as you call it.

DARRYL

That's right, so it is. *(JULIE in chair at right of desk. DARRYL in chair behind desk. JULIE begins to hum and sing a few bars of the number which is playing. DARRYL listens and occasionally whistles a few bars. The number is played softly. After the first chorus)* That's a great number!

JULIE

Come over here, Warren, and sing it with me. *(WARREN rises, goes over to sit on right arm of JULIE'S chair and joins JULIE in singing the number softly)*

DARRYL

(Both laugh after end of song)

Say, not bad! *(DARRYL rises from arm of chair, having given JULIE a little hug)* You know, Julie, I sometimes think if all of us had a little more music instilled into our hearts we'd be much happier. *(He has proceeded to chair at desk)* I had an old prof in college who used to tell us that a man wasn't cultured and thoroughly educated until he had learned to play a musical instrument. I'm afraid I didn't

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

get the meaning then I was young and Life itself was a song to have music in our hearts always was what he meant.

JULIE

(Getting up and turning off radio as DARRYL is picking up brief case and arranging material on desk)

By the way, did the State call Mr Bronson today?

DARRYL

(Laughs)

Yes, Julie. They did.

JULIE

Was he nervous?

DARRYL

You can imagine! . . . with his wife Fanny sitting in the courtroom!

JULIE

Did he have to tell . . . about giving stockings to the late Miss Davis?

DARRYL

No. I took care of that. I got ahold of Bronson before he went on the stand and impressed upon him that he didn't have to tell that. If he did . . . we would have a new divorce case in the office tomorrow morning.

JULIE

Do you think the Barker case will go to the jury tomorrow?

DARRYL

Yes. We'll finish up by noontime. I don't believe there'll be a rebuttal . . . it's an open and shut case—

JULIE

Think the jury will be out long?

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

DARRYL

No. After Barker gets through dragging Cora's name through the mud every member on the jury will have only one conviction in mind.

JULIE

It'll be the first case you've lost in a long time, Warren.

DARRYL

It was a losing cause. Don't you know, Julie that women in one respect are like horses you can't play them and win. Well, we'd better be getting along. Let me see I have everything, haven't I (*JULIE proceeds to coatrack to put on wrap, DARRYL follows after her*) You'll have to carry on alone in the morning. I'll probably be in court till noontime.

JULIE

(While they are putting on their things)

I've got to be up early tomorrow Auntie wants me to drive her out to one of her friends, before I come in to work.

DARRYL

Oh, don't try to make it at nine. I won't be here anyhow.

JULIE

(As they are about to pass off stage)

Gosh! I dread the thoughts of going out again. It must be zero.

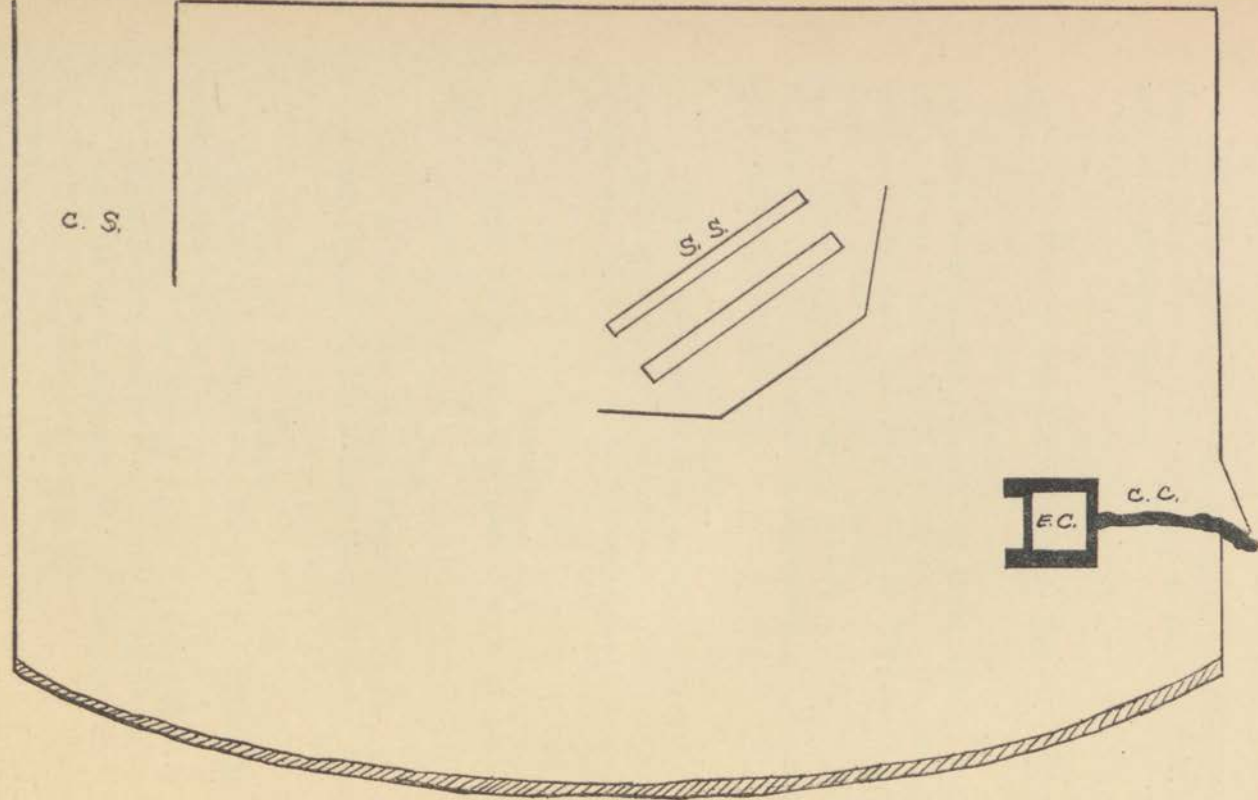
DARRYL

Not quite about two above the lad at the parking space told me.

(They exit turning off lights. Shortly after, EDNA DARRYL comes from behind screens and with the aid of flashlight she finds her way to door—she too exits)

Curtain

ACT THREE



ACT THREE
SCENES I AND II

C. S. Corridor Entrance
B. Back

C. C. Current Cable

S. S. Spectators Settee
E. C. Electric Chair

ACT III

SCENE I

STATE PRISON DEATH HOUSE. *Three months later, in Spring. Gray walls and prison bars for complete set. Up stage left center are two sets of settees for spectators and reporters. Downstage left is the electric chair. Left wall has door behind electric chair. Backstage extreme right is partitioned off corridor entrance through which SPECTATORS are admitted and through which prisoner BARKER walks, "The Last Mile." As curtain rises, two prison guards or attendants are on stage. One busily dusting off spectators settee; the second adjusting and preparing the straps of the electric chair.*

TIM

Well, O'Keefe. It won't be long now!

O'KEEFE

No, I know it. I just came from the Warden's office a few minutes ago All dem newspaper guys are out dere Two of dem women. What in hell kind of kick a woman gets watching some poor divil burn is beyond me.

TIM

It's part of their job like yours and mine.

O'KEEFE

Ah, some women are queer anyhow. They'd do anyt'ing dese days to get a thrill.

TIM

Queer is right! And the men are a damn sight queerer to pay any attention to dem. Take dat poor divil Barker Look what he's in for because of a skirt.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

O'KEEFE

Ah, dats what ye call losin' yer head over a dame.

TIM

It's the Frenchies lose their heads. Heaven forbid! I don't t'ink I could stand to see a lad's head roll off into a basket. We do it in a more refined way a shot of juice and it's all over with.

O'KEEFE

(Has finished dusting. Comes down to sit on first settee. Takes out pack of cigarettes)

Well, I guess I'll have a smoke. (TIM happens to look over at him)

TIM

Now don't go lighting dat! Don't you remember the Warden gave us hell the last time? Said the place was full of smoke.

O'KEEFE

I wouldn't mind havin' a drink right now.

TIM

I could stand a bit of a one meself I've got part of a pint in me locker downstairs.

O'KEEFE

Oh, we won't have time. *(Looking at his watch)* The bell is liable to ring anytime now.

TIM

(Looking over chair surveying job)

You know, O'Keefe, it seems a shame to bump off a bird like Barker. He isn't such a bag egg. It was dat woman She was a Tartar He told me all about her.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

O'KEEFE

Oh, it's six of one and a dozen of the other.

TIM

Ah, no! Not always. Now, you take me for instance and dat wife of mine. Heaven forgive me! Dere's times I could brain her meself . . . she gits on me noives so.

O'KEEFE

Ah, mine's no angel at times, either.

TIM

(Walking over to sit on settee beside O'KEEFE)

Well, I had to take the matter in hand. It was getting so, she was giving me hell all the time. It got so bad at home I just had to do something about it.

O'KEEFE

What did you do?

TIM

Well, I made up my mind dere must be somet'ing wrong with the woman . . . so I took her to the doctor.

O'KEEFE

What did he say?

TIM

Oh, I dunno. Cripes, he used so many big words I couldn't make head nor tail out of what he was sayin'.

O'KEEFE

Didn't you find out anything a-tall?

TIM

Oh! He said something about . . . a change was takin'

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

place. "Change," say I . . . more like a revolution . . . I could have told him dat meself

O'KEEFE

Sure, I know all about it. About a year ago I had the same trouble with Bridget. She nearly drove me crazy. Imagine! She was havin' 'loosinations. She was suspicious of me . . . t'ought I was stepping out on her.

TIM

I wouldn't put it past you, O'Keefe.

O'KEEFE

Is dat so now? Well . . . (*grunts, hunching shoulders and sticking out chest*) It isn't dat I'm not equal to it . . . but believe you me . . . dat's where you'll land . . . (*points to chair*) when you pull dat stuff.

TIM

Oh, not always. There's quite a few of dem getting away with moider. Take O'Mally, for instance. You should have seen the queen I saw him with the other night.

O'KEEFE

Dat's all very well for you to talk . . . O'Mally may be getting away with it . . . but if ever Bridget caught me two-timin' her . . . dere wouldn't be enough left of me to put in the chair.

TIM

That reminds me. (*Getting up and walking to left exit*) I better try the juice and make sure she's workin'. The old Buzzard will be comin' along any minute now to try her out himself. Sit in her O'Keefe, while I give her the juice.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

O'KEEFE

(Starts up to carry out Tim's suggestion. Suddenly it dawns on him what Tim asked him to do)

What in hell's the matter with you? Why, you damn fool! Asking me to sit in it So help me! you're crazy! *(Returns to settee)* It would be a foine t'ing now if I went and sat in it. *(Growling away to himself. TIM returns with a smile on his face)* Go ahead and laugh, you hyena—*(bell rings)*

TIM

Oh, Oh! Dere's the bell. Dey're ready. You go fetch dem newspaper boids and the rest of 'em. I'll go down and get Barker.

*(TIM leaves by door he just entered. O'KEEFE walks over to and through corridor entrance. A few minutes later, O'KEEFE comes in leading spectators, going over to stand at right of rear row of seats. The spectators file into seats. In group of spectators are first, WARREN DARRYL; second, staff artist of newspaper; third, woman reporters; fourth, doctor with stethoscope protruding from right pocket. In second row, woman in black, two newspapermen and a newspaperwoman. There is more or less whispering among spectators, nodding toward chair, etc. O'KEEFE leaves to go out same entrance he came in. A moment later, death procession enters in following orders WARDEN, O'KEEFE, BARKER, TIM. Clergyman is reading *prayer from book. Walks along side of BARKER. BARKER is handcuffed and dressed in blue denim overalls with slit in*

*NOTE: Prayer to be used by clergyman to be found on last page.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

left pant leg. As the death procession passes across stage, WARDEN steps out of line down-stage from center. Prison guards proceed to chair. A nod from one of the attendants instructs BARKER to sit in chair which he does. Clergyman stands to right of chair, reciting prayer. While one attendant is removing handcuffs, WARDEN speaks)

WARDEN

May I advise the spectators not to show any outward demonstration, but remain in silence throughout the entire procedure.

(Guards are busily engaged strapping BARKER to chair. BARKER'S sleeves are rolled up. His arms are strapped to the copper arms of chair. His hands are likewise strapped down. Guards or attendants proceed to strap ankles to copper plating on legs of chair. Slit in BARKER'S left pant leg is opened and copper bar attached to leg. Clergyman is praying by BARKER'S chair. Guards finish and walk over to stand on either side of spectators' benches)

WARDEN

Raymond Barker, have you anything to say?

RAY

Have I got anything to say? *(Sneers)* What good will it do, what I say? You wouldn't print it in Sunday School books . . . and yet a lot of those school kids may some day get more good out of what I have said than . . . reading about, "Daniel in the Lion's Den" . . . I suppose you newspaper boys will be a little disappointed if I don't say something. Listen, fellows . . . I know what you're think-

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

ing. Some of you are debating with yourselves right now whether you should keep that "date" after "the deadline" you're wondering if you'll end up like me. Get this, fellows don't lose your head over any woman she isn't worth it. God put the first woman on earth (*sneers*) what for? To get man into a Hell of a mess! Sure! Smile all you have a mind to but everyone of her sisters since the birth of time have been following her example I'm sitting in this hot seat tonight because I loved one of them oh and MR. DARRYL I want to thank you for all you've done. Probably you could have sprung me at that I must have been insane but not because I killed her but because I loved her, and I swear before GOD in Heaven, I'd do it again she was rotten and selfish and they're all alike! We're taught to tip our hats to them as little boys, to be nice to them because they're tender and cherishable. Rot! it's all rot! Because in the end they claw us to pieces like vultures Go ahead, Warden! Let her go!

(WARDEN has taken white handkerchief from left coat pocket. Is holding it in his hand. Raises hand. Meantime clergyman has withdrawn from chair, a few paces up stage, and begins the "Our Father." WARDEN drops handkerchief. There is a flash of blue flame)

Curtain

ACT THREE

SCENE II

DEATH HOUSE. *Few minutes later. Curtain rises as prison attendants are tucking white shroud around body of BARKER on hospital litter. WARDEN still standing in center of stage. Handkerchief has been picked up. WARDEN'S left hand in coat pocket. WARDEN nods to O'KEEFE to guide spectators out. TIM remains to finish with corpse on litter. The doctor has just left side of chair with stethoscope around neck. Removes same from neck and places it in pocket. Follows O'KEEFE as do other spectators. They file out slowly going over to entrance they came in. WARREN DARRYL lingers to watch the corpse which TIM wheels by him. DARRYL then follows in wake of spectators. All spectators except one have left their seats. This one, a huddled form in black, remains. WARDEN has passed on out with spectators. The only figures on stage are that of WARREN DARRYL stage center, and huddled form left in settee. JULIE ANDERSON enters, coming through corridor shortly after spectators have gone out. WARREN DARRYL is still contemplating scene of execution.*

JULIE

Oh, there you are. I looked for you as they passed out. (*Nodding to corridor entrance. Comes over to WARREN*) Warren, dear, I brought the car down. I had Jim put the luggage in back. Everything is all set for our trip—

DARRYL

Oh! oh, yes! Okay, Julie! that's fine!

JULIE

Warren. It'll be grand to get away by ourselves for a few days and you certainly need the rest. It will be splendid up in the mountains the air will do you worlds of good.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

DARRYL

Yes, You're right, Julie. I guess I do need a let-up.

JULIE

*(Looking over toward chair but not noticing
huddled figure, she shudders)*

In a way I'm glad it's all over, Warren. It took too much out of you. You shouldn't have taken the case in the first place.

DARRYL

I guess it didn't make much difference who took it.

JULIE

Well, let's hurry, Warren. We have over a hundred miles to cover, and the roads in Spring aren't so good As it is, we won't reach the hotel before morning. *(On this speech the woman in black has risen from her huddled position. Crosses settee, lifting veil, she steps down to stage, putting hand into open handbag she produces nickel-plated pistol. It is WARREN DARRYL'S wife, EDNA)*

EDNA

Oh-h-h no you don't. *(Levelling PISTOL at WARREN)*

Edna!

DARRYL

JULIE

Oh!

} *In Unison*

EDNA

So you and she were going on a little trip If I remember rightly you were supposed to be going out of town on business. I came here tonite to kill you,

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

Warren Darryl and I'm going to . . . for If I can't have you nobody can have you. I tried to do it once before in your office when you and she came in one nite but I lost my nerve. I wanted a little more time to think over some of the things you told your friend there. Why shouldn't I kill you after what I overheard that night? I heard enough to know that that you were planning to get rid of me so you could have her. You didn't know then how your affair was going to end. Well, it's going to end like his. (*Nodding her head toward door through which BARKER'S corpse has just passed*) You and I never hit it off from the beginning. Yes, I guess it was my fault. I guess I got the wrong slant on things when I was a kid. I never saw anything but poverty then I met you. You meant escape escape from a foul-smelling pig-pen to a home of luxury and ease. I wanted you and I knew there was only one way I could get you. I did but then I had another problem . . . I got rid of that because I was foolish and sentimental I didn't want to bring into the world something that wasn't wanted. I realized too late that . . . that was the only way I might have kept you or what you meant to me. I'm going to lose all that now but what difference does it make. I would have lost it all sooner or later anyhow for she has your love but she's not going to have it very long. You were right, Warren Darryl when you said something catches up with us sooner or later (*Pause. Two shots*)

(*EDNA drops on knees, head bowed. Then gun drops to floor with a clatter. JULIE has screamed and put both hands to her face. DARRYL staggers, throws up blood and crouches low holding onto his stomach with right hand, groaning*)

DARRYL

Oh! I'm hurt! Oh, my God! I'm hurt! (DARRYL

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

starts to stagger across stage to left looking over toward door through which corpse of BARKER has passed. He cries out) Barker! Barker! I'm coming too, Barker!—

(DARRYL falls on knees to floor. Just before falling, as he staggers, JULIE starts after him. She wheels around in front of him, trying to to hold DARRYL up. In last scene JULIE is on center stage half kneeling, half sitting. DARRYL is on his knees trying to hold himself up with his hands on JULIE'S shoulders)

JULIE

Oh, Warren, you're hurt! Oh, my God! but never mind, dear we'll get doctors we'll get you to the hospital at once and maybe Tomorrow—

DARRYL

Julie Tomorrow Tomorrow never comes, Julie.

(Dies in her lap)

Curtain

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

Prayer to be used by clergyman while accompanying
Barker to chair

*PRAYER

Our Father who art in Heaven—Thou most worthy Judge Eternal, to whom can we go in this hour of perplexity of mind and heaviness of heart, but unto Thee. Thou wilt in no wise cast away. 'That though our sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, though they be red as crimson, they shall be as wool.' We come, O God, in deep humility and contrition, confessing our sins and seeking Thy forgiveness and pardoning peace. We rest our case with Thee, the All-wise, All-gracious, All-loving, All-merciful Heavenly Father, realizing; nothing good have I, whereby Thy grace to claim, I'll prostrate myself before the Cross and plead the merits of Jesus' Name. Sustain, support and save the soul of this child of Thine who has wandered afar and now sincerely sorrow for his many sins, would return to His Father's House, confessing as the Prodigal of old, his unworthiness to be called Thy son. Be merciful and gracious, O God; We ask in Jesus' Name—AMEN.

*The above prayer was written by Reverend Aubrey M. Winsor (Pastor of the Essex Street Free Baptist Church, Bangor, Me.). It was written especially to be used by the clergyman or religious counselor in the play,—
"Tomorrow Never Comes."

