

cont. from p. 34

BENNY: They weren't soggy until after it rained, and it was sturdy before you walked on it.
 MORTON: (QUICKLY) But then it fell down and Joanna screamed.
 BENNY: . . . And old Ralph Skidroe came running out, do you remember that?
 MORTON: He dropped his bottle.
 BENNY: Just as well, because it turned out to be a bad batch anyway.
 MORTON: Who called the cops? Was it Miss Harnish?
 BENNY: If it was anyone, it would have been her. She had just moved into Basil's place. It was about that time, wasn't it?
 MORTON: Basil. That's right. Old Mr. Harnish did himself in. He couldn't take anymore I guess.
 BENNY: Yeh. He owed a lot of money.
 MORTON: Everybody owed money.
 BENNY: He lost his job.
 MORTON: And then she moved into Basil's place. Miss Harnish. So you think it was her?
 BENNY: 'Course, it was Harry's territory, so he might have been there anyway, but she would call the cops whenever she heard something move in the streets.
 MORTON: We all moved pretty fast in those days.
 BENNY: Some of us faster than others, what?
 MORTON: O.K. So I got away. But I did save the camera.
 BENNY: And lost most of the film on the way.
 MORTON: The important one came out all right.
 BENNY: You left me there to explain. Even Joanna got away.
 MORTON: You should have run too.
 BENNY: I was looking for my camera. I didn't know you had it.
 MORTON: We all had to look after ourselves.
 BENNY: You left me in a mess.
 MORTON: (CHUCKLES) With your broken scaffolding?
 BENNY: With Harry.
 MORTON: We wouldn't give you a hard time.
 BENNY: He found out about me and Bertha. He shoved my shoulder and kicked the boxes and said: "Hey kid." He knew me and he called me kid. He said: "kid, what are you doing playing with trash". He called it trash.
 MORTON: What else?
 BENNY: I told him it was part of my equipment. I said it's all the way you look at it through a camera. He knew my pictures.
 MORTON: Did he laugh?
 BENNY: Yeh. He was laughing real hard, having a good time.
 MORTON: So what did you do?
 BENNY: Gave him a couple of bucks.
 MORTON: You're kidding. You paid off Harry Stone?
 BENNY: He was a cop too. Does that surprise you too?
 MORTON: But Bertha's father.
 BENNY: You know. I had to deliver bread to his house the very next day.
 MORTON: You're incredible. What did he say?
 BENNY: He gave me a ten cent tip. (P).
 MORTON: I ran into Bertha a few months ago.
 BENNY: Did she remember you?
 MORTON: Did she? I wanted her to do some modeling for me.
 BENNY: So she did.
 MORTON: No. She said she couldn't. She is married now. To a lawyer, from Halifax.
 BENNY: (IMPRESSED) A lawyer. Well, good for her.
 MORTON: She made a point of telling me his office is on Barrington Street.
 BENNY: Barrington Street.
 MORTON: Yes. Overlooking the harbour she said. Pretty big time, what?
 BENNY: Well, well. Two success stories from our old neighbourhood.
 MORTON: Yes, Bertha Rhinestone. How I used to shine with Bertha!
 BENNY: What? You too Morton?
 MORTON: Don't tell me you and Bertha had something going?
 BENNY: Did you take me for a priest or something?
 MORTON: Hardly a priest Benny. An alter boy maybe. (LAUGHS) But I always put you and Minnie together. I can't imagine you with anyone but Minnie.
 BENNY: Bertha was before Minnie. (P) But, so were all the pictures too. (P) We were kids then.
 MORTON: And working here in the bakery? What about your plans to - make it big? Don't you tell me that you've stopped dreaming.
 BENNY: I'm making a living in this bakery Morton. We have all grown up. (P) I'm sure you don't go around kicking cans down streets anymore.
 MORTON: Sure I do.
 BENNY: In those shiny black shoes? Don't lie to me Morton. Even you wouldn't scuff a pair of shoes over a tin can.
 MORTON: You're right. (P) I put sneakers on to do it. (LAUGHS)
 BENNY: (GETTING ANGRY) Ha! You can afford to change your shoes these days. (P) But what about me? Can I afford to change?
 MORTON: You're touchy Benny. We all need a change of scenery now and then. (P) I know -- I can see you do too. So relax.
 BENNY: Relax? You tell me to relax?
 MORTON: (TRYING TO BE CALM) That's right. Just take it easy. (P) I don't like to think I got you upset. You're a good man, Benny. So just take whatever comes your way. All right.
 BENNY: You really think I have talent Morton?
 MORTON: Talent! I wish I had your talent when I was a kid Benny.

BENNY: And now?
 MORTON: And just look at you. You're incredible. Did you know that you have flour dust . . .
 BENNY: . . . under my eyes, I know that, but what does that have to . . .
 MORTON: (QUIETLY) It's all so perfect. I can use you.
 BENNY: I still have my equipment.
 MORTON: What's that?
 BENNY: (EXCITED) My equipment: camera, lights, everything, everything! They've been in the closet for years, but I'm sure everything is in perfect condition. (SOUND OF A LOUD BELL) . . . Look Morton, I have to get back to work. (P) Are you staying around here long?
 MORTON: Not long. I want to get my crew down here -- they are going to love this place, I know it.
 BENNY: Well don't leave until you have supper with me and Minnie after work. Don't say no. I want you to talk to her too! Look, here is my address. (PAUSE WHILE HE WRITES).
 MORTON: I don't know whether I could eat with . . .
 BENNY: Morton, this neighbourhood is important to Minnie too. It's where she has always been, so she should be in on what's ahead.
 MORTON: You live in a pizzeria!
 BENNY: We live upstairs -- they make the pizzas downstairs.
 MORTON: (DRIFTING) This is too much! It's hot there too, I bet the cooks, do they swear when they toss those pasteries up?
 BENNY: Look, we can open a window. It's nothing fancy. (P) I've got to go. Will you come?
 MORTON: Oh, I wouldn't miss it. (DRIFTING) A pizzeria -- (FADE INTO THE NOISE OF OPENING SCENE. MUMBLING, SHUFFLING, TRAYS.)



<p>DEATH</p> <p>There is, it seems to me, A natural order of things, Which affects all of us, In the way we shall be; Right from the first living breath, Till the day of our death.</p> <p>There are, it seems to me, Only around three things, Which have to be overcome, To really and truly be, These things are, in earnest, The birth, and life, and death.</p> <p>This death I speak about, It's the time when our soul, Passes from our body, It can then move about, Without a single breath, Because it's now over death.</p> <p>JOHN M. ERSKINE</p>	<p>LIFE</p> <p>Life, It can be harsh Or it can be delicate, It can be complicated Or it can be simple, Life has its big problems, And it has its little ones.</p> <p>Life, It can be suprising Or it can be expected, It can be given And it can be received, Life has its ups, And it has its downs.</p> <p>Life, It can be hard Or it can be soft, It can be fun Or it can be a real bummer, Life in all its certainty, Can be very uncertain all the same.</p> <p>JOHN M. ERSKINE</p>
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<p>MIDNIGHT QUEST</p> <p>Let us leave now . . . If we dare Let us travel tonight down darkened labyrinths Where silent footsteps reign To see ourselves in pools of stars To watch infinity fade like moon shadows From a celestial mirro</p> <p>Let us hold communion with the night and be driven by messianic passion. To creep with the low winged denizens of the dark ancient plain.</p> <p>Let us glory in the dreams of a universe. Let's hold conference Let us find a door Let us go It's time</p> <p>GLENN DOUGLAS LOVE</p>
