

FOREIGNER SIDE 1: FROGGY & CHARLIE

*Froggy, a man in the military, who has a short stint in the USA - deep in the Georgia backwoods - has brought along his old pal **Charlie** to get him away from a tough situation back home (Charlie's wife is dying) Upon arriving at his lodgings, Charlie expresses regret for coming on the trip and in the ensuing conversation **Froggy** learns a bit more than he'd like about **Charlie** and his wife.*

CHARLIE – I should have stayed with Mary at the hospital. When a man's wife is dying, he belongs with her, not – not in Georgia.

FROGGY – We'll only be here three days.

CHARLIE – Still, with only six months left. Six months before she...

FROGGY – Now, now. Doctors have been wrong before. Besides, Mary wanted yer to come 'ere with me, you know that. Fairly begged me to take yer, she did.

CHARLIE – yes and I agreed, but..

FROGGY – Yes, and she was right too, if I do say it. The way you were 'angin' about the 'ospital, pinin' away. You were lookin' worse than she did. She was worried for you, I could see it in 'er eyes.

CHARLIE – (sigh) Oh Froggy.

FROGGY – Wot?

CHARLIE – I don't think worry was what you saw in Mary's eyes.

FROGGY – Wot? 'Course it was.

CHARLIE – Oh Froggy, for someone I see so little, you're such a good friend, I – I'm so bad at talking to people. But, I think you ought to know, Mary – Mary doesn't like me, very much.

FROGGY – Go on.

CHARLIE – No, no. The fact is she finds me boring.

FROGGY – no...

CHARLIE – Yes, yes. Yes. That's why she wanted me to go away, she simply finds me shatteringly, profoundly boring.

FROGGY – Now why would she think that, eh?

CHARLIE – Because I am. I know it. There I've sat behind my proofreader's desk for twenty-seven years. I sometimes wonder if a science fiction magazine even needs a proofreader. Does anyone really care whether there is one K or two in "Klatu, barada, nikto"? No, no, I'm boring all right. I've often wondered-

how does one acquire personality. What it must be like to tell a funny story. To arouse laughter. Anger. Respect.

FROGGY – You were a good officer. And we can't 'ave wars yer know. You would have faced enemy fire with the best if you'd 'ad to.

CHARLIE – That's something I'll always wonder.

FROGGY – Well, don't wonder. And don't wonder about Mary either. I don't know 'er very well, but I know that a looker like wot she is, she's 'ad 'er chances. She could've cast 'er eye on some other bloke, but she never 'as, now, 'as she? (*getting no reply*) Eh? (*pause*) 'As she?

CHARLIE – Oh.....

FROGGY – Naaow.

CHARLIE – Yes.

FROGGY – All right, all right. You've caught 'er flirtin' with some bloke, is that it? Caught 'er makin' eyes at some bloke?

CHARLIE – Yes

FROGGY – Where was it?

CHARLIE - In the shower.

FROGGY – Oh, God – well, all right, all right, it 'appens in the best of marriages . Eh? One little mistake. One little dalliance, that's no reason for you –(*noting CHARLIE'S expression*) for you to – More than one?(*CHARLIE nods*) More than – two? (*CHARLIE nods*) 'ow many then?

CHARLIE – Twenty-three