

She is a girl of sixteen and wears a denim shirt, dungarees and sneakers. A bicycle bell rings off U. I. Millie hears it and moves more quickly to the front steps, grabbing her cap from a nail by the kitchen door. She sits on the R. side of the steps and gets a cigarette and matches out of her hiding place by the step and lights up as Bomber, a newsboy, rides in from alley U. I., throws a paper on Mrs. Potts' porch, parks his bike U. R. of the alley gate and, taking a paper with him, crosses down to the C. of the lawn, looking up at Madge Owens' window. Bomber slams the paper down on the porch, trying to attract attention. He succeeds.

MILLIE. Hey, Crazy, you want to knock the house down?
BOMBER. I don't hear you.

MILLIE. If you ever break a window you'll hear me!

BOMBER. (Crosses D. to C.) Go back to bed and tell your pretty sister to come out. It's no fun lookin' at you!

Millie ignores him. Bomber crosses to steps, right foot up. I'm talkin' to you, Goonface!

MILLIE. (Jumping up and poisoning herself for a fight.) You ornery bastard, take that back!

Bomber jumps back just out of reach.

BOMBER. Listen to her! She cusses just like a man!

MILLIE. (Going after him with doubled fists.) I'll kill you, you ornery bastard! I'll kill you!

Bomber ducks the first blow, which is aimed at his head, and takes the rest on his arms as he jeers.

BOMBER. Lookit Mrs. Tar-zan! Lookit Mrs. Tar-zan!

Madge comes onto porch from front door. She is eighteen and very beautiful. She is drying her hair with a towel. She sits on the porch corner.

MADGE. Who's making all this noise?

Bomber looks up, seeing Madge, and the fight stops.

BOMBER. (Crosses to Madge.) Hi, Madge!

MADGE. Hi, Bomber.

START

BOMBER. I hope I didn't wake you, Madge, or bother you or anything.

Millie crosses u. to paper which Bomber threw on porch.

MADGE. Of course not.

BOMBER. Hey, Madge, a bunch of us guys are chippin' in on a hot rod—radio and everything. I get it every Friday night.

Millie crosses D., sits on chair in C. of yard, opens paper as she crosses.

MADGE. I'm not one of those girls that jump in a hot rod every time you boys turn a corner and honk.

MILLIE. Alan Seymour sends her flowers every time they go out.

BOMBER. (*To Madge.*) I can't send you flowers, Baby—but I can send you!

MILLIE. Listen to him braggin'!

BOMBER. (*Squats at Madge's L. on step.*) Lemme pick you up some night after Seymour brings you home.

MADGE. That wouldn't be fair to Alan, would it? We go steady.

MILLIE. (*To Bomber.*) Don't you know what "steady" means, stupid?
BOMBER. (*Ignoring Millie.*) I seen you riding around in his Cadillac like you was a duchess.

He turns away to C. Hal enters from D. L. and gets rake from the shed.

Why do good-looking girls have to be so stuck on themselves?

MADGE. (*Jumps up, furious.*) I'm not stuck on myself! You take that back, Bomber Gutzell!

BOMBER. (*Turning back to her.*) Lemme pick you up some night!

MADGE. (*Walks u. to kitchen door, disgusted.*) Bomber!

BOMBER. (*Following her.*) We'll get some cans of beer—

MILLIE. Why don't you leave her alone!

Madge crosses D. on porch to front door, Bomber following Hal, growing interested, leans rake against trellis and ambles to C.

BOMBER. (*Grabbing Madge's arm.*) Aw, c'mon, Madge! Give a guy a break!