

# Daryl & Lucy

## SCENE 4

(1945. ASHEVILLE. LOBBY OF THE ASHEVILLE SOUTHERN JOURNAL.)

(A busy office. The front desk is manned by DARYL AMES. LUCY GRANT, an editor, mans her station. The desk bears a sign: "Asheville Southern Journal". BILLY enters, holding his manuscript.)

Start  
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**BILLY CANE**

(to DARYL)

Hello, is this the Asheville Southern Journal?

(DARYL leans over and cranes to read the lettering on the front of his desk.)

**DARYL**

Good question, because this sign is often wrong.

**LUCY**

Don't mind Daryl.

**BILLY CANE**

If someone wanted to submit some stories to your magazine....

**LUCY**

Let me hand them to the nice man.

(LUCY takes BILLY's manuscript, gives it to DARYL who starts to put it in the "round file.")

**DARYL**

Then wave them goodbye.

**BILLY CANE**

Why wave them goodbye?

(BILLY retrieves the manuscript from the trash can.)

**DARYL**

Because our editor, Miss Alice Murphy, is one of the keenest editors in America. The New Yorker magazine sent people down here to try and hire her away.

**LUCY**

But she wants to stay right here in North Carolina.

**BILLY CANE**

That's good!

**DARYL**

Not for young tadpoles like you.

**LUCY**

She once made Ernest Hemmingway cry. He lay right there, banged his fists on the floor and sobbed.

**BILLY CANE**

Why?

**LUCY**

He used the word "their" as a singular pronoun.

**BILLY CANE**

Look, I came all the way from Hayes Creek and I gotta get back, so...

**DARYL**

Well, aren't we busy.

**BILLY CANE**

Can I pick up my stories tomorrow?

*(DARYL and LUCY both laugh.)*

**DARYL**

Look, you think we're going to read them by tomorrow, if at all?

**LUCY**

I'm sorry but we don't even read young writers anymore without a whopping letter of recommendation.

**DARYL**

Hmm. Now where did that door go? Oh! There it is...

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End