

## EPISODE THREE

### Honeymoon

*Scene: hotel bedroom: bed, chair, mirror. The door at the back now opens on a bathroom; the window, on a dancing casino opposite.*

*Sounds: a small jazz band (violin, piano, saxophone – very dim, at first, then louder).*

#### *Characters*

YOUNG WOMAN

HUSBAND

BELLBOY

*Offstage: seen but not heard, MEN and WOMEN dancing in couples.*

*At rise: set dark. BELLBOY, HUSBAND, and YOUNG WOMAN enter. BELLBOY carries luggage. He switches on light by door. Stop music.*

HUSBAND: Well, here we are. *(Throws hat on bed; BELLBOY puts luggage down, crosses to window; raises shade three inches. Opens window three inches. Sounds of jazz music louder. Offstage.)*

BELLBOY *(comes to man for tip)*. Anything else, Sir? *(Receives tip. Exits.)*

HUSBAND. Well, here we are.

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes, here we are.

HUSBAND. Aren't you going to take your hat off – stay a while? *(YOUNG WOMAN looks around as though looking for a way out, then takes off her hat, pulls the hair automatically around her ears.)* This is all right, isn't it? Huh? Huh?

YOUNG WOMAN. It's very nice.

HUSBAND. Twelve bucks a day! They know how to soak you in these pleasure resorts. Twelve bucks! *(Music.)* Well – we'll get our money's worth out of it all right. *(Goes toward bathroom.)*

I'm going to wash up. (*Stops at door.*) Don't you want to wash up?

YOUNG WOMAN *shakes head 'No'*.

I do! It was a long trip! I want to wash up!

*Goes off – closes door; sings in bathroom. YOUNG WOMAN goes to window – raises shade – sees the dancers going round and round in couples. Music is louder. Re-enter HUSBAND.*

Say, pull that blind down! They can see in!

YOUNG WOMAN. I thought you said there'd be a view of the ocean!

HUSBAND. Sure there is.

YOUNG WOMAN. I just see people – dancing.

HUSBAND. The ocean's beyond.

YOUNG WOMAN (*desperately*). I was counting on seeing it!

HUSBAND. You'll see it tomorrow – what's eating you? We'll take in the boardwalk – Don't you want to wash up?

YOUNG WOMAN. No!

HUSBAND. It was a long trip. Sure you don't? (YOUNG WOMAN *shakes her head 'No'*. HUSBAND *takes off his coat – puts it over chair.*) Better make yourself at home. I'm going to. (*She stares at him – moves away from the window.*) Say, pull down that blind! (*Crosses to chair down left – sits.*)

YOUNG WOMAN. It's close – don't you think it's close?

HUSBAND. Well – you don't want people looking in, do you? (*Laughs.*) Huh – huh?

YOUNG WOMAN. No.

HUSBAND (*laughs*). I guess not. Huh? (*Takes off shoes. YOUNG WOMAN leaves the window, and crosses down to the bed.*) Say – you look a little white around the gills! What's the matter?

YOUNG WOMAN. Nothing.

HUSBAND. You look like you're scared.

YOUNG WOMAN. No.

HUSBAND. Nothing to be scared of. You're with your husband, you know. (*Takes her to chair, left.*)

YOUNG WOMAN. I know.

HUSBAND. Happy?

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes.

HUSBAND (*sitting*). Then come here and give us a kiss. (*He puts her on his knee.*) That's the girlie. (*He bends her head down, and kisses her along the back of her neck.*) Like that? (*She tries to get to her feet.*) Say – stay there! What you moving for? – You know – you got to learn to relax, little girl – (*Dancers go off. Dim lights. Pinches her above knee.*) Say, what you got under there?

YOUNG WOMAN. Nothing.

HUSBAND. Nothing! (*Laughs.*) That's a good one! Nothing, huh? Huh? That reminds me of the story of the pullman porter and the – what's the matter – did I tell you that one? (*Music dims off and out.*)

YOUNG WOMAN. I don't know.

HUSBAND. The pullman porter and the tart?

YOUNG WOMAN. No.

HUSBAND. It's a good one – well – the train was just pulling out and the tart –

YOUNG WOMAN. You did tell that one!

HUSBAND. About the –

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes! Yes! I remember now!

HUSBAND. About the –

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes!

HUSBAND. All right – if I did. You're sure it was the one about the –

YOUNG WOMAN. I'm sure.

HUSBAND. When he asked her what she had underneath her seat and she said –

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes! Yes! That one!

HUSBAND. All right – But I don't believe I did. (*She tries to get up again, as he holds her.*) You know you have got something under there – what is it?

YOUNG WOMAN. Nothing – just – just my garter.

HUSBAND. Your garter! Your garter! Say did I tell you the one about –

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes! Yes!

HUSBAND (*with dignity*). How do you know which one I meant?

YOUNG WOMAN. You told me them all!

HUSBAND (*pulling her back to his knee*). No, I didn't! Not by a jugful! I got a lot of 'em up my sleeve yet – that's part of what I owe my success to – my ability to spring a good story – You know – you got to learn to relax, little girl – haven't you?

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes.

HUSBAND. That's one of the biggest things to learn in life. That's part of what I owe my success to. Now you go and get those heavy things off – and relax.

YOUNG WOMAN. They're not heavy.

HUSBAND. You haven't got much on – have you? But you'll feel better with 'em off. (*Gets up.*) Want me to help you?

YOUNG WOMAN. No.

HUSBAND. I'm your husband, you know.

YOUNG WOMAN. I know.

HUSBAND. You aren't afraid of your husband, are you?

YOUNG WOMAN. No – of course not – but I thought maybe – can't we go out for a little while?

HUSBAND. Out? What for?

YOUNG WOMAN. Fresh air – walk – talk.

HUSBAND. We can talk here – I'll tell you all about myself. Go along now. (YOUNG WOMAN *goes toward bathroom door. Gets bag.*) Where are you going?

YOUNG WOMAN. In here.

HUSBAND. I thought you'd want to wash up.

YOUNG WOMAN. I just want to – get ready.

HUSBAND. You don't have to go in there to take your clothes off!

YOUNG WOMAN. I want to.

HUSBAND. What for?

YOUNG WOMAN. I always do.

HUSBAND. What?

YOUNG WOMAN. Undress by myself.

HUSBAND. You've never been married till now – have you? (*Laughs.*) Or have you been putting something over on me?

YOUNG WOMAN. No.

HUSBAND. I understand – kind of modest – huh? Huh?

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes.

HUSBAND. I understand women – (*Indulgently.*) Go along.

*She goes off – starts to close door. YOUNG WOMAN exits.*

Don't close the door – thought you wanted to talk.

*He looks around the room with satisfaction – after a pause – rises – takes off his collar.*

You're awful quiet – what are you doing in there?

YOUNG WOMAN. Just – getting ready –

HUSBAND (*still in his mood of satisfaction*). I'm going to enjoy life from now on – I haven't had such an easy time of it. I got where I am by hard work and self denial – now I'm going to enjoy life – I'm going to make up for all I missed – aren't you about ready?

YOUNG WOMAN. Not yet.

HUSBAND. Next year maybe we'll go to Paris. You can buy a lot of that French underwear – and Switzerland – all my life I've wanted a Swiss watch – that I bought right there – I coulda' got a Swiss watch here, but I always wanted one that I bought right there – Isn't that funny – huh? Isn't it? Huh? Huh?

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes.

HUSBAND. All my life I've wanted a Swiss watch that I bought right there. All my life I've counted on having that some day – more than anything – except one thing – you know what?

YOUNG WOMAN. No.

HUSBAND. Guess.

YOUNG WOMAN. I can't.

HUSBAND. Then I'm coming in and tell you.

YOUNG WOMAN. No! Please! Please don't.

HUSBAND. Well hurry up then! I thought you women didn't wear much of anything these days – huh? Huh? I'm coming in!

YOUNG WOMAN. No – no! Just a minute!

HUSBAND. All right. Just a minute. (*YOUNG WOMAN is silent.*

*HUSBAND laughs and takes out watch.*) 13 – 14 – I'm counting the seconds on you – that's what you said, didn't you – just a minute! – 49 – 50 – 51 – 52 – 53 –

*Enter YOUNG WOMAN.*

YOUNG WOMAN (*at the door*). Here I am. (*She wears a little white gown that hangs very straight. She is very still, but her eyes are wide with a curious, helpless, animal terror.*)

HUSBAND (*starts toward her – stops. The room is in shadow except for one dim light by the bed. Sound of girl weeping*). You crying? (*Sound of weeping.*) What you crying for? (*Crosses to her.*)

YOUNG WOMAN (*crying out*). Ma! Ma! I want my mother!

HUSBAND. I thought you were glad to get away from her.

YOUNG WOMAN. I want her now – I want somebody.

HUSBAND. You got me, haven't you?

YOUNG WOMAN. Somebody – somebody –

HUSBAND. There's nothing to cry about. There's nothing to cry about.

*The scene blacks out. The music continues until the lights go up for Episode Four. Rhythm of the music is gradually replaced by the sound of steel riveting for Episode Four.*