

## EPISODE SEVEN

### Domestic

*Scene: a sitting room: a divan, a telephone, a window.*

#### *Characters*

HUSBAND

YOUNG WOMAN

*They are seated on opposite ends of the divan. They are both reading papers – to themselves.*

HUSBAND. Record production.

YOUNG WOMAN. Girl turns on gas.

HUSBAND. Sale hits a million –

YOUNG WOMAN. Woman leaves all for love –

HUSBAND. Market trend steady –

YOUNG WOMAN. Young wife disappears –

HUSBAND. Owns a life interest –

*Phone rings. YOUNG WOMAN looks toward it.*

That's for me. (*In phone.*) Hello – oh hello, A.B. It's all settled? – Everything signed? Good. Good! Tell R.A. to call me up. (*Hangs up phone – to YOUNG WOMAN.*) Well, it's all settled. They signed! – aren't you interested? Aren't you going to ask me?

YOUNG WOMAN (*by rote*). Did you put it over?

HUSBAND. Sure I put it over.

YOUNG WOMAN. Did you swing it?

HUSBAND. Sure I swung it.

YOUNG WOMAN. Did they come through?

HUSBAND. Sure they came through.

YOUNG WOMAN. Did they sign?

HUSBAND. I'll say they signed.

YOUNG WOMAN. On the dotted line?

HUSBAND. On the dotted line.

YOUNG WOMAN. The property's yours?

HUSBAND. The property's mine. I'll put a first mortgage. I'll put a second mortgage and the property's mine. Happy?

YOUNG WOMAN (*by rote*). Happy.

HUSBAND (*going to her*). The property's mine! It's not all that's mine! (*Pinching her cheek – happy and playful.*) I got a first mortgage on her – I got a second mortgage on her – and she's mine!

YOUNG WOMAN *pulls away swiftly.*

What's the matter?

YOUNG WOMAN. Nothing – what?

HUSBAND. You flinched when I touched you.

YOUNG WOMAN. No.

HUSBAND. You haven't done that in a long time.

YOUNG WOMAN. Haven't I?

HUSBAND. You used to do it every time I touched you .

YOUNG WOMAN. Did I?

HUSBAND. Didn't know that, did you?

YOUNG WOMAN (*unexpectedly*). Yes. Yes, I know it.

HUSBAND. Just purity.

YOUNG WOMAN. No.

HUSBAND. Oh, I liked it. Purity.

YOUNG WOMAN. No.

HUSBAND. You're one of the purest women that ever lived.

YOUNG WOMAN. I'm just like anybody else only – (*Stops.*)

HUSBAND. Only what?

YOUNG WOMAN (*pause*). Nothing.

HUSBAND. It must be something.

*Phone rings. She gets up and goes to window.*

HUSBAND (*in phone*). Hello – hello, R.A. – well, I put it over – yeah, I swung it – sure they came through – did they sign? On the dotted line! The property's mine. I made the proposition. I sold them the idea. Now watch me. Tell D.D. to call me up.

*(Hangs up.)* That was R.A. What are you looking at?

YOUNG WOMAN. Nothing.

HUSBAND. You must be looking at something.

YOUNG WOMAN. Nothing – the moon.

HUSBAND. The moon's something, isn't it?

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes.

HUSBAND. What's it doing?

YOUNG WOMAN. Nothing.

HUSBAND. It must be doing something.

YOUNG WOMAN. It's moving – moving – *(She comes down restlessly.)*

HUSBAND. Pull down the shade, my dear.

YOUNG WOMAN. Why?

HUSBAND. People can look in.

*Phone rings.*

Hello – hello D.D. – Yes – I put it over – they came across – I put it over on them – yep – yep – yep – I'll say I am – yep – on the dotted line – Now you watch me – yep. Yep yep. Tell B.M. to phone me. *(Hangs up.)* That was D.D. *(To YOUNG WOMAN who has come down to davenport and picked up a paper.)* Aren't you listening?

YOUNG WOMAN. I'm reading.

HUSBAND. What you reading?

YOUNG WOMAN. Nothing.

HUSBAND. Must be something. *(He sits and picks up his paper.)*

YOUNG WOMAN *(reading)*. Prisoner escapes – lifer breaks jail – shoots way to freedom –

HUSBAND. Don't read that stuff – listen – here's a first rate editorial. I agree with this. I agree absolutely. Are you listening?

YOUNG WOMAN. I'm listening.

HUSBAND *(importantly)*. All men are born free and entitled to the pursuit of happiness. *(YOUNG WOMAN gets up.)* My, you're nervous tonight.

YOUNG WOMAN. I try not to be.

HUSBAND. You inherit that from your mother. She was in the office today.

YOUNG WOMAN. Was she?

HUSBAND. To get her allowance.

YOUNG WOMAN. Oh –

HUSBAND. Don't you know it's the *first*.

YOUNG WOMAN. Poor Ma.

HUSBAND. What would she do without me?

YOUNG WOMAN. I know. You're very good.

HUSBAND. One thing – she's grateful.

YOUNG WOMAN. Poor Ma – poor Ma.

HUSBAND. She's got to have care.

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes. She's got to have care.

HUSBAND. A mother's a very precious thing – a good mother.

YOUNG WOMAN (*excitedly*). I try to be a good mother.

HUSBAND. Of course you're a good mother.

YOUNG WOMAN. I try! I try!

HUSBAND. A mother's a very precious thing – (*Resuming his paper.*) And a child's a very precious thing. Precious jewels.

YOUNG WOMAN (*reading*). Sale of jewels and precious stones.

YOUNG WOMAN *puts her hand to throat.*

HUSBAND. What's the matter?

YOUNG WOMAN. I feel as though I were drowning.

HUSBAND. Drowning?

YOUNG WOMAN. With stones around my neck.

HUSBAND. You just imagine that.

YOUNG WOMAN. Stifling.

HUSBAND. You don't breathe deep enough – breathe now -- look at me. (*He breathes.*) Breath is life. Life is breath.

YOUNG WOMAN (*suddenly*). And what is death?

HUSBAND (*smartly*). Just – no breath!

YOUNG WOMAN (*to herself*). Just no breath.

*Takes up paper.*

HUSBAND. All right?

YOUNG WOMAN. All right.

HUSBAND (*reads as she stares at her paper. Looks up after a pause.*) I feel cold air, my dear.

YOUNG WOMAN. Cold air?

HUSBAND. Close the window, will you?

YOUNG WOMAN. It isn't open.

HUSBAND. Don't you feel cold air?

YOUNG WOMAN. No – you just imagine it.

HUSBAND. I never imagine anything. (*YOUNG WOMAN is staring at the paper.*) What are you reading?

YOUNG WOMAN. Nothing.

HUSBAND. You must be reading something.

YOUNG WOMAN. Woman finds husband dead.

HUSBAND (*uninterested*). Oh. (*Interested.*) Here's a man says 'I owe my success to a yeast cake a day – my digestion is good – I sleep very well – and – (*His wife gets up, goes toward door.*) Where you going?

YOUNG WOMAN. No place.

HUSBAND. You must be going some place.

YOUNG WOMAN. Just – to bed.

HUSBAND. It isn't eleven yet. Wait.

YOUNG WOMAN. Wait?

HUSBAND. It's only ten-forty-six – wait! (*Holds out his arms to her.*) Come here!

YOUNG WOMAN (*takes a step toward him – recoils*). Oh – I want to go away!

HUSBAND. Away? Where?

YOUNG WOMAN. Anywhere – away.

HUSBAND. Why, what's the matter?

YOUNG WOMAN. I'm scared.

HUSBAND. What of?

YOUNG WOMAN. I can't sleep – I haven't slept.

HUSBAND. That's nothing.

YOUNG WOMAN. And the moon – when it's full moon.

HUSBAND. That's nothing.

YOUNG WOMAN. I can't sleep.

HUSBAND. Of course not. It's the light.

YOUNG WOMAN. I don't see it! I feel it! I'm afraid.

HUSBAND (*kindly*). Nonsense – come here.

YOUNG WOMAN. I want to go away.

HUSBAND. But I can't get away now.

YOUNG WOMAN. Alone!

HUSBAND. You've never been away alone.

YOUNG WOMAN. I know.

HUSBAND. What would you do?

YOUNG WOMAN. Maybe I'd sleep.

HUSBAND. Now you wait.

YOUNG WOMAN (*desperately*). Wait?

HUSBAND. We'll take a trip – we'll go to Europe – I'll get my watch – I'll get my Swiss watch – I've always wanted a Swiss watch that I bought right there – isn't that funny? Wait – wait. (YOUNG WOMAN *comes down to davenport – sits. Husband resumes his paper.*) Another revolution below the Rio Grande.

YOUNG WOMAN. Below the Rio Grande?

HUSBAND. Yes – another –

YOUNG WOMAN. Anyone – hurt?

HUSBAND. No.

YOUNG WOMAN. Any prisoners?

HUSBAND. No.

YOUNG WOMAN. All free?

HUSBAND. All free.

*He resumes his paper. YOUNG WOMAN sits, staring ahead of her. The music of the hand organ sounds off very dimly, playing Cielito Lindo. Voices begin to sing it – 'Ay-ay-ay-ay' – and then the words – the music and voices get louder.*

THE VOICE OF HER LOVER. They were a bunch of bandidos – bandits you know – holding me there – what was I to do – I had to get free – didn't I? I had to get free –

VOICES. Free – free – free –

LOVER. I filled an empty bottle with small stones –

VOICES. Stones – stones – precious stones – millstones – stones – stones – millstones

LOVER. Just a bottle with small stones.

VOICES. Stones – stones – small stones –

LOVER. You only need a bottle with small stones.

VOICES. Stones – stones – small stones –

VOICE OF A HUCKSTER. Stones for sale – stones – stones – small stones – precious stones –

VOICES. Stones – stones – precious stones –

LOVER. Had to get free, didn't I? Free?

VOICES. Free? Free?

LOVER. Quien sabe? Who knows? Who knows?

VOICES. Who'd know? Who'd know? Who'd know?

HUCKSTER. Stones – stones – small stones – big stones – millstones – cold stones – head stones –

VOICES. Head stones – head stones – head stones.

*The music – the voices – mingle – increase – the YOUNG WOMAN flies from her chair and cries out in terror.*

YOUNG WOMAN. Oh! Oh!

*The scene blacks out – the music and the dim voices, 'Stones – stones – stones,' continue until the scene lights for Episode Eight.*