

Jewel: Please don't go. There's something I've got to get settled between us.

Hobie: Save your breath!

Jewel: Hobie, look at me. . . Please, Hobie. I've got so much to say and so little time. . .
I tried my best to put it all in a letter to you, Hobie. I did write a long one. . .but when it came to mailing it. . .I lost my nerve. . .
It's so hard to say in writing what you want. . .I knew it'd only make you all the more miserable, shut up over there. . .I couldn't. . .

Hobie: You couldn't. . .But you could let me find out from Roy. . .before the whole gang!

Jewel: I know I'd ought've told you when I was down here before. I started to, but I couldn't bring myself to. . .

Hobie: Ditching me for him. . .And all the time you let me go on thinking you. . .

Jewel: If I could only make you see how it was.

Hobie: I see it all right!

Jewel: No, Hobie, you've got to hear me. . .

Hobie: You've got nothing I want to hear.

Jewel: Hobie, I can't let you go, hating me like this. . .

Hobie: All right. . .I'd just like to know what excuse you got.

Jewel: Sit down again, won't you? At first, with you gone, you got no idea how terribly lonely I was. I couldn't sleep or eat of anything. Blanche and Earl kept urging me to go out and enjoy myself. . .but I didn't care about seeing anybody. All I could think of was you over there. . .

Hobie: Yeah!

Jewel: One night this spring Blanche made me go with her to a social down at the church. Roy was there and he came up to me and asked to take me home. I don't know why I went with him, specially on top of that trouble you had with him. Except that I was feeling so blue. . .I didn't care one way or the other. . .well, after that he got in the habit of calling on me taking me out to shows, and for rides in his car. Marrying him was the farthest thing from my mind. You've got to believe that, Hobie.

Hobie: Go on! Go ahead!

Jewel: Roy hadn't been coming around very long before he proposed. It was one night we drove into Trenton to see a movie. . .naturally, I turned him down. I told him how I felt about you. I told him I couldn't love him, but he said it didn't make any difference. The next morning I told Blanche he'd asked me. All Blanche has ever wanted was for me to be happy and settled in a home of my own. . .you know how ambitious she is for me. She kept digging it in to me to accept him; she and I had a long talk about it. Blanche made it clear whatever I did I couldn't ever hope to have you. No matter when they let you out. She kept repeating it. That I owed it to her and Earl to get a husband who'd look after me. I couldn't argue with you locked up. . .no telling how long over in Rabway. . .when I saw myself waiting, maybe all those years, till you got out. . .

Hobie: Well, I'm out now! What you going to do about it?

Jewel: I don't hardly see anything I can do about it, Hobie. . .

Hobie: Oh, you don't, huh? You can tell him you changed your mind, can't you? Any law suit against that?

Jewel: I know, but. . .

Hobie: I s'pose you didn't same as tell me you'd wait till I got out, did you? When he started taking you round to shows in his new car, you forgot all about that didn't you? Well, I haven't forgot!

(taking a bundle of dog-eared letters from his pocket)

Wait a minute. . .I got something I want to read you.

"You don't know, Hobie dear, how I miss you. I love you so much. I think about you all the time, I pray every night you'll be let out, so you can come back to me."

Jewel: I meant every word, Hobie. . I wrote that last winter,before. . .

Hobie: And this is June! And in the meantime, you saw a chance to feather you nest, so you. . .

Jewel: No, Hobie!

Hobie: Why couldn't you have the guts to hold out! Why'd you have to spoil everything!

(He takes her left hand roughly and looks at the engagement ring)
You're giving this piece of junk back to him. And call the whole business off. . .My God, if he's going to have you. . .

Jewel: Hobie,listen to me. . .I don't expect you to understand this. . .but I don't want to call it off.

Hobie: You want to marry that. . .
You got your eye on all that land and easy living. . .why don't you come out and say it! I'd think a lot more of you!

Jewel: That's not the reason, Hobie. . .

Hobie: The hell it isn't the reason! You just said you don't love him!

Jewel: I trust him.

Hobie: Christ!

Jewel: In marriage that means a lot sometimes. . .I won't have to worry about Roy. I won't have to think about him drinking and fighting and. . . maybe being sent away. With him. . .I won't be scared.

Hobie: But you love me!

Jewel: With Roy it'll never be like it was with you and me, but. . .

Hobie: Try and deny you love me!

Jewel: Love isn't all there is to it, Hobie. Love is fine--I'm not saying anything against it, but when you get married it's for a lifetime. And you've got to have something solid under you--something you can build your future on.

Hobie: That's Blanche talking now!

Jewel: No, Hobie. . .it's what everybody wants.

Hobie: It's not what I want!

Jewel: No. I know it isn't.

Hobie: I want to live. . .not be safe!

Jewel: A person has to think of those things--after you're grown up.

Hobie: And you don't think I'm grown up, is that it?

Jewel: No, Hobie, I don't. Growing up means. . .means you look at other people besides yourself and how they feel about things and that maybe their side has something to it. And you've got yourself under control--and don't fly off at the handle when things don't go to suit you.

Hobie: You got it all figured out, haven't you!

Jewel: I'm only trying to make you see why--

Hobie: Well, skip it! They got you so scared of your own shadow. . .

Jewel: It isn't only yourself you've got to think of, but children you bring into the world. You owe it to them.

Hobie: You got it all worked out. Roy'll make you a model husband. He's what you want, is he? All right, I'm not going to try and stop you. Take him--play safe! Move in his big house, sleep with him, have your brats with him! Jesus, I wouldn't have you as a gift! But, by God, I'll tell you one thing. Your Roy's going to pay for what he's done to you. He's not hanging me up dry! I'm not built that way, sister! I believe in the Golden Rule. "Do to others what they do to you!"

Jewel: If you have to get revenge on somebody it should be me, not Roy.

Hobie: Don't think he's getting off!

Jewel: Fighting will only make things worse, Hobie. It won't do any good.

Hobie: It'll do me a lot of good. . .I'm going to hurt him. . .hurt him bad. . . like he's hurt me.

Jewel: Hobie, please don't fight with him!

Hobie: Trying hard to save his skin, aren't you?

Jewel: I'm not thinking of him, Hobie, it's you! You heard what Art Manson said. They'll put you back in that place.

Hobie: I'll take that chance!

Jewel: You can't do anything to get you sent back there! I couldn't stand it. . .

Hobie: No? That's all you and him want!

Jewel: It's not true!

Hobie: He'd love to get rid of me. He knows I'm out to get him!

Jewel: You've been listening to Grover. They're up there right now--all of them--just waiting for you to jump on Roy.

Hobie: I guess I know who my friends are. . .

Jewel: Don't do it, Hobie! Oh, don't. . .

Hobie: You'd better go.

Jewel: I can't leave you --feeling this way about me!

Hobie: You better go, I said.

Jewel: The last thing I'd ever do on purpose is hurt you! If I could only make it up to you for what I've done. . .

Hobie: For what Roy's done, you mean. Well, you can't! So go on back to him!

Jewel: Hobie, would you--kiss me--for one last time? I want you to. Please--just once. I want to have that to remember. . .

Hobie: I'd give anything to see Roy's face, if he caught you like this. . . You, begging me to kiss you. . . Sure, I'll kiss you; what the hell do I care! Roy's what you call particular. He doesn't like anybody tampering with his property. Well, you are his property; a nice fresh package all done up for him! Only you haven't been delivered yet, have you? What if somebody broke open his prize package before he got to it? Roy's always got to be first in everything. Well, what if this time he wasn't the first? He'd yell bloody murder, wouldn't he?

Jewel: I don't understand. . .

Hobie: Oh, yes you do! Needn't play dumb with me. I'll whisper it in your ear. . . He's had the laugh on me; now it's my turn. I figure I got as much right to you as he has. He'll have you all his life. . .but that's okay with me. . .I'll have you first. . .That'd be one way of getting even with him for all he's done to me. . .You're dead right; fighting him would only get me back in Rabway. . .You're neither of you worth it! This is much better.

Jewel: Hobie--let me go. . .

Hobie: You said you want to make it up to me. Well, what are you kicking about? I wouldn't touch you with this thing on. . .
(Takes off the engagement ring)

Jewel: Please, Hobie!

Hobie: Feel naked without it? It's all right, you'll get it back. . .Mrs. Titus.

Jewel: Hobie, don't! We mustn't!

Hobie: Who says so? You want me to kiss you. . .You want something to remember? Put your mouth up here. . .I'll kiss you!

Jewel: Don't! Oh, please! We'll both be sorry. . .!

Hobie: I'd like to mash those lips right off your face. . .!

Jewel: All right, Hobie, if it'll make it easier for you. . .I'll. . .
I'll do what you want.