

THE GIRL. I don't know why I think that's funny, but I can just see my mother— Well, listen, I got to rush. I'll be right out, Marilyn. *(She goes into bedroom up Left.)*

THE MOTHER. *(Rises; crosses to foyer)* Well, come with me, Mrs. Carroll, and let the girl get dressed.

THE NEIGHBOR. *(Rises; follows)* Oh sure, what the hell.

THE MOTHER. Come with me in my room.

*(They exit Right.)*

THE GIRL FRIEND. *(Rises; goes Left to bedroom door. Leaves coat on chair)* Can I come in, Betty?

THE GIRL. *(From the bedroom)* I'll be right out.

*(THE GIRL FRIEND crosses to Center.)*

THE KID SISTER. *(Rises; crosses to bedroom door)* You finished in the bathroom?

THE GIRL. *(From the bedroom.)* Yes.

*(THE KID SISTER exits Right to foyer.)*

THE GIRL. *(Entering from bedroom in slip with hose in hand)* Would you close the door please, Marilyn? *(Stops at chair Left.)*

THE GIRL FRIEND. Oh sure. *(She closes door to foyer)* Well, how do you feel?

THE GIRL. Fine.

THE GIRL FRIEND. What's new?

THE GIRL. Nothing. What's new with you?

THE GIRL FRIEND. *(Crosses to sofa; sits)* Nothing. I was down at Macy's, so Frank's taking the kids over to his mother's and you know how I can't stand her, so I told him as long as I'm downtown, I'll go in to a downtown movie.

THE GIRL. I've got a date tonight.

THE GIRL FRIEND. Yes, I know. *(Pause)* You hear anything from George?

THE GIRL. *(Sits chair Left and puts on hose)* Oh, he called three times last week all the way from Las Vegas. Three o'clock in the morning he called once.

THE GIRL FRIEND. What did he have to say?

THE GIRL. Well, I wrote him a letter about a week ago. I asked him for a divorce. I finally went up to see this lawyer last week. You remember Carol McKeever? Her brother, he's a lawyer. So he told me the cheapest way to get a divorce is to go to Mexico. So I said: "Oh, boy." So it really isn't so complicated. It costs about seven hundred and fifty dollars, the plane tickets and everything. So I wrote George and asked him for a divorce. I sent the letter registered, airmail, special delivery so it would get there quick. The next night, I swear to God, George was on the phone from Las Vegas. So we must have talked about twenty minutes. Oh, boy, I wonder what he paid for that call. So he called again about three o'clock in the morning after the last show. *(Rises; fastens hose)* You know what was bothering him. He didn't even care why I wanted the divorce. He just thought the whole thing was a big personal insult. So he finally said he wouldn't contest the divorce and that's the last I heard from him. That was last Thursday, no, Friday.

THE GIRL FRIEND. Are you really going to go through with this divorce?

THE GIRL. Don't tell my mother because she doesn't know about it.

THE GIRL FRIEND. I'm your friend, Betty, and I'm going to tell you something right from the shoulder. You're making a big mistake.

THE GIRL. *(Crosses Right to closet; takes out dress)* I know you feel that way, Marilyn.

THE GIRL FRIEND. What do you figure, to marry this man?

THE GIRL. Yes, if he asks me. *(Crosses down Right)* I think I'm happy, Marilyn. I can't tell you how I feel in so many words, but life seems very pleasant to me right now. I— *(Sits chair Right)* even get along with my mother. I think I'm in love.

THE GIRL FRIEND. Oh Betty!

THE GIRL. Seriously in love. I feel so full sometimes, it just wells up in me, my feeling for him. He went away for three days on a business trip to Detroit, and I thought I would die before he came back.

THE GIRL FRIEND. Boy, he must be some operator, this guy.

THE GIRL. You want to know something? (*Rises; crosses to Center; steps into dress.*)

(*GIRL FRIEND rises and helps her; zips up back.*)

In the whole three months, he hasn't touched me once. I know what my mother thinks. She thinks I walk out of this door, I head straight for a hotel. I told you what we do. We go dancing. We go driving. Mostly we talk. He hasn't put a hand on me in the whole three months.

THE GIRL FRIEND. Is that good?

THE GIRL. No, it isn't good, and it worries me, if you want to know. I think he's afraid of getting too involved with me.

THE GIRL FRIEND. What I mean is, do you think he's going to be able to satisfy you sexually?

(*Pause. THE GIRL goes to closet; takes slippers; crosses down Right; sits in chair.*)

Well now, Betty, you're jumping into a marriage and you have to be a little realistic too. In ten years, he's going to be sixty-three and you're going to be thirty-four. Do you think you're going to be happy with a sixty-three-year-old husband in ten years? Think about that a minute. A sixty-three-year-old husband with white hair. (*Pause. She moves away*) You're a kid, you know that? You really are. (*Turns in*) What do you think life is, a Street and Smith Love Story Magazine? You had a good marriage with George. You paid the rent and you went to bed. What are you looking for?

THE GIRL. I'm looking for more than that, Marilyn.

THE GIRL FRIEND. You want to know what life is? You live, that's all. That's life. You get married, you have kids—you get up in the morning and you go to sleep at

night. Frank goes bowling every Thursday, and I manage to get down to Macy's once a week, and that's it, and it's not so bad. (*Sits on sofa*) I don't know what you mean by happiness. You had a good marriage with George. At least he was hungry for you all the time. It was all over his face. That's more than most of us can say about our husbands.

THE GIRL. Are you having trouble with Frank, Marilyn?

THE GIRL FRIEND. (*Rises; moves away*) Frank and me? We get along fine. We're perfectly happy. He stays out of my way and I stay out of his. (*Pause. Turns in*) You know I envy you George, you know that. You have a husband who's crazy about you. (*Crosses in*) Sure, he has his faults. He's a little selfish. He's a little conceited. But he doesn't go bowling on Thursday nights or stay up reading a magazine all night long. And one thing you know for sure, he isn't going to be sixty-three in ten years. (*Sits on sofa*) You're going to want to have children. Betty. How do you know he's going to be able to give you kids? Because after a couple of years, that's all there really is—the kids.

(*THE MANUFACTURER comes on the lanāing.*)

THE GIRL. You don't mean that, Marilyn.

THE GIRL FRIEND. Yes, I do.

(*THE MANUFACTURER presses the door buzzer.*)

THE GIRL. Marilyn, would you answer the door, please.

THE GIRL FRIEND. (*Rises*) Sure.

THE GIRL. And keep him in the foyer a minute. I'll be right out.

THE MOTHER. (*Entering*) You want me to answer the door, Betty?

THE GIRL FRIEND. I'll get it, Mrs. Mueller. (*Exits to foyer.*)