

**DAVID melts into GLORIA's beckoning arms. They dance.)**

GLORIA: Whaddaya do if your own father calls you a tramp...on his deathbed...huh? Whaddaya do?

[CUT: SIDNEY: ~~You only think flowers smell good. 'Tis an illusion!~~]

DAVID: Trying to live with your father's values can kill you. Ask me, I know.

GLORIA: No, Sweetie, living *without* your father's values can kill you. Ask *me*, I know.

DAVID: Any pretension of concern for decency is the most indecent of all human affectations.

GLORIA: And besides, how many things can a nice, normal, healthy American girl kick at one time--the racket and the pills? And take on integration too?

CUT: [SIDNEY: ~~(sits bolt upright; declaiming:) To be or not to be! (A great pause, he falls back) Well, better leave that one alone! (As SIDNEY dozes off on the sofa,~~

**GLORIA stops DAVID with a long wet kiss, music comes to a halt)**

GLORIA: Where's the music....? What happened to the music?

DAVID: Don't let's stop!...It was mah-velous! We were so completely outside ourselves.

GLORIA: Sure, baby, a drunk, a hophead, and a sick little boy could conjure up the Last Supper if they wanted. **(She turns the phonograph on and crosses to bar for refill. Music throbs softly)**

DAVID: No, listen. **(He leads her to a seat and kneels before her.)** All your life you want certain things and when you try to trace them back with the finger of your mind to where you first started to want them, there is nothing but a haze...I was seven. So was Nelson. We used to play all day in my yard. He had fine golden hair and a thin delicate profile--and Mother always said: "Nelson is a real aristocrat." Then, just like that, one summer his family moved to Florence, Italy. And I never saw him again.

GLORIA: *(compassionately)* And you've been looking for him ever since.

DAVID: Yes.

GLORIA: And now?

DAVID: There is a beautiful burnished golden boy very much like Nelson sitting on a chair upstairs. He is from one of the oldest, finest families in New England. He is exquisite. But great damage has been done to him--

GLORIA: *(stiffening)* He requires...the presence of a woman.

DAVID: Not just any woman--

GLORIA: *(She has heard it all before)* Someone young enough, fresh enough, in certain

light, to make him think it is somebody of his own class...

DAVID: Yes. But--you don't have to do anything. Apparently--it is merely a matter of--watching.

GLORIA: And *you're* a friend of Sidney's...

DAVID: It's not for me. If he asked for the snows of the Himalayas tonight, I would try to get it for him. I thought you might--know of such things.

GLORIA: Oh...I--know of such things!

DAVID: Will you come up--?

GLORIA: *(a long beat as she fights for composure)* Sure...why not?

DAVID: It's apartment 3-F.

*(He goes out and up. She stands for a moment, then crosses quickly to phonograph, which she turns up louder. She tries to dance a little. She downs more pills with liquor. Touches up make-up. Then snapping her fingers and undulating to the music--with a fixed smile--then she goes out. But as she mounts the steps, she freezes)*

GLORIA: SICK PEOPLE BELONG IN HOSPITALS!!! *(For a moment her eyes dart frantically and she whimpers, trapped, seeking refuge. There is none. She crosses to SIDNEY, shakes him.)* Sidney...*(He does not respond. She shakes him again.)* Sidney, brother, wake up...C'mon, Sidney...*(He sleeps on. As she crosses for a drink, her eyes find the bottle of pills--she considers a moment, rejects the idea, retreats into the beat of the music. But the bottle is a magnet. At last she makes up her mind and empties it into her hand, calmly)* Papa, I am better than this! *(She crosses to the bathroom clutching the pills; halts, terrified at the unseen presence there; but then, with a final lift of her head, enters and closes the door.*