

# Tomorrow and Tomorrow

A Play

Philip Barry  
1931

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# TOMORROW AND TOMORROW

# PLAYS BY PHILIP BARRY

THE YOUNGEST

YOU AND I

IN A GARDEN

WHITE WINGS

JOHN

PARIS BOUND

HOLIDAY

HOTEL UNIVERSE

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW

*A Play*

BY  
PHILIP BARRY

SAMUEL FRENCH  
Thos. R. Edwards Managing Director  
NEW YORK LOS ANGELES

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MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
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TO ADA AND ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

“And it fell on a day, that Elisha passed to Shunem, where was a great woman. . . .”

—II Kings, IV, 8-37

“TOMORROW AND TOMORROW” was first produced by Gilbert Miller at the Henry Miller Theatre in New York City on January 13, 1931. It was directed by Gilbert Miller and the settings were designed by Aline Bernstein.

# CHARACTERS

GAIL REDMAN

EVE REDMAN

NICHOLAS HAY

SAMUEL GILLESPIE

WALTER BURKE

CHRISTIAN REDMAN

MISS FRAZER

MISS BLAKE

ELLA

JANE

MARY

## ACTION AND SCENE

The action of the Play takes place in the living-room of Gail and Eve Redman's house in Redmanton, Indiana. Between the scenes the stage is darkened for a few moments to indicate the passage of time.

### ACT ONE

Scene 1. Several years ago. One o'clock in the morning. June.

Scene 2. The following afternoon.

Scene 3. Three weeks later. Noon.

### ACT TWO

Scene 1. Ten days later. Eleven-thirty at night.

Scene 2. Eight-thirty the following morning.

Scene 3. October. Late afternoon.

### ACT THREE

Scene 1. December of this year. After lunch.

Scene 2. Seven in the morning. Three days later.

Scene 3. A week later. Four in the afternoon.



# ACT ONE

# ACT ONE

## SCENE I

SCENE: *The living-room of GAIL and EVE REDMAN'S house in Redmanton, Indiana, is a spacious, high-ceilinged, rectangular room in a house that was the Town's, and GAIL'S grandfather's pride, when he built it in 1870.*

*At Left, two French windows open upon a porch. At Right, there is a fireplace and beside it, a door into the library. Above the fireplace is GAIL'S grandfather's portrait, in a gilt frame. At Back, through an arched doorway hung with heavy velvet curtains, the hall and central staircase are seen and, through another doorway opposite, the large dining-room.*

*The fine proportions of the living-room and the excellent Victorian pieces it contains, account in a large measure for its sombre charm. It has been lived-in long enough to have lost a portion of the forbidding dignity that was its original chief characteristic. Now it presents itself as a fairly comfortable, agreeable enough old room, for brighter, newer things have been added, such as lamps and sofa-cushions and vases full of flowers, deftly placed. Chairs and sofa are covered for the summer with slip-covers.*

*When the curtain rises, the hall is dimly lighted and the dining-room beyond it dark. The only light in the living-room is from a reading-lamp which stands upon a table beside an arm-chair with a foot-rest. There are books upon the table, several upon the floor beside the chair, and one open, face-down upon the chair itself.*

*The hands of the grandfather's clock against the back wall, stand at three minutes before one. Upon a side-table near the library door, at Right, there is a tray with a plate of sandwiches, a napkin, glass, and a thermos-pitcher of milk.*

*From the hall, off Left, a door is heard to close and GAIL REDMAN comes into view along the hall. He deposits a suit-case and a hat and light topcoat upon a chair there and enters the living-room.*

*GAIL is thirty, tall, well-built, likable-looking. At present he is stiff and tired. He stretches, looks at the clock, and yawns. He picks up the book that lies upon the chair, smiles and shakes his head, and places it upon the table, after turning down a page to mark the place. He is about to turn the lamp out when he notices the tray of sandwiches. He exclaims in satisfaction, goes to it, pours himself a glass of milk and returns to the chair with it and the plate of sandwiches.*

*The clock strikes one. GAIL begins upon his second sandwich, yawns again and falls to nodding. Finally his chin sinks forward upon his chest, and rests there. A moment, then from the top of the stairs EVE REDMAN'S voice is heard, calling gently:*

EVE

Gail—? (*Another moment, then GAIL raises his head and listens attentively. EVE calls again:*) Gail!

—Is it you?

[*GAIL springs up and goes to the doorway.*]

GAIL

Eve!—Hello, darling!

EVE

You're back!

GAIL

—Don't stir—I'll be with you in half-a-second.

[*He turns to extinguish the lights.*]

EVE

That's too long. I'm coming down. (*She comes down the stairs into the doorway. She is in her early twenties, but seems older. Hers is a frail and memorable loveliness, not so much of feature as from within. If she lasts, it will last, and time will alter it but little. He takes her in his arms and kisses her. She murmurs:*) Oh hello, hello—

[*Then, his arm about her; they come into the living-room.*]

GAIL

Lord, it's good, isn't it!

EVE

It seems forever.

GAIL

—Ten days to a dot.

EVE

You shouldn't have spoiled me so. (*They sit together upon the sofa.*)—Let me see what you look like. Have you altered? You're burned, aren't you?—Sun and wind and all the elements.

GAIL

I had the top down the whole way. I averaged forty-five from Akron on. That's going.

EVE

—Reckless going.—Where's the fire?

GAIL

Isn't it here?

[*She laughs.*]

EVE

I hope so.

GAIL

—Eight hundred and seventy-four miles in two days. How's that?

EVE

You must be dead.

GAIL

Twice I nearly passed out at the wheel.

EVE

That would have been nice for me: the widow Redman: she loved him well.

GAIL

Your voice sounds funny. Have you got a cold?

EVE

It's just excitement.

GAIL

—I never thought you'd look for me tonight.

EVE

I knew you'd come.

GAIL

I've missed you terribly.

EVE

You've been too busy.

GAIL

A reunion is a riot, all right.

EVE

Fun, though?

GAIL

Oh yes, it was fun enough. (*He yawns, then smiles.*)—Excuse me.

EVE

—Back to your college-days again. Is your youth pretty well renewed?

GAIL

Lord, no. It made me feel a thousand.

EVE

You're terribly young, Gail. I'd forgotten how terribly young you are.

GAIL

I've got several years on you, my sweet.

EVE

Did you see Stew and Shorty?

GAIL

Stew and Shorty who?

EVE

I thought they were all called Stew and Shorty.

GAIL

Not quite.—All but Mac Stevens and Hump Nichols in my Club were back.—You should have seen the boat-races. Lord, the crowd! You couldn't walk.

EVE

Were the girls pretty?

GAIL

There wasn't one of them was a patch on you, Eve.

[*She smiles.*]

EVE

Thanks, Gail.

GAIL

You should have come along, you really should.

EVE

I didn't know wives were welcome at reunions.

GAIL

That depends on the wives.

EVE

—Sweet Gail.—Anyhow, perhaps they're nice to come back home to.

GAIL

Oh darling—maybe not!

*[His arm tightens about her.]*

EVE

—So are they reunited—

*[He hisses her lightly.]*

GAIL

—Forever and ever.

EVE

I don't seem changed to you—?

*[GAIL laughs.]*

GAIL

Not so you could notice it!

*[A moment.]*

EVE

I am though.

*[He looks at her curiously.]*

GAIL

How do you mean?

*[She smiles faintly.]*

EVE

—Probably not seriously. Tell me: were they all glad to see you?

GAIL

But really, dear—

EVE

Tell me, Gail—were they glad to see you?

GAIL

They seemed to be. They trotted out the old song about “Gail Redman from Redmanton, Indiana son of a son-of-a-gun”—

*[This pleases him.]*

EVE

—“He makes plows for gentle-mun”?

GAIL

That's it!

EVE

—“So drink to old Gail Redman.”

GAIL

“*Drink*, chuk-a-chuk, chuk-a-chuk, chuk-a-chuk. So *drink*, chuk-a-chuk—”  
[*He looks away, dreaming.*]

EVE

You were happy to be back in those days.

GAIL

It was grand fun, you know.

EVE

I think you’ll never leave them, really.

GAIL

—You should have seen our costumes. We were Sheiks. I’ve got some snapshots. It was Nineteen-Twelve’s Decennial—they were bartenders, and kept trying to steal our camel.  
[*He chuckles reminiscently.*]

EVE

Your—?  
[GAIL *laughs.*]

GAIL

—We had one for a mascot. He was an enormous big brute, too—I mean she was. And stubborn? Say! (*Again he laughs.*)—She’d just keep standing and weaving back and forth like this—(*He demonstrates.*)—And waving her upper lip at us. (EVE *laughs.*)—It’s a fact. You never saw such teeth. Jim Winter took some tin-foil and gave her a gold one, but she ate it. (*Mirth overcomes him.*)—Her name was Lulu. We had a song about her. She misbehaved right smack in front of Prexy’s office—how’s that for intelligence? Oh, she was a knowing brute, was Lulu. I’ve got a snapshot of her. We wanted to take her out to a ball-game, and would she go? Not Lulu—not until they put the class-baby on her back.  
[*He wipes his eyes.*]

EVE

There wasn’t a baby with you!

GAIL

—Sure there was. Spike Bronson’s kid.—He was drunk most of the time, and got pretty objectionable once or twice.—I mean Spike did.

EVE

What was he like? How old was he?

GAIL

Oh, around three or four. Sort of blond, with bright blue eyes.

EVE

—On a camel! Wasn’t he scared to death?

GAIL

Not he. He loved it.

EVE

—Sweet.

GAIL

He was quite a kid.—But I thought I'd have to lay Spike out at one point there.

EVE

Oh? Why—

GAIL

Well, he got too blamed fresh, that's all.

[*He is serious again now.*]

EVE

About what?

GAIL

Well, he was just fresh.

EVE

But how, Gail?

GAIL

Well, you see I was the first of the Class to marry. I was married nearly a year before he was, and—oh well, he just got fresh.

[*EVE rises.*]

EVE

Oh, I see.

GAIL

I soon shut him up, though. (*Again he yawns.*)—What's been happening since I've been away? Anything new at all?

EVE

Apparently the Works got a huge order for a lot of harrows for Brazil somewhere.

GAIL

—Peru, it is. Evans wired me.

EVE

—And President Adee has announced a summer extension-course at the College.

GAIL

Who does he think will come?

EVE

He told me nearly fifty have applied already. It's to be for women, too.

[*GAIL sits upright.*]

GAIL

Women!—Redman gone co-educational?

EVE

Shocking, isn't it?

[*She is roving about the room now, touching things here and there.*]

GAIL

But who on earth decided that?

EVE

I suppose the Board did.

GAIL

Nobody said anything to me about it.

EVE

You were away in the East, at your own Alma Mater.

GAIL

If they're still sore at my not going to Redman, they shouldn't have elected me. They could have wired, couldn't they?

EVE

You've never shown much interest. How long since you've been at a meeting?

GAIL

—All I wish is that I had about half the jack Grandfather poured into that pet hobby. (*Again he yawns.*)—Lord, what next? Classes in rhythmic dancing, I suppose.—They might have asked me.

EVE

I told Mr. Adee I was sure you would approve.

GAIL

—What made you say that?

EVE

Because I want to go.

GAIL

*You do?*

[*Suddenly EVE breaks.*]

EVE

Oh Gail—I must do something! Somehow or other I've got to find *some* way to—  
[*She stops abruptly.*]

GAIL

—To what, dear? What's the matter?

EVE

I'm all right.

GAIL

But—you seem awfully jumpy, darling. Why do you walk around so much?

EVE

I don't know. I can't sit still.—Let's go up, shall we?

GAIL

Wait a minute—

[*He looks at her in puzzled concern. She does not meet his eyes. She begins to talk on rapidly, as against time.*]

EVE

—I gave two hundred dollars to the Infants' Summer Hospital—was that all right?

GAIL

I guess so.

EVE

—The roof above the store-room leaks. I've ordered it mended.—The horses are fine. O'Brien says Eli's foot is coming along nicely.—The Science Department's got hold of a man called Hay from Montreal—isn't that where McGill is?—Doctor Nicholas Hay, I think his name is—to start things with a four weeks' lecture-course, beginning Monday. The Adees say he's really fine. They heard him at Ohio State last winter. He's on a kind of tour. I told them he could stay with us.

GAIL

Eve—what on earth—

EVE

—I thought it would be such a nice surprise for him, the hotel is so bad. Besides, I thought it would be pleasant to have—you know—someone to do for.

GAIL

Oh.

EVE

He'll probably have whiskers, and be very cranky.

[GAIL *groans.*]

GAIL

That will be nice.

EVE

—And then again, he may be rather sweet. I hope he's like Father was—I hope he's so old and absent-minded he can't do one thing for himself.

GAIL

—Which will be just your dish, of course.

EVE

You see, I have no one to look out for anymore. No one at all—

GAIL

There's me, isn't there?

EVE

You look out for yourself. You always have.

GAIL

You still love me, don't you, dear?

EVE

—I love, Gail. So it must be you I love.

GAIL

That's a sort of a queer way to put it.—Darling, you do seem different. What's happened?

EVE

Nothing has happened.

GAIL

Then—

EVE

—For a long time nothing has, and for a long time nothing will. That's what I've found out. That is the change in me.

GAIL

I don't get you at all when you talk this way.

EVE

I'm only saying that I've nothing left to fight for, and that I think the only living people are those who fight. (*She looks at him and smiles.*)—I would have been a good wife for a poor man, Gail. I was a good daughter to a poor man once.

GAIL

Dear, don't talk to me as if I were a stranger.

EVE

I've been away, too—

GAIL

—And I'll bet I know where. (*She looks at him curiously.*)—I can always tell when you've been on one of your reading jags. You talk differently. You talk like a book.

[*She looks away.*]

EVE

—It's horrible. I hardly slept at all. I simply devoured them, one after another. What makes me do it?

GAIL

Oh, you just get lonely, that's all. I don't see that it's a very harmful vice.

[*A silence. Then:*]

EVE

—The Jessups had their baby Tuesday.

GAIL

Good.—What was it?

[*He is very sleepy now. There is sleep in his voice.*]

EVE

A girl. A very small one. (*She looks away again.*)—I should have a strapping boy, with a broad, high forehead and a mass of curly hair. That's the kind of baby I should have—

GAIL

—Will have, some day.

EVE

When?

GAIL

You never can tell. Soon, maybe.

EVE

I hope it will be soon. (*There is a silence. GAIL is breathing with the regularity of impending sleep.*)  
—Because I'm getting scared, Gail.

GAIL

What's that? (*He half-rouses himself, and sinks back again.*)—There's no cause to be. No cause at all.

EVE

We've been married almost six years, now.

GAIL

That's nothing. Lots of people wait a dozen.

EVE

I'm tired of waiting. (*Another silence.*)—I'm really frightened now, Gail.  
[*She seats herself near him.*]

GAIL

—Foolish to be.

EVE

But I'm—I was an only child, you know. So was my mother. Maybe there's something wrong with me.

GAIL (*from far away*)

Don't you believe it.

EVE

—Maybe I ought to find out if there is—but I dread to know it. (*Another silence.*)—I can't sleep for thinking of it. I don't know why I shouldn't have one. I'm quite strong. I've never had anything really the matter with me.—And I love children, I do love them. If loving children made you have them, I'd have a houseful.—And besides, I would so love the actual having of one. I shouldn't mind any kind of pain at all. I'd welcome it. I'd know then that I was living—making—and not slowly dying, a little more each day like this. (*Again GAIL'S chin has sunk upon his breast. EVE'S eyes are straight ahead, her voice low. A silence.*)—They must be even sweeter when they're all your own. There's nothing about them I don't like.—Even if it should be a girl—but of course it wouldn't be, not the first one. (*Another silence. Her voice becomes lower still.*)—Heaven shine on me, rain on me. Bring something out of me to hold in my arms, send me some small thing to care for. I'll love it tenderly. Only I shall look after it, ever. I shall become wise. I shall know what is good for him. I shall find out everything there is to know. Don't keep me empty this way any longer. I have room. I'm strong. I'm well. (*A longer silence. Then:*)—Listen to me, Gail: I'm speaking honestly: I must have a child, or in a while I shan't be good for anything at all. Help me to life, Gail. Hold fast to it with your strong hands and bring me to it—(*Blindly, she reaches her hand out to him. He does not take it. Slowly, she*

*turns and looks at him. He is asleep. A silence. She drops her hand lifelessly into her lap. Then she speaks in another voice.)* Gail—*(And again:)*—Gail.

*[He raises his head slowly, then opens his eyes and looks at her, dully. At last he laughs, and rises from the sofa.*

GAIL

Lord! I guess I must have dropped right off—

EVE

Yes.

GAIL

What time is it, anyhow? *(He turns and looks at the clock.)* Ouch!—Work tomorrow, darling.

EVE

Yes.

GAIL

What is it you were saying?—I'm still in a fog.

EVE

It will keep.

*[She rises.*

GAIL

Oh yes!—Now look here, Eve: don't you worry about that another bit.

EVE

All right, Gail.

GAIL

—Because worrying doesn't help, and I'm perfectly sure that sooner or later, if we're only patient, we'll—

EVE

It's all right, Gail.

*[He moves toward the doorway.*

GAIL

—Just a matter of a little patience, that's all—*(He stops and turns.)* Oh—the lights—

EVE

You go ahead. I'll put them out.

*[He precedes her into the hall, and mounts the stairs. She puts out the lamps, then goes into the hall and turns out the light there. A faint glow lights her way up the stairs from above. Then it, too, goes out and the darkness is complete.*



ACT ONE  
SCENE II

*About five o'clock the following afternoon. It has been a gray day, with a light rain falling since early morning. The living-room is not bright. There are fresh flowers in the vases. A murmur of voices is heard from the hall, then NICHOLAS HAY'S voice, very clearly:*

HAY

—Yes. Until tomorrow, then.—Ten o'clock, yes. No, no need to send for me. I'll find it. Thank you. Thank you very much.

*[And a door closes. A moment, then ELLA, a housemaid of about thirty-five, in a gray dress, comes in from the hall. She carries a suit-case and a small traveling-bag. NICHOLAS HAY and SAMUEL GILLESPIE follow her in. GILLESPIE carries two large suit-cases and a brief-case. HAY is thirty-four, fine-looking, strong-looking. GILLESPIE is a year or two younger, small, slight and unsmiling.]*

ELLA

Your room is through there—*(She indicates the open library-door.)*—but you can wait here until Mrs. Redman comes in. She won't be long.

*[She goes out into the library, GILLESPIE following with the bags. HAY looks about him, takes a deep breath, and seats himself. GILLESPIE re-enters.]*

GILLESPIE

*(lowly)*

—It's not my fault, Sir.

HAY

I know.

*[ELLA re-enters and moves toward the hall.]*

ELLA

—She'll be back. She just stepped into the garden to cut some flowers. *(To GILLESPIE.)* Were you expected, too?

*[GILLESPIE shrugs. She regards him suspiciously for a moment.]*

HAY

Mr. Gillespie is my secretary.

ELLA

Well, she'll be right in.

*[And she goes out.]*

GILLESPIE

—I had rooms at the hotel. I didn't count on a surprise-party.

HAY

Oh, it's shocking to be in shape like this.

GILLESPIE

A ten-months' lecture-tour's no picnic.

HAY

I know, but I shouldn't go to pieces this way.

GILLESPIE

President What's-his-name—Adee—pointed out the hotel as we came by. It looked pretty bad.

HAY

At any rate I'd have been alone there. I've lost the gift of talking to people, if I ever had it. I can still lecture, but I can't talk.—Get me out of it, Gillespie.

GILLESPIE

Maybe we can work something.

HAY

Lord, how I hate money. God, how I hate the need of it. How was it I didn't save some, in eight years of General Practice?

GILLESPIE

You didn't have me, then.

HAY

—That day I sat there realizing there aren't half a dozen drugs you can count on in the whole pharmacopœia, realizing what a great hoax the whole thing really is, that all I cared for in this world is human emotion and the whys and wherefores—. Lord, Gillespie, was I crazy?

GILLESPIE

I don't think so.

HAY

Of course, why you want to come along abroad with me, I still can't figure out.

GILLESPIE

I look at it like a Polar expedition.

HAY

It will probably take as long as one—

GILLESPIE

—All right with me.

HAY

—And what will I have to show for it?—Another theory—! No, by heaven—*not* just another theory! Look here—if I can only so much as settle what the endocrine glands have to do with it—

GILLESPIE

—Sure.—Why worry, Sir?

HAY

I doubt if I will, once I've got going.—But until I do—well, look at this house, will you? Gloom—gloom—

GILLESPIE

“Effect of places upon persons.”

HAY

Oh, be still.

GILLESPIE

Anyhow, it's been raining.

HAY

I wonder what they're like.

GILLESPIE

They may be a nice old couple who go to bed right after dinner. (*He reflects.*)—And of course, they may be perfect bastards.

HAY

There ought to be some way of getting out gracefully.—I feel like a swine, but all I want is a hotel room, and to be left alone.

GILLESPIE

We'll fix it somehow.

HAY

Of course we'll have to stay a day or two, but—(*A moment. He reflects. Then:*) Look here: I think if it's arranged straight off—this afternoon—it will be all right. You find a chance to say “Oh—Doctor Hay—about Monday—” and I'll tell them as graciously as I can that I've had to make a rule never to stay more than a day or so in a private house—that I—that I cannot take my responsibilities as a guest lightly enough to give my work the attention it demands.—Does it sound too pompous for words?

GILLESPIE

No. It sounds pretty good.

HAY

I think if I can get it understood in the beginning, they won't be—I don't want to offend them.

GILLESPIE

Right: “Oh—Doctor Hay—about Monday—”

HAY

Lord, I'm stale. What am I to tell them here for twenty lectures?

GILLESPIE

Why not use the old stuff? It'll be new to them.

HAY

No. The only way a decent man can possibly do hack-work is to keep on growing as he does it. (*He leans back and closes his eyes for a moment.*)—Oh, but to be on that boat this minute, eh?

GILLESPIE

—Not long now, Sir.

HAY

Perhaps we ought to go third-class instead of second, and save the difference to live on. We'll talk about that.

GILLESPIE

What about lining up a publisher in New York before we sail?

[HAY *stares.*]

HAY

You don't imagine anyone's going to want to *buy* the thing!

GILLESPIE

You never can tell.

HAY

You'd better go back to the hospital and finish your training.

GILLESPIE

Not me, Sir.

HAY

Then quit thinking about money and medals. There won't be any. The only recognition I want is—oh, if I weren't so stale. The whole world's stale. (*A moment. Then suddenly he leans forward, his eyes agleam.*)—If I didn't realize that I've got hold of something that's going to change the whole system of education, of literature and art as well—if I didn't believe that the future of my findings may be the future of the human race—

GILLESPIE

What would you do, Sir? Go fishing?

[HAY *stares at him a moment, then again relaxes.*

HAY

—That's just what I'd do.

GILLESPIE

Here—have a cigarette.

[*He gives him one and is lighting it for him, when EVE hurries in from the hall. She is wearing a hat and a light raincoat, both wet with rain. Not yet seeing them, she calls over her shoulder into the hall.*

EVE

Ella?—Oh, Ella!—Will you come here a moment? (*She advances into the living-room. HAY and GILLESPIE have risen. EVE stops abruptly as she sees them.*)—Oh.

HAY

How do you do?

[*A moment. She looks from GILLESPIE to him, uncertainly.*

EVE

—Doctor Hay?

HAY

Yes.

[EVE *gives him her hand.*

EVE

How do you do?

HAY

—My secretary, Mr. Gillespie.

EVE

How do you do? (GILLESPIE *bows silently. She turns again to HAY.*) Have you been here long?

HAY

Just a few moments. The maid said your mother would be in directly. She said that she was in the—  
[*Suddenly he stops and stares at her. Then he laughs. She laughs, too. GILLESPIE looks from one to the other without a smile.*]

EVE

—I thought you'd be much older, too.  
[*ELLA comes into the hall doorway.*]

ELLA

Yes, Mrs. Redman?

EVE

Mr. Gillespie will have the room at the top of the stairs. Will you see that it's ready for him?—(*ELLA mounts the stairs. EVE turns again to HAY.*) Your room is next to the library, which I've cleared out a bit, to make a study for you.

HAY

Thank you. I'm sorry you've been put to any trouble.  
[*EVE smiles.*]

EVE

It was a golden opportunity for me. There was an inkstand made of an elephant's foot.

HAY

You're too kind, really.

EVE

It's you who are kind, to come. (*To GILLESPIE.*)—They said your train would be an hour late.  
[*GILLESPIE clears his throat. Then:*]

GILLESPIE

We made up time. (*To HAY.*)—Shall I see to the bags?

HAY

Will you?  
[*GILLESPIE goes out into the library. EVE seats herself.*]

EVE

Your room is away from the rest, so you'll be able to come and go as you like. There's just my husband and me. It's not precisely a cheerful house, but the sun comes in everywhere, when there is sun.

HAY

It's a pretty town.

EVE

The country is flat. Plains, and more plains. There should have been a hill or two.—But I'm afraid it's too late to do anything about it.

[*HAY laughs.*]

HAY

Oh, I don't know!

EVE

Can you make mountains out of mole-hills?

HAY

It's part of my profession to.

EVE

Do your first one under the College, please. I've always thought it should stand upon a hill.

HAY

—"Redman" it's called—is it named for your husband?

EVE

—For his grandfather. He built it. It was his one tame oat, sowed very late. I hope you'll like it. I do.  
—I'm going to your lectures.

HAY

That isn't fair.

EVE

I shall sit very still.

HAY

—And sleep peacefully.

EVE

Oh no! I shall be all ears. And when you say "Are there any questions?"—Do you say "Are there any questions?"

HAY

I'm afraid I do.

EVE

Well, I shall ask the most stupid ones you have ever heard.

HAY

I doubt that.

EVE

You will see. You've probably never met a more uneducated person.—It was nice of you, thinking I was my daughter. Tell me what you expected.

HAY

Tell me what you did?

EVE

—For some ridiculous reason—though I know no one has them anymore—  
[HAY indicates a beard. His gesture says "Was that it?" She nods. He laughs.

HAY

No—I can never rise to that!

EVE

—And what was I?

HAY

—Quite large—a little flushed, and slightly out of breath. And I believe you sang, when urged.

[<sup>EVE</sup> *laughs*.

EVE

—I think we're quits, don't you?

HAY

So soon?

EVE

I mean as far as preconceptions go.

HAY

Oh—preconceptions—

[*They look at each other, smiling. The silence becomes a little too long, and <sup>EVE</sup> goes on, hastily:*

EVE

—Perhaps I ought to warn you: it's a—ours is pretty much of a haphazard household. It more or less runs itself. My father hated punctuality, so I fell into bad ways early. You'll ring for breakfast when you want it, won't you?—And at any other meal-time that you don't feel quite like sitting down in a stiff chair—they *are* so stiff—you can have a tray. We'll understand. Heavens! How well *I'll* understand! (*She rubs the small of her back reminiscently, then rises and looks in surprise at her hand.*) Why, I'm wet. I'm soaking wet. (*He is watching her, fascinated. She laughs, slips off the raincoat, and stands forth in a bright summer dress.*) I hope the state I'm in is what they call "a pretty confusion." Otherwise—

HAY

You're lovely.

EVE

(*startled*)

What?

HAY

I say you are lovely.

[*A moment. Then:*

EVE

—But how nice of you to think that. Thank you.

[<sup>ELLA</sup> *has come down the stairs into the doorway again.*

ELLA

The room is all right, Ma'am.

[*She turns to go.*

EVE

Just a moment—(*To <sup>HAY</sup>.*)—You must be worn out from your trip. Wouldn't you like some tea, or something?

HAY

Why—er—

[*She smiles.*]

EVE

—Or something?

HAY

Why, thanks. Thanks.—As a matter of fact I would.

EVE

(*to ELLA*)

Tell Jane to bring the whisky. (*ELLA goes. EVE turns to follow.*) Now I must—(*But she hesitates, and turns again to HAY.*)—I had a speech to say to you. What was it?

HAY

Tell me.

EVE

Oh yes! (*Then, solemnly:*) “We are very honored and very happy to have you here, Doctor Hay, and sincerely trust that your stay with us will be as—will be as—” (*She stops and throws out her hands.*)

—I remember the words, but I forget the gestures.

HAY

—Miss Redman will please see me after class.

[*EVE laughs.*]

EVE

—You’re not a bit old, really. How is it you know so much?

HAY

I don’t know anything.

[*EVE looks at him intently.*]

EVE

I have an idea that you know many obscure things well, and that that is why you have such grace about the plain things.

[*A brief silence. Then:*]

HAY

(*suddenly*)

Who on earth are you, anyway?

EVE

I—? Why, I—(*She laughs uncertainly.*) Who do you think I am?

HAY

I should like to know.

EVE

It should not be difficult. (*GILLESPIE re-enters from the library.*)—You see, I am one of the plain things. (*A door closes in the hall. She turns and listens a moment, then calls:*) Gail?

[*GAIL’S voice responds.*]

GAIL

Hello, dear!

EVE

We're in here—come in! (*Then, to HAY.*)—Here is a fine, good man. You will like this man. (GAIL enters.) Hello, darling.—This is Doctor Hay—somehow not quite as we imagined him.

[GAIL laughs.

GAIL

No. (*He shakes hands with HAY.*) How do you do, Sir?

HAY

How do you do.—It's extremely nice of you and—

GAIL

—Not at all. It's a feather in our caps to have you, isn't it, Eve?

EVE

—A bright one.—And Mr. Gillespie, Gail.

[GAIL turns, puzzled, not yet having seen GILLESPIE.

GAIL

Mr.—? (*He goes to GILLESPIE and shakes his hand.*) Oh yes—yes, of course! (GILLESPIE bows, without a word. GAIL turns again to HAY.) I hope Eve's made you comfortable.

HAY

Perfectly, thanks.

GAIL

Trust her! (*He looks at his hands.*)—I'll have to go and wash these. No one else will do it. (*To EVE.*) Darling—I should so like a drink.

EVE

I've ordered one for Doctor Hay.

GAIL

Good! (*To HAY.*)—You won't mind if I have one with you?

HAY

Mind? I should be delighted.

[GAIL and EVE move toward the hall.

GILLESPIE

Oh—er—(*GAIL and EVE stop.*)—Doctor Hay—

[HAY turns to him.

HAY

Yes?

GILLESPIE

—About Monday—

[*Their eyes meet.*

HAY

Monday?

[*A brief silence. Then GILLESPIE murmurs:*

GILLESPIE

—Speak to you about it later.

[*JANE, another housemaid, somewhat younger than ELLA, enters with a tray containing a decanter of whisky, soda, glasses and ice. She deposits it upon a table and goes out.*

EVE

—Till dinner, then. And ask for anything you want.

HAY

There won't be anything.

[*EVE slips her arm through GAIL'S and goes out with him. Then, as they mount the stairs:*

GAIL

What have you been doing, darling? Anything exciting?—It's been a foul day, hasn't it?—Now tell me the lawn needed it. I know it did. I take it all back. It's been a beautiful day for lawns. For lawns and angleworms and robins it's been the most superb—

[*His voice fades out. Then silence. HAY goes to the tray and pours a drink. GILLESPIE lights a cigarette, and watches HAY'S back, quizzically, without a word. HAY drops ice into his glass. Then, without turning:*

HAY

Shut up, Gillespie.

[*The stage is darkened.*



# ACT ONE

## SCENE III

*Three weeks later. About twelve o'clock. A bright Sunday morning. The French windows are open wide, and the living-room is full of sunlight. The library door is also open.*

GILLESPIE, *coatless, is sitting face forward, staring into space and whistling aimlessly through his teeth. A shaft of sunlight from the further window is full upon his head. He turns, scowls at the window, then goes and closes it.* HAY'S voice is heard from the library:

HAY

Who's that? You?

GILLESPIE

I think so.—Are you up? (*HAY comes in. He carries severed pencil-written pages.*)—I was just thinking about calling you.

HAY

I've been awake. I've been working on this in bed. It's Number Twelve—Tuesday's.

*[He gives him the pages.]*

GILLESPIE

Finished?

HAY

I hope so.

GILLESPIE

—Speed.

HAY

The hot weather agrees with me.

GILLESPIE

It's hot all right.

HAY

I think I'll use all new material for the others, too. I'm tired of trying to make those old weak cases sound convincing. They wouldn't convince me.

*[GILLESPIE scans the pages.]*

GILLESPIE

It looks good.

HAY

How do you think the Philosophy Department is going to feel about being referred to as good-natured lunatics?

GILLESPIE

Anyone who wouldn't rather be a lunatic than a mental defective must be crazy.

*[HAY laughs.]*

HAY

—No sign of either of our hosts yet?

GILLESPIE

I think the husband is with his four-footed friends.

HAY

How do you mean “the husband”?

GILLESPIE

I mean Mr. Redman.

HAY

Then please say what you mean.

GILLESPIE

Right.—And I guess the wife has gone to Church.

HAY

Oh, does *Mrs. Redman* go to church?

GILLESPIE

She has the last two Sundays.—Say, look: do I have to eat lunch here? I’ve found good beer down Railroad Street.

HAY

I think the plan is to take a picnic up the river.

GILLESPIE

Is there a river?

HAY

All right: I’ll tell them.

GILLESPIE

I had a wire from the French Line.

HAY

Oh?

GILLESPIE

She sails a week from Friday. Midnight.

HAY

Good.

GILLESPIE

It seems the news of the stir you’re causing here has struck New York.

HAY

How’s that?

GILLESPIE

The wire said you’d be accorded first-class privileges.

HAY

Really? (*He laughs shortly.*) What a funny country!

GILLESPIE

—It's a funny country in the way it forgets, too. It may forget a lot in the two years you're abroad.

HAY

The quicker these lectures are in limbo, the better I shall like it.

GILLESPIE

We could double the rates and line up a pretty grand tour for next season without much trouble, now.

HAY

I've made my plans. Two years is a short time for all I've got to learn.

GILLESPIE

Right—I just thought.—Then I suppose the night train Wednesday week's the one to shoot for.

HAY

Thursday will be time enough. I love it in this little town.

GILLESPIE

So?

HAY

I like the people here. The people here are different.

GILLESPIE

So?

HAY

They have such fresh, free, open minds. They're so fine and simple. (*A silence. He thinks. Then:*)—Gillespie, what am I to do for a woman like Mrs. Redman? I mean, to repay her—

GILLESPIE

She won't want repaying.

HAY

I know, but when I came here three weeks ago I was in pieces. I wondered when they'd come to sweep me up.

GILLESPIE

It wasn't that bad.

HAY

It was bad enough.—But just to have been in the same house with her, to have heard that quiet voice, never insisting, never insisting anything. To have walked with her over that lovely lawn, through those lovely meadows—

GILLESPIE

I know.—A very pleasant set-up, on the whole.

HAY

It's made a new man of me, that's all.

GILLESPIE

I haven't heard you singing in your bath, yet.

[HAY *laughs.*]

HAY

—A man, I said.—I leave that happy practice to boys like Redman.

GILLESPIE

I think his voice is changing.

HAY

Still, they seem to be pretty well suited to each other, don't they?

GILLESPIE

Well enough, I guess.

HAY

He's a fine, good fellow. It seems a fine life for her. Yet underneath one feels some kind of lack, some kind of longing. I can't make out what it is she wants. There's never a complaint, of course—not she! She wears her rue with a difference.

GILLESPIE

—Got awfully small bones, hasn't she?

HAY

What's that got to do with it?

[GILLESPIE *does not reply. He begins to sketch with a pencil upon the back of HAY'S lecture-notes.*

HAY

—It's queer about her: we've talked for hours on end, and still I don't feel I know her one bit better than the day I came.

GILLESPIE

No?

HAY

Maybe I'm not quite the bright fellow I thought I was.

GILLESPIE

Or maybe it's all there is to know.

HAY

Don't you believe it.

GILLESPIE

—Reads a lot, doesn't she?

HAY

—Book after book. Why?

[GILLESPIE *shrugs.*

GILLESPIE

Don't ask me.

HAY

That's what you always say when you think you know something. (*Another silent shrug.*) What?—Some sort of a creative impulse gone wrong? (*He rises abruptly.*)—An artist without an art—is that

it?

GILLESPIE

—Or a woman without love.

HAY

There's her husband, isn't there?

GILLESPIE

I mean love.

HAY

It's not that simple. But it's something—and if I can't dig it out, I'm not much on—But I'm *going* to dig it out. I'll tell you by evening what it is. I'll—(GILLESPIE *cocks his head admiringly at the sketch.*)  
—What's that?

GILLESPIE

A cenator—

HAY

A what?

GILLESPIE

—A cenator. Half man, half horse.

[HAY *laughs.*]

HAY

Gillespie, you're a joy to me. I believe I'll have you stuffed.  
[EVE *comes in from the hall, in a light summer dress and hat.*]

EVE

Good morning.

HAY

Did you pray for us?

[EVE *laughs.*]

EVE

I lost my list.—Hot, isn't it?  
[GILLESPIE *gathers up his papers and silently goes out.*]

HAY

It is, a little.

EVE

It will be cooler up the river.

HAY

Good.

EVE

I left Gail talking horses to a man. We'll be ready to go as soon as he gets back.  
[*A moment.* HAY *gazes at her.*]

HAY

Do you like Church?

EVE

Sometimes.

HAY

Can you be really serious about it?

[EVE *seats herself*.

EVE

Sometimes. I couldn't be this morning. During the sermon I kept thinking about a funeral-service I heard of once. Two clergymen had been engaged for it by mistake.—One was just beginning: "I am the Resurrection and the Light—" when the other rushed in, shouting: "I beg your pardon! I am the Resurrection and the Light!"—But yesterday's lecture I took very seriously.

HAY

You shouldn't have.

[*She leans forward attentively, chin on hand.*

EVE

I didn't. (*He looks at her. She laughs.*) But it's a fine, bright morning all the same. (*She rises and goes to the window and looks out.*) Yes, it will stay fine all day long. There's only a little wind in that cloud—wind, and no rain.

[*A moment. Then she turns.*

HAY

—Don't stir. (*Another moment.*)—I want this picture of you. I want to take the print of it as deeply as I can.

EVE

What for?

HAY

For afterwards.

EVE

I feel like laughing.

HAY

Then do.

EVE

—Now I don't. It's over.—I think that I shall miss you a great deal, afterwards.

HAY

—And I you.

[*They stand looking at each other silently. Then EVE gestures.*

EVE

Now may I? (*He nods. She seats herself.*) Where did you come from—far?

HAY

You mean originally?

EVE

Yes.

HAY

Montreal.

EVE

And you've always worked hard, so hard—

HAY

I haven't minded it.

EVE

—Always something to fight.

HAY

There's always been that, all right.

EVE

—Was it a happy childhood you had?

HAY

We won't talk about it, if you don't mind.

EVE

I'm sorry. That should never be.

HAY

I suppose not. Still—*(Then suddenly.)* See here! Am I finding out about you, or you about me?

EVE

What would you like to know?

*[A moment. Then:*

HAY

Nothing. Nothing at all.

EVE

—Anyhow, let me hear of you now and then, on your way up the mountain.

HAY

The mountain?

EVE

Haven't you one in view?

HAY

And what have you?

EVE

You'll see this morning: a river.

HAY

It sounds alarming.

*[EVE smiles.*

EVE

It's not that kind of river. It's a very placid river with a pleasant name: the Willing.

HAY

How do I happen to have missed it?

EVE

I meant that you should, until I showed it to you. Father and I had a small house on it, when first he came here to teach at Redman.

HAY

—A professor's daughter, is it—

EVE

Professor of Romance Languages—

[HAY *smiles*.

HAY

I think you learned a great deal from him.

EVE

—All I know.—As knowledge, it's not very practical.—He was a dear man—always rather frail. He took quite a lot of looking after, which I loved doing—

HAY

I'm sure you did.

EVE

—The river meant very much to me. It still means very much. It's why I married Gail, I think—it's so like him. In summer I swim down it. Perhaps we shall swim today. In winter I skate up it all the way to O'Fallon's Falls—though of course I never dare quite go there—

HAY

Why not?

[*She rises*.

EVE

Well, if I did—I'd have done it!—You see? It's something to skate up the Willing all the way from Redmanton to O'Fallon's Falls.—But I'm a very good skater. You should see me do an inside edge.—Fresh, new black ice, ready to be written on. Oh, it's the finest sort of river! You'll see!—Of course, after this morning I shan't be able to go there for awhile, so—

HAY

—Not able? What's to prevent you?

[*She smiles, and lays her finger to her lips*.

EVE

Sh!—The laurel. There's a bank covered with it. It's ready to bloom, now. It blooms for twenty days.

[HAY *frowns*.

HAY

I'm even stupider than I supposed. Does laurel—?

[*She laughs*.

EVE

—Give me hay-fever? No.—It's just an idea of mine.—When I was fifteen, my first summer here, there was one very bright night, and I went walking by myself. All at once I came upon the bank of laurel. It was—I can't tell you. I've never known beauty like it, before or since.—I think it was the first time I ever felt myself alive. But when I could, I ran from it. I haven't been back there since—not at that time of year.

*[He is watching her intently. She reseats herself.]*

HAY

No. Of course not.

EVE

You see, I shouldn't dare. I want it as it was then. It may have changed—or I may.

HAY

—Or possibly it was too real for you. Possibly you are afraid it will be too real again.

*[She looks at him, startled.]*

EVE

Too—? *(And averts her head again.)*—You don't see what I mean.

HAY

I see precisely what you mean. *(He rises.)* What are you going to do with your life here?

*[She smiles.]*

EVE

Why—very much what I've always done, I think.

HAY

That's all you ask, is it?

EVE

It's a pleasant place. I'm fond of the people here, and they of me. I should be very happy, don't you think?

HAY

Some women might. Not you.

EVE

But I'm not unusual in any way.

HAY

—Except that you're a different order of being entirely.

EVE

I? How—

HAY

How often have you made your little world here over?

EVE

Why—I don't know.

HAY

Countless times, haven't you?—And now there's nothing left to work on—it's all worn thin—won't take the paint—

[EVE *smiles*.

EVE

I'm not following very well, Doctor Hay.

HAY

Did you ever hear of an artist without an art?

EVE

No. What are they like?

HAY

Miserable, usually. Probably the most wretched people in the world.

EVE

I'm afraid I still don't—

HAY

—Because they aren't like other people. They must do something about life, with it, to it—or else—

EVE

What?

HAY

The sooner they die the better for them.

EVE

Oh.

HAY

There are artists outside the arts, you know—that's where most of them are.—All I'm trying to say is that somewhere, for part of the time at least, you might find—material you can work with.

EVE

Where is it?

HAY

Do you never come East at all?

EVE

Never.

HAY

Come this winter for a month—two months—

EVE

What for?

HAY

New faces—new interests—plays—music—exhibitions.—Better than that! Come to Paris in April!

EVE

Do you really think places make such a difference?

HAY

—But tremendous things are happening there now! There's a new music, a new literature, a new—

EVE

They're not for me.

HAY

What *can* one do for you?

EVE

Do I seem to need something so much?

[*A silence. Then:*

HAY

Yes.

EVE

(*in a small voice*)

That's quite true, Nicholas.

HAY

But what, Eve?

EVE

I don't know.

HAY

—One thing's certain: you won't go looking for it, will you? You're quite content to stay on here forever—

EVE

I live here. My life is here.

HAY

If you can call it life.—Seeing the neighbors—filling the house with children, I suppose—

EVE

Would that be such a dreadful fate?

[*He looks at her intently.*

HAY

Perhaps not. (*He rises.*) Let's see, now—the first son in just about a year.—There's creation! There's art for you!

EVE

You must not make fun of me.

HAY

But I'm not! I'm doing nothing of the sort! I'm simply convinced you're what I say you are. (*She rises and moves away. He is silent a moment, watching her closely. Then he goes on.*) Yes, it's quite plain, now. I see him with your eyes, your brow and Gail's deep chest and fine long back—

EVE

(*a murmur*)

It would be good.

HAY

—He'll be very grave and solemn for awhile, until things have grown familiar. Then he'll laugh out loud. He'll laugh a great deal, first sons do, you know.

EVE

I hope—

HAY

—And you'll sing him to sleep of nights—*(He sings.)* “Frèr-e Jacq-ues, Frèr-e Jacq-ues—”

EVE

*(continuing the song)*

“Dormez-vous, dormez-vous. Sonnez les matin-es—”

HAY

—It's true: I believe he might be the answer for you.

EVE

I should set great store by him.

[<sub>HAY</sub> *advances.*

HAY

—Then I tell you to have one—have one quickly. I shall be happier about you, then. *(He senses an embarrassment in her; turns away again to relieve it, and continues more lightly.)* Let's see, now: we must find a name for him. “Gail” is good, but he must have one of his own. Names are important. Redman is a fine name—he must have one as fine, to go with it. “Peter”—“David”—no, those are too romantic, now. “Adam”—no, that's affected, and there would be dismal jokes about “Eve and Adam.”—It's a good name, though—a good, plain name. Of course it must be a plain one. *(A moment. Then, suddenly:)* I know! “Christian”! He shall be Christian Redman!

EVE

“Christian Redman”—

HAY

—And no one must call him “Chris”—or “Christy.” You must insist on that. *(She does not answer: Her head is bowed upon her breast. A moment, then he goes to her and gently turns her about, facing him. Her eyes are filled with tears.)* Tell me—what is it?

EVE

All that you've said—it would be very fine. Yes—now you are the wise man I thought you. *(She moves away from him and begins to range about the room again, touching things here and there.)*—Did Gail show you this medal? It was presented to his grandfather by Lincoln and his Cabinet.

HAY

—You must tell me, Eve—

EVE

—Mrs. William A. Plant herself insists upon giving a reception in your honor the night before you leave.

HAY

(*in appeal*)

Eve—

EVE

—I wonder what can be keeping Gail so long. He said he wouldn't be a moment—

HAY

Eve—my dear—

[*She turns and meets his eyes.*]

EVE

You see—it seems I cannot have one.

[*A silence. Then:*]

HAY

Forgive me, please. I'm sorrier than I can possibly tell you, to have spoken so.

EVE

It's all right.

HAY

Will you let me ask you one thing?

EVE

Ask what you like—

HAY

Are you sure you're not afraid to have one?

[*She draws herself up.*]

EVE

Afraid!—I—?

HAY

I don't mean in that way. I mean for some reason that even you yourself—

EVE

I am not afraid for any reason on this earth.

[*A moment. Then:*]

HAY

Eve—

EVE

What is it?

HAY

—Adopt one. (*A silence. She turns away.*) I beg you to do that. I know it's right for you. You'd love it as much, I know. I believe you'd soon love anything you had to care for.

EVE

But Gail—things must be Gail's own.

HAY

Ask him! Insist! You must have *something*—

EVE

Oh I know, don't I know!

HAY

Do as I tell you, Eve.

[GILLESPIE *comes in again with a typewritten copy of the lecture notes.*

GILLESPIE

(*to HAY*)

Will you go over it?

HAY

I think it's all right.

[GAIL *comes in excitedly from the hall.*

GAIL

—I'm sorry to have kept you, but that fellow's got a hackney stallion that—oh Lord! Who says I can't breed horses to show against those Eastern stables?—And do you know all the fool wants for him?

[*He whispers "Twelve hundred dollars" loudly in EVE'S ear.*

EVE

But isn't that a lot?

GAIL

—For an animal like that? (*He appeals to HAY and GILLESPIE.*) Gentlemen—

EVE

(*affectionately*)

There are only three things in this world my husband really loves: horses, corn soup, and me.

GAIL

Reverse the order, and you may be right! (*He puts his arm about her shoulder.*)—Are we all ready?

[HAY *moves toward the library.*

HAY

I'll get my coat.

[*He goes out. GAIL leads EVE to the doorway.*

GAIL

Really, darling—I know I'm all kinds of a fool about other things, but I've got a hunch about this brute—*I think he'll show better than The Hooper. I think he's the—*

[*They go out. HAY'S voice is heard singing cheerfully to himself in his bedroom. GILLESPIE turns and listens in growing anxiety. Then he calls:*

GILLESPIE

—Shall I draw you a bath, Sir?

[HAY'S *singing swells. GILLESPIE smiles broadly.*

CURTAIN



## ACT TWO

# ACT TWO

## SCENE I

*About half-past eleven at night, ten days later. The living-room is dimly lighted, but the French windows are open upon the porch, where there is bright moonlight. Down Left there is a small table set with four places, wine glasses, a plate of sandwiches, a bowl of fruit, a jar of cheese, and two candle-lamps, the candles enclosed in tall glass shades. HAY, in a dinner-coat and soft white shirt comes from the rear of the room to the table, where he lights the candles, and stands looking down at them, frowning. A moment, then ELLA, in a black dress and white apron, comes in from the hall with a bottle of white wine and a rack of toast, which she places upon the table.*

ELLA

Will you want your breakfast at the same time, Sir?

HAY

—What's that? Oh yes—yes, thank you.

*[ELLA busies herself arranging the table. GILLESPIE, also in a dinner-coat, comes in from the library, traverses the living-room to the hall, from which he returns with a brief-case.*

GILLESPIE

What time shall I call you?

HAY

It's all right. I'll wake up.

GILLESPIE

It leaves at eight forty-five, you know.

HAY

I know.

*[GILLESPIE gathers up several books from the tables. EVE comes in from the hall, in a white evening-dress.*

EVE

That was Gail telephoning. He had to wait over.

HAY

Oh?

EVE

But he's going to take the midnight train down. He said to tell you he'd see you at breakfast, surely.

HAY

Good.

*[ELLA moves toward the hall.*

EVE

Thank you, Ella. It looks lovely.

ELLA

Thank you, Ma'am.

*[She goes out. HAY puts two chairs at the table.*

HAY

Bring a chair, Gillespie.

GILLESPIE

Not me. I ate Mrs. William A. Plant's chicken-salad, and drank her cocoa.

[<sub>HAY</sub> *laughs*.

HAY

I was wiser.

EVE

I think you behaved beautifully, both of you.

GILLESPIE

Why's she called "Mrs. William A. Plant"? Is there another Mrs. Plant? A Mrs. William H.? Or Willy K.—?

EVE

Not that I know of.

GILLESPIE

(*thoughtfully*)

—And still always Mrs. William A. Plant. H'm—Oh well, why not?

[*He goes out again into the library, with the brief-case. EVE seats herself at the table.*

EVE

Gail is sorry to miss your farewell supper.

HAY

I'm sorry, too. (*He seats himself, facing her, pours the wine and raises his glass.*) To my host.—  
And to my hostess, who has cared for me with all this care.

[<sub>EVE</sub> *raises her glass to him*.

EVE

To our most welcome guest.

[*They drink. HAY puts down his glass and stares at her.*

HAY

It tastes of sun and rain and earth.

[<sub>EVE</sub> *stares at hers*.

EVE

—Good things to taste of.

HAY

Fine things to taste of.

EVE

The only good things. Sun—

HAY

Rain—

EVE

—Earth.

HAY

Eve—

*[She looks up.]*

EVE

Nicholas—?

HAY

Why did you run away?

EVE

I hadn't seen my Aunt in such a long time—

HAY

My last three days here—

EVE

Well, you see, Gail had to be away and—

HAY

He thought—

EVE

No. It was my idea.

HAY

Why did you go, Eve?

EVE

Why, it simply seemed to me that it was as good a time as any other, and—

HAY

Tell me the truth.

EVE

I'm trying to. It seemed to me—

HAY

—You had to run again, from what was real.

EVE

Real—?

HAY

Is the laurel in bloom, Eve?

EVE

*(faltering)*

I don't understand you.

HAY

Oh my dear—admit it!

*[A moment. Then she speaks quietly:]*

EVE

I must ask you not to do this. I don't like to be questioned so.

[HAY rises abruptly and moves away.]

HAY

I beg your pardon.

[EVE looks after him. A silence. Then:]

EVE

Nicholas—please—(*He does not reply.*)—Please come back, Nicholas. This is your last night with us. Please let me remember it as I would. (*He returns slowly.*) I have been at such pains about this little supper—

HAY

—That there should be just enough of everything?

EVE

(*smiling*)

—That there should be just enough.

[*She indicates his chair. For a moment they sit in silence, gazing at the table.*]

HAY

I'm not hungry for this.

EVE

I know.—Nor I. (*Another silence. Then:*) You haven't told me your address.

HAY

Lloyd's Bank, Geneva.

EVE

—Lloyd's Bank, Geneva.

HAY

Shall I write it down?

EVE

No. I have a memory.

HAY

Have you? For what?

EVE

Nicholas, don't turn every small thing I say back to me, to be said again.

HAY

Then talk to me honestly in the little time we've left. Say what you—

[GILLESPIE comes in from the library.]

GILLESPIE

Everything's in, Sir.

HAY

Good.

GILLESPIE

Good night, Mrs. Redman.

EVE

You won't change your mind?

GILLESPIE

No thanks.—Not fair to Mrs. William—*Plant*.

*[He goes to the hall, and out. There is a brief silence.]*

EVE

—You'll be sorry to hear it's as I thought: Gail doesn't want to adopt a child.

HAY

You must persuade him.

EVE

I shall keep trying. *(Her head sinks for a moment.)* How I shall try!

HAY

I still believe in my prophecy. Let me know how it turns out.

EVE

Yes. *(Another brief silence. Then:)* What will you do when you come back?—Write, or teach?

HAY

Both, I hope. *(He stares out the window.)* That moon is brighter than I ever saw one. *(This time the silence is longer. Finally he rises, goes to the French window opposite him, and closes it.)* I must close this. I can't stand it in my eyes. *(In returning he stops beside her; the spell too strong for him. His hand falls upon her shoulder: Her whole frame stiffens as from a shock, then she relaxes and for a moment rests her cheek upon his hand.)*—I want to tell you something. Look at me—

EVE

*(a small voice)*

I can hear you as I am—

HAY

I try to be an honorable man, Eve.

EVE

I think you are a great and honorable man.

HAY

*(suddenly bitter)*

—And such a wise one, eh?

EVE

I think so.

HAY

Yes!—Didn't I tell three hundred people only Wednesday precisely what love is made of? *(He throws back his head and laughs.)* Oh God, oh God!

EVE

Don't, Nicholas.

*[He reaches blindly for her hand, lifts it to his lips and kisses it.]*

HAY

I'm afraid I haven't much use for what they call common decency—but listen to me—

EVE

I know all you have to say. I know it without your telling me.

HAY

Oh my dear—if only you hadn't left me!

EVE

Yes: it was a mistake. I see that now.

HAY

I might have managed.

EVE

We shall still manage.

HAY

The first day I didn't know what had hit me. Then—

EVE

Hush—. Don't think, even—

HAY

But it will be two years—at least two years.

EVE

Two? It will be ten.

HAY

No, no!

EVE

—Yes. I am a prophet, too.

HAY

Eve—

EVE

Go where you were before—*(She indicates his chair.)*—I like you there beyond the candles—*(He resumes his chair; stares at the candles.)* Let them stand for us—*(She indicates the one near him.)* You—*(And touches the shade of the other. It makes a ringing sound.)*—And me.

HAY

They seem not to be melting any.

EVE

They are a special kind I have. They last forever.

HAY

All that you have and are, is of that special kind.

[*A silence. Then:*

EVE

Nicholas—

HAY

Eve—

[*She holds her hand out to him, palm upward across the table.*

EVE

Take my hand in yours—

[*He takes it in his, gazes at it.*

HAY

It's so small.

EVE

It holds my heart's thanks.

HAY

(*in pain*)

—For what? What for?

[*A moment.*

EVE

—For giving me, for a little while, the illusion of being alive.

[*HAY'S bitterness returns.*

HAY

Illusion—you're right there! That's all you've had. That's all you're ever likely to.

EVE

It may be that I ask less than other people. (*She rises, he with her, her hand still in his.*) Good-night, Nicholas. (*He draws her to him, takes her shoulders in his hands and stands gazing into her eyes. Finally she smiles and speaks:*)—Yes, yes. Of course.—With my whole heart. You must know that.

HAY

But what are we to do?

EVE

What is there to, but to remember—

HAY

We need more.

EVE

No. We have it truly now, forever as it is.

HAY

You think that it might change—

EVE

Things change.

HAY

Come with me, Eve—

EVE

No. That I can't.

HAY

I want you. You want me.

EVE

Still, I cannot.

HAY

You love him, too—

EVE

Yes, I love Gail.

HAY

But this has nothing to do with him!

EVE

—My love for you has not. My going with you would.

[*A moment.*]

HAY

—It's hail and farewell for us, then, is it—(*Her head lowers. He waits a moment. Then:*)—If ever you send for me—whenever—whatever your reason, I shall come. Remember that.

EVE

I shall remember.

HAY

—But when you do, you'll be ready to go with me. Remember that, as well.

EVE

(*in a lower voice*)

I shall remember.

HAY

Oh Eve—this is cowardly. We want each other. We must have each other.

[*She turns away.*]

EVE

No, no—

HAY

But we must! It's the only real thing in this world, Eve!

[*She shakes her head.*]

EVE

Not for me.—So fare you well, Nicholas. Till the morning, my dear one, when I shall tell you fare-you-well all over, with perhaps a brighter face.

HAY

(*not knowing what*)

—Oh, something to take with me! *Something* real—

[*She looks at him for a moment, then moves to his arms and lifts her face to his. They kiss. She strains against him, then buries her face in her hands, upon his breast.*]

EVE

It's true. It's the same sense that the laurel gave me. (*She leaves his arms.*) I can't stand it. Be sad for me.

HAY

(*wiser—aware that it is too late for them now*)

For us both, now. Now I am in your heart. I shall remain there. You will have no peace—nor I.

EVE

I have no peace anyway—

[*She turns and moves toward the doorway.*]

HAY

(*deferring to her*)

Look, then—(*She stops and turns. He takes up one of the candle-lamps.*)—You—and me—

[*Reluctantly, he raises it to extinguish it, but she cries:*]

EVE

No! (*Comes to him swiftly, takes it from him and replaces it upon the table.*) Oh—how could you!

HAY

Eve—my darling—

[*A brief silence. Then she looks up at him and murmurs:*]

EVE

—Yes. (*She moves to the French windows and opens them to the moonlight. Then she turns and holds out her hand to him.*) Come—I should like you to see the laurel. I think there is nothing will ever change it.

[*He goes to her and takes the hand outstretched to him. She leads him through the windows, across the porch. The stage is darkened, except for the two candles, which still burn.*]



# ACT TWO

## SCENE II

*About eight-thirty the following morning. The French windows are closed. It is a bright day outside, but the sunlight now proceeds from the dining-room through the hall, where, at the entrance to the living-room, one shaft completes itself. ELLA and JANE, in gray dresses with white aprons, are clearing the supper-table. JANE carries out the candle-lamps, still burning lowly, and returns.*

ELLA

*(with real feeling)*

I hate trays.

JANE

Why?

ELLA

I don't know. I just always have. *(She places the tray upon a chair and together they move the supper-table into a corner. Then ELLA returns to the tray and offers it to JANE.)* Here—take it.

*[JANE moves with it to the hall doorway, where she meets GAIL, his napkin in his hand.]*

GAIL

I'll have another egg, Jane.

JANE

Yes, Sir.

GAIL

—And Mrs. Redman will be down a little later. *(JANE goes out. GAIL turns to ELLA.)* Did Doctor Hay say where he was going?

ELLA

—He just said a little walk—it was such a lovely morning.

GAIL

Has he had his breakfast?

ELLA

I gave him a cup of coffee in his room at seven, Sir.

*[She arranges the curtains at the French windows.]*

GAIL

He hasn't got too much time.

ELLA

He said he'd be back all right.

GAIL

What direction did he go in, do you know?

ELLA

Toward the river, I think.

GAIL

Well, he'd better hustle along—

*[He returns to the dining-room. GILLESPIE comes down the stairs with a traveling-bag and a portable typewriter, which he leaves in the hall, and enters the living-room.]*

GILLESPIE

(to ELLA)

How long did he say he'd be gone?

ELLA

Just a few minutes, he said.

*[She goes out. JANE passes through the hall toward the front door. The grandfathers clock strikes the half-hour. GILLESPIE wheels about and stares at it.]*

GILLESPIE

—And the boat sails Friday. *(He compares it with his watch and is moving toward the library as HAY comes in from the hall, followed by JANE, who carries an armful of laurel-blossoms. GILLESPIE turns.)* Well, this is better.

HAY

There's time, isn't there?

GILLESPIE

We ought to leave in five minutes at the outside.

HAY

Is that our taxi?

GILLESPIE

It must be.

HAY

You can get the bags in.

GILLESPIE

Right, Sir.

HAY

—And you might wait in the taxi. I'll be along.

GILLESPIE

Right.

*[He goes into the library. JANE places the laurel upon a sidetable and goes out through the dining-room. GILLESPIE comes in from the library with two traveling-bags.]*

HAY

Hasn't Mrs. Redman come down yet?

GILLESPIE

I haven't seen her, Sir.

*[He goes out into the hall as GAIL enters from the dining-room.]*

GAIL

Well, here you are! I thought we'd lost you.

HAY

Hello, Redman.

GAIL

All set?

HAY

All set.

GAIL

The Eight forty-five, isn't it?

HAY

The Eight forty-five.

GAIL

Not much lee-way.

HAY

I know.

GAIL

I was sorry I couldn't get back last night.

HAY

So was I. Big business?

[GAIL *laughs*.

GAIL

Well, they want it to be, but I can't decide. (*He glances at the clock.*) You won't have much time in New York, will you?

HAY

Half a day. We sail at midnight tomorrow.

GAIL

I hope you don't mind my not taking you to the train.

HAY

Heavens, no. There's a taxi at the door.

GAIL

I've got this stupid meeting at nine, and—

HAY

Please don't give it a thought. It's all arranged. (*A klaxon sounds outside, briefly. He looks at his watch. Then:*) Is—er—is Mrs. Redman—?

GAIL

She said she'd made her farewells last night and knew you wouldn't mind her not coming down.

HAY

Oh, I see—

GAIL

I thought Ella had told you. Sorry.

HAY

Not at all. It's all right. I simply thought—Well—  
[GAIL *holds out his hand to him. He takes it.*]

GAIL

Good-bye. Good-luck.

HAY

You have been so kind to me here. I can't even attempt to thank you.  
[GAIL *laughs.*]

GAIL

Not me—I've done nothing. It's all been Eve.

HAY

She is a great woman.

GAIL

—Eve? Oh yes—you bet your life—a great girl, Eve.  
[GILLESPIE *comes into the hall doorway.*]

GILLESPIE

—Sorry, Sir, but—

HAY

I'm coming. Get in. (GILLESPIE *goes out.* HAY *smiles, and releases his hand.*) Well—

GAIL

(*hesitantly*)

One thing, Doctor Hay—  
[HAY *turns to him.*]

HAY

Yes?

GAIL

—No. Never mind—

HAY

What is it?

GAIL

Look here: do you think—(*But he stops again.*)—No.

HAY

But what is it?

GAIL

You're a pretty wise fellow, they say. There's something I'd like to ask you—

HAY

Do, by all means—

GAIL

Look here: do you think Eve is happy?  
[*It is a moment before HAY replies.*]

HAY

I'm not sure. But I believe she can be.  
[*GAIL is thoroughly embarrassed now.*]

GAIL

(*hastily*)  
That's fine, because you see I'm fairly dumb in a lot of ways, and inclined to take things for granted, I'm afraid. But Eve's everything to me, and I've been sort of bothered lately about—

HAY

—If I were you, I should do anything and whatever she asks you out of her real feelings.

GAIL

(*puzzled*)  
Her—?

HAY

Mistrust her reason if you like, but trust her emotions always, and in everything.

GAIL

Oh yes! I see. Yes—I certainly ought to be able to do that.

HAY

Do, and you'll make few mistakes.

GAIL

I know! Thanks—  
[*HAY moves toward the hall. GAIL follows him. HAY stops at the laurel-blossoms upon the table and breaks off a twig.*]

HAY

—I came on this out walking just now. I thought that she would like it. Will you say that I gathered it for her?

GAIL

Why yes—of course. That's awfully nice. She'll be so pleased.  
[*Again the klaxon sounds.*]

HAY

—I wish that I might lay it at her feet.  
[*GAIL laughs.*]

GAIL

I'll tell her!  
[*He follows HAY into the hall and out. For a moment the room is empty. Then EVE comes down the stairs and swiftly across to the French window. She opens it, looks out it. The door of the taxi is heard to close, and then GAIL'S voice, "Good-bye! Good-luck!", and HAY'S and GILLESPIE'S "Good-bye. Thanks! Good-bye!" A motor races and wheels begin to pass*]

*slowly over gravel.* EVE murmurs softly:

EVE

Good-bye!—Good-bye, Nicholas. Good-bye, my love. Remember—

*[The sound of the wheels upon the gravel fades away. The klaxon sounds once more from the distance, as the taxi turns from the drive into the highway. EVE closes the window, and goes to a chair, where she sits facing forward, eyes straight ahead. GAIL comes in from the hall, opening a newspaper.]*

GAIL

Oh hello, dear.—He's gone. You just missed him. What a shame—

EVE

It doesn't matter.

GAIL

I said you thought he wouldn't mind.—It seems sort of strange without him, doesn't it?

EVE

It does, a little.

*[GAIL seats himself upon the sofa with his newspaper.]*

GAIL

He was a queer sort, wasn't he? Pretty good fellow, though—

EVE

He is a great man.

*[GAIL laughs and opens his newspaper.]*

GAIL

—It's a mutual admiration society, all right.—He thinks you're a great woman.

EVE

Did he say that?

GAIL

He did.—And I'm inclined to agree with him. *(He turns another page. JANE comes in with a large bowl of water.)*—I think he enjoyed being here, don't you? He went off jaunty as a jockey, with a sprig of laurel in his button-hole.

*[EVE sits upright.]*

EVE

With—?

JANE

Where would you like this put, Ma'am?

EVE

*(without turning)*

What is it?

JANE

It's for the flowers that Doctor Hay brought.

[EVE sees them.

EVE

—Just there—there on the table—

[JANE puts the bowl upon the table and goes out. EVE rises.

GAIL

He said to tell you he'd picked it for you this morning—said something about wishing he could lay it at your feet—

[EVE goes to the table.

EVE

Did he?—How sweet of him.

[She picks up a branch of laurel and looks at it. GAIL is deep in his newspaper.

GAIL

—The trip to Terre Haute turned out about as I thought.

EVE

Yes?

[EVE puts the branch into the bowl of water, and takes up another. A silence. Then he puts down his paper, regards her thoughtfully for a moment, and:

GAIL

Eve—

EVE

Yes?

GAIL

Listen, Eve: about—you know—about adopting. I've been thinking more about it. It might not be such a bad idea.

EVE

(in a rush)

—Oh my dear—good! It's good!

GAIL

We might look into it, anyway—see what the possibilities are—

EVE

Thank you, Gail.

GAIL

—If it worked out I'd be just as happy about it as you, you know.

EVE

I'm sure you would.

GAIL

Well—(He takes up his paper again.)—Well bless our eyebrows if the old school's not going to have a million-dollar stadium!

EVE

Really?

[*More branches of laurel go into the bowl.*]

GAIL

They need something to make them play football again, but I doubt if it's a stadium. (*He reads further.*)—North Pole won at Belmont. Twenty to one—Lord!

EVE

North Pole? Isn't he—

GAIL

—Colonel Sampson's, yes. Promissory Note was second. There's a comer, all right.

EVE

Do you think?  
[*He laughs.*]

GAIL

Darling! Question an expert? (*He reads:*) "Weather clear—track fast." (*And folds the paper.*)—I don't know of any more exciting words than those, do you?

EVE

They are exciting.  
[*GAIL laughs.*]

GAIL

—Unless maybe "I love you"—or something in that line. (*The clock strikes the three-quarters. He rises from the sofa.*) Quarter to—I've got to get along.—Hay's train's just leaving, if he made it.

EVE

He made it.

GAIL

I told him if he didn't, to come on back.

EVE

He made it.  
[*He goes to her and kisses her.*]

GAIL

Well—good-bye, darling.

EVE

Good-bye, dear.

GAIL

—Call for me at five?

EVE

If you like.

GAIL

It looks like another hot one—we might drive out somewhere and cool off before dinner.

EVE

All right.

GAIL

Anyhow, it's a date for five.

EVE

Yes—that's a date.

*[He goes to the doorway where he turns again and looks back at her.]*

GAIL

Eve—*(She turns to him.)*—You look so pretty, standing there with all those flowers.

*[He laughs, blows her a kiss, and goes out. She is alone. She looks after him for a moment, then lifts a branch of laurel and looks at it. Slowly, with great care, she continues to arrange the laurel in the bowl. The stage is darkened.]*



## ACT TWO

### SCENE III

*About two months later. Early October, five in the afternoon. It is already growing dark. There are white, pink and purple asters in the vases. The library door is open. ELLA comes in from the hall with a tray containing a decanter of whisky, cracked ice, soda, one tall glass and a small measuring glass. GAIL calls from the library:*

GAIL

Bring it in here, Ella. I've got a fire here. (*ELLA takes the tray into the library. Then, as she is re-entering the living-room.*)—You might start one in there, too. Mrs. Redman'll want one when she comes in.

ELLA

She's home already, Sir. She's in her room.

GAIL

Oh, yes? Resting—?

ELLA

I believe so.

GAIL

Start one anyway. The whole house is cold.—And close the door, will you please? I've got some letters to get off.

[*ELLA closes the library door, goes to the fireplace, lights it carefully, watches it a moment, replaces the screen, lights a lamp or two and goes out, lighting the hall light as she passes through. A moment, then voices are heard upon the stairs and DOCTOR WALTER BURKE comes down, carrying his bag and followed by EVE. Her face looks a trifle white and drawn. DOCTOR BURKE is about fifty-five, short, round, bald, ruddy and genial. He stops in the doorway and squints up at the light in the hall.*

BURKE

—Lights already? It gets dark early, doesn't it?

EVE

Too early.

BURKE

Chilly, too.—I always say, if you want Indian Summer, don't wait in Indiana for it.

EVE

Where is your hat?—Oh, I forgot about you and hats.

[*He shakes his head solemnly.*

BURKE

No hat. No. Bad for the hair. (*And he chuckles.*)—About this time every year Mrs. Burke says "Now Walter—*this* winter you *must* buy an overcoat." And I tell her not a bit of it—my first overcoat will be a wooden one.

[*Again he chuckles.*

EVE

At least come in and get warm a moment. There's a fire.

[*She enters the living-room. He follows.*]

BURKE

That looks good. That looks very good. (*He becomes professional.*)—Those powders I've given you are nothing but rhubarb and soda. They may do some good, sometimes they do. There's nothing wrong with you. You're tired, that's all. Take 'em when you remember to. They can't harm you, anyway.

[*EVE laughs.*]

EVE

You're the worst doctor I've ever heard of.

BURKE

Why not be honest? Now if you had malaria, say, or a thrombosis, I might be able to do something for you. But these little upsets are like the common cold.—Once I asked Sturgis at P. and S.—“Doctor,” I said, “what is your treatment for the common cold—?”—“Doctor,” he said, “two dozen soft linen handkerchiefs.” (*He laughs delightedly.*) Well—(*And picks up his bag again.*) Don't worry, Eve. You'll be all right.

EVE

Of course I shall. It's simply tiresome.

BURKE

I know.—As old Judge Riggs on Cedar Street once said to me: “Doctor,” he said, “I don't give a d. about the disease itself. It's the g.d. symptoms of it I can't stand.”—Let's see your eyes—(*He turns her around to the light and looks at them.*) Very pretty—very pretty indeed.—Not a sign of jaundice.

EVE

College starts Monday and I wanted to feel well for it.

BURKE

Going in for culture, are you?

EVE

I'm going in for facts.

BURKE

You'll be all right. Watch your diet a bit. Only eat what you want to. (*EVE laughs.*)—Gail well?

EVE

Oh very.

BURKE

And the horses?

EVE

Perfect.

BURKE

He's starting a hunt, I hear.

EVE

It's got as far as a pack of hounds that bay the moon a good deal.

BURKE

Doesn't he know this isn't hunting country?

EVE

Apparently not.

BURKE

Don't tell him. (*He shakes his bag.*) It will be good for business.

EVE

Have you got your car?

BURKE

—For this distance? My dear young lady.—Good-bye. Always a pleasure to see you, sick or well.  
[*EVE gives him her hand.*]

EVE

Good-bye, Doctor. Thank you.  
[*They move toward the doorway.*]

BURKE

Take those pills now and then—

EVE

You mean the powders?

BURKE

Did I give you powders? (*He frowns and scratches his head.*) Now why did I do that, I wonder?  
(*Then laughs and turns in the doorway.*) And Eve—

EVE

Yes?

BURKE

Are you very busy tomorrow morning?

EVE

Why no. Why?

BURKE

You might drop into the office about ten, if you can.

EVE

The office?—But why? What for?  
[*He laughs and shakes his finger at her.*]

BURKE

Now, now! No questions!

[*He departs, chuckling. The door is heard to close after him. EVE waits a moment, then turns and moves to the sofa, her apprehension growing in her eyes. She stands against the sofa, staring in front of her. ELLA comes in again from the hall.*]

ELLA

Will you want tea, Ma'am?

EVE

*(dully)*

What? *(Then:)*—Oh.—No. No, thanks.

ELLA

—Beg pardon, but is—is anything wrong?

EVE

Wrong?

ELLA

You look so white and—you don't look well at all, Ma'am.

[EVE *laughs unsteadily.*]

EVE

Don't worry about me. It's just that I haven't been out all day.

ELLA

You didn't take hardly any lunch. Jane said—

EVE

Perhaps I need something now. Perhaps that's it.—You might bring me a few crackers and a glass of sherry, will you?

ELLA

—Straight away, Ma'am—

[*She turns to go.*]

EVE

Where is Mr. Redman? At the stables?

[ELLA *goes to the library door.*]

ELLA

I think he's still—*(She opens the library door. The sounds of a typewriter are heard.)*—Yes—he's right here.

GAIL

*(from the library)*

Who's that? Is that you, Eve?

[ELLA *goes out.*]

EVE

I was just wondering where you were.

GAIL

I'm batting out a few letters. It won't take long.

EVE

Don't hurry.

GAIL

Feeling any better?

EVE

Oh yes. I'm all right.

GAIL

Good.—You really ought to see Burke, you know. *(She does not reply. She is standing rigid against the sofa, staring in front of her. He whistles a bar or two of some popular song, then goes on typing. EVE lowers her head, and begins to trace with her finger the fluting in the top of the sofa. Then GAIL stops again.)* I'm writing a telegram to Terre Haute about taking over that Implements outfit.

EVE

*(without interest)*

You've decided, then.

GAIL

I hope I have. *(He begins to type again, slowly. EVE'S breathing is becoming a little difficult. She grasps the top of the sofa more firmly, to steady herself. Again the typing stops.)*—Oh—er—I've answered a letter I got this morning from the Indianapolis Infants' Home. They asked more fool questions. You'd think we'd picked one out already. They practically wanted to know if my aunt's stepmother ever had prickly-heat and was she kind to animals—*(EVE sways slightly.)* Here's what I wrote. Listen—*(He reads:)* "My wife and I, having no children of our own, wish to legally adopt an infant of from three to six months of age, provided we can obtain a suitable infant, of unquestionably good parentage."—That's only fair. *(EVE begins to hum "Frère Jacques" lowly, and with difficulty makes her way to the hall doorway.)*—Then I go on to say that either party, they or us, are at liberty to reconsider the adoption within a six months' period, and give a list of names for reference: the Adees, the Proctors—*(EVE'S humming becomes louder. She grasps at the heavy curtains to steady herself.)* Say! Are you listening?—Doctor Burke, Mrs. William A. Plant, the James Russels in Indianapolis, and so on. *(EVE'S grasp upon the curtain has given way and she has slumped silently to the floor.)* Do you think that's all right, dear? *(There is no answer. A moment.)*—All right with you, Eve? *(Again no answer. He calls:)* Oh, Eve! *(Silence. He waits a moment, then goes on typing. ELLA comes down the hall with a glass of sherry and a few crackers upon a tray. She does not see EVE until she is nearly upon her. She screams involuntarily and puts down the tray. The typing abruptly stops.)* What's that?

ELLA

Oh, Mr. Redman! Quick!

*[She bends over EVE. GAIL hurries in from the library, in boots and riding-breeches, and goes to EVE.]*

GAIL

Bring the whisky—*(ELLA goes to the library and returns with a small glass of whisky which she gives him.)* Go turn her bed down and call Burke. *(ELLA hurries out. GAIL rubs EVE'S wrists, murmuring gently:)* Eve—Eve dear—it's Gail, darling. It's all right, dear. Poor lamb—come on, Sweet—it's all right. Eve—Eve—

*[A moment, then she lifts her hand to her head and tries to sit up.]*

EVE

I—I—

GAIL

Take it easy, darling. It's all right. Here—drink this—  
[*He holds the whisky to her lips.*]

EVE

I can't—

GAIL

Try—just a swallow—(*She takes a swallow.*) One more—(*She takes another; then pushes it away.*) That'll fix you. That'll do the trick.

EVE

How foolish. I—I must have—

GAIL

Lord, Angel, behave, will you?

EVE

I'm so sorry.

GAIL

(*agonized*)

Shut up, will you? Do you want to break my heart?

EVE

Poor Gail—

GAIL

Poor Gail, my eye. Poor you.—Do you think you can make the stairs now?

EVE

Of course.

GAIL

Take it easy—(*He helps her to her feet.*)—Doctor Burke's coming. You've simply got to see him, dear.

EVE

I've seen him—

GAIL

You've—what did he say?

EVE

He just said—(*She stops, then turns to him.*) Gail—

GAIL

What, Sweet—?

EVE

The letter about the baby—don't send it.

GAIL

There now—don't you worry about letters—(*Then, suddenly.*) Eve! Why not? What *is* this?

EVE

—I've got one of my own, Gail.

GAIL

*(incredulously)*

You've—? *(Then, with enormous joy:)* Oh, Eve! Darling!

*[Exultantly, he draws her into his embrace. Her eyes close. She stands rigid in his arms.]*

CURTAIN



## ACT THREE

### ACT THREE

#### SCENE I

*December of this year. About two o'clock of a Sunday afternoon.*

*The living-room appears to be more open—fresher, brighter. The grandfather's clock has been removed and with it, several of the small chairs and tables. Of the original furniture left, the chairs and one small sofa have emerged from their old-fashioned linen slip-covers, and have been recovered with a lustrous modern material. There is a comfortable sofa near the fireplace, and in one corner of the room as simple a radio-cabinet as it is possible to obtain. The lamps are different, and there are two or three vases of yellow roses.*

GAIL'S and EVE'S voices are heard in an indistinct murmur from the dining-room, across the hall. Then GAIL'S voice, clearly:

GAIL

"Is that cricket?" he said. "No," said I, "more like croquet." (EVE laughs. Their voices continue to be heard in a faint murmur. A moment. Then CHRISTIAN REDMAN steals into the living-room from the library, in boots and riding-breeches, carrying his coat and a riding-crop. His head is swathed in bandages. He is not yet eight, a pale, sweet-faced, bright-looking child. He tiptoes toward the sofa, glancing fearfully in the direction of the dining-room, seats himself and begins to bind the buckles of his boots. GAIL'S voice is heard more distinctly:—"Just what I told my boy Christian," I said—(CHRISTIAN stiffens. GAIL goes on:—"You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him jump."

[GAIL'S hearty laugh is heard. Now CHRISTIAN is trembling all over. He jerks at the boot-buckle and exclaims breathlessly:

CHRISTIAN

I'll show him—(And awkwardly gets into his coat.) I'll show him!

[He stoops to pick up his riding-crop from the floor, rises and tiptoes quietly, fearfully in the direction of the French windows. EVE calls:

EVE

Christian? (CHRISTIAN shrinks back against the wall, not replying. Silence. Then he makes his way to the window, opens it, stops a moment, shivers slightly, and goes out, closing the windows after him. EVE comes in, followed by GAIL. GAIL has not aged perceptibly. One senses rather than sees the difference in him: a shade less enthusiasm in his voice and manner, and in his movements a slight diminishment of spring. EVE is older and more beautiful, for the look of anxiety and defeat has departed from her face, leaving a fine serenity in possession.) I did think I heard him.

GAIL

But wasn't he asleep?

EVE

—I'll just listen at his door a minute. I won't go in.

[She goes out, into the library. GAIL picks up a Chicago Sunday newspaper and scans it hastily. MARY, a housemaid of about thirty, in gray uniform, comes in from the dining-room

*with a coffee-service and two cups, which she places upon a table in front of the sofa, near the fire.*

GAIL

If anyone telephones don't disturb us, Mary. There's something on the radio at two I don't want to miss.

MARY

I'll tell Ella, Sir.

*[She goes out. GAIL again consults the newspaper, then goes to the radio-cabinet, looks at his watch, examines the radio-dial, sets it carefully and tunes in on a station. It is a choir singing an old hymn. As soon as the voices are clear enough, he switches off the radio, taking care to leave the dial set at the proper place. He then seats himself upon the sofa and pours two cups of coffee. EVE re-enters from the library.]*

EVE

—Not one sound. He's quiet as a mouse.

GAIL

Good.

*[She goes to the fireplace and stands with her back to it.]*

EVE

Suddenly I'm so cold. *(He gives her her coffee.)* Thanks. That should help.—I hope he has a good long nap.

GAIL

No more temperature, is there?

EVE

None since Friday.

GAIL

When are you going to move him back to his own room?

EVE

Why, I was just thinking: I might leave him down here. It seems to make him feel so independent.

GAIL

Oh, but Eve! I want him next to me. I like to go in and wake him up mornings. We've got a great game: I'm a different kind of animal every day, and he always pretends to be so scared.

*[EVE looks at him curiously.]*

EVE

How long have you been doing that?

GAIL

Oh—weeks, now.—Then he gets to laughing. The last time he laughed so hard he cried.

EVE

Really? You mean since the accident?

GAIL

Oh no, before.

[*A moment. Then:*

EVE

—Doctor Burke says the bandages can come off tomorrow.

GAIL

It's about time.

EVE

I went over the photographs again with him. There's not a sign of a fracture.

GAIL

I never thought there would be. Wasn't I right behind him the whole time? He just got timid at the water-jump and pulled up. You know it takes three good falls to make a horseman. Let him have them young, and get them over with. I had mine by the time I was six. He's slow.

EVE

I didn't tell you: Burke finally admitted that if the fever had gone on another day, we—  
[*She stops.*

GAIL

We what?

EVE

—We might not have him now.

GAIL

He doesn't know what he's talking about.

EVE

He seems to, usually. This time I wasn't sure.—I hope I was right to let the nurse go.

GAIL

Now listen, dear—

EVE

Anyhow, I'm going to keep him absolutely quiet for awhile. He'll have to have Christmas in bed, poor lamb.

GAIL

—But he's all right again now—he's all *right*, Eve!—Haven't you just said—?

EVE

I'm not going to risk that fever again.

GAIL

Darling, you certainly take motherhood hard. You came within an ace of dying when you had him, and now, every time he has the slightest upset, you think *he's* going to die.

EVE

It was more than a slight upset.

GAIL

It's just as I've always said: you're with him too much. Nurse, governess, mother, sister—

EVE

I love him. I love to be with him. (*She seats herself beside him.*) Tell me, Gail—what's the surprise you said you had for me?

GAIL

It isn't two o'clock yet.

EVE

But why just two?

GAIL

You'll see!

EVE

I shall wait patiently.

[*She replaces her coffee-cup upon the tray.* GAIL *surreptitiously glances at his watch, then speaks with elaborate casualness.*

GAIL

Oh—er—say, Eve—I wonder what ever became of that Doctor Hay—(EVE *glances at him quickly.*)  
—You know—he stayed with us here several years ago, when—

EVE

—I know.—Why? What made you think of him?

GAIL

I was just wondering what became of him.

EVE

He's—apparently he's quite a celebrated person.—Consulting physician lots of places—honorary degrees, and things of that sort. I—I've often seen him referred to in the newspapers, haven't you?

GAIL

Often?

[EVE *lights a cigarette.*

EVE

—Well—now and then.—And occasionally there's an article by him in some magazine—or one about him.

GAIL

*About him!*—Say, that's fame, isn't it?

EVE

Yes—I suppose that's fame.

GAIL

He's welcome to it.—He was a strange sort of duck, wasn't he? I never felt at home with him.—I wonder if he still gives lecture-courses.

EVE

I don't know.

GAIL

You don't ever hear from him, do you?

EVE

No.

GAIL

I thought he used to write.

EVE

Only for a little while at first. I mean—you know—for a month or two after he first left. (*She laughs nervously.*) "First" left!—You know what I mean—after he left—after visiting us that time. He wrote as long as I did. Then I stopped. I didn't want him feeling—you know—obligated to. He's—he always works so terribly hard. I was sure he simply hadn't time to—you know—keep on writing letters to anyone indefinitely.

GAIL

I wonder if he ever thinks of us.

EVE

I don't know.

GAIL

I don't suppose he even knows that we've got Christian.

EVE

No. I don't see how he would. I'd—stopped writing him by then—  
[*A moment.*]

GAIL

—It'd be funny if the door should open and he should walk in right this minute, wouldn't it?  
[*EVE starts slightly, then collects herself, and laughs.*]

EVE

Gail! What are you talking about?

GAIL

It would be, though—  
[*EVE looks at him intently. A moment. Then:*]

EVE

I can't imagine what you're—

GAIL

(*off-hand*)

Oh—anything can happen nowadays—The Age of Wonders, isn't it? (*Then hastily.*)—Tell me—what did Christy think of the new saddle—

EVE

He said to tell you thanks again for it.—But really, Gail—

GAIL

(*eagerly*)

He likes it, does he? I didn't know. He was so quiet when I gave it to him.

EVE

He's been polishing it away for dear life.

GAIL

Has he?

EVE

—The entire morning. He says he wants to get it looking like a chestnut.

GAIL

Good boy! (*Then, confidentially:*) You see, I don't want him losing his confidence over this. The first day he's able, I want him to get right on board again, and—

EVE

(*suddenly, sharply*)

No, Gail!

GAIL

But it's terribly important to. Don't you see—

EVE

No. I don't see.

GAIL

Well, it's terribly important, that's all. The first thing to do after a fall, is to get up and ride. Everyone has accidents. They're incidental. The main thing about any sport you love, particularly horses, is to—

EVE

But I don't believe he loves them as you do.

GAIL

Oh no!—Just watch his face with O'Brien at a show some time. Oh no!

EVE

—But you see, I think Christian's as I was at his age—as I was until not so very many years ago—

GAIL

How's that?

EVE

—Painfully, agonizingly anxious to be what people want him to be.

GAIL

Well, that's not such a bad thing, is it?

EVE

It's not a good thing.—*I* want him to be himself—to the furthest reaches of himself—but himself, first, last and always. That isn't easy for a son of mine to learn.

GAIL

Maybe not. But it's easy for a son of mine to take to horses.

[*A brief pause.*]

EVE

I'm sorry to tell you, but I think he has a deathly fear of them.

GAIL

I don't believe it. That's the bunk, Eve.

EVE

He's afraid of nothing else that I know of. You're afraid of cats. You can't be in a room with one.

GAIL

Cats are different. They slink.—And I'm not in the least afraid of them. I just don't like the beasts.

EVE

Perhaps that's how Christian feels.—Anyhow, I don't think he ought to ride again until he wants to. And I think he's too young to hunt, by years yet.

[*A silence. Then:*

GAIL

Now see here, Eve—(*He hesitates.*) No—

EVE

Do say it. Please do.

GAIL

It's simply that I believe you're off on the wrong foot with Christian, and always have been.

EVE

I was afraid you did. Gail dear—listen—

GAIL

No—you do: In the first place, he ought to be at school.

[*EVE smiles.*

EVE

Don't you think I know as much as the teachers there? I worked awfully hard for my degree at Redman.

GAIL

I'm not thinking only of him. I'm thinking of you too.—You never see your old friends any more—

[*EVE smiles.*

EVE

I have a more attractive young friend, now.

GAIL

But hang it, Eve—he can't even read or write yet!

EVE

It does seem late, I'll admit. But they'll come so easily, when they come. So far, he's been so occupied with real things.

GAIL

Oh? What for instance? Tell me three things he knows—

[*EVE looks away.*

EVE

—Well, he knows how he came about. He knows anatomy.

GAIL

*(ironically)*

—Fine. What else?

EVE

He has a sense of the strangeness of the world, of himself in it.

GAIL

I'm talking about practical things.

EVE

*(finding them)*

Well, he knows where the trout lie—how to make a telephone—what to do for a mother-sheep at lambing-time.—Every stick of furniture in his room he made himself.—He can grow things out of the rocks, it seems to me.—I've seen him let a swarm of bees settle on his bare arm, and bring them to a new hive.

GAIL

Very valuable in after life—

EVE

He knows that Jesus lived, and was a hero. He can lead you to a spring in any patch of woods you take him to—he can *smell* water! *(Then, in a rush:)* He knows how to—the difference between—he can tell you why—oh, what a lot he knows! And all of it his—his own—a part of him!

GAIL

—Hang it, you don't *want* to see what I mean!

EVE

Yes I do. Tell me, Gail.

*[He turns away.]*

GAIL

What's the good?

EVE

Darling, let's not be ridiculous. Christian is our one and only. But all the same, children are my specialty. I'm wiser about them than you'd believe. I've made myself wise. I don't spoil him, truly. I'm harder with him than you could ever be, but in another way. I don't try to tell you how to school horses. Please trust in my way with Christian.

GAIL

Now you're making me self-conscious about him.

EVE

No, no! I don't want to do that!

GAIL

Well, I've always done as you've said about him so far, haven't I? But when I see a boy turn yellow as he did—

*[EVE turns upon him.]*

EVE

Yellow?!—What are you talking about?

GAIL

He was yellow at that jump, Eve, and that's all there is to it.—There, now you've got it.

[*A moment. Then:*

EVE

Yes.

GAIL

—And don't think I like to say a thing like that about my own kid, either. But when—

EVE

I've got it, Gail. (*She moves toward the hall, but stops in the doorway, turns and looks at him, decides to stay. She goes to the radio and turns it on.*)—Shall I find some music?

[*Instantly a low, clear voice is heard.*

THE VOICE

—But the fact is, the human race was born with its emotions. Reason it acquired later, slowly, painfully. Possibly that is why it puts so high a premium upon it.

[*GAIL has started at the sound of the voice, and looked at his watch.*

GAIL

Hell! Ten past. The time got away from me.

EVE

(*faltering*)

But what—?

GAIL

It's Doctor Hay—he's in Chicago.—I saw it in the radio-news. (*The door-bell rings.*)—What's that?—Oh—the door.—I thought you'd be surprised.

[*EVE makes her way to the sofa and sits there, eyes straight ahead, listening. GAIL seats himself upon the arm of a chair near the radio, head bent, intent, his back to her. ELLA passes through the hall to the front door. HAY'S voice has continued:*

HAYS VOICE

—The common presumption seems to be that the height a civilization reaches is measured by the manner in which its collective reason functions. I don't agree. I believe the only measure is the quality of its emotional responses. There is my first conclusion.

GAIL

Hang it, it must be nearly over.

[*HAY'S voice continues.*

HAYS VOICE

Emotion, whether of joy or fear, of love or hate, of hope or of despair, is strengthened by indulgence, weakened by denial. That is the part that reason plays in the scheme of life. That is why the game is worth the candle, why the fight to be and realize ourselves, is worth the effort.

[*ELLA comes into the doorway. She appears to be frightened.*

ELLA

Mr. Redman—O'Brien's at the door. He wants to see you.

GAIL

—In a minute, tell him.

ELLA

But—but I think it's important, Sir.

[GAIL rises and moves toward the hall.

GAIL

If he's let that colt break loose again—

[He goes out, after her: EVE is oblivious. HAY'S voice has continued simultaneously:

HAY'S VOICE

For me, I believe the highest point a human being can reach is that at which he knows he has earned the right to depend upon emotion to prompt action. It is a right hard to earn, almost impossible to earn, but the true heroes of this world have earned it. Who does not know the power of small things to recapture lost emotions?—The sight of a green lawn curving beneath chestnut-trees—the rush of water running past—the smell of certain flowers—

[He pauses a moment.

EVE

(a breath)

Nicholas—Nicholas—

HAY'S VOICE

—Lost, did I say?—But they are never lost.

[GAIL comes into the doorway with CHRISTIAN in his arms, ELLA behind him.

GAIL

Eve—

[She does not hear him.

HAY'S VOICE

Emotion is the only real thing in our lives; it is the person, it is the soul. That is my last conclusion.

GAIL

Eve!

EVE

Was it the colt again?

[GAIL cannot answer. CHRISTIAN is limp in his arms.

CHRISTIAN

(a moan)

My head, my head—

[EVE turns sharply, rises and goes to them.

EVE

(barely touching CHRISTIAN'S brow with her fingers)

Oh—oh—

ELLA

I'll call Doctor Burke.

[*She goes out, down the hall.*]

EVE

He's burning up.

GAIL

(*in a rush*)

O'Brien said he never in his life saw him ride better. He made a perfect jump, O'Brien said—and came back at a dead trot and—and then—just fell off in his arms. He was out like a light—and oh, Eve—what are we going to do?

CHRISTIAN

My head, my—

EVE

Christian. Christian! (*He does not answer.*)—Take him into his room. We'll get his things off.

[*GAIL carries CHRISTIAN toward the library, EVE following. In the doorway he stops and cries once more:*]

GAIL

Eve! What are we going to do?

[*EVE stops, looks at the radio, and murmurs:*]

EVE

—He'll know. *He* will know.

[*GAIL goes out, followed by ELLA, who has come in with a glass of water.*]

HAY'S VOICE

(*simultaneously*)

—Analyze it however scientifically you will—and I have spent years upon it—call it a mere natural functioning of the nerves and brain, say that its seat lies in the thalamus, the glandular system, it remains the same—mysterious, occult, alive and real. Without organic existence, formed of such insubstantialities as memory and desire, it alone gives substance to the world around us.

[*EVE goes to the telephone.*]

EVE

Give me long distance, please.

HAY'S VOICE

—Emotion we were created with. Reason came after. Reason is our own invention.

EVE

Long Distance?—I want to talk with Chicago. Doctor Nicholas Hay.—N-i-c-h-o-l-a-s H-a-y—Just a moment, I'll find it.—No, I don't know the number. Oh, please wait a moment! It's important! It's—

HAY'S VOICE

—So if we earn the right, we may trust emotion over it, confident that in it we have, somehow, the whole experience of the human race to draw upon. It has its physical instruments, surely—nerves, brain, the endocrines. But they are only instruments. It is the difference between the voice and the wires which carry it, the poem and the handful of pied type one may compose to set it down.

[*A silence.*]

EVE

Oh—please wait! (*Then once more in a controlled, precise voice:*)—Main 856.—Mrs. Gail Redman. Yes, I want to speak to him himself—no—no—Hay—H-a-y.—The address? One moment, I'll give it to you—

[*She listens intently to the ANNOUNCER'S voice, which has already begun:*

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

—You have been listening to Doctor Nicholas Hay, the eminent educator and man of science, now lecturing at the University of Chicago, in his first talk for this station on “The Science of Emotions.”—The second of Doctor Hay's interesting talks will be given at the same hour—two o'clock P. M., Central Standard Time, next Sunday December the twenty-eighth. This is Station WMAQ, Chicago, Columbia Broadcasting Company, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

EVE

—Columbia Broadcasting Company, 410 North Michigan Avenue.—Please hurry it. It's most urgent.—No—I'll hold on—

[*She turns toward the library and calls:*

EVE

Gail!—Is he all right?

GAIL

Not yet—

ANNOUNCER

—And now we shall have the pleasure of hearing Luke McAllister and his Lazy Blue Lads, in a few selections from the current dance hits. Station WMAQ, Chicago, Earle Walker announcing.

ANOTHER VOICE

Good afternoon, friends and playmates. You look well—how do you feel? What would you like to hear?—Yes?—I guessed it!—Leave it to Luke.

[*A popular dance-tune begins. EVE waits. The music continues. She makes a movement toward the radio, to stop it, but just then a voice is heard on the telephone.*

EVE

Hello? Hello—yes, yes—that's right—(*A moment.*) Nicholas! This is Eve—Eve Redman. Oh. Who is it?—Oh—this is Mrs. Redman, Gillespie. I must speak to Doctor Hay at once. Quickly—quickly! (*A pause. The music continues.*)—Nicholas?—Yes—this is Eve.—Yes—I know. Yes, yes!—But Nicholas, you must come here at once. (*His voice is heard, an indistinct murmur, through the music. EVE speaks from a dry throat, with a desperate effort at control:*) My child is ill—so desperately ill.—My child, Nicholas. We don't know what it is, or what to do. (*Again his voice is heard in reply. She waits, agonized, her face contorted with suffering. Then:*) You see, about three weeks ago—Thanksgiving Day it was—he was thrown from his horse. (*At last her control breaks.*)—And ever since, Nicholas—ever since then, he's—

[*Her voice, and the music, and the lights have faded out. The stage is silent and dark.*



# ACT THREE

## SCENE II

*Three days later. About seven o'clock in the morning. It is just becoming light. The lamps in the living-room are still on. There are no flowers in the room.*

GILLESPIE *is seated with his feet up, upon the sofa, smoking and sketching upon a pad. There are several loose pages on the floor beside him. He seems very little changed.* DOCTOR BURKE *sits in a chair nearby. He is a little balder, a little ruddier, and wears round, gold-rimmed spectacles. He is finishing a story, the length of which irritates GILLESPIE.*

BURKE

—Ripley, the heart man, was the most distinguished member present. He'd just been telling a long story about how he'd made some particularly clever diagnosis—on President Cleveland, I think it was—when Pratt discovered that old Doctor Ainslee was dead there in his chair. Of course he should never have come to the dinner—he was only two day's out of bed.—Well, sir, Ripley listened for the heart a moment, then straightened up and said: "Gentlemen, he died like a soldier on the field of battle." "Field of battle, nothing," said Pratt. "You know you talked him to death."

*[He laughs delightedly at his story. Then:*

GILLESPIE

*(like a knife)*

Well, Doctor, how long do you give the kid?

*[BURKE is serious again in an instant.*

BURKE

Don't put it like that.

GILLESPIE

How'd you like it put?

*[MISS FRAZER, a pleasant-faced trained-nurse of about thirty-five, comes in from the hall in street clothes and hat.*

MISS FRAZER

Good morning, Doctor. *(He grunts her name)*—I couldn't get my Ford started. *(Taking off her hat.)* What kind of a night did he have?

BURKE

No change. Miss Blake has the chart.

MISS FRAZER

*(moving toward the library)*

Poor little fellow.

*[She goes out.*

BURKE

*(to GILLESPIE)*

—Conditions like this aren't unusual in high-strung children.

GILLESPIE

—Complete stupor for three days?

BURKE

It's stubborn, I'll admit.

GILLESPIE

You fellows make me laugh.

BURKE

You fellows don't seem much brighter. What's Hay done?

GILLESPIE

—Hasn't been able to get through to him yet.

BURKE

*(suddenly snapping)*

He'd better hurry.

[GILLESPIE *glances at him.*

GILLESPIE

Thanks.

BURKE

For what?

GILLESPIE

Answering my question.

[BURKE *rises impatiently and moves away, looking at his watch.* GILLESPIE *goes on sketching.*

MISS BLAKE, *the night-nurse, now in street-clothes, passes through the hall.*

MISS BLAKE

Good night, Doctor.

BURKE

Good night, Miss Blake.

[*She goes out.* HAY *comes in from the library. His hair has grayed very slightly, and there are new lines about his eyes and mouth. Otherwise, he seems the same.* GILLESPIE *rises.*

GILLESPIE

Going to get some sleep, Sir?

HAY

No. It's a cigarette I want. (*He takes one, lights it and then turns to BURKE.*)—But I wish you could persuade Mrs. Redman to—

BURKE

Is she still in there?

[HAY *nods.*

HAY

—And Redman.

BURKE

Oh, I've given him up.—I'll see what I can do with Eve, though.

HAY

Do.

[*A moment. Then:*

BURKE

Hay, I'm bound in conscience to tell you that I believe your methods in this case are a lot of—

HAY

(*absently, without having heard*)

What do you think of injections of adrenalin?

BURKE

(*dubiously*)

We might try it.

HAY

Let's.

[*He indicates* MISS FRAZER, *in white cap and uniform, who has come in from the library and stands beside* BURKE, *a clinical thermometer in her hand. He takes it from her and reads it, then looks at her incredulously.*

MISS FRAZER

I took it twice, Doctor.

[BURKE *returns the thermometer to her and goes quickly out, into the library.*

HAY

(*to* MISS FRAZER)

Would you ask Mr. Redman to come here, please? (*She nods and goes out. He turns to* GILLESPIE.)  
94-point-2. Down like a shot.

GILLESPIE

Good Lord.

HAY

He won't rouse. He just stares at you. His eyes are like blue glass. I thought I'd got his attention once half an hour ago, but it was like trying to hold on to water.

GILLESPIE

What have you been using to get at him with?

HAY

Anything I could think of—old toys, reading baby-stories—nothing's any use.

GILLESPIE

Maybe Mrs. Redman has ideas.

HAY

I've had so little chance to talk to her. I want to talk to her now. She said she'd come in a moment. (*A pause. He thinks.*)—I wish I knew whether he's their own child or whether they adopted him.

GILLESPIE

(*surprised*)

What?

HAY

When we were here before they talked of it.

GILLESPIE

They certainly treat him as if he was their own.

HAY

I know, but I'd like to be sure. Everything's important now.

[GAIL *comes in.*

GAIL

What is it, Doctor?

HAY

I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to stay out of the room for awhile. There are too many in there.

GAIL

But—

HAY

I'm sorry, but it's necessary.

GAIL

(*dully*)

All right.

HAY

Please go upstairs and try to get a few hours' sleep.

[GAIL *laughs shortly.*

GAIL

Sleep—!

HAY

Then take a walk. You needn't go far.

GAIL

(*suddenly*)

Look here, Doctor Hay—

HAY

Yes?

GAIL

I'm Christian's father and I've got a right to know. It's all very well to keep Eve bucked-up, but—

HAY

What is it you want to know?

GAIL

(*with difficulty*)

He's—going to come through it all right, isn't he?

[*A moment.*

HAY

I don't know, Redman. I hope so.

GAIL

Oh God, Doctor—

HAY

We're doing all we can.

GAIL

Isn't there someone we ought to send for?

HAY

—Anyone you like. Last night I talked to Sprague in Chicago and Macomber in New York. There aren't two better men anywhere. Both of them agreed with Burke: that it's probably some sort of an infection that existed before the fall, that the fall was a mere coincidence.

GAIL

But he's been tested for everything, hasn't he?

HAY

Everything that seems possible.—So even if they're right—

GAIL

—How do you mean "even if"?

HAY

Well, you see, I don't agree with them. I don't believe the condition has any physical basis. I believe it's all in his mind—or heart—

GAIL

I don't get you.

HAY

Has he been under any strain that you know of?

GAIL

No. He's a terribly happy kid, always has been.—What are you going to *do*?

HAY

If I can get his attention I think he'll tell me what's troubling him. I've worked with children for a long time, now. I'm supposed to be able to win their confidence and to think with them in their own terms. I've no doubt we'll find the trouble so simple it will break your heart. Then it will be up to you and his mother to straighten it out for him. My part will be to try to tell you how to go about it. It may take a little time, but don't think there's any mystery to it—there isn't—there's none whatever.

GAIL

But if you can't even—Doctor, what *is* it? What's doing it?

HAY

*(after a moment's hesitation)*

—I believe it's a wall of childish reasoning he's built between you and his emotions. The real problem is to find a way to him through it, before he starves behind it. I hope we'll be successful. I think we will.—Go on now, will you?—Put on your coat and get some air.

GAIL

Oh Christ, Doctor—you don't know what it's like. You wait years for a kid, and then you get one, and then all of a sudden—

HAY

Stop it!

GAIL

But I've got the—(*His voice sinks.*)—the most terrible feeling that he's—

HAY

Then get rid of it! (*He gestures toward the hall.*) Go on, please—do as I say. (*GAIL goes to the hall and out. It is now light outside. HAY sighs and covers his eyes with his hand.*)—Put out those damn lamps, will you? They're like ghosts. (*GILLESPIE extinguishes the lamps.*)—And kick up the fire. God, it's a tomb. (*A moment.*) Well, we've got him out of that room. Now the point is to keep him out. I don't like the way the boy keeps looking at him.

GILLESPIE

(*at the fireplace*)

—“And then you get one,” he said.

HAY

I heard him.

GILLESPIE

That probably means he's their own.

HAY

Probably. I'm still not sure.

GILLESPIE

Why didn't you ask him point-blank?

HAY

Somehow I couldn't. (*He rises, and turns to put out his cigarette.*) Make out an adrenalin prescription, will you? And go for it yourself. Three or four ampules. We'll give him five minims at a time.

GILLESPIE

Right.

[*He goes out into the hall as EVE enters from the library.*]

EVE

Nicholas—

[*He turns quickly.*]

HAY

Ah, my dear—do take some rest. You must rest a little, really.

[*She moves into his arms and rests her head upon his breast.*]

EVE

—Let me stay just here a moment. Then tell me the truth. (*For a moment he holds her to him, stroking her head. Finally she lifts it.*) Now—(*He looks at her.*) Tell me, Nicholas—

HAY

What, dear—?

EVE

Will he get well?

[*A brief moment. Then:*

HAY

Yes.

EVE

How do you know?

HAY

I don't know how I know. (EVE looks away, fearfully. He leads her to the sofa and draws her down beside him.) We've scarcely spoken, have we?

EVE

I can't speak of anything but him.

HAY

We'll speak of him.

EVE<

You were kind to come.

HAY

Don't say that. I'd have come across the earth.

EVE

I believe you would. (*She looks at him with a half-attempt at a smile.*) Nicholas—did I ask you for a child? Didn't I say, "Don't make fun of me"?

HAY

—It was here in this room that we first talked of it, wasn't it?

EVE

Yes. Just here.

HAY

It seemed so clear to me that you must have one.

EVE

You even named him—

HAY

"Christian"—yes—

EVE

—And told me what to sing to him—

HAY

He's such a dear child—

EVE

Why not? Why shouldn't he be? Oh, why not, why—(*Her voice breaks. She buries her face in her hands.*)—It was you who gave him to me—give him back!

[*He looks at her uncertainly, not comprehending.*

HAY

Hush, dear—he'll be all right, I promise you.

[*She looks up at him.*

EVE

Do you, Nicholas?

HAY

I promise.

EVE

But he doesn't even listen. He doesn't even hear us.

HAY

(*still gazing, puzzled*)

He will.

EVE

He just looks at Gail.

HAY

It's Gail that he's really afraid of, isn't it?

EVE

Yes. I think so. Does that make a difference?

HAY

A very great one. (*A moment. Then:*) Eve—did you adopt him, darling? (*In a swift gesture she covers his hand with hers, then shakes her head slowly, silently, unable to speak.*)—He's all your own, then.

[*Her hand closes more tightly over his.*

EVE

Nicholas—

HAY

Yes, dear—

EVE

—And yours.

HAY

And—? (*She nods dumbly. He bends and kisses her hand.*) Oh my dear—my dear one.

EVE

I couldn't tell you. You had so much to do. I was afraid it would interfere. Forgive me—

HAY

My love, I love you.

EVE

—And Gail—it meant so much to Gail to have him—

HAY

Of course, of course.

EVE

—Just now—in there—the most horrible thing came over me: it's I who've done it—no one else—

HAY

Done what?

EVE

—Knowing he was yours, not his—always I've been trying to keep him from him, keep him yours. He's been pulled this way, that way—never knowing why, by what—every which way, until at last he—oh, poor child, poor child—

HAY

Eve, listen—

EVE

No. It's true.—It could be that—couldn't it, *couldn't* it? (*He does not answer.*) Tell me! (*Again no answer.*)—Yes. (*She averts her head.*)—So go to him. Do what you can. Give him to Gail, or take him for yourself. Only don't—unless you must—don't let him know what I did to him.

[HAY rises.

HAY

I must tell you one thing: I knew with the first word you spoke the other night that it had not changed for us—that it was only the time between that made it seem so distant. So when he's well again, you both come with me. That's all, Eve.

EVE

I—if—

[*The front door is heard to open. She glances toward it and starts to rise.*

HAY

—No. You stay here. (*GAIL comes in, his collar turned up, his hair blown, staring vacantly.*)—Think of some way through to him. Only you can find it. You must find it. Think—*think—*

[*He goes to the library and out, leaving the door open after him. EVE sinks down again upon the sofa. GAIL goes to her and takes her hand.*

GAIL

—There now, dear—don't worry so. I'm sure it's going to be all right.

EVE

(*thinking*)

—Yes. Yes, of course.

GAIL

It's just—you know—it's just that a fever's always weakening. He wasn't really hurt, you see. And there's nothing really wrong with him. They've made every imaginable test you could think of and he's just as sound as he can be. It's just this damned weakness, now—perfectly natural after a fever—he'll get strong very quickly, you see if he doesn't. We've had the best possible advice there is—. Hay

talked it over with the best men there are—there couldn't be any other treatment, and—

[EVE *disengages her hand and strokes his head. Her eyes still straight ahead, thinking, thinking.*

EVE

There, dear—there—never mind—

GAIL

*(more slowly)*

—And we've just got to be brave and patient, that's all and be perfectly certain that he'll get all well again very soon, and—*(His head drops upon her breast.)* And—oh God, Eve—if Christian dies I just can't stand it. I can't, I can't! It's I who'll have killed him, with my—with my stupid—

EVE

No, no!

GAIL

—It's true. I know it now.—But I've got to have another chance with him. I'll never again try to change him—he's all right with me—*(He clings to EVE, shakes her.)* Say he'll get well, Eve! Say we won't lose Christian, say it!

EVE

Gail—

*[He sobs, brokenly:*

GAIL

No—don't tell me—don't. I know—I know what's going to happen—Oh darling, darling, it mustn't! What shall we do?

EVE

*(from a distance)*

—You do love him so much, don't you?

GAIL

*Love him? Love Christian? Oh, Eve!—God, he's my—oh, love him! Do I love him! Love Christian, that sweet kid—why, if I'd ever thought I'd ever love a—*

EVE

Hush, dear. He will get well.

GAIL

He must. He simply must. Or I'll—

[EVE *rises abruptly.*

EVE

Wait!

*[She listens. From the bedroom beyond the library, CHRISTIAN is heard calling in a small young voice:*

CHRISTIAN

Mummy! *(EVE stands rigid. Again he calls:)*—Mummy—!

[GAIL *grasps EVE'S arm fearfully.*

GAIL

Oh, Eve—his voice—it's like it was when he was two. He's slipping back—he's slipping over—

EVE

*(to herself)*

—When he was two. When he was—

*[Swiftly, she goes out into the library. GILLESPIE comes in, in hat and overcoat, a small paper package in his hand. GAIL is following EVE into the library.]*

GILLESPIE

Redman! (*GAIL turns. GILLESPIE murmurs:*)—Don't go in there.

*[They listen intently as EVE is heard singing softly:]*

EVE

“Frèr-e Jacq-ues, Frèr-e Jacq-ues, dormez-vous, dormez-vous. Sonn-ez les matin-es, sonn-ez les matin-es—”

*[It is CHRISTIAN'S voice which concludes:]*

CHRISTIAN

“Ding, dang, dong—” (*Then stronger, more clearly.*) “Ding, dang, dong!”

EVE

*(joyfully)*

Christian!

*[GAIL looks wonderingly to GILLESPIE, who glances down at the bottle in his hand, smiles confidently and tosses it away upon the sofa. The stage is darkened.]*



# ACT THREE

## SCENE III

*A week later. Four in the afternoon. There are bright flowers in the vases. ELLA, with a number of wreaths of holly on the floor beside her, is at the mantelpiece, removing a rope of Christmas greens. MARY is helping her. Beside her is a basket filled with wreaths and greens. HAY is standing near the French windows, his back to the hall doorway. ELLA picks up the wreaths and goes to MARY.*

ELLA

They lasted well this year, didn't they?

MARY

They make the room so pretty. I always hate to see them go.

[EVE comes in from the hall in a short jacket, and wearing a hat and muff.]

EVE

You've left the tree in the library, Ella—?

[She has not seen HAY.]

ELLA

Yes, Ma'am. I thought you—

EVE

—Yes. Christian will want to see it once more, lighted. *(She removes her jacket and hat and puts them on the sofa, with her muff.)*—Are Doctor Hay's bags down?

ELLA

—In the hall, Ma'am.—All but the small one.

[HAY turns.]

HAY

Gillespie will attend to that.

[EVE starts at the sound of his voice.]

EVE

Oh—

[They stand looking at each other: MARY goes out, with the basket.]

ELLA

Doctor Burke stopped by to see Christian. He's in with him now.

EVE

*(without turning)*

Yes. *(A silence. EVE and HAY wait, gazing at each other, until ELLA goes out. Then EVE speaks in a low voice:)* I can't do it alone, Nicholas. I've walked my feet off, up and down. I can't decide by myself. You must help me.

HAY

What have you been telling yourself?

EVE

First—and always—that I love you as no one ever was loved before—

[*He smiles and covers her hand with his.*]

HAY

It sounds so final. What else?

EVE

—That in some way I had learned to get on without you. (*A sudden cry:*) Oh, Nicholas—help me! *Tell me what to do!* (*He shakes his head.*)—But when I know that whatever you decide for us must be right!

[*Again he shakes his head.*]

HAY

—What else have you told yourself?

[*A moment. Then:*]

EVE

—That Christian and I are really yours—

HAY

Yes.

EVE

—And if we are to go with you it must be truly with you—now—this afternoon.

HAY

Ten minutes.

EVE

(*distraught*)

—Short—so terribly short, for a lifetime. (*Again she begins to range about the room.*)—If I go, it will break Gail's heart.—And if I take Christian, it will be the end of him.—It's one thing, believing that love overtook us suddenly, in a day or two, just now. It's another to know that day after day for years, one has been—Oh, but I never felt the deception—I promise you I didn't! It hasn't been at all what you'd call "living a lie." If you knew how happy and proud he's been—how satisfied with life, how—to think he had a son of his own!—It gave him such a feeling of—

HAY

I know that feeling, Eve.

[*She looks at him. A moment, then:*]

EVE

—But now to as much as say to him: "Look you, you've got no child—you never had. This is another man's.—And the wife you thought was yours—she's his, too."—It would destroy him. (*Again she looks at him, reads his question.*)—No. Heaven's own judgment could not destroy you, Nicholas.

HAY

Well, Eve—?

EVE

You are the wise one! *You say!*

HAY

(*at last*)

The truth is the truth. For years we have loved each other, and Christian is our child. That is the truth.

EVE

No—those are the facts.—It may be that the truth is simply that I'm Gail's wife, and my place is here, because he needs me.

HAY

Do you need no one? (*She is silent. Involuntarily, she seems to gain stature.*) No—not any more, do you?—You have yourself, now.

EVE

—That, too, you've given me.—(*Then her head lowers again. She murmurs:*) Should I ever again be able to hold my head up?

HAY

There is a finer pride than you have now, Eve.

[*She looks at him, and looks away.*]

EVE

—Oh, but I love you, my sweet, my great—I love you, love you—

HAY

Then—

[*She goes to him.*]

EVE

Say that you love me, too—

HAY

I love you, too, my sweet, my great—

EVE

It—somehow, just as it is, it's so complete.—Still—then I look at you—and think of you not here like this—(*Blindly her hand travels up to his arm, across his face, over his head.*)—And I don't know. (*A moment.*)—Leave me alone a moment.—Let me try once again, without you.

[*He picks up her hand, kisses it. She holds his for a moment against her cheek, then drops it. The library door opens and BURKE comes in.*]

BURKE

Your young man's fine as silk, Eve.

[*EVE turns, startled.*]

EVE

—Oh—Doctor Burke—(*She recovers herself.*)—I think the air has done him good, don't you?

BURKE

(*nodding*)

—You might take him away on a little trip. He doesn't need it, but you do.

HAY

You think he's able to travel, then.

BURKE

Lord, yes—has been for days.—Worries over at last, eh, Eve?

EVE

Isn't it fine?

[BURKE *looks at the bags in the hall.*]

BURKE

What's the luggage-shop in the hall? Is Hay leaving?

EVE

Yes.

BURKE

Tell him good-bye for me.

EVE

Yes.

BURKE

—Quite a bright fellow.

EVE

I think so.

HAY

Thanks!

[BURKE *wraps a woolen muffler about his neck.*]

BURKE

Of course Christian would have got well anyway.

HAY

Of course!

BURKE

—Hay ought to take better care of himself.

EVE

(*in alarm*)

How's that?

BURKE

I didn't like the look of him during last week's strain.—You can only run an engine so hard so long, you know.

[EVE *looks anxiously to HAY. He goes to BURKE.*]

HAY

(*drily*)

What do you suggest?

BURKE

Rest—plenty of rest, and maybe a little iodine.

HAY

Thank you.

[BURKE *takes his hand.*

BURKE

It's been a pleasure, Hay.

HAY

—For me, too.

[*Still retaining his hand, BURKE looks about him at the room.*

BURKE

Lovely house, isn't it?

HAY

Lovely.

BURKE

It's always been a treat to me to come here. I don't think in all my experience I've ever known a happier family.

[*A moment. Then:*

HAY

I've—I still have a few things to put in. (*He presses BURKE'S hand.*) Good-bye, Doctor.

BURKE

Good-bye, Hay. (*HAY goes out, up the stairs. EVE sinks down upon the sofa. BURKE turns to her, pats her shoulder and goes out into the hall. A door closes there.*)—Oh—hello, Gail!—No—sorry, I've got to run.—I'll look in again, in a day or two. Your boy's doing fine. Good-bye!

GAIL'S VOICE

Good-bye, old man! (*Again the door closes. GAIL comes in with a small model of an ice-boat in his hand, goes to EVE and kisses her.*) Hello, darling.

EVE

Hello, Gail.

GAIL

Is Hay all ready?

EVE

Yes. (*A moment. Then:*)—I thought I might go to see him off.

GAIL

Do, by all means.—Will there be room for me?

EVE

I'm afraid not. It's the small car.

GAIL

That's right.—(*He seats himself upon the other sofa and begins to rig the ice-boat.*) I've got something for Chris.—It's a model for an ice-boat I'm having built.

EVE

(*thinking*)

He'll love it.

GAIL

It was Chris who thought of it, you know.

EVE

*(thinking, thinking)*

Really?

GAIL

Yes. He didn't know they existed. He drew one—thought he was inventing something.

[EVE *laughs nervously.*]

EVE

He'll be so pleased.

GAIL

I hope so.—Of course you really ought to have a lake, quite a big one. But I thought with a good wind on the river—

EVE

It ought to go beautifully. *(A moment. Then.)* Gail—

GAIL

What, dear?

EVE

What would you do if anything should happen to me?

GAIL

What are you talking about!

[EVE *laughs shortly.*]

EVE

We're all mortal, aren't we?

GAIL

Not you, if you please.

EVE

But seriously—if something should—

GAIL

—Curl up and die myself, I guess.

EVE

You couldn't. There'd be Christian—

GAIL

*(thoughtfully)*

Um—so there would—*(Then he comes out of it.)* Say!—I thought the gloom had lifted from around here?

EVE

What would you do with him, Gail?

GAIL

Lord, I don't know. (*Then another protest:*) Honestly, Eve—

EVE

I wish you'd promise me one thing.

GAIL

What?

EVE

That, if ever I should die—or go out of my head—or anything like that—

GAIL

Eve! What *is* the point? Look here—are you ill, or something? What's Burke been telling you? Don't believe him!

EVE

I was never better, my dear.—Aren't you the one who says the time to make your will is when you're feeling best?

GAIL

I know, but—

EVE

I just wish you'd promise me that you'd leave the first part of his education to Eunice Adee, and the rest to him.—Will you promise it, Gail?

GAIL

Sure—if you'll change the subject.

EVE

Solemnly?

GAIL

Solemnly.

EVE

You're a man of your word, Gail—

GAIL

I hope so!

EVE

(*rising*)

Well—I'm afraid I am not a woman of mine.

GAIL

—And what does that mean, for instance? Why all this cryptic—(*GILLESPIE comes in from the hall, wearing his overcoat and carrying his hat.*) Hello, Gillespie. Are you off?

GILLESPIE

So it seems.

GAIL

I wish I could go to the station with you, but the big car's up, and there are too many applicants for the small one.

GILLESPIE

Too bad.

GAIL

Where's Doctor Hay?

GILLESPIE

He'll be right down.

[GAIL goes to the library door, with a chuckle of anticipation.

GAIL

I want to see Christian a minute.

[He opens the door. EVE snatches up her hat and coat and turns to GILLESPIE. But before she can speak CHRISTIAN is heard calling joyfully:

CHRISTIAN

Oh, hello! What've you got? Is it for me?

[And GAIL:

GAIL

You'll see! Come here a minute—let me show you—

[They laugh together delightedly. EVE has turned to listen. Their voices die away. Her coat drops in her hands. Slowly, knowing already, she turns once more to GILLESPIE. He shakes his head and murmurs:

GILLESPIE

—Not possible.

[Lifelessly, EVE drops her hat and coat upon the sofa. HAY comes down the stairs and into the living-room.

HAY

(to GILLESPIE)

You can put the bags in.

GILLESPIE

The car isn't here yet.

HAY

You might get them out on the porch and ready.

GILLESPIE

Right, Sir.

[He goes to the hall and out.

HAY

Eve—

[She turns to him.

EVE

Nicholas—you must take care of yourself—

HAY

What?

EVE

You heard what he said.

HAY

Oh—Burke—

EVE

He meant it. Promise me! You must make yourself! You must give up everything except the most important things, and—

HAY

You're talking about me without you, Eve.

[<sub>EVE</sub> *nods slowly*.

EVE

Yes.

HAY

You've decided.

EVE

Yes.

HAY

You were never not decided.

EVE

I think that's true. I want to think so. Because now I see that even if there weren't Christian—Oh, if I didn't love *us*—you and me—! (*She concludes, simply*)—And I couldn't, then—I simply couldn't.

[<sub>HAY</sub> *takes her in his arms, kisses her tenderly*.

HAY

Eve.

EVE

(*triumph!*)

Oh my Nicholas—thanks—*thanks*—!

[*Slowly, reluctantly they part. EVE retains his hand. Slowly, unknowingly, his other hand travels to his pocket, brings forth his watch. Her eyes leave his, see the watch. His eyes follow hers to it. She releases his hand. A moment, then, as they both stare at the watch, he taps the crystal.*

HAY

—It's funny about this watch.

EVE

What?

HAY

The crystal keeps coming out.

EVE

I had one like that. It's annoying, isn't it?

HAY

It's a confounded nuisance. For something like fifteen years this damned crystal has been coming out. The fact of the matter is, it doesn't fit, and never has.

EVE

Can't you get one that does?

HAY

I've always intended to, but somehow I never get around to it.

EVE

I know. I was that way with mine.

HAY

I've been counting on it breaking eventually. But look at it: not a crack.

EVE

My father never carried a watch. He said there was always someone only too anxious to tell you the time when you wanted it.

HAY

Yes.

*[A silence. Then:*

EVE

—I don't know anything about you: How do you live? Where?

HAY

Heaven help me, in hotels.

EVE

Always?

HAY

Eternally.

EVE

That's awful. Why don't you get a house somewhere? A small house, with—*(She stops abruptly and averts her head.)* No—don't—

HAY

Very well. I won't.

*[Again she turns to him.*

EVE

*(quickly)*

Which do you like best? Spring, summer, autumn, winter?

HAY

Winter.

EVE

It's not *true*!

HAY

It's gospel.

EVE

—Of course we're fools to. You know that.

HAY

All right.

EVE

—All *right*.

[<sub>HAY</sub> looks at his watch again, then at her, then turns reluctantly toward the library. She takes a quick step after him.]

EVE

(*in a rush*)

Do you get up early mornings?

HAY

Yes, like an idiot.

EVE

Then what do you do?

HAY

Eat breakfast.

EVE

Then what?

HAY

Mail.

EVE

Then what?

HAY

Work.

EVE

*Then* what?

HAY

—Work.

EVE

Finally what?

HAY

Sleep.

EVE

Do you sleep well?

HAY

No.

EVE

Sleep well, darling.

HAY

Thank you, darling.

EVE

—Pleasant dreams, darling.

HAY

And to you, my dear.

*[A long silence. Then again he taps the watch and replaces it in his pocket.]*

HAY

—I'll say good-bye to Christian.

*[He goes to the library door and out. GILLESPIE comes in from the hall wearing his overcoat and carrying his hat.]*

GILLESPIE

(*to EVE*)

The car's here.

EVE

Good.

GILLESPIE

Are you coming to see us off?

EVE

No.

GILLESPIE

Good-bye, Mrs. Redman.

*[She turns to him.]*

EVE

Good-bye, Gillespie.—Look after him.

GILLESPIE

I will.

EVE

Now and then—write me about him.

GILLESPIE

Yes.

EVE

Be my friend, Gillespie.

GILLESPIE

God, Mrs. Redman—you two are all I love.

*[She holds out her hand to him. He takes it.]*

EVE

That's good to know. Thanks.

*[ELLA passes through the hall with HAY'S small bag. HAY follows her. He pauses for a moment in the first doorway. GILLESPIE sees him. EVE does not. GILLESPIE goes into the hall and out. HAY gazes silently at EVE for a moment. She turns. They look at each other for a long moment, without a word. Then he passes from view. Then for an instant he is seen through the other doorway, taking up his hat and coat. But EVE'S eyes remain where he was. He goes out down the hall. The front door closes after him. A motor is heard starting. Then, at last, EVE turns, face bright, no tears.]*

EVE

*(to herself)*

—Not changed. Complete—

*[Then suddenly, swiftly, she goes to the French windows, opens them and flings her arm up: hail and farewell. The motor is heard departing, more distant, still more distant—]*

CURTAIN



## TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Mis-spelled words and printer errors have been fixed.

In Act III, in a conversation between HAY and EVE, one speech by HAY is erroneously marked as by NICHOLAS, and has been corrected.

[The end of *Tomorrow and Tomorrow* by Philip Barry]