

At Table 2.

MAN. You really must taste this—just taste it. It's a real amontillado, you know.

BOY. Where do they get it here?

MAN. It's always down the side streets one finds the real pleasures, don't you think?

BOY. I don't know.

MAN. Learn. Come, taste this! Amontillado! Or don't you like amontillado?

BOY. I don't know. I never had any before.

MAN. Your first taste! How I envy you! Come, taste it! Taste it! And die.

BOY *tastes wine—finds it disappointing.*

MAN (*gilding it*). Poe was a lover of amontillado. He returns to it continually, you remember—or are you a lover of Poe?

BOY. I've read a lot of him.

MAN. But are you a lover?

At Table 3.

FIRST MAN. There were a bunch of bandidos—bandits, you know, took me into the hills—holding me there—what was I to do? got the two birds that guarded me drunk one night, and then I filled the empty bottle with small stones—and let 'em have it!

YOUNG WOMAN. Oh!

FIRST MAN. I had to get free, didn't I? I let 'em have it—

YOUNG WOMAN. Oh—then what did you do?

FIRST MAN. Then I beat it.

YOUNG WOMAN. Where to—?

FIRST MAN. Right here. (*Pause.*) Glad?

YOUNG WOMAN (*nods*). Yes.

FIRST MAN (*makes sign to WAITER of '2'*). The same. (*WAITER goes to the bar.*)

At Table 1.

MAN. You're just scared because this is the first time and—

WOMAN. I'm not scared.

MAN. Then what are you for Christ's sake?

WOMAN. I'm not scared. I want it—I want to have it—that ain't being scared, is it?

MAN. It's being goofy.

WOMAN. I don't care.

MAN. What about your folks?

WOMAN. I don't care.

MAN. What about your job? (*Silence.*) You got to keep your job, haven't you? (*Silence.*) Haven't you?

WOMAN. I suppose so.

MAN. Well—there you are!

WOMAN (*silence—then*). All right—let's go now—You got the address?

MAN. Now you're coming to.

They get up and go off. Exit MAN and WOMAN.

At Table 3.

YOUNG WOMAN. A bottle like that? (*She picks it up.*)

FIRST MAN. Yeah—filled with pebbles.

YOUNG WOMAN. What kind of pebbles?

FIRST MAN. Pebbles! Off the ground.

YOUNG WOMAN. Oh.

FIRST MAN. Necessity, you know, mother of invention. (*As YOUNG WOMAN handles the bottle.*) Ain't a bad weapon—first you got a sledge hammer—then you got a knife.

YOUNG WOMAN. Oh. (*Puts bottle down.*)

FIRST MAN. Women don't like knives, do they? (*Pours drink.*)

YOUNG WOMAN. No.

FIRST MAN. Don't mind a hammer so much, though, do they?

YOUNG WOMAN. No—

FIRST MAN. I didn't like it myself – any of it – but I had to get free, didn't I? Sure I had to get free, didn't I? (*Drinks.*) Now I'm damn glad I did.

YOUNG WOMAN. Why?

FIRST MAN. You know why. (*He puts his hand over hers.*)

At Table 2.

MAN. Let's go to my rooms – and I'll show them to you – I have a first edition of Verlaine that will simply make your mouth water. (*They stand up.*) Here – there's just a sip at the bottom of my glass –

BOY *takes it.*

That last sip's the sweetest – Wasn't it?

BOY (*laughs*). And I always thought that was dregs. (*Exit MAN followed by BOY.*)

At Table 3.

The MAN is holding her hand across the table.

YOUNG WOMAN. When you put your hand over mine! When you just touch me!

FIRST MAN. Yeah? (*Pause.*) Come on, kid, let's go!

YOUNG MAN. Where?

FIRST MAN. You haven't been around much, have you, kid?

YOUNG WOMAN. No.

FIRST MAN. I could tell that just to look at you.

YOUNG WOMAN. You could?

FIRST MAN. Sure I could, What are you running around with a girl like that other one for?

YOUNG WOMAN. I don't know. She seems to have a good time.

FIRST MAN. So that's it?

YOUNG WOMAN. Don't she?

FIRST MAN. Don't you?

YOUNG WOMAN. No.

FIRST MAN. Never?

YOUNG WOMAN. Never.

FIRST MAN. What's the matter?

YOUNG WOMAN. Nothing – just me, I guess.

FIRST MAN. You're all right.

YOUNG WOMAN. Am I?

FIRST MAN. Sure. You just haven't met the right guy – that's all – girl like you – you got to meet the right guy.

YOUNG WOMAN. I know.

FIRST MAN. You're different from girls like that other one – any guy'll do her. You're different.

YOUNG WOMAN. I guess I am.

FIRST MAN. You didn't fall for that business gag – did you – when they went off?

YOUNG WOMAN. Well, I thought they wanted to be alone probably, but –

FIRST MAN. And how!

YOUNG WOMAN. Oh – so that's it.

FIRST MAN. That's it. Come along – let's go –

YOUNG WOMAN. Oh, I couldn't! Like this?

FIRST MAN. Don't you like me?

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes.

FIRST MAN. Then what's the matter?

YOUNG WOMAN. Do – you – like me?

FIRST MAN. Like yuh? You don't know the half of it – listen – you know what you seem like to me?

YOUNG WOMAN. What?

FIRST MAN. An angel. Just like an angel.

YOUNG WOMAN. I do?

FIRST MAN. That's what I said! Let's go!

YOUNG WOMAN. Where?

FIRST MAN. Where do you live?

YOUNG WOMAN. Oh, we can't go to my place.

FIRST MAN. Then come to my place.

YOUNG WOMAN. Oh I couldn't – is it far?

FIRST MAN. Just a step – come on –

YOUNG WOMAN. Oh I couldn't – what is it – a room?

FIRST MAN. No – an apartment – a one room apartment.

YOUNG WOMAN. That's different.

FIRST MAN. On the ground floor – no one will see you – coming or going.

YOUNG WOMAN (*getting up*). I couldn't.

FIRST MAN (*rises*). Wait a minute – I got to pay the damage – and I'll get a bottle of something to take along.

YOUNG WOMAN. No – don't.

FIRST MAN. Why not?

YOUNG WOMAN. Well – don't bring any pebbles.

FIRST MAN. Say – forget that! Will you?

YOUNG WOMAN. I just meant I don't think I'll need anything to drink.

FIRST MAN (*leaning to her eagerly*). You like me – don't you, kid?

YOUNG WOMAN. Do you me?

FIRST MAN. Wait!

He goes to the bar. She remains, her hands outstretched on the table, staring ahead. Enter a MAN and a GIRL. They go to one of the empty tables. The WAITER goes to them.

MAN (*to GIRL*). What do you want?

GIRL. Same old thing.

MAN (*to the WAITER*). The usual. (*Makes a sign '2'*.)

The FIRST MAN crosses to YOUNG WOMAN with a wrapped bottle under his arm. She rises and starts out with him. As they pass the piano, he stops and puts in a nickle—the music starts as they exit. The scene blacks out.

The music of the electric piano continues until the lights go up for Episode Six, and the music has become the music of a hand organ, very very faint.

EPISODE SIX

Intimate

Scene: a dark room.

Sounds: a hand organ; footbeats, of passing feet.

Characters

MAN

YOUNG WOMAN

At rise: darkness. Nothing can be discerned. From the outside comes the sound of a hand organ, very faint, and the irregular rhythm of passing feet. The hand organ is playing Cielito Lindo, that Spanish song that has been on every hand organ lately.

MAN. You're awful still, honey. What you thinking about?

WOMAN. About sea shells. (*The sound of her voice is beautiful.*)

MAN. Sheshells? Gee! I can't say it!

WOMAN. When I was little my grandmother used to have a big pink sea shell on the mantle behind the stove. When we'd go to visit her they'd let me hold it, and listen. That's what I was thinking about now.

MAN. Yeah?

WOMAN. You can hear the sea in 'ern, you know.

MAN. Yeah, I know.

WOMAN. I wonder why that is?

MAN. Search me. (*Pause.*)

WOMAN. You going? (*He has moved.*)

MAN. No. I just want a cigarette.

WOMAN (*glad, relieved*). Oh.

MAN. Want one?

WOMAN. No. (*Taking the match.*) Let me light it for you.