

Electric Light
by
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Cast

CATHY Passionate and romantic.
TIMMY An angstridden intellectual.

Both are seniors in college when the play begins.

Scene 1

TIME: 1973, an October afternoon

PLACE: A soft sandy beach on Cape Cod.

AT RISE: We hear the sounds of the seashore, including the breaking of waves, seabirds and a stiff breeze. As the sounds recede, a cold October sun reveals Cathy and Timmy downstage facing out toward the ocean. She is wearing a flannel shirt, corduroys and open-toed sandals. She has a jacket around her waist. He is wearing a heavy sweater, jeans, boots and a scarf around his neck. He has wrapped himself in a very large woolen blanket. He moves about fighting the cold. She stands entranced.

CATHY

Isn't it great?

TIMMY

Yeah. That wind is....

CATHY

Can you smell it? Do you smell that? It's wonderful.

TIMMY

It's like a knife.

CATHY

Timmy.

TIMMY

Can't help it.

CATHY

(She offers him her jacket.)

Here, put this on.

TIMMY

You don't want it?

CATHY

No, I like it. Go ahead.

(He takes the jacket, slips it on beneath the blanket.)

TIMMY

Jesus. I can't believe we're doing this.

CATHY

Just give it a chance.

TIMMY

(He starts hopping up and down.)

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.

(Cathy takes off her shoes.)

What are you doing? Seriously? You're taking off your shoes? Why are you taking off your shoes?

CATHY

The sand. Is warm.

TIMMY

Warm? It's warm?

CATHY

Try it. Go ahead. Just try it. I'm serious. You won't believe it. It feels like warm slippers.

TIMMY

It does not.

CATHY

It does. Try it. Please, you promised me. Just try it.

TIMMY

OK. (He sits and unlaces his boots.) I can't believe I'm taking off my clothes. Ancient seamen are rising from their watery graves to laugh at me. Look at me. What am I doing? (He has his shoes off.) Do I have to do this?

CATHY

No, you don't have to do this. I just thought maybe you would like it, if you would just let yourself try it. I'm not going to make you.

TIMMY

OK. (He whips off his socks.) OH. OH MY GOD. WHOA. Oh, oh.
(He jumps around, then digs his feet into the sand.)

Oh, jesus. Oh, that's better. Whoo-oo-oo-oo. I love it. It's great.

CATHY

Timmy.

TIMMY

No, it's ok. (Pause.) They're going numb, I think.

CATHY

It could be really wonderful if you give it a chance.

(A long pause. They stand. He digs his hands into his pockets and stiffens against the cold. She gives herself to the weather.)

It smells like the sea.

TIMMY

It is the sea. That's exactly what it is.

(Pause.)

Ok. Sorry. It smells like... old fishermen with grey beards.

CATHY

It does, doesn't it?

TIMMY

With huge hands.

CATHY

And ruddy cheeks.

TIMMY

Ahoy matey. Helms arudder, matey.

CATHY

Ahoy, captain.

TIMMY

Ahoy, the Peaquod.

CATHY

Ahoy, the lighthouse.

TIMMY

Aye, Aye there Quee Queg.

CATHY

Ahoy there, we're three sheets to the wind and hellbent for leather.

TIMMY

What?

CATHY

We're hellbent for leather and three sheets to the wind. Isn't it great? It's fantastic. You're not

cold anymore, are you?

TIMMY

No.

(Pause. He is.)

CATHY

Ok, let's go back.

TIMMY

No.

CATHY

Yeah, come on. We'll go back. We'll go home and study for midterms. You have a thirty page paper due. We leave now we can be back on campus by midnight.

TIMMY

We don't have to.

CATHY

It's too cold.

TIMMY

It's not. Not yet, anyway.

CATHY

Well, there's no point starting something you're not going to finish.

TIMMY

Ok, it's not going to be. It's fine. Ok?

CATHY

Ok. It's just that I thought it would be real neat. It would mean something nice. But it won't work at all unless you want it to.

TIMMY

I do. I do.

CATHY

I can't get over that smell. I love it.

TIMMY

Yeah.

CATHY

If I ever thought I was going insane, this is where I'd come. Right here. This would make me sane again. This place. The shoreline, it's so....

TIMMY

Yeah, it's....

CATHY

Like it beckons.

TIMMY

I don't know. It's kind of sinister to me. You know? Sunken ships. Dead sailors. I mean what a way to die, right? Freezing cold, exhausted, suffocating, choking, slipping beneath the waves, flailing about, trapped underwater. God, can you imagine?

CATHY

That really happened, didn't it?

TIMMY

Yeah.

CATHY

They must have really loved the sea.

TIMMY

Well, I mean, it was economics. You could starve on land, or you could seek your fortune and take a chance on drowning at sea. It's sociological.

CATHY

Who could?

TIMMY

The poor people. The peasants. The working class. They had no choice.

CATHY

I could be a sailor. A merchant marine. And marry a sea captain and live in a lighthouse.

TIMMY

Captains always go down with their ships.

CATHY

I'd have the sea to console me. I would.

TIMMY

I know you would.

Are we really going to do this?

CATHY

Are you still cold?

TIMMY

Me? Yeah, I'm pretty cold.

CATHY

You want to go?

TIMMY

No, I just thought.... (He wraps himself around her.) This is how sailors conserve body heat. (He nuzzles her vigorously.) That guy at the desk, whoa, he caught me by surprise.

CATHY

Me too.

TIMMY

I mean I think it's against the law if you use a false name, isn't it?

CATHY

I don't know.

TIMMY

He had no idea. I mean he didn't have the slightest idea.

CATHY

Where did you get that?

TIMMY

It suddenly occurred to me if I didn't say we were married, he wasn't going to give us a cabin. I mean it never dawned on me, but it's like your typical capitalist, landbaron ploy, right? If I rule the land, I rule your morality.

CATHY

Mr. and Mrs. James Joyce. I love it.

TIMMY

He didn't have the slightest idea.

CATHY

Where did you get that?

TIMMY

Just popped into my head.

CATHY

You want to sit down?

TIMMY

Right here?

CATHY

Yeah, you want to?

TIMMY

OK. (They sit.) Oh god.

(He huddles with her for warmth, wraps blanket around them both.)

What if somebody comes along. We're right out here in the open. What if some cop comes walking down the beach?

CATHY

That's not going to happen.

TIMMY

It already happened.

CATHY

When?

TIMMY

Last spring? Right after we met? That time? I think someone was seriously drunk on Cuervo Gold perhaps. And someone else was a little bit stoned out of his mind. And someone took advantage of the situation.

CATHY

In the quad you mean? Under that tree? That was a total fluke.

TIMMY

One step further and it could have been pretty embarrassing.

CATHY

It wasn't so bad.

TIMMY

One step further and.... Hey, it's not so bad for you. You're just standing there smiling sweetly. I've got this potential problem poking up there going oh now excuse me Mr. Officer, sir, top o' the morning Mr. Security Guard. What am I doing out here? I must have taken a wrong turn somewhere. Oops!

CATHY

It was a total fluke.

TIMMY

It was not.

CATHY

They were looking for some burgler from some dorm.

TIMMY

There wasn't any burgler. They saw us through the foliage.

CATHY

There is no way they could have seen us under that tree at night if they weren't specifically looking for someone.

TIMMY

They saw us through the foliage and they thought well, we'll just have to take a look see at the action here, so they made up some dumb story. It was very nearly totally embarrassing.

CATHY

Too bad they didn't wait a little bit longer. We could have really shown them something.

TIMMY

Yeah, no kidding.

CATHY

This isn't right. Come on.

TIMMY

No, stay.

CATHY

It isn't right. You have to want to.

TIMMY

I do want to. I just don't know if I can.

CATHY

Try.

TIMMY

No, I mean....

CATHY

What?

TIMMY

Have you ever seen a five year old's dinger?

CATHY

No, I have never seen a five year old's dinger.

TIMMY

Well, it looks like a pencil stub. That's what the cold does to you. It turns it into a pencil stub.

CATHY

Come on.

(She starts to spread the blanket on the sand.)

TIMMY

No, don't . It's so warm.

(He picks up the ends of the blanket and wraps them around them both as they sit on the blanket. They huddle together looking out at the sea.)

CATHY

Timmy?

TIMMY

Yeah?

CATHY

Are we getting old? We're not getting old, are we? Tell me we're not getting old.

TIMMY

I can't believe I'm twenty years old. I guess this means I'm going to keep getting older and older until one day I die.

CATHY

Are we old? I mean are we getting old?

TIMMY

No, we're not getting old yet. We're young. We're only twenty.

CATHY

That's still young, isn't it?

TIMMY

Yeah.

CATHY

I don't want to grow old.

TIMMY

Well.

CATHY

I would rather commit suicide.

TIMMY

I would rather grow old.
(Pause.)

CATHY

Come on down here.
(They lie down on the blanket in each other's arms. They roll the
blank around themselves. They are bundled together. They lie
like this a minute.)

TIMMY

Now what are we going to do?

CATHY

We'll figure something out. You have to be a little ingenious. (They shift around a bit.) Like
that?

TIMMY

Oh. Oh god you're hands are cold. What was that?

CATHY

Where?

TIMMY

Somebody's coming.

CATHY

Where?

TIMMY

What if it's cop?

CATHY

So we're just lying here.

TIMMY

Yeah but what if he....

CATHY

Over there? That's a bird, Tim. It's some seabird.

TIMMY

It is?

CATHY

Yeah.

TIMMY

Jesus, it's huge. That is a big bird.

CATHY

You want to get on top or should I?

TIMMY

Hey, what if some eighty year old cape cod eccentric grandmother type comes walking down here with her ten year old granddaughter, one of those weird old beachcombers with the stupid straw hats and her granddaughter is like some emotionally withdrawn child, whose like stunted by her rich parents' inattention, and the old bat walks right up to us with her stainless steel clam digger, and she pokes us in the butt and tells us to get off this here beach which has been in her family since Christopher Columbus, and she starts screaming bloody murder, and the granddaughter starts crying, and we have to make a run for it with this blanket draped over us, and this crazy woman is chasing us down the beach going "shameless hussy, nasty little baggage, beast, beast! Buffin, this man is a beast. They're all beasts!"

CATHY

Buffin? Her name is Buffin?

TIMMY

Yeah right, because her mother wanted to name her Muffin and her father was a Buffy Ste. Marie freak, like some SDS radical who sold out to a corporate law firm and made a fortune, and now they spend the whole summer in Newport dropping acid and partying away, and they have to send little Buffin to stay with her twisted grandmother on the Cape so she doesn't get wise to their dissipated, leisure class lifestyle. And from now on whenever poor little Buffin sees an erection, she's going to smell clamshells and start to cry. It's terrible. She'll have a lousy sex life for years until one day.... Jesus, Cathy, that bird is coming right at us.

CATHY

Don't move.

TIMMY

He's coming right up....

CATHY

Hold still. (Whispering.) Oh my god, he's beautiful. He's so gnarly.

TIMMY

(Also whispering.) He's a dirty old cus, isn't he?

CATHY

He's outrageous.

TIMMY

I'm eyeball to eyeball with an albatross.

CATHY

Timmy.

TIMMY

Maybe he's an undercover cop. Some of them are very clever at disguising themselves.

CATHY

Will you be still?

TIMMY

It's just some poor mangy overgrown seagull.

CATHY

He's probably starving and cold and very tired. But he gets to fly high over the sea and the shore, and he sees everything from way up where it's quiet. I would love to be a sea bird. They mate for life, don't they?

TIMMY

Some do. Others are hardcore loners, drifting in and out of relationships with no meaning, feeling nothing, experiencing none of the exhilaration of true love, seeking only the momentary high of intense sexual pleasure, finding only the emptiness on the other side of orgasm. And here. He. Comes. Yikes!!!

(The bird flies away. They each let out a sound of relief.)

CATHY

Oh my god.

TIMMY

Whoa, momma.

CATHY

That was incredible. He's beautiful. And so sad. What a hard life. He must be lonely.

(They lie still a moment in silence.)

What's this?

TIMMY

Hey, what do you know. I wondered when you were going to notice.

CATHY

Here, try....

TIMMY

No, move your arm. Your other arm. It's....

CATHY

Wait. Wait, I can't....

TIMMY

Ow. Careful.

CATHY

Why don't you get....

TIMMY

Wait a sec. Wait a sec. Wait, please.

CATHY

Why don't we get on our sides?
(They struggle a bit.)

TIMMY

Can we just lie here a moment. I'm exhausted.

(They lie huddled face to face. Silence. The lights dim for a moment. Sounds of the seashore rise then fade. Lights rise but not as brightly. They are still bundled together. They seem to have moved a bit. Timmy speaks in a drowsy half-whisper.)

Oh. Oh. This is, it's incredible. I'm floating. Oh, god I'm floating.

CATHY

(Gently.) Shhhhhhh.

TIMMY

Oh. I feel like I'm rocking up and down. Up and down. It's like a dream.

CATHY

Feels good?

TIMMY

Oh god, Cath. What are you? Are you a, you are, you're a witch. You're magic.

CATHY

Am I really?

TIMMY

Yes. Yes. Oh my god, yes.

CATHY

Shhhhh.

TIMMY

Shhhhhh. You can feel the sea. Shhhhhh. You're so warm. Oh god. It feels so warm. It's rocking like a dream. Oh Cath. How do you know these things? You are amazing. You're amazing.

CATHY

See, I told you.

TIMMY

You're so amazing. How did you know?

CATHY

Shhhhhh.

TIMMY

Hold me. Hold me forever.

(Lights fade on the beach as the sounds of the sea rise and then diminish to reveal Debussy's Sonata in G Minor for Violin and Piano.)

ACT 1
Scene 2

TIME: Nightfall

PLACE: In the beach cottage.

A dim yellow light rises to reveal a beach cottage of worn weathered wood containing a bed, a table with two chairs and a pullman-style kitchen. The light is from a small candle. Timmy lies on the bed listening to the violin sonata on the radio. The sea can still be heard in the distance. Cathy enters with a grocery bag.)

CATHY

This is all I could find at that lousy 7-11. What's going on here?
(She turns on a light.)

TIMMY

Hey!
(She turns it off.)

CATHY

Sorry, I didn't know.

TIMMY

Did you ever forsake the habit of turning on the electricity and just allow the light to fade as the sun sets? It's amazing. No one ever thinks of it. It's a phenomenon of rare beauty, and it happens every day, and no one is remotely aware of it. It's called nightfall.

CATHY

You've been sitting here in the dark?

TIMMY

I'm listening to the radio.

CATHY

Is it OK if I turn on the lights so I can unpack. I got some sandwich stuff and cheese and crackers.

TIMMY

Yeah, OK.

(She turns on the light again.)

God it's really awful. The quality of electric light after darkness. It's glary and stark, and it magnifies every imperfection. Ever notice that?

CATHY

Are you OK, Hon? Can I turn this off?
(She turns off the radio.)

TIMMY

Cathy, Jesus, that's so abrupt.

CATHY

Are you OK?
(She turns the radio back on but lower.)

TIMMY

Yeah, I'm listening to some wicked violin number by this Claude Debussy dude. Serious morose factor. Sort of puts me in mind of the sea. (They listen a moment.) See? It's like this reedy little high-pitched violin against this jumbled, sort of jittery piano background. I'm getting this image of a lonely boat out on the ocean at night. (Pause as he listens.) It's not the same with the lights on.

CATHY

Should I turn it off?

TIMMY

No, I've got to see if it gets back to shore safely.

CATHY

Tim?

TIMMY

Ok, ok.
(He turns off the radio.)

CATHY

Hey, Hon? Come here. Give me a hug. (She goes to him and embraces him.) Hey, give me a little help, hunh? (They embrace a moment.) I got some cheese and meat and stuff, or maybe we should go out and get something. Come on, you want to go hit the night life and find a restaurant?

TIMMY

I don't know. Do you?

CATHY

I don't know. Might be nice.

TIMMY

I mean, where do you want to go?

CATHY

I don't know. What about that lobster place with the lobster on the roof? We haven't even had a lobster yet.

TIMMY

I really don't think I can look at a lobster. I mean, how about something that doesn't look like a dead animal. I can't look at a dead animal, OK?

CATHY

A hamburger? That doesn't look like anything.

TIMMY

A hamburger?

CATHY

Yeah, like that place with the salad bar and the happy hour thing.

TIMMY

Look, I don't think I'm very hungry. You can go if you want to. Or I guess I could just go and sit with you and watch you eat.

CATHY

Timmy?

TIMMY

Hell of a way to celebrate the revolution, huh?

CATHY

Today?

TIMMY

Yeah, October 10, 1917. That's almost 60 years ago.

CATHY

But you said October 10th on the Julian calendar is actually November 7th on our calendar.

TIMMY

Yeah, but November 7th is my birthday, and I don't intend to share it with the bolsheviks this year.

CATHY

Are you feeling OK?

TIMMY

Hey, remind me to never start smoking dope before noon ever again as long as I live.

CATHY

Are you strung out, hon?

TIMMY

I don't know.

CATHY

Are you? You got the blues, babe?

TIMMY

You know, I told you I tend to get strung out near large bodies of water. And I told you tourist towns with no tourists give me the creeps. I mean how do all these people here survive? What do they do all winter?

CATHY

I guess they just relax.

TIMMY

I mean Mr. and Mrs. James Joyce? The guy didn't even respond. Like he turned off his personality for the winter. I mean as if it isn't bad enough the guy makes his money by pandering to the artificial surplus of the ruling class, he's got to be a moron too?

CATHY

I think we better do something here. You want me to read to you?

TIMMY

I don't care.

(She gets a book, sits down and starts him combing his hand through her hair.)

CATHY

Listen to this one. It's really something.

Jin-ye fu-zhou yue
Gui-zhong shi du kan
Yao lian xiao er nu
Wei jie yi chang-an

TIMMY

Wait, what is it? The guy's in Chang-an and he's looking at the moon, and he's never seen his children?

CATHY

Tonight in Fu-Chou my wife is all alone looking at this same moon. Tenderly I think of my children, no, my far away children. They don't understand, no, they don't remember me in

Chang-an.

TIMMY

And then what?

CATHY

Xiang wu qun-huan shi
Qing hui yu-bi han
He-shi yi xu huang
Shung zhao lei-hen gan

TIMMY

What? Her hair is all wet in the smelly rain and her arms are as cold as a big white stone?

CATHY

No, no. More like my wife's hair is soft as a cloud in the fragrant mist, and her arms are cold in the white moonlight.

TIMMY

Oh, white moonlight. I thought it was big white stone. Then what?

CATHY

He-shi yi xu huang
Shuang zhao lei-hen gan

TIMMY

When will she fall through the window...?

CATHY

Lean in the window.

TIMMY

Right, lean in the window and cry herself, what?

CATHY

Shuang zhao

TIMMY

Together. When will we lean in the window together and cry ourselves, what? The dry moon?

CATHY

Shuang zhao lei-hen gan. When will we stand in the window together....

TIMMY

Under the moon til our tears are dry. When will we stand in the window together under the moon

til our tears are dry. God, that's beautiful.

CATHY

What a beautiful language.

He-shi ui xu huang

Shuang zhoa lei-hen gan

Can you imagine speaking such a gentle melodious language all the time. I bet it would make you very high.

TIMMY

(He is still combing his hand through her hair.)

Does that feel good?

CATHY

It's the sound I like. Of your fingers in my hair.

TIMMY

I like the way it feels in my hands. (He groans.) Oh god.

CATHY

What?

TIMMY

It hurts again.

CATHY

Where?

TIMMY

Right in the middle up here. (His stomach.)

CATHY

Well maybe you're hungry. Here, I'll make you a sandwich. OK?

TIMMY

No, I can't eat. Oh, shit. Why am I such a total wreck? I'm like totally helpless. I can't even eat.

CATHY

Relax, hon. You just need to relax. Come here.

(She puts his head in her lap.)

I'll tell you a story, this really great story. You won't believe this. Remember that translation I corrected for Mr. Chou of that essay he did on modern chinese institutions? Remember I showed it to you and his english was just atrocious, and his spelling was unbelievable, and I sort of cleared up his english for him? So he wanted to thank me for it after he read it, right, so I went to see him in his little office, and he's got the wind chimes going and the sandalwood

burning, and he's sitting there in his little grey suit with the skinny black tie. He really kills me. So he starts to thank me, and he's telling me what a wonderful student I am and how beautiful I am and how I always dress so nicely for his class. I mean I don't dress any differently for his class, right? And I notice he's getting a little nervous so I know something is coming, and I get a little nervous myself. I mean he's so sweet and all, and I know he's got a crush on me, so I'm sort of looking away when he finally comes out and tells me, you're not going to believe this, he tells me I have the most beautiful breasts he's ever seen and how much he would really like to hold them in his hands just one time. And I mean I look up and I'm totally embarrassed, and he's got these tears in his eyes, little round tears at the corners. So what could I do? I mean he's so sweet and all, and I mean I knew he had a crush on me, but I didn't think he had a sexual thought in his head. I mean I was flabbergasted. He's such a wimpy little guy. But it was really touching. I mean his wife is this little dried up noodle. So I unbuttoned my blouse, and I had your guinea t-shirt on underneath, and I put his hands on my breasts, and he just stood there holding my breasts in his hands for a minute, and then he took them away and said thank you. I mean can you picture poor Mr. Chou doing a thing like that? I didn't know what else to do.

TIMMY

I can't believe you told me that. Why did you tell me that?

CATHY

What?

TIMMY

Oh god, it's so sad. I mean that is so sad. This poor little guy in his tiny dark office with his tiny dark desparate little life asking you to.... God, why did you have to tell me that?

CATHY

I thought it would distract you.

TIMMY

Distract me? Distract me? You thought that would distract me?

CATHY

Yeah.

TIMMY

I mean, did he fondle them?

CATHY

No, he held them very gently.

TIMMY

That is the saddest, most depressing thing I ever heard. Jesus. You thought that would distract me?

CATHY

Well, yeah.

TIMMY

(He starts to laugh.) Well what would you have told me if you wanted to get my attention?

CATHY

I don't know. (She starts to laugh.)

TIMMY

You are one weird chick.

CATHY

And you are one weird dude, mister.

(They are both laughing, relieved. Timmy groans.)

TIMMY

Ah, shit.

CATHY

Oh, no.

TIMMY

What am I doing here? What am I doing in this cottage on the edge of the ocean in the middle of October and it's ten hours til the sun comes up when it only reminds me of death and the incredible hostility of nature and the inhospitable environment that surrounds us? I mean given that, why am I here? Why am I not sleeping in my very own bed in my very own room instead of going hundreds of miles to pay for a strange bed in a strange room where the guy thinks Mr. and Mrs. James Joyce are in his honeymoon cottage? Why is that?

CATHY

Didn't you like it in the dunes today?

TIMMY

Yes, I did. It was very nice.

CATHY

I'm sorry. I'll take you back. Let's go back, OK?

TIMMY

You want to go back?

CATHY

Yeah, let's go back.

TIMMY

Tonight?

CATHY

In the morning.

TIMMY

I'm sorry. I know I'm a drag.

CATHY

It's OK. We'll pack up and go in the morning.

(Pause.)

Ok, here's another one. I've got another one.

TIMMY

Oh no.

CATHY

Did I ever tell you about my aunt? I think she's like a high class hooker.

TIMMY

You have an aunt who is a hooker?

CATHY

High class hooker. My Aunt Sally. She lives on East 65th Street in this gorgeous apartment.

TIMMY

I met your Aunt Sally. The fat one who wears the purple wool suit?

CATHY

She isn't fat.

TIMMY

She is very big. She is a full-figured woman. She is a hooker?

CATHY

I think she may be.

TIMMY

How could you possibly think that?

CATHY

She took me to London for my sixteenth birthday. We stayed at the Connaught. Very fancy. They had hot running water in the bars of the towel racks so the towels were always toasty warm when you pulled them off the rack. She took me to lunch one day in Mayfair and she said she wants to introduce me to this friend of hers. So this old man appears out of the blue and comes over to our table and joins us for lunch. I mean he was old if you were sixteen. If you were forty-eight he might have been a lot younger. Who knows. Anyway, so he asks me if he can

show me the sights and take me to the British Museum. So we get in the taxi and before we have gone five blocks he is feeling me up and trying to kiss me.

TIMMY

What?

CATHY

Listen. Then when we get to the British Museum he shows me all the ancient Egyptian stuff like the Rosetta Stone you know where they have Egyptian hieroglyphics translated into Greek and he tells me all about the guy who discovered the Rosetta Stone and how he used it to translate the hieroglyphics into French. Then on the way back I probably don't have to tell you this but he had his hand in my pants the whole way. And we pull up at the restaurant in Mayfair and my Aunt is still sitting there waiting for me. And I think back and I remember she had this great big smile on her face.

TIMMY

Why are you telling me this?

CATHY

I think she had the whole thing planned. I think the guy was like one of her customers. I mean where the hell does she get a great big apartment on East 65th Street? And all that jewelry.

TIMMY

And that purple wool suit.

CATHY

Listen. I think she gave me to that guy because she was trying to give me an education. You know? See London. The Continent. The Old World sensibility. All that jazz.

TIMMY

Wait a minute. The guy feels you up in the cab and then he takes you to see the Rosetta Stone?

CATHY

Yeah, and you know what? That's when I first got interested in foreign languages.

TIMMY

I never want you to tell me another story again as long as you live.

CATHY

What?

TIMMY

Why are you telling me this? Why are you telling me these things?

CATHY

I'm trying to distract you.

TIMMY

Well you have succeeded. I am totally distracted.

CATHY

OK, let's start packing. You think you can help me pack?

TIMMY

No, come on, I'm sorry.

CATHY

No, really. You're in no condition to stay here. We're wasting our time not to mention our money. We'll go back. You'll feel better. It's cool.

TIMMY

I'm sorry. I've just got to get through the night, you know. Then we'll see.

CATHY

I'll get you through the night, hon.

TIMMY

Yeah?

CATHY

I always do.

TIMMY

You do, don't you?.

CATHY

Yeah.

TIMMY

OK. And then we'll see.

(Blackout.)