

~~Ser: Alec said you'd taught him to think. Did you? I didn't believe any one could.~~

~~He: No, I'm really quite full.~~

~~(He evidently doesn't intend this to be taken seriously.)~~

~~Ser: Lie!~~

~~He: I'm religious—I'm literary. I've—I've even written poems.~~

~~Ser: Very libre—splendid! (She declaims.)~~

~~The trees are green,
The birds are singing in the trees,
The girl sips her poison~~

~~The bird flies away the girl dies.~~

~~He: (Laughing) No, not that kind.~~

~~Ser: (Suddenly) I like you.~~

~~Ser: Modest too—~~

~~I've~~

~~Ser: (Emphatically) My dear boy, the war is over.~~

~~Ser: (Rather sadly) I suppose you will~~

~~(A slight hesitation on both their parts.)~~

~~He: (After two considerations) Listen. This is a frightful thing to ask.~~

~~Ser: (Knowing what's coming) After five minutes.~~

~~He: But will you kiss me? Or are you afraid?~~

~~Ser: I'm never afraid, but your reasons are so poor.~~

~~He: Rosalind, I really want to kiss you.~~

~~Ser: So do I.~~

~~He: (After a breakfast second) Well, is your austerity satisfied?~~

~~Ser: Is yours?~~

~~He: No, it's only aroused. (He looks at it.)~~

~~Ser: (Dreamily) Eye kissed dozens of men. I suppose I'll kiss dozens more.~~

~~He: (Abstractedly) Yes, I suppose you could like that.~~

INTRO:

Kristin: Despite my initial infatuation with Among

Blaine, things have

come between us

because of his --

financial difficulties

Brendan: Whatever! What do you

call running around

town behind my back

with that pretensions

rich boy?!

Kristin: Egotistical wretch!

Brendan: Snob!

Kristin: How dare you say such

things, I'm the

Together: Debutante by F. Scott Fitzgerald

Rosalind: For heaven's sake, another—

(A maid appears, announces Mr. Blaine who follows immediately. Amory's friends have been telling him for ten days that he "looks like the wrath of God," he does. As a matter of fact he has not been able to eat a mouthful of the last thirty-six hours.)

Amory: Good evening Mrs. Connaage.

Mrs. Connaage: *(Not unkindly)* Good evening, Amory.

(Amory and Rosalind exchange glances—and Alec comes in. Alec's attitude throughout has been neutral. He believes in his heart that the marriage would make Amory and Rosalind miserable, but he feels a great sympathy for both of them.)

Alec: Hi, Amory!

Amory: Hi, Alec! Tom said he'd meet you at the theatre.

Alec: Yeah, just saw him. How's the advertising today? Write some brilliant copy!

Amory: Oh, it's about the same. I got a raise—*(Every one looks at him rather eagerly)*—of two dollars a week. *(General collapse.)*

Mrs. Connaage: Come, Alec, I hear the car.

(A good night, rather chilly in sections. After Mrs. Connaage and Alec go out there's a pause. Rosalind still stares madly at the fireplace. Amory goes to her and puts his arm around her.)

START HERE!

(They kiss. Another pause and then she catches his hand, covers it with kisses and tries to force a smile.)

Rosalind: *(Sadly)* I love your hands, more than anything. I see them often when you're away from me—so tired; I know every line of them. Dear hands!

(Their eyes meet for a second and then she begins to cry—a tearless sobbing.)

Amory: Rosalind!

Rosalind: Oh, we're so darned pitiful!

Amory: Rosalind!

Rosalind: Oh, I want to die!

Amory: Rosalind, another night of this and I'll go to pieces. You've been this way four days now. You've got to be more encouraging or I can't work or eat or sleep. *(He looks around)*

helplessly as if searching for new words to clothe an old, shop-worn phrase.) We'll have to make a start. I like having to make a start together. (His forced hopefulness fades as he sees her unresponsive.) What's the matter? (He gets up suddenly and starts to pace the floor.) It's Dawson Ryder, that's what it is. He's been working on your nerves. You've been with him every afternoon for a week. People come and tell me they've seen you together, and I have to smile and nod and pretend it hasn't the slightest significance for me. And you won't tell me anything!

Rosalind: Amory, if you don't sit down I'll scream.

Amory: (Sitting down suddenly beside her) Oh, Lord.

Rosalind: (Taking his hand gently) You know I love you, don't you?

Amory: Yes.

Rosalind: You know I'll always love you—

Amory: Don't talk that way; you frighten me. It sounds as if we weren't going to have each other. (She cries a little and rises from the couch goes to the armchair.) I've felt all afternoon that things were worse. I nearly went wild down at the office—couldn't write a line. Tell me everything.

Rosalind: There's nothing to tell, I say. I'm just nervous.

Amory: Rosalind, you're playing with the idea of marrying Dawson Ryder.

Rosalind: (After a pause) He's been asking me to all day.

Amory: Well, he's got his nerve!

Rosalind: (After another pause) I like him.

Amory: Don't say that. It hurts me.

Rosalind: Don't be a silly idiot. You know you're the only man I've ever loved, ever will love.

Amory: (Quickly) Rosalind, let's get married—next week.

Rosalind: We can't.

Amory: Why not?

Rosalind: Oh, we can't. I'd be your squaw—in some horrible place.

Amory: We'll have two hundred and seventy-five dollars a month all told.

Rosalind: Darling, I don't even do my own hair, usually.

Amory: I'll do it for you.

ROSALIND: (*Between a laugh and a sob*) Thanks.

AMORY: Rosalind, you *can't* be thinking of marrying some one else. Tell me! You leave me in the dark.

ROSALIND: It's just—us. We're pitiful, that's all. The very qualities I love you for are the ones that will always make you a failure.

AMORY: (*Grimly*) Go on.

ROSALIND: Oh—it is Dawson Ryder. He's so reliable, I almost feel that he'd be a—a background.

AMORY: You don't love him.

ROSALIND: I know, but I respect him, and he's a good man and a strong one.

AMORY: (*Grudgingly*) Yes—he's that

~~Rosalind: What power we have of hurting each other! I remember—well—here's one. Just about a little past two, we met in my Tuesday afternoon—and Oh! Dawson took him on his lap and winked to him and promised him on leather suit—and year day he remembered and brought it—and oh, it was so sweet and I couldn't help thinking he'd be so nice to our child—
to our child—
worry.~~

ROSALIND: (*With a faint rogueship*) Don't look so consciously suffering.

AMORY: What power we have of hurting each other!

ROSALIND: (*Commencing to sob again*) It's been so perfect—you and I. So like a dream that I'd longed for and never thought I'd find. The first real unselfishness I've ever felt in my life. And I can't see it fade out in a colorless atmosphere!

AMORY: It won't—it won't!

ROSALIND: I'd rather keep it as a beautiful memory—tucked away in my heart.

AMORY: Yes, women can do that—but not men. I'd remember always, not the beauty of it while it lasted, but just the bitterness, the long bitterness.

ROSALIND: Don't!

AMORY: All the years never to see you, ~~never to see you~~, just a gate shut and barred—you don't dare be my wife.
ROSALIND: No—no—I'm taking the hardest course, ~~the hardest~~.

est course. Marrying you would be a failure and I never fail—
if you don't stop walking up and down I'll scream!

(*Again he sinks despatchingly onto the lounge.*)

AMORY: Come over here and kiss me.

ROSALIND: No.

AMORY: Don't you want to kiss me?

ROSALIND: To-night I want you to love me calmly and coolly.

AMORY: The beginning of the end.

ROSALIND: (*With a burst of insight*) Amory, you're young, I'm young. People excuse us now for our poses and vanities, for treating people like Sancho and yet getting away with it. They excuse us now. But you've got a lot of knocks coming to you—

AMORY: And you're afraid to take them with me.



ROSALIND: Amory, I'm yours—you know it. There have been times in the last month I'd have been completely yours if you'd said so. But I can't marry you and ruin both our lives.

AMORY: We've got to take our chance for happiness.

ROSALIND: Dawson says I'd learn to love him.

(*Amory with his head sunk in his hands does not move.*)

ROSALIND: Lover! Lover! I can't do with you, and I can't

imagine life without you.

AMORY: Rosalind, we're on each other's nerves. It's just that we're both high-strung, and this week—

(*His voice is curiously old. She crosses to him and taking his face in her hands, kisses him.*)

ROSALIND: I can't, Amory. I can't be shut away from the trees and flowers, cooped up in a little flat, waiting for you. You'd hate me in a narrow atmosphere. I'd make you hate me.

(Again she is blinded by sudden uncontrolled tears.)

AMORY: Rosalind—

ROSALIND: Oh, darling, go— Don't make it harder! I can't stand it—

AMORY: (His face drawn, his voice strained) Do you know what you're saying? Do you mean forever?

(There is a difference somehow in the quality of their suffering.)

ROSALIND: Can't you see—

AMORY: I'm afraid I can't if you love me. You're afraid of taking two years' knocks with me.

ROSALIND: I wouldn't be the Rosalind you love.

AMORY: (A little hysterically) I can't give you up! I can't, I've got to have you!

ROSALIND: (A hard note in her voice) You're being a baby now.

AMORY: (Wildly) I don't care! You're spoiling our lives!

ROSALIND: I'm doing the wise thing, the only thing.

AMORY: Are you going to marry Dawson Ryder?

ROSALIND: Oh, don't ask me. You know I'm old in some ways—in others—well, I'm just a little girl. I like sunshine and pretty things and cheerfulness—and I dread responsibility. I don't want to think about pots and kitchens and brooms. I want to worry whether my legs will get slick and brown when I swim in the summer.

AMORY: And you love me.

ROSALIND: That's just why it has to end. Drifting hurts too much. We can't have any more scenes like this.

(She draws his ring from her finger and hands it to him.

Their eyes blind again with tears.)

AMORY: (His lips against her wet cheek) Don't! Keep it, please—oh, don't break my heart!

(She presses the ring softly into his hand.)

ROSALIND: (Brokenly) You'd better go.

AMORY: Good-by—

(She looks at him once more, with infinite longing, in finite sadness.)

ROSALIND: Don't ever forget me, Amory—

AMORY: Good-by—

(He goes to the door, fumbles for the knob, finds it—

Rosalind: Oh, I want to die!
(sad, twisted, confused, heart wrenching)
Oh Amory, what have I done to
you?

She
Snd