

another does? *(Father and Dan exit in darkness. The Tower goes dark.)*

MICKEY. You proud of him?

LOUISE. Yes!

MICKEY. *(Coming to Quentin who turns to him.)* The brief is fine, Kid; it almost began to move me. *(To Louise, grinning.)*

LOUISE. Lou and Elsie are here.

MICKEY. Oh! I didn't know. You look wonderful, Louise. You look all excited.

LOUISE. Thanks! It's nice to hear! *(She shyly, soundlessly laughs, glancing at Quentin, and goes.)*

MICKEY. You got trouble?

QUENTIN. *(Embarrassed.)* I don't think so, she's going into psychoanalysis.

MICKEY. You got trouble. *(Shakes his head, laughing joyfully.)* I think maybe you got married too young; I did too. . . . Although, you don't fool around, do you?

QUENTIN. I don't, no.

MICKEY. Then what the hell are you so guilty about?

QUENTIN. I didn't know I was till lately. In fact, I think I took for granted everything I did was wonderful.

MICKEY. You know, when it first happened to me, I set aside five minutes a day just imagining my wife as a stranger. As though I hadn't made her yet. You got to generate some respect for her mystery. Start with five minutes; I can go as long as an hour, now.

QUENTIN. Makes it seem like a game though, doesn't it?

MICKEY. But as soon as there's two people you can't be absolutely sincere, can you? I mean she's not your rib. . . .

QUENTIN. I guess that's right, yes. Still, it's hard to stop wishing she was. *(Pause. Lou and Elsie are heard offstage. Mickey walks to a point, looks down as over a cliff.)*

MICKEY. Dear Lou; look at him down there, he never learned how to swim, always paddled like a dog. *(Comes back.)* I used to love that man. I still do. Quentin, I've been subpoenaed.

QUENTIN. *(Shocked.)* Oh, God! The Committee?

MICKEY. Yes. I wish you'd have come into town when I called you. . . . But it doesn't matter now.

QUENTIN. I had a feeling it was something like that. I guess I . . . I didn't want to know any more. *(To Listener.)* Yes, not to

see . . . ! To be innocent. *(A long pause. They find it hard to look directly at one another.)*

MICKEY. I've been going through hell, Quent. It's a strange thing—to have to examine what you stand for; not theoretically, but on a life and death basis. A lot of things don't stand up.

QUENTIN. I guess the main thing is not to be afraid.

MICKEY. *(Pause.)* I don't think I am now. *(A pause. Both sit staring ahead. Finally, Mickey turns and looks at Quentin, who now faces him. Mickey tries to smile.)* You may not be my friend any more.

QUENTIN. *(Tries to laugh it away—a terror rising in him.)* Why!

MICKEY. I'm going to tell the truth. *(Pause.)*

QUENTIN. . . . How do you mean?

MICKEY. I'm . . . going to name names.

QUENTIN. *(Incredulously.)* Why?

MICKEY. Because . . . I want to. Fifteen years, wherever I go, whatever I talk about, the feeling is always there that I'm deceiving people.

QUENTIN. But why couldn't you just tell about yourself? *(Maggie enters, lies on second platform.)*

MICKEY. They want the names, and they mean to destroy anyone who . . .

QUENTIN. I think it's a mistake, Mick. All this is going to pass, and I think you'll regret it. And anyway, Max has always talked against this kind of thing!

MICKEY. I've had it out with Max. I testify or I'll be voted out of the firm.

QUENTIN. I can't believe it! What about DeVries . . . ?

MICKEY. DeVries was there, and Burton, and most of the others. I wish you'd have seen their faces when I told them. Men I've worked with for thirteen years. Played tennis; intimate friends, you know? And as soon as I said, "I had been,"—stones. *(The Tower lights.)*

QUENTIN. *(To the Listener.)* Everything is one thing! You see—I don't know what we are to one another!—*(Lou enters in bathing trunks, instantly overjoyed at seeing Mickey. The Tower goes dark.)*

LOU. Mick! I thought I heard your voice! *(Grabs his hand.)* Golly, Mick, why don't we get together as we used to? I miss

all that wonderful talk! (*Lou and Mickey de-animate in an embrace. Holga appears with flowers on upper level.*)

QUENTIN. (*Glancing up at Holga.*) How do you dare make promises again? I have lived through so many promises, you see? (*Holga exits.*)

LOU. (*Stepping back in horror.*) Subpoena! (*Mickey nods, looks at the ground. Lou grips his arm.*) Oh, I'm terribly sorry, Mick. But can I say something—it might ease your mind; once you're in front of them it all gets remarkably simple!

QUENTIN. Oh dear God!

LOU. Everything kind of falls away excepting . . . one's self. One's truth.

MICKEY. (*Slight pause.*) I've already been in front of them, Lou. Two weeks ago.

LOU. Oh! Then what do they want with you again?

MICKEY. (*Pause. A fixed smile on his face.*) I asked to be heard again.

LOU. (*Puzzled, open-eyed.*) Why?

MICKEY. (*He carefully forms his thought.*) Because I want to tell the truth.

LOU. (*With the first rising of incredulous fear.*) In . . . what sense? What do you mean?

MICKEY. Lou, when I left the hearing room I didn't feel I had spoken. Something else had spoken, something automatic and inhuman. I asked myself, what am I protecting by refusing to answer? Lou, you must let me finish! You must. The Party? But I despise the Party, and have for many years. Just like you. Yet, there is something that closes my throat when I think of telling names. What am I defending? It's a dream, now, a dream of solidarity. But the fact is, I have no solidarity with the people I could name—excepting for you. And not because we were Communists together, but because we were young together. Because we . . . when we talked it was like . . . some brotherhood opposed to all the world's injustice. Therefore, in the name of that love, I ought to be true to myself now. And the truth, Lou, my truth, is that I think the Party is a conspiracy . . . let me finish. I think we were swindled; they took our lust for the right and used it for Russian purposes. And I don't think we can go on turning our backs on the truth simply because reactionaries are saying it. What I propose—is that we try to separate our love for one an-

other from this political morass. And I've said nothing just now that we haven't told each other for the past five years.

LOU. Then . . . what's your proposal?

MICKEY. That we go back together. Come with me. And answer the questions.

LOU. Name . . . the names?

MICKEY. Yes. I've talked to all the others in the unit. They've agreed, excepting for Ward and Harry. They cursed me out, but I expected that.

LOU. (*Dazed.*) Let me understand—you are asking my permission to name me? (*Pause.*) You may not mention my name. (*He begins physically shaking.*) And if you do it, Mickey, you are selling me for your own prosperity. If you use my name I will be dismissed. You will ruin me. You will destroy my career.

MICKEY. Lou, I think I have a right to know exactly why you . . .

LOU. Because if everyone broke faith there would be no civilization! That is why that Committee is the face of the Philistine! And it astounds me that you can speak of truth and justice in relation to that gang of cheap publicity hounds! Not one syllable will they get from me! Not one word from my lips! No—your eleven-room apartment, your automobile, your money are not worth this.

MICKEY. (*Stiffened.*) That's a lie! You can't reduce it all to money, Lou! That's false!

LOU. (*Turning on him.*) There is only one truth here. You are terrified! They have bought your soul. (*Elsie appears u., listening. Louise enters, watches.*)

MICKEY. (*Angrily, but contained.*) And yours? Lou! Is it all yours, your soul?

LOU. (*Beginning to show tears.*) How dare you speak of my . . . ?

MICKEY. (*Quaking with anger.*) You've got to take it if you're going to dish it out, don't you? Have you really earned this high moral tone?!—This . . . perfect integrity? I happen to remember when you came back from your trip to Russia; and I remember who made you throw your first version into my fireplace!

LOU. (*Almost screaming—after a glance toward Elsie.*) The idea!

MICKEY. I saw you burn a true book and write another that told lies! Because she demanded it, because she terrified you, because she has taken your soul.

LOU. (*Shaking his fist in the air.*) I condemn you!