

girl is pregnant, darling, and she's got no money, she's stupid, and I tell you this one is going to end up with a moustache! That's why, darling, when you grow up, I hope you learn how to disappoint people. Especially women.

QUENTIN. (*Watching her, seated.*) But what the hell has this got to do with a concentration camp?

MOTHER. —Will you stop playing with matches? (*Slaps an invisible boy's hand.*) You'll pee in bed! Why don't you practice your penmanship instead? You write like a monkey, darling. And where is your father! If he went to sleep in the Turkish bath again, I'll kill him! Like he forgot my brother Herbert's wedding and goes to the Dempsey-Tunney fight. And ends up in the men's room with the door stuck, so by the time they get him out my brother's married, there's a new champion, and it cost him a hundred dollars to go to the men's room! (*She is laughing. Father with secretary has appeared, an invisible phone to his ear, on upper platform.*)

FATHER. Then cable Southampton.

MOTHER. But you mustn't laugh at him, he's a wonderful man.

FATHER. Sixty thousand tons. Sixty. (*Father disappears.*)

MOTHER. To this day he walks into a room you want to bow! (*Warmly.*) Any restaurant—one look at him and the waiters start moving tables around. Because, dear—people know that this is a man. Even Doctor Strauss, at my wedding he came over to me says, "Rose, I can see it looking at him, you've got a wonderful man," and he was always in love with me, Strauss.—Oh, sure, but he was only a penniless medical student then, my father wouldn't let him in the house. Who knew he'd end up so big in the gallstones? That poor boy!—Used to bring me novels to read, poetry, philosophy, God knows what! One time we even sneaked off to hear Rachmaninoff together. . . . (*She laughs sadly, and with wonder more than bitterness.*) That's why, you see, two weeks after we were married; sit down to dinner and Papa hands me a menu, and asks me to read it to him. . . . Couldn't read! I got so frightened I nearly ran away!—Why? Because your grandmother is such a fine, unselfish woman; two months in school and they put him into the shop!—That's what some women are, my dear . . . and now he goes and buys her a new Packard every year. (*With a strange and deep fear.*) Please, darling, I want you to draw the letters, that scribbling is ugly, dear; and your posture,

your speech, it can all be beautiful! Ask Miss Fisher, for years they kept my handwriting pinned up on the bulletin board; God, I'll never forget it, valedictorian of the class with a scholarship to Hunter in my hand . . . (*A blackness flows into her soul.*) and I came home, and Grandpa says, "You're getting married!" I was like . . . like with small wings, just getting ready to fly; I slept all year with the catalogue under my pillow. To learn, to learn everything! Oh, darling, the whole thing is such a mystery! (*Father enters the area, talking to the young, invisible Quentin.*)

IKE. Quentin, would you get me the office on the phone? (*To Mother.*) Why would you call the Turkish bath?

MOTHER. I thought you forgot about the wedding.

IKE. (*Jovially.*) I wish I could but I'm paying for it.

MOTHER. He'll pay you back!

IKE. I believe it, I just wouldn't want to hang by my hair that long. (*He turns, and going to a point he takes up an invisible phone.*) Herman? Hold the wire.

MOTHER. I don't want to be late, now.

IKE. (*A gently ironical tone.*) She won't give birth if we're half hour late.

MOTHER. Don't be so smart! He fell in love, what's so terrible about that!

IKE. They all fall in love on my money. I married into a love-nest! (*He turns to Quentin, laughing.*) Did they pass a law that a kid can't get a haircut? (*Reaching into his pocket, tossing a coin.*) Here, at least get a shine. (*To Mother.*) I'll be right up, dear, go ahead.

MOTHER. I'll put in your studs. God, he's so beautiful in a tuxedo! (*She goes a distance out of the area, but balts, turns, eavesdrops on Ike.*)

IKE. (*In phone.*) Herman? The accountant still there? Put him on.

QUENTIN. (*Suddenly, recalling—to Listener.*) Oh, yes!

IKE. Billy? You finished? Well what's the story, where am I?

QUENTIN. . . . Yes!

IKE. Don't you read the papers? What'll I do with Irving Trust, I can't give it away. What bank? (*Mother descends a step, alarmed.*) I been to every bank in New York, I can't get a bill paid, how the hell they going to lend me money? No-no, there's no money in London, there's no money in Hamburg, there ain't

a cargo moving in the world, the ocean's empty, Billy . . . now tell me the truth, where am I? *(Puts down the phone. Pause. Father stands almost stiffly, as though to take a storm.)*

MOTHER. What's that about? What are you winding up? *(Father stands staring, but she seems to hear additional shocking facts.)* What are you talking about? When did this start?—Well, how much are you taking out of it?—You lost your mind? You've got over four hundred thousand dollars' worth of stocks, you can sell the . . . *(Father laughs.)*—You sold those wonderful stocks?!—I just bought a new grand piano, why didn't you say something! And a silver service for my brother, and you don't say anything?! *(More subdued, walks a few steps in thought.)*—Well then—you'd better cash your insurance; you've got at least seventy-five thousand cash value. . . . *(Halts, turning in shock.)*—When! *(Father is gradually losing his stance, his grandeur, pulls his tie loose.)*—All right, then—we'll get rid of my bonds. Do it tomorrow.—What do you mean? Well you get them back, I've got ninety-one thousand dollars in bonds you gave me. Those are my bonds. I've got bonds. . . . *(Breaks off, open horror on her face and now a growing contempt.)*—You mean you saw everything going down and you throw good money after bad? Are you some kind of a moron?

IKE. You don't walk away from a business; I came to this country with a tag around my neck like a package in the bottom of the boat!

MOTHER. I should have run the day I met you.

IKE. *(As though stabbed.)* Rose! *(He sits, closing his eyes, his neck bent.)*

MOTHER. I should have done what my sisters did, tell my parents to go to hell and thought of myself for once! I should have run for my life!

IKE. *(Indicating a point nearby.)* Sssh, I hear the kids. . . .

MOTHER. I ought to get a divorce!

IKE. Rose, the college men are jumping out of windows.

MOTHER. But your last dollar?! *(Bending over, into his face.)* You are an idiot! *(Her nearness forces him to stand, they look at each other, strangers.)*

QUENTIN. *(He looks up at the Tower—aware now.)* Yes! For no reason—they don't even ask your name!

IKE. *(He looks toward the nearby point.)* Somebody's crying?

Quentin's in there. You better talk to him. *(She goes in some trepidation toward it. A foot or so from where he indicated, she halts.)*

MOTHER. Quentin? Darling? You better get dressed. Don't cry, dear. . . . *(She is stopped short by something "Quentin" has said.)* What I said?—Why, what did I say? Well I was a little angry, that's all, but I never said that. I think he's a wonderful man! *(Laughs.)* How could I say a thing like that? Quentin! *(As though he is disappearing she extends her arms.)* I didn't say anything! *(With a cry toward someone lost.)* Darling, I didn't say anything! *(Father, Dan and Mother exit. Instantly Holga appears, coming toward him.)*

QUENTIN. They don't even ask your name.

HOLGA. Quentin? Quentin? *(He is still staring at Mother from whom he turns toward Holga.)*

QUENTIN. You love me, don't you?

HOLGA. Yes. *(Of the wildflowers in her arms.)* Look, the car will be all sweet inside!

QUENTIN. *(Claps his hands.)* Let's get out of this dump. Come on I'll race you to the car!

HOLGA. Okay! On your mark! *(They get set.)*

QUENTIN. Last one there's a rancid wurst!

HOLGA. Get ready! Set! *(Quentin suddenly looks up at the Tower, and sits on the ground as though he had committed a sacrilege. She has read his emotion, touches his face.)* Quentin, dear—no one they didn't kill can be innocent again.

QUENTIN. But how did you solve it? How do you get so purposeful? You're so full of hope!

HOLGA. Quentin, I think it's a mistake to ever look for hope outside one's self. One day you faint because the gardener cut his finger, within a week you're climbing over the corpses of children bombed in a subway. What hope can there be if that is so? I tried to die near the end of the war; *(Rises, moves up the stair toward the Tower.)* the same dream returned each night until I dared not go to sleep and grew quite ill. I dreamed I had a child, and even in the dream I saw it was my life, and it was an idiot, and I ran away. But it always crept onto my lap again, clutched at my clothes. Until I thought, if I could kiss it, whatever in it was my own, perhaps I could sleep. And I bent to its broken face, and it was horrible. . . . But I kissed it. I think one must