

to be, strong and silent? I mean what is it? (She stumbles and falls. He makes no move to pick her up.)

QUENTIN. (Standing over her, quite knowing she is beyond understanding.) And now I walk out, huh? And you finally know where you are, huh? (He picks her up angrily.) Is that what you want?!

MAGGIE. (Breaking from him, she pitches forward. He catches her and roughly puts her on the bed.) Wha's the angle? Whyn't you beat it? (She gets on her feet again.) You gonna wait till I'm old? You know what another cab driver said to me today?—"I'll give you fifty dollars. . . ." (An open, lost sob, wild and contradictory flies out of her.) You know what's fifty dollars to a cab driver? (Her pain moves into him, his anger is swamped with it.) Go ahead, you can go; I can even walk a straight line, see? Look, see? (She walks with arms out, one foot in front of the other.) So what is it, heh? I mean you want dancing? You want dancing? (Breathlessly she turns on the "phonograph" and goes into a hip-flinging caricature of a dance around him.) I mean what do you want? What is it?

QUENTIN. Please don't do that. (He catches her and lays her down on the bed.)

MAGGIE. You gonna wait till I'm old? Or what? I mean what is it? What is it?

QUENTIN. (She lies there gasping. He stares down at her, addressing the Listener. Felice appears behind him.) It's that if there is love, it must be limitless; blind to insult, blind to the spear in the flesh.—God!—The same child's dream in both of us! (Felice appears behind him. He has been raising up his arms. Father appears slumped in "chair.")

MOTHER'S VOICE. (Off.) Idiot! Divorce! (A dozen men appear on second level under the harsh white light of a subway platform, some of them reading newspapers. Apart from them Mickey and Lou appear from each side, approaching one another.)

MAGGIE. (She rushes off, unsteadily.) I mean whyn't you beat it?

QUENTIN. (His arms down.) But in whose name do you turn your back!—By what right?

MICKEY. That we go together, Lou, and name the names!! Lou! (Lou, staring at Quentin, mounts the platform where the men wait for a subway train.)

QUENTIN. I saw it clear! I saw it once, I saw the name! (The approaching sound of a subway train is heard and Lou leaps, the wracking squeal of brakes.)

LOU. Quentin! Quentin! (All men look at Quentin, then at the "tracks." The men groan. Quentin's hands are a vise against his head. The Tower lights as . . . Mother enters in pre-war costume, sailboat in hand, bending toward the "bathroom door" as before.)

QUENTIN. In what blood-covered name do you look into a face you loved, and say, "Now, you have been found wanting, and now in your extremity you die!" It had a name, it . . .

MOTHER. (Toward the "bathroom door.") Quentin? Quentin? (He hurries toward her, but in fear.)

QUENTIN. Hah? Hah?

MOTHER. See what we brought you from Atlantic City! From the boardwalk! (Men exit from subway platform. A tremendous crash of surf spins Quentin about and Mother is gone and the light of the moon is rising on the pier.)

QUENTIN. . . . By the ocean. That cottage. That night. The last night. (Maggie in a rumpled wrapper, a bottle in her hand, her hair in snags over her face, staggers out to the edge of the pier and stands in the sound of the surf. Now she starts to topple over the edge of the pier and he rushes to her and holds her in his hands. Mother exits. Maggie turns around and they embrace. Now the sound of jazz from within is heard, softly.)

MAGGIE. You were loved, Quentin; no man was ever loved like you.

QUENTIN. (Releasing her.) Carrie tell you I called? My plane couldn't take off all day. . . .

MAGGIE. (Drunk, but aware.) I was going to kill myself just now. (He is silent.) Or don't you believe that either?

QUENTIN. (With an absolute calm, a distance, but without hostility.) I saved you twice, why shouldn't I believe it? (Going toward her.) This dampness is bad for your throat, you oughtn't be out here.

MAGGIE. (She defiantly sits, her legs dangling.) Where've you been?

QUENTIN. (Going u., removing his jacket.) I've been in Chicago. I told you. The Hathaway estate.

MAGGIE. (A sneer.) Estates!

QUENTIN. Well, I have to pay some of our debts before I save the world. *(He removes his jacket and puts it on "bureau" box.)*

MAGGIE. *(From the pier.)* Didn't you hear what I told you?

QUENTIN. I'm very tired, Maggie. I'll sleep in the living room. Goodnight.

MAGGIE. What is this?

QUENTIN. *(Pause. He turns back to her from the exit.)* I've been fired.

MAGGIE. You're not fired.

QUENTIN. It's serious. I can't make a decision any more without something sits up inside me and busts out laughing.

MAGGIE. That my fault, huh?

QUENTIN. *(Slight pause—then he resolves.)* It's gone way past whose fault it is. I . . . talked to your doctor this afternoon.

MAGGIE. *(Stiffening with fear and suspicion.)* About what?

QUENTIN. It's very hard for me to believe you really want to die, Maggie. So in effect I've been gambling with your life. But I decided to take it seriously, and I wanted to ask him what to do.

MAGGIE. You going to put me away somewhere. Is that it?

QUENTIN. Your doctor's trying to get a plane up here tonight; you settle it with him.

MAGGIE. You're not going to put me anywhere, Mister. *(She opens the pill bottle.)*

QUENTIN. *(Pointing at the pill bottle which she is shaking out into her palm.)* Maggie, I'm not fighting you for those pills any more. If you start going under tonight, I'm to call the ambulance.

(She stops moving, looks at him.) And that means a headline. I've been trying to protect you from the consequences—and myself too. And that turns out to be exactly what I shouldn't have been doing. You understand? *(The pills in her palm, she drinks whiskey.)* Okay, I'll tell Carrie to call the ambulance as soon as she sees the signs. I'm going to sleep at the Inn. *(He gets his jacket.)*

MAGGIE. Don't sleep at the Inn!

QUENTIN. Then put that stuff away and go to sleep.

MAGGIE. *(Afraid he is leaving, she tries to smooth her tangled hair.)* Could you . . . stay five minutes?

QUENTIN. *(Moved.)* . . . Yes. *(He returns.)*

MAGGIE. You can even have the bottle if you want. I won't take any more. *(Maggie puts the pill bottle on the bed before him.)*

QUENTIN. *(Against his wish to take it.)* I don't want the bottle. I'm not starting that game again.

MAGGIE. 'Member how used talk to me till I fell asleep?

QUENTIN. Maggie, I've sat beside you in darkened rooms for days and weeks at a time, and my office looking high and low for me. . . .

MAGGIE. No, you lost patience with me.

QUENTIN. *(Slight pause.)* That's right, yes.

MAGGIE. So you lied, right?

QUENTIN. Yes, I lied. Every day. We are all separate people. I tried not to be, but I have to survive too, Honey, and I'm through pretending otherwise.

MAGGIE. But if you loved me. . . .

QUENTIN. But how would you know, Maggie?! Do you know any more who I am? Aside from my name? I'm all the evil in the world, aren't I? All the betrayal, the broken hopes, the murderous revenge? *(She pours pills into her hand and he stands.)* A suicide kills two people, Maggie, that's what it's for! So I'm removing myself and perhaps it will lose its point. *(He resolutely starts out. She falls back on the bed. Her breathing is suddenly deep. He starts toward Carrie, who sits in semi-darkness, praying.)* Carrie! MAGGIE. What's Lazarus? *(He halts. She looks about for him, not knowing he left.)* Quentin? *(Not seeing him, she starts up off the bed, a certain alarm. . . .)* Quen? *(He comes half way back.)*

QUENTIN. Jesus raised him from the dead. In the Bible. Go to sleep now.

MAGGIE. *(She lies back. A pause. Her voice is suddenly remote, dream-like.)* I want more cream puffs. And my birthday dress? If I'm good? Mama? *(In alarm.)* Mama?! *(She sits up, looks about as in a dream, turns and sees him.)* Why you standing there? *(She gets out of bed, squinting, and comes up to him, peers into his face, her expression comes alive.)* Was I sleeping?

QUENTIN. For a moment, I think.

MAGGIE. *(Coming toward him in terror.)* Was . . . was my . . . was anybody . . . was there smoke? *(With a cry she clings to him, he holds her close.)*

QUENTIN. Your mother's dead and gone, dear, she can't hurt you any more, don't be afraid.

MAGGIE. (*In a helpless voice of a child as he returns her to the bed.*) Where you going to put me?

QUENTIN. (*His chest threatening a sob.*) Nowhere, dear.—The doctor'll decide with you.

MAGGIE. See?—I'll lay down. (*She lies down.*) See? (*She takes a strange, deep breath.*) You . . . you could have the pills if you want.

QUENTIN. (*Stands, and after a besitation, starts away.*) I'll have Carrie come in and take them.

MAGGIE. (*Sliding off the bed, holding the pill bottle out to him.*) No. I won't give them to Carrie. Only you. You take them.

QUENTIN. Why do you want me to have them?

MAGGIE. (*Extending them.*) Here.

QUENTIN. (*Pause.*) Do you see it, Maggie? You're trying to make me the one who does it to you? I grab them; and then we fight, and then I give them up, and you take your death from me? Something in you is trying to set me up for a murder! (*With horror and a plea for her to see into herself.*) I'm not your enemy! You're doing this yourself!—Do you see it?!

MAGGIE. But Jesus must have loved her.

QUENTIN. Who?

MAGGIE. Lazarus?

QUENTIN. (*Pause. He sees, he gropes toward his vision.*) That's right, yes! He . . . loved her enough to raise her from the dead. But He's God, see . . . and God's power is love without limit. But when a man dares reach for that . . . he is only reaching for the power.— (*Aware.*) —Yes!—Whoever goes to save another person with the lie of limitless love is not a lover, he is . . . (*He breaks off, lost, peering, and turns back to Maggie for his clue.*) And then she said . . . Here is where it happened! (*He goes back to Maggie, crying out to invoke her.*) She suddenly spoke like a child, and she said . . . !

MAGGIE. I still hear you. Way inside. Quentin? My love? I hear you!—Tell me what happened!

QUENTIN. (*Through a sudden burst of tears.*) Maggie, we . . . used one another!

MAGGIE. Not me, not me!

QUENTIN. Yes, you. And I. "To live," we cried, and "now," we cried; raised up each other's innocence in order to believe our own. But this frightening room will never open until you can

say, "I have been cruel." And if I could say it with you of myself! Maggie, throw innocence away. (*Reaches for her hand.*)

MAGGIE. (*She has been writhing in fury.*) Son of a bitch!

QUENTIN. (*Grasping her wrist, but not trying to take the pill bottle out of her hand.*) Throw them in the sea, no pill can make you innocent! See your own hatred . . . and life will come back! Your innocence is killing you!

MAGGIE. (*Freeing her wrist.*) What about your hatred? You know when I wanted to die. When I read what you wrote, kiddo. Two months after we were married, kiddo.

QUENTIN. Let's keep it true—you told me you tried to die long before you met me.

MAGGIE. (*She moves front.*) I was married to a king, you son of a bitch! I was looking for a fountain pen to sign some autographs. And there's his desk . . . (*She is speaking toward some invisible source of justice now, telling her injury.*) and there's his empty chair where he sits and thinks how to help people. And there's his handwriting. And there's some words— (*She almost literally reads in the air, and with the same original astonishment.*) "The only one I will ever love is my daughter. If I could only find an honorable way to die." (*Now she turns to him.*) When you gonna face that, Judgey? Remember how I fell down fainted? On the new rug? That's what killed me, Judgey. Right? (*She staggers up to him and into his face.*) 'Zat right?

QUENTIN. (*A pause.*) All right. You pour them back and I'll tell you the truth about that.

MAGGIE. You won't tell truth. (*He tries to tip her hand toward the bottle, holding both her wrists.*)

QUENTIN. (*With difficulty.*) We'll see. Pour them back, first, and we'll see. (*She lets him pour them back, but sits on the bed, holding the bottle in both hands.*)

MAGGIE. (*She takes a deep breath.*) Liar.

QUENTIN. (*In quiet tension against his own self-condemnation.*) We'd had our first party in our own house. Some important people, network heads, directors. . . .

MAGGIE. And you were ashamed of me. Don't lie now! You're still playing God! That's what killed me, Quentin!

QUENTIN. All right. I wasn't . . . ashamed. But . . . afraid. (*Pause.*) I wasn't sure if any of them . . . had had you.