

SCENE #
2
STUCK

ALICE. Well—it'd be nice if you were here, Tony. (*Rises and crosses to R.*)

TONY. You know what you're saying, don't you?

ALICE. What?

TONY. That you'd rather spend the summer with me than anybody else.

ALICE. (*Back to Tony.*) Was I?

TONY. (*Crossing few steps R.*) Well, if it's true about the summer, how would you feel about—the winter?

ALICE. (*Seeming to weigh the matter. Turns to Tony.*) Yes, I'd like that too.

TONY. (*Tremulous.*) Then there's spring and autumn. If you could—see your way clear about those, Miss Sycamore? (*Crossing to Alice.*)

ALICE. (*Again a little pause.*) I might.

TONY. I guess that's the whole year. We haven't forgotten anything, have we?

ALICE. No.

TONY. Well, then— (*Another pause; their eyes meet. Tony starts to embrace Alice. And at this moment, Penny is heard from stairway. Tony crosses to back of Grandpa's chair.*)

PENNY. (*Offstage.*) Is that you, Alice? What time is it? (*She comes into room, wrapped in a bathrobe.*) Oh! (*In sudden embarrassment.*) Excuse me, Mr. Kirby. I had no idea—that is, I— (*She senses the situation.*)—I didn't mean to interrupt anything.

TONY. Not at all, Mrs. Sycamore.

ALICE. (*Quietly.*) No, Mother.

PENNY. I just came down for a manuscript— (*Fumbling at her desk.*)—then you can go right ahead. Ah, here it is. *Sex Takes a Holiday*. Well—good night, Tony.

TONY. Good night, Mrs. Sycamore.

PENNY. Oh, I think you can call me Penny, don't you, Alice? At least I hope so. (*With a little laugh she vanishes upstairs. Tony turns back to Alice, Before Penny's rippling laugh quite dies, BANG! from the cellar. Tony jumps.*)

TONY. What's that?

ALICE. (*Quietly. She crosses to below table.*) It's all right, Tony. That's father.

TONY. Oh—this time of night? (*Coming D.S.*)

ALICE. (*Ominously—turns to Tony.*) Any time of night. Any time of day. (*She stands silent. In the pause, Tony gazes at her fondly.*)

TONY. (*Crossing to Alice.*) You know, you're more beautiful, more lovely, more adorable than anyone else in the whole world.

ALICE. (*As he starts to embrace her, she backs away.*) Don't, Tony.

TONY. What? (*As Alice shakes her head.*) My dear, just because your mother... all mothers are like that, Alice, and Penny's a darling. You see I'm even calling her Penny.

ALICE. I don't mean that. (*She faces him squarely—crosses to Tony.*) Look, Tony, this is something I should have said a long time ago, but I didn't have the courage. (*Turns away.*) I let myself be swept away because... I loved you so.

TONY. (*Crosses to Alice.*) Darling!

ALICE. No, wait, Tony. I want to make it clear to you. Listen, you're of a different world... a whole different kind of people. Oh I don't mean money or socially... that's too silly. But your family and mine... it just wouldn't work, Tony. It just wouldn't work. (*Alice crosses to R. below Tony.*)

(*The sound of the outer door closing.*)

ED. (*Heard in hallway offstage.*) All right, have it your way. (*At the sound of the voice, Tony crosses to L.*) She can't dance. That's why they pay her all that money... because she can't dance. (*Alice takes a few steps to R.*)

ESSIE. (*Still not in sight.*) Well, I don't call that dancing what she does. (*She appears in archway followed by Ed.*) Oh, hello! How was the ballet? (*Throwing her hat on desk.*)

ALICE. It was fine, Essie.

TONY. Wonderful.

ED. (*Following into room after Essie.*) Hello there.

TONY. Hello.

ESSIE. Look, what do you people think? Ed and I just saw Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Do you think she can dance, Mr. Kirby? (*Crossing over to Tony.*)

TONY. Why yes. I always thought so.

ESSIE. What does she *do* anyhow? (*Crossing to Tony.*) Now look, you're Fred Astaire, and I'm Ginger Rogers. (*Puts herself close to Tony.*)

ALICE. Essie, please!

ESSIE. I only want to use him for a minute. Now look, Mr. Kirby... (*Putting her arms around Tony's neck.*)

ALICE. Essie, you're just as good as Ginger Rogers. We all agree.

ESSIE. You see, Ed?

ED. (*Crossing to arch. Backing up.*) Yeh... Come on, Essie... we're butting in here.

ESSIE. Oh they've been together all evening... (*Crosses up to arch.*) Good night, Mr. Kirby. Good night, Alice.

TONY. Good night, Mrs. Carmichael.

ED. Good night. Essie, did you ask Grandpa about us having a baby? (*Crossing up to stairs.*)

ESSIE. Oh yes—he said to go right ahead.

(*They are out of sight upstairs.*)

ALICE. (*Crossing L. to below table.*) You see, Tony? That's what it would be like.

TONY. (*Crossing over to Alice.*) Oh I didn't mind that. Anyway, we're not going to live with your family. It's just you and I.

ALICE. No it isn't... it's never quite that. I love them, Tony... I love them deeply. Some people could break away, but I couldn't. I know they do rather strange things... But they're gay and they're fun and... I don't know... there's a kind of nobility about them.

TONY. Alice, you talk as though only you could understand them. That's not true. Why every family has got curious little traits. What of it? My father raises orchids at ten thousand dollars a bulb. (*Alice crosses up R. to back of chair.*) Is that sensible? My mother believes in spiritualism. That's just as bad as your mother writing plays, isn't it?

ALICE. It goes deeper, Tony. Your mother believes in spiritualism because it's fashionable, and your father raises orchids because he can afford to. My mother writes plays because eight years ago a typewriter was delivered here by mistake. (*She crosses to R.*)

TONY. Darling, what of it?

ALICE. (*Crossing back to chair.*) And—and look at Grandpa. Thirty-five years ago he just quit business one day. He started up to his office in the elevator and came right down again. He just stopped. He could have been a rich man, (*Sitting R. of table.*) but he said it took too much time. So for thirty-five years, he's just collected snakes, and gone to circuses and commencements. ~~He never gets any of them...~~

~~(Grandpa comes downstairs.)~~

~~GRANDPA (*Pausing in doorway.*) Hello there children!~~

END
SCENE 2