

FLO. Go upstairs and change, this minute. I mean it! You come with Rosemary and Howard! (*Madge runs inside front door.*)

MRS. POTTS. Let's go. All the tables will be taken.

FLO. Alan, help me with Millie. Millie, darling, are you feeling better? (*Flo and Millie go off alley R.*)

MRS. POTTS. Young man, you follow their car —

ALAN. Oh, Mr. Bevans, will you tell Madge I'll see her out there. (*He exits alley R.*)

MRS. POTTS. —I mean our car. Oh, dear. (*Mrs. Potts follows the others off alley R. We hear the Cadillac drive off. Hal is sitting silent and beaten on the edge of the porch. Howard and Rosemary are by the shed.*)

HOWARD. He's just a boy, Rosemary. You talked awful.

ROSEMARY. (*Crosses below stump then u. to u. c. lawn.*) Howard, what made me do it? What made me act that way?

HOWARD. You gotta remember, men have got feelings, too—same as women. (*To Hal, crosses to above stump.*) Don't pay any attention to her, young man. She didn't mean a thing.

ROSEMARY. I don't want to go on the picnic, Howard. This is my last night of vacation and I want to have a good time.

HOWARD. (*Crosses u. for the bottle.*) Anything you say, dear.

ROSEMARY. I wanta go for a ride, Howard. I want to drive into the sunset! I want to drive into the sunset! (*She runs off towards the car, through alley R., Howard following. Howard's car drives away. Hal starts to rise. Madge comes out front door. She is wearing another dress. Hal quickly sits again. She sits on the bench on the porch and finally speaks in a gentle voice.*)

MADGE. Don't feel bad. Women like Miss Sydney make me disgusted with the whole female sex. (*Recalling something, smiling.*) Last year she and some of the other teachers made such a fuss about a statue in the library. It was a gladiator and all he had on was a shield on his arm. Those teachers kept hollering about that statue, they said it was an insult to them every time they walked into the library. Finally, they made the principal—I don't know how to say it, but one of the janitors got busy with a chisel and then they weren't insulted any more. The next day there was a sign hanging on the statue—"Miss Sydney was here." I know you're not in the mood for funny stories, but you just have to laugh at Miss Sydney.

HAL. What's the use, Baby? She saw through me like an X-ray

START

~~machine.~~ I'm a bum! There's just no place in the world for a guy like me.

MADGE. I know how you feel. Millie's so smart and talented. I get to feeling so jealous of her and worthless when I try to be like her. Then I tell myself that I'm not Millie—I'm me! And I feel lots better.

HAL. I'm me.

MADGE. Sure!

HAL. Sure. But what's that?

MADGE. (*Rises—crosses to u. L. of Hal.*) Well, you're very entertaining. I mean . . . I think you say all sorts of witty things. And you're a wonderful dancer.

HAL. What good's dancin'?

MADGE. Oh, I can tell a lot about a boy by dancing with him.

HAL. You can?

MADGE. Some boys, even though they're very smart, when they take a girl in their arms to dance, they're kind of awkward and she feels sort of uncomfortable.

HAL. She does?

MADGE. (*She sits at his L.*) But when you took me in your arms to dance, I had the most wonderful feeling you knew exactly where you were going and I could follow every step of the way. So you're not so bad. I don't care what you say.

HAL. Oh, yeah? (*He turns to face her.*) Look, kid, lemme level with you. When I was fourteen I spent a year in a reform school. How do you like that?

MADGE. What for?

HAL. I stole a guy's motorcycle. Yeah, I stole it. I got no excuses. I stole it 'cause I wanted to get on the damn thing and go so far away, so fast, that nothin' would ever catch up with me.

MADGE. Sure.

HAL. Then my old lady went to the authorities. "I've done everything I can with the boy," she says. "I can't do another thing with him." So off I go to the damn reform school. And the old lady's real happy 'cause my Dad's always loaded and she's got a new boy friend and I'm in the way.

MADGE. (*She turns away.*) Gee . . .

HAL. Well, there you are. And I never told anybody about that—not even Seymour—'cause Seymour's Seymour and I'm . . . me.

So if you want to get sick or run inside and lock your door or