

SIDE 4 - Keith + TERRY  
First Meet

~~SECRET~~

KEITH. Hey! Turn around! (She does so, rather wonderingly.) You shouldn't wear your hair like that. It hides your face. (Moves to L. C.)

TERRY. (Moves R. to couch.) Oh, do you notice faces? I thought you were above all that.

KEITH. I notice everything. Your head's too big for the rest of you. You've got pretty legs, but you oughtn't to wear that kind of dress.

TERRY. (Sits L. arm of couch.) I suppose you're known as Beau Burgess! What the Well-Dressed Man Will Wear!

KEITH. Oh, you like snappy dresses, eh? Monograms and cuff-links.

TERRY. No, I don't meet very many monograms.

KEITH. (Steps in. His gaze roaming around the room.) What do you live in this place for? Do you like it?

TERRY. I love it. We live and breathe theatre, and that's what I'm crazy about.

KEITH. Are you? So am I. What do you want to do in the theatre? What kind of parts do you want to play?

TERRY. I want to play every kind of part I'm not suited for. Old hags of eighty and Topsy and Lady Macbeth. And what do I get?

Ingenues—and very little of that.

KEITH. Don't take 'em. Wait till you get what you want.

TERRY. (Rises. Moves D. R.) Well, it's a nice idea. But did you ever hear of this thing called eating?

KEITH. (Eases down after her.) You musn't think of that. Why, I've lived on bread and cocoa for days at a time. If you believe in something you've got to be willing to starve for it.

TERRY. (Below couch.) I am willing. But you don't know what it is to be an actress. If you feel something you can write it. But I can't act unless they let me. I can't just walk up and down my room, being an actress.

KEITH. It's just as tough for a writer. Suppose they won't produce his plays! I write about the iron-worker and they want Grand Dukes. I could write pot-boilers, but I don't. The theatre shouldn't be just a place to earn a living in. It should be thunder and lightning, and power and truth. (Steps L.)

TERRY. (Eases L.) And magic and romance!

KEITH. (Turns R. to her.) No, no! Romance is for babies! I write about today! I want to tear the heart out of the rotten carcass we call life and hold it up, bleeding, for all the world to see.

TERRY. (Steps in to KEITH.) How about putting some heart into life instead of tearing it out all the time?

KEITH. (Eases R.) There's no place for sentiment in the world today. We've gone past it.

TERRY. I suppose that's why you never hear of Romeo and Juliet.

KEITH. That's a woman's argument. (Turns L.)

TERRY. Well, I'm a woman.

KEITH. (Eases R.) Why haven't I run into you before? Where've you been all the time?

TERRY. I've been right here, in and out of every office on Broadway.

KEITH. Me, too. But I'm going to keep right on until they listen to me. And you've got to keep on, too.

TERRY. I will! I'm going to!

(MATTIE appears in dining room door.)

MATTIE. You-all want your dinner now, Miss Terry? It's ready.

TERRY. Oh, Mattie, I'd forgotten all about it.

KEITH. Never mind, Mattie. . . . How about dinner with me? We'll go to Smitty's and have a couple of hamburgers.

TERRY. With onions?

KEITH. Sure—onions! . . . (Going.) Say, what the hell's your name, anyhow?

(Curtain cue. They go out U. R. The TWO MARRYS come downstairs arguing about Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy as curtain falls.)

CURTAIN

ACT I

SCENE 2: One of the bedrooms. A pleasant enough but rather cramped room, with 3 beds, 3 dressers, 3 small chairs. There is a bathroom door down L., a window C. A door up L. leads to hall.

Each dresser reflects something of the personality and daily life of its owner. Stuck in the sides of the mirrors are snapshots, photographs, newspaper clippings, telegrams, theatre programs.

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