

"Man is a being whose project is to be God" - SARTRE

T H E B O A T

A Miracle Play

by Edward de Grazia

Dear Al + Ann
Here's a play you may
not have read - never produced.
A friend is interested in doing
music for it, but I doubt that it'll
ever happen.
Please let me know what you think!

"Man is a being whose project is to be God" - SARTRE

T H E B O A T

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With the dawn, as from a fog, PHAEDRE rises slowly from the cabin hatch. She seems to rise rather than climb. She is not entirely naked but wears a frayed ~~pink~~ ^{red} "bikini" swimming suit, sun-bleached almost white. She is golden brown from the sun but her face and shoulders show the marks of blistering. Her hair is long and fair. She is very young, soft-bodied, large breasted and wide-hipped. Her eyes are brown, her features are tremulous within a classic Greek frame. When she rises with the dawn, it is like a luscious, vulgar version of Botticelli's "Birth of Venus". Sad, not smiling. There is terror in the depths of her soul which belies the calmness of her pose. For the first few moments of silence and dialogue, she will stand trance-like upon the sill of the deck at the hatch, her eyes floating upon the audience as upon sea foam. Forgotten, in her left hand, is a soiled white sea-captains cap.

Until JUDITH speaks, she reclines unnoticed on the bare deck, her head cradled on her arms. She is black-haired, lean-loined, narrow-hipped, small-breasted. She is a few years older than the other. Sun-browned almost black. Wearing a two-piece, halter-type, sun faded blue denim bathing suit, torn. The features of her face are extraordinarily handsome, almost haughty, faintly Semitic. The eyes are blue. The lips are sensual, belying the haughtiness.

If physical ideals of this type are not available, or if the director chooses, PHAEDRE might be portrayed by a thin, narcissistic blonde and JUDITH by a fat dark girl, thus caricaturing the ideal types. Everything else remains the same.

The set is the deck of a Yacht at sea. There is a single mast with no sail. The ship's engine, if any, is still. There is no land anywhere. There will be a vast very pale blue sky and a swollen pale yellow sun. These may be felt if not seen. There is, of course, water everywhere, but it too might be felt rather than seen.

SCENE I -

PHAEDRE The waters are so still. The wind doesn't move.

(Pause) Why, Judith?

(PAUSE)

JUDITH How is he feeling?

PHAEDRE Feeling?

JUDITH Yes.

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE The same.

JUDITH Oh.

PHAEDRE Yes.

JUDITH No better?

PHAEDRE No worse.

(PAUSE)

JUDITH Good.

PHAEDRE Good?

JUDITH Yes.

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE Yes.

JUDITH Only.....

PHAEDRA (finding the cap in her hand) He said you should
have...this...

JUDITH He has to get better, or.....

PHAEDRE It's his. (examining it) He always looked so nice in it.

JUDITH ...we're...well...done for.

PHAEDRE His head went in---there.

JUDITH Even now we may be...done for.

PHAEDRE And his ears they stuck out here, and...here.

JUDITH But all I care to do, is...float.

PHAEDRE He doesn't have any hair.

JUDITH Beneath the sun. My almighty sun. A Greek sun.

PHAEDRE Except one or two. Which stick up in the air.

JUDITH It slips beneath my skin.... My sun.

PHAEDRE Like a snail's antenna.

JUDITH Especially...down there. I'm so sensitive, down there.

PHAEDRE Only not so slimy.

JUDITH Down there is my...Achille's Heel.....

PHAEDRE His antenna are dry and...whispy.

JUDITH When they spear me there I...want to die. (pause)
Just die.

PHAEDRE It's his head that's slimy.

JUDITH I've died twenty-seven times...since Athens.

PHAEDRE Slimy and round.

JUDITH That's about enough.

PHAEDRE Except in the center, where it's flat.

JUDITH I'm going to save my strength, now, until Cannes.

PHAEDRE Pretty flat.

JUDITH I'm going to do nothing but...float...the rest of the way.

PHAEDRE Do you ever feel there, in the center of his head? On
top, there? (Pause) I do. When I can't think of something
better, to do. (Pause) There's a pulse, there. You can
feel it on your fingers. (Pause) But I never press hard.
It could push in...

JUDITH Let my sun slip under my skin...all the way to Cannes.

PHAEDRE He's so soft up there, it's like his Achille's Heel.

 Judith?

JUDITH Will we ever reach Cannes, Phaedre?

PHAEDRE He wanted you to have his cap. Here....

JUDITH I dream about Cannes, every morning in the fog.

PHAEDRE It's too big for me, so you may as well keep it.

 Maybe it could help you steer...someday....

JUDITH It's beautiful in the fog, darling. The cliffs faced
 with houses like flat colored stones. That God found
 beneath the sea foam and piled upon the sands. White
 sands, Phaedre. White, like your skin.

PHAEDRE If he doesn't get better, Judith, someone will have
 to steer.

JUDITH And the harbor's full of boats and big and small ships.
 The masts stick up, and the sails are every color!
 Blues and greens! Orange ones and tan. You hardly ever
 see a white sail, Phaedre!

PHAEDRE Here, try it on, Judith. I want you to learn to steer.

JUDITH That's what's wrong with our boat Phaedre! It doesn't
 have a sail. It has a mast, but it doesn't have even
 a white sail.

PHAEDRE He said they forgot to store the sail. He said we didn't
 need a sail. The engine is brand new...and there's lots
 of gas around..... Anyway, Judith, what good is a sail?
 The waters are so still. The wind doesn't move.

JUDITH Sails are so pretty...even from far away. Especially red sails, darling....(she sees the red cloth of PHAEDRE's swim suit and laughs abruptly)

PHAEDRA Here, now! (pulling the cap over JUDITH's head) There! How do you look?

JUDITH Ugh! (tearing it off and moving to throw it into the sea)

PHAEDRE (seizing it from her hand) Judith! Stop! It's his! Don't you see!? He gave it to me! For you!

JUDITH I can't stand his dirty white cap! I don't want his anything any more! I only want...off! (she laughs abruptly and sobs) I only want...Cannes! I only want to go home....

PHAEDRE (taking JUDITH's head onto her lap) Don't feel bad, Judith. We had some fun with him. Didn't we have... some fun with him? And, when you learn to steer.....

JUDITH (jumping up) Steer?! Me learn to steer!? (she laughs) You must be mad! Phaedre! What am I? Just what? To you! A sailor?! Am I a sailor! (snatching the hat and donning it) Is this what you expect of me? My dear? How do I look, my dear? Ship-shape? Just clear the way to the steerage, my dear, and...Oh! Sorry! Yes! I did forget my trousers. No, I didn't forget my trousers. It's only they're at the laundry... Do you know the way to the laundry? (following her eyes) Downstairs? Downstairs! Of course! How could I forget. Where the

laundry, and everything is. Where my trousers is.
Are. Where he...is. Are. Yes. I'm going down
Phaedre. As you wish. I'm going down.... (she
starts down the stairs into the cabin, then stops
and looks back with a sign of terror)

PHAEDRA

(Gayly trying to be reassuring) See if he's feeling
better, Judith? (JUDITH stares back at her with terror)
And do find something for me to eat.... (JUDITH dashes
down with a strangled cry)

BLACK OUT

SCENE II - Another dawn. Everything looks the same, except the white cap is hanging on the mast. PHAEDRA appears thinner as she rises from the cabin, with the dawn.

PHAEDRE The wind doesn't move. The waters are so still.
 (she looks up at the cap) How'd he get...way up there?
 What's he doing way up there?

(PAUSE)

JUDITH Does he look any better?
PHAEDRE Look?
JUDITH Any better?

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE No.
JUDITH Not at all?
PHAEDRE Not at all.

(PAUSE)

JUDITH But....
PHAEDRE No. Don't worry. No.

(PAUSE)

JUDITH My God.
PHAEDRE What?
JUDITH My God. My God!

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE You're growing...religious.
JUDITH What?
PHAEDRE Thinking of God...so much of the time.

JUDITH Me...

PHAEDRE You needn't be ashamed.

JUDITH I....

PHAEDRE It's since you're a Jewess.

JUDITH Phaedre!

PHAEDRE Jewesses are...more religious

JUDITH Phaedre!

PHAEDRE Than non-Jewesses. Even if I try to be religious,
I can't. It's since I'm Greek. Greeks are less
religious, than anyone. Including Jewesses.
Especially Jewesses.

JUDITH Oh, Phaedre!

PHAEDRE It's since Greeks were born before Christ. They
say you Jews killed Jesus. I don't believe that.
Greeks killed Jesus. That's what I say. Because
Greeks weren't religious enough. And Jesus grew
angry. So we killed him. It was a long time ago.....

JUDITH Jews were before Christ.

PHAEDRE That doesn't prove you killed him. Jesus was a Jew,
like you. Y.M. Jews stick together. And you're very
religious. Jesus wouldn't get angry with you, and so
you wouldn't want to kill him. (Pause) I don't mean
you, but...before.

JUDITH I know...what you mean.

PHAEDRE Do you?

JUDITH Yes.

PHAEDRE What?

JUDITH You...never mind! Look! There comes the sun again!
Finally! Almighty sun! Greek sun! My sun! Come
kiss me here! Kiss me there!

PHAEDRE Greek sun?

JUDITH He's my lover! Your sun! My sun!...

PHAEDRE Your lover!

JUDITH My sun....

PHAEDRE Lovers can make you pregnant, but the sun can't make
you pregnant. Can he? (she looks at the sun, and
shudders as though chilled) How could he...? (She
looks at JUDITH) How could you...?

JUDITH Your sun...

PHAEDRE Anyhow! What's the matter with him! (motioning toward
the cabin)

JUDITH He creeps on to my bed each morning. And warms me.
Then, little by little, Phaedre, he slips in beneath
my skin....and slowly fills me all the way up.

PHAEDRE What's the matter with him? Your other lover? He was
doing alright...for awhile...I see. You're unfaithful
to your lovers. **B**e careful, Judith! Arab men can be
jealous!

JUDITH Arab!

PHAEDRE He's not English, is he? He's too dark for English
or American.

JUDITH Too dark?

PHAEDRA German? Not German! He's too dirty for a German.

JUDITH Phaedre! Stop that!

PHAEDRE Don't tell me he's supposed to be Russian! Or Italian!
Your lover? Maybe Armenian? Or North African. Or Polack.
I know he's no Greek. We hardly speak the same language...
Wait! You don't mean to say...he's a Jew! Not a Jew!
Of course! He's a Jew, like you. That's why he's rich
as Croesus. Isn't he rich as Croesus? (Pause) Well, I
don't think that's very fair. Two against one's not fair.

JUDITH Phaedre! You're going a little mad, I think.

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE Why'd we ever...come, Judith? Why did we ever?

JUDITH Don't you remember?

PHAEDRE He was so...lively, then.

JUDITH And full of fun.

PHAEDRE Do you remember?

JUDITH Of course! The long cigars! The sunglassses! And how
he looked in his neat white suit!

PHAEDRE It's hard...to remember everything!

JUDITH You remember. He offered us money.

PHAEDRE Judith!

JUDITH Well...a job.

PHAEDRE Yes.

JUDITH What was the job?

PHAEDRE What job?

JUDITH For the money.

PHAEDRE Making pictures.

JUDITH *(laughs)*

PHAEDRE We can't make pictures.

JUDITH No.

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE (looking up at the cap) How much was the money?

JUDITH Don't you know? You know!

PHAEDRE I don't know. I forget.

JUDITH Try to remember.

PHAEDRE The job? I told you about the job.

JUDITH The money.

PHAEDRE It was...a lot...of money.

JUDITH Yes.

PHAEDRE It was a hundred francs.

JUDITH No.'

PHAEDRE Two hundred francs?

JUDITH No.

PHAEDRE Each!

JUDITH It was more!

PHAEDRE Five hundred? One Thousand? Five thousand francs?

JUDITH More! More!

PHAEDRE I know. I ~~remember~~! He gave us...

JUDITH Yes?

PHAEDRE ...ten thousand francs!

JUDITH Yes?

PHAEDRE Each!

JUDITH Yes!

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE Where is it?

JUDITH What?

PHAEDRE My ten thousand francs?

JUDITH Don't you know?

PHAEDRE No. Where is it?

JUDITH He hid it.

PHAEDRE He hid it!

JUDITH For us. He hid it for us.

PHAEDRE Mine?

JUDITH Mine, too!

PHAEDRE What did he do that for?

JUDITH So we wouldn't lose it.

PHAEDRE Where'd he hide it? Judith?

JUDITH I...don't know.

PHAEDRE Yes, you do. He was close to you. I can tell.
You do.

JUDITH No, I don't. I just don't. He didn't tell.

PHAEDRE Judith! Don't lie to me! Please don't lie to me.
Any more.

JUDITH He'll let us have it, when we reach Cannes.

PHAEDRE Judith!

JUDITH We can't spend it in the middle of the sea!

PHAEDRE What if we never...reach Cannes?

(PAUSE)

JUDITH Ha ha!

PHAEDRE Ha ha! (they laugh hysterically and fall into each others arms)

(PAUSE)

JUDITH How still is the wind!

PHAEDRE Go see how he looks!

JUDITH The waters hardly move. (Pause) I don't want to.

PHAEDRE Just see how he looks!

JUDITH Not now.

PHAEDRE He's not going to bite you.

JUDITH I don't want to see...how he looks.

PHAEDRE Maybe he's better.

JUDITH What?

PHAEDRE Probably he's better.

JUDITH Do you think...

PHAEDRE Take a look! I'm sure he's...better.

JUDITH No.

PHAEDRE What's the matter with you.

JUDITH He may be worse.

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE Maybe you should start learning to steer.

JUDITH What?

PHAEDRE Why don't you ask him, to show you how to steer....

(PAUSE)

JUDITH You're so foolish...

PHAEDRE I know it.

(PAUSE)

JUDITH A boat has to be propelled, before it can be ~~steered~~.

PHAEDRE Does it?

JUDITH Even if he showed me how to steer, what good would
that do?

PHAEDRE You could steer us to Cannes! Judith! I know you
could....

(PAUSE)

JUDITH The engine has to run.

PHAEDRE The engine has to run?

JUDITH Certainly. To propel us.

PHAEDRE Is that hard? For the engine to run? Can't he show
you how the engine runs, too? Before it's too late?

JUDITH What does that mean?

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE He's not looking any better.

JUDITH But you said he was no worse.

PHAEDRE When?

JUDITH Before! Today! A minute ago!

PHAEDRE I don't remember. You better go take a look!

JUDITH No. It's no use. He can't teach me in time. Not to
steer. Not to run the engine. And they forgot to
store the sail....

PHAEDRE If we found a sail, could you steer?

JUDITH No. How could I steer. I don't know how to steer....

PHAEDRE I just thought maybe....

(PAUSE)

JUDITH (starting up) Alright! Tell me exactly! How
did he look!

PHAEDRE When?

JUDITH The last time! This morning! How did he look?

PHAEDRE The same as yesterday. And the day before. More
or less....

JUDITH More or less?

PHAEDRE Maybe more less, then more.

JUDITH I don't like to look.

PHAEDRE Shall I go with you?

JUDITH Down there?

PHAEDRE Yes. We could go together, and see how he looks.

JUDITH You know his rule.

PHAEDRE Yes, but....

JUDITH He only sees us...one at a time.

PHAEDRE Well, yes, but...

JUDITH We'd better not break his rules...yet...

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE You mean after, we can break them? But....

JUDITH After? No! Listen!

PHAEDRA *Judith! When you go down, you should wear his cap.*

JUDITH I shouldn't be afraid. (she climbs up the mast, brings
the cap down and dons it)

PHAEDRE Sure. He was almost like always. Sitting in his chair.

JUDITH Not on the bunk? Isn't he on his bunk?

PHAEDRE No, he's still sitting in his chair.

JUDITH I thought....

PHAEDRE No.

JUDITH Smoking?

PHAEDRE No.

JUDITH But his glasses are on?

PHAEDRE No. Listen! When you go downstairs, he'll be glad to see you wearing his cap.

JUDITH (starting down the staircase) He can't be too much worse....

PHAEDRE In some ways, he's even looking almost better. I mean...fatter.

JUDITH (stopping) Fatter?

PHAEDRE His head isn't fatter, but around his stomach and arms he is. His head is the same as always. Maybe a little softer. Probably you shouldn't pat him on the head, this morning. Not on the center. You remember. It's his Achilles Heel.

JUDITH (collapsing on the stair) Phaedre!

PHAEDRE (approaching her and stage whispering what follows)
But otherwise, he's almost looking better, Judith!
He eats like a little bird, but he's becoming fatter every day. Maybe he stuffs himself when I'm gone. Do you think he gets up and stuffs himself when you're gone?
I don't see how he can, really. His eyes are wide open and he wears a big grin, but, you know, the fridge is empty.

And, then, well, I don't think he can rise from...
his chair. He's bulging through it on every side.
When I took off his jacket, it was very hard to find his
bathing suit, there, this morning...in all the folds....

(JUDITH cries out, then plunges down the stairs, but
once again, stops)

PHAEDRE

(resuming her natural mode of speech) I did it because...
you don't care to, anymore, Even though he's your lover,
not mine. He was never mine. (PAUSE) Don't forget to
keep his cap on, Judith! Whatever else you may have to
do, please don't take it off. You know how much pleasure
it gives him, seeing you with it on....(JUDITH exits, with
a moan) This morning, he asked if you wouldn't mind wearing
the jacket, too. Until he's better, He always looked so
nice in that jacket, Judith. It has four pockets, and
shoulder boards, and eight silver buttons running up and
down each side. Judith? And it's still nice and clean.
He only wore it on important occasions...you know...weddings
...and funerals...and child...birth.... (She listens)
Judith? (she listens) I hung it...in the closet. In case
you'd like to try it on.....

BLACK OUT

Scène 3 - Another dawn. PHAEDRE rises with it, haggard.

JUDITH is reclining (on her stomach) as before.

JUDITH The waters are so still. The wind doesn't move. I don't know why.

PHAEDRE If he was so smart, Judith, why did he let it happen?

JUDITH Happen?

PHAEDRE You know.

JUDITH Yes....

PHAEDRE Of all people, you ought to know. He was your lover.

JUDITH Shut up!

PHAEDRE Wasn't he?

JUDITH He wasn't...smart.

PHAEDRE What do you mean he wasn't smart! You said he was smart. You said you never knew a man who was so...

JUDITH Rich,

PHAEDRE You said he was the....

JUDITH Richest man in the world.

PHAEDRE Yes. He couldn't be rich without being smart. He was so smart. The smartest man in the world. (Pause) Smart. (Pause) And rich. (Pause) Rich as Creesus! (Pause) What do you expect! (Pause) He was a Jew. (Pause) An Arab Jew...

JUDITH I wish I could die. (Pause) Will you let me die?

PHAEDRE Me? (Pause) Yew. (Pause) Die. Go and die! (Pause) You won't. (Pause) You'd have to get up to die/ (Pause) And you're too lazy. (she moves to JUDITH and kneads her neck muscles) You'd rather sleep..

JUDITH I like to sleep...Phaedre... So I can...float....beneath the sun...

PHAEDRE Sleep. Go to sleep. (Long pause) What would you do...if you were alone...

JUDITH Alone...

PHAEDRE If I were to...drown. (Pause) Before we reach Cannes...

JUDITH Sleep. Just sleep. (Pause) And then...drown. Just drown.

PHAEDRE Are you afraid to drown? (Pause) I'm not afraid to drown.

JUDITH I think it must be like falling asleep...

(Long pause)

PHAEDRE That all you'd do, Judith...if I were to drown?

JUDITH Yes. (Pause) Sleep....and drown. Sleep....and drown.

PHAEDRE You wouldn't...take out the money...

JUDITH Sleep...

PHAEDRE And play with it...?

JUDITH Sleep...

PHAEDRE My money, and yours?

JUDITH And drown...

PHAEDRE My thousand francs and your thousand francs? Judith?

JUDITH And drown. And drown! And drown....

PHAEDRE Wouldn't you love to have two thousand francs to play with? (Pause)

All you'd have to do is...let me drown...

JUDITH I'd like to drown...in the sun.

PHAEDRE You'd be rich, Judith. You'd be the richest man in the world. After him. You'll be so rich, you'll think you're smart. And then you know what will happen?

JUDITH This Greek sun's so warm...on my arms...

PHAEDRE You'll put on your nice white suit, and go to Cannes.

JUDITHon my legs....

PHAEDRE You'll stick your hands in your pockets, and strut along the sea.

JUDITH ...on my shoulders...and my hands....

PHAEDRE You'll pick out a house on the side of a cliff, and say: I'll buy that pretty house! How much?

JUDITH ... on my back....on my ribs....on my rib...

PHAEDRE You'll see a boat tied to a pier and say: I'll buy that boat, with the lovely red sail! How much?

JUDITH ...yet, not down there...where I'm so sensitive...normally...

PHAEDRE You'll find a lover, and take her out to sea...

JUDITH I've...fallen asleep....in my Achilles Heel...

PHAEDRE And get sick, and die. You know why? You know why? Because you took all his money and got rich as Creesus, the Arab Jew! And thought you were so smart! And let me drown....

JUDITH Phaedre! Stop! Do stop! I can't stand to listen anymore!

PHAEDRE You know where it's hid! And you know how to steer! And you know where's the gas^{is} and how the engines are supposed to run! Don't you?

(Pause)

JUDITH He never offered us two thousand francs. We only played that he did! And more!

PHAEDRE (grabbing JUDITH by her hair) What! And more! You didn't tell me about more!

JUDITH Let me go, Phaedre! He didn't give us money! None at all. It was a game we played. A child's game!

PHAEDRE You're lying! Lying! To put me off guard. You're going to steal mine ...and more! Just as soon as I drown...

JUDITH (sobbing) Phaedre! Don't torture me...anymore...no more...today...

PHAEDRE It's since you're a Jewess. (Pause) Never trust...a Jewess. (Pause) No.

(A LONG PAUSE)

PHAEDRE The waters are so still. The wind doesn't move. Why is that, Judith? (Pause) It's time to take a swim. (Pause) A swim will do us good.

JUDITH Phaedre?

PHAEDRE I'll be hungry...when I've swum. I'm always hungry...when I've swum.

JUDITH Phaedre?

PHAEDRE My doctor says it's good to swim. He says: A swim in the sea, each day, Phaedre, will do you good. (she looks inquisitively at the sea)

JUDITH (almost inaudibly) You don't know how to swim....

PHAEDRE And I get so hungry when I've swum, I could eat a horse. That's good too, since I've been losing so much weight. Lately, Judith, I've been losing a little weight. If I get hungry enough to eat a horse, I'd be bound to put some weight back on. (she touches the sea) Horses weigh a lot. (she touches the sea) The water is so warm, I might swim fast asleep. (Pause) And then I wouldn't get so hungry, when I've swum. Because, to tell you the truth, Judith, I couldn't eat a horse. We don't have a horse...

(PAUSE)

JUDITH Let's don't swim now, Phaedre. Now's not a good time to take a swim. The water's so warm, we might not enjoy a swim...

PHAEDRE But I'm so very hungry, Judith, I really should...work up my appetite.. The way he stuffed himself from the frig, I sort of lost my appetite. This morning I took a look and there wasn't anything left but worms. Sweet white worms, Judith, but I didn't find too much appetite. (Pause) Well, if I take a swim and work up such a big appetite that I could eat a horse, well, not having a horse, Judith, maybe I could eat some worms...

(PAUSE)

JUDITH Would you like me to...fix you something, Phaedre?

PHAEDRE Actually, I believe they were more caterpillars, than worms.

JUDITH Maybe I can find something better, for you to eat...

PHAEDRE Caterpillars are furry, not slimy, wouldn't you say? (Pause) Wouldn't you say?

JUDITH ...Yes...

PHAEDRE I particularly don't find much appetite for slimy things, Judith, because ...well...they remind me of...yes, him.. (Pause) On account of his snail's antenna, mainly. You remember how they stuck up in the air? (Pause) You remember?

JUDITH ...Yes....

PHAEDRE So...Judith...if you'd like to fix me those caterpillars, I wouldn't mind. I'd prefer them to...you know...snails. I'm sure when we reach Cannes, everyone will be eating snails...but my tastes always did run against the main stream, didn't they? I mean, it's like me to choose caterpillars when the rest of the world eats snails...

JUDITH We don't care, Phaedre, what the rest of the world eats...

PHAEDRE No. And then no one could tell the difference if you prepared them, how do they say, cum escargot? Judith? Isn't that how? I mean with capers and sauce, in their shells. (Pause) Yes. (Pause) You will prepare them, for me, with capers and sauce...in their shells? Judith...

JUDITH I.....

PHAEDRE That's almost the best thing about caterpillars, isn't it! These shells of theirs. Like little beach houses to keep the sun off their backs. The caterpillars are white but the houses are black, and so...why... (Pause) Judith...

JUDITH (moving to the cabin staircase) I'm....

PHAEDRE No one in the rest of the world, Judith, will tell the difference. Between a caterpillar, and a snail. (she watches JUDITH exit down) Right? (she listens) Judith? (she waits) I'm very hungry,...(she waits) Hurry...please? (she fidgets anxiously) But don't forget...dear Judith ...to put...everything...on! (she watches the cabin hatch with great anxiety until JUDITH reappears; then she rearranges herself for the meal.

by assuming a kneeling position, but with full weight on her heels. JUDITH wears the white cap and jacket, buttoned to the neck, and bears a serving tray holding two napkins, silverware and several worms) Oh! (with great excitement and relief) Judith! It's beautiful! You're beautiful! Come here! Quickly! Bring them here! (JUDITH approaches slowly, as though wading into icy waters; her face is dead, her eyes livid) Put it here! (indicating the deck before her lap) Just put it here! (JUDITH deposits the tray on the deck, then goes to step back) No, wait! Stay here! Let me look at you! (she straightens the white jacket and smooths it over JUDITH's hips) Darling! You buttoned it all wrong! (JUDITH is startled) Women button on the right but men button on the left! (she swiftly unfastens and refastens the the lower buttons and then draws JUDITH down beside her so she can attend to the upper ones) See? (JUDITH rises and PHAEDRE appraises her) He always looked so nice in that jacket! (she removes her eyes to the deck and sees what is there) Oh. (she closes her eyes) What have we here! I'm so pleased, I'm going to close my eyes and guess. (opening and closing them; they will stay closed) Don't tell! Let me guess! (sniffing the tray) It...smells divine. Whatever it is! Now, what is this? Oh. Why, this must be my napkin. (she shakes it open) A beautiful napkin. (she feels it) Hand embroidered. (she spreads it across her lap) Fit for a queen. (Pause) Two queens. There must be another, lying beside it. (she locates it) Of course! Judith? (she gives it to Judith) Won't you sit down? Here, beside me. I don't like to...dine alone. (JUDITH kneels beside, not across from, her, in exactly the same fashion, and spreads her napkin upon her lap) There! Now...why...yes! Here's our silverware! How heavy! It must be solid silver and more than a century old...(she takes a

fork in her left hand and a knife in her right, and raises both to shoulder-level positions of attack; her hands tremble) You can take them from their little shells now, Judith...

(PAUSE)

JUDITH Their little shells....

PHAEDRE I don't care to eat them with their shells....silly!

JUDITH Of course...not...

PHAEDRE You're a little silly, Judith, sometimes...

JUDITH Yes.

PHAEDRE But sometimes I think I love you more than the rest of the world, put together....

JUDITH Phaetre?

PHAEDRE Ready?

JUDITH Phaetre?

PHAEDRE What's wrong?

JUDITH Nothing.

PHAEDRE Haven't you done taking them from their little shells?

JUDITH I've done.

PHAEDRE Well?

JUDITH I wanted you to know...I did the best...I could...

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE (her arms tremble violently) What?

JUDITH I mean...I didn't have...a lot....to work with...

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE Work with...?

JUDITH Yes....to fix them..the way you....like....

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE Oh. (she lowers her arms)

(PAUSE)

JUDITH All I had...was...salt and pepper.

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE Salt....

JUDITH And pepper....

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE Couldn't you...

JUDITH And the old clove of garlic! I rubbed them with...the old clove of garlic...

(A LONG PAUSE)

PHAEDRE (opens her eyes and fixes them on JUDITH's; picks up a morsel between both knife and fork and takes it into her mouth, slowly; she will chew slowly and, with some difficulty, swallow; when the tears have risen to her eyes, she will drop her eyes from JUDITH's) I'm so selfish, Judith. (she smiles) Gorging myself, this way. (she pushes a morsel, with knife and fork, from her side of the tray to JUDITH's side) May I pass you some? (as JUDITH shrinks back): Please?

JUDITH Oh, Phaendre! No, truly, no. I don't think I care to...(recognizing Phaendre's determination): Are they...so...delicious...? (she closes her eyes and waits)

PHAEDRE Close your eyes, darling. That's it....(she lifts the morsel with fork and knife to JUDITH's lips which first tighten against the entry, then part to receive it) So...delicious...(now, as JUDITH tries to spit it from her mouth, PHAEDRE takes JUDITH's face in her hands, covering her mouth) Aren't they...devine? (she forces JUDITH to swallow, and when JUDITH does, caresses her face) There, there, darling! Wasn't it devine! Let's both have another. Just one more! (as JUDITH's face breaks up in anguished denial, PHAEDRE presses her lips upon JUDITH's closed eyes until JUDITH slumps against her) There, there, my sweetheart! (caressing JUDITH's face) we'll find out how... to get along...

DIM OUT

Scene 4 - Another dawn. A cloudy day. PHAEDRE is asleep in the deck chair. She does not appear so haggard as before. JUDITH rises with the dawn, wearing the white cap and jacket, buttoned to the neck. She studies PHAEDRE for a moment, with confusion, then looks out to sea.

JUDITH So still the sea. Not a breath of wind. Yet...(Pause) Hope? (Pause) That's a good one. I can't see a thing. (Pause) Yet I'm the one to watch. While she sleeps. (Pause) Watch. (Pause) Look. Is not the same as watch. (Pause) See. Is best of all. God...I wish..that I could see. (Pause) Land...Cannes....A tuna boat....(Pause) I have... two eyes. But I do not see. (Pause) It's the dawn. Or the fog. It's there's nothing to see....

PHAEDRE Judith?

JUDITH My mistress' voice!

PHAEDRE Is that you...talking?

JUDITH It grows louder, every day, while mine....

PHAEDRE It's not him? Judith? Is that you? Answer me....

JUDITH It's me.

PHAEDRE For a moment...I thought...it was him. And nothing had happened....

JUDITH No, it's not him.

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE I miss him.

JUDITH You do?

PHAEDRE There was something about him, that I miss.

JUDITH I suppose so.

PHAEDRE Not so much while he was ill...but before.

JUDITH He was...impressive, before.

PHAEDRE His...presence...

JUDITH Huh?

PHAEDRE That's what I mainly miss. His presence. (Pause) The way he was always...present. I miss that.

JUDITH I see.

PHAEDRE And everything that went with it.

JUDITH His presence.

PHAEDRE Yes.

JUDITH His being fat, and all. With the cigar and all. And the...clean white suit. (Pause) He never should have put on trunks, Phaedre. (Pause) That wasn't so impressive. Was it? (Pause) You should know...

PHAEDRE Just his presence, Judith! Made up for everything!

JUDITH It looked so small....

PHAEDRE He was really...omnipresent.

JUDITH Like a bikini.

PHAEDRE You probably didn't know I knew big words. Did you?

JUDITH Fat men shouldn't change into bikinis. (Pause) What?

PHAEDRE You didn't know I knew words like...omnipresent.

JUDITH No.

PHAEDRE I didn't receive my bac...but I was tutored by the nuns.

JUDITH Say!

PHAEDRE Near Athens, there were the nuns who tutored me. Better than if I did receive my bac, Judith. They rode on their bikes and showed me... how God is many things.

JUDITH God? God!

PHAEDRE Oh, don't worry! I'm not trying to convert you. Because I'm not religious. It's just...I believe in God....

JUDITH God....

PHAEDRE He's the smartest man in the world. Including heaven and hell.

JUDITH God...

PHAEDRE Maybe he's not the richest, Judith. But he is the smartest. And he created practically everything. The sea. The sky. The wind. Red sails. This boat. (Pause) You. (Pause) Me. (she caresses herself, then stops) You...(she looks at JUDITH)

JUDITH Him?

PHAEDRE That cap...

JUDITH Him?

PHAEDRE That jacket....

JUDITH How about him?

PHAEDRE His pants....Judith?

JUDITH His bikini?

PHAEDRE ...Practically everything.

JUDITH What about him though?

PHAEDRE Cannes. He created Cannes, Judith. And Athens.

JUDITH What about worms, Phaedre! Did God...create worms?

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE Do you doubt it?

(PAUSE)

JUDITH No.

PHAEDRE You believe in God...And you're very religious. (Pause) It's nothing to be ashamed of. So long as you believe in God. (Pause) Do you? (Pause) Believe in God?

(PAUSE)

JUDITH It's none of your business.

PHAEDRE If you don't, you could go to hell.

JUDITH You're not religious.

PHAEDRE Not at all. I believe in a great deity, but I'm not religious.

JUDITH What else do you believe in, Phaedre? Beside...God?

PHAEDRE Beside God, I believe in the Virgin Mary.

JUDITH Who?

PHAEDRE And Christ.

JUDITH Jesus...

PHAEDRE Who they say you killed, but who really we killed.

JUDITH Swell.

PHAEDRE And, of course, the holy child.

JUDITH Of course....

PHAEDRE I love them.

JUDITH Of course. (Pause) Since you believe in them.

PHAEDRE Of course.

(PAUSE)

JUDITH Which do you believe came first, Phaedre?

PHAEDRE First?

JUDITH Christ? Or the holy child?

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE That wasn't funny, Judith.

JUDITH I....

PHAEDRE The way Jesus suffered.

JUDITH Aw....

PHAEDRE For me...and you.

JUDITH Well....

PHAEDRE Or maybe you don't believe he suffered for me and for you?

JUDITH I...listen, Phaedre! Tell me something else! If Mary was such a virgin, well, how did she ever give birth to the holy child?

PHAEDRE Don't you know?

JUDITH Of course I don't know.

PHAEDRE Just like you or me.

JUDITH Huh?

PHAEDRE Down...here, is how.

JUDITH Down...here....

PHAEDRE Yes.

(PAUSE)

JUDITH That isn't what I mean.

PHAEDRE No?

JUDITH What I mean is, who got her pregnant...with the holy child?

PHAEDRE God did.

JUDITH That's it! How could he?

PHAEDRE Since Mary was a virgin, you mean.

JUDITH Yes!

PHAEDRE You should come out more and say what you mean! (Pause) By the Holy Ghost, is how.

(PAUSE)

JUDITH Is that all? By the Holy Ghost is how?

PHAEDRE What more do you want? Yes, that's how. (Pause) The Holy Ghost visited her. (Pause) And deposited his spirit with her. (Pause) While she loved him... (Pause) That's how!

JUDITH I don't understand.

PHAEDRE Because you don't believe.

JUDITH How can I believe what I don't understand?

PHAEDRE Did you believe in him?

JUDITH Him? Of course, I believed in him...

PHAEDRE Well, you didn't understand him...

JUDITH Certainly, I did...understand him...everytime....

PHAEDRE Carnally. You mean carnally. Except carnally, you didn't understand...him.

JUDITH Phaedre.

PHAEDRE It's all right.

(PAUSE)

JUDITH Carnally's a way to understand...Phaedre. Any one.

PHAEDRE Judith!

JUDITH I believe it.

PHAEDRE No.

JUDITH It's not a bad way to understand someone. Any one.

PHAEDRE I...don't believe it.

JUDITH How could you? You're a virgin.

PHAEDRE Judith!

JUDITH It's true, isn't it?

PHAEDRE Look at me!

JUDITH I'm looking at you.

PHAEDRE Do I look like a virgin?

JUDITH Yes.

PHAEDRE I could kill you...

JUDITH It's nothing to be ashamed of.

PHAEDRE I'd...like to kill you.

JUDITH Some of my best friends are virgins.

PHAEDRE I believe I will...kill you.

JUDITH Then you could take all his money. And be rich. As Creesus. Rich.

In my place.

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE Why can't we find it, Judith?

JUDITH I don't know. Never mind.

PHAEDRE He was a big movie-maker! Big! And rich! Movie-makers are very rich.

Rich as...(Pause) He can't have thrown it...overboard. In the sea?

JUDITH Why would he have done that?

PHAEDRE He wouldn't have any reason to throw it into the sea.

JUDITH He just hid it.

PHAEDRE But we've looked...just everywhere...

JUDITH We mustn't have looked....somewhere.

PHAEDRE It's so much money, not to find. We'd be rich. Wouldn't we? If we found it? (Pause) As Creesus. Rich...?

JUDITH Yes. Of course.

PHAEDRE Let's look again!

(PAUSE)

JUDITH Well, all right, Phaetre. Let's look again. Where?

PHAEDRE Did you search him?

(PAUSE)

JUDITH Unh. Didn't you?

PHAEDRE I can't remember. You'd better go search him!...again.

JUDITH Me? Why me?

PHAEDRE Certainly you. (Pause) You're stronger.

JUDITH I can't stand him. The way he is. He's nothing like he used to be....

PHAEDRE Don't be silly!

JUDITH He...stinks.

PHAEDRE Judith!

JUDITH I never smelled him once while we...were...together...but Phaetre!

 He really stinks....

PHAEDRE Still...

JUDITH And so I hate to search him. (Pause) Besides....

PHAEDRE Yes?

JUDITH He wouldn't hide anything there. He's only got those trunks.

PHAEDRE Well...

JUDITH You don't expect me to search his trunks?

PHAEDRE Yes.

JUDITH Really, yes?

PHAEDRE No.

JUDITH I knew it.

PHAEDRE Oh, Judith! I'm so...bored! I don't know what to do!

JUDITH Alright. I'll go search his trunks.

PHAEDRE No, don't. I'm so bored.

JUDITH You don't want...

PHAEDRE I don't know what I want! (Pause) It's not working, any more, Judith...

JUDITH What if we raised it to a million, Phaedre!

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE Did you say a million?

JUDITH Let's raise it to a million!

PHAEDRE A million francs! (Pause) Judith? (Pause) Each?

JUDITH Sure! He was very rich! He promised us a million francs, Phaedre!

Each! In one thousand franc bills! And he went and hid them somewhere!,
Where they would be safe. He wrapped them with a rubber band! And
put them somewhere safe. Until he reached Cannes. But now that he's...
gone...we don't have to reach Cannes. We can take them out right here...

PHAEDRE A million francs. In one thousand franc bills. What I couldn't do....

JUDITH What, Phaedre! Say what you couldn't do...

PHAEDRE Why, if I had a million francs....

JUDITH Yes, what?

PHAEDRE I'd count them....

JUDITH What else?

PHAEDRE Wrap them in a rubber band...

JUDITH Wrap them in...?

PHAEDRE And tuck them safe away.

JUDITH Away...

PHAEDRE Until we reached Cannes!

(PAUSE)

JUDITH Why did you have to remind us?

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE We'll never reach Cannes. (Pause) We're going to die before we reach Cannes.

JUDITH We'll find...the way...

PHAEDRE Aren't we? (Pause) Going to? (Pause) Die?

(PAUSE)

JUDITH This morning I thought I felt...a breath of air...

PHAEDRE I'm so young to die.

JUDITH Not a very big breath, but still a breath.

PHAEDRE Someone as young as ~~We~~ should never die. I'll be an old maid, if I die.

JUDITH Sort of bad. It was sort of a bad breath.

PHAEDRE I'm too young to die like an old maid. Judith? What?

JUDITH I said this morning I felt a bad breath.

PHAEDRE (watching JUDITH) If he were still present...I wouldn't have to die ...like an old maid.

JUDITH I felt it...here (touching her left breast with the fingers of her right hand) No...here. (touching her right breast, with those fingers)

PHAEDRE (watching the movement of JUDITH's hand) Even if he was your lover. You wouldn't care. After all, you're not the type.

JUDITH Or was it....here? (touching her forehead)

PHAEDRE (watching)to become a mother. (Pause) You're not...feminine, Judith. You're rather good-looking, but you're not feminine enough.

JUDITH Yes, here. (letting her fingers slide down to her belly) I remember.

It was here I felt that breath of air...this morning. Phaedre?

PHAEDRE (swiftly making the sign of the cross) What good's a breath of air?
Anyway?

JUDITH What good?

PHAEDRE I can't live on a breath of air, can I?

JUDITH It might grow into a wind.

PHAEDRE I can't become a mother from a breath of air, can I? (Pause) A wind?

JUDITH Of course.

PHAEDRE A breath?

JUDITH Why not?

PHAEDRE Tell me another, why don't you?

JUDITH You don't believe me.

PHAEDRE You're trying to give me...hope.

JUDITH Hope!

PHAEDRE Even if a wind did blow up. So what?

JUDITH If a wind blew up, Phaedre, we could....run up the sail and...

PHAEDRE The sail?

JUDITH Yes, and....

PHAEDRE Did you find the sail?

JUDITH No, but....

PHAEDRE I suppose you could make a sail!?

JUDITH Yes.

PHAEDRE Good.

JUDITH Yes..

PHAEDRE Don't tell me how.

JUDITH Well, why couldn't I make a sail from this? (touching the jacket)

PHAEDRE NO!

JUDITH It was his (unbuttoning it)

PHAEDRE For a sail? No. It couldn't be a sail. It's your jacket. Button it!

JUDITH It could catch the wind! I'm sure....

PHAEDRE (watching her anxiously) He always looked so nice, in it. Button it?

JUDITH It's big enough to catch some wind....(holding it wide open)

PHAEDRE You, too. Please button it!

JUDITH Hey, there it is again. (removing the jacket)

PHAEDRE You always looked so nice in it...Judith!

JUDITH Listen! Don't you feel it?

PHAEDRE What....

JUDITH (wetting her finger and holding it up) There's another breath of air!
(she moves to the mast)

PHAEDRE What do you think you're doing?

JUDITH (shinnvng up the mast) Making a sail!

PHAEDRE Judith? (holding up her finger to feel it) I don't feel...anything.

JUDITH You have to make it wet first! (fastening the jacket to the spreader on the mast)

PHAEDRE (sucking her finger and holding it up again) I still can't feel it....

JUDITH It's a wind! It's a breath....of wind...(sliding down)

PHAEDRE Are you sure...Judith?

JUDITH (wetting and holding up her finger) Well...it's gone. Now, it's gone.

PHAEDRE It couldn't have been much of a wind.

JUDITH Well...it was more...a breath.

PHAEDRE And you went and took your jacket off! And stuck it up there.

JUDITH For a sail, yes.

PHAEDRE I don't like the way it looks...up there.

JUDITH It could make a sail.

PHAEDRE If we had a wind you mean.

JUDITH I felt a breath of air.

PHAEDRE Just because of a breath of air. That I couldn't feel anywhere!

JUDITH Well, Phaedre...I....

PHAEDRE You tried to...amuse me.

JUDITH Amuse you.. No. (Pause) Yes....

PHAEDRE Lift my spirit....

JUDITH Yes. Why not?

PHAEDRE It wasn't that amusing....climbing up there. What if you fell down?

JUDITH I.....

PHAEDRE You're not very amusing....anymore.

JUDITH Oh, Phaedre!

PHAEDRE You hardly seem to try anymore.

JUDITH How can I help...not being what I'm...not?

PHAEDRE Anyone can try. It doesn't cost very much to try.

JUDITH I've tried. Sometimes...I've tried hard...

PHAEDRE Try....

JUDITH Try?

PHAEDRE Just try, why don't you?

JUDITH More? (Pause) Try....

PHAEDRE Sure.

JUDITH Would you like me to smoke a cigar....too?

PHAEDRE It could be good for you, Judith.

JUDITH Put on the pants....

PHAEDRE It could...expand your personality.

JUDITH What good would that do?

PHAEDRE Persons who have...expansive personalities...are so much more amusing, I think. To everyone around.

JUDITH That's what you're getting at....

PHAEDRE They're like...a public service.

JUDITH It would amuse you if I wore pants. And grew big and fat, I suppose.

PHAEDRE Everyone should render some public service, once in a while.

JUDITH Yet you know I can't stand....fat people.

PHAEDRE It makes life so much more...worth while.

JUDITH They make me sick...and tired.

PHAEDRE To do unto others more than you would have them do unto you.

JUDITH In the first place, they're always bumping into you...

PHAEDRE To love thy neighbor more than thyself.

JUDITH With their stomachs....

PHAEDRE To take from the rich and give to the poor.

JUDITH Or their chins....

PHAEDRE To help old ladies cross the street.

JUDITH On their big fat asses....

PHAEDRE To help fat men climb up the stairs.

JUDITH That's what takes the cake! When they bump their big fat asses into you.

PHAEDRE To help fat men climb down the stairs.

JUDITH It makes you want to kick them in their Achilles heel,

PHAEDRE Especially when they've been drinking....

JUDITH If they even have...an Achilles heel..

PHAEDRE And running all around....

JUDITH Some fat people don't seem to have an Achilles heel.

PHAEDRE And can't catch their breath....

JUDITH They have plenty of big fat asses but no Achilles heel.

PHAEDRE And their skin is all sweating...on you.

JUDITH Including men.

PHAEDRE And they can't catch their breath.

JUDITH Especially men.

PHAEDRE From running all around....

JUDITH It's very hard to find a fat man's Achilles' heel.

PHAEDRE After you, and drinking....

JUDITH What chance do you have to kick them there, then?

PHAEDRE So much. Smoking a long cigar and drinking so much.

JUDITH They can go around sticking their big fat asses in everyone's face, but you can't kick them in their Achilles heel.

PHAEDRE And taking turns with you. With us. (Pause) Judith?

JUDITH I don't consider that amusing.

PHAEDRE Judith.

JUDITH I don't call that rendering a public service.

PHAEDRE Judith?

JUDITH That takes the cake, that's all. You can keep fat people!

PHAEDRE I'm thirsty.

JUDITH Huh?

PHAEDRE I could use....a little drink.

JUDITH Fat people make me mad. (Pause) The way they're always grinning at you.

PHAEDRE Would you mind, Judith,....fixing me a little drink.

JUDITH Of course, at you. You don't think fat people are doing all that grinning at themselves? (Pause) Fat chance.

PHAEDRE I don't mind....much....what kind of drink.

JUDITH They're grinning at you. Know why?

PHAEDRE Champagne, perhaps.

JUDITH Because they're so fat.

PHAEDRE Or some Pinet Noir....

JUDITH And you're not.

PHAEDRE Or...Macon Rouge?

JUDITH Fat.

PHAE DRE But even tea would hit the spot.

JUDITH You're skinny.

PHAE DRE Or a coke...with lemon. With a slice of lemon.

JUDITH Like most people. Like me. I'm skinny...too.

PHAE DRE Or a glass of Pssst!

JUDITH What, Phaedre...?

PHAE DRE I could really go for a glass of Pssst!

JUDITH Well, you're not as skinny as you used to be...

PHAE DRE Spelled P-S-S-S-H-T-T? T?

JUDITH In fact you're almost fat.

PHAE DRE Psssst.

JUDITH You've been putting on weight...lately.

PHAE DRE That's funny, Pssstt.

JUDITH I suppose...snails....agree with you.

PHAE DRE Pssst. Pssst. Pssst.

JUDITH Er....More than they agree with me.

PHAE DRE Would you please bring me a glass of Pssst, Judith?

JUDITH Even black snails never agreed with me, so how can you expect....

PHAE DRE There must be a bottle in the fig.

JUDITH Huh?

PHAE DRE Of Pssst. You know....

JUDITH Pssst?

PHAE DRE Yes, you see I'm a little thirsty....

JUDITH Where would I get....

PHAE DRE I'm sure that there's a bottle...in the fig....

JUDITH Not of Pssst, there isn't.

PHAE DRE Well, anything that's...cold...or fresh...will do.

JUDITH From the fig?

PHAEDRE Whatever you have, Judith. I'll take whatever....you have...

JUDITH I don't have any Pssst.

PHAEDRE Well whatever....

JUDITH I don't....

PHAEDRE Whatever....

(PAUSE)

JUDITH I suppose I could...go take a look....

PHAEDRE So lng as it's...fresh, Judith...I like things...fresh.

JUDITH Maybe in the frig...(starting toward the hatch)

PHAEDRE And when you see him down there...say/~~say~~goodmorning for me...

(PAUSE)

JUDITH Good morning?

PHAEDRE Say to him how much I miss his....presence.

(PAUSE)

JUDITH Phaedre?

PHAEDRE Yes.

(PAUSE)

JUDITH He's...you know...gone. (she looks at the jacket on the mast)

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE We can still pay our respects to him, can't we? (she follows JUDITH's look) Even if....he's gone.

(PAUSE)

JUDITH It doesn't seem....normal. Phaedre.

PHAEDRE I don't care. Do it all the same....

(PAUSE)

JUDITH It doesn't seem....norm....

PHAEDRE Among other things...I say goodnight to him. In the night. (Pause)

I never say good morning to him in the night. (Pause) That would

be abnormal.

(PAUSE)

JUDITH What does he say?

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE He never was much of a talker.

JUDITH When you say good night, what does he say?

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE He liked to grin a little....but he never was...much of a talker.

JUDITH Should I...go down there, Phaedre?

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE Lately, he's had even less and less...to say.

JUDITH Take a peek in the frig?

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE But I like to pay my respects, nevertheless....

JUDITH Maybe there's some Pssst.

(PAUSE)½

PHAEDRE There isn't any Pssst.

JUDITH I...

PHAEDRE But a little water will do.

JUDITH Phaedre...

PHAEDRE Can't you...make a little water, for me?

JUDITH Please...

PHAEDRE That's not very much, to do for a friend.

JUDITH I won't do it, Phaedre.

PHAEDRE There isn't any Pssst.

JUDITH I can't make water, either.

PHAEDRE I thought of asking for some wine.

JUDITH Phaedre!

PHAEDRE Red or white. Champagne, too.

JUDITH I can't make wine or water, Phaedre!

PHAEDRE I rely on you.

JUDITH I can't squeeze blood from a turnip.

PHAEDRE I don't see how...that's the same thing.

JUDITH Besides, we don't even have a turnip.

PHAEDRE Judith?

JUDITH It's true.

PHAEDRE You can squeeze wine from the blood of a grape.

JUDITH What?

PHAEDRE Red or white grapes give sweet blood, so....

JUDITH I'll go...

PHAEDRE It can't be a sin....

JUDITH ...down...

PHAEDRE To drink a little blood.

JUDITH I'm going down.

PHAEDRE So long as you are careful not to drink to excess.

JUDITH Phaedre?

PHAEDRE Half a glass with breakfast. And a glass before retiring at night. That wouldn't be to excess. That wouldn't be a sin....

JUDITH Don't go away. I'll be back up.

PHAEDRE Not if you were thirsty. (Pause) Dying of thirst?

JUDITH I'm going down to pour you some wine.

PHAEDRE Thank you, Judith. It doesn't have to be famous. An ordinary wine will do. Red or white...

JUDITH Yes...

PHAEDRE I would like it...fresh.

JUDITH Fresh?

PHAEDRE It doesn't have to be cold, Judith, but it would taste better...fresh.

JUDITH You want me to...put it in the frig?

PHAEDRE Not for long, darling. I'm afraid to wait...for long.

JUDITH Yes! (exiting down)

PHAEDRE And while you're down, you needn't be afraid, of searching him, Judith, you see, he loves us. (Pause) Judith, he does so love....us...(Pause as Judith moves below) Judith! Hurry, I get so nervous when you're down. I can barely wait. Until you come back up, I imagine everything, while you are gone, and then I never can be sure just how you will look, when you come up. For example, once you went down and when you came up you were wearing the cap. You looked so nice in his cap, Judith. And once you went down and when you came up you were wearing the jacket. You looked so handsome in his jacket, Judith. And so now, I can't be sure when you go down that when you come up you won't be...wearing...those...(JUDITH reappears, wearing the white cap, and trousers, and bearing a tray) ...pants! Without my even asking you! Judith! You're so beautiful!

JUDITH (moving in the trousers as if with a severe sun burn) ...It may grow chilly if... the wind comes up...without my jacket, I mean.

PHAEDRE How I love you, Judith! There's nothing you won't do...

JUDITH How shall I serve you, Phaëdre?

PHAEDRE He always looked so nice in them, and now...(she goes onto her knees and strokes the cloth down JUDITH's legs: JUDITH edges away)

JUDITH Where do you want this, Phaëdre?

PHAEDRE Goodness! I almost forgot! How thirsty we are...(she resumes the kneeling posture, and indicates her lap.) Here! Just here...we won't need the tray. Let me take a glass....if you kneel down too, we can drink together...(JUDITH does as bid) There! Why, what a

lovely pale wine. I wondered whether you'd bring back white or red, and now see, what a surprise! It's rose. I love Rose. Rose's my favorite wine....I want to inhale it's bouquet...but I'm a bit afraid. It could make me swoon, such a heavenly bouquet. Instead I'll just taste a teeny bit, on my tongue. (she does) Dear God! What body! (Pause) Such a heavy...bodied wine. Just the kind I like! Judith, you must try some too...

JUDITH (looking into her own glass) I...(she can't prevent the grimace dissarranging her face)

PHAEDRE It has a strong bouquet, darling, just what I like...but if it pleases you, you can hold your breath when you drink it all down. We must drink together...this lovely pale little wine...(raising the goblet to her lips and watching JUDITH slowly follow suit) Now, Judith dear...(JUDITH pinches her nose and as they both slowly drain their glasses her face will reflect the repugnance of the action while PHAEDRE's face expresses its sublimity) There! (she watches JUDITH swallow, with great difficulty, the liquid) When JUDITH has done, she can barely contain her nausea, and as some of the liquid has dribbled down her chin, PHAEDRE takes JUDITH's face between her hands and kisses it clean) Judith! I'm so proud! Of you! And Judith! I'm SO DRUNK! (she rises, shakily, to her feet and, laughing, staggers across the deck, clutching for support at the rail, the mast and finally clutching and resting against JUDITH's head)

JUDITH Be careful! Let me up!

PHAEDRE No, no! My darling, stay where you are! I need you for support....(but suddenly she breaks away and goes into a slow, drunken, pretty dance, around the kneeling JUDITH)

JUDITH Phaedre! Please stop! You're going to hurt yourself!

PHAEDRE (continuing to dance) Oh, Judith! I'm on top of the world! And the world is twirling so! Around and around and around she goes...where she stops...nobody...knows...(collapsing against JUDITH, forcing her down)

JUDITH Are you all right? Phaetre?

PHAEDRE Yes. I'm sorry, Judith. I have to be more...careful.

JUDITH It didn't hurt.

PHAEDRE Didn't it?

JUDITH No. You're light. It doesn't hurt.

PHAEDRE I'm glad.

JUDITH You're like a feather, Phaetre.

PHAEDRE It's because you're....strong.

JUDITH Am I?

PHAEDRE You're not very heavy, Judith...but you're very strong...

JUDITH Ha ha.

PHAEDRE I hope I'm not wrinkling....things.

JUDITH Ha ha.

PHAEDRE I hope I'm not wrinkling your suit.

JUDITH I don't have the jacket on.

PHAEDRE I hope I'm not wrinkling your pants.

JUDITH It doesn't matter.

PHAEDRE You look so nice in them, I wouldn't want to get them wrinkled.

JUDITH No. It's all right.

PHAEDRE I know it doesn't mean much to you...

JUDITH You know, it didn't taste so bad...after all.

PHAEDRE If they're wrinkled, I mean.

JUDITH I think I could come to....like it.

PHAEDRE Since you don't have to look at them, it doesn't mean much to you.

JUDITH Even now, I sort of like it. Eating and...drinking, that way, with you.

PHAEDRE But it means a great deal to me. And so, Judith dear,...would you please come on top....

JUDITH Sweet white snails and pale rose wine....

PHAEDRE (rolling over so that JUDITH is on top) This...way...Yes!

JUDITH Phaedre....?

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE You're strong, Judith, but you're not so heavy.

(PAUSE)

JUDITH Did you know how much I've come to like snails and rose wine, Phaedre?

PHAEDRE Ha ha! Judith? Have you?

JUDITH You can tell...

PHAEDRE Yes.

JUDITH Phaedre?

PHAEDRE We could have been so happy....if we'd reached....Cannes...

JUDITH Cannes...(she starts to rise)

PHAEDRE (restraining her) Don't move, Judith!

(PAUSE)

JUDITH I...don't want to hurt...you.

PHAEDRE Don't....be afraid...

JUDITH I'm not very light and...It isn't normal...Phaedre...

PHAEDRE If you could learn to...steer....

JUDITH But it can't be a sin....

PHAEDRE And make a better sail...

JUDITH Phaedre?

PHAEDRE All we'd really need then is...a big breath of air.

JUDITH You're so soft, in there....

PHAEDRE To help bring us to Cannes.

JUDITH Like an eiderdown...

~~PHAEDE~~

PHAEDRE I want to go to Cannes!

JUDITH Don't move, Phaendre! Don't move...too...far...

PHAEDRE So bad! So bad! Judith! Judith...

JUDITH Be still! Lie...still....

PHAEDRE I need you...

JUDITH I'm...here...

PHAEDRE Judith!

JUDITH Darling Phaendre, full of grace....the Lord is with you...

PHAEDRE I've never....ever...been kissed....Judith...

JUDITH Darling, shhh....

PHAEDRE Judith...no...

JUDITH Shhh....Shhhh...

PHAEDRE You mustn't....kiss me...(JUDITH kisses her on the lips) I've never...
ever...been kissed...Judith....(the jacket stirs on the mast and the
boat moves) We're....moving...

JUDITH Shh...(she kisses PHAEDRE again)

PHAEDRE I think we're....moving....

JUDITH Blessed art Thou...among women....shh...(kissing her again)

PHAEDRE There must be a breath of air....somewhere....

JUDITH Shhh....

PHAEDRE Because he's moving....

JUDITH Blessed....is the fruit of thy womb....

PHAEDRE Judith!

JUDITH Shh...(kissing her)

PHAEDRE I'm afraid...of how...he's moving!

JUDITH Jesus...(the jacket flaps wildly and the boat rocks)

PHAEDRE (struggling to get away) His arms...they're flapping...at us!

JUDITH Sweet Jesus...Shhh.... It's only a breath of air...

PHAEDRE It isn't! It's him! I can feel him! Judith! Stop!

JUDITH Shh, my darling...lie still...(she kisses PHAEDRE on the lips again)

THE LIGHTS DIM AND THE BOAT AND JACKET GROW STILL

PHAEDRE My Judith....

JUDITH Shh....

PHAEDRE There it is again....

JUDITH Where?

PHAEDRE It's a breath of air.

JUDITH Shh.

PHAEDRE Again! I felt it again! Dear Judith, don't you feel it?

JUDITH No. Go to sleep now! Shh....

PHAEDRE It's the Captain, Judith! He's trying to visit me...

JUDITH It's only the air, sweetheart. A breath of fresh air...

DIM OUT AS THE JACKET AND BOAT STIR

Scene 5 - The same. As the lights come on the suit is stirring faintly, the boat moving slightly. JUDITH is on her stomach, one arm overboard, paddling at the water.

JUDITH I'm so fagged.

PHAEDRE Keep paddling....

JUDITH I'm so fagged.

PHAEDRE Don't stop paddling...

JUDITH I'm too fagged....

PHAEDRE Are you.

JUDITH Yes.

PHAEDRE You seem...a bit..wan. And it doesn't do any good.

JUDITH Wan...?

PHAEDRE A bit...And you were paddling me the wrong way.

JUDITH Wan! I'm fagged. What way? Phaetre?

PHAEDRE But then who isn't? You were paddling me toward Athens.

JUDITH Athens? Phaetre! Are you...completely gone mad...?

PHAEDRE I certainly look wan. I must. I have every reason to. I do. (Pause)
instead of to Cannes. You've been paddling me to Athens.

JUDITH Oh, Phaetre!

PHAEDRE Just look at me!

JUDITH The wind never blows...hard enough...

PHAEDRE Wan.

JUDITH The boat doesn't move...fast enough...

PHAEDRE Terribly wan...

JUDITH The suit's no use.

PHAEDRE Pale and wan.

JUDITH My arm's falling off.

PHAEDRE How can you stand the sight! (Pause) Don't look at me!

JUDITH Please....

PHAEDRE I can't stand it when you look at me. Your eyes. Those eyes. Looking at me. Stop them! They're animals on my skin. Iishh. Brown. Soft. They remind me of...him! Take them off! (JUDITH turns her head) That's better. I can breathe a little, now. You can hear me breathe...a little now. Don't turn around. I don't want you to see me anymore. How I'm so...wan. (Pause) Except for here....and here....(touching her breasts) Here, I'm growing bigger. (Pause) And...here, (touching her stomach) We're growing bigger. Don't move! Stay the way you are! Leave me...wan. Pale and wan.

JUDITH Phaedre....

PHAEDRE Never mind! I just don't want you...to touch me. I can hardly stand you to...touch me. With them...eyes. His eyes. Iishhh. I can feel them now. Crawling on my skin. Soft and warm... And brown. I can't stand eyes that are brown. They're so...brown. And I'm so wan. Pale and wan. We're so...different...

JUDITH (turning) I wish....

PHAEDRE Don't look at me! I'm ...not the girl I was. I didn't used to be so wan. Pale or wan. When I first knew you, I...was...n't pale or wan. I was...different. I wasn't at all...pale or wan. I was...quite...different....(Pause) You...remember?

JUDITH Yes....

PHAEDRE Yes.

JUDITH You're no different now, Phaedre. It's only you're....

PHAEDRE No.

JUDITH Listen!

PHAEDRE No. (Pause) It's on account of him...

JUDITH Him?

PHAEDRE I'm so wan.

JUDITH Him.

PHAEDRE Pale or wan.

JUDITH Him?...

PHAEDRE Yes, he's made me...pale or wan...

JUDITH Don't be silly.

PHAEDRE By how he visits...me.

JUDITH It isn't true. You're pretending to me.You know he's...

PHAEDRE Dead? Not at all. Not in the slightest. Not him. Dead! Ha Ha!
 Look at him! (she waves at the suit, limp upon the mast) Does he
 look dead! (Pause, looking away) Well...he's not...wearing his white
 suit...today, is he? Well. No, he's in his...bikini today, isn't he?
 And taking a walk...down below, isn't he? Probably peeking in the
 frig. He always liked to eat. And drink. And make love to you.
 (JUDITH jerks) Well. Before. I mean...befoe he came to visit me.
 The way he visited me, Judith, is different from the way he made love
 to you. That was...carnal. With me it was more...spiritual. His
 spirit came and...touched me. Just...touched me. It didn't crawl
 all over me. Like a couple of brown animals. No. Gently. Like...
 this. (caressing herself) No, that was so...gross. When he visited
 me....Judith....I could scarcely tell he was there. He just...touched
 me...here...and there....Judith?

JUDITH (turning toward her violently) Leave me alone!

PHAEDRE Hold me, please?

JUDITH (softly) Phaetre....no....

PHAEDRE I need you to...hold me...here and there...a little. Perhaps then
 he'll....visit me....again...a little....?

JUDITH We shouldn't.....anymore...I....

PHAEDRE What did you say? Look at his clothes! Where did he go? Hold me,

Judith? I get scared up here, when he's down there....

JUDITH I...(she places her hands on PHAEDRE's arms)

PHAEDRE (closing her eyes) Judith? Dear? Is it you...?

JUDITH Open your eyes, Phaedre. It's all right to open them....

PHAEDRE Why are your fingers so cold? They're stiff and cold, Judith! I'm afraid you^{re} maybe dead....What's the matter with you?

JUDITH My fingers....(withdrawing her hands)

PHAEDRE Don't leave me! Stay! What's the matter with me? Ah, God! If only we could find his money, Judith. Everything would be okay. I wouldn't mind....snails and pale red wine. If only we had his money I wouldn't mind growing pale and wan. If we could find the money. For it, I mean. I don't mean for you and me. But it will need money to grow tall and strong. And have all his teeth. It will need lots of money... and sunshine...and water....won't it Judith, dear?

JUDITH There isn't any money.

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE That's what you always say.

JUDITH I'm not going to look, anymore.

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE That's what you always say.

JUDITH I've turned everything upside down.

PHAEDRE Look...again!

(PAUSE)

JUDITH No. No more. Never. No.

PHAEDRE I disgust you.

JUDITH No! (taking her in her arms, now)

PHAEDRE You want to pretend...I don't disgust you. My breasts and belly.... they're....fat.

JUDITH Phaëdre!

PHAEDRE That's why you won't look for his money anymore. That's why you won't ...kiss me anymore. The way you used to do. Before....it. Before his...spirit...entered me,there. You used to kiss me...here...(pursing her lips) Nnnn....? (as JUDITH approaches her lips, with eyes closed, PHAEDRE opens her eyes and draws back) No! It's because you're jealous!

JUDITH Jealous!

PHAEDRE You're terribly jealous, aren't you? Of me. Of him. Of course. Of him!

JUDITH Jealous....

PHAEDRE You can't stand how I look when he's left his suit up there and gone down below to visit me, here. Pale. And wan. As I am. And expandinghere...and there? (grasping JUDITH by the shoulders and shaking her) Can you?

JUDITH (softly) I hate you Phaëdre. Sometimes...I hate you...

PHAEDRE Oh, of course, You do. I know you must and do. (Pause) It's because you're jealous. And also Jewish. And that means a lot!

JUDITH (trying to move away) Leave me alone....

PHAEDRE (restraining her) I know you can't help it. Being Jewish can't be helped. But then. Who can ever help. It. Being...what....ever....

JUDITH I'm not....Jewish....

PHAEDRE Ah! Don't be ashamed. Ever, Judith. What....ever...

JUDITH I wish we'd never....

PHAEDRE Met him? How jealous. All he's...done...unn....

JUDITH I wish...

PHAEDRE A ship would come? Of course. (with rising ferocity, from here to DIM OUT) You could leave, then. Make your way to Cannes. And me? What am I? To you. Dirt. A little Greek girl. A cheap trick. Pale.

And wan. Someone you found and dawdled with. Fed on water and worms.
That vile rose water. Those revolting white worms. They've made me
pale and wan. And you. They and you. And him. And you. (Pause)
I'm the girl, you promised thousands to, and then? Took to your bed
and then? And then? (Pause) And then...left in the middle of the
ocean. Left in the middle of the sea. (Pause) Without food. Water.
Without a suit of clothes. Not even a breath of air. Care? Why should
you care! (Pause) (softly) You're not its mother, are you? (Pause)
(as hiss) You'd rather it were never born.

DIM OUT, as with the passage of a day
the boat and suit absolutely still.

Scene 6 - The same, a cloudy day - the clothes hang motionlessly from the mast.

JUDITH lies in exhaustion on the bare deck. PHAEDRE watches the suit on the mast.

PHAEDRE You'd better try again. We're not moving again.

JUDITH I...can't....

PHAEDRE You'd better try. We're not moving again.

JUDITH Please....

PHAEDRE There's something wrong with him. He won't blow.

JUDITH Phaetre....

PHAEDRE If you don't care to paddle, you better climb up there again, and do what I say....

JUDITH I....

PHAEDRE You made him angry with us. So now he won't blow.

(PAUSE)

JUDITH No! No! No! No!

(PAUSE)

PHAEDRE You'd better....

JUDITH Dear God....no....(but she rises to her knees)

PHAEDRE You'd better....or we'll die. And never reach Cannes...at all...And, in my condition, Judith.

JUDITH (crawling toward the mast, she pauses and looks out to sea) Oh sea! Sea!
Sea! Rescue me!

From her! From him! Deliver me...(she collapses and begins to roll
into the sea)

PHAEDRE (leaps over and prevents this by taking hold of her hair) Get up!
Get up! You've got work to do!

JUDITH (resuming her belly crawl to the mast) I don't feel the sun...anymore
in me. My Greek sun's gone away...and won't make love to me...(she
reaches the mast and grasps its base between her hands)

PHAEDRE Do it Judith! And climb! But first you must do it, properly.

JUDITH No! Phaedre, I'm too tired. Phaedre! Phaedre! I can't...anymore...
(but she takes the mast in her hands)

PHAEDRE You mustn't think only of yourself, Judith...You must think of... my condition...Now!

JUDITH God....(she draws herself up the mast, closes her eyes, and kisses the wood)

PHAEDRE (responding as though the mast and her were one) Ahh...Your eyes? Are your eyes open, Judith? Your eyes must not be open, for it to matter....Judith....

JUDITH They're...not open, Phaedre.

PHAEDRE Then, do it again! Please! Show me that you're doing it again...
(she watches Judith kiss the wood again) Now climb! Judith? Climb!

JUDITH (still gripping the wood with her hands, she lifts herself on her knees, then turns a look of appeal toward Phaedre) Phaedre....(and removes her left hand)

PHAEDRE Watch out! Don't let go! You'll ruin everything if you go and let go!

JUDITH (replacing her left hand) Oh! Oh...(she draws herself to a standing position; against the mast, her face along one side)

PHAEDRE Kiss it again, Judith, and then climb! Judith, now climb...

JUDITH (doing as she is told, slowly, up the mast) But tired! Phaedre!
Too...tired....

PHAEDRE Kiss! Climb! Kiss! Climb! Kiss, Judith! Climb! Climb! Climb!
When you reach the top, Judith...look out for the point! Remember how you almost broke the point at the top, last time.

JUDITH I only...want to float...Phaedre. Why won't you let me....float?

PHAEDRE Hold on! Judith! Hold on, tight! Good! Judith! Very good! Now be careful you don't knock something off. The other day, you knocked something off, and had to start everything all over. From the

beginning. Do you remember Judith? I'm sure you wouldn't want to knock something off...and start all over from the beginning. Would you?
(Pause) Would you?

JUDITH (she is beneath where the suit hangs) Phaedre? Phaedre? Say what next!

PHAEDRE (stage whisper) Darling Judith! His hands! Do his hands now, Judith.

JUDITH (taking a trouser cuff in her right hand and raising it near her lips)

Oh. Captain! Praise you! We are your servants and do your every bidding. We see you, we hear you, we follow your paths to the ends of the sea. We look up to you. You tower above us. We are lower than the ground beneath your feet. We love and adore you, great Captain! We long to kiss your feet. (she touches her mouth to the cuff)

PHAEDRE Judith. How marvelous! He likes it! I'm sure! I believe he movedjust a little. Because he liked what you said and did...Now, Judith, his hands? Now you do his hands, don't you?

JUDITH (shinnyng up higher, gripping a spreader in her left hand, taking a sleeve in her right hand) Oh Captain, our Captain, hail to you! We are your subjects and long for your soft touch. Your embrace is as wide as the world and heavens. You are our Lord and we long to kiss your hand. (she touches her mouth to the sleeve)

PHAEDRE Oh. Judith! That's very good. Very, very good. I can really see he likes that. I'm positive he's going to move! So Judith! Don't hold back. Do the others ones, Judith! Now do the other ones! (she watches JUDITH, who with great difficulty gathers up the other trouser cuff and coat sleeve, and repeats the two prayers.)

JUDITH Oh. Captain! Praise you! We are your servants and do your every bidding. We see you, we hear you, we follow your path to the ends of the sea. We look up to you. You tower above us. We are lower than the ground beneath your feet. We love and adore you, great

Captain! We long to kiss your feet. Oh Captain, our Captain! Hail to you! We are your subjects and long for your soft touch. Your embrace is as wide as the world and heavens. You are our Lord and we long to kiss your hand.

PHAEDRE Good! Judith. Very...good. I mean...he's sure to respond...very soon. And move. He must like it a great deal, Judith! Go on! Only please be careful!

JUDITH (stretching for the hat which rests at the top of the mast) Oh mighty Captain! Hail, oh hail to you! We are your evening harem and your daily joy! We adore your great visage, your strong brow. We weep at your blinding beauty. We melt beneath your least glance. We praise your brown eyes, your black hair, your horned nose, your splendid ears, your grand mouth. We kiss your great head! (she touches her lips to the cap and almost falls)

PHAEDRE Judith!?

JUDITH (regaining her grip) It's all...right.

PHAEDRE Now, Judith, now....?

JUDITH Yes...Phaedre...what...must I do now....

PHAEDRE Say our final prayer.

JUDITH Oh mighty Captain. Deliver us safe from the sea. Have mercy on us, your small servants. Give us your grace, your smile, you benevolent breath. Open yourself! Fill with wind. Deliver us safe from the sea...

PHAEDRE I think he hears you!

JUDITH Captain, oh Captain, give us this day our white snails and rose wine...

PHAEDRE Go on! Go on! I think I saw him move!

JUDITH Captain! Sweet Captain! Lead us from temptation...and fleshly sin....

PHAEDRE No. No.. He's not moving at all! You didn't do it good enough. Kiss his cap again. Judith: You'd better kiss his cap again....

buy me that pretty house, okay? And I'll buy him that pretty red house. And we'll stroll ever further, along the blue sea, and he'll see a boat tied to the pier and say, Mommy, buy that boat with the pretty black sail. And I'll say how much! And buy it for him... so he can go to sea...like his father did...Oh Bless you, Judith. I love thee...so much...(PHAEDES raises her head, places a hand on her belly, and smiles grimly into the sea of the audience.)

DIM OUT