

or LSU or Ole Miss, I sung in the chorus of the biggest show in New York, in Oklahoma, and had my picture in LIFE in a cowboy outfit, tossin' a ten-gallon hat in the air! YIP . . . EEEEE! Ha-ha . . . and at the same time pursued my other vocation . . . maybe the only one I was truly meant for, love-making . . . slept in the social register of New York! (Starts to cross L.) Millionaires' widows and wives and debutante daughters of such famous names as Vanderbrook and Masters and Halloway and Connaught, names mentioned daily in columns, whose credit cards are their faces . . . and . . .

PRINCESS. What did they pay you?

CHANCE. (D. L.) I gave people more than I took. Middle-aged people I gave back a feeling of youth. Lonely girls? Understanding, appreciation! An absolutely convincing show of affection. Sad people, lost people? Something light and uplifting! Eccentrics? Tolerance, even odd things they long for . . . but always just at the point when I might get something back that would solve my own need, which was great, to rise to their level, the memory of my girl would pull me back home to her . . . and when I came home for those visits, man oh man, how that town buzzed with excitement. I'm telling you, it would blaze with it, and then that thing in Korea came along. I was about to be sucked into the Army so I went into the Navy, (Moving to R. C.) because a sailor's uniform suited me better, the uniform was all that suited me, though. . . .

PRINCESS. Ah—ha!

CHANCE. Ah—ha. I wasn't able to stand the goddamn routine, discipline. . . . I kept thinking, this stops everything. (Crosses D. R.) I was twenty-three, that was the peak of my youth and I knew my youth wouldn't last long. By the time I got out, Christ knows, I might be nearly thirty! Who would remember Chance Wayne? In a life like mine, you just can't stop, you know, can't take time out between steps, you've got to keep going right on up from one thing to the other, once you drop out it leaves you and goes on without you and you're washed up.

PRINCESS. I don't think I know what you're talking about.

CHANCE. I'm talking about the parade. THE parade! The parade! The boys that go places, that's the parade I'm talking about, not a parade of swabbies on a wet deck. And so I ran my comb through my hair one morning and noticed that eight or ten

hairs had come out, a warning signal of a future baldness. My hair was still thick. But would it be five years from now, or even three? When the war would be over, that scared me, that speculation. I started to have bad dreams. Nightmares and cold sweats at night, and I had palpitations, and on my leaves I got drunk and woke up in strange places with faces on the next pillow I had never seen before . . . my eyes had a wild look in them in the mirror . . . I got the idea I wouldn't live through the war, that I wouldn't come back, that all the excitement and glory of being Chance Wayne would go up in smoke at the moment of contact between my brain and a bit of hot steel that happened to be in the air at the same time and place that my head was . . . that thought didn't comfort me any. Imagine a whole lifetime of dreams and ambitions and hopes dissolving away in one instant, being blacked out like some arithmetic problem washed off a blackboard by a wet sponge, just by some little accident like a bullet, not even aimed at you but just shot off in space, and so I cracked up, my nerves did. I got a medical discharge out of the service and I came home in civvies, then it was when I noticed how different it was, the town and the people in it. Polite? Yes, but not cordial. No headlines in the papers, just an item that measured one inch at the bottom of page five saying that Chance Wayne, the son of Mrs. Emily Wayne of North Front Street had received an honorable discharge from the Navy as the result of illness and was home to recover . . . that was when Heavenly became more important to me than anything else. . . .

PRINCESS. Is Heavenly a girl's name?

CHANCE. Heavenly is the name of my girl in St. Cloud.

PRINCESS. Is Heavenly why we stopped here?

CHANCE. What other reason for stopping here can you think of?

PRINCESS. So . . . I'm being used. Why not? Even a dead race horse is used to make glue. Is she pretty?

CHANCE. (Crosses to C. and hands Princess snapshot.) This is a flashlight photo I took of her, nude, one night on Diamond Key, which is a little sand-bar about half a mile off shore which is under water at high tide. This was taken with the tide coming in. The water is just beginning to lap over her body like it desired her like I did and still do and will always, always. (Chance takes