

left quietly and made out as if nothing happened. The wedding went on, only he never showed up.

SHE. What are you talking about? I was sleeping.

HE. Oh, I'm sorry. I'll come back when you're up.

SHE. I'm up! I'm up! Now, what's the matter?

HE. Nothing. I was just passing by. I thought I'd say, "Hello."

SHE. At four o'clock in the morning? What's wrong?

HE. Nothing! I just feel like talking, that's all.

SHE. All right, I'll make some coffee.

HE. No, that's all right. I'll see you later. (*He starts to leave.*)

SHE. I thought you said you wanted to talk.

HE. We already talked. What do you expect me to do, carry on a long conversation at four in the morning? I can't keep these hours. I have to go to work soon. (*He leaves and comes back.*) I'm not getting married! . . . I said, "I'm not getting married!" . . . I told you this would happen! . . . I told you I wasn't ready. Do you remember? I said, "Susan, if I ask you to marry me, can I take it back if I want to?" And you said I could, didn't you? . . . Well, I'm taking it back now. I mean it's not that I don't love you, because I love you. I really love you, Susan, but it just can't be for keeps. I tried, Susan, I really tried, but it's getting close. There's only four days left. Just four more days and I can't go any further. . . . No, sir. No, ma'am. Uh-uh. No chance. No, siree. . . . Uh-uh. That's it. I can't do it. That's it!

Please don't make me marry you! I know this wedding is costing your parents a lot of money, but I'll pay back every penny of it. . . . Look, I've got about twenty dollars on me. Here, take it as a deposit . . . and take my watch . . . and I want you to keep the ring. I know when a fella breaks up with a girl, he's supposed to get the ring back, but you can have the ring. That's fair, isn't it? I mean, another guy wouldn't do that, would he, Susan?

Please stop looking at me like that. You shouldn't take it personally. It's nothing against you. It's the times we

live in. India's overpopulated! We'll all be sterilized soon. The suicide rate is up. The air is polluted. Is that the kind of world you want to get married in? Is it, Susan? Is it? . . . I know what you're trying to do—make me look like the bad one. Well, it won't work. It won't work. Because I'm clean. I'm clean. You knew exactly what you were doing. You knew I was a confirmed bachelor. You knew I had trouble getting involved, but that didn't stop you. No, not you, baby. You decided to marry me and that was it. Well, who do you think you are, playing God with another person's life? Well, I have no pity for you. None whatsoever, because you're getting just what you deserve. So, get off my back. I owe you nothing, baby. Get it? I owe you nothing!

Give me a break. Take the pressure off me. Call the wedding off. Everything was going along great. We were having fun and smelling flowers. We could go on having fun for years. . . . And then some day maybe I'll have a lot of drinks and we could just sneak down to City Hall. That way I won't feel like I'm married. What do you say, Susan? Huh, Susan? What do you say?

All right, Susan. I've got to put my cards on the table. I didn't want to tell you this because I didn't want to hurt your feelings. You're just not dream girl. I'm sorry. I wish you were, but let's face it, Susan. My heart doesn't beat when you come into a room. I don't get goose pimples when I touch you. I'm just not nervous when I'm with you. You're too vulnerable. You're too human. You've got too many problems. And, Susan, there's something about you that really bothers me. Maybe it wouldn't be important to another guy, but I think about it a lot. Susan, you have very thin arms.

So, I don't think I could be faithful. I mean, I want to be faithful, but I just don't think I can. Ever since we got engaged, I walk down the street and I want to grab every ass I see. That's not normal. If you were my dream girl, I'd never give other women a second thought. Don't you understand, I need somebody more perfect, then it

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wouldn't be so much work for me to love and be faithful. I could just show up.

Look, you'll get over me. After a while, you'll find another boy. Just promise me you won't sleep with anyone until you get married. Will you promise me that, Susan? Will you?

That's it. It's all over. (*He picks up her hand and shakes it.*) Goodbye. I'm sorry. That's it.

(*Pause.*)

SHE. Did you and your father pick up the tuxedos today?

(*Through this last section until fade out they are smiling and teary-eyed.*)

HE. Yeah.

SHE. Did you get the cuff links for the ushers?

HE. Yeah.

SHE. Wait 'til you see the beautiful salad bowl we got from Tom and Betty. It's from Tiffany's.

HE. No kidding? By the way, my mother called and said we forgot to seat my Uncle John from Boston.

SHE. I think we can put him at table number three.

HE. Did your wedding gown come?

SHE. Yes. Wait 'til you see it.

HE. I'll bet it's pretty.

SHE. Yes. Yes.

(*LIGHTS fade.*)

CURTAIN