

bank, the painter trailing up the bank, evidently made fast to the trunk of a willow. The new moon casts a soft, mysterious, caressing light over everything. The willows Right and the sand Right are almost lost in shadows. And the willows fade into shadows off up Left. The last of the path is in very pale moonlight which increases as you walk downstage and toward the Left to the boat, which is the high spot of the moonlight. The boat is turned bottom up and is directly across stage with the heavy rope attached to the bow drawn tightly into the willows. The sand of the beach shimmers palely. In the distance, the orchestra of a summer hotel can be heard very faintly at intervals.

DISCOVERED: At rise, RICHARD is discovered sitting sideways on the gunwale of the rowboat near the stern. He is facing Right, watching the path. He is in a great nervous state of anxious expectancy, squirming about uncomfortably on the narrow gunwale, kicking at the sand restlessly, twirling his straw hat, with a bright-colored band in stripes, around on his finger.

RICHARD. (Thinking) Gosh, that music from the hotel sounds wonderful. Must be nearly nine— I can hear the Town Hall clock strike, it's so still tonight— I'll catch hell when I get back, but it'll be worth it. If only Muriel turns up— Am I sure she wrote nine? (He puts the straw hat on the sand R. of boat and pulls the folded letter out of his pocket and peers at it in the moonlight) Yes, it's nine, all right. (He starts to put the note back in his pocket, then stops and kisses it—then shoves it away hastily, sheepishly, looking around him shamefacedly, as if afraid he were being observed) Aw, that's silly—no, it isn't either—not when you're really in love— (He jumps

to his feet restlessly) Darn it, I wish she'd show up!—think of something else—that'll make the time pass quicker— (Sits again on boat) Last night?—the Pleasant Beach House—Belle—ah, forget her!—now, when Muriel's coming—that's a fine time to think of—! But I didn't go upstairs with her—even if she was pretty— Aw, she wasn't pretty— She was just a whore— She was everything dirty— Muriel's a million times prettier, anyway— Muriel and I will go upstairs—when we're married—but that will be beautiful— But I oughtn't even to think of that yet—it's not right— I'd never—now—but after we're married— (He gives a little shiver of passionate longing—then resolutely turns his mind away from these improper, almost desecrating thoughts)

(WARN Clock.)

That damned barkeep kicking me— I'll bet you if I hadn't been drunk I'd have given him one good punch in the nose— (Then with a shiver of shamefaced revulsion and self-disgust) Aw, you deserved a kick in the pants—making such a darned slob of yourself! You must have been a fine sight when you got home!—having to be put to bed and getting sick! Phaw! (He squirms disgustedly) Think of something else, can't you? Recite something— See if you remember—

"Nay, let us walk from fire unto fire,
From passionate pain to deadlier delight,
I am too young to live without desire,

Too young art thou to waste this summer night—"
(Leans back on his arms) Gee, that's a peach! I'll have to memorize the rest and recite it to Muriel the next time— I wish I could write poetry—about her and me— (He sighs and stares around him at the night) Gee, it's beautiful tonight—as if it was a special night—for me and Muriel— Gee, I love tonight— I love the sand, and the trees, and the grass, and the water, and the sky, and the moon— It's all

