

floor of the attic in his grandmother's house, listening to the rain on the roof, breathing the dust of old things. . . . And what comes next but his grandmother who was supposed to be in the city for the day. But instead she's suddenly standing in the door to the attic, attracted there, no doubt, by the scuffling sounds of the imminent consummation. So she's standing there, screaming: (Rosie bangs on the table.) "Stop that! Stop that this instant!" Needless to say, it was out of the question. Stopping. At that particular moment. I mean, sex is like a flight over the sea, one reaches the point of no return. . . . I guess it sounds funny now, but, you know, at the time . . . it was pretty rotten. Sordid, I mean . . . it wasn't at all the way it's supposed to be. And Harold, of all people. A girl finds herself in this predicament, this condition, she'd at least like to be able to think of the cause of it as being some clever, handsome guy with charm and experience, just returned from spending a year in Rome, say, on a Guggenheim fellowship. But Harold, . . . Harold is six foot two, about a hundred and twenty five pounds, tops, an Economics major at CCNY . . . That's about the best I'll ever be able to do, I know it. (She smiles and snorts.) Ever since I found out I was pregnant I've been walking around with a face down to here and my mother kept saying, "What's the matter with you, anyway, I just don't know what's gotten into you lately." So, finally, I told her: a kid named Harold, as a matter of fact. . . . Oh, well, I just keep telling myself: "Remember Rosie, like in the song . . . Someday my prince will come . . . Snow White . . ."

BUS STOP by William Inge

Cherie -- 20

FEMALE -- COMIC

A singer tells how she was kidnapped by a cowboy.

Bo come in one night when I was singin' "That Old Black Magic." It's one of my best numbers. And he liked it so much, he jumped up on a chair and yelled like a Indian, and put his fingers in his mouth and whistled like a steam engine. Natur'ly, it made me feel good. Most of the customers at the Blue Dragon was too drunk to pay any attention to my

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songs. . . . I thought he was awful cute. . . . I'd never seen a cowboy before. Oh, I'd seen 'em in movies, a course, but never in the flesh. . . . Anyway, he's so darn healthy lookin', I don't mind admittin', I was attracted, right from the start. But it was only what ya might call a sexual attraction. The very next mornin', he wakes up and hollers, "Yippee! We're gittin' married." I honestly thought he was crazy. But when I tried to reason with him, he wouldn't listen to a word. He stayed by my side all day long, like a shadow. At night, a course, he had to go back to the rodeo, but he was back to the Blue Dragon as soon as the rodeo was over, in time for the midnight show. If any other fella claimed t'have a date with me, Bo'd beat him up. He kept tellin' me all week, he and Virge'd be by the night the rodeo ended, and they'd pick me up and we'd all start back to Montana t'gether. I knew that if I was around the Blue Dragon that night, that's what'd happen. So I decided to beat it. One of the other girls at the Blue Dragon lived on a farm 'cross the river in Kansas. She said I could stay with her. So I went to the Blue Dragon last night and just sang for the first show. Then I told 'em I was quittin' . . . I'd been wantin' to find another job anyway . . . and I picked up my share of the kitty . . . but darn it, I had to go and tell 'em I was takin' the midnight bus. They had to go and tell Bo, a course, when he come in a li'l after eleven. He paid 'em five dollars to find out. So I went down to the bus station and hadn't even got my ticket, when here come Bo and Virge. He jest steps up to the ticket window and says, "Three tickets to Montana!" I din know what to say. Then he dragged me onto the bus and I been on it ever since. And somewhere deep down inside me, I gotta funny feelin' I'm gonna end up in Montana.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST by Oscar Wilde

Gwendolen -- 20s

FEMALE -- COMIC

Gwendolen does not react well when she discovers pretty, young

Cecily is her fiance's ward

(Raising her eyebrows.) Oh! It is strange he never mentioned to me that he had a ward. How secretive of him! He grows more interesting

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