

Apres Opera & Marred Bliss Characters

Karen/Jane- she is very much dressed for success. She is embarrassed when things don't go as planned. Karen is uptight and says what you want to hear. J: has wanted to get married her whole life. Probably has been planning that long as well.

Peter/Jeery- is is a very kind man but he is a little shy. He wants to get back together with Karen. Pyromaniac. He is constantly distracted. J: still in love with Jane. War junkie.

Duncan/Dink- D1: he has a big mouth. He says whatever he thinks and doesn't process it first. Slightly narcoleptic. He seems nervous and always at the edge of breaking down. I think of Patrick from spongebob a little bit. D2: about to get married to Jane. Isn't necessary ecstatic about getting married.

Laurel/Alas- L: Waitress. Hates her job and wishes she didn't work here. A little crazy. Also a realist. A: a little prissy. Possibly drunk. Pretty flirty as well.

Sides

Laurel- page 47, from first line to looks good (Laurel exits). Or page 53, I'll give em six months to the end.

Karen and Peter- Page 50, from Karen: is he alright? To page 52, Peter: well I've been pretty lonely too.

Duncan- from page 52, get your hands off her to page 53, I don't want to rest. I want no-doz. I want to marathon dance.

Jane and Dink- from page 179, Jane: Darkling? To Jane: Oh dueling!

Après Opéra

— An Opera Bouffe —

by Michael Bigelow Dixon and Valerie Smith

1st production December 14, 1987

Director. Marcia Dixcy
Sets. Robert T. Odorisio
Lights. Michael Milkovich
Costumes. Susan Snowden

CAST

KAREN. WENDEE PRATT
PETER. CHRIS BURMESTER
DUNCAN. AL PROIA
LAUREL. PAMELA STEWART

Characters

PETER. Mid-twenties, rumpled, unshaven
LAUREL. 20, "Waitress from Hell"
KAREN. Mid-twenties, dressed for success
DUNCAN. Mid-twenties, he tries very hard

Setting

Après Opéra is a fashionable eatery with an opera motif.

Sound

Operatic choruses and arias underscore the entire play—
augmenting the appropriate tragic and comic moments. The se-
lections change as the moods in the play change.

Time

The present.

All programs and printed material for this play must carry the
following notice:

FIRST PRODUCED AT ACTORS
THEATRE OF LOUISVILLE

Après Opéra

SCENE: A fashionable eatery.

*AT RISE: In black we hear an aria from "Pagliacci." The lights
come up on PETER sitting at a table for two in Après Opéra.
PETER studies a box of matches, toys with it, then pulls a
match out. LAUREL, dressed in a colorful opera costume,
Enters and watches PETER as he lights the match, stares at
the flame, licks his first finger and thumb, and tries to squeeze
out the flame.*

PETER. Owwww-shit! (*PETER sticks his finger and thumb in a
glass of water.*)

LAUREL. Guess we can't all be G. Gordon Liddy.

PETER. What? Oh, no. It's an experiment. I'm testing the limits
of my mind over matter.

LAUREL. That should help with our menu. Here. Can I bring
you anything from the bar?

PETER. No thanks. I'll . . . uh . . . wait for my friend,
thanks. Oh! Are you an opera buff?

LAUREL. Sorry. I just work here. I don't live the theme.

PETER. Oh. Would you mind asking someone then, what's the
name of the opera that's playing?

LAUREL. Yeah maybe. If you're good.

PETER. Thanks . . . uh . . . Cathy.

LAUREL. It's not Cathy. I just borrowed her outfit.

PETER. Looks good. (*LAUREL Exits.*) Waitress from hell.
(*PETER returns to matches and tries the same trick with other
hand. Same result.*) Owwww-shit! (*Enter KAREN, looking for
PETER.*)

KAREN. Peter? Is that . . . Oh, god! Peter!

PETER. Hello, Karen.

KAREN. Peter! It's so good to see you. Let's take a look. Tch-
tch. You look terrible.

PETER. I'm OK. You look good, Karen. Real good.

(*DUNCAN Enters and hovers unseen nearby.*)

KAREN. You know I still think about you. Every time I eat a
cookie, really, there's Peter.

DUNCAN. Like Proust.

PETER. Excuse me?

DUNCAN. "Remembrance of Things Past." (pause) The book? (pause) You know, the teacake!?

KAREN. Honey, you're trying too hard.

PETER. Do you know this guy?

KAREN. Do I know this guy?! We're getting married on Sunday. Duncan Durbin meet Peter O'Connell.

DUNCAN. Heard an awful lot about you.

PETER. Try to ignore the awful part. Karen exaggerates.

KAREN. I do not. Come on, let's sit down. (They look at table for two. Pause.)

DUNCAN. If the music stops, we can play musical chairs.

KAREN. Honey . . .

DUNCAN. I'll go get another chair. (DUNCAN Exits.)

KAREN. So how have you been?

PETER. (playing with matches) Oh, OK. And you?

KAREN. What can I say? I'm getting married. But I've been dying to see you and when Duncan said he'd like to meet you, too—I talk about you all the time, what we did together—and I thought, hey, why not! Let's all get together, you know. My past and my future. We can all just be friends.

PETER. We weren't ever friends.

KAREN. Yes we were.

PETER. We were lovers. It's different.

KAREN. It's semantics. We mean the same thing. Change of topic.

(DUNCAN arrives with chair and sits.)

DUNCAN. So, Pete, Karen tells me you bake cookies.

PETER. Not exactly.

DUNCAN. That's what you . . .

KAREN. No, Duncan. I told you Peter manages the Cookie Nook in the mall, where they make the best chocolate fudge raisin pecan.

DUNCAN. No kidding. What's your secret?

PETER. Water.

DUNCAN. Really.

PETER. It's a mix.

DUNCAN. Oh . . . interesting.

KAREN. Honey, you're trying too hard again.

DUNCAN. Ahhh-hgth-hgth-hgth-hgth . . . (DUNCAN drops face down on the table.)

PETER. Jesus Christ!

KAREN. Oh dear . . .

PETER. What's the matter?

KAREN. It's all right . . .

PETER. Is he dead?

KAREN. SHHHH. Don't panic. He's OK.

PETER. Oh, sure. He looks great to me!

(KAREN periodically attempts to sit DUNCAN upright and straighten his tie during the next few pages. He always falls back down.)

KAREN. No, really he is. He's just a touch narcoleptic. And every once in awhile he does this, don't you Dunc? See? Breathing normally. Nothing to worry about. Let's just ignore him.

PETER. Ignore him?

KAREN. In a little bit he'll wake up refreshed and everything will be fine. Except maybe a bruise on his forehead. I should've moved that fork.

LAUREL. (Enters) What's his problem?

KAREN. Nothing. He's fine. (DUNCAN falls forward again.)

LAUREL. I can do that Heimlicher thing if you want.

KAREN. No thanks.

LAUREL. CPR?

KAREN. No, really.

LAUREL. Just checking. 'Cause sometimes people get embarrassed. And pretend nothing's wrong when there obviously is.

KAREN. It's nothing like that.

LAUREL. (rolls eyes) OK. Does anybody besides me need something to drink?

KAREN. We'll each have a glass of wine.

LAUREL. And for you, perhaps something flaming?

PETER. Very funny. A bourbon and soda.

LAUREL. All right. That's a B&S for the pyromaniac and a wine each for the corpse and the merry widow. (LAUREL Exits.)

KAREN. He does get some strange reactions.

PETER. Look, Karen. When you called last week, out of the blue, I didn't . . .

KAREN. Oh damn!

PETER. What?

KAREN. Duncan goes to this clinic where they chart his brain waves, and they shove these, you know, electrodes into his head. And sometimes they forget to pull them all out. (She yanks a long

electrode out.) Can I borrow your napkin? (*She applies napkin to DUNCAN'S skull.*) Thanks.

PETER. Look, Karen. . . .

KAREN. I'm sorry. You keep getting interrupted.

PETER. Well, it's just . . .

DUNCAN. Hrmufflermph . . .

KAREN. (*after a pause*) Go on.

PETER. Well, I don't understand why you . . .

DUNCAN. HRMUFFLERMPHFFFFF!!

PETER. Is he all right?

KAREN. Oh sure. He's just dreaming. Want to see something fun? Oh, I'm sorry, you were talking.

PETER. Never mind.

KAREN. No, no. We don't have to . . .

PETER. No, just go on, OK? Please. Go on.

KAREN. OK. Watch this. Duncan? Duncan? You're strolling at night. The wind's blowing—Phewwwou. (*DUNCAN reacts with muffled sounds and movements at various points in the story.*) You went out for Hostess Ding-Dongs. (*like bell:*) Ding-dong. Ding-dong. But now you're in a cemetery. Suddenly up from a grave reaches a vampire who grabs you by your shoe. An incredibly hideous vampire with one eye, bad breath and no ears. You try to pull free but you can't. He's got you by your shoe, now your calf, now your knee. He's reaching up your thigh, now higher, higher. He's going to bite! (*DUNCAN gasps and grabs tablecloth in his fists.*) But wait! You grab hold of a vine and you pull yourself up, up, out of the grave until you're almost free. But no! The vine snaps, and you fall back into the grave. Will Duncan escape or will he be eaten by a vampire with hideous breath and no ears? (*To PETER:*) I like to leave the endings to him.

PETER. Oh that's nice.

KAREN. Then when he wakes up he tells what happened. It's kind of our party piece.

PETER. I don't believe this.

KAREN. It's true.

PETER. No this! Him, you, your marriage. You can't be serious about this guy!

KAREN. Peter! I love him. Duncan's very sweet, considerate and charming.

PETER. When he's awake.

KAREN. Which he is . . . some of the time.

PETER. Karen, he's fucking Rip Van Winkle.

KAREN. I'm not going to sit here and . . .

PETER. What was it, forty years? That's a lot of nights out bowling, Karen.

KAREN. One more word, Peter. One more word and I'm leaving! I swear!! Change of topic. No better. Let's just shut up for a minute. I'm timing. (*LAUREL Enters with drinks.*)

LAUREL. Bourbon and soda. And the wine for two comes with a complimentary loaf of bread. You want to order now? (*pause*) Is this thing contagious or what? (*LAUREL walks away, but spies on them from a doorway as PETER says in sign language, "Sometimes you drive me crazy."*)

KAREN. That's the same as talking. (*PETER repeats signs.*) What are you trying to say?

PETER. (*As HE signs*) Sometimes . . . you . . . drive . . . me . . . crazy!

LAUREL. "Children of a Lesser God"!!!! Am I right?

PETER. We're not ready to order yet!!!

LAUREL. WELL OK!! BUT MAYBE THEY DIDN'T HEAR YOU IN THE KITCHEN!!!! (*LAUREL Exits.*)

PETER. Look Karen. Before that maniac comes back or Sleeping Beauty wakes up, would you mind telling me one thing, please? (*The following in one breath:*) Would you tell me why, after more than a year, you tracked me down and invited me here? I mean, I really want to know this 'cause you say you love him but then you want to see me which I don't quite understand 'cause I don't want to see you if you're seeing him 'cause I still feel strongly about you and would like you to return these feelings which you say you won't, so I don't want to see you if you won't and you won't so we won't!! So why am I here? (*breath*) I'm leaving, OK. Good-bye.

KAREN. All right, Peter. Sit down. I'll tell you why I called, but first you've got to promise you won't laugh.

PETER. I won't laugh.

KAREN. All right. Two months ago my parents died.

PETER. Jesus. I'm sorry.

KAREN. It's not just that. It's this weird string of events that's happening to me, and I just want it to stop. I mean, first you walk out on me after five years . . .

PETER. Well, after you asked me to leave!

KAREN. That's not how I remember it. And then my folks pass away. And it's weird, but all of a sudden everybody who knew me growing up, everybody who knew me as a kid, as a teen, they're all

gone. And it's like, sure I remember my past, but there's nobody around to ask if this really happened or am I dreaming that up. You know? It's like, these people are disappearing and part of me is too. And then Duncan. God bless him. I love him. But every time we get close, it's lights out. And so I get left alone again. And I'm starting to get a little lonely, you know.

PETER. Well I've been pretty lonely, too. (*As PETER reaches for KAREN's hand, DUNCAN wakes up with a start.*)

DUNCAN. Get your hands off her.

PETER. What?

KAREN. Honey . . .

DUNCAN. (*grabbing PETER, then recoiling*) Ahhh, that breath!!!

KAREN. Duncan . . .

DUNCAN. Back!!! I'm gonna rip those ears right off again!! (*DUNCAN grabs PETER in a headlock.*)

PETER. Just a min . . . chgl-chgl-chgl . . .

KAREN. Let him go.

DUNCAN. Get away, god damn it! This is gonna get bloody! (*DUNCAN grabs a knife off the table.*)

KAREN. Duncan stop!!

PETER. Hey! . . . crf-crf-crf . . .

DUNCAN. God damn it, hold still.

KAREN. Listen to me! He's not the vampire in your dreams!!!

DUNCAN. Huh? He's not?

KAREN. No. Let him go. (*DUNCAN drops PETER suddenly.*)

That's right. You're awake now.

DUNCAN. I'm what? What's that music?

KAREN. Just an opera.

DUNCAN. (*sees audience*) Who are they? Oh my God. I'm on stage. In an opera! (*He tries to sing, but as in a nightmare, can't.*) My voice! My voice!!!! (*For first time the taped opera music has stopped.*)

KAREN. No, honey. You're still dreaming. (*DUNCAN checks out audience.*) Please. It's just a restaurant. You're awake.

DUNCAN. I'm awake. I'm awake! . . . Thank God.

(*Opera music comes back on.*)

KAREN. And this is Peter. We were about to have dinner.

DUNCAN. Oh yeah. Oh shit, sorry man!

PETER. It's all right.

KAREN. It's my fault honey. I told you that dream. But it's over now. Everything's all right.

DUNCAN. No it's not. No it's not all right, god damn it! I've made an ass of myself again. And you want to know what the irony is, Peter? (*DUNCAN still has knife and waves it wildly.*) You want to know what it is???

PETER. OK. Sure.

DUNCAN. They've diagnosed me as a narcoleptic, right? And prescribed medicine to keep me from falling asleep? But when I take the medicine guess what the side effect is. I get sleepy! SLEEPY! You get it!!! That's irony, Peter. Irony!! Ha-ha-ha!! (*laugh turns to tears*)

KAREN. Come on, dear. Just sit down for a minute and rest.

DUNCAN. I don't want to rest. I want No-Doz. I want to marathon dance!

KAREN. (*As DUNCAN hyperventilates, KAREN turns to PETER.*) So, Peter?

PETER. So, Karen?

KAREN. So I'll call you, OK? We can all do a movie or something?

DUNCAN. (*To himself:*) Those damn doctors.

PETER. I don't think that's such a hot idea, Karen.

KAREN. What do you mean?

PETER. I mean, I can't be what you want me to be. I can't be your friend!

KAREN. Why not?

PETER. (*A whispered scream:*) Because I love you!!!!

KAREN. That doesn't make any sense, Peter. We can't be friends because you love me?

PETER. That's right! (*LAUREL Enters.*)

DUNCAN. (*To himself again:*) God why me? Why me???

LAUREL. Why not you?

KAREN. (*To PETER:*) Five years is a long time to just throw away. (*To DUNCAN:*) Come on dear. Let's get you home.

DUNCAN. Please don't make me go to bed.

KAREN. I won't, dear. Come on.

DUNCAN. You're the only thing, Karen, that's any good in my life. And I'm gonna love you forever. I promise.

KAREN. I know, honey. I know. (*KAREN and DUNCAN Exit.*)

LAUREL. I give 'em six months, tops. Did you ever think you were in love?

PETER. Once.

LAUREL. Me, too. Now I got a dog. He's clean, he's cheap, and he's always happy to see me. (*Hearing "Pagliacci" aria again:*) Oh, that opera you asked about. That's "Pagliacci," about some creep who goes berzerko and snuffs his wife and her boyfriend.

PETER. Jeez.

LAUREL. A real up, huh? But that's opera for you.

PETER. (*toasting:*) To opera. (*He drains glass.*)

LAUREL. Can I get you anything else—or just the bill?

PETER. You said something earlier about flaming drinks.

LAUREL. That's our specialty.

PETER. You have anything that resembles a blow torch?

LAUREL. We've got one with ten liquors in it.

PETER. What do you call it?

LAUREL. The eternal flame.

PETER. Perfect.

(*LAUREL Exits. As aria from "Pagliacci" comes on again and increases to full volume, PETER takes out a match, lights it, studies the flame, and then puts the match in his mouth, closing his lips around it. After a moment . . .*)

PETER. Owwwww-shit! (*As he reaches for the glass of water the lights fade out.*)

FADE TO BLACK

THE END

The Road to Ruin

by

Richard Dresser

MARRIED BLISS by Mark O'Donnell

First Production May 26, 1987

Director. Larry Deckel
Sets. Paul Owen
Lights. Cliff Berek
Costumes. Kevin McLeod

CAST

JANE. DENISE CAMPION
DINK. NICK PHELPS
JEERY. DAVID BEACH
ALAS. AMANDA RAMBO

SETTING

A porch.

All programs and publicity material for this play must carry the following notice:

COMMISSIONED AND FIRST PRODUCED BY ACTORS
THEATRE OF LOUISVILLE

Married Bliss

SCENE: The front porch of JANE's family home.

AT RISE: JANE arranges roses in a vase. DINK sits on the glider, reading the paper or just enjoying the evening. It's a typical midwestern scene. JANE is a pretty, prissy, inhibited young woman, wearing starched, modest clothes. DINK is a regular lug who's been talked into marriage but is willing to turn himself over to it.

JANE. Darkling?

DINK. (looking up from his paper) What is it . . . Dulling?

JANE. I thought we'd have ruses for the centerpieces. For us, and for all the guest tables. Ruses are traditional.

DINK. Ruses it is. (He returns to his reading.)

JANE. (after a restless pause) Oh honey, just sink!

DINK. What do you want me to sink about?

JANE. In less than forty eight horrors, you and I will be moan and woof! (grins) Isn't it amassing?

DINK. It is amassing. (lowers his paper thoughtfully) So much has harpooned in just a few thief years!

JANE. It steams like only yesterday that you were the noise next door.

DINK. And you were that feckless-faced cod sitting up in the old ache tree!

JANE. And now we're engaged! I can hardly wait till we're married!

DINK. Oh, Hiney! (makes to enfold her in his arms)

JANE. Now, now! I'm sure the tame will pass quickly till our hiney-moon! (eases out of his grasp) I'll go get you some of that nice saltpeter taffy that Smother brought back from A Frantic City. (JEERY, a sexy, slouching sailor, appears at one corner of the stage.)

JEERY. Hello? . . . Any him at home? (He carries a tiny bouquet.)

JANE. Oh my gash! It's Jeery, my old toyfriend!

DINK. Jeery! That bump! What's he brewing here?

JANE. Oh, Dueling! Try to control your tamper! I'm sure he means no charm! Don't do anything you might regress! (JEERY approaches.)

JEERY. Hollow! — Revised to see me?

JANE. Hollow, Jeery.

DINK. Hollow. *(pause)*

JEERY. I'm completely beware that I'm out of police here. But—*(looks to JANE)*—for old climb's sake—Jane—I brought you this little bunch of foul airs. A token of my excess steam. Lots of lack to you. And much lack to you too, Dink.

JANE. *(unsurely)* Wail . . . *(decides to accept the flowers)* Spank you, Jeery.

DINK. Spank you very much.

JEERY. My shit is at rancor in the harbor, and they gave me whore leave. I heard you were engorged, and I just wanted to slop by and pave my regrets.

JANE. *(uncomfortably)* Well, blank you!

DINK. Blank you very much.

JANE. *(uneasy with this stand-off)* I think you two have already messed, haven't you?

JEERY. Oh, we've thrown each other for years!

DINK. We went to the same cruel . . . Till Jeery dripped out to join the Nervy.

JANE. Of course, I remainder all that now! *(She is eager to lessen the awkwardness.)* Um—Do you haunt to sit down?

JEERY. Well, only for a menace. *(He sits with them on the glider.)* I'm hooded over to Pain Street. There's a big trance at the Social Tub. I'll probably go and chick it out. *(awkward silence as they sit on the crowded glider)* Wail, wail, wail . . . So when do you two tie the net?

JANE. The day after temerity!

JEERY. That soon?

DINK. *(curtly)* We've been enraged for over a year.

JEERY. Well, concatenations!

DINK. Rank you very much . . . *(tense pause)* . . . Jeery, it's getting awfully loud! You don't want to miss the trance! *(From the other entrance comes ALAS, a provocatively dressed woman with elaborate hair and a loose manner.)*

ALAS. Hell's own? Hell's own?

JANE. *(aside)* Oh no! Is that who I slink it is? Why won't she let us align? *(ALAS advances.)*

ALAS. Hell's own, every burden! Hell's own, Dink! . . .

DINK. *(uncomfortable but heated)* Hell's own, Alas!

. . . Fantasy seething you here!

JANE. *(tartly)* I thought you'd be at the social tub trance, Alas. Aren't you on the degradation committee?

ALAS. *(offers a gift-wrapped bottle)* I may stoop by there later. I

sinfully wanted to winch you both all the beast. Let icons be icons. Here's a battle of damn-pain for you—I hype you enjoy it.

JANE. *(suspicious)* How sweat of you. *(takes bottle, puts it aside)* You know Jeery, don't you, Alas?

ALAS. Yes, we mated years ago. How's the Nervy, Jeery?

JEERY. Great! I was born to be a soiler. *(Another awkward silence as they regard her.)*

DINK. *(To ALAS:)* Um—Would you like to hit with us, Alas? Jane, you don't grind if Alas hits with us, do you?

JANE. Well, the glider's getting awfully clouded!

ALAS. *(airily)* I'll just loin against the railing! *(She poses against the pillar seductively.)*

DINK. No, here, have my seed! *(stands)*

JANE. Dallying! *(pulls him back into his seat)* I think she'd rather remain stunning!

DINK. *(getting agitated)* Jeery, you could awful her your seat! Don't they teach you manners in the Harmed Surfaces? *(JEERY bristles.)*

JANE. *(to avoid a scene)* Look, qualm down! Maybe we should admit this is an awkward saturation! I have complete face in you, Dink—But I think it's in power taste for your old street-part to come around so soon before our welding!

ALAS. *(offended)* I can't bereave this! There's no reason to be sub-species, Jane!

JANE. *(affronted)* No?

ALAS. This is a Good Wall visit, that's all! You're just high-stung!

DINK. *(chiming in his objections)* And what about Jeery here! I don't luck having him luring at you!

JEERY. *(contemptuously)* Oh, relapse, Dink! Afraid she'll realize her Must-Ache before the Sorrow-Money? *(To ALAS:)* He's in debt, it's a mortgage of convenience!

JANE. *(frightened by this sudden passion)* Toys, please! Clam yourself! *(Earnestly, to DINK:)* Dink, don't drought yourself this way! Where's the strong, stabled man I'm taking to the halter? You know I lug you, I'll always lug you. *(puts her arms around him maternally)* I want ours to be a beautiful cremation-trip. But it has to be based on truss. *(hugs him even more suffocatingly, and not erotically)* I want to be able to truss you.

DINK. *(too independently to suit Jane)* All I did was offer Alas my seed. You act like I rammed off with her!

JANE. *(feels dressed down before company)* Well, maybe you'd

rather ram off with her! She's been trying to reduce you since she got here!

ALAS. (*angry*) Don't spike like that to me! I bitter go.

JANE. (*her insecurity making her hysterical*) Stew where you are, you're the claws of this! You *slor!*

ALAS. (*sneering at JANE*) —What a little squirrel! I have nothing but potty for you!

(*The women suddenly slap each other; the men must intervene.*)

JEERY. (*restraining ALAS*) The whole tissue is ridiculous! Fighting over a man who's in doubt up to his ears!

DINK. At least I'm not diddled with funereal disease, you below-jellied bull-bottomed sin of the beach!

JEERY. You sod-damned cowbird!

(*The men fight; now the women must intervene.*)

ALAS. Boys! Stomp it! Stomp it this minute!

(*There is momentary silence as they all recover from their wounds.*)

JANE. *Why are we having such trouble trying to communicate?*

DINK. (*taking the lead*) . . . Look. Alas . . . I heave nothing but harpy memories of our time together. I depreciate your good winces, but Jane and I are to be marred, and that's that. (*He looks to Jane to match his definitive renunciation.*)

JANE. (*taking Jeery's hand briefly*) And . . . Jeery . . . I leave you very much. You know that. But that's all winter under the fridge. (*turns to ALAS*) Alas, I'm sorry I lost my torpor.

ALAS. (*with dignity*) I understand. And I axe-up your apology. Anyway, I'm getting marred myself. To Henry Silverstone.

JANE. (*impressed*) The banker! But he's rather old for you, isn't he?

ALAS. Luckily, he's in very good wealth. (*A car horn honks from offstage.*) There's my chauffeured limbo now. I'd better get gilding. Conglomerations, and gall the best! . . . Goad bye!

DINK. (*feeling bested*) Bile!

JANE. (*feeling outdone*) Bile!

(*ALAS Exits. JEERY now feels superfluous.*)

JEERY. Her own limbo! . . . Well, I guess I should leave you two lifeboats alone!

JANE. Thanks for the foul airs, Jeery! Enjoy the trance!

JEERY. Maybe I'll meet *my* future broad!

DINK. (*as if to a buddy*) That's the right platitude!

JEERY. So long! Have a lot of skids!

DINK. Bile!

JANE. Bile! (*JEERY goes*) He's a good spore, isn't he?

DINK. (*reluctantly*) I gas so.

JANE. (*hugging him consolingly*) But you're the *uphill* of my eye!

DINK. Oh, hiney! (*He holds and tries to kiss her, but she resists him.*) Oh come on! Ploys? Pretty ploys? (*She relents and gives him a peck, then quickly raises ALAS' gift bottle between them.*)

JANE. Oh look! A vintage battle of damn pain! Let's celibate! (*She pops it open and pours some of it into two empty lemonade glasses on the porch table. She raises her glass.*) I love it when those little troubles get up your nose! — Here, let's test each other! (*they toast*) To ice!

DINK. To ass! (*they drink*)

JANE. Oh, galling! Our life together is going to be *blitz!*

BLACKOUT

THE END