

BORDEN

90

(+ ROY + NORMA)

ROY. *(Into phone.)* Borden? Mr. Hubley... Can you come up to 719? ...Yes, now...

*(He hangs up and gestures for NORMA to follow him. He crosses into living room and down to the ottoman, where he sits. NORMA follows and stands waiting behind him.)*

*(Finally.)* She wanted to talk to me because she couldn't bear to say it to both of us at the same time... The reason she's locked herself in the bathroom... is she's afraid.

NORMA. Afraid? What is she afraid of? That Borden doesn't love her?

ROY. Not that Borden doesn't love her.

NORMA. That she doesn't love Borden?

ROY. Not that she doesn't love Borden.

NORMA. Then what is she afraid of?

ROY. ...She's afraid of what they're going to become.

NORMA. I don't understand.

ROY. Think about it.

NORMA. *(Crossing above sofa.)* What's there to think about? What are they going to become? They love each other, they'll get married, they'll have children, they'll grow older, they'll become like us - *(Comes the dawn. Stops by the side of the sofa and turns back to ROY.)* I never thought about that.

ROY. Makes you stop and think, doesn't it?

NORMA. I don't think we're so bad, do you? ...All right, so we yell and scream a little. So we fight and curse and aggravate each other. So you blame me for being a lousy mother and I accuse you of being a rotten husband. It doesn't mean we're not happy...does it? ... *(Her voice rising.)* Well? ...Does it? ...

ROY. *(Looks at her.)* She wants something better.

*(The doorbell rings. He crosses to open the door. NORMA follows.)*

Hello, Borden.

BORDEN. *(Stepping into room.)* Hi.

NORMA. Hello, darling.

## PLAZA SUITE

ROY. *(Gravely.)* Borden, you're an intelligent young man, I'm not going to beat around the bush. We have a serious problem on our hands.

BORDEN. How so?

ROY. Mimsy - is worried. Worried about your future together. About the whole institution of marriage. We've tried to allay her fears, but obviously we haven't been a very good example. It seems you're the only one who can communicate with her. She's locked herself in the bathroom and is not coming out... It's up to you now.

*(Without a word, BORDEN crosses below the sofa and up to the bedroom, through the bedroom below the bed and right up to the bathroom door. He knocks.)*

BORDEN. Mimsy? ...This is Borden... Cool it!

*(Then he turns and crosses back to the living room. Crossing above the sofa, he passes the HUBLEYS and without looking at them, says:)*

See you downstairs!

*(He exits without showing any more emotion.)*

*(The HUBLEYS stare after him as he closes the door. But then the bathroom door opens and NORMA and ROY slowly turn to it as MIMSEY, a beautiful bride, in a formal wedding gown, with veil, comes out.)*

MIMSEY. I'm ready now!

*(NORMA turns and moves into the bedroom towards her. ROY follows slowly, shaking his head in amazement.)*

ROY. Now you're ready? Now you come out?

NORMA. *(Admiring MIMSEY.)* Roy, please -

ROY. *(Getting angry, leans in to her over the bed.)* I break every bone in my body and you come out for "Cool it"?

**NORMA.** (*Pushing MIMSEY towards ROY.*) You're beautiful, darling. Walk with your father, I want to look at both of you.

**ROY.** (*Turning. As she takes his arm, to NORMA.*) That's how he communicates? That's the brilliant understanding between two people? "Cool it?"

**NORMA.** (*Gathering up MIMSEY's train as they move towards the living room.*) Roy, don't start in.

**ROY.** What kind of a person is that to let your daughter marry?

*(They stop above sofa. MIMSEY takes bridal bouquet from table behind sofa, while NORMA puts on her wrap and takes her gloves from the back of the sofa.)*

**NORMA.** Roy, don't aggravate me. I'm warning you, don't spoil this day for me.

**ROY.** Kids today don't care. Not like they did in my day.

**NORMA.** Walk. Will you walk? In five minutes he'll marry one of the flower girls. Will you walk?

*(MIMSEY takes ROY by the arm and they move to the door, as NORMA follows.)*

**ROY.** (*Turning back to NORMA.*) Crazy. I must be out of my mind, a boy like that. (*Opens door.*) She was better off in the bathroom. You hear me? Better off in the bathroom...

*(They are out the door.)*

*(Curtain.)*