



GARRY. (*Crossing back of sofa to JOANNA.*) Conversation seems to have come to a standstill.

JOANNA. I think perhaps I would like another drink after all, a very small one.

GARRY. (*Crosses to bar.*) Good Soupcon.

JOANNA. You make me feel extraordinarily self-conscious. Of course that's one of your most renowned gifts, isn't it – frightening people?

GARRY. (*Pouring out a drink.*) You're not going to pretend that I frighten you.

JOANNA. It's personality, I expect, plus a reputation for being – well – (*She laughs.*) rather ruthless.

GARRY. (*Crossing to JOANNA.*) Amorously or socially?

JOANNA. Both. (*Takes drink from GARRY, sips it.*)

(*Pause.*)

GARRY. (*Crossing to center.*) Well – How are we doing?

JOANNA. Better I think.

GARRY. That's a very pretty dress.

JOANNA. I wore it for Toscanini.

GARRY. (*Sits in chair center.*) He frightens people too, when they play the wrong notes.

JOANNA. (*Puts glass down.*) You look strangely young every now and then. It would be nice to know what you were really like, under all the trappings.

GARRY. Just a simple boy, stinking with idealism.

JOANNA. Sentimental too, almost Victorian at moments.

GARRY. I spend hours at my sampler.

JOANNA. Are you happy on the whole?

GARRY. Ecstatically.

JOANNA. You never get tired of fixing people's lives, of being the Boss, of everybody adoring you and obeying you?

GARRY. Never. I revel in it.

JOANNA. I suspected that you did but I wasn't sure.

*(Pause.)*

GARRY. Would you like me to play you something?

JOANNA. No, thank you.

GARRY. Why ever not? You must be mad!

JOANNA. Not mad, just musical.

GARRY. Snappy too. Quite rude in fact.

JOANNA. Yes, that was rather rude, wasn't it? I'm sorry.

*(Pause.)*

GARRY. Never mind. What shall we *do* now?

JOANNA. Do? Is there any necessity to do anything?

GARRY. I don't know, my social sense tells me that something is demanded of me and I'm not quite sure what it is. That's why I suggested playing to you.

JOANNA. I'm so glad I'm adult. You must be pretty shattering to the young and inexperienced. You glitter so brightly – All the little bells tinkling.

GARRY. *(Crosses to side of chair center.)* I sound like a circus horse.

JOANNA. You are rather like a circus horse as a matter of fact! Prancing into the ring to be admired, jumping, with such assurance, through all the paper hoops.

GARRY. Now listen, Joanna. You've got to make up your mind. This provocative skirmishing is getting me down. What do you want?

JOANNA. I want you to be what I believe you really are, friendly and genuine, someone to be trusted. I want

you to do me the honor of stopping your eternal performance for a little, ring down the curtain, take off your makeup and relax.

GARRY. Everyone keeps telling me to relax.

JOANNA. One can hardly blame them.

GARRY. Shouldn't I be very vulnerable, dear Delilah, shorn of my nice silky hair?

JOANNA. Why are you so afraid of being vulnerable? I should think it would be rather a relief? To be perpetually on guard must be terribly tiring.

GARRY. I was right about you from the first.

JOANNA. Were you?

GARRY. You're as predatory as hell!

