

NORMA, *who grabs his coattails in an effort to stop him. The RAIN outside stops.*)

NORMA. (*Stopping him below bed.*) Don't yell at her. Don't get her more upset.

ROY. (*Turning back to her.*) Don't get her *upset*? I'm hanging seven stories from a gargoyle in a pouring rain and you want me to worry about *her*? . . . You know what she's doing in there? She's playing with her false eyelashes. (*Moves to bathroom door.*) I'm out there fighting for my life with pigeons and she's playing with eyelashes . . . (*Crossing back to NORMA.*) I already made up my mind. The minute I get my hands on her, I'm gonna kill her. (*Moves back to door.*) Once I show them the wedding bills, no jury on earth would convict me . . . And if by some miracle she survives, let there be no talk of weddings . . . She can go into a convent. (*Slowly moving back to NORMA below bed.*) Let her become a librarian with thick glasses and a pencil in her hair, I'm not paying for any more cancelled weddings . . . (*Working himself up into a frenzy, he rushes to the table by the armchair and grabs up some newspapers.*) Now get her out of there or I start to burn these newspapers and smoke her out.

(NORMA *stops him, soothes him, and manages to get him calmed down. She gently seats him on the foot of the bed.*)

NORMA. (*Really frightened.*) I'll get her out! I'll get her out! (*She crosses to door and knocks.*) Mimsey! Mimsey, please! (*She knocks harder and harder.*) Mimsey, you want to destroy a family? You want a scandal? You want a story in the Daily News? . . . Is that what you want? Is it? . . . Open this door! *Open it!* (*She bangs very hard, then stops and turns to ROY.*) Promise you won't get hysterical.

ROY. What did you do? (*Turns wearily to her.*)

NORMA. I broke my diamond ring.

ROY. (*Letting the papers fall from his hand.*) Your good diamond ring?

NORMA. How many do I have?

ROY. (*Yells through door.*) Hey, you with the false eyelashes! (*Getting up and moving to door.*) . . . You want to see a broken diamond ring? You want to see eighteen hundred dollars worth of crushed baguets? . . . (*He grabs NORMA's hand and holds it to keyhole.*) Here! Here! This is a worthless family heirloom— (*Kicks door.*) and this is a diamond bathroom door! (*Controlling himself.* To NORMA.) Do you know what I'm going to do now? Do you have any idea? (*NORMA puts her hand to her mouth, afraid to hear.* ROY moves away from door to far side of bed.) I'm going to wash my hands of the entire Eisler-Hublely wedding. You can take all the Eislers and all the hors d'oeuvres and go to Central Park and have an eight thousand dollar picnic . . . (*Stops and turns back to NORMA.*) I'm going down to the Oak Room with my broken arm, with my drenched rented ripped suit—and I'm gonna get blind! . . . I don't mean drunk, I mean totally blind . . . (*Erupting with great vehemence.*) because I don't want to see you or your crazy daughter again, if I live to be a thousand.

(*He turns and rushes from bedroom, through the living room to the front door. As he tries to open it, NORMA catches up to him, grabs his tail coat and pulls him back into the room.*)

NORMA. That's right. Run out on me. Run out on your daugh'er. Run out on everybody just when they need you.

ROY. You don't need me. You need a rhinoceros with a blow torch—because no one else can get into that bathroom.

NORMA. (*With rising emotion.*) I'll tell you who can get into that bathroom. Someone with love and understanding. Someone who cares about that poor kid who's going through some terrible decision now and needs help. Help

that only *you* can give her and that *I* can give her. *That's* who can get into that bathroom now.

(ROY looks at her solemnly. Then he crosses past her, hesitates and looks back at her, and then goes into the bedroom and to the bathroom door. NORMA follows him back in. He turns and looks at NORMA again. Then he knocks gently on the door and speaks softly and with some tenderness.)

ROY. Mimsey! . . . This is Daddy . . . Is something wrong, dear? . . . (He looks back at NORMA, who nods encouragement, happy about his new turn in character. Then he turns back to door.) I want to help you, darling. Mother and I both do. But how can we help you if you won't talk to us? Mimsey, can you hear me? (There is no answer. He looks back at NORMA.)

NORMA. (At far side of bed.) Maybe she's too choked up to talk..

ROY. (Through door.) Mimsey, if you can hear me, knock twice for yes, once for no. (There are two KNOCKS on the door. They look at each other encouragingly.) Good. Good . . . Now, Mimsey, we want to ask you a very, very important question. Do you want to marry Borden or don't you?

(They wait anxiously for the answer. We hear one KNOCK, a pause, then another KNOCK.)

NORMA. (Happily.) She said yes.

ROY. (Despondently.) She said no. (Moves away from door to foot of bed.)

NORMA. It was two knocks. Two knocks is yes. She wants to marry him.

ROY. It wasn't a double knock yes. It was two single "no" knocks. She doesn't want to marry him.

NORMA. Don't tell me she doesn't want to marry him. I heard her distinctly knock "yes." She went— (Knocks twice on foot of bed.) "Yes, I want to marry him."