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Fiction Poetry Drama Nonfiction

Fourth Edition

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D R A M A

Paula Vogel (1951–)

How I Learned to Drive 1998

A VOICE announces, as the house lights dim: Safety first—you and driver education.

Then the sound of a key turning the ignition of a car. Li'l Bit steps into a spotlight on the stage; "well-endowed," she is a softer-looking woman in the present time than she was at seventeen.

Li'l BIT. Sometimes to tell a secret, you first have to teach a lesson. We're going to start our lesson tonight on an early, warm summer evening.

In a parking lot overlooking the Beltsville Agricultural Farms in suburban Maryland.

Less than a mile away, the crumbling concrete of U.S. One wends its way past one room revival churches, the porno drive-in, and boarded up motels with For Sale signs tumbling down.

Like I said, it's a warm summer evening.

Here on the land the department of Agriculture owns, the smell of sleeping farm animal is thick on the air. The smells of clover and hay mix in with the smells of the leather dashboard. You can still imagine how Maryland used to be, before the malls took over. This countryside was once dotted with farmhouses—from their porches you could have witnessed the civil war raging in the front fields.

Oh yes. There's a moon over Maryland tonight, that spills into the car where I sit beside a man old enough to be—did I mention how still the night is? Damp soil and tranquil air. It's the kind of night that makes a middle-aged man with a mortgage feel like a country boy again.

It's 1969. And I am very old, very cynical of the world, and I know it all. In short, I am seventeen years old, parking off a dark lane with a married man on an early summer night.

(Lights up on two chairs facing front—or a Buick Riviera, if you will. Waiting patiently, with a smile on his face, Peck sits sniffing the night air. Li'l Bit climbs in beside him, seventeen years old and tense. Throughout the following, the two sit facing directly front. They do not touch. Their bodies remain passive. Only their facial expressions emote.)

PECK. Ummm. I love the smell of your hair.

Li'l BIT. Uh-huh.

PECK. Oh, Lord. Ummmm. *(Beat.)* A man could die happy like this.

Li'l BIT. Well, *don't*.

PECK. What shampoo is this?

Li'l BIT. Herbal Essence.

PECK. Herbal Essence. I'm gonna buy me some, Herbal Essence. And when I'm all alone in the house, I'm going to get into the bathtub, and uncap the bottle and—

Li'l BIT. —Be good.

PECK. What?

Li'l BIT. Stop being . . . bad.

PECK. What did you think I was going to say? What do you think I'm going to do with the shampoo?

Li'l BIT. I don't want to know. I don't want to hear it.

PECK. I'm going to wash my hair. That's all.

Li'l BIT. Oh.

PECK. What did you think I was going to do?

Li'l BIT. Nothing . . . I don't know. Something . . . nasty.

PECK. With shampoo? Lord, gal—your mind!

Li'l BIT. And whose fault is it?

PECK. Not mine. I've got the mind of a boy scout.

Li'l BIT. Right. A horny boy scout.

PECK. Boy scouts are always horny. What do you think the first Merit Badge is for?

Li'l BIT. There. You're going to be nasty again.

PECK. Oh, no. I'm good. Very good.

Li'l BIT. It's getting late.

PECK. Don't change the subject. I was talking about how good I am. *(Beat.)* Are you ever gonna let me show you how good I am?

Li'l BIT. Don't go over the line now.

PECK. I won't. I'm not gonna do anything you don't want me to do.

Li'l BIT. That's right.

PECK. And I've been good all week.

Li'l BIT. You have?

PECK. Yes. All week. Not a single drink.

Li'l BIT. Good boy.

PECK. Do I get a reward? For not drinking?

Li'l BIT. A small one. It's getting late.

PECK. Just let me undo you. I'll do you back up.

Li'l BIT. All right. But be quick about it. *(Peck pantomimes undoing Li'l Bit's brassiere with one hand.)* You know, that's amazing. The way you can undo the hooks through my blouse with one hand.

PECK. Years of practice.

Li'l BIT. You would make an incredible brain surgeon with that dexterity.

PECK. I'll bet Clyde—what's the name of the boy taking you to the prom?

Li'l BIT. Claude Souders.

PECK. Claude Souders. I'll bet it takes him two hands, lights on, and you helping him on to get to first base.

Li'l BIT. Maybe. *(Beat.)*

PECK. Can I . . . kiss them? Please?

Li'l BIT. I don't know.

PECK. Don't make a grown man beg.

Li'l BIT. Just one kiss.

PECK. I'm going to lift your blouse.

Li'l BIT. It's a little cold. *(Peck laughs gently.)*

PECK. That's not why you're shivering. (*They sit, perfectly still, for a long moment of silence. Peck makes gentle, concentric circles with his thumbs in the air in front of him.*) How does that feel? (*Li'l Bit closes her eyes, carefully keeps her voice calm.*)

Li'l BIT. It's . . . okay. (*Sacred music, organ music or boy's choir, swells beneath the following.*)

PECK. I tell you, you can keep all the cathedrals of Europe. Just give me a second with these—these celestial orbs—(*Peck bows his head as if praying. But he is kissing her nipple. Li'l Bit, eyes still closed, rears back her head on the leather Buick car seat.*)

Li'l BIT. Uncle Peck—we've got to go. I've got graduation rehearsal at school tomorrow morning. And you should get on home to Aunt Mary—

PECK. —All right, Li'l Bit.

Li'l BIT. —*Don't* call me that no more. (*Calmer.*) Any more. I'm a big girl now, Uncle Peck. As you know. (*Li'l Bit pantomimes refastening her bra behind her back.*)

PECK. That you are. Going on eighteen. Kittens will turn into cats. (*Sighs.*)—I live all week long for these few minutes with you—you know that?

Li'l BIT. I'll drive.

VOICE. (*Cutting in.*) Idling in the neutral gear. (*Sound of car revving cuts off the sacred music; Li'l Bit, now an adult, rises out of the car and comes to us.*)

Li'l BIT. In most families, relatives get names like, "Junior," or "Brother," or "Bubba." In my family, if we call someone "Big Papa," it's not because he's tall. In my family, folks tend to get nicknamed for their genitalia. Uncle Peck, for example. My Mama's adage was "the titless wonder," and my cousin Bobby got branded for life as "B.B."—(*In unison with Greek Chorus.*)

Li'l BIT. GREEK CHORUS.
"For blue balls." "For blue balls."

(*Female Greek Chorus, as Mother, continues.*)

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Mother.*) And of course, we were so excited to have a baby girl—that when the nurse brought you in and said "It's a girl! It's a baby girl!" I just had to see for myself. So we whipped your diapers down and parted your chubby little legs—and right between your legs there was—(*Peck has come over during the above and chimes along.*)

PECK. GREEK CHORUS.

"Just a little bit." "Just a little bit."

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Mother.*) And when you were born, you were so tiny that you fit in Uncle Peck's outstretched hand. (*Peck stretches his hand out.*)

PECK. Now that's a fact. I held you, one day old, right in this hand. (*A traffic signal is projected of a bicycle in a circle with a diagonal red slash.*)

Li'l BIT. Even with my family background, I was sixteen or so before I realized that pedophilia did not mean people who loved to bicycle. . . .

VOICE. (*Intruding.*) Driving in first gear.

Li'l BIT. 1969. A typical family dinner.

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Mother.*) Look, Grandma. Li'l Bit's getting to be as big in the bust as you are.

Li'l BIT. Mother! Could we please change the subject?

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandmother.*) Well, I hope you are buying her some decent bras. I never had a decent bra, growing up in the Depression, and now my shoulders are just crippled—crippled from the weight hanging on my

shoulders—the dents from my bra straps are big enough to put your finger in—here, let me show you—(*As Grandmother starts to open her blouse.*)

Li'l BIT. Grandma! Please don't undress at the dinner table.

PECK. I thought the entertainment came *after* the dinner.

Li'l BIT. (*To us.*) This is how it always starts. My grandfather, Big Papa will chime in next with—

MALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandfather.*) Yup. If Li'l Bit gets any bigger, we're gonna haveta buy her a wheelbarrow to carry in front of her—

Li'l BIT. —Damn it—

PECK. —How about those Redskins on Sunday, Big Papa?

Li'l BIT. (*To us.*)—The only sport Big Papa followed was chasing Grandma around the house—

MALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandfather.*)—Or we could write to Kate Smith.

Ask her for somma her used brassieres she don't want anymore—she could maybe give to Li'l Bit here—

Li'l BIT. I can't stand it. I can't.

PECK. Now, honey, that's just their way—

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Mother.*) I tell you, Grandma, Li'l Bit's at that age. She's so sensitive, you can't say boo—

Li'l BIT. I'd like some privacy, that's all. Okay? Some goddamn privacy—

PECK. Well, at least she didn't use the savior's name—

Li'l BIT. (*To us.*) And Big Papa wouldn't let a dead dog lie. No sirree:

MALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandfather.*) Well, she'd better stop being so sensitive. 'Cause five minutes before Li'l Bit turns the corner, her tits turn first—

Li'l BIT. (*Starting to rise from the table.*)—That's it. That's it.

PECK. Li'l Bit, you can't let him get to you. Then he wins.

Li'l BIT. I hate him. *Hate* him.

PECK. That's fine. But hate him and eat a good dinner at the same time. (*Li'l Bit calms down and sits with perfect dignity.*)

Li'l BIT. The gumbo is really good, Grandma.

MALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandfather.*) A'course, Li'l Bit's got a big surprise coming for her when she goes to that fancy college this fall—

PECK. Big Papa—let it go.

MALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandfather.*) What does she need a college degree for? She's got all the credentials she'll need on her chest—

Li'l BIT. —Maybe I want to learn things. Read. Rise above my cracker background—

PECK. —Whoa, now, Li'l Bit—

MALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandfather.*) What kind of things do you want to read?

Li'l BIT. There's a whole semester course, for example, on Shakespeare—(*Greek Chorus, as Grandfather, laughs until he weeps.*)

MALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandfather.*) Shakespeare. That's a good one. Shakespeare is really going to help you in life.

PECK. I think it's wonderful. And on scholarship!

MALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandfather.*) How is Shakespeare going to help her lie on her back in the dark? (*Li'l Bit is on her feet.*)

Li'l BIT. You're getting old, Big Papa. You are going to die—Very very soon. Maybe even *tonight*. And when you get to heaven, God's going to be a beautiful black

woman in a long white robe. She's gonna look at your chart and say: uh-oh. Fornication. Dogugly mean with blood-relatives. Oh. Uh-oh. Voted for George Wallace. Well, one last chance: if you can name the play, all will be forgiven—And then she'll quote:—"The quality of mercy is not strained—" Your answer?—oh, too bad—*Merchant of Venice*: Act IV, scene iii—and then she'll send your ass to fry in hell with all the other crackers. Excuse me, please. (To us.) And as I left the house, I would always hear Big Papa say:

MALE GREEK CHORUS. (As *Grandfather*.) Lucy, your daughter's got a mouth on her. Well, no sense in wasting good gumbo. Pass me her plate, Mama.

LPL BIT. And Aunt Mary would come up to Uncle Peck:

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (As *Aunt Mary*.) Peck, go after her, will you? You're the only one she'll listen to when she gets like this.

PECK. She just needs to cool off.

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (As *Aunt Mary*.) Please, honey—Grandma's been on her feet cooking all day.

PECK. All right.

LPL BIT. And as he left the room, Aunt Mary would say:

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (As *Aunt Mary*.) Peck's so good with them when they get to be this age. (*Li'l Bit has stormed to another part of the stage, her back turned, weeping with a teenage fury. Peck, cautiously, as if stalking a deer, comes to her. She turns away even more. He waits a bit.*)

PECK. I don't suppose you're talking to family. (*No response.*) Does it help that I'm in-law?

LPL BIT. Don't you dare make fun of this.

PECK. I'm not. There's nothing funny about this. (*Beat.*) Although I'll bet when Big Papa is about to meet his maker, he'll remember *The Merchant of Venice*.

LPL BIT. I've got to get away from here.

PECK. You're going away. Soon. Here, take this. (*Peck hands her his folded handkerchief. Li'l Bit uses it, noisily. Hands it back. Without her seeing, he reverently puts it back.*)

LPL BIT. I hate this family.

PECK. Your grandfather's ignorant. And you're right—he's going to die soon. But he's family. Family is . . . family.

LPL BIT. Grown-ups are always saying that. Family.

PECK. Well, when you get a little older, you'll see what we're saying.

LPL BIT. Uh-huh. So family is another acquired taste, like French kissing?

PECK. Come again?

LPL BIT. You know, at first it really grosses you out, but in time you grow to like it?

PECK. Girl, you are . . . a handful.

LPL BIT. Uncle Peck—you have the keys to your car?

PECK. Where do you want to go?

LPL BIT. Just up the road.

PECK. I'll come with you.

LPL BIT. No—please? I just need to—to drive for a little bit. Alone. (*Peck tosses her the keys.*)

PECK. When can I see you alone again?

LPL BIT. Tonight. (*Li'l Bit crosses to C. while lights dim around her.*)

THE VOICE. (*Directs.*) Shifting forward from first to second gear.

LPL BIT. There were a lot of rumors about why I got kicked out of that fancy school in 1970. Some say I got caught with a man in my room. Some say as a kid on scholarship I fooled around with a rich man's daughter. (*Li'l Bit smiles innocently at us.*)

I'm not talking.

But the real truth was I had a constant companion in my dorm room—who was less than discrete. Canadian V.O. A fifth a day.

1970. A Nixon recession. I slept on the floors of friends who were out of work themselves. Took factory work when I could find it. A string of dead-end day jobs that didn't last very long.

What I did, most nights, was cruise the Beltway and the back roads of Maryland, where there was still country, past the battlefields and farm houses. Racing in a 1965 mustang—and as long as I had gasoline for my car and whiskey for me, the nights would pass. Fully tanked, I would speed past the churches and the trees on the bend, thinking just one notch of the steering wheel would be all it would take, and yet some . . . reflex took over. My hands on the wheel in the nine and three o'clock position—I never so much got a ticket. He taught me well.

A VOICE. (*Announces.*) You and the reverse gear.

LPL BIT. Back up. 1968. On the Eastern Shore. A celebration dinner. (*Li'l Bit joins Peck at a table in a restaurant.*)

PECK. Feeling better, Missy?

LPL BIT. The bathroom's really amazing here, Uncle Peck! They have these little soaps—instead of borax or something—and they're in the shape of shells.

PECK. I'll have to take a trip to the gentleman's room just to see.

LPL BIT. How did you know about this place?

PECK. This Inn is famous on the Eastern Shore—it's been open since the 17th century. And I know how you like history—(*Li'l Bit is shy and pleased.*)

LPL BIT. It's great.

PECK. And you've just done your first, legal, long-distance drive. You must be hungry.

LPL BIT. I'm starved.

PECK. I would suggest a dozen oysters to start, and the crab imperial—(*Li'l Bit is genuinely agog.*)—You might be interested to know the town history. When the British sailed up this very river in the dead of night—see outside where I'm pointing?—they were going to bombard the heck out of this town. But the town fathers were ready for them. They crept up all the trees with lanterns so that the British would think they saw the town lights and they aimed their cannons too high. And that's why the Inn is still here for business today.

LPL BIT. That's a great story.

PECK. (*Casually.*) Would you like to start with a cocktail?

LPL BIT. You're not—you're not going to start drinking, are you, Uncle Peck?

PECK. Not me. I told you, as long as you're with me, I'll never drink. I asked you if you'd like a cocktail before dinner. It's nice to have a little something with the oysters.

LPL BIT. But—I'm not . . . legal. We could get arrested. Uncle Peck, they'll never believe I'm twenty-one!

PECK. So? Today we celebrate your driver's license—on the first try. This establishment reminds me a lot of places back home.

LPL BIT. What does that mean?

PECK. In South Carolina, like here on the Eastern Shore, they're—*(Searches for the right euphemism.)*—"European." Not so puritanical. And very understanding if gentlemen wish to escort very attractive young ladies who might want a before-dinner cocktail. If you want one, I'll order one.

LPL BIT. Well—sure. Just . . . one. *(The Female Greek Chorus appears in a spot.)*

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. *(As Mother.)* A mother's guide to social drinking:

A lady never gets sloppy—she may, however, get tipsy and a little gay.

Never drink on an empty stomach. Avail yourself of the bread basket and generous portions of butter. *Slather* the butter on your bread.

Sip your drink, slowly, let the beverage linger in your mouth—interspersed with interesting, fascinating conversation. Sip, never . . . slurp or gulp. Your glass should always be three-quarters full when his glass is empty.

Stay away from "ladies" drinks: drinks like pink ladies, sloe gin fizzes, daiquiris, gold cadillacs, Long Island iced teas, margaritas, piña colodas, mai tais, planters punch, white Russians, black Russians, red Russians, melon balls, blue balls, blue Hawaiians, green Arkansans, hummingbirds, hemorrhages and hurricanes. In short, avoid anything with sugar, or anything with an umbrella. Get your vitamin C from *fruit*. Don't order anything with Voodoo or Vixen in the title or sexual positions in the name like Dead Man Screw or the Missionary. *(She sort of titters.)*

Believe me, they are lethal. . . . I think you were conceived after one of those.

Drink, instead, like a man: straight up or on the rocks, with plenty of water in between.

Oh, yes. And never mix your drinks. Stay with one all night long, like the man you came in with: bourbon, gin, or tequila 'til dawn, damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead! *(As the Female Greek Chorus retreats, the Male Greek Chorus approaches the table as a Waiter.)*

MALE GREEK CHORUS. *(As Waiter.)* I hope you all are having a pleasant evening. Is there something I can bring you, sir, before you order? *(Li'l Bit waits in anxious fear; carefully, Uncle Peck says with command.)*

PECK. I'll have a plain iced tea. The lady would like a drink, I believe. *(The Male Greek Chorus does a double-take; there is a moment when Uncle Peck and he are in silent communication.)*

MALE GREEK CHORUS. *(As Waiter.)* Very good. What would the . . . lady like?

LPL BIT. *(A bit flushed.)* Is there—is there any sugar in a martini?

PECK. None that I know of.

LPL BIT. That's what I'd like then—a dry martini. And could we maybe have some bread?

PECK. A drink fit for a woman of the world.—Please bring the lady a dry martini, be generous with the olives, straight up. *(The Male Greek Chorus anticipates a large tip.)*

MALE GREEK CHORUS. *(As Waiter.)* Right away. Very good, sir. *(The Male Greek Chorus returns with an empty martini glass which he puts in front of Li'l Bit.)*

PECK. Your glass is empty. Another martini, madam?

LPL BIT. Yes, thank you. *(Peck signals the Male Greek Chorus, who nods.)* So why did you leave South Carolina, Uncle Peck?

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PECK. I was stationed in DC after the war, and decided to stay. Go North, Young Man, someone might have said.

LPL BIT. What did you do in the service anyway?

PECK. *(Suddenly taciturn.)* I . . . I did just this and that. Nothing heroic or spectacular.

LPL BIT. But did you see fighting? Or go to Europe?

PECK. I served in the Pacific Theater. It's really nothing interesting to talk about.

LPL BIT. It is to me. *(The Waiter has brought another empty glass.)* Oh, goody. I love the color of the swizzle sticks. What were we talking about?

PECK. Swizzle sticks.

LPL BIT. Do you ever think of going back?

PECK. To the Marines?

LPL BIT. No—to South Carolina.

PECK. Well, we do go back. To visit.

LPL BIT. No, I mean to live.

PECK. Not very likely. I think it's better if my mother doesn't have a daily reminder of her disappointment.

LPL BIT. Are these floorboards slanted?

PECK. Yes, the floor is very slanted. I think this is the original floor.

LPL BIT. Oh, good. *(The Female Greek Chorus as Mother enters swaying a little, a little past tipsy.)*

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. *(As Mother.)* Don't leave your drink unattended when you visit the ladies' room. There is such a thing as white slavery; the *modus operandi* is to spike an unsuspecting young girl's drink with a "mickey" when she's left the room to powder her nose.

But if you feel you have had more than your sufficiency in liquor, do go to the ladies room—often. Pop your head out of doors for a refreshing breath of the night air. If you must, wet your face and head with tap water. Don't be afraid to dunk your head if necessary. A wet woman is still less conspicuous than a drunk woman. *(The Female Greek Chorus stumbles a little; conspiratorially.)*

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary, go to a corner stall and insert the index and middle finger down the throat almost to the epiglottis. Divulge your stomach contents by such persuasion, and then wait a few moments before rejoining your beau waiting for you at your table.

Oh, no. Don't be shy or embarrassed. In the very best of establishments, there's always one or two debutantes crouched in the corner stalls, their beaded purses tossed willy-nilly, sounding like cats in heat, heaving up the contents of their stomachs. *(The Female Greek Chorus begins to wander off.)*

I wonder what it is they do in the men's rooms . . .

LPL BIT. So why is your mother disappointed in you, Uncle Peck?

PECK. Every mother in Horry County has Great Expectations.

LPL BIT. —Could I have another mar-ti-ni, please?

PECK. I think this is your last one. *(Peck signals the Waiter. The Waiter looks at her, and shakes his head no. Peck raises his eyebrow, raises his finger to the number one, and rubs his fingers together. It looks like a secret code. The Waiter, sighs, shakes his head sadly, and brings over another empty martini glass. He glares at Peck.)*

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LI'L BIT. The name of the county where you grew up is "Horry?" (*Li'l Bit, plastered, begins to laugh. Then she stops.*) I think your mother should be proud of you. (*Peck signals for the check.*)

PECK. Well, missy, she wanted me to do—to be everything my father was not. She wanted me to amount to something.

LI'L BIT. But you have! You've amounted a lot. . . .
PECK. I'm just a very ordinary man. (*The Waiter has brought the check and waits. Peck draws out a large bill and hands it to the waiter. Li'l Bit is to the sippy stage.*)

LI'L BIT. I'll bet your mother loves you, Uncle Peck. (*Peck freezes a bit. To Male Greek Chorus as Waiter.*)

PECK. Thank you. The service was exceptional. Please keep the change.
MALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Waiter, in a tone that could freeze.*) Thank you, sir. Will you be needing any help?

PECK. I think we can manage, thank you. (*Just then, the Female Greek Chorus as Mother lurches on stage; the Male Greek Chorus as Waiter escorts her off as she delivers:*)

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Mother.*) Thanks to judicious planning and several trips to the ladies loo, your mother once out-drank an entire regiment of British officers on a good-will visit to Washington! Every last man of them! Milque-toasts! How'd they ever kick Hitler's cahones, huh? No match for an American lady—I could drink every man in here under the table—(*She delivers one last crucial hint before she is gently "bounced."*)—As a last resort, when going out for an evening on the town, be sure to wear a skin-tight girdle, so tight that only a surgical knife or acetylene torch can get it off you—so that if you do pass out in the arms of your escort, he'll end up with rubber burns on his fingers before he can steal your virtue—

A VOICE. (*Puncturing the interlude.*) Vehicle failure. Even with careful maintenance and preventive operation of your automobile, it is all too common for us to experience an unexpected breakdown. If you are driving at any speed when a breakdown occurs, you must slow down and guide the automobile to the side of the road. (*Peck is slowly propping up Li'l Bit as they work their way to his car in the parking lot of the Inn.*)

PECK. How are you doing, missy?
LI'L BIT. It's so far to the car, Uncle Peck. Like the lanterns in the trees the British fired on—(*Li'l Bit stumbles. Peck swoops her up in his arms.*)

PECK. Okay. I think we're going to take a more direct route—(*Li'l Bit closes her eyes.*) Dizzy? (*She nods her head.*) Don't look at the ground. Almost there—do you feel sick to your stomach? (*Li'l Bit nods. They reach the "car." Peck gently deposits her on the front seat.*) Just settle here a little while until things stop spinning. (*Li'l Bit opens her eyes.*)

LI'L BIT. What are we doing?
PECK. We're just going to sit here until your tummy settles down.

LI'L BIT. It's such nice upholst'ry—
PECK. Think you can go for a ride, now?

LI'L BIT. Where are you taking me?
PECK. Home.

LI'L BIT. You're not taking me—upstairs? There's no room at the Inn? (*Li'l Bit giggles.*)

PECK. Do you want to go upstairs? (*Li'l Bit doesn't answer.*) Or home?

LI'L BIT. —This isn't right, Uncle Peck.

PECK. What isn't right?

LI'L BIT. What we're doing. It's wrong. It's very wrong.

PECK. What are we doing? (*Li'l Bit does not answer.*) We're just going out to dinner.

LI'L BIT. You know. It's not nice to Aunt Mary.

PECK. You let me be the judge of what's nice and not nice to my wife. (*Beat.*)

LI'L BIT. Now you're mad.

PECK. I'm not mad. It's just that I thought you . . . understood me, Li'l Bit. I think you're the only one who does.

LI'L BIT. Someone will get hurt.

PECK. Have I forced you to do anything? (*There is a long pause as Li'l Bit tries to get sober enough to think this through.*)

LI'L BIT. . . . I guess not.

PECK. We are just enjoying each other's company. I've told you, nothing is going to happen between us until you want it to. Do you know that?

LI'L BIT. Yes.

PECK. Nothing is going to happen until you want it to. (*A second more, with Peck staring ahead at the river at the wheel of his car. Then, softly:*) Do you want something to happen? (*Peck reaches over and strokes her face, very gently. Li'l Bit softens, reaches for him, and buries her head in his neck. Then she kisses him. Then she moves away, dizzy again.*)

LI'L BIT. —I don't know. (*Peck smiles; this has been good news for him—it hasn't been a "no."*)

PECK. Then I'll wait. I'm a very patient man. I've been waiting for a long time. I don't mind waiting.

LI'L BIT. Someone is going to get hurt.

PECK. No one is going to get hurt. (*Li'l Bit closes her eyes.*) Are you feeling sick?

LI'L BIT. Sleepy. (*Carefully, Peck props Li'l Bit up on the seat.*)

PECK. Stay here a second.

LI'L BIT. Where're you going?

PECK. I'm getting something from the back seat.

LI'L BIT. (*Scared; too loud.*) What? What are you going to do? (*Peck reappears in the front seat with a lap rug.*)

PECK. Shhhh. (*Peck covers Li'l Bit. She calms down.*) There. Think you can sleep? (*Li'l Bit nods. She slides over to rest on his shoulder. With a look of happiness, Peck turns the ignition key. Beat. Peck leaves Li'l Bit sleeping in the car and strolls down to us. Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" comes up faintly.*)

VOICE. (*Interjecting.*) Idling in the neutral gear.

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. Uncle Peck teaches cousin Bobby how to fish:

PECK. I get back once or twice a year—supposedly to visit Mama and the family, but the real truth is to fish. I miss this the most of all. There's a smell in the Low Country—where the swamp and fresh inlet join the saltwater—a scent of sand and cypress—that I haven't found anywhere yet.

I don't say this very often up North because it will just play into the stereotype everyone has, but I will tell you: I didn't wear shoes in the summertime until I was sixteen. It's unnatural down here to pen up your feet in

leather. Go ahead—take 'em off. Let yourself breathe—it really will make you feel better.

We're going to aim for some Pompano today—and I have to tell you, they're a very shy, mercurial fish. Takes patience, and psychology. You have to believe it doesn't matter if you catch one or not.

Sky's pretty spectacular. . . . There's some beer in the cooler next to the crab salad I packed, so help yourself if you get hungry. Are you hungry? Thirsty? Holler if you are.

Okay. You don't want to lean over the bridge like that—pompano feed in shallow water, and you don't want to get too close—

Okay, cast it in, like I showed you. That's great! I can taste that pompano now, sautéed with some pecans and butter, a little bourbon—now—let it lie on the bottom—now, reel, jerk, reel, jerk—Look—look at your line. There's something calling, all right. Okay, tip the rod up—not too sharp—and *hook* it—all right, now easy, reel and then rest—let it play. And reel—play it out, that's right—really good! I can't believe it! It's a pompano—Good work! Way to go! You are an official fisherman now. Pompano are hard to catch. We are going to have a delicious little—

What? Well, I don't know how much pain a fish feels—you can't think of that. Oh, no, don't cry, come on now, it's just a fish—the other guys are going to see you—No, no, you're just real sensitive, and I think that's wonderful at your age—look, do you want me to cut it free? You do?

Okay, hand me those pliers—look, I'm cutting the hook—okay? and we're just going to drop it in—no I'm not mad. It's just for fun, okay? There—(*Peck bends down, very earnest.*)

I don't want you to feel ashamed about crying. I'm not going to tell anyone, okay? I can keep secrets. You know, men cry all the time. They just don't tell anybody, and they don't let anybody catch them. There's nothing you could do that would make me feel ashamed of you. Do you know that? Okay. (*Peck straightens up, smiles.*)

Do you want to pack up and call it a day? I tell you what—I think I can still remember—there's a really neat tree house where I used to stay for days—I think it's still here—it was the last time I looked. But it's a secret place—you can't tell anybody we've gone there—least of all your mom or your sisters—this is something special just between you and me? Sound good? We'll climb up there and have a beer and some crab salad—okay, B.B.? Bobby? Robert. . . . (*Li'l Bit sits at a kitchen table with the two Female Greek Chorus members.*)

Li'l BIT. (*To us.*) Three women, three generations, sit at the kitchen table. On Men, Sex, and Women: Part I.

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Mother.*) Men only want one thing.

Li'l BIT. (*Wide-eyed.*) But what? What is it they want?

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Mother.*) And once they have it, they lose all interest. So Don't Give It to Them. 235

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandmother.*) I never had the luxury of the rhythm method. Your grandfather is just a big bull. A big bull. Every morning, every evening.

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Mother, whispers to Li'l Bit.*) And he used to come home for lunch every day.

Li'l BIT. My god, Grandma!

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandmother.*) Your grandfather only cares that I do two things: have the table set and the bed turned down.

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Mother.*) And in all that time, mother, you never have experienced—? 240

Li'l BIT. (*To us.*)—Now my grandmother believed in all the sacraments of the church, to the day she died. She believed in Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny until she was fifteen. But she didn't believe in—

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandmother.*)—Orgasm! That's just something you and Mary have made up! I don't believe you.

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Mother.*) Mother, it happens to women all the time—

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandmother.*)—Oh, now you're going to tell me about the G force!

Li'l BIT. No, Grandma, I think that's astronauts— 245

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Mother.*) Well, Mama, after all, you were a child bride when Big Papa came and got you—you were a married woman and you still believed in Santa Claus.

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandmother.*)—It was legal, what Daddy and I did! I was fourteen and in those days, fourteen was a grown-up woman—(*Big Papa shuffles in the kitchen for a cookie.*)

MALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandfather.*)—Oh, now we're off on Grandma and the Rape of the Sa-bean Women!

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandmother.*)—Well, you were the one in such a big hurry—

MALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandfather to Li'l Bit.*) I picked your grandmother out of that herd of sisters just like a lion chooses the gazelle—the plump, slow, flaky gazelle dawdling at the edge of the herd—your sisters were too smart and too fast and too scrawny— 250

Li'l BIT. (*To us.*)—The family story is that when Big Papa came for Grandma, my Aunt Lily was waiting for him with a broom—and she beat him over the head all the way down the stairs as he was carrying out Grandma's hope chest—

MALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandfather.*)—And they were *mean*. 'Specially Lily.

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Mother.*) Well, you were robbing the baby of the family!

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandmother.*) I still keep a broom handy in the kitchen! And I know how to use it! So get your hand out of the cookie jar and don't you spoil your appetite for dinner—out of the kitchen! (*Male Greek Chorus as Grandfather leaves chuckling with a cookie.*)

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Mother.*) Just one thing a married woman needs to know how to use—the rolling pin or the broom. I prefer a heavy, cast-iron fry pan—they're great on a man's head, no matter how thick the skull is. 255

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandmother.*) Yes, sir, your father is ruled by only two bosses! Mr. Gut and Mr. Peter! And sometimes, first thing in the morning, Mr. Sphincter Muscle!

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Mother.*) It's true. Men are like children. Just like little boys.

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandmother.*) Men are bulls! Big bulls! (*The Greek Chorus is getting aroused.*)

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Mother.*) They'd still be crouched on their haunches over a fire in a cave if we hadn't cleaned them up!

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandmother, flushed.*) Coming in smelling of sweat—

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Mother.*) Looking at those naughty pictures like boys in a dime store with a dollar in their pockets!

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandmother; raucous.*) No matter to them what they smell like! They've got to have it, right then, on the spot, right there! Nasty!

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Mother.*) Vulgar!

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandmother.*) Primitive!

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Mother.*)—Hot!

LPL BIT. And just about then, Big Papa would shuffle in with—

MALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandfather.*) What are you all cackling about in here?

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandmother.*) Stay out of the kitchen! This is just for girls! (*As Grandfather leaves.*)

MALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandfather.*) Lucy, you'd better not be filling Mama's head with sex! Every time you and Mary come over and start in about sex, when I ask a simple question like "what time is dinner going to be ready?" Mama snaps my head off!

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandmother.*) Dinner will be ready when I'm good and ready! Stay out of this kitchen! (*Li'l Bit steps out.*)

VOICE. (*Directs:*) When making a left turn, you must downshift while going forward.

LPL BIT. 1979. A long bus trip to upstate New York. I settled in to read, when a young man sat beside me.

MALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Young Man; Voice cracking.*) "What are you reading?"

LPL BIT. He asked. His voice broke into that miserable equivalent of vocal acne, not quite falsetto and not tenor, either. I glanced a side view. He was appealing in an odd way, huge ears at a defiant angle springing forward at 90 degrees. He must have been shaving, because his face, with a peach sheen, was speckled with nicks and stypitic. "I have a class tomorrow." I told him.

MALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Young Man.*) "You're taking a class?"

LPL BIT. "I'm teaching a class." He concentrated on lowering his voice.

MALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Young Man.*) "I'm a senior. Walt Whitman High."

LPL BIT. The light was fading outside; so perhaps he was. With a very high voice.

I felt his "interest" quicken. Five steps ahead of the hopes in his head, I slowed down, waited, pretended surprise, acted at listening, all the while knowing we would get off the bus, he would just then seem to think to ask me to dinner, he would chivalrously insist on walking me home, he would continue to converse in the street until I would casually invite him up to my room—and—I was only into the second moment of conversation and I could see the whole evening before me.

And dramaturgically speaking, after the faltering and slightly comical "first act," there was the very briefest of intermissions, and an extremely capable and

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forceful and *sustained* second act. And after the second act climax and a gentle denouement—before the post-play discussion—I lay on my back in the dark and I thought about you, Uncle Peck. Oh: oh—this is the allure. Being older. Being the first. Being the translator, the teacher, the epicure, the already jaded. This is how the giver gets taken. (*Li'l Bit changes her tone.*)

On Men, Sex, and Women: Part II (*Li'l Bit steps back into the scene as a fifteen-year-old, gawky and quiet as the gazelle at the edge of the herd.*)

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandmother; to Li'l Bit.*) You're being mighty quiet, Missy. Cat Got Your Tongue?

LPL BIT. I'm just listening. Just thinking.

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandmother.*) Oh, yes, Little Miss Radar Ears? Soaking it all in? Little Miss Sponge? Penny for your thoughts? (*Li'l Bit hesitates to ask but she really wants to know.*)

LPL BIT. Does it—when you do it—you know, theoretically when I do it and I haven't done it before—I mean—does it hurt?

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Mother.*) Does what hurt, honey?

LPL BIT. When a—when a girl does it for the first time—with a man—does it hurt?

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. (*Grandmother; horrified.*) That's what you're thinking about?

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Mother; calm.*) Well, just a little bit. Like a pinch. And there's a little blood.

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandmother.*) Don't tell her that! She's too young to be thinking those things!

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Mother.*) Well, if she doesn't find out from me, where is she going to find out? In the street?

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandmother.*) Tell her it hurts! It's agony! You think you're going to die! Especially if you do it before marriage!

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Mother.*) Mama! I'm going to tell her the truth! Unlike you, you left me and Mary completely in the dark with fairy tales and told us to go to the Priest! What does an 80-year-old priest know about love-making with girls!

LPL BIT. (*Getting upset.*) It's not fair!

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Mother.*) Now, see, she's getting upset—you're scaring her.

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandmother.*) Good! Let her be good and scared! It hurts! You bleed like a stuck pig! And you lay there and say, "Why, O Lord, have you forsaken me?!"

LPL BIT. —It's not fair! Why does everything have to hurt for girls? Why is there always blood?

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Mother.*) It's not a lot of blood—and it feels wonderful after the pain subsides—

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandmother.*) You're encouraging her to just go out and find out with the first drugstore joe who buys her a milkshake!

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Mother.*) Don't be scared. It won't hurt you—if the man you go to bed with really loves you. It's important that he loves you.

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Grandmother.*)—Why don't you just go out and rent a motel room for her, Lucy?

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FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. *(As Mother.)* I believe in telling my daughter the truth! We have a very close relationship! I want her to be able to ask me anything—I'm not scaring her with stories about Eve's sin and snakes crawling on their bellies for eternity and women bearing children in mortal pain—

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. *(As Grandmother.)* If she stops and thinks before she takes her knickers off, maybe someone in this family will finish high school! *(Li'l Bit knows what is about to happen and starts to retreat from the scene at this point.)*

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. *(As Mother.)* Mother! If you and Daddy had helped me—I wouldn't have had to marry that—that no-good-son-of-a—

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. *(As Grandmother.)*—He was good enough for you on a full moon! I hold you responsible!

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. *(As Mother.)*—You could have helped me! You could have told me something about the facts of life!

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. *(As Grandmother.)*—I told you what my mother told me! A girl with her skirt up can outrun a man with his pants down!—*(The Male Greek Chorus enters the fray; Li'l Bit edges further D.)*

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. *(As Mother.)* And when I turned to you for a little help, all I got afterwards was—

MALE GREEK CHORUS. *(As Grandfather.)*—You Made Your Bed; Now Lie on It! *(The Greek Chorus freeze, mouths open, argumentatively.)*

LI'L BIT. *(To us.)* Oh, please! I still can't bear to listen to it, after all these years—*(The Male Greek Chorus "unfreezes," but out of his open mouth, as if to his surprise, comes a base refrain from a Motown song.)*

MALE GREEK CHORUS. "Do-Bee-Do-Wah!": *(The Female Greek Chorus member is also surprised; but she, too, unfreezes.)*

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. "Shoo-doo-be-doo-be-doo; shoo-doo-be-doo-be-doo": *(The Male and Female Greek choral members continue with their harmony, until the Teenage member of the Chorus starts in with Motown lyrics such as "Dedicated to the One I Love" or "In the Still of the Night," or "Hold Me"—any Sam Cooke will do. The three modulate down into three part harmony, softly, until they are submerged by the actual recording playing over the radio in the car in which Uncle Peck sits in the driver's seat, waiting. Li'l Bit sits in the passenger's seat.)*

LI'L BIT. Ahh. That's better. *(Uncle Peck reaches over and turns the volume down; to Li'l Bit.)*

PECK. How can you hear yourself think? *(Li'l Bit does not answer.)*

A VOICE. *(Insinuating itself in the pause.)* Before you drive. Always check under your car for obstructions—broken bottles, fallen tree branches, and the bodies of small children. Each year hundreds of children are crushed beneath the wheels of unwary drivers in their own driveways. Children depend on you to watch them. *(Pause.)*

ANOTHER VOICE. You and the Reverse Gear. *(In the following section, it would be nice to have slides of erotic photographs of women and cars: women posed over the hood; women draped along the sideboards; women with water hoses spraying the car; and the actress playing Li'l Bit with a Bel Air or any 1950s car one can find as the finale.)*

LI'L BIT. 1967. In a parking lot of the Beltsville Agricultural Farms. The Initiation into a Boy's First Love.

PECK. *(With a soft look on his face.)* Of course, my favorite car will always be the '56 Bel Air Sports Coupe. Chevy sold more '55s, but the '56!—a V-8 with corvette option, 225 horsepower; went from 0–60 miles per hour in 8.9 seconds.

LI'L BIT. *(To us.)* Long after a mother's tits, but before a woman's breasts:

PECK. Super-Turbo-Fire! What a Power Pack—mechanical lifters, twin four-barrel carbs, lightweight valves; dual exhausts—

LI'L BIT. *(To us.)* After the milk but before the beer:

PECK. A specific intake manifold, higher-lift camshaft, and the tightest squeeze Chevy had ever made—

LI'L BIT. *(To us.)* Long after he's squeezed down the birth canal but before he's pushed his way back in: the boy falls in love with the thing that bears his weight with speed:

PECK. I want you to know your automobile inside and out.—Are you there? Li'l Bit? *(Slides end here.)*

LI'L BIT. —What?

PECK. You're drifting. I need you to concentrate.

LI'L BIT. Sorry.

PECK. Okay. Get into the driver's seat. *(Li'l Bit does.)* Okay. Now. Show me what you're going to do before you start the car. *(Li'l Bit sits, with her hands in her lap. She starts to giggle.)*

LI'L BIT. I don't know, Uncle Peck.

PECK. Now, come on. What's the first thing you're going to adjust?

LI'L BIT. My bra strap—?

PECK. Li'l Bit. What's the most important thing to have control of on the inside of the car?

LI'L BIT. That's easy. The radio. I tune the radio from Mama's old fart tunes to: *(Li'l Bit turns the radio up so we can hear a 1960s tune. With surprising firmness, Peck commands.)*

PECK. Radio off. Right now. *(Li'l Bit turns the radio off.)* When you are driving your car, with your license, you can fiddle with the stations all you want. But when you are driving with a learner's permit in my car, I want all your attention to be on the road.

LI'L BIT. Yes sir.

PECK. Okay. Now the seat—forward and up. *(Li'l Bit pushes it forward.)* Do you want a cushion?

LI'L BIT. No—I'm good.

PECK. You should be able to reach all the switches and controls. Your feet should be able to push the accelerator, brake and clutch all the way down. Can you do that?

LI'L BIT. Yes.

PECK. Okay, the side mirrors. You want to be able to see just a bit of the right side of the car in the right mirror—can you?

LI'L BIT. Turn it out more—

PECK. Okay. How's that?

LI'L BIT. A little more. . . . Okay, that's good.

PECK. Now the left—again, you want to be able to see behind you but the left lane—adjust it until you feel comfortable. *(Li'l Bit does so.)* Next. I want you to check the rear view mirror. Angle it so you have a clear vision of the back. *(Li'l Bit does so.)* Okay. Lock your door. Make sure all the doors are locked.

Li'l BIT. (*Making a joke of it.*) But then I'm locked in with you.

PECK. Don't fool.

Li'l BIT. All right. We're locked in.

PECK. We'll deal with the air vents and defroster later. I'm teaching you on a manual—once you learn manual, you can drive anything. I want you to be able to drive any car, any machine. Manual gives you *control*. In ice, if your brakes fail, if you need more power—okay? It's a little harder at first, but then it becomes like breathing. Now. Put your hands on the wheel. I never want to see you driving with one hand. Always two hands. (*Li'l Bit hesitates.*) What? What is it now?

Li'l BIT. If I put my hands on the wheel—how do I defend myself?

PECK. (*Softly.*) Now listen. Listen up close. We're not going to fool around with this. This is serious business. I will never touch you when you are driving a car. Understand?

Li'l BIT. Okay.

PECK. Hands on the nine o'clock and three o'clock position gives you maximum control and turn. (*Peck goes silent for a while. Li'l Bit waits for more instruction.*)

Okay. Just relax and listen to me, Li'l Bit, okay? I want you to lift your hands for a second and look at them—(*Li'l Bit feels a bit silly, but does it.*)

Those are your two hands. When you are driving, your life is in your own two hands. Understand? (*Li'l Bit nods.*)

I don't have any sons. You're the nearest to a son I'll ever have—and I want to give you something. Something that really matters to me.

There's something about driving—when you're in control of the car, just you and the machine and the road—that nobody can take from you. A power. I feel more myself in my car than anywhere else. And that's what I want to give to you.

There's a lot of assholes out there. Crazy men, arrogant idiots, drunks, angry kids, geezers who are blind—and you have to be ready for them. I want to teach you to drive like a man.

Li'l BIT. What does that mean?

PECK. Men are taught to drive with confidence—with aggression. The road belongs to them. They drive defensively—always looking out for the other guy. Women tend to be polite—to hesitate. And that can be fatal.

You're going to learn to think what the other guy is going to do before he does it. If there's an accident, and ten cars pile up, and people get killed, you're the one who's gonna steer through it, put your foot on the gas if you have to, and be the only one to walk away. I don't know how long you or I are going to live, but we're for damned sure not going to die in a car.

So if you're going to drive with me, I want you to take this very seriously.

Li'l BIT. I will, Uncle Peck. I want you to teach me to drive.

PECK. Good. You're going to pass your test on the first try. Perfect score. Before the next four weeks are over, you're going to know this baby inside and out. Treat her with respect.

Li'l BIT. Why is it a "she"?

PECK. Good question. It doesn't have to be a "she"—but when you close your eyes and think of someone who responds to your touch—someone who performs

just for you and gives you what you ask for—I guess I always see a "she." You can call her what you like.

Li'l BIT. (*To us.*) I closed my eyes—and decided not to change the gender.

THE VOICE. (*Continues:*) Defensive driving involves defending yourself from hazardous and sudden changes in your automotive environment. By thinking ahead, the defensive driver can adjust to weather, road conditions and road kill. Good defensive driving involves mental and physical preparation. Are you prepared?

ANOTHER VOICE. (*Chiming in.*) You and the reverse gear.

Li'l BIT. 1966. The anthropology of the female body in Ninth Grade; Or A Walk Down Mammary Lane. (*Throughout the following, there is occasional rhythmic beeping, like a transmitter signalling. Li'l Bit is aware of it, but can't figure out where it is coming from. No one else seems to hear it.*)

MALE GREEK CHORUS. In the hallway of Francis Scott Key Middle School.

(*A bell rings; the Greek Chorus is changing classes and meet in the hall, conspiratorially.*)

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. She's coming! (*Li'l Bit enters the scene; the Male Greek Chorus member has a sudden, violent sneezing and lethal allergy attack.*)

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. Jerome? Jerome? Are you all right?

MALE GREEK CHORUS. I—don't—know. I can't breathe—get Li'l Bit—

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. He needs oxygen!

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. —Can you help us here?

Li'l BIT. What's wrong? Do you want me to get the school nurse—(*The Male Greek Chorus member wheezes, grabs his throat, and sniffs at Li'l Bit's chest, which is beeping away.*)

MALE GREEK CHORUS. No—it's okay—I only get this way when I'm around an allergy trigger—

Li'l BIT. Golly. What are you allergic to?

MALE GREEK CHORUS. (*With a sudden grab of her breast.*) Foam rubber. (*The Greek Chorus members break up with hilarity; Jerome leaps away from Li'l Bit's kicking rage with agility; as he retreats:*)

Li'l BIT. Jerome! Creep! Cretin! Cro-Magnon!

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. Rage is not attractive in a girl.

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. Really. Get a Sense of Humor.

THE VOICE. (*Echoes:*) Good defensive driving involves mental and physical preparation. Were you prepared?

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. Gym Class: In the showers. (*The sudden sound of water; the Female Greek Chorus members and Li'l Bit, while fully clothed, drape towels across their fronts, miming nudity. They stand, hesitate, at an imaginary shower's edge.*)

Li'l BIT. Water looks hot.

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. Yesss. . . . (*Female Greek Chorus members are not going to make the first move. One dips a tentative toe under the water, clutching the towel around her.*)

Li'l BIT. Well, I guess we'd better shower and get out of here.

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. Yep. You go ahead. I'm still cooling off.

Li'l BIT. Okay.—Sally? Are you gonna shower?

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. After you—(*Li'l Bit takes a deep breath for courage, drops the towel and plunges in: the two Female Greek Chorus members look at Li'l Bit in the all together, laugh, gasp, and high-five each other.*) Oh my god! Can you believe—

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. Told you! It's not foam rubber! I win! Jerome owes me fifty cents!

THE VOICE. (*Editorializes:*) Were you prepared? (*Li'l Bit tries to cover up; exposed, as suddenly 1960s Motown fills the room and we segue into:*)

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. The Sock Hop. (*Li'l Bit stands up against the wall with her female classmates. Teenage Greek Chorus is mesmerized by the music and just sways alone, lip-synching the lyrics.*)

LI'L BIT. I don't know. Maybe it's just me—but—do you ever feel like you're just a walking Mary Jane joke?

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. I don't know what you mean.

LI'L BIT. You haven't heard the Mary Jane jokes? (*Female Greek Chorus member shakes her head no.*) Okay. "Little Mary Jane is walking through the woods, when all of a sudden this man who was hiding behind a tree jumps out, rips open Mary Jane's blouse, and plunges his hands on her breasts. And Little Mary Jane just laughed and laughed because she knew her money was in her shoes." (*Li'l Bit laughs; the Female Greek Chorus does not.*)

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. You're weird. (*In another space, in a strange light, Uncle Peck stands and stares at Li'l Bit's body. He is setting up a tripod, but he just stands, appreciative, watching her.*)

LI'L BIT. Well, don't you ever feel . . . self-conscious? Like you're being looked at all the time?

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. That's not a problem for me.—Oh—look—Greg's coming over to ask you to dance. (*Teenage Greek Chorus becomes attentive, flustered. Male Greek Chorus member, as Greg, bends slightly as a very short young man, whose head is at Li'l Bit's chest level. Ardent, sincere and socially inept, Greg will become a successful gynecologist.*)

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. (*Softly.*) Hi, Greg. (*Greg does not hear. He is intent on only one thing.*)

MALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Greg, to Li'l Bit.*) Good Evening. Would you care to dance?

LI'L BIT. (*Gently.*) Thank you very much, Greg—but I'm going to sit this one out.

MALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Greg.*) Oh. Okay. I'll try my luck later. (*He disappears.*)

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. Oohhh. (*Li'l Bit relaxes. Then she tenses, aware of Peck's gaze.*)

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. Take pity on him. Someone should.

LI'L BIT. But he's so short.

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. He can't help it.

LI'L BIT. But his head comes up to—(*Li'l Bit gestures.*)—Here. And I think he asks me on the fast dances so he can watch me—you know—jiggle.

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. I wish I had your problems. (*The tune changes; Greg is across the room in a flash.*)

MALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Greg.*) Evening again. May I ask you for the honor of a spin on the floor?

LI'L BIT. I'm . . . very complimented, Greg. But I . . . I just don't do fast dances.

MALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Greg.*) Oh. No problem. That's okay. (*He disappears. Teenage Greek Chorus watches him go.*)

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. That is just so—*sad.* (*Li'l Bit becomes aware of Peck waiting.*)

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. You know, you should take it as a compliment that the guys want to watch you jiggle. They're guys. That's what they're supposed to do.

LI'L BIT. I guess you're right. But sometimes I feel like these alien life forces, these two mounds of flesh have grafted themselves onto my chest, and they're using me until they can "propagate" and take over the world and they'll just keep growing, with a mind of their own until I collapse under their weight and they suck all the nourishment out of my body and I finally just waste away while they get bigger and bigger and—(*Li'l Bit's classmates are just staring at her in disbelief.*)

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. You are the strangest girl I have ever met. (*Li'l Bit's trying to joke but feels on the verge of tears.*)

LI'L BIT. Or maybe someone's implanted radio transmitters in my chest at a frequency I can't hear, that girls can't detect, but they're sending out these signals to men who get mesmerized, like sirens, calling them to dash themselves on these "rocks": (*Just then, the music segues into a slow dance, perhaps a Beach Boys tune like "Little Surfer," but over the music there's a rhythmic, hypnotic beeping transmitted, that both Greg and Peck hear. Li'l Bit hears it too, and in horror she stares at her chest. She, too, is almost hypnotized: in a trance, Greg responds to the signals and is called to her side—actually, her front. Like a zombie, he stands in front of her, his eyes planted on her two orbs.*)

MALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Greg.*) This one's a slow dance. I hope your dance card isn't . . . filled? (*Li'l Bit is aware of Peck; but the signals are calling her to him. The signals are no longer transmitters, but an electromagnetic force, pulling Li'l Bit to his side, where he again waits for her to join him. She must get away from the dance floor.*)

LI'L BIT. Greg—you really are a nice boy. But I don't like to dance.

MALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Greg.*) That's okay. We don't have to move or anything. I could just hold you and we could just *sway* a little—

LI'L BIT. No! I'm sorry—but I think I have to leave; I hear someone calling me—(*Li'l Bit starts across the dance floor, leaving Greg behind. The beeping stops. The lights change, although the music does not. As Li'l Bit talks to us, she continues to change and prepare for the coming session. She should be wearing a tight tank top or a sheer blouse and very tight pants. To us.*)

In every man's home some small room, some zone in his house is set aside. It might be the attic, or the study, or a den. And there's an invisible sign as if from the old treehouse: Girls Keep Out.

Here, away from female eyes, lace doilies and crochet, he keeps his manly toys: the Vargas pin-ups, the tackle. A scent of tobacco and WD-40. (*She inhales deeply.*)

A dash of his Bay Rum. Ahhh—(*Li'l Bit savors it for just a moment more.*)

Here he keeps his secrets: a violin or saxophone, drum set or dark room, and the stacks of Playboy. (*In a whisper.*)

Here, in my aunt's home, it was the basement. Uncle Peck's turf.

VOICE. (*Commands.*) You and the reverse gear.

Li'l BIT. 1965. The Photo-Shoot. (*Li'l Bit steps into the scene as a nervous but curious thirteen-year-old. Music, from the previous scene, continues to play, changing into something like Roy Orbison later—something seductive with a beat. Peck fiddles, all business, with his camera. As in the driving lesson, he is all competency and concentration. Li'l Bit stands awkwardly. He looks through the Leica camera on the tripod, adjusts the back lighting, etc.*)

PECK. Are you cold? The lights should heat up some in a few minutes—

Li'l BIT. —Aunt Mary is?

PECK. At the National Theatre matinee. With your mother. We have time.

Li'l BIT. But—what if—

PECK. —And so what if they return? I told them you and I were going to be working with my camera. They won't come down. (*Li'l Bit is quiet, apprehensive.*)—Look, are you sure you want to do this?

Li'l BIT. I said I'd do it. But—

PECK. —I know. You've drawn the lines.

Li'l BIT. (*Reassured.*) That's right. No frontal nudity.

PECK. Good heavens, girl, where did you pick that up?

Li'l BIT. (*Defensive.*) I read. (*Peck tries not to laugh.*)

PECK. And I read *Playboy* for the interviews. Okay. Let's try some different music.

(*Peck goes to an expensive reel to reel and forwards. Something like "Sweet Dreams" begins to play.*)

Li'l BIT. I didn't know you listened to this.

PECK. I'm not dead, you know. I try to keep up. Do you like this song? (*Li'l Bit nods with pleasure.*) Good. Now listen—at professional photo shoots, they always play music for the models. Okay? I want you to just enjoy the music. Listen to it with your body, and just—respond.

Li'l BIT. Respond to the music with my . . . body?

PECK. Right. Almost like dancing. Here—let's get you on the stool, first. (*Peck comes over and helps her up.*)

Li'l BIT. But nothing showing—(*Peck firmly, with his large capable hands, brushes back her hair, angles her face. Li'l Bit turns to him like a plant to the sun.*)

PECK. Nothing showing. Just a peek. (*He holds her by the shoulder, looking at her critically. Then he unbuttons her blouse to the mid-point, and runs his hands over the flesh of her exposed sternum, arranging the fabric, just touching her. Deliberately, calmly. Asexually. Li'l Bit quiets, sits perfectly still, and closes her eyes.*) Okay?

Li'l BIT. Yes. (*Peck goes back to his camera.*)

PECK. I'm going to keep talking to you. Listen without responding to what I'm saying; you want to *listen* to the music. Sway, move just your torso or your head—I've got to check the light meter:

Li'l BIT. But—you'll be watching.

PECK. No—I'm not here—just my voice. Pretend you're in your room all alone on a Friday night with your mirror—and the music feels good—just move for me, Li'l Bit—(*Li'l Bit closes her eyes. At first self-conscious, she gets more into the music and begins to sway: we hear the camera start to whir. Throughout the shoot, there can be a slide montage of actual shots of the actor playing Li'l Bit—interspersed with other models à la Playboy, Calvin Klein and Victoriana/Lewis Carroll's Alice Liddell.*)

That's it. That looks great. Okay. Just keep doing that. Lift your head up a bit more, good, good, just keep moving, that a girl—you're a very beautiful young woman. Do you know that? (*Li'l Bit looks up, blushes. Peck shoots the camera. We should see this shot on the screen.*)

Li'l BIT. No. I don't know that.

PECK. Listen to the music. (*Li'l Bit closes her eyes again.*) Well you are. For a thirteen-year-old, you have a body a twenty-year-old woman would die for.

Li'l BIT. The boys in school don't think so.

PECK. The boys in school are little Neanderthals in short pants. You're ten years ahead of them in maturity; it's gonna take a while for them to catch up. (*Peck clicks another shot; we see a faint smile on Li'l Bit on the screen.*) Girls turn into women long before boys turn into men.

Li'l BIT. Why is that?

PECK. I don't know, Li'l Bit. But it's a blessing for men. (*Li'l Bit turns silent.*) Keep moving. Try arching your back on the stool, hands behind you, and throw your head back—(*The slide shows a Playboy model in this pose.*) Oohh, great. That one was great. Turn your head away, same position—(*Whir.*) Beautiful. (*Li'l Bit looks at him a bit defiantly.*)

Li'l BIT. I think Aunt Mary is beautiful. (*Peck stands still.*)

PECK. My wife is a very beautiful woman. Her beauty doesn't cancel yours out. (*More casually; he returns to the camera.*) All the women in your family are beautiful. In fact, I think all women are. You're not listening to the music. (*Peck shoots some more film in silence.*) All right, Turn your head to the left. Good. Now take the back of your right hand and put in on your right cheek—your elbow angled up—now slowly, slowly, stroke your cheek, draw back your hair with the back of your hand—(*Another classic Playboy or Vargas.*) Good. One hand above and behind your head; stretch your body; smile—(*Another pose.*) Li'l Bit. I want you to think of something that makes you laugh—

Li'l BIT. I can't think of anything.

PECK. Okay. Think of Big Papa chasing Grandma around the living room—(*Li'l Bit lifts her head and laughs. Click. We should see this shot.*) Good. Both hands behind your head. Great! Hold that—(*From behind his camera.*) You're doing great work. If we keep this up, in five years we'll have a really professional portfolio—(*Li'l Bit stops.*)

Li'l BIT. What do you mean in five years?

PECK. You can't submit work to *Playboy* until you're eighteen. (*Peck continues to shoot; he knows he's made a mistake.*)

Li'l BIT. —Wait a minute. You're joking, aren't you, Uncle Peck?

PECK. Heck, no. You can't get into *Playboy* unless you're the very best. And you are the very best.

Li'l BIT. I would never do that! (*Peck stops shooting. He turns off the music.*)

PECK. Why? There's nothing wrong with *Playboy*—it's a very classy maga—

Li'l BIT. (*More upset.*) But I thought you said I should go to college!

PECK. Wait—Li'l Bit—it's nothing like that. Very respectable women model for *Playboy*—actresses with major careers—women in college—there's an Ivy League issue every—

Li'l BIT. —I'm never doing anything like that! You'd show other people these—other *men*—these—what I'm doing—why would you do that?!

Any boy around here could just pick up, just go into The Stop & Go and buy—Why would you ever want to—to share—

PECK. Whoa, whoa. Just stop a second and listen to me. Li'l Bit. Listen. There's nothing wrong in what we're doing. I'm very proud of you. I think you have a wonderful body and an even more wonderful mind. And of course I want other people to appreciate it. It's not anything shameful.

Li'l BIT. (*Hurt.*) But this is something—that I'm only doing for you. This is something—that you said was just between us.

PECK. It is. And if that's how you feel, five years from now, it will remain that way. Okay? I know you're not going to do anything you don't feel like doing. (*He walks back to the camera.*) Do you want to stop now? I've got just a few more shots on this roll—

Li'l BIT. I don't want anyone seeing this.

PECK. I swear to you. No one will. I'll treasure this—that you're doing this only for me. (*Li'l Bit, still shaken, sits on the stool. She closes her eyes.*) Li'l Bit? Open your eyes and look at me. (*Li'l Bit shakes her head no.*) Come on. Just open your eyes, honey.

Li'l BIT. If I look at you—if I look at the camera: you're gonna know what I'm thinking. You'll see right through me—

PECK. —No, I won't. I want you to look at me. All right, then. I just want you to listen. Li'l Bit. (*She waits.*) I love you. (*Li'l Bit opens her eyes; startled. Peck captures the shot. On the screen we see right through her. Peck says softly.*) Do you know that? (*Li'l Bit nods her head yes.*) I have loved you every day since the day you were born.

Li'l BIT. Yes. (*Li'l Bit and Peck just look at each other. Beat. Beneath the shot of herself on the screen, Li'l Bit, still looking at her uncle, begins to unbutton her blouse.*)

A NEUTRAL VOICE. (*Cutting off the above scene.*) Implied consent. As an individual operating a motor vehicle in the state of Maryland, you must abide by 'Implied Consent.' If you do not consent to take the Blood Alcohol Content test, there may be severe penalties: a suspension of license, a fine, community service and a possible jail sentence. (*Shifting tone.*) Idling in the neutral gear:

MALE GREEK CHORUS. (*Announcing.*) Aunt Mary on behalf of her husband. (*Female Greek Chorus checks her appearance, and with dignity comes to the front of the stage and sits down to talk to us.*)

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Aunt Mary.*) My husband was such a good man—is. Is such a good man. Every night, he does the dishes. The second he comes home, he's taking out the garbage, or doing yard work, lifting the heavy things I can't. Everyone in the neighborhood borrows Peck—it's true—women with husbands of their own, men who just don't have Peck's abilities—there's always a knock on our door for a jump start on cold mornings, when anyone needs a ride, or help shoveling the sidewalk—I look out, and there Peck is, without a coat, pitching in.

I know I'm lucky. The man works from dawn to dusk. And the overtime he does every year—my poor sister. She sits every Christmas when I come to dinner with a new stole, or diamonds, or with the tickets to Bermuda.

I know he has troubles. And we don't talk about them. I wonder, sometimes, what happened to him during the war. The men who fought World War II didn't have "rap sessions" to talk about their feelings. Men in his

generation were expected to be quiet about it and get on with their lives. And sometimes I can feel him just fighting the trouble—whatever has burrowed deeper than the scar tissue—and we don't talk about it. I know he's having a bad spell because he comes looking for me in the house, and just hangs around me until it passes. And I keep my banter light—I discuss a new recipe, or sales, or gossip—because I think domesticity can be a balm for men when they're lost. We sit in the house and listen to the peace of the clock ticking in his well-ordered living room, until it passes. (*Sharply.*)

I'm not a fool. I know what's going on. I wish you could feel how hard Peck fights against it—he's swimming against the tide, and what he needs is to see me on the shore, believing in him, knowing he won't go under, he won't give up—

And I want to say this about my niece. She's a sly one, that one is. She knows exactly what she's doing; she's twisted Peck around her little finger and thinks it's all a big secret. Yet another one who's borrowing my husband until it doesn't suit her anymore.

Well. I'm counting the days until she goes away to school. And she manipulates someone else. And then he'll come back again, and sit in the kitchen while I bake, or beside me on the sofa when I sew in the evenings. I'm a very patient woman. But I'd like my husband back.

I am counting the days.

VOICE. (*Repeats.*) You and the reverse gear.

MALE GREEK CHORUS. Li'l Bit's 13th Christmas. Uncle Peck Does the Dishes. Christmas 1964. (*Peck stands in a dress shirt and tie, nice pants, with an apron. He is washing dishes. He's in a mood we haven't seen. Quiet, brooding. Li'l Bit watches him a moment before seeking him out.*)

Li'l BIT. Uncle Peck? (*He does not answer. He continues to work on the pots.*) I didn't know where you'd gone to. (*He nods. She takes this as a sign to come in.*) Don't you want to sit with us for a while?

PECK. No. I'd rather do the dishes. (*Pause. Li'l Bit watches him.*)

Li'l BIT. You're the only man I know who does dishes. (*Peck says nothing.*) I think it's really nice.

PECK. My wife has been on her feet all day. So's your grandmother and your mother.

Li'l BIT. I know. (*Beat.*) Do you want some help?

PECK. No. (*He softens a bit towards her.*) You can help by just talking to me.

Li'l BIT. Big Papa never does the dishes. I think it's nice.

PECK. I think men should be nice to women. Women are always working for us. There's nothing particularly manly in wolfing down food and then sitting around in a stupor while the women clean up.

Li'l BIT. That looks like a really neat camera that Aunt Mary got you.

PECK. It is. It's a very nice one. (*Pause, as Peck works on the dishes and some demon that Li'l Bit intuits.*)

Li'l BIT. Did Big Papa hurt your feelings?

PECK. (*Tired.*) What? Oh, no—it doesn't hurt me. Family is family. I'd rather have him picking on me than—I don't pay him any mind, Li'l Bit.

Li'l BIT. Are you angry with us?

PECK. No, Li'l Bit. I'm not angry. (*Another pause.*)

Li'l BIT. We missed you at Thanksgiving... I did. I missed you.

PECK. Well, there were . . . "things" going on. I didn't want to spoil anyone's Thanksgiving.

LPL BIT. Uncle Peck? (*Very carefully.*) Please don't drink anymore tonight.

PECK. I'm not . . . "over-doing" it.

LPL BIT. I know. (*Beat.*) Why do you drink so much? (*Peck stops and thinks, carefully.*)

PECK. Well, Li'l Bit—let me explain it this way. There are some people who have a—a "fire" in the belly. I think they go to work on Wall Street or they run for office. And then there are people who have a "fire" in their heads—and they become writers or scientists or historians. (*He smiles a little at her.*) You. You've got a "fire" in the head. And then there are people like me.

LPL BIT. Where do you have . . . a fire?

PECK. I have a fire in my heart. And sometimes the drinking helps.

LPL BIT. There's got to be other things that can help.

PECK. I suppose there are.

LPL BIT. Does it help—to talk to me?

PECK. Yes. It does. (*Quiet.*) I don't get to see you very much.

LPL BIT. I know. (*Li'l Bit thinks.*) You could talk to me more.

PECK. Oh?

LPL BIT. I could make a deal with you, Uncle Peck.

PECK. I'm listening.

LPL BIT. We could meet and talk—once a week. You could just store up whatever's

bothering you during the week—and then we could talk.

PECK. Would you like that?

LPL BIT. As long as you don't drink. I'd meet you somewhere for lunch or for a

walk—on the weekends—as long as you stop drinking. And we could talk

about whatever you want.

PECK. You would do that for me?

LPL BIT. I don't think I'd want Mom to know. Or Aunt Mary. I wouldn't want

them to think—

PECK. —No. It would just be us talking.

LPL BIT. I'll tell Mom I'm going to a girlfriend's. To study. Mom doesn't get home

until six, so you can call me after school and tell me where to meet you.

PECK. You get home at four?

LPL BIT. We can meet once a week. But only in public. You've got to let me—draw

the line. And once it's drawn, you mustn't cross it.

PECK. Understood.

LPL BIT. Would that help? (*Peck is very moved.*)

PECK. Yes. Very much.

LPL BIT. —I'm going to join the others in the living room now. (*Li'l Bit turns*

to go.)

PECK. Merry Christmas, Li'l Bit. (*Li'l Bit bestows a very warm smile on him.*)

LPL BIT. Merry Christmas, Uncle Peck.

VOICE. (*Dictates.*) Shifting forward from second to third gear. (*The Male and Female*

Greek Chorus members come forward.)

MALE GREEK CHORUS. 1969. Days and gifts: a Countdown:

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. A note. "September 3, 1969. Li'l Bit: you've only

been away two days and it feels like months. Hope your dorm room is cozy. I'm

sending you this tape cassette—it's a new model—so you'll have some music in your room. Also that music you're reading about for class—Carmina Burana. Hope you enjoy. Only 90 days to go!—Peck."

MALE GREEK CHORUS. September 22. A bouquet of roses. A note: "Miss you like crazy. 69 days . . ."

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. September 25. A box of chocolates. A card: "Don't worry about the weight gain. You still look great. Got a post office box—write to me there. 66 days—Love, your candy man."

MALE GREEK CHORUS. October 16. A note: "Am trying to get through the Jane Austin you're reading—Emma—here's a book in return: *Liaisons Dangereuse*. Hope you're saving time for me." Scrawled in the margin the number: "47"

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. "November 16: sixteen days to go!—hope you like the perfume—having a hard time reaching you on the dorm phone. You must be in the library a lot. Won't you think about me getting you your own phone so we can talk?"

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. November 18: "Li'l Bit—got a package returned to the PO Box. Have you changed dorms? Call me at work or write to the PO. Am still on the wagon. Waiting to see you. Only two weeks more!"

MALE GREEK CHORUS. November 23: A letter: "Li'l Bit. So disappointed you couldn't come home for the turkey. Sending you some money for a nice dinner out—nine days and counting!"

GREEK CHORUS. (*In unison.*) November 25th: a letter:

LPL BIT. "Dear Uncle Peck: I am sending this to you at work. Don't come up next weekend for my birthday. I will not be here—"

VOICE. (*Directs.*) Shifting forward from third to fourth gear.

MALE GREEK CHORUS. December 10, 1969. A hotel room. Philadelphia. There is no moon tonight. (*Peck sits on the side of the bed while Li'l Bit paces. He can't believe she's in his room, but there's a desperate edge to his happiness. Li'l Bit is furious, edgy. There is a bottle of champagne in an ice bucket in a very nice hotel room.*)

PECK. Why don't you sit?

LPL BIT. I don't want to.—What's the champagne for?

PECK. I thought we might toast your birthday—

LPL BIT. —I am so pissed off at you, Uncle Peck.

PECK. —Why?

LPL BIT. —I mean, are you crazy?

PECK. What did I do?

LPL BIT. You scared the holy crap out of me—sending me that stuff in the mail—

PECK. —They were gifts! I just wanted to give you some little perks your first semester—

LPL BIT. —Well, what the hell were those numbers all about! 44 days to go—only two more weeks—and then just numbers—69—68—67—like some serial killer!

PECK. Li'l Bit! Whoa! This is me you're talking to—I was just trying to pick up your spirits, trying to celebrate your birthday—

LPL BIT. My *eighteenth* birthday. I'm not a child, Uncle Peck. You were counting down to my eighteenth birthday.

PECK. So?

LPL BIT. So? So statutory rape is not in effect when a young woman turns eighteen.

And you and I both know it. *(Peck is walking on ice.)*

PECK. I think you misunderstand.

LPL BIT. I think I understand all too well. I know what you want to do five steps
ahead of you doing it. Defensive driving 101.

PECK. Then why did you suggest we meet here instead of the restaurant?

LPL BIT. I don't want to have this conversation in public.

PECK. Fine. Fine. We have a lot to talk about.

LPL BIT. Yeah. We do. *(Li'l Bit doesn't want to do what she has to do.)* Could I—have
some of that champagne?

PECK. Of course, madam! *(Peck makes a big show of it.)*

Let me do the honors. I wasn't sure which you might prefer—Taittingers
or Veuve Cliquot—so I thought we'd start out with an old standard—Perrier
Jouet. *(The bottle is popped.)*

Quick—Li'l Bit—your glass! *(Uncle Peck fills Li'l Bit's glass. He puts the
bottle back in the ice and goes for a can of ginger ale.)*

Let me get some of this ginger ale—my bubbly—and toast you—*(He turns
and sees that Li'l Bit has not waited for him.)*

LPL BIT. Oh—sorry, Uncle Peck. Let me have another—*(Peck fills her glass and
reaches for his ginger ale: she stops him.)* Uncle Peck—maybe you should join me
in the champagne.

PECK. You want me to—drink?

LPL BIT. It's not polite to let a lady drink alone.

PECK. Well, missy, if you insist—*(Peck hesitates.)*—Just one. It's been a while. *(Peck
fills another flute for himself.)* There. I'd like to propose a toast to you and your
birthday! *(Peck sips it tentatively.)* I'm not used to this anymore.

LPL BIT. You don't have anywhere to go tonight, do you? *(Peck hopes this is a good
sign.)*

PECK. I'm all yours.—God, it's good to see you! I've gotten so used to . . . to . . .
talking to you in my head. I'm used to seeing you every week—there's so
much—I don't quite know where to begin. How's school, Li'l Bit?

LPL BIT. I—it's hard. Uncle Peck. Harder than I thought it would be. I'm in the
middle of exams and papers and—I don't know.

PECK. You'll pull through. You always do.

LPL BIT. Maybe. I . . . might be flunking out.

PECK. You always think the worse, Li'l Bit, but when the going gets tough—*(Li'l Bit
shrugs and pours herself another glass.)* Hey, honey, go easy on that stuff, okay?

LPL BIT. Is it very expensive?

PECK. Only the best for you. But the cost doesn't matter—champagne should be
"sipped." *(Li'l Bit is quiet.)* Look—if you're in trouble in school—you can
always come back home for a while.

LPL BIT. No—*(Li'l Bit tries not to be so harsh.)* Thanks, Uncle Peck, but I'll figure
some way out of this.

PECK. You're supposed to get in scrapes, your first year away from home.

LPL BIT. Right. How's Aunt Mary?

PECK. She's fine. *(Pause.)* Well—how about the new car?

LPL BIT. It's real nice. What is it, again?

PECK. It's a Cadillac El Dorado.

LPL BIT. Oh. Well, I'm real happy for you, Uncle Peck.

PECK. I got it for you.

LPL BIT. What?

PECK. I always wanted to get a Cadillac—but I thought, Peck, wait until Li'l Bit's
old enough—and thought maybe you'd like to drive it, too.

LPL BIT. *(Confused.)* Why would I want to drive your car?

PECK. Just because it's the best—I want you to have the best. *(They are running out
of "gas": small talk.)*

LPL BIT. *(Simultaneously.)* **PECK.** *(Simultaneously.)*

Listen, Uncle Peck, I don't—I have been thinking of how
know how to begin this, to say this in my head, over
but—and over—

PECK. Sorry.

LPL BIT. You first.

PECK. Well, your going away—has just made me realize how much I miss you.
Talking to you and being alone with you. I've really come to depend on you,
Li'l Bit. And it's been so hard to get in touch with you lately—the distance
and—and you're never in when I call—I guess you've been living in the
library—

LPL BIT. No—the problem is, I haven't been in the library—

PECK. Well, it doesn't matter—I hope you've been missing me as much.

LPL BIT. Uncle Peck—I've been thinking a lot about this—and I came here tonight
to tell you that—I'm not doing very well. I'm getting very confused—I can't
concentrate on my work—and now that I'm away—I've been going over and
over it in my mind—and I don't want us to "see" each other anymore. Other
than with the rest of the family.

PECK. *(Quiet.)* Are you seeing other men?

LPL BIT. *(Getting agitated.)* I—no, that's not the reason—I—well, yes, I am seeing
other—listen, it's not really anybody's business!

PECK. Are you in love with anyone else?

LPL BIT. That's not what this is about.

PECK. Li'l Bit—you're scared. Your mother and your grandparents have filled your
head with all kinds of nonsense about men—I hear them working on you all
the time—and you're scared. It won't hurt you—if the man you go to bed with
really loves you. *(Li'l Bit is scared. She starts to tremble.)* And I have loved you
since the day I held you in my hand. And I think everyone's just gotten you
frightened to death about something that is just like breathing—

LPL BIT. Oh, my god—*(She takes a breath.)* I can't see you anymore, Uncle Peck.
(Peck downs the rest of his champagne.)

PECK. Li'l Bit. Listen. Listen. Open your eyes and look at me. Come on. Just open
your eyes, honey. *(Li'l Bit, eyes squeezed shut, refuses.)* All right then. I just want
you to listen. Li'l Bit—I'm going to ask you just this once. Of your own free
will. Just lie down on the bed with me—our clothes on—just lie down with
me, a man and a woman—and let's—hold one another. Nothing else. Before
you say anything else. I want the chance to—hold you. Because sometimes the
body knows things that the mind isn't listening to . . . and after I've held you,
then I want you to tell me what you feel.

LPL BIT. You'll just . . . hold me?

PECK. Yes. And then you can tell me what you're feeling. (*Li'l Bit—half wanting to run, half wanting to get it over with, half wanting to be held by him.*) 585

LPL BIT. Yes. All right. Just hold. Nothing else. (*Peck lies down on the bed and holds his arms out to her. Li'l Bit lies beside him, putting her head on his chest. He looks as if he's trying to soak her into his pores by osmosis. He strokes her hair, and she lies very still. The Male Greek Chorus member and the Female Greek Chorus member as Aunt Mary come into the room.*)

MALE GREEK CHORUS. Recipe for a Southern Boy:

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Aunt Mary.*) A drawl of molasses in the way he speaks.

MALE GREEK CHORUS. A gumbo of red and brown mixed in the cream of his skin. (*While Peck lies, his eyes closed, Li'l Bit rises in the bed and responds to her Aunt.*)

LPL BIT. Warm brown eyes—

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Aunt Mary.*)—Bedroom eyes—

MALE GREEK CHORUS.—A dash of Southern Baptist Fire and Brimstone—

LPL BIT. A curl of Elvis on his forehead—

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Aunt Mary.*) A splash of Bay Rum—

MALE GREEK CHORUS. A closely shaven beard that he razors just for you—

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Aunt Mary.*) Large hands—rough hands—

LPL BIT.—Warm hands—

MALE GREEK CHORUS. The steel of Marines in his walk—

LPL BIT. The slouch of the fishing skiff in his walk—

MALE GREEK CHORUS. Neatly pressed khakis—

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Aunt Mary.*) And under the wide leather of the belt—

LPL BIT. Sweat of cypress and sand—

MALE GREEK CHORUS. Neatly pressed khakis—

LPL BIT. His heart beating Dixie—

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Aunt Mary.*) The whisper of the zipper—you could reach out with your hand and—

LPL BIT. His mouth—

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Aunt Mary.*) You could just reach out and—

LPL BIT. Hold him in your hand—

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. (*As Aunt Mary.*) And his mouth—(*Li'l Bit rises above her uncle and looks at his mouth; starts to lower herself to kiss him—and wrenches herself free. She gets up from the bed.*)

LPL BIT.—I've got to get back.

PECK. Wait—Li'l Bit. Did you . . . feel nothing?

LPL BIT. (*Lying.*) No. Nothing.

PECK. Do you—do you think of me? (*The Greek Chorus whispers.*)

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. Khakis—

MALE GREEK CHORUS. Bay Rum—

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. The whisper of the—

LPL BIT.—No. (*Peck, in a rush, trembling, gets something out of his pocket.*)

PECK. I'm forty-five. That's not old for a man. And I haven't been able to do anything else but think of you. I can't concentrate on my work—Li'l Bit. You've got to—I want you to think about what I am about to ask you.

LPL BIT. I'm listening. (*Peck opens a small ring box.*)

PECK. I want you to be my wife.

LPL BIT. This isn't happening.

PECK. I'll tell Mary I want a divorce. We're not blood-related. It would be legal—

LPL BIT.—What have you been thinking! You are married to my aunt, Uncle Peck. She's my family. You have—you have gone way over the line. Family is family. (*Quickly, Li'l Bit flies through the room, gets her coat.*)

I'm leaving. Now. I am not seeing you. Again. (*Peck lies down on the bed for a moment, trying to absorb the terrible news. For a moment, he almost curls into a fetal position.*)

I'm not coming home for Christmas. You should go home to Aunt Mary. Go home now, Uncle Peck. (*Peck gets control, and sits, rigid.*)

Uncle Peck?—I'm sorry but I have to go. (*Pause.*)

Are you all right. (*With a discipline that comes from being told that boys don't cry, Peck stands upright.*)

PECK. I'm fine. I just think—I need a real drink. (*The Male Greek Chorus has become a Bartender—at a small counter, he is lining up shots for Peck. As Li'l Bit narrates, we see Peck sitting, carefully and calmly downing shot glasses.*)

LPL BIT. (*To us.*) I never saw him again. I stayed away from Christmas and Thanksgiving for years after.

It took my uncle seven years to drink himself to death. First he lost his job, then his wife, and finally his driver's license. He retreated to his house, and had his bottles delivered. (*Peck stands, and puts his hands in front of him—almost like Superman flying.*)

One night he tried to go downstairs to the basement—and he flew down the steep basement stairs. My aunt came by weekly to put food on the porch—and she noticed the mail and the papers stacked up, uncollected.

They found him at the bottom of the stairs. Just steps away from his dark room.

Now that I'm old enough, there are some questions I would have liked to have asked him. Who did it to you, Uncle Peck? How old were you? Were you eleven? (*Peck moves to the driver's seat of a car and waits.*)

Sometimes I think of my uncle as a kind of Flying Dutchman. In the opera, the Dutchman is doomed to wander the sea; but every seven years he can come ashore—and if he finds a maiden who will love him of her own free will—he will be released.

And I see Uncle Peck in my mind, in his Chevy '56, a spirit driving up and down the back roads of Carolina—looking for a young girl who, of her own free will, will love him. Release him.

VOICE. (*States.*) You and the reverse gear.

LPL BIT. The summer of 1962. On Men, Sex, and Women: Part III. (*Li'l Bit steps, as an eleven-year-old, into:*)

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. It is out of the question. End of Discussion.

LPL BIT. But why?

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. Li'l Bit—we are not discussing this. I said no.

LPL BIT. But I could spend an extra week at the beach! You're not telling me why!

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. Your Uncle pays entirely too much attention to you.

LPL BIT. He listens to me when I talk. And—and he talks to me. He teaches me about things. Mama—he knows an awful lot.

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. He's a small town hick who's learned how to mix drinks from Hugh Hefner.

L'L BIT. Who's Hugh Hefner? *(Beat.)*

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. I am not letting an 11-year-old girl spend seven hours alone in the car with a man. . . . I don't like the way your uncle looks at you.

L'L BIT. For God's sake, mother! Just because you've gone through a bad time with my father—you think every man is evil!

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. Oh no, Li'l Bit—not all men. . . . We. . . . we just haven't been very lucky with the men in our family.

L'L BIT. Just because you lost your husband—I still deserve a chance at having a father! Someone! A man who will look out for me! Don't I get a chance?

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. I will feel terrible if something happens.

L'L BIT. Mother! It's in your head! Nothing will happen! I can take care of myself. And I can certainly handle Uncle Peck.

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. All right. But I'm warning you—if anything happens, I hold you responsible. *(Li'l Bit moves out of this scene and towards the car.)*

L'L BIT. 1962. On the back roads of Carolina: the First Driving Lesson. *(The Teenage Greek Chorus member stands apart on stage. She will speak all the lines. Li'l Bit sits beside Peck in the front seat. She looks at him closely, remembering.)*

PECK. Li'l Bit? Are you getting tired?

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. A little.

PECK. It's a long drive. But we're making really good time. We can take the back road from here and see . . . a little scenery. Say—I've got an idea—*(Peck checks his rear view mirror.)*

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. Are we stopping, Uncle Peck?

PECK. There's no traffic here. Do you want to drive?

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. I can't drive.

PECK. It's easy. I'll show you how. I started driving when I was your age. Don't you want to?

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. —But it's against the law at my age!

PECK. And that's why you can't tell anyone I'm letting you do this—

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. But—I can't reach the pedals.

PECK. You can sit in my lap and steer. I'll push the pedals for you. Did your father ever let you drive his car?

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. No way.

PECK. Want to try?

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. Okay. *(Li'l Bit moves into Peck's lap. She leans against him, closing her eyes.)*

PECK. You're just a little thing, aren't you? Okay—now think of the wheel as a big clock—I want you to put your right hand on the clock where three o'clock would be; and your left hand on the nine—*(Li'l Bit puts one hand to Peck's face, to stroke him. Then, she takes the wheel.)*

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. Am I doing it right?

PECK. That's right. Now, whatever you do, don't let go of the wheel. You tell me whether to go faster or slower—

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. Not so fast, Uncle Peck!

PECK. Li'l Bit—I need you to watch the road—*(Peck puts his hands on Li'l Bit's breasts. She relaxes against him, silent, accepting his touch.)*

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. Uncle Peck—what are you doing?

PECK. Keep driving. *(He slips his hands under her blouse.)*

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. Uncle Peck—please don't do this—

PECK. Just a moment longer—*(Peck tenses against Li'l Bit.)*

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. *(Trying not to cry.)* This isn't happening. *(Peck tenses more, sharply. He buries his face in Li'l Bit's neck, and moans softly. The Teenage Greek Chorus exits, and Li'l Bit steps out of the car. Peck, too, disappears.)*

VOICE. *(Reflects.)* Driving in today's world.

L'L BIT. That day was the last day I lived in my body. I retreated above the neck, and I've lived inside the "fire" in my head ever since.

And now that seems like a long, long time ago. When we were both very young.

And before you know it, I'll be thirty-five. That's getting up there for a woman. And I find myself believing in things that a younger self vowed never to believe in. Things like family and forgiveness.

I know I'm lucky. Although I still have never known what it feels like to jog or dance. Any thing that . . . "jiggles." I do like to watch people on the dance floor, or out on the running paths, just jiggling away. And I say—good for them. *(Li'l Bit moves to the car with pleasure.)*

The nearest sensation I feel—of flight in the body—I guess I feel when I'm driving. On a day like today. It's five A.M. The radio says it's going to be clear and crisp. I've got five hundred miles of highway ahead of me—and some back roads too. I filled the tank last night, and had the oil checked. Checked the tires, too. You've got to treat her . . . with respect.

First thing I do is: check under the car. To see if any two-year-olds or household cats have crawled beneath—and strategically placed their skulls behind my back tires—*(Li'l Bit crouches.)*

Nope. Then I get in the car. *(Li'l Bit does so.)*

I lock the doors. And turn the key. Then I adjust the most important control on the dashboard—the radio—*(Li'l Bit turns the radio on: we hear all of the Greek Chorus overlapping, and static.)*

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS. *(Overlapping.)*—"You were so tiny you fit in his hand"—

MALE GREEK CHORUS. *(Overlapping.)*—"How is Shakespeare gonna help her lie on her back in the—"

TEENAGE GREEK CHORUS. *(Overlapping.)*—"Am I doing it right?" *(Li'l Bit fine-tunes the radio station. A song like "Dedicated to the One I Love" or Orbison's "Sweet Dreams" comes on, and cuts off the Greek Chorus.)*

L'L BIT. Ahh . . . *(Beat.)* I fasten my seat belt. Adjust the seat. Then I check the right side mirror—check the left side. *(She does.)* Finally, I adjust the rear view mirror. *(As Li'l Bit adjusts the rear view mirror, a faint light strikes the spirit of Uncle Peck, who is sitting in the back seat of the car. She sees him in the mirror. She smiles at him, and he nods at her. They are happy to be going for a long drive together. Li'l Bit slips the car into first gear—to us.)* And then—I floor it. *(Sound of a car taking off. Blackout.)*

END OF PLAY

Explorations of the Text

- How does Vogel humanize Uncle Peck? Does he have any positive qualities? Does she present causes of his pedophilia? Focus on Uncle Peck's experiences in the war and the fishing episode with Bobby. How does Aunt Mary treat her husband?
- Why is Li'l Bit drawn to Uncle Peck? Why does she finally reject him when he visits her in college?
- How do sexual and gender roles define the family members? Consider their names.
- Characterize Li'l Bit at different stages in her life. In what ways is she an outsider in her family? How does she change? How does her relationship with Uncle Peck change? Explore her changing relationship with her female body. Discuss the impact of the abuse.
- How does the Greek Chorus function in the play? Does it act as character foils? Does it comment on the action? Present cultural contexts? Why do you think Vogel used the technique of having one actor play several roles in the Chorus?
- Why is the story told in reverse chronological order; that is, the story begins when the protagonist is thirty-five and ends when she is eleven. How do the stream-of-consciousness structure and retrospective perspective develop themes of the drama?
- How does the car function as a symbol in the work? Consider Uncle Peck's statement: "There's something about driving—when you're in control of the car, just you and the machine and the road—that nobody can take from you. A power." In what ways is this statement ironic? Explore the significance of the motif of driving lessons and the driving instructions that preface each scene in the play.
- What role does music play in the drama? How does the music create the world of the 1960s? Compare the use of music in this work with the symbolic role that it plays in Oates's "Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?"
- Does Li'l Bit come to terms with her past? Does she forgive her Uncle? Analyze the last scene in the play, "Driving in Today's World."
- Compare and contrast Li'l Bit's coming of age journey with Nora's in *A Doll's House*, which also appears in this chapter.

The Reading/Writing Connection

- "Think" Topic: In what ways is Li'l Bit a teenage rebel?
- In order to understand Li'l Bit's psychological development, examine the scenes in chronological order, noting what you think is significant in her relationship with Uncle Peck, in her place in her family and the larger world, and in her sense of self. What do you conclude?

Ideas for Writing

- Compare and contrast the symbolism of the car and/or driving lessons presented in this work and in the works in the poetry cluster entitled "Road Trips."

Henrik Ibsen (1828–1906)

A Doll's House 1879

Characters

Torvald Helmer, *a lawyer*Nora, *his wife*

Dr. Rank

Mrs. Kristine Linde

Nils Krogstad

Anne Marie, *the nursemaid*Helene, *the maid*

The Helmers' three children

A Porter

Scene

The action takes place in the Helmers' flat.

Act I

A pleasant room, tastefully but not expensively furnished. On the back wall, one door on the right leads to the entrance hall, a second door on the left leads to Helmer's study. Between these two doors, a piano. In the middle of the left wall, a door; and downstage from it, a window. Near the window a round table with armchairs and a small sofa. In the right wall, upstage, a door; and on the same wall downstage, a porcelain stove with a couple of armchairs and a rocking chair. Between the stove and the door a small table. Etchings on the walls. A whatnot with china and other small objets d'art; a small bookcase with books in handsome bindings. Carpet on the floor; a fire burns in the stove. A winter's day.

The front door-bell rings in the hall; a moment later, there is the sound of the front door being opened. Nora comes into the room, happily humming to herself. She is dressed in her outdoor things, and is carrying lots of parcels which she then puts down on the table, right. She leaves the door into the hall standing open; a Porter can be seen outside holding a Christmas tree and a basket; he hands them to the Maid who has opened the door for them.

Nora: Hide the Christmas tree away carefully, Helene. The children mustn't see it till this evening when it's decorated. (*To the Porter, taking out her purse.*) How much?

Porter: Fifty öre.

Nora: There's a crown. Keep the change.

(The Porter thanks her and goes. Nora shuts the door. She continues to laugh quietly and happily to herself as she takes off her things. She takes a bag of macaroons out of her pocket and eats one or two; then she walks stealthily across and listens at her husband's door.)

Nora: Yes, he's in.

(She begins humming again as she walks over to the table, right.)

Helmer: (*In his study.*) Is that my little sky-lark chirruping out there?