

that's important to me. Don't you understand? You personify what I hate.

DORIS. You didn't hate it last night.

FELIX. That's what disgusts me. All my life I fought that animal taint. It's like finding a fungus you loathe growing on your own skin!

DORIS. (*Shaken badly.*) Oh, that's a disgusting thing to call somebody—"fungus"!

FELIX. I didn't call you that.

DORIS. Sure—I'm some slimy moldy fungus, right?

FELIX. I didn't say that.

DORIS. Oh yes, you did say that!

FELIX. All right, I said it! I mean it! Now will you get out—will you go?

DORIS. I never met anybody in my life that made me feel so cheap and dirty.

FELIX. Then get out of here.

DORIS. I don't understand why I love you.

FELIX. Get out! I hate you!

DORIS. Not as much as I hate you!

FELIX. Then get out! Get out!

DORIS. No! I'm gonna stay here and hate you right to your face!

FELIX. All right, then I'm going.

DORIS. Fine. Great. Go on.

FELIX. It's the only way.

DORIS. Well, go on—get out.

FELIX. What do you mean, "Get out"? This is my home. I live here. Don't you tell me to get out.

DORIS. Well, I'm not getting out. You can try to throw me out if you want to.

FELIX. I wouldn't dirty my hands.

DORIS. I wouldn't want your slimy hands on me.

FELIX. I ought to turn you over to the police.

DORIS. Fine. Why don't you?

FELIX. That's what I should do.

DORIS. Go ahead. Call them.

FELIX. That's what I'll do. That's just what I'll do!

DORIS. Go ahead.

FELIX. That's just exactly what I'm going to do!

DORIS. All right. Fine. You do that.

FELIX. You bet I will. You can just bet on it!

DORIS. You call the police. You do that. It's fine with me.

FELIX. Don't you for a moment think I won't!

DORIS. Oh, you'd do it!

FELIX. You bet I would. And that's just what I'm going to do.

DORIS. Fine. You turn me in. You do that. You're the man to do it.

FELIX. I most certainly am, and that's what I'm going to do!

BLACKOUT

ACT II

SCENE 3

FELIX. (*On telephone. The Stage is in darkness.*) Nothing serious, Victor. No—I'm a little tired. I had a very bad time last night. No—I hate to take them, they're enervating. Thank you, but I'll be fine by twelve or so. I'll come in then.

(*LIGHTS come up slowly. Morning light through the window. DORIS stands near FELIX peering at him through the binoculars.*)

DORIS. Ooh, look at the big man. (*He ignores her.*) Don't you love me? Oh, that's right—only in the bedroom. I forgot—it depends on what room we're in. Let's take a shower together. I want to find out how you feel about me in the bathroom.

FELIX. Doris—I'm not coming back to this apartment tonight. I mean it.

DORIS. Honey—what are you fighting? Why don't you

take it easy? (*She tries to embrace him. He pushes her off, knocking the orange out of her hand. DORIS laughs, picks up the orange.*) You better bring some more oranges. We're running out.

FELIX. I won't be coming back. Did you hear me?

DORIS. (*Humoring a child.*) Sure. You'll be back after work to pack your things, though? (*Silence from FELIX.*) Would you like me to pack for you and have it ready?

FELIX. Shut up.

DORIS. I could put it all outside the door so you wouldn't even have to come inside.

FELIX. Your humor is like you are—crude and clumsy.

DORIS. (*Going to him—tenderly.*) Baby—why don't you stop—?

FELIX. If you call me "baby" once more, I'll— (*Looks around desperately.*) I'll smash your television set.

DORIS. (*Goes to him, feels his head.*) I think you've got a fever.

FELIX. (*Looking to heaven.*) Oh God! Are you listening—are you laughing? She says I've got a fever.

DORIS. You're not going to work today—you're getting right back into bed.

FELIX. (*To heaven.*) Do you hear? The tower of my mind is crashing down—wrecked by a termite—and now the termite is putting me to bed! God—do something!

(*She's pushing and pulling him to the sofa.*)

DORIS. Don't talk to God that way. He'll strike you dead.

FELIX. Oh no! Not while He's having so much fun with me!

(*She pushes him down on the sofa—feels his head again.*)

DORIS. Does it hurt any place?

FELIX. Listen—I'm going to beg you—please—go away—please leave me alone.

DORIS. (*Feeling his throat.*) Does this hurt?

FELIX. You're grinding your heel in my raw soul. That is what hurts.

DORIS. Wow! That's good! You ought to use that in a story.

FELIX. (*Weakly.*) You must go away. Why won't you go away? Tell me why!

DORIS. Because, sweetheart—I can make you happy—I do make you happy—if you'll only let me—

FELIX. No—no—you make me miserable.

DORIS. But, baby . . .

FELIX. "Baby" you make happy, yes—but "Felix" you make miserable, and that's me—Felix—I am Felix. Will you listen to me? I am not "Baby." I don't want to be "Baby."

DORIS. I wish you'd go to bed. Do you have a thermometer?

FELIX. It's a nightmare—I'm caught in a fog—I'm screaming! But I can't make a sound!

DORIS. Lie down on the sofa.

FELIX. (*Limp, he flops down on the sofa.*) What's the use?

DORIS. That's my boy.

FELIX. Yes. That's your boy. I confess. Felix unmasked. Felix captured and brought to justice—"Baby—honey—sweetheart" alias "Felix."

DORIS. Now just relax. (*She feels his forehead again.*) Does it hurt any place?

FELIX. No. All the nerves have died.

DORIS. Now be serious. Is your throat sore? Do you have a headache? Should I call the doctor?

FELIX. That's ridiculous! The disease never calls the doctor.

DORIS. Now don't say nasty things! Be nice.

FELIX. (*Rising hysteria.*) Nice? You're absolutely right! Now that I have come to live in Niceville I must do as the nice people do—I must be nice. "Baby sweetheart" must be nice.

DORIS. (*Beginning to be afraid.*) You're absolutely crazy. I never heard such crazy talk in my life.

FELIX. You're right again. Baby must not speak the language of Felix. Felix the mind is dead. Long live Baby!

DORIS. Please stop it.

FELIX. Call me "Baby"—say "please stop it, Baby"—go on.

DORIS. I don't want to.

FELIX. Why not? That's who I am—I'm Baby.

DORIS. Please, honey, you're scaring me.

FELIX. Yes—yes—sorry—that's because I'm not talking Baby's language. How's this? (*Tough.*) What do you say we feed the face, Sweetie, and then we can hop into the sack and knock off a quickie. Let's ball. Let's get down in the slime and roll around in it. Let's have a little poon-tang. Let's hump. (*As DORIS withdraws from him.*) That's it, hump, hump, hump.

DORIS. (*Completely depressed by now.*) All right—all right, you win.

FELIX. I win? What do I win?

DORIS. I'm going. (*She exits to bedroom; then, from Offstage.*) I'll come back later to get my things. When you're not here.

FELIX. (*Calls.*) Are you really going, Baby?

DORIS. That's what you want, isn't it?

FELIX. It's not my first choice. My first choice is for you never to have come. Could I have that?

DORIS. You sure fooled me. I thought I had you figured.

FELIX. You did—I'm the one I had fooled.

DORIS. (*She opens the door.*) I'll call you tonight when I get set and let you know where I am.

FELIX. Don't call.

DORIS. Don't be such a baby. You can always hang up on me if you don't want to talk to me.

FELIX. I won't be here.

DORIS. You better take care of yourself or you're gonna be sick. You hear me?

FELIX. (*Wryly.*) I'll take an aspirin.

DORIS. Good idea—no—there's some fizz powder on the dresser. It gets into the bloodstream seconds faster than aspirin.

FELIX. I grew up with aspirin. I refuse to believe there's a short-cut aspirin doesn't know about.

DORIS. Just the same—take that powder. And I'll call you tonight.

FELIX. (*Shouting as DORIS exits.*) I won't be here! (*Alone now, FELIX sits for a moment staring at the floor. He puts his hands to his face in a stab of panic. He rises and paces rapidly. He goes to the window. His eyes fall on the binoculars. He picks them up, turns them over, carries them to the s. l. platform and lays them on the corner. He goes to the sink and opens the drawer. Takes out a hammer and goes to them. He kneels and systematically pounds the binoculars to pieces as:*)

CURTAIN FALLS

ACT II

SCENE 4

Two A.M. the following morning. The room is dark. We hear FELIX's footsteps and his key in the lock. The door opens and he enters. Turns on the LIGHT. His eyes go first to the bedroom door. Then to the floor where Doris' television set still occupies its spot.

FELIX. (*Addressing the bedroom door as he crosses to it.*) I see you couldn't find a room again. I should have known you were lying. What made me think you'd keep your word? You don't know how to— (*He has exited to bedroom on the last words. There's a pause. From Offstage.*) Doris! Doris—? (*FELIX comes slowly out of the bedroom. He goes to the closet door, opens it, looks inside; then opens the bathroom door and looks inside; closes the door. DORIS has gone. He goes to the sofa, sits, looking at the TV set. The PHONE rings. He reaches for it, pulls back; he rises and lights a cigarette nervously as the PHONE continues to ring. It's a slow patient ring with all*