

SIDE 10: BARBARA & BOB

PERFECT ARRANGEMENT

75

BOB. And then what? How will you support your child? Work during the day, and hope a neighbor is available?

JIM. Pray that Millie gets a good waitressing job somewhere?

BARBARA. If it's what you want, I will help you find assistance. We all will.

JIM. Sure, I'll bet Barbara Grant's unemployable friends would be thrilled to take a break from their social cause to finance your concerns. And what a wonderful way to start out life, too. The bastard child of an unknown father and a lesbian divorcee.

MILLIE. Jimmy, shut your fucking mouth, you're being cruel.

BOB. No! We're trying to give you the life you dreamed of. We're your family. We want the life you deserve.

JIM. Stay. Have a baby. In a year or two, if you and Millie want to start over elsewhere, you can. You can be a widow, Millie can be your sister who moved with you to raise the child. No one would ask a single question. And you can have a life together, alone. But not now, please. Not when leaving would be ruinous to all of us. We need you. And you need us.

(NORMA turns and faces the room.)

NORMA. I'm sorry. We're staying.

MILLIE. Of course we are.

BARBARA. I thought you were stronger than this, Norma.

NORMA. We'll stay for a few years, set aside some money, and do it right, later. It's a concession. A compromise.

JIM. And we'll support that. We can raise the baby properly, as our contribution to the future. Bringing a child up to treat people better than we've been treated.

BARBARA. My god. You're clever. I wish we had a few more minds like yours working with us instead of against us. It appears the little family unit has been restored.

BOB. Barbara, I hope I can trust you to be discreet about all this, for their sake -

(BARBARA slaps him.)

BARBARA. You manipulative self-loathing faggot. Why should my discretion or lack thereof be a concern? No one would ever believe me, not against the united front in this house. I hope one day you'll ask yourselves what Grand High Poobah Bob Martindale has ever sacrificed for any of you.

BOB. I'm sorry, Barbara, I think it's time for you to go.

BARBARA. You know, there's going to come a day, and it won't be long, when people like us stop lurking in the shadows. And history generally does not look kindly upon repressors, or their sympathizers. The four of you are part of a dying breed. Because the last hurdle we have to overcome isn't Peurifoy, or Sunderson, or J. Edgar Hoover. It's people like you, who live this life but are too overcome by cowardice to defend it. And when we look back on your type, all we will feel is pity and disgust. And then, you will be forgotten. That is a comfort.

(BARBARA exits. They sit in stunned silence.

MILLIE'S anxiety in particular is palpable.)

BOB. Alright. I know there are a lot of -

(MILLIE bolts for the door.)

NORMA. Millie?

(MILLIE throws the door open and runs into the hall.)

MILLIE. Barbara! Wait!

NORMA. Millie, what are you doing?

(MILLIE comes back into the room.)

MILLIE. I'm sorry.

BARBARA. *(Stepping into the doorway.)* Yes?

MILLIE. I want to go with you.

BARBARA. Do you?

MILLIE. I mean, not *with* you. But *with* you.

NORMA. Millie?