

SIDE 7: BOB & MILLIE

PERFECT ARRANGEMENT

45

BOB. Absolutely we can.

MILLIE. Absolutely.

NORMA. Sure.

BOB. I'll stay over here 'til Kitty's gone.

NORMA. Millie, I'll be home by eleven.

*(NORMA and JIM exit through the closet. MILLIE
and BOB sit in silence.)*

MILLIE. Bob Martindale, I swear I will scratch your eyes out if you don't stop looking at me like that.

BOB. Like what?

MILLIE. That suffering martyr look you get. Like one of those sad portraits of the Virgin Mother. This is not my fault.

BOB. No, it isn't.

MILLIE. Thank you.

BOB. Not entirely.

MILLIE. Bob!

BOB. Well, Mildred, if you'd been a little more discriminating in your choices, instead of... taking up an extracurricular.

MILLIE. I am not going to defend choices I made before I even met you, Bob. You're right, when I was nineteen years old I wasn't giving proper consideration to how a teacher I screwed in Canada could eventually marry, change her name, divorce, move to America, begin working for the government, and threaten my marriage of convenience to the State Department's chief inquisitor. Why oh why did that never cross my goddamn mind?

BOB. Is that what you think? Of the work I do? Chief Inquisitor?

MILLIE. Frankly, yes, Bob. It's gotten completely out of hand.

BOB. The work I do was designed to prevent situations just like *this*, Mildred. What if that teacher you screwed

in Canada hadn't become a Department translator? What if she started working for foreign intelligence? KGB? She could blackmail us, force me to divulge government secrets, hijack our whole lives, and there's nothing we could do. We would be ruined. That's why we have no choice. You are my family, and I am trying to protect us. I am an American, and I'm trying to protect my country. It's not an indictment on moral terms, it's realistically assessing risk.

MILLIE. I see your point.

BOB. Thank you. Would you please talk to Norma about it, then? Her reticence has me concerned.

(The door buzzer sounds. MILLIE goes to the peephole.)

MILLIE. Kitty Sunderson.

BOB. Wait.

(BOB removes his shoes and grabs a newspaper, propping up on the sofa. MILLIE tosses him a handkerchief.)

MILLIE. You have a cold.

BOB. Damn it!

(MILLIE opens the door, revealing KITTY holding a paper sack.)

KITTY. Look, it's Kitty!

MILLIE. Hiya Kitty!

KITTY. I felt just awful about you missing *Carmen* on account of Bob. Brought you some chicken soup.

MILLIE. Oh, Kitty! This smells like a dream. Bob, Kitty brought you some chicken soup.

(BOB blows his nose.)

BOB. Thanks Kitty.

MILLIE. I'm gonna try to catch his cold so I can have some soup!

KITTY. Oh, you silly!