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turns and goes back into the bedroom. After a moment he gets up, turns off the light, and goes into the bedroom.)

SCENE 4

The next morning. TRACY enters from the bedroom, still dressing.

TRACY. Why did you let me miss my morning classes? Do you know it's eleven thirty? What are you doing home at eleven thirty?

BEN. (entering behind her, dressed) I came home for lunch.

TRACY. You never come home for lunch.

BEN. Today I came home for lunch.

TRACY. Answer the question.

BEN. I forgot the question.

TRACY. Why didn't you wake me up before you went to work?

BEN. I thought you needed the rest.

TRACY. Don't you think I'm the one that ought to decide that?

BEN. You were asleep. You slept through the alarm. I tried to wake you up. You called me a dirty goat-fucker and went back to sleep. I decided you'd made your decision. I'm sorry.

TRACY. Stop saying you're sorry.

BEN. I lied. I'm not sorry.

TRACY. That's better.

BEN. Thank you.

TRACY. You're welcome.

BEN. What have we got to eat?

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TRACY. A jar of mayonnaise, some maple syrup, two onions and the great American novel.

BEN. I thought you went to the store yesterday.

TRACY. I did. I got maple syrup.

BEN. Well, do you want onions and mayonnaise, or onions and maple syrup, or mayonnaise and maple syrup?

TRACY. I don't want anything. I have to go.

BEN. You don't have another class until one.

TRACY. I have to go.

BEN. Where do you have to go?

TRACY. Ben . . .

BEN. What? What's wrong? There's something wrong. You don't say Ben like that unless there's something wrong.

TRACY. Nothing's wrong. (Pause; BEN waits.) I know you don't really want to have a baby.

BEN. How do you know that?

TRACY. I just know.

BEN. You don't know.

TRACY. How do you know?

BEN. How do I know what?

TRACY. How do you know I don't know?

BEN. I know you don't know because I told you and I meant it when I said it and I mean it now and that's how I know you don't know whatever it was we were talking about.

TRACY. That's easy for YOU to say.

BEN. No it's not.

TRACY. You're just saying that.

BEN. If I was just saying that I wouldn't be here just saying that, I'd be on a Greyhound bus to Venezuela.

TRACY. I was talking to one of the girls at the restaurant.

BEN. I didn't know they could talk.

TRACY. She was telling me about when she got pregnant.

BEN. Sorry I missed it.

TRACY. She went to somebody.

BEN. A doctor?

TRACY. No. Well, yes, but—

BEN. A part time doctor. A veterinarian?

TRACY. LISTEN, DUMBASS.

BEN. I'm listening, I'm listening.

TRACY. She said she went to this very nice doctor and it wasn't hardly any trouble at all and then it was all over and—

BEN. Hold it, wait a minute, stop.

TRACY. It's the easiest thing in the world and—

BEN. Tracy—

TRACY. If she could do it so easy, I don't see why—

BEN. No.

TRACY. Well it isn't like it's against the law or anything.

BEN. No. End of conversation. No.

TRACY. It isn't like there's anything wrong with it, and it hardly takes any time at all, and—

BEN. I said no.

TRACY. What do you mean, NO? Just who the HELL do you think you ARE, anyway?

BEN. It's my baby, that's who I am.

TRACY. It's my baby and don't call it a baby it isn't a baby it isn't anything yet and it isn't going to be because I'm going to do it and you can't stop me.

BEN. It's as much mine as yours and you you just can't.

TRACY. Of course I can. I have an appointment this afternoon. It's all perfectly safe and legal.

BEN. You made an appointment to do that before you even told me you were pregnant?

TRACY. Don't yell at me. I wasn't going to tell you at all, but you made me last night.

BEN. You weren't even—

TRACY. What difference does it make? I should never have told you at all. Men get so hysterical.

BEN. You're incredible. All by yourself you decide to murder our child—

TRACY. Stop calling it a child. It isn't a child. It isn't anything. You can't murder somebody that doesn't exist. God, you're so stupid. Reactionary. Selfish. People do it all the time. They do it all the time.

BEN. I don't care what people do all the time. I don't do it all the time.

TRACY. I don't believe I'm having this conversation. All this time, unbeknownst to me, I've in reality been sleeping with Herbert Hoover. You didn't even know about it until last night. You've never seen it. If I hadn't told you, you'd never have known it existed. It probably looks like a fish or something now. You'll forget all about it in a couple of days and be damned happy you didn't have to spend the rest of your life worried about it.

BEN. You have no right to do that without at least—

TRACY. Some slimey little amphibian I don't even know is crawling around in my stomach and I don't have any right?

BEN. I don't care if it makes sense or not or if it seems fair or not, if you do that you can forget all about me. I won't sleep with you, I won't live in the same house with you, I won't even be able to look at you.

TRACY. What are you getting so upset about?

BEN. I don't know, but I mean it.

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TRACY. Well all right, you just go right ahead. I'm pretty sick of you anyway. God, what a straight. You're just like my father.

BEN. I can't stand your father.

TRACY. You sound like the Pope or something.

BEN. If I was the Pope you wouldn't be pregnant.

TRACY. Don't bet on it.

BEN. Why are we talking about the Pope? Do I care about the Pope? WHO GIVES A GOOD GODDAMN ROYAL FLYING SHIT ABOUT THE POPE, ANYWAY?

TRACY. DON'T YOU DARE INSULT THE POPE.

BEN. I don't care what your father thinks and I don't care what's legal or how nice the doctor is or what other people think is wrong or right. This isn't happening to other people, it's happening to US, and I'm scared that if you kill that thing inside you you'll be killing us too, and I don't want that to happen.

TRACY. If you can treat me like this when I'm the one that has to be fat and sick and have the pain then maybe we're already dead. ~~Maybe we always were.~~ (pause; much more quietly) Like a potato, for instance. You don't think of a sack of old potatoes as being alive, do you? But they sit around in the cupboard and then after a while they start to sprout and there's things growing out of them and all, but it isn't like you'd say the potato was alive or anything. I mean, you wouldn't give it a name or take it to the park in a stroller or anything. It might be growing, sort of, but it isn't really alive, and it isn't really even growing, really, it's just that part of it is turning into something else. And that's all this thing inside me is doing. It's growing, sort of, but it isn't alive, it's just a part of me that got hooked up with a part of you and started turning into something else. (pause) It'll

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be like having a wart removed. That's what it's like. (long pause) I have to go. (She seems to be waiting for something.) And you'd better not try and stop me.

BEN. I don't think I'm going to try to stop you.

TRACY. You mean it's all right?

BEN. I didn't say it was all right. I said I don't think I'm going to try and stop you.

TRACY. Well, good. Because I'm going. So goodbye. (BEN is looking at his hands. She hesitates, starts towards the door, then stops.) Ben? Are you okay? I wish I could tell what you're thinking. You never tell me. I can't get inside you. I can't get to know you, I don't know what to do with you, it's like you're from another planet or something, you drive me nuts. (pause) You hate me. (pause) It's not yours anyway. I was pregnant when I got here. That's why I stayed. I set you up.

BEN. (looking her in the eye) Bullshit.

TRACY. (looking away) You go to hell. (She stomps out, slamming the door behind her. BEN sits there.)

SCENE 5

Night. Ocean sounds. BEN sits on the couch. Long pause. Then the door opens and TRACY enters quietly, looking tired. She closes the door carefully and makes a long cross to the couch, where she sits, not close to him. Pause.

BEN. Are you all right?

TRACY. Yes. I'm all right. What are you doing here?

BEN. I live here.

TRACY. I thought you were going. I thought you said you were going.