

The Joyous Season

Megan

(male)
Francis:

Terry -- (he waits for a reply, which does not come) -- Of course if you want to act like a child -- Terry, John's waiting for you.

(female)
Terry:

Let him.

Francis: They all are.

Terry: Let them.

Francis: I don't know what you're trying to prove.

Terry: I'm not trying to prove things. I just don't like conferences.

Francis: Oh come on, please dear.

Terry: Be a good husband and go in my place, Francis.

Francis: It's the family John wants -- something to do with your sister, apparently.

Terry: I wouldn't doubt it for a minute. Who went to meet the boat?

Francis: Edith.

Terry: I thought so -- Martin too

Francis: No. Edith said that only a woman should meet her.

Terry: The true Boston spirit. I hope she took something to dump into the harbour.

Francis: Anyhow, John asked me to tell you that he wants to talk to the family about an important matter.

Terry: Well, you can tell John for me to go to -- which is precisely what I'd like to tell her when she comes.

Francis: You must; it would be so very sisterly and considerate.

Terry: What consideration did she ever show us -- show Mother? Religious vocation my eye. I don't like deserters. I grant you life's a mess, but I like people who can stand and take it. I think I'll go to bed.

Francis: I should think that if Martin and Edith could put off their trip west, put off seeing their children on Christmas, you might strain a point and---

Terry: "Christmas!" I'll bet she deliberately timed it to land Christmas Eve, in order to make the homecoming all the more sweet and pious.

Francis: Well, in my opinion which, if you'll allow me to say so, is based upon a fairly intimate knowledge of the Farley family---

Terry: Please don't be professorial with me, Francis. Save it for your Freshman classes.

Francis: Ah. Now we're getting down to it---

Terry: Are we? I wasn't sure we ever could again.

Francis: What is it all about, Terry?

Terry: I wish I knew.

Francis: So do I.

Terry: Let's get out on our own. Will you?

Francis: It was your idea living with the family, wasn't it?

Terry: Maybe I was wrong.

(He laughs shortly)

Francis: You -- Oh no, Terry. I was dead against it at first, if you'll remember. But things are different since then. --- So for the time being, I think we're very well off as and where we are. It's a big house.

Terry: Then it never occurs to you how essentially ridiculous it is.

Francis: What is?

Terry: For a simple Irish family to huddle together in a Back Bay Mansion.

(Francis laughs)

Francis: Is that what we're doing? It makes a pretty picture.

Terry: From a farm up the Merrimac to a mansion on Beacon Hill --- A long, tough climb, but we made it, eh? --- Trust a bunch of true micks for persistence, anyhow. --- I suppose there's only one town in the world harder for an Irish family to arrive in --- Dublin.

Francis: Nobody's done any climbing that I know of, Terry. John's a genius at banking, and Martin's almost as good. They've worked hard for the place they've made here. Even my little job at the law school I can honestly say I earned.

Terry: But a teacher --- When you and I married two years ago, you were going to do such wonders in the law as had never been heard of. You had the most beautiful violence in it.

Francis: I also had some money then.

Terry: You're a strange case, Francis Battle, about as strange as they come. You've been softened by the loss of it.

Francis: "Softened" --- because I may find myself more interested in teaching law than in practicing it? Didn't John teach for years?

Terry: Yes, and John should have stayed at it. You're not John. You've simply got the gift of gab. I've seen with my own eyes the way your stream of fine energy has turned into a stream of talk --- heard it, rather.

Francis: Thanks, Terry.

Terry: The way you sit in your room for hours at a time, playing the phonograph to yourself. --- You're beginning to like the soft life, and you know it --- the nice little easy esteem --- and at your age --- Is that why you spend so much time in Cambridge --- do you get more esteem there? From whom?

Francis: Honestly, Terry ---

Terry: Oh I hate the way we're living. Let's get out now - at once!

Francis: What?

Terry: Let's get out - away.

Francis: At the moment I think it would be senseless to.

(A moment. Then:)

Terry: You wouldn't be too surprised, would you Francis?

Francis: At what?

Terry: If suddenly I should call it a day -- call us a day.

Francis: Terry, what are you talking about?

Terry: Oh don't think it's a new idea. It's been around quite awhile now.

Francis: I don't see how you can say it even...

Terry: But it seems I can. Yes, at last it seems I can. (she looks at him) --- You think I never would.

Francis: I know you wouldn't. You've no reason to, that I know of.

Terry: I don't need any. --- What about our agreement.

Francis: Agreements are easy enough before marriage.

Terry: But's what really to prevent it? I am too good a Catholic?

Francis: That's one thing I've never thought of any of you.

Terry: No? How so? Why not? -- Because we don't run to Church the entire time, like now-born Edith? Maybe you'd better turn convert as she did -- and soon, very soon, be more Catholic than the Pope!

Francis: Now you are being Irish.

Terry: Anyhow, maybe you're right, maybe I'm not one. There. I've said that, as well! I'm not one. I'm nothing. -- Let the rest of them keep on pretending, if they like. Not me. -- Church about once a month --when we get around to it. (FRANCIS LOOKS AT HER. THERE IS A SILENCE SUDDENLY, VIOLENTLY SHE EXCLAIMS.) Look here, do you love me? Do you love me anymore?

Francis: What do you think?

Terry: Then why don't you say something?

Francis: In my opinion when the necessity arises for putting a question of that sort --

Terry: Professor -- may I go out? I think I'm going to be sick, Professor.

Francis: Terry, there's more to this than meets than eye. It's more than a question of where we live, whether I teach law or practice it. You've get something on your mind, and have had for months. Why not out with it?

Terry: Well, then --- I don't love you. You hear me professor? Professors get no love of me. It's the doers this girl loves!