

ACT II

Scene II

SCENE: *The same as Act II, Scene I, three hours later.* PROFESSOR HOLDEN is seated at the table, books before him. He is a man in the fifties. At the moment his care-worn face is lighted by that lift of the spirit which sometimes rewards the scholar who has imaginative feeling. MR. FEJEVARY enters. He has his hat, gloves, stick; seems tired and disturbed.

HOLDEN

Was I mistaken? I thought our appointment was for five.

FEJEVARY

Quite right. But things have changed, so I wondered if I might have a little talk with you now.

The library is closed now, is it?

HOLDEN

Yes, it's locked.

FEJEVARY

Oh, this is a terrible day. (*putting his things on the table*) (*looking at the books*) Emerson.

Whitman. (*with a smile*) Have they anything new to say on economics?

HOLDEN

Perhaps not; but I wanted to forget economics for a time. I came up here by myself to try and celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the founding of Morton College. (*answering the other man's look*) Yes, I confess I've been disappointed in the anniversary. After the exercises this morning, Emerson's words came into my mind —

“Give me truth,

For I am tired of surfaces

And die of inanition.”¹

Well, then I went home — (*stops, troubled*)

FEJEVARY

How is Mrs. Holden?

HOLDEN

Better, thank you, but — not strong.

FEJEVARY

She needs the very best of care for a time, doesn't she?

HOLDEN

Yes. (*silent a moment*) Then, this is something more than the fortieth anniversary, you know. It's the first of the month.

FEJEVARY

And illness hasn't reduced the bills?

HOLDEN

(*shaking his head*) I came up here to try and touch what used to be here. Do you remember the tenth anniversary of the founding of Morton College, when this library was opened? I shall never forget your father, Mr. Fejevary, as he said the few words which gave these books to the students. Not many books, but he seemed to baptize them in the very spirit from which books are born.

HOLDEN

You must be very proud of your heritage.

¹ C.W.E. Bigsby notes: “‘Give me truth . . . inanition’ misquotes the opening lines of Emerson’s poem ‘Blight’: ‘Give me truths;/For I am weary of the surfaces,/And die of inanition.’” *Plays by Susan Glaspell*. Cambridge:

FEJEVARY

Yes. (*a little testily*) Well, I have certainly worked for the college. I'm doing my best now to keep it a part of these times.

HOLDEN

(*as if this has not reached him*) Later that same afternoon I talked with Silas Morton. We stood at this window and looked out over the valley to the lower hill that was his home. He told me why there had to be a college here. I never felt America as that old farmer made me feel it.

FEJEVARY

(*drawn by this, then shifting in irritation because he is drawn*) I'm sorry to break in with practical things, but I too have made a fight — though the fight to finance never appears an idealistic one. I must have a little help; at least, I must not have — stumbling-blocks.

HOLDEN

Am I a stumbling-block?

FEJEVARY

(*with a smile*) You are a little hard to finance. Here's the situation. The time for being a little college has passed. We must take our place as one of the important colleges — universities — of the middle west. But we have to enlarge before we can grow. (*answering HOLDEN's smile*) Yes, it is ironic, but that's the way of it. As you know, there's this chance for an appropriation from the state. The legislature, the members who count, like the spirit we have here. Well, now I come to you. Your salary makes me blush, particularly with Mrs. Holden so in need of the things a little money can do. Now this man Lewis is a reactionary. So, naturally, he doesn't approve of you.

HOLDEN

So naturally I am to go.

FEJEVARY

Go? Not at all. What have I just been saying?

HOLDEN

Be silent, then.

FEJEVARY

Not — not really. But — be a little more discreet. (*seeing him harden*) Why not give things a chance to mature in your own mind? Candidly, I don't feel you know just what you do think; is it so awfully important to express — confusion?

HOLDEN

The man who knows just what he thinks at the present moment hasn't done any new thinking in the past ten years.

FEJEVARY

(*with a soothing gesture*) I understand you, but I find it a little hard to interpret you to a man like Lewis.

HOLDEN

Then why not let a man like Lewis go to thunder?

FEJEVARY

And let the college go to thunder? I'm not willing to do that. I've made a good many sacrifices for this college. I had a very strong feeling about my father, Professor Holden. And his friend Silas Morton. This college is the child of that friendship. Those are noble words in our manifesto: "Morton College was born . . ."

HOLDEN

(taking it up) “Born of the fight for freedom and the aspiration to richer living, we believe that Morton College — rising as from the soil itself — may strengthen all those who fight for the life there is in freedom, and may, to the measure it can, loosen for America the beauty that breathes from knowledge.” *(moved by the words he has spoken)* Do you know, I would rather do that — really do that — than — grow big.

FEJEVARY

Yes. But you have to look at the world in which you find yourself. The only way to stay alive is to grow big.

HOLDEN

Mr. Fejevary, you have got to let me be as honest with you as you say you are being with me.

FEJEVARY

Certainly.

HOLDEN

You say you have made sacrifices for Morton College. So have I. I spoke of the tenth anniversary. I was a young man then, just home from Athens. *(pulled back into an old feeling)* The Greeks — not so much because they created beauty, but because they were able to let beauty flow into their lives — to create themselves in beauty. Oh, what wouldn't I give to have again that feeling of life's infinite possibilities!

FEJEVARY

(nodding) A youthful feeling.

HOLDEN

(softly) I like youth. Well, I was visiting my sister here, at the time of the tenth anniversary. I had

a chance then to go to Harvard as instructor. I would have been under a man who liked me. But that afternoon I heard your father speak about books. I talked with Silas Morton. I found myself telling him about Greece. No one had ever felt it as he felt it. He put his hands on my shoulders. He said, "Young man, we need you here. Give us this great thing you've got!" And so I stayed, for I felt that here was soil in which I could grow. *(a little bitterly)* Forgive me if - this seems rhetoric.

FEJEVARY

(a gesture of protest. Silent a moment) You make it — hard for me. *(with exasperation)* Don't you think I'd like to indulge myself in an exalted mood? Won't you have a little patience? And faith — faith that the thing we want will be there for us after we've worked our way through the woods. It's going to take our combined brains to get us out. I don't mean just Morton College.

HOLDEN

No — America. As to getting out, I think you are all wrong.

FEJEVARY

That's one of your sweeping statements, Holden. Nobody's all wrong. Even you aren't.

HOLDEN

And in what ways am I wrong — from the standpoint of your Senator Lewis?

FEJEVARY

He's not my Senator Lewis. Why, he objects, of course, to your radical activities. He spoke of your defense of conscientious objectors.

HOLDEN

(slowly) A man who is willing to go to prison for what he believes has stuff in him no college need turn its back on.

FEJEVARY

Well, he doesn't agree with you — nor do I.

HOLDEN

(still quietly) And a society which permits things to go on which I can prove go on in our federal prisons had better stop and take a fresh look at itself. To stand for that and then talk of democracy and idealism —

FEJEVARY

(easily) I presume the prisons do need a cleaning up. As to Fred Jordan, you can't expect me to share your admiration. Our own nephew Fred Morton went to France and gave his life. There's some little courage, Holden, in doing that.

HOLDEN

I'm not trying to belittle it. But he had the whole spirit of his age with him — fortunate boy. The man who stands outside the idealism of his time — there isn't any other such loneliness. You know in your heart it's a noble courage.

FEJEVARY

It lacks — humility. *(HOLDEN laughs scoffingly)* And I think you lack it. I'm asking you to cooperate with me for the good of Morton College.

HOLDEN

Why not do it the other way? You say enlarge that we may grow. That's false. It isn't of the nature of growth. Why not do it the way of Silas Morton and Walt Whitman — each man being his purest and intensest self. I was full of this fervor when you came in. I'm more and more disappointed in our students. They're empty — flippant. No sensitive moment opens them to beauty. No exaltation makes them — what they hadn't known they were. I concluded some of

the fault must be mine. The only students I reach are the Hindus. Perhaps Madeline Morton — I don't quite make her out. I too must have gone into a dead stratum. But I can get back. Here alone this afternoon — (*softly*) I was back.

FEJEVARY

I think we'll have to let the Hindus go

HOLDEN

(*astonished*) Go? Our best students?

FEJEVARY

This college is for Americans. I'm not going to have foreign revolutionists come here and block the things I've spent my life working for.

HOLDEN

I don't know what you mean.

FEJEVARY

Why, that disgraceful performance this morning. I can settle Madeline all right. (*looking at his watch*) She should be here by now. But our case before the legislature will be stronger with the Hindus out of here.

HOLDEN

Well, I seem to have missed something — disgraceful performance — the Hindus, Madeline — (*stops, bewildered*)

FEJEVARY

Upon my word, you do lead a serene life. While you've been sitting here in contemplation I've been to the police court — trying to get my niece out of jail.

HOLDEN

What happened?

FEJEVARY

One of your beloved Hindus made himself obnoxious on the campus. Giving out handbills about freedom for India — howling over deportation. Our American boys wouldn't stand for it. A policeman saw the fuss — came up and started to put the Hindu in his place. Then Madeline rushes in pounding the policeman with her tennis racket.

HOLDEN

Madeline Morton did that!

FEJEVARY

(sharply) You seem pleased.

HOLDEN

I am — interested.

FEJEVARY

Well, I'm not interested. I'm disgusted. It's the first disgrace we've ever had in our family.

HOLDEN

(as one who has been given courage) Wasn't there another disgrace? When your father fought his government and was banished from his country[?]

FEJEVARY

That was not a disgrace!

HOLDEN

(as if in surprise) Wasn't it?

FEJEVARY

See here, Holden, you can't talk to me like that.

HOLDEN

I'm a professor — not a servant.

FEJEVARY

Yes, and you're a damned difficult professor. I certainly have tried to —

HOLDEN

(smiling) Handle me?

FEJEVARY

I ask you this. Do you know any other institution where you could sit and talk with the executive head as you have here with me?

HOLDEN

Perhaps not.

FEJEVARY

Then be reasonable. No one is entirely free. That's naive. We're held by our relations to others — by our obligations to the *(vaguely)* — the ultimate thing. Come now — you admit certain dissatisfactions with yourself, so — why not go with intensity into just the things you teach?

HOLDEN

I couldn't teach anything if I didn't feel free to go wherever that thing took me. Thirty years ago I was asked to come to this college precisely because my science was not in isolation, because of my faith in the greater beauty our further living may unfold.

FEJEVARY

I think we've thrown a scare into Madeline. I thought as long as she'd been taken to jail it would

be no worse for us to have her stay there awhile. She's been held since one o'clock [but she'll be here in a few minutes].

HOLDEN

Is there a case against her?

FEJEVARY

No, I got it fixed up. Explained that it was just college girl foolishness — wouldn't happen again.

If I do have any trouble with Madeline I want you to help me.

HOLDEN

Oh, I can't do that.

FEJEVARY

You aren't running out and clubbing the police. Tell her she'll have to think things over and express herself with a little more dignity. You don't want to see the girl destroy herself, do you? I confess I've always worried about Madeline. If my sister had lived — Fred never worried me a bit — just the fine normal boy. But Madeline — *(with an effort throwing it off)* Oh, it'll be all right, I haven't a doubt. And it'll be all right between you and me, won't it? Caution over a hard strip of the road, then — bigger things ahead.

HOLDEN

(slowly, knowing what it may mean) I shall continue to do all I can toward getting Fred Jordan out of prison. It's a disgrace to America that two years after the war closes he should be kept there — much of the time in solitary confinement — because he couldn't believe in war. I shall do what is in my power to fight the deportation of Gurkul Singh. And certainly I shall leave no stone unturned if you persist in your amazing idea of dismissing the other Hindus from college. Dismissed — for *what?* Because they love liberty enough to give their lives to it! The day you

dismiss them, burn our high-sounding manifesto, Mr. Fejevary, and admit that Morton College now sells her soul to the — committee on appropriations!

FEJEVARY

If you do these things, I can no longer fight for you.

HOLDEN

Very well then, I go.

FEJEVARY

I fear you'll find it harder than you know. Meanwhile, what of your family?

HOLDEN

We will have to manage some way.

FEJEVARY

It is not easy for a woman whose health — in fact whose life — is a matter of the best of care to “manage some way.” (*with real feeling*) What is an intellectual position alongside that reality? You'd like, of course, to be just what you want to be — but isn't there something selfish in that satisfaction? I'm talking as a friend now. You and I have a good many ties, Holden. Our children have been growing up together — I love to watch it. Isn't that the reality? Doing for them as best we can, making sacrifices of — of every kind. Don't let some tenuous, remote thing destroy this flesh and blood thing.

HOLDEN

(*as one fighting to keep his head above water*) Honesty is not a tenuous, remote thing.

FEJEVARY

There's a kind of [selfishness in honesty]. We can't always have it. Oh, I used to — go through things.

HOLDEN

Forgive me, but I don't think you've had certain temptations to — selfishness.

FEJEVARY

How do you know what I've had? What other thing I might have been? You know my heritage; you think that's left nothing? But I find myself here in America. I love those dependent on me. My wife — who's used to a certain manner of living; my children — who are to become part of the America of their time. I've never said this to another human being — I've never looked at myself — but it's pretty arrogant to think you're the only man who has made a sacrifice to fit himself into the age in which he lives.

(MADELINE comes in, right. She has her tennis racket. Nods to the two men. HOLDEN goes out, left.)

MADELINE

(looking after HOLDEN — feeling something going on. Then turning to her uncle, who is still looking after HOLDEN) You wanted to speak to me, Uncle Felix?

FEJEVARY

Of course I want to speak to you.

MADELINE

I feel just awfully sorry about — banging up my racket like this. The second time it came down on his club. Why do they carry those things? But as long as you were asking me what I wanted for my birthday —

FEJEVARY

Madeline, I am not here to discuss your birthday.

MADELINE

I'm sorry — (*smiles*) to hear that.

FEJEVARY

You don't seem much chastened.

MADLINE

Chastened? Was that the idea? Well, if you think that keeping a person where she doesn't want to be chastens her! I never felt less "chastened" than when I walked out of that slimy spot and looked across the street at your nice bank. I should think you'd hate to — (*with friendly concern*)

Why, Uncle Felix, you look tired out.

FEJEVARY

I've had a nerve-racking day.

MADLINE

Those speeches were so boresome, and that old senator person — wasn't he a stuff?

FEJEVARY

(*sharply*) Madeline, have you no intelligence? Hasn't it occurred to you that your performance would worry me a little?

MADLINE

I suppose it was a nuisance. And on such a busy day. (*changing*) But if you're going to worry, Horace is the one you should worry about. (*answering his look*) Why, he made me ashamed!

FEJEVARY

And you're not at all ashamed of what you have done?

MADLINE

Ashamed? Why — no.

FEJEVARY

Then you'd better be! A girl who assaults an officer!

MADELINE

(earnestly explaining it) But, Uncle Felix, I had to stop him. No one else did.

FEJEVARY

Madeline, you could be dismissed from school for what you did.

MADELINE

Well, I'm good and ready to be dismissed from any school that would dismiss for that! *(she sits down)*

FEJEVARY

(in a new manner — quietly, from feeling) Madeline, have you no love for this place? If ever a girl had a background, Morton College is Madeline Fejevary Morton's background. *(he too now seated by the table)* Do you remember your Grandfather Morton?

MADELINE

Not very well. *(a quality which seems sullenness)* I couldn't bear to look at him. He shook so.

FEJEVARY

(turning away, real pain) Oh — how cruel.

MADELINE

I'm sorry. *(troubled)* You see, he was too old then —

FEJEVARY

(his hand up to stop her) I wish I could bring him back for a moment, so you could see what he was before he *(bitterly)* shook so. He was a powerful man who was as real as the earth. *(looking at her intently)* Queer you should be the one to have no sentiment about him, for sometimes when I'm with you it's as if — he were near. He had no personal ambition, Madeline. He was

ambitious for the earth and its people. I wonder if you can realize what it meant to my father — in a strange land, where he might so easily have been misunderstood, pushed down, to find a friend like that? It was the way he *got* father, and by that very valuing kept alive what was there to value. Why, he literally laid this country at my father's feet—as if that was what this country was for, as if it made up for the hard early things—for the wrong things.

MADLINE

He must really have been a pretty nice old party. That's nice about him being — of the earth. Sometimes when I'm out for a tramp — way off by myself — yes, I know. And I wonder if that doesn't explain his feeling about the Indians.

FEJEVARY

He felt it as you'd feel it if it were your brother. So he must give his choicest land to the thing we might become. "Then maybe I can lie under the same sod with the red boys and not be ashamed."

(MADLINE *nods, appreciatively.*)

MADLINE

Yes, that's really — all right.

FEJEVARY

(*irritated by what seems charily stated approval*) "All right!" Well, I am not willing to let this man's name pass from our time. And it seems rather bitter that Silas Morton's granddaughter should be the one to stand in my way.

MADLINE

Why, Uncle Felix, I'm not standing in your way. I — (*rather bashfully*) I love the Hill. I was thinking about it in jail. I got fuddled on direction in there, so I asked which way was College

Hill. I sat and looked through that [blank] wall — long time. (*she looks front, again looking through that blank wall*) It was all — kind of funny. I thought it was corking of you to come and tell them they couldn't put that over on College Hill. And I know Bakhshish will appreciate it too. I wonder where he went?

FEJEVARY

Went? I fancy he won't go much of anywhere to-night.

MADLINE

What do you mean?

FEJEVARY

Why, he's held for his hearing, of course.

MADLINE

You mean — you came and got just me — and left him there?

FEJEVARY

Certainly.

MADLINE

(*rising*) Then I'll have to go and get him!

FEJEVARY

Madeline, don't be so absurd. You don't get people out of jail by stopping in and calling for them.

MADLINE

But you got me.

FEJEVARY

Because of years of influence. At that, it wasn't simple. Things of this nature are pretty serious

nowadays. It was only your ignorance got you out.

MADLINE

I do seem ignorant. While you were fixing it up for me, why didn't you arrange for him too?

FEJEVARY

I am not in the business of getting foreign revolutionists out of jail.

MADLINE

But he didn't do as much as I did.

FEJEVARY

It isn't what he did. It's what he is. We don't want him here.

MADLINE

Is it true that the Hindu who was here last year is to be deported? Is America going to turn him over to the government he fought?

FEJEVARY

I have an idea they will all be deported. I'm not so sorry this thing happened. It will get them into the courts — and I don't think they have money to fight.

MADLINE

(giving it clean and straight) Gee, I think that's rotten!

FEJEVARY

Your inelegance will not affect it one way or the other.

MADLINE

(she has taken her seat again, is thinking it out) I'm twenty-one next Tuesday. Isn't it on my twenty-first birthday I get that money Grandfather Morton left me?

FEJEVARY

What are you driving at?

MADELINE

(simply) They can have my money.

FEJEVARY

Are you crazy? What *are* these people to you?

MADELINE

They're people who came here believing in us, drawn from the far side of the world by things we say about ourselves. Well, I'm going to pretend — just for fun — that the things we say about ourselves are true. So if you'll — arrange so I can get it, Uncle Felix, as soon as it's mine.

FEJEVARY

And this is what you say to me at the close of my years of trusteeship! *(breaking off in anger)* I shall not permit you to destroy yourself!

MADELINE

(quietly) I don't see how you can keep me from "destroying myself."

FEJEVARY

(looking at her, seeing that this may be true. In genuine amazement, and hurt) Why — but it's incredible. Have I — has my house — been nothing to you all these years?

MADELINE

I've had my best times at your house. Things wouldn't have been — very gay for me — without you all — though Horace gets my goat!

FEJEVARY

So you are going to use Silas Morton's money to knife his college.

MADELINE

Oh, Uncle Felix, that's silly.

FEJEVARY

It's a long way from silly. If Silas Morton's granddaughter casts in her lot with revolutionists, Morton College will get no help from the state. Do you know enough about what you are doing to assume this responsibility?

MADLINE

I am not casting "in my lot with revolutionists." If it's true, as you say, that you have to have money in order to get justice —

FEJEVARY

I didn't say it!

MADLINE

Why, you did, Uncle Felix. And if it's true that these strangers in our country are going to be abused because they're poor, — what else could I do with my money and not feel like a skunk?

FEJEVARY

(trying a different tack, laughing) Oh, you're a romantic girl, Madeline — skunk and all. But the thing is perfectly fantastic. You are going against the spirit of this country; with or without money, that can't be done. Take a man like Professor Holden. He's radical in his sympathies — but does he run out and club the police?

MADLINE

(in a smoldering way) I thought America was a democracy.

FEJEVARY

We have just fought a great war for democracy.

MADLINE

Well, is that any reason for not having it?

FEJEVARY

I should think you would have a little emotion about the war — when you consider where your brother is.

MADLINE

Fred had — all kinds of reasons for going to France. He wanted a trip. (*answering his exclamation*) Why, he *said* so. Poor kid, he never did see Paris. Wanted to be with a lot of fellows — knock the Kaiser's block off — end war, get a French girl. It was all mixed up — the way things are. But Fred was a pretty decent sort. He had such kind, honest eyes. (*This has somehow said itself; her own eyes close and what her shut eyes see makes feeling hot.*) One thing I do know! Fred never went over the top to back up the argument you're making now!

FEJEVARY

(*stiffly*) Very well. I've been trying to save you from — pretty serious things. The regret of having stood in the way of Morton College — (*his voice falling*) the horror of having driven your father insane.

MADLINE

What?

FEJEVARY

One more thing would do it. The [pioneer] lives back of him were too hard. Your great-grandmother Morton — she dared too much, was too lonely, feared and bore too much. They did it, for the task gave them a courage for the task. But it — left a scar.

MADLINE

And father is that — (*can hardly say it*) — scar. (*fighting the idea*)

FEJEVARY

(gently) The — dwarfed pioneer child. The way he concentrates on corn — excludes all else — as if unable to free himself from their old battle with the earth.

MADLINE

(almost crying) I think it's pretty terrible to — wish all that on poor father.

FEJEVARY

Well, my dear child, it's life has “wished it on him.” All our chivalry should go to your father in his — heritage of loneliness.

MADLINE

Father couldn't always have been — dwarfed. Mother wouldn't have cared for him if he had always been — like that.

FEJEVARY

No, if he could have had love to live in. But [he had] no endurance for losing it.

MADLINE

Do you know, Uncle Felix — I'm afraid that's true? *(he nods)* Sometimes when I'm with father, I feel those things near — the — the too much — the too hard. And now that it's different — easier — he can't come into the world that's been earned. Oh, I wish I could help him!

(As they sit there together, now for the first time really together, there is a shrill shout of derision outside.)

MADLINE

What's that? *(a whistled call)* That's Horace's call for his gang. Are they going to start something now that will get Atma in jail? *(they are both listening intently)*

(A scoffing whoop. MADLINE springs to the window; he reaches it ahead and holds it.)

FEJEVARY

This window stays closed.

(She starts to go away, he takes hold of her.)

FEJEVARY

Listen, Madeline — If you go out there and get in trouble a second time, I can't make it right for you.

MADELINE

You needn't!

FEJEVARY

You don't know what it means. These things are not child's play — not today. You could get twenty years in prison for things you'll say if you rush out there now. *(She laughs.)* You laugh because you're ignorant. Do you know that in America today there are women in our prisons for saying no more than you've said here to me!

MADELINE

Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself!

FEJEVARY

I?

MADELINE

Yes! Aren't you an American? *(a whistle)* Isn't that a policeman's whistle? Are *they* coming back?

(Pulling away from her uncle as he turns to look, she jumps up in the deep sill and throws open the window. Calling down)

Here — Officer — *You* — Let that boy alone!

FEJEVARY

(going left, calling sharply) Holden. Professor Holden — here — quick!

VOICE

(coming up from below, outside) Who says so?

MADLINE

I say so!

VOICE

And who are you talking for?

MADLINE

I am talking for Morton College!

FEJEVARY

(returning — followed, reluctantly, by HOLDEN) Indeed you are not. Close that window or you'll be expelled from Morton College.

(Sounds of a growing crowd outside.)

VOICE

Didn't I see you at the station?

MADLINE

Sure. And you'll see me there again, if you come bullying around here. You're not what this place is for! *(Her uncle comes up behind, right, and tries to close the window — she holds it out.)*

My grandfather gave this hill to Morton College — a place where anybody — from any land — can say what he believes to be true! Why, you poor simp — this is America! Beat it from here!

Atma! Don't let him take hold of you like that! Oh, let me *down* there!

(Springs down, would go off right, her uncle spreads out his arms to block that passage.)

She turns to go the other way.)

FEJEVARY

Holden! Bring her to her senses. Stand there. (*HOLDEN has not moved from the place he entered, left, and so blocks the doorway*) Don't let her pass.

(Shouts of derision outside.)

MADLINE

You think you can keep me in here — with that going on out there?

(Moves nearer HOLDEN, stands there before him, taut, looking him straight in the eye. After a moment, slowly, as one compelled, he steps aside for her to pass. Sound of her running footsteps. The two men's eyes meet. A door slams.)

CURTAIN