

# *Digby*

**FAYE:** You dance. You said you didn't but you do. And pretty good, too. You just think people are looking and that makes you nervous. You just have to forget about them. They're not looking. And if they are: Who cares.

**DIGBY:** Ill have to remember that.

**FAYE:** Write it in your diary.

**DIGBY:** What does Delehanty do?

**FAYE:** What?

**DIGBY:** Lester, what does he do for a living?

**FAYE:** He's a policeman.

**DIGBY:** He's a what?

**FAYE:** A cop.

**DIGBY:** In what country?

**FAYE:** This one, He's a New York City cop. What's wrong with that?

**DIGBY:** Nothing. He doesn't seem like the gallery type, that's all.

**FAYE:** He's not he hates it.

**DIGBY:** How did you meet him?

**FAYE:** Well, my apartment was robbed last winter. I came home from work and the place had been turned upside down. I called the police and Lester was one of the men who came when I called.

**DIGBY:** Last winter.

**FAYE:** Have you ever been robbed? It's awful. You feel terribly violated. When the police came, I don't know, it made things even worse. Lester was the only one who asked if I was all right, the only one who saw how upset I was. He's very sensitive, he listens. He helped me pick out the gates for my windows and he makes a mean Alfredo sauce. What are you smiling at?

**DIGBY:** Im smiling at you, you make me smile.

**FAYE:** I do?

**DIGBY:** Yes, you and the way people just.....appear in you life. They're up on ladders, they come yo your door....

**FAYE:** They walk into bedrooms.

**DIGBY:** You're like a cork. A lovely cork bobbing on the surface of the sea.

**FAYE:** Don't start up with that "SEA" stuff again.

**DIBGY:** I just....

**FAYE:** Someone looks interesting, I say hello. What's so terrible about that?

**DIGBY:** It's random.

**FAYE:** Life is random.

**DIGBY:** It doesn't have to be. You can put your life in order.

**FAYE:** Do you have an umbrella in your desk?

**DIGBY:** I beg you pardon?

**FAYE:** When you get up in the morning, do you listen to the radio to find out what the weathers gonna be? I don't. If it rains I get wet. If it doesn't rain I don't get wet. I don't plan things when I can avoid it. Plans are dangerous. They can be botched. They can be cancelled.

**DIGBY:** I suppose so.

**FAYE:** Are you a faggot?

**DIGBY:** You want to ask that a little louder? I think some people on the other side of the street might have missed it.

**FAYE:** There's nothing to be ashamed of if you are.

**DIGBY:** I didn't say there was and I didn't say I was. Why are you asking me something like that?

**FAYE:** Well, we've been going out, spending time together and so far you haven't.....you know, tried anything.

**DIGBY:** Anything what?

**FAYE:** Anything. You haven't.....made sexual overtures toward me.

**DIGBY:** And from that you deduce I'm homosexual.

**FAYE:** well.....

**DIGBY:** You must get an awful lot of exercise, jumping to conclusions that big.

**FAYE:** Its just that Nelson pointed out that a normal male.....

**DIGBY:** Oh, Nelson pointed this out to you? Now it make a certain twisted sense.

**FAYE:** Why not? He's normal, isn't he?

**DIGBY:** Yes, I suppose he is.

**FAYE:** What a snob you are. Always looking down your nose at people. Always a couple of steps back, watching. What's wrong with me.....I mean with you? Why are you wound so goddamn tight? This is the twentieth century. This is America the Salad Bar. Take. Enjoy yourself.

**DIGBY:** Im having a fine time right now, thank you.

**FAYE:** "Im having a fine time right now, thank you." Some fun. I was at college with a girl like you. A pretty little owl of a girl. She was very cute and very quiet, very polite, but if you could ever get her talking she'd come up

with the most amazing things. Only she never went out, she never had dates or went with boys or danced. You'd ask her to come along and she'd smile and say no thank you. I brought her home over Christmas vacation and she just smiled and sat on the sofa like a Korean orphan while everybody had eggnog and trimmed the tree. And you know where that girl is today?

**DIGBY:** Where?

**FAYE:** I haven't the slightest idea. And if that doesn't tell you something. I'd like to know what does.

**DIGBY:** This is the third conversation I've had tonight that only makes sense when you hold it up to a mirror.

**FAYE:** And another thing: I am not a burlap bag!

**DIGBY:** I never said you were.

**FAYE:** Well, Im not. I just like the feel of things. Don't you like the feel of things and the way things feel? Don't you ever just let go? Everybody else at the ballgame's yelling and screaming and groaning, and you just sit there like a goddamn glacier.....watching. And now you can watch me throw up. (She falls into Digby's arms) Thank you.

**DIGBY:** Your Welcome.

**FAYE:** I like you, Digby. I like the sound of your voice and the things that voice says. You're nice and generous and kind of cute around the edges, but where do we go from here?

**DIGBY:** I thought I'd take you home.

**FAYE:** Whose home?

**DIGBY:** Your home.

**FAYE:** Will you tuck me in?

**DIGBY:** No.

**FAYE:** Why not? I like it when you held me, when we danced. When I kicked off my shoes and you were taller than I expected. Some men turn out surprisingly short, but not you. How did I feel in your arms? How did I feel against your chest?

**DIGBY:** Is this still Park Avenue down here? The streets get so crazy below a certain point.

**FAYE:** Goddamn it! What have you got running through your veins? Club Soda? Give me back my fucking shoes. What do you want from me?

**DIGBY:** I want to be your friend. Is that so difficult to understand?

**FAYE:** Friend? What do you mean friend?

**DIGBY:** Friend! Christ, Faye, look around you. This city is thick with sex masquerading as intimacy and I'm sick of it. It's become the thing to do when people can't think of what to do, and that's not connecting, that's doodling. What do I want? I want to be able to hear myself think and I want to listen to another human voice without having to decode it. I want us to go on just the way we've been going. The status quo, the eye of the hurricane.

**FAYE:** You mean we simply decide .....not to?

**DIGBY:** It wouldn't be a prerequisite, it wouldn't be an assumption.

**FAYE:** What about the others?

**DIGBY:** What about them? This is between the two of us.

**FAYE:** That's all you really want from me?

**DIGBY:** It's that simple.