

MILLIE. Babe? You want a drink?

NORMA. No. Just come sit with me.

(MILLIE curls up with her on the sofa.)

NORMA. I'm sorry. This is ... it's getting a little tricky, isn't it?

MILLIE. Yes it is. But the arrangement gives us a lot of freedom other people don't have. I love our life.

(MILLIE kisses NORMA.)

NORMA. When we're home. Alone. When we're home alone

I love our life. When we're out getting manicures with Kitty Sunderson and gossiping about our husbands, I am frankly underwhelmed by my existence.

MILLIE. Everyone puts on a public face, Norma. People are entitled to private lives.

NORMA. *Private* lives, not *secret*. Come on. When we all

agreed to this, did you really consider the fact that we'd be spending the rest of our lives playing house with Bob and Jimmy? Can you picture us at sixty, taking vacations to Atlantic City and staying in adjoining rooms, staging this elaborate display for the comfort of

strangers? I love you, Millie, and I'm growing weary of hating myself for it.

MILLIE. I understand.

NORMA. I had hoped for children, one day.

MILLIE. I know.

NORMA. But how? How could I ever bring a child into... whatever this is? So there goes another hope, another compromise for the world at large.

MILLIE. That's not an impossibility, darling. It's just not something we can do right now.

NORMA. That's my point, Millie. Are we actually laying down any plans for the future, or are we just exhausting ourselves with maintaining the here and now?

MILLIE. I understand. You're right. I'm on your side.

NORMA. Okay, well. Is our side different from the boys next door?

MILLIE. I don't know the answer to that.

NORMA. I don't either. But I think there's trouble brewing. But you're on my side.

MILLIE. I'm on your side. I love you.

NORMA. I love you too.

MILLIE. Let's get you in a bath.

NORMA. That sounds marvelous.

MILLIE. We'll wash your hair, and you will hear the terrifying tale of how Kitty Sunderson got her name.

(MILLIE leads her off as lights fade.)