

FRANCES. *(Taking flask, toasting.)* And six years after that.
PEARL. *(Taking flask, toasting.)* And six years after that. To us.
CHARLOTTE. We must be doing something right to have a day like this. Heaven, isn't it? *(Charlotte hums "By the Sea.")*
CATHERINE. And like that, time passes.
FRANCES. Time passed.
PEARL. Before our eyes.
CATHERINE. Before we noticed. *(Charlotte stops humming. The sound of the waves, of the other people, fade away.)*

9

TOM

SLIDE: 218,723 watches later ...

Catherine and Tom's kitchen.

Tom comes home from work.

TOM. *(To Catherine, offstage.)* Katie? Hey, honey. I'm home. Hey. Helluva day. Helluva day. Hot, hot, hot, and no break till one. Kopinski is talking strike. Gianelli reminds him we don't even have a union. Kehoe calls them both commies. And I drop my lunch off the twenty-second story. I could eat a horse. Two. Two horses and a cow. You wanna start dinner? I'll get the kids. Katie? You here? *(Catherine enters. She's worried, distracted. He doesn't notice.)* There she is. *(He kisses her.)* How was work?

CATHERINE. *(Alone.)* Fine. Fine.

TOM. You make us rich? How many watches you paint today?

TOM. They're lucky to have you. Hope they know that. You're a one-woman assembly line. Time really is money around that place, isn't it?

CATHERINE. It is.

TOM. How are the kids? The kids good today? Your mom have any trouble with them? Because when I left this morning, they were being little monsters. *Cute* little monsters. I mean, they're *our*

little monsters. But I gotta admit, I was worried. Your mom, due respect, ain't as spry as she used to be. Where are they now? They're quiet. Which usually means trouble.

CATHERINE. They're fine. Reading to each other.

TOM. A couple of little professors. Smart kids. Think they take after you or me? *(He laughs ... she doesn't respond.)* So you hungry? You want me to start dinner? You look tired, no offense. Let me do the cooking. I'll whip up the best fried bologna sandwiches — ~~END~~

CATHERINE. Tom?

TOM. Yeah?

CATHERINE. Look at me.

TOM. *(A little worried.)* Ooookaaayyy ...

CATHERINE. Really look.

TOM. I am.

CATHERINE. You see something? Something different?

TOM. Just my beautiful Katie.

CATHERINE. You don't see anything different?

TOM. No, I don't.

CATHERINE. You're sure.

TOM. Scout's honor.

CATHERINE. Turn off the light.

TOM. What?

CATHERINE. Turn off the light.

TOM. Why —

CATHERINE. Just turn it off! *(He does. Darkness. She holds up her hands, shows him her palms. They're luminous. The other women appear. Light shines from all their hands. They speak, overlapping ...!)*

CHARLOTTE.

It won't come off.

FRANCES.

Can't come off.

PEARL.

Never come off.

(He tries to rub Catherine's hands clean. Doesn't work.)

CATHERINE. I tried.

TOM. *(Scared, but covering it.)* It's just the dust. Like always.

CATHERINE. But it's not just *on* my skin anymore. It's *in* my skin.

TOM. It'll wear off.

CATHERINE. Don't you think it's *wrong*?

TOM. No. I — I don't know. They say it's fine ...

CATHERINE. This is my *body*, Tom. It's in my body.

Start → I enlisted TOM

TOM. I did. I signed up. Seems like a million years ago. I saw things that no human being should ever have to see. A guy comes back from something like that, and he can't believe in God. It's impossible. That's what anyone'll tell you. I was raised to believe in God and the saints and in miracles. But then there was this war and after it, I couldn't believe in anything good. But when I first saw Katie, the first thing, the only thing I thought when I saw her face was that there had to be a God, because he made her. That was the only explanation. And I was a praying man again.

Talk about a miracle.

~~Do you know they pulled bones out of her body while she was still alive. I find them right now.~~

(Tom starts to cry.)

I was going to grow old with this woman.

I was going to die with her.

Maybe I have.

Could you tell me how to live my life now?

Could you tell me what I'm going to do with all this goddamn time?

(Pulling himself together.)

I have to go.

I have to see my kids.

I have to get home before they go to bed.

I sing to them. They sing to me.

A lullaby.

Even though we're all too old for it.

It's our little routine.

It makes us feel better.

It's just something we do.

~~*(He turns away, stops.)*~~

~~Since January, I've been ...~~

~~Every morning I wake up and wonder if today's the day I'm going~~

~~to die.~~