

[Candy has fallen to her knees but she crawls after him with surprising rapidity, shrieking his name over and over and louder and more piercingly each time. Jerry and Alvin burst in just as Candy topples lifelessly forward onto her face with a last strangulated outcry.]

JERRY: Jesus, get her a drink. *[Alvin rushes to liquor cabinet as Jerry lifts Candy from floor.]* – Alvin? I think she's dead!

[Alvin freezes with cognac bottle in hand.]

JERRY: Help me get her on the goddam bed for Crissake.

ALVIN: Make it look like she died natural, Jerry.

JERRY: Will you shut up and take her legs, you cunt?

ALVIN *[obeying]*: We warned her, she wouldn't listen.

JERRY: She isn't breathing, she's gone.

ALVIN: We got to get her out of drag before the cops come, anyhow.

JERRY: Who's going to call the police? It's even too late for a priest.

ALVIN: Who do we notify? Korngold?

JERRY: Who is Korngold?

ALVIN: Her husband—separated—the one that left her—He went to Texas—Houston.

JERRY: Alvin? She's breathing: the brandy!

[*They pour brandy down her: she gags and retches. They laugh wildly.*]

ALVIN: Pull yourself together on your birthday!

CANDY [*sitting up slowly*]:—Oh, my God.—I'm old!—I've gotten old, I'm old

[*Jerry motions Alvin to sit beside her. A pause: it begins to rain.*]

JERRY: Now let us sit upon a rumpled bed
And tell sad stories of the deaths of queens . . .

[*Alvin and Jerry giggle. Finally even Candy joins in but her giggle turns to tears, as the scene dims out.*]

CURTAIN