

KARL: Do you know any women?

CANDY: Won't I do?

KARL: No, I don't go this route.

CANDY: I told you, I just want friendship. I'm terribly lonely. Just to have the company of someone I find so attractive, to entertain him, amuse him, is all that I ask for! Really!

KARL: You're a new one, but the pitch is familiar.

CANDY: I don't deny for a moment that if you suddenly sprang up and seized me in your arms!—I wouldn't resist . . .

KARL: You're barking up the wrong tree, in the wrong woods, in the wrong country.

CANDY: I only said if you did. I didn't imply it was probable that you would. I didn't even imply that it was—likely . . . You like some music?

KARL: Yeah, turn on some music.

CANDY: What's your preference in music, popular or classic or—what do you like?

KARL:—I don't care, anything . . .

CANDY [*reading an album title*]: *Walzing with Wayne King*.

KARL: Good.

CANDY [*after the music begins*]:—I'm told I follow divinely. Shall we dance?

KARL: No.

CANDY: Why? Why not? Come on!

KARL: You look like a girl but I can't forget you're not one.

CANDY: You will when you start dancing with me. Are you afraid to?

KARL: Oh, well . . . [*Rises and dances with her*.]

CANDY: Oh, oh, oh . . .

KARL: You sure can follow okay.

CANDY: Doin' what comes naturally!

KARL [*quitting*]: I can't. I just can't. Ha ha!—It seems too—

CANDY: Too what, honey?

KARL:—unnatural—not right.—I'd better go.

CANDY: OH, NO!—NO!!

KARL: Yeah, I think so.

CANDY: Don't be so conventional and inhibited, why, what for! You force me to bring up a matter which is always embarrassing. Are you hard up for money?

KARL: I got a few dollars on me.

CANDY: That's not enough for a Mardi Gras weekend, baby.

KARL: Oh, I'll make out. I'll probably meet some dame over forty or fifty at Paris or somewhere. Maybe even a B-girl who'll take my tab, and—

CANDY: She wouldn't be pretty as I am.

KARL: She'd be female.

CANDY: But would she offer you all?

MISTER PARADISE AND OTHER ONE-ACT PLAYS

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KARL: What's all?

CANDY: All that I've got to offer. This lovely place at your disposal now and always. Unlimited credit at every bar in the quarter. Cash, too. A pocketful of it. And more where that pocketful came from. And no strings, Karl. Your freedom.

KARL: I want a woman tonight, having been at sea for six weeks.

CANDY: I can fix that too.

KARL: How?

CANDY: Most of my close friends are women, and all are attractive.

KARL: You mean you can fix me up with a good looking girl?

CANDY: Easy as pie.

KARL: What would you get out of it? What would you want for all this?

CANDY: Just your companionship, later. When you come home.

KARL: My home in this town is a bed at the Salvation Army dormitory on Rampart.

CANDY: This is your home, if you'll take it.

KARL: I like to pay my own way unless I am giving something. I'm not giving nothing to you.

CANDY: You'd come home drunk. Fall in bed. I would take

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your shoes off, just your shoes, and blissfully fall asleep with your hand in mine.

KARL: For Christ's sake.

CANDY: No, for mine!

KARL: You're crazy. I'm going now.

CANDY: You don't believe I could fix you up with a girl who would be everything that you dream of?

KARL: It's all part of a plot. I just want some money from you. You can have what you want, now, for ten dollars. Let's get it over with, huh?

CANDY: But what I told you I wanted is what I want.

KARL: It's all you'd get.

CANDY: I know it.

KARL: And it would cost you twenty.

CANDY: Twenty's nothing. Give me your empty wallet.

*[He does. She removes bills from a teapot and puts them in his wallet. She puts the wallet in his pocket. He takes it out and carefully counts the bills. She has given him fifty dollars. He grunts. She has picked up the phone and dialed a number. She gets a response.]*

CANDY *[into the receiver]*: I want to speak to Helene.

KARL: Who's Helene?