

KARL: What was that all about?

CANDY: I want to ask you a question. I've never lied to you, baby. I want you to tell me the truth. Have you had any connection with a woman this week?

KARL: Huh. What woman?

CANDY: A woman named Alice Jackson?

KARL: The answer is yes. What of it?

CANDY: Come over here and sit down at the table.

KARL: I'm dressing.

CANDY: You can dress later.

KARL: I can but I want to now. Okay?

CANDY: You are risking a wonderful future between us by not treating me with respect which I deserve from you. I have spent over three hundred dollars on you in the past week, at a time when I am just getting established in my own business, after long plans and great efforts! Let me tell you what I plan for us. First of all, I'm throwing out Alvin and Jerry and am redecorating this building to attract the highest class tenants. I own three pieces of property in the quarter and I have my own decorating place on Saint Charles Street. Is it or is it not true that you have been shacking up with this woman while you were not here last week, and lied about it, and told me you'd been to Biloxi with shipmates?

KARL: Can you think of any good reason for me to lie to you, fruitcake?

CANDY: Yes, I can, Butcher boy. You're not too drunk or hung over to know that I am the one, only me, that offers you a sound future. Just, just let me tell you the plans I've made for our future life together! I need a partner in business. You will be it. I'm going, in one year's time, to be the most high-paid, fashionable decorator in town. Wait! My talent is recognized! I did the TV show for the "Two Americas Fair."

[*Karl crosses to him and starts snapping his fingers.*]

CANDY [*ignoring Karl's gesture*]: Photographs of my interiors are going to be reproduced in *Southern Culture's* next issue, in color!—a full page spread!

[*Karl continues snapping his fingers closer to Candy's face.*]

CANDY: Why are you snapping your fingers in my face?

KARL: The loot, give with the loot, I'm going.

CANDY: Where?

KARL: Alice's. We spent her month's allowance and that is why I come back here for one night only.

CANDY: You will stay here or get *nothing*!

KARL: You give the wrong answer, fruitcup.

[*Karl knocks her around, first lightly, then more severely. Candy's sobbing turns to stifled outcries.*]

KARL: Where do you keep it, where do you keep your loot, come on before I demolish you and the whole fucking pad!

CANDY [*at last*]: Tea—pot, the—silver teapot . . .

[*Karl helps himself to a thick roll of greenbacks in the teapot and starts out.*]

KARL: Fill it back up. I might drop in here again the next time I ship in this town. [*He exits.*]