

H - Chris & Ann

CHRIS. (*Hopefully.*) You're not sorry you came?

ANN. Not sorry, no. But I'm...not going to stay...

CHRIS. Why?

ANN. In the first place, your mother as much as told me to go.

CHRIS. Well...

ANN. You saw that...and then you...you've been kind of...

CHRIS. What?

ANN. Well...kind of embarrassed ever since I got here.

CHRIS. The trouble is I planned on kind of sneaking up on you over a period of a week or so. But they take it for granted that we're all set.

ANN. I knew they would. Your mother anyway.

CHRIS. How did you know?

ANN. From *her* point of view, why else would I come?

CHRIS. Well...would you want to? (*Ann studies him.*) I guess you know this is why I asked you to come.

ANN. I guess this is why I came.

CHRIS. Ann, I love you. I love you a great deal. (*Finally.*) I love you. (*Pause. She waits.*) I have no imagination...that's all I know to tell you. (*Ann, waiting, ready.*) I'm embarrassing you. I didn't want to tell it to you here. I wanted someplace we'd never been; a place where we'd be brand new to each other... You feel it's wrong here, don't you? This yard, this chair? I want you to be ready for me. I don't want to win you away from anything.

ANN. (*Putting her arms around him.*) Oh, Chris, I've been ready a long, long time!

CHRIS. Then he's gone forever. You're sure.

ANN. I almost got married two years ago.

CHRIS. ...why didn't you?

ANN. You started to write to me... (*Slight pause.*)

CHRIS. You felt something that far back?

ANN. Every day since!

CHRIS. Ann, why didn't you let me know?

ANN. I was waiting for you, Chris. Till then you never wrote. And when you did, what did you say? You sure can be ambiguous, you know.

CHRIS. (*Looks towards house, then at her, trembling.*) Give me a kiss, Ann. Give me a... (*They kiss.*) God, I kissed you, Annie, I kissed Annie. How long, how long I've been waiting to kiss you!

ANN. I'll never forgive you. Why did you wait all these years? All I've done is sit and wonder if I was crazy for thinking of you.

CHRIS. Annie, we're going to live now! I'm going to make you so happy. (*He kisses her, but without their bodies touching.*)

ANN. (*A little embarrassed.*) Not like that you're not.

CHRIS. I kissed you...

ANN. Like Larry's brother. Do it like you, Chris. (*He breaks away from her abruptly.*) What is it, Chris?

CHRIS. Let's drive someplace... I want to be alone with you.

ANN. No...what is it, Chris, your mother?

CHRIS. No...nothing like that...

ANN. Then what's wrong? ...Even in your letters, there was something ashamed.

CHRIS. Yes. I suppose I have been. But it's going from me.

ANN. You've got to tell me—

CHRIS. I don't know how to start. (*He takes her hand. He speaks quietly, factually at first.*)

ANN. It wouldn't work this way. (*Slight pause.*)

CHRIS. It's all mixed up with so many other things... You remember, overseas, I was in command of a company?

ANN. Yeah, sure.

CHRIS. Well, I lost them.

ANN. How many?

CHRIS. Just about all.

ANN. Oh, gee!

CHRIS. It takes a little time to toss that off. Because they weren't just men. For instance, one time it'd been raining several days and this kid came to me, and gave me his last pair of dry socks. Put