

SHEP. Knew what?

GILLIAN. What I was doing. That it would be like this. I'm sorry. (*She puts her hand to her head.*)

SHEP. (*Angry.*) That's great. And you needn't pretend to cry. Because you can't do that, either, if I remember rightly.

GILLIAN. (*Angry.*) I'm not crying. (*Then, with realization, she rises and turns to SHEP.*) Oh, so you believe it, now.

SHEP. (*Crossing up to door.*) Of course I don't believe it—not a Goddamn word of it! (*A pause. Then he crosses down to r. of ottoman.*) Can you people take off spells that you put on? Because I think you'd better.

GILLIAN. (*Urgently, stepping back.*) No, no, I wouldn't do that. No, I won't! I won't!

SHEP. (*Again, after a pause.*) Okay! (*He goes to door, picking up his coat.*)

GILLIAN. Where are you going?

SHEP. I don't know, but I'm getting the hell out of here. For good and all!

GILLIAN. No, no, you can't.

SHEP. Oh, yes, I can! I don't know how one deals with witches—but watch me, you just watch me! (*Opens door.*) And don't think just because you put a spell on me, that I'm coming back. Because I'm not. Ever. (*He goes out, slamming door.*)

GILLIAN. (*Urgently, moving forward.*) Shep! (*Then she stops.*) The spell! He'll have to come back. (*Front door is heard to slam.*) Won't he? (*She starts to window. Then, suddenly, door bursts open, and SHEP breaks in again. He looks wild and utterly bewildered. He takes one step forward, then freezes, staring at GILLIAN. After a second, and as though struggling.*)

SHEP. What am I doing here? NO! No! Good God, No! (*He retreats slowly, as though fighting conflicting forces, and as though his feet were in glue.*) No! No! No!!! (*He manages to exit and to slam door again.*)

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE I

The scene is the same, later on that night. The mask, which was on the wall, is now broken into two pieces, lying on the chair and on

the floor. Only the console lamp is lighted.

GILLIAN sits in window-seat, staring out into the street, lighted only by street-lamp. After a moment, NICKY enters, silently, and closes door. He sees broken fragments of mask, and registers them. Then he steps forward.

NICKY. (*Gaily.*) Ah, a dull moment around here.

GILLIAN. (*Rising and turning.*) Nicky, how did you get in?

NICKY. (*Crossing up, putting his coat on r. bench. He turns on hall light.*) Don't ask silly questions. Through the door. Where's Shep?

GILLIAN. Out some place.

NICKY. You two haven't had a quarrel, or anything, have you?

GILLIAN. (*Coldly—crossing to r. table.*) No, not a quarrel. Just a visitor. Thank you, Nicky.

NICKY. (*Picking up pieces of the mask.*) Say, what's this? Goodness, someone's been careless.

GILLIAN. No one has been careless.

NICKY. (*Putting mask on sofa table and turning on lamp.*) What a pity it got broken! It would come in so handy right now. Don't tell me Shep broke this.

GILLIAN. You know perfectly well who did it.

NICKY. (*Crossing c., above ottoman.*) Yes, you. But was it in reform or anger? Not just because Shep walked out on you?

GILLIAN. (*Crossing to back of r. chair.*) Nicky, you've seen him. Where?

NICKY. At Sid's place. He came straight there from you. (*GILLIAN is already halfway to phone. NICKY moves r.*) Oh, it's no good your calling him. He isn't there now.

GILLIAN. Where is he?

NICKY. (*Crossing to up r. of ottoman.*) Well, that, I'm afraid I can't tell you.

GILLIAN. (*Comes down to r. of sofa.*) He's not with Merle? He's not thinking of Merle, is he?

NICKY. No, but I think he thinks he ought to be. (*Crossing to ottoman.*) After all, maybe he's still in love with her, underneath.

GILLIAN. (*Crossing to below r. chair.*) Don't think I haven't thought of that. I've been sitting here battling with the temptation to take the spell off. That's when I broke the mask. Oh, but if I leave things as they are, he'll still love me, and loathe me for it. (*She sits.*)

NICKY. (*Steps toward her.*) Yes, I don't think it was very smart of you to tell him all about the spell. Don't you know what it always