

Now, over ten ten years later, on the morning following their night of lovemaking, the actress and the Japanese engineer sit in a café. She tells her new lover of her experiences during the war.

—
SHE

We were supposed to meet at noon on the quays of the Loire. I was going to leave with him. When I arrived at noon on the quay of the Loire, he wasn't quite dead yet. Someone had fired on him from a garden.

(becoming delirious)

I stayed near his body all that day and then all the next night. The next morning they came to pick him up and they put him in a truck. It was that night Nevers was liberated. The bells of St. Etienne were ringing, ringing . . . Little by little he grew cold beneath me. Oh! how long it took him to die! When? I'm not quite sure. I was lying on top of him . . . yes . . . the moment of his death actually escaped me, because . . . because even at that very moment, and even afterward, yes, even afterward, I can say that I couldn't feel the slightest difference between this dead body and mine. All I could find between this body and mine were obvious similarities, do you understand?

(shouting)

He was my first love . . . And then one day . . . I had screamed again. So they put me back in the cellar.

(Her voice resumes its normal rhythm.)

It was warm . . .

(after a pause)

I think then is when I got over my hate.

(pause)

I don't scream anymore.

(pause)

I'm becoming reasonable. They say: "She's becoming reasonable."

(pause)

One night, a holiday, they let me go out. The banks of the Loire. Dawn. People are crossing the bridge, sometimes many, sometimes few, depending on the hour. From afar, it's no one. Not long after that my mother tells me I have to leave for Paris, by night. She gives me some money. I leave for Paris, on a bicycle, at night. It's summer. The nights are warm. When I reach Paris two days later the name of Hiroshima is in all the newspapers. My hair is now a decent length. I'm in the street with the people.

(as if she were waking up)

Fourteen years have passed. I don't even remember his hands very well . . . The pain, I still remember the pain a little.

The Apartment

United Artists/Mirisch (Produced by Billy Wilder), 1960

Screenplay by Billy Wilder and I. A. L. Diamond

Directed by Billy Wilder

Time: 1960

Place: Manhattan

INFO

This dark comedy is the story of C. C. (Bud) Baxter, an employee at a large insurance firm, who is in his early thirties, unmarried, and living alone in a small apartment in Manhattan. He has little, if any, social life. Baxter has been roped into letting his superiors—several married executives—use his apartment to carry on clandestine affairs with various women. Because Baxter has "played ball" with them, passing his apartment key from executive to execu-

utive, the executives "play ball" with Bud, recommending him to J. D. Sheldrake, the executive in charge of personnel, for an advance at the company.

Baxter moves to a junior executive position, complete with private office, but finds that Mr. Sheldrake, married for twelve years, is requesting the key to Bud's apartment. Sheldrake is having an affair with Fran Kubelik, who works as a white-gloved elevator operator in Baxter's office building. Fran is single, in her twenties, and lives with her sister and brother-in-law. Baxter is infatuated with Fran. They speak, make a date to meet one night at the theater, but Fran never shows up—she's with Sheldrake, at Baxter's apartment. Sweet-natured and vulnerable, Fran falls in love with Sheldrake and hopes he will divorce his wife. But at the office Christmas party someone tells Fran that she is only the latest in what has been a string of office affairs for Sheldrake.

At Bud's apartment on Christmas Eve, Sheldrake tells Fran that he cannot stay with her and must leave to be with his family. He hands her a hundred-dollar bill and tells her to get herself something nice for Christmas. Insulted, Fran takes the money and begins to undress—"as long as it's paid for"—but Sheldrake, in a hurry, rushes off, leaving Fran alone and despondent.

Fran attempts suicide in Bud's apartment. When Bud returns, he finds her there. He saves her life with the help of a neighbor who is a doctor. As she recovers, Fran and Bud exchange personal stories.

Monologue One

FRAN
(pensively)

I think I'm going to give it all up. Why do people have to love people, anyway? I don't want it. What do you call it

START

when somebody keeps getting smashed up in automobile accidents? That's me with men. I've been jinxed from the word go—first time I was ever kissed was in a cemetery. I was fifteen—we used to go there to smoke. His name was George—he threw me over for a drum majorette. I just have this talent for falling in love with the wrong guy in the wrong place at the wrong time. The last one was manager of a finance company, back home in Pittsburgh—they found a little shortage in his accounts, but he asked me to wait for him—he'll be out in 1965. So I came to New York and moved in with my sister and her husband—he drives a cab. They sent me to secretarial school, and I applied for a job with Consolidated—but I flunked the typing test— Oh, I can type up a storm, but I can't spell. So they gave me a pair of white gloves and stuck me in an elevator—that's how I met Jeff— Oh, God, I'm so fouled up. What am I going to do now? Maybe he *does* love me—only he doesn't have the nerve to tell his wife.

END

Monologue Two

BUD

I know how you feel, Miss Kubelik. You think it's the end of the world—but it's not, really. I went through exactly the same thing myself. Well, maybe not *exactly*—I tried to do it with a gun. She was the wife of my best friend—and I was mad for her. But I know it was hopeless—so I decided to end it all. I went to a pawnshop and bought a forty-five automatic and drove up to Eden Park—do you know Cincinnati? Anyway, I parked the car and loaded the gun—well, you read in the papers all the time that people shoot themselves, but believe me, it's not that easy—I mean, how do you do it?—here, or here, or here—

(with cocked finger, he points to his temple, mouth and chest)