

① JASON / BLANCHE

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ROMANTIC COMEDY

ACT I

(Apparently someone does, as the PHONE STOPS RINGING. BLANCHE DAILEY opens the double doors and pokes her head into the room. Flamboyant in manner and dress, she admits to forty-two, looks fiftyish, is actually fifty-four. Thrice married, an ex-showgirl, but for many years a literary agent, she is nobody's fool.)

BLANCHE. (Surprised.) Why aren't you dressed?

JASON. My club's sending Boris—or someone over to give me a rubdown.

BLANCHE. (She enters, closing doors behind her.) Isn't that a bit redundant on your wedding day? What are you doing holed up in here anyway?

JASON. Allison's parents and some of her assorted relatives are staying in the upstairs rooms so I've been sleeping in the dressing room. How's the house?

BLANCHE. Filling up. And, at the risk of introducing a somber note into this festive affair, costing you a bundle you can ill afford.

JASON. (Quietly.) God, you're crass.

BLANCHE. (Unmoved.) I'm supposed to be. I'm your agent. (Looking at suits.) You know your problem, Jason? You came out of your mother's womb yelling "I'll take one in every color."

JASON. What do you want? You have an ulterior look about you.

BLANCHE. Well, for one thing, I wanted to audition the costume. (She does a model's twirl.) Very restrained for an old Follies girl, right?

JASON. Blanche, you have a choice. You can either be a Follies girl or you can be forty-two years old. You cannot be both.

BLANCHE. I hate people with mathematical minds. (The PHONE RINGS and BLANCHE picks it up. Into phone.) Jason Carmichael's residence—Yes, he is—Oh—Hold on a minute, please. (She holds out the phone to him.) Long