

SCENE THREE

*(PETER and SUSAN'S terrace.*

*ROBERT stands alone)*

PETER

*(OFFSTAGE)*

Bob? Bob? Where the hell are you?

ROBERT

Out here.

PETER

*(ENTERING, with SUSAN)*

For crissake, what are you doing out here?

ROBERT

Oh, it is so great to have a terrace in this city. Wow.

SUSAN

Really? We just use it to store old sleds and stuff.

PETER

*(Indicating)*

Look. Hundreds of thousand of terraces in New York and never have I seen a single person out on even one of them.

SUSAN

Plus you worry about kids tracking in dirt or falling over.

PETER

And everyone can hear everything you say.

*(Leans over, calls up)*

Are you listening?

*(To SUSAN and ROBERT)*

Not to mention look at all the bird-doo.

*(ROBERT quickly removes his jacket from the railing)*

SUSAN

And noisy?! You cannot even hear yourself think. And what can you see? All you can see is the building across the street.

START

PETER

*(Leaning over)*

Well, if you lean way out and look over there you can see the East River.

SUSAN

*(Pulling PETER back)*

Except that you really can't. Peter almost met his Maker one night trying to see that dumb ol' East River. He did.

ROBERT

You saved him?

SUSAN

Me? No. Well, I suppose, in a way.

PETER

She fainted so I got down.

SUSAN

Peter just is not afraid of anything at all. Unfortunately, I simply was not made that way. One day Peter fell off the ladder when he was putting up my curio cabinet and he split his head right open. Well, I fainted. I came to, I looked at his head and I fainted again.

PETER

Four times she fainted that night.

ROBERT

*(Laughing)*

Well, see now, to me that is so sweet. That is charm. Oh, you gotta be one lucky guy, Peter. I mean, hey, that kind of — Southern graciousness — there just ain't much of that around these parts. You two are — he said with envy — just beautiful together. Really a terrific pair. And Peter — if you ever decide to leave her — I want to be the first to know.

SUSAN

*(Smiling at PETER)*

Well...

PETER

You're the first to know.

SUSAN

*(Elated)*

We're getting divorced.

J END