

ual for a man to appear in  
a paper sack. Sorriest thing  
ot a human.  
dear child. Even Valentina

P.  
dream.  
it as "war surplus." I talked  
him for a new wig and, to  
er. Thinking the invitation

t better proof of my argument  
s and immediately assumed

rasp without claw marks?  
or a group who say they're  
risingly little about women.  
ntlemen who cut the sort of  
y attentions.  
e beautiful. Any man would

ot. May I continue?  
right away? Was it love at  
and plied me with red wine

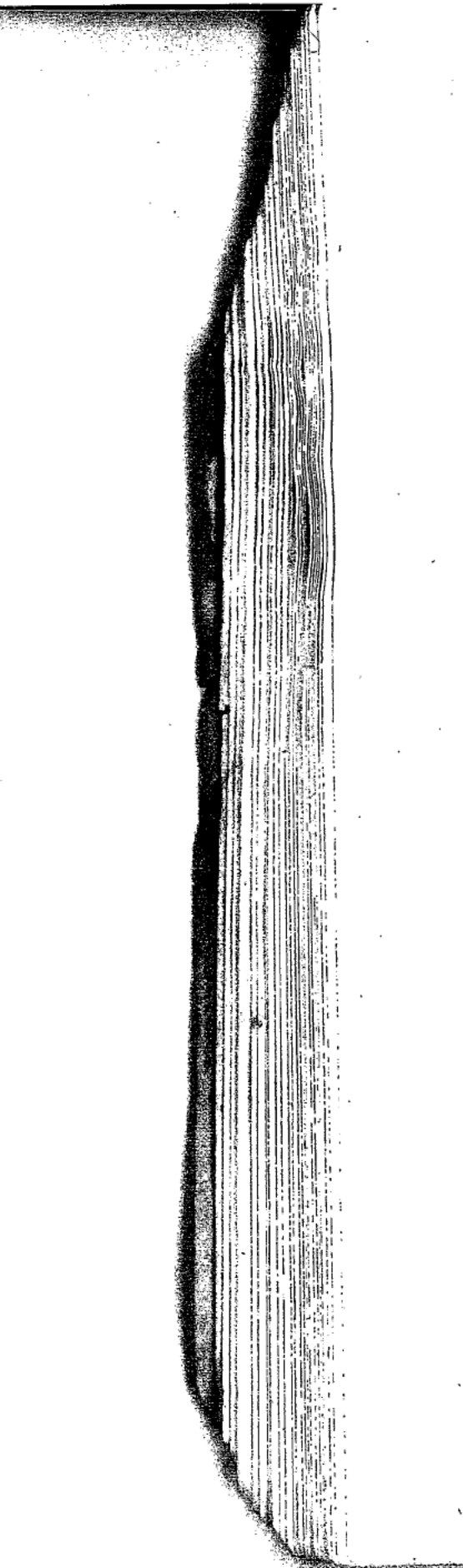
*Familiarly.) ... Blue Grotto!  
e Times.*

ou two wrong?  
e conversation fascinating. I'd  
o idea such people existed.  
itten. And they were engaged  
r bed.

BESSIE. Interesting the way you separate George from Valentina.

RITA. How does your wife do it?

BESSIE. Wouldn't know. Never asked. Personally I luxuriate in the  
conceit of having dual personalities. I love being Bessie and Albert  
loves being ... Well, he can speak for himself. I love being Bessie.  
But really, what could be better than being two in one? It allows



my Albert to spoil me while. I never have to fret paying the bill. And what does he ask in return? Of course that messy activity he performs in the dark. But then again, Albert's so quickly pleased. Just ask his wife. No. Stay clear of her. She doesn't much like me. Jealous that, to him, I always come first. And why wouldn't I? I'm amusing and spontaneous and easy to get along with. And I'm certainly not the one who makes him unclog the drain or visit the in-laws. I'm always grateful for whatever gifts he bestows upon me. And his taste...? It's as if he could read my mind. The wife, on the other hand, returns everything she's given and is never satisfied no matter how hard he tries to please her. Lucky he has me. I am, I dare say, my own perfect spouse. And we are the perfect couple. I'm sorry his wife is jealous, but she has every right to be.

RITA. George is fond of saying that he'd be lost without me.

BESSIE. Lost? I don't know. Gone is more like it. (*Realizing she's gone too far.*) I ... Forget what I said. I'm old and foolish and drunk and words are just things I use to keep my mouth occupied between meals. Go on your way. Leave me to the lepers. (*Rita exits. The music*

*Charlotte coming outside and escapes, but*