

Jacqueline de Severac, Christina (Simon)

Jackie:

(to Christine)

You're aa happy sort of person, aren't you? God, I'd like to be you!

Christina:

Oh, but I'm sure.....I mean.....

Jackie:

What do you mean? Shall I tell you the story of my life?

(Simon rustles his magazine uneasily. She looks over at him and laughs)

Simon would rather I didn't.

(Simon rises)

Going to run away, Simon?

Simon:

(Flushing)

It's getting late.

Jackie:

Just the right time of night for telling hard luck stories. Or good luck stories like Christina's. Why hasn't your Aunt Helen ever taken you abroad before? Why does she let you slave away in an office?

Christina:

That's a family affair. Aunt Helen's sister, you see, married, as Aunt Helen considered, beneath her. That was my grandmother – Aunt Helen's my great aunt. My father, who's a proud man, kept up the quarrel until recently.....

Jackie:

Quite romantic. Isn't it, Simon?

(Simon doesn't answer)

I like you Christina. I like you very much. Don't go away and leave me, will you? I'm feeling very low tonight. I want someone to talk to. You won't leave me, will you?

Christina:

(Embarrassed)

I'm thinking we all need some sleep.

(Jackie sings some more of "Frankie and Johnny" then call sharply over her shoulder)

Jackie:

Boy! Boy!

(She turns to Simon)

Get the steward, will you Simon? I want another drink.

Simon:

The stewards have gone to bed. It's after midnight.

Jackie:

I tell you, I want another drink.

Simon:

You have had quite enough drinks, Jackie.

Jackie

(Rising)

What damned business is it of yours?

Simon:

None.

Jackie:

(Jeeringly)

What's the matter, Simon? Are you afraid?

Christina:

(Rising)

I really must.....

(Jackie stops her)

Jackie:

No, you mustn't. Do you know when Simon over there is afraid of? He's afraid I'm going to tell you the story of my life.

Christina:

(Embarrassed)

Oh, indeed?

Jackie:

It's a very sad story..... He and I were engaged, you see.....

(Singing)

"He was her man, and he did her wrong....."

He treated me rather badly.....Didn't you Simon?

Simon:

(Angrily)

Go to bed, Jackie, you're drunk.

Jackie:

If you're embarrassed, you'd better leave the room.

Simon:

I'm staying.

(He sits)

Christina:

I really.....It's so late.....

(Jackie holds her arm)

Jackie:

I forbid you to go. You're to stay and hear what I've got to say.