

TWILIGHT OF THE GOLDS

ACT 2 - SCENE 2

SUZANNE is in the kitchen. There's a knock on the door. She looks at the door, not knowing what to do. The knocking continues. Finally, she speaks.

SUZANNE: Yes?
DAVID: (through the door) Open up, you rich bitch.
SUZANNE: David, you shit.

David opens the door with his key.

DAVID: I'm gonna smash your Krups cappuccino maker.
SUZANNE: Very funny.
DAVID: Hi sis. I called Bloomingdale's, they said you left early, so I thought I'd catch you, see how you're doing.
SUZANNE: I had a headache.
DAVID: That reminds me, this is for you.

He takes out a CD from his pocket.

SUZANNE: Gypsy. Well, at least it's not opera.
DAVID: This is the Angela Lansbury recording. I already gave you the original with Merman, but I saw last time I was here that you still haven't opened it. So I figure two different versions improves my chances.
SUZANNE: You're really starting to piss me off.
DAVID: Please, if I wanted to piss you off, I'd bring Tyne Daly.
SUZANNE: Put it with the others. I know how you like them in alphabetical order.
DAVID: My pleasure.
SUZANNE: I'm making dinner. There's not enough food, you can't stay.

She exits to the kitchen. David looks at the CD collection. He picks up a boxed open set.

DAVID: I don't believe it! It can't be! 'Vittoria'!
SUZANNE: What are you yelling about?
DAVID: The 'La Bohème' is out of the plastic. There's hope!
SUZANNE: (from the kitchen) Don't get excited. 'Moonstruck' was on cable.
DAVID: From me it's boring...
SUZANNE: Honestly, David, I wish you'd stop bringing us that stuff. It puts me in a very awkward position.
DAVID: I don't take it personally. Besides, it's not for you anymore.
SUZANNE: Rob has no interest.
DAVID: Somebody will.

Pause. Suzanne enters.

SUZANNE: Mom told you. I knew she would. This family talks too much.
DAVID: So then it's true. How can you? Do you realize what you're doing?
SUZANNE: Funny, I don't remember asking for your input.
DAVID: Suzanne, I can't just sit by and let this happen.
SUZANNE: Stop it, David. Stop it before you say another word. You have no right to come in here and tell me what to do. Especially after Marnie Eisner.
DAVID: What? Marnie Eisner? I can't believe you're throwing that in my face.
SUZANNE: You were a junior in high school. You came to me in a panic, your voice was cracking. You said: 'Suzanne, I don't know what to do. I can't have a kid. I won't be able to go to college.' Remember?
DAVID: It just happened.

SUZANNE: Do you remember how I went with you to the bank and we got out some of your Bar Mitzvah money?
DAVID: Of course I do. I remember.
SUZANNE: I brought the two of you to that clinic that smelled like Windex. I held her hand. I held your hand. I took care of both of you and we got it done.
DAVID: Yes, you were wonderful.
SUZANNE: You were so afraid Mom and Dad would find out.
DAVID: Now it's what they pray for.
SUZANNE: Whatever happened to Marnie?
DAVID: She lives with a woman in Seattle. I think we both knew something wasn't right. So, what's your point?
SUZANNE: I supported you. No questions asked. Now I want you to do the same thing.
DAVID: I'm sorry. I can't do that.
SUZANNE: David
DAVID: It's not the same thing. Not even remotely. Marnie got pregnant by accident. Her life would have been badly damaged, as would mine, and so would the kid's. You and Rob wanted this baby. You can afford it. You're ready to be parents. But now, because you know something about this person you've created that you don't care for, you're ending his life.
SUZANNE: It's my choice, David. It's my right to choose. And stop saying 'his'.
DAVID: Ah yes, the right of choice - the last refuge of the morally indefensible. We demand the right of choice when we know deep down what we want to do is wrong. Necessary maybe, regrettable yes, but definitely wrong. We demand our God-given right to take the easy way out.
SUZANNE: You don't believe that.
DAVID: Yes. Right now, I think I do.
SUZANNE: No. I know you don't. You're talking like some Right-Wing Fundamentalist crackpot. Coming here in your own little 'Operation Rescue.' Don't you dare give me a sermon as if you had morality on your side. I think we know you don't.
DAVID: That's not what this is about. I would never take away your right. I'd march in the streets and write my congressman to make sure you keep it but this is something new. This is a decision that no one's ever had to make before. I'm asking you to choose carefully. Please. Think it over.
SUZANNE: I have.
DAVID: Think harder. How can you do this to me?
SUZANNE: Oh, this is about you, is it?
DAVID: You're erasing me from the world. You're rubbing me out. Why? I thought you loved me.
SUZANNE: Don't play those games with me. They won't work.

Beat.

DAVID: What does Rob say?
SUZANNE: Rob says a lot. He says he'll be patient and support me in my choice but I should hurry up and decide. And if I feel up to the challenge of raising this one then he is too. The message is coming through loud and clear: Why put ourselves through this? And, frankly, I don't blame him. This baby was going to change our lives and make everything better. Not that things are bad, but, I don't know, we could use a clear sense of purpose. Now the whole thing is tainted. I wish we didn't know, but we do. And it's a problem.
DAVID: What wouldn't be a problem with you?
SUZANNE: Oh, please.
DAVID: What if you found out the kid was going to be ugly, or smell bad, or have an annoying laugh, or need really thick glasses?
SUZANNE: Come on, David. We're talking about something pretty serious.
DAVID: But where do we stop? You know we have relatives who died for less. So now we have this technology, what are we going to do with it? It starts with us, Suzanne.
SUZANNE: Oh shut up! Shut up! Shut up! I can't take it anymore.
DAVID: That's because you know I'm right.

SUZANNE: No, it's because I'm sick of you. I'm tired of your lectures and the way you talk down to all of us. Goddam it, I am so sick of being 'the shallow one.' Everybody dotes on you, with all your deep feelings and higher interests. The truth is you're just a spoiled brat who always has to have his own way.

DAVID: Yes. You're right. And so is Stephen. I'm a horrible little shit. I should get the hell out and grow up. And maybe I will. But when I'm done, I'll come back and say the same things and I'll still be right.

SUZANNE: Why are you doing this?

DAVID: Because I'm fighting for my life. Do you have any idea how horrifying this is? To find out that people who brought you into this world wish that they had slammed the door?

SUZANNE: This family has been very good to you in every way, David. Don't play the martyr. We all love you, you know that. We love you.

DAVID: Then love him.