# Act I Scene III

Apartment I-

The lighting remains the same. The typewriter and the Bazaar poster are replaced with a tray of liquor and glasses on the table. A framed picture of Doris' father is on the wall. The merengue “Compadre Pedro Juan” plays on the turntable in the background. Rubi and Doris are seated at the table; Rubi has a drink in one hand and is smoking a cigarette. Doris has a cigarette in her hand.

Doris: When is this going to be final?

Rubi: (Puffing on the cigarette) Nothing is ever final, Doris.

Doris: Oh, stop it. (Sighs) You know, I mean your divorce. You said you and Danielle drifted apart. The marriage is over. So, what are you waiting for?

Rubi: (Gulping his drink, looking in the distance) Doris, do you want children?

Doris: First, we need to get married, right? As I'm a little over twenty-one. So, yes. The sooner, the better. It can be a simple ceremony, just family. Well, your family.

Rubi: (Raising his glass, pouring more liquor, and gulping his drink) What's with McCann and West? Why are they so deep in your business?

Doris: I worked with them at the OSS; they're like family. Well, like distant cousins. Rubi: Cousins? With family like that…

Doris: Barr said you and Danielle were kinda friendly with Goebbels. When he was minister of propaganda for the Nazi party. I told them you hate Germans.

Rubi: **(**Downing another drink) Germans and Nazis are not the same thing. You know you're right. For a while, I hated Germans. But it's not about any particular nationality. Every day in Paris, a city that had always meant fun, food, fashion.. Great dancing… The Paris of my school days… Every day it was sinking. I saw people denouncing each other; neighbors against neighbors, family against family, I was sick to my stomach. Doris, you know about monopolies, your daddy was the king of monopoly… But I'll tell you, no race has a monopoly on evil… But the other side…. The beauty of it….No race has a monopoly on goodness.

Doris: That's lofty. But were you running around with Goebbels and his gang? Rubi, please be honest with me. I was very proud of my work with the Office of Strategic Services. I'm patriotic. If the press gets wind of anything connecting me to Nazis….

Rubi: (Putting out his cigarette, folding his arms) Believe what you want, Doris; you trust your cousins more than your future husband. What kind of a start is that?

Doris: I won't believe we're ever getting started…. Until I see proof of your divorce. Rubi: Danielle is working on it.

Doris: You should be working on it. Of course, you don't like to work. Rubi: (Stands) I love you too, Doris.

Doris: Oh, you know I don't mean that. Did Mac and Barr speak to you about my lawyers?

Rubi: I don't make it a habit of chatting with Mac and Barr. What about your lawyers? Andal Carajo (downs another drink) Doris, about children. Danielle and Flor didn't have children. You want children?

Doris: Of course, I do. But until we're married….

Rubi: I don't know if…Danielle, she seems ready… But sometimes she says she still loves me.

Doris: Of course, she does. Leave Danielle to me.