

MR. HEMINGWAY

By

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## CHARACTERS

This play calls for five actors, with four potential cases of doubling.

HEM	A writer	61
MARY	His fourth wife	52
HOTCH	His pal	40
HADLEY	His first wife, in memory	30s
SCOTT	His rival, in memory	20s
HOUSEWIFE	An Idahoan, doubled by HADLEY	30s
A STRANGER	A fan of Hemingway's, doubled by FITZ	20s
NURSE	A nurse at the Mayo Clinic, doubled by HADLEY	30s
DR. ROME	A doctor at the Mayo Clinic, doubled by FITZ	50s
FIGURES	In masks	

Cast to your vision. Gender and race are flexible, as are doubled roles.

## SETTING

Ketchum, Idaho | Rochester, MN | New York City | Paris

November, 1960 - July, 1961

## SOURCES & HISTORICITY

This script draws from *A Moveable Feast* (Hemingway), *Hemingway in Love* and *Papa Hemingway* (A.E. Hotchner), and *How It Was* (Mary Welsh Hemingway).

The fear of death follows from the fear of life.  
A man who lives fully is prepared to die at any time.

- Mark Twain

## OVERTURE

November, 1960. HEM stands with a shotgun in his home in Ketchum, Idaho. HE is dressed for dinner in Idaho finery. Here are his favorite chair, a gun rack with a key atop, a matador's uniform and a sword, a manuscript upon a standing desk (HE always writes standing), a typewriter, a pair of skis, an overfull bookshelf, a sidebar stocked with glasses and bottles of red wine but no booze, a series of animal heads (a few of which will later serve as masks), a strangely flat "death's head" mask, a radio and a television, a pair of old boxing gloves and a WWII German belt.

HEM places the gun in the rack, locks it and places the key atop. HE goes to a bottle of gin in the writing desk. HE pours a bit into the glass, then takes a pull from the bottle. HE flips through the manuscript at the desk.

MARY

(off, singing)

Tutti mi chimano bionda.

Ma bionda io non sono!

Porto capelli neri!

HEM shadow boxes at the gloves a moment, then at the "Death's Head" mask. HE wears it and withdraws the sword from its sheath beside the matador uniform. HE fences an invisible foe.

MARY enters.

MARY (CONT'D)

Ahh! Oh! My goodness. You startled me/

HEM

Aha! Miss Mary. Bow! Bow before your fate.

MARY bows her head.

MARY

Like this?

HEM

That's more of a curtsy. But it'll do.  
Now kneel! Kneel!

MARY

Lamb, my knees...

HEM

A mere genuflection will do. Make like a  
Catholic creeping late into the pew.

MARY genuflects meagerly.

HEM (CONT'D)

(saluting)

Salud.

MARY

Take that silly thing off.

HEM does, setting the sword someplace it does not belong.

MARY (CONT'D)

What is that mask anyway?

HEM

Oriental. Got it in China with the last Mrs.  
Hemingway. Not that she ever called  
herself that. Très moderne, Miss Gellhorn.

MARY

It's like a death's head.

HEM

Is this what death looks like?

MARY

I don't know. What is your opinion of  
death, Ernest?

HEM grunts.

HEM

I need a drink.

MARY

Drink with dinner. Edward's meeting us. It's exciting. A fine new restaurant in little old Ketchum.

HEM

Coats.

HE helps her into hers.

MARY

And we'll stick to one glass of wine and a cocktail? For your blood pressure?

HEM

Yes, mother.

MARY

How's the book?

HEM

It's hell.

MARY

I'm having trouble too, with my story.

HEM

You write or you don't. No point talking about it.

MARY

A little help would be welcome.

HEM

Start with one true sentence, then another. Write til you know what's going to happen next and no further. Put it down, and start again tomorrow.

MARY

I'll try.

Somehow HE has managed to gather the gin and a glass, as natural as breathing.

HEM

And don't moralize. People don't look for morals in art. Or they shouldn't anyway.

One before we go?

MARY

Wine. At the restaurant. And one cocktail.  
A double. Yes?

HE returns the bottle.

HEM

I'll start the car.

HEM exits. MARY considers the low volume of remaining gin. Hearing the sound of the car's engine, SHE returns the bottle and exits.

END SCENE

ONE

The fine new restaurant in Ketchum.

MARY

Kennedy is handsome. A soldier.

HEM

Seaman.

MARY

Right.

HEM

Ugh. Politics is theatre.

HOTCH

Then what is theatre?

HEM

Tedious.

(toasting)

To Lieutenant Kennedy I suppose. May he  
cast Nixon back to the swamp from which  
he crawled.

HOTCH

California?

HEM

California.

HE raps his knuckles on the table.

HEM (CONT'D)

Cheers.

Of the three, HEM drinks most deeply.

HEM (CONT'D)

Hotch, make eye contact when you toast  
or it's bad luck.

HOTCH

Yes, Papa.

HEM

Then do it, man!

MARY

I think Kennedy will win.

HOTCH

I can't imagine a Catholic as president.

HEM

Said the Jew.

MARY

Nixon looks like he wants to sell you an Edsel. People who watched the debate on television think Kennedy won. Radio: Nixon.

HEM

What's your point?

MARY

Elections will become beauty contests as more people watch television.

HOTCH

I'm with her.

HEM

That's television talk. We are above it.

MARY

Was that a royal we?

HEM

Bah. All the contact I've had with politics has left me feeling like I've been drinking out of a spittoon. Let's talk about the good old days. Hotch, how'd we meet?

HOTCH

You were there, Papa.

HEM

Your version. One true sentence.

HOTCH

Good old *Cosmo* sent me to Cuba back in '48, to write an article on you and "The Future of Literature."

HEM

And here we are in the future! Miss Mary, you now! One true/

MARY

One true sentence. London, forty-four: a Yankee woman from Detroit Lakes by way of Chicago is over to cover the War, when she meets a man, but she's already married.

HEM

You were like France: occupied. I stormed your beaches. Vive la résistance!

MARY

Les Misérables. Made it from Minnesota to Chicago to London to Hemingway. I had a career, you know.

HEM

Nobody's kept you writing.

MARY

Wife of Hemingway is a full time job.

HOTCH

Are we giving bios?

HEM

Yes! Here's mine: I taught the world to speak American. How do you like it now, gentlemen? Now I've had my cocktail for the night. I'd like my wine.

(off MARY's pour)

Oh this is barely a finger!

MARY

How many would you like?

She scratches her temple with her middle finger. HEM reaches for the bottle and pours.

HEM

I must have been drunk when I proposed to this one. Here's a tip, Hotchner. Always do sober what you said you'd do drunk. That will teach you to keep your goddamn mouth shut.

MARY

Edward, I apologize. You're not accustomed to such boorishness in New York.

HEM

This is Idaho.

MARY

And this is a fine new restaurant in/

HEM

Oh very fine. I remember the old days in Ketchum. It was like a gold-rush town. You could get a local girl to, ah ha, "keep you company" for next to... Goddamn it.

MARY

What?

HEM

FBI men. Two. At the bar. Don't look.

MARY

How do you know they're FBI?

HEM

I know an FBI man when I see one. Act regular.

HOTCH

I'll find the waitress?

HOTCH stands and scribbles in a notebook as HE exits. HEM finishes his wine and grabs for the bottle. MARY halts him.

MARY

Coffee.

HEM

Coffee is fine, but wine for mine.

HEM drains the bottle of wine into his glass.

HEM (CONT'D)

When I was a boy, we'd go up to Michigan. On the lake boats you had to let the men know you'd cut them if they acted queer. The old wolves would say, "Oh gash is fine. But one eye for mine." So you carried a switchblade.

MARY

Don't be crude.

HEM

They say Hoover is funny like that.

And the wine is gone.

MARY

How do you know those men are Feds?

HEM  
I know an FBI man when I see one.

MARY  
Your blood pressure.

HEM  
Is my problem! Just like the Feds!

MARY  
You're drunk.

HEM  
(thumping his chest)  
This is my body.

HE drains HOTCH's wine.

HEM (CONT'D)  
This is my blood. I'm sober as a judge. A  
federal judge. Judging you for tax evasion.

HOTCH  
(returning)  
The bartender says they're salesmen.

HEM  
Oh ho "salesmen." The FBI is noted for  
clumsy disguises. Wha'd'you think they'd  
pose as, concert violinists? I'll get the  
coats.

As HEM exits, HOTCH takes notes.

MARY  
What are you doing?

HOTCH  
Notes? He's fascinating.

MARY

Fascinating is a word. This is life. Stop scribbling for once!

HOTCH

Sorry.

MARY

Those men can't be FBI.

HOTCH

I don't know. Maybe it's a game. Or he's testing us. With him everything has to be a grand story or/

HEM

You're talking about me again! JudASSES!

HOTCH

Coming, Papa!

MARY

I'll be at the grocer's at eleven tomorrow. Please meet me.

HEM

What is this, a knitting circle? I expect old schoolgirls to gossip but not old pals. Be a man, Hotch. Come right over here, look me in the eye and say it. No?

HE dumps their coats upon the floor and exits.

HOTCH

(gathering the coats)

You know what, Papa? Everything isn't always about you!

END SCENE

TWO

At the Ketchum home later that evening, HEM sits in his chair.

HEM

Fetch my robe, wifey.

MARY

For a kiss.

HE pecks her cheek.

MARY (CONT'D)

You're my little Lamb.

HEM

Little?

MARY

Huge. King Lamb.

HEM

I accept this revision. His Majesty decrees that Miss Mary shall not gossip with the rabble.

MARY

Edward is rabble?

HE pours a modest glass of gin. SHE watches.

HEM

Oh Hotch is a pal. Did a lot for me over the years. Adapted my stuff for Hollywood. Helped with the little fish book.

MARY

Little fish book?

HEM

It's a novella.

MARY

*Life* sold five million copies in two days.  
You won the Pulitzer.

HEM

And how many years ago was that?

MARY

About ten.

HEM

I'm bad with anniversaries.

MARY

Birthdays too.

HE stands at the matador uniform now.

HEM

Oh. Ha. You'll like this.

MARY

What?

HEM

Last summer in Spain I dressed Hotch up  
as a matador. He went into the ring as the  
third!

MARY

He must have been terrified.

HEM

Third matador suits a man like Hotch. In  
the shadows and rarely called upon for  
anything of consequence. Like a mistress.

MARY

You're wicked.

HEM

He got a story out of it.

MARY

You shouldn't humiliate him. He's a family man, and he loves you. As a pal.

HEM

At some point you must brave the depths, or what are you? Shallow. Some find their way. Others we must toss in. Royal we.

MARY

Who decides when to toss whom, and how deep?

HEM

I see how you gossip. It doesn't suit a lady of your years.

MARY

Well the paranoid FBI act doesn't suit a man of your/

HEM

Don't call me paranoid goddamn it!

MARY

Let's not bicker. It's bad for your blood pressure/

HEM

When Hoover and his boys knock, you'll say paranoid.

(knocking on his desk)

"Knock knock. Who's there? FBI! WHO'S THERE?"

MARY

Mary Welsh Hemingway?

HEM

"Mrs. Hemingway, we want to talk to you about your husband.

(MORE)

HEM (CONT'D)

We saw the photos in *Life* from summer.  
What did he discuss with Castro?"

MARY

What do men talk about when they fish?

HEM

"We've read his novels, the good ones and  
the great ones, and we noticed none are  
set in the US of A."

MARY

Read the short stories.

HEM

"He wrote most of those in his youth,  
before he went to live abroad for good.  
Anyway who reads short stories?"

MAY

What's your point?

HEM

"Your husband supported the communists  
during the Spanish Civil War. *For Whom  
the Bell Tolls* is an homage to them! They  
say Stalin was a fan. Do you deny that?"

MARY

I don't know what Stalin read on the  
commode.

HEM

"Why don't you come with us and answer  
a few more questions?"

You'll know paranoid then, Mrs. Welsh  
Hemingway. Where's the gin?

MARY has the bottle.

MARY  
You've had plenty.

HEM  
I know my limit.

MARY  
Think of your blood pressure.

HEM  
Yes. Fine. Damn it. You know I don't like to be managed.

MARY  
I'm only looking out for you.

HEM grunts.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Lamb, what is it? You've been this way since Cuba.

HEM  
All my good memories were there.

MARY  
We'll make new memories. We can take an apartment in Paris. Venice.

HEM  
Too many memories in Venice.

MARY  
You mean the girl.

HEM  
Let's not dredge that up.

MARY  
Your last "good" novel was about her. Here it is, on the shelf. And you dedicated it to me. What was it?

HEM  
To Mary, with Love.

MARY  
She was nineteen.

HEM  
She was nobility. A contessa.

MARY  
As far as I'm concerned, she was just  
another one of your whores.

HEM  
Watch your mouth.

MARY  
You'd rather I'd left, is that it? Let you  
pursue your contessa?

HEM  
It was a series of little nothings. Kisses.  
Barely more.

MARY  
But you were in love with her.

HEM  
Well yes. Naturally.

MARY  
Why do you insist upon hurting me?

HEM  
I miss the Gulf Stream.

MARY  
We have the place in Key West.

HEM

That was Pauline's. Now it belongs to the children. And the cats. And their many toes.

MARY

We'll get another place. A new boat.

HEM

Fishing like that takes a hell of a lot out of you.

MARY

There's fishing here.

HEM

*Old Man and the Trout Stream* won't sell. If I could get these Paris sketches right, I'd have something. Half of them were in an old trunk I'd stored at the Paris Ritz in the 30s. I'm editing those. And I'm trying to write new material, but it won't stick. Now look Mary, if I can't write...

MARY

You're sixty-one. Hunt and fish. Be with your friends. There's nothing more to prove. Try to be happy.

HEM

Happiness in intelligent people is the rarest thing I know.

MARY

Let's break these bad spirits. Please, Lamb. Try for me. Start tonight.

HEM

You're right. I've been an ass. And a lout. And a boor. And a cad. And a fool.

MARY

You're only preoccupied. What shall we do tonight?

HEM

I need to work on Paris.

MARY

We could light the fire and rest. Or call your son.

HEM

Paris.

HEM knocks.

MARY

Jack would love to hear your thoughts on the election.

HEM

It's cold. My robe?

MARY exits. HEM pours gin. HE reveals the manuscript. HE opens it and HADLEY is there, young as in their Paris days.

HADLEY

What are you working on?

HEM

A Paris book.

HADLEY

Oh, I love Paris. Let me see.

(reading)

"I told my wife about the wonderful place I had found..." Oh, Tatie. Are you writing about us?

HEM

Yes. Here. "I told my wife about the wonderful place I had found..."

(MORE)

HEM (CONT'D)

An English-language bookshop owned by Sylvia Beach. I did not have enough money on me to join the rental library. She told me I could pay the deposit any time I had the money and made me out a card and said I could take as many books as I wished.”

HADLEY

But Tatie, you must go by this afternoon and pay.

HEM

Sure I will. We'll both go. And then we'll walk down by the river and along the quais.

MARY enters with the robe and a glass of water.

HADLEY

Let's walk down the rue de Seine and look in all the galleries and in the windows of the shops.

HEM

Sure. We can walk anywhere and we can stop at some new cafe where we don't know anyone and nobody knows us and have a drink.

HADLEY

We can have two drinks.

HEM

Then we can eat somewhere.

HADLEY

No. Don't forget we have to pay the library.

HEM

We'll come home and eat here and we'll have a lovely meal and drink Beaune. And afterwards we'll read and then go to bed and make love.

HADLEY

And we'll never love anyone else but each other.

HEM

No. Never.

MARY

I think I'll go to bed early.

HADLEY

We're lucky.

MARY

Lamb?

HEM

We're always lucky, I said to her.

THEY nearly kiss. But HADLEY is gone.

HEM (CONT'D)

And like a fool I did not knock on wood.

MARY

There's plenty of wood, Lamb. Shall we light a fire?

HEM

Mary, if I can't write...

MARY

Retire. What more do you have to prove?

SHE hands him the glass of water.

MARY (CONT'D)

It's a shame you're sad. You have friends who care for you. And I do love you. Look. I brought your robe.

SHE helps him into it.

MARY (CONT'D)

Remember Italy? Italy is beautiful this time of year.

HEM

Yes, Italy is always beautiful.

MARY

Tell me a story, Lamb. An Italy story.

As HE speaks, flickers of the memory appear.

HEM

I'll tell you the beauty of driving ambulance for the Red Cross. 1916, summer. It's beautiful to bring chocolate to the men on the line. And it's beautiful to be hit by Austrian mortar.

MARY

Oh, Lamb... I'm sorry.

HEM

And it's beautiful to be half-buried. It's so beautiful you carry it with you all your days: the things beautiful people do to beautiful people. It's beautiful to unbury yourself and find the Italians blown to bits. One has lost his legs. The other is badly wounded. So you lift him over your shoulders and run. You do not notice the beautiful shrapnel in your shredded legs.

MARY

Your pills are there.

HEM

World War I was the most colossal, murderous, mismanaged butchery that has ever taken place on earth. Any writer who said otherwise lied. So the writers either wrote propaganda, shut up, or fought.

HEM has made his way to the gun rack.

MARY

And you fought. You saved that man. Won medals. You were eighteen. A boy.

HEM

And when you go to war as a boy you have a great illusion of immortality. Other people get killed; not you. Then when you are badly wounded, you know it can happen to you.

HE inspects a shotgun.

HEM (CONT'D)

Then worse luck. I fell in love with a nurse. She was from Pennsylvania, and older by seven years. We were engaged, did you know? She broke it off for an Italian officer. Told me in a letter.

MARY

And you wrote a great novel.

HEM

How much better to die in all the happy period of undisillusioned youth, to go out in a blaze of light, than to have your body worn out and old and illusions shattered.

MARY

Hush now. I have a present for you. Sit.

HE returns the shotgun. SHE ushers him to his chair.

MARY (CONT'D)

(singing)

Tutti mi chimano bionda.  
Ma bionda io non sono!  
Porto capelli neri!

MARY & HEM

Porto capelli neri...

MARY

Sincera nell'amor!

(speaking)

The girl in the song. They call her blonde.  
But her hair is black. Why, do you think?

HEM

She's a whore.

MARY

What?

HEM

A whore. So they gave her a whore  
nickname: "The blonde." Why do you think  
she insists her love is true? "Sincera  
nell'amor!" It's bullshit.

MARY

That's one interpretation.

HEM

I suppose you think she's innocent.

MARY

You should rest.

HEM

Paris.

MARY

Paris will be there tomorrow.

HEM

Not my Paris.

MARY

Tutti mi chiamano Bionda  
ma bionda io non sono.  
Porto i capelli neri!  
Sincera nell'amor!

HEM

Very beautiful.

MARY

Take your pills.

SHE watches him take his pills before SHE exits. The sound of war rises in her absence. Light flickers. HEM flips through the pages. HE puts the manuscript aside, winces and rubs his eyes. The war sounds crescendo, accompanied by a strange light, like bombs flashing. There are silhouettes of the two Italian soldiers, just before the war obliterates them, leaving HEM with his half-buried memories and without gin.

HEM

God damn this. God damn you.

Damn you, God. You smug son of a bitch.  
Our nada who art in nada. Nada. Nada.

It's every man for himself.

HE throws the manuscript aside. The sound stops. The light changes. HEM snatches a loose piece of paper and writes. The flickering persists until, somewhere in it, the great man is lost.

END SCENE

THREE

HOTCH and MARY stand in the cereal aisle of a grocery store.

MARY

Edward, I am desperate. He wrote this last night.

SHE hands him the sheet of paper upon which HEM scribbled.

HOTCH

“Dear Mr. Kilmer, I write concerning my account.” Okay? It’s a note from him to the bank in New York/

MARY

Go on.

HOTCH

“Blink the bull close and thrust the sword. Bank. Idaho. Snow closes the fugue.” It sounds like Joyce.

MARY

He sits over the Paris book for hours. But he doesn’t write. For months now. Not since Cuba.

A HOUSEWIFE rolls up in a cart. HOTCH and MARY move to allow her access to a box of cereal.

HOTCH

Are they keeping the boat?

MARY

And the silver, the Venetian glassware, eight thousand books... art from his Paris days: a Klee, two Juan Gris, five André Masson, a Braque...

HOTCH

It’s a darn shame.

The HOUSEWIFE takes the cereal and exits.

MARY

He says he's going to destroy himself.

HOTCH considers the cereal.

HOTCH

This is mostly sugar.

MARY

Edward.

HOTCH

You don't think a man with everything he has: the Pulitzer, the Nobel, friends everywhere, a solid marriage--

MARY

A solid marriage?

HOTCH

Isn't it?

MARY

Well yes. But it's... Edward, why would he even pretend?

HOTCH

His father killed himself. And over all these years, Papa goes into the bullring and runs at Pamplona. Very brave. He sets fishing records and shoots big game and survives plane crashes and war after war and wins medals and the Nobel Prize and doesn't even show up to receive it! But his father has him beat this way.

MARY

That's madness.

A STRANGER enters.

HOTCH  
It's Freud. Machismo.

MARY  
He blames his mother for it.

HOTCH  
That's a bluff. A way to say he doesn't  
need a woman, when he desperately does.  
He's always been married. One after the  
next. No offense.

MARY  
I think if we'd had a child, it would be  
different. You know I had a bad pregnancy  
in Cuba? And then I couldn't...

HOTCH  
He's impossible to psychoanalyze.

MARY  
He stands at the window with a shotgun.

HOTCH  
Is that true?

MARY  
Edward.

HOTCH  
I can see, living with him for so many  
years, how you might become hysterical/

MARY  
I am not hysterical.

HOTCH  
Is the gun loaded?

MARY

I don't know.

A STRANGER browses the cereal.

HOTCH

Lock the guns. Hide the key.

MARY

Do you think he'd permit that? Please. He needs our help.

HOTCH

Menninger's in Kansas is world-class.

MARY

The publicity would be horrible. You saw: he thinks people are after him.

HOTCH

They are. He's the most famous writer alive.

MARY

That doesn't mean the FBI is stalking us!

HOTCH

But the press are. I was the press before--

A STRANGER

Are you Hemingway's wife?

MARY

Yes?

A STRANGER

You must hear this a lot/

MARY

It's fine. Umm.

A STRANGER

I'm a fan. *The Sun Also Rises*?

HOTCH

The first novel.

A STRANGER

Is the man in that... The pro... pro...

HOTCH

Protagonist.

A STRANGER

He was hit by shrapnel in the Great War.  
And for some reason he can't, you know...  
"do the Charleston"... with the English  
woman. What's her name?

HOTCH

Lady Ashley.

A STRANGER

Is it a physical injury? Or mental?

HOTCH

Read it again.

A STRANGER

Aha. Well. So you're Mary?

MARY

Yes.

A STRANGER

How are you?

MARY

Just shopping.

A STRANGER

Try this. The rest are mostly sugar.

MARY

Thank you.

A STRANGER

What's he working on?

HOTCH

That's not for us to say.

A STRANGER

He doesn't speak publicly, does he?

MARY

He's shy.

A STRANGER

Ernest Hemingway is shy?

HOTCH

I'm sorry. Mary, please excuse us.

(aside)

We were speaking privately.

A STRANGER

Tell him we would love for him to read at the library. Or a school. It's not always we have a Nobel Laureate/

HOTCH

Yes, fine.

A STRANGER

A great man. A great American. Man.

HOTCH

I'll tell him.

A STRANGER takes a pack of cereal and exits.

HOTCH (CONT'D)

What are the odds that fellow is FBI?

MARY

You're joking.

HOTCH

You're an awfully good wife, Mary.

MARY

I'm a good fourth wife. Now listen. His doctor... you know George Saviers... he's prescribed tranquilizers and the latest drugs. He visits daily, first thing in the morning. But Ernest is in a condition so far out of his field...

HOTCH

Does he still worry about his blood pressure?

MARY

Yes. Every day.

HOTCH

I'll meet with Dr. Saviers before I leave. Convince him to speak to Ernest about his blood pressure. We'll see if we can get him into a hospital.

MARY

It's ironic. After all these years, he's finally rounding into shape, sticking to a diet, not drinking quite so much. And now he can't write. It's awfully hard on him. If he could only write again.

HOTCH

I'll talk to a psychiatrist in New York.

MARY

You're a good friend, Edward. Hotch.

END SCENE

## FOUR

Evening at the home in Ketchum.

NIXON [RADIO]

If the present trend continues, if Mr. Kennedy... Senator Kennedy will be the next president of the United States. My congratulations to Senator Kennedy for his fine race in this campaign and... to all of you...

HEM is dressed in his Emperor's Robe and the WWII, German belt. HADLEY is there.

HEM

Hadley, I'm damned sorry.

HADLEY

And she's coming to Spain?

HEM

Yes.

HADLEY

When did it start?

HEM

Austria, last year. The skiing trip.

HADLEY

Is it about money?

HEM

What? No.

HADLEY

She's rich. All the nicest things. Restaurants. Boats. Servants. Safaris. Everything you could ever want, and I can only give you... My love.

HEM

And you have. And I'm grateful. I'll always be grateful.

HADLEY

What about little Bumby?

HEM

What about him?

HADLEY

He's your son.

HEM

I'll always be his father.

HADLEY

Tatie...

HEM

I can't control how I feel.

HADLEY

Why not? You control everything else.

HEM

Damn it, Hadley. It's a bum turn. I'm damned sorry. Pauline is... well she's/

HADLEY

She's my friend too.

HEM

And I know it.

HADLEY

Oh she's an acrobat. She hangs on your every word. Laughs when you laughs. The perfect little friend of the family... who as the supreme token of her friendship with the husband... well. Ernest, I'm not naïve.

HEM

I can't tell you how to feel.

HADLEY

I thought we were... Aren't we? "We'll never love anyone else but each other."

HEM

You don't own me, Hadley.

HADLEY

You're a beast.

HEM

Worse. A man. Now look. I might get over it if you give me some time... I'm happy now. If you can be. With the arrangement.

HADLEY

Arrangement?

HEM

I love you. This shouldn't matter.

HADLEY

Ernest. I'll go to Pamplona. Because I know you need me. And we'll do the bloody bullfights. And I'll play the wife. And if you decide Pauline is... well, if she's your true wife....

HEM

Hadley...

HADLEY

I won't fight, because I love you.

HEM

Give me a kiss. Hadley? Darling. Please.

HADLEY  
I can't. No. Not now.

HEM goes to the gun rack, unlocks and removes the shotgun. HE turns on the radio.

KENNEDY [RADIO]  
I can assure you that every degree of mind and spirit that I possess... to the long-term interest of the United States, and to the cause of freedom around the world... So now my wife and I prepare for a new administration, and ah for a new baby. Thank you.

MARY enters, sees HEM with the shotgun and turns off the radio.

MARY  
They'll make a beautiful First Family.

The phone rings.

MARY (CONT'D)  
It's late to go hunting.

Ring.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Lamb. What are you looking at?

Ring.

HEM  
Nada.

The ringing stops.

MARY  
Can you believe we elected a Catholic?

HEM

(crossing himself with his left  
hand)

Our nada who art in nada, nada be thy  
name.

MARY

That's a cruel joke.

HEM

I converted for Pauline.

MARY

It's a lovely religion. Dignified.

HEM

Divorced Hadley in January '27. Her  
request. At Pamplona, she refused to  
return to the apartment in Paris. She was  
within bounds... defending her dignity. She  
wrote a note for me to sign. An  
agreement.

HADLEY

If Pauline Pfeiffer and Ernest Hemingway  
do not see each other for one hundred  
days, and if at the end of that time  
Hemingway tells me that he still loves  
Pfeiffer, I will, without further  
complication, divorce Ernest Hemingway.

HEM

Hadley, this reads like a goddamned death  
warrant.

HADLEY

It is. Either she dies or I do. Sign it.

HE does. SHE exits with it. HE goes to the typewriter and smashes the  
keys.

MARY

Lamb, what is it?

HEM

I married Pauline in Paris that May. They were friends, you know?

MARY

Yes.

HEM

Wrote a story about boxing that worked good. People like a fight. Fight fight fight. Then Pauline was pregnant with Patrick. I already had Bumby... Jack. With Hadley. Then Pauline and I left Paris for Missouri, and Patrick was born. Fight fight fight. But first I pulled the damn skylight down on my head. In France. I thought it was a toilet chain. Ha.

(rubbing his forehead scar)

My most visible scar, and it's not even a good story! Fight fight. Hadley. Jack. Pauline. Patrick. Then Gregory. And the toilet chain. Then Ms. Gellhorn, who wouldn't take shit from nobody. Fight. And now you. And next the Big Nada. Another fish dead on the line.

MARY

You mustn't be morbid.

HEM

Be sure there's a priest.

MARY

Where?

HEM

Don't make me say it.

MARY wraps her arms around him and touches the belt.

MARY

You're wearing that belt.

HEM

"Gott mit Uns," it says. God is with us. Ha. Got it off a dead Kraut during the second big one, before I helped liberate the Ritz Paris. Paid for fifty-one martinis that night!

MARY

I know the story.

HEM

When I dream of an afterlife in heaven, the action always takes place at the Ritz Paris. Salud.

HE salutes her with the gun and keeps the barrel beside his head. SHE places a hand upon the gun and lowers it.

MARY

Is it loaded? Lamb?

The phone rings. MARY starts and goes to it.

MARY (CONT'D)

Hello?

HOTCH

Mary, hello.

MARY

(to HEM)

It's Edward.

HOTCH

It really is something about Kennedy.

MARY

It is.

HEM

Ask if Coops is still going to Mass.

MARY

Have you spoken to Gary?

HOTCH

Yes.

MARY

Is he taking Mass?

HOTCH

I think so. His wife and daughter are devout. He only converted before that surgery last year/

HEM

Well, is he?

MARY

Hotch thinks so.

HEM

If you made up a character like Coop, nobody would believe it. He's too good to be true.

HOTCH

Mary, I need to speak to you.

HEM

I'm too bad to be true.

HOTCH

Mary?

MARY

One moment, Edward.

HEM stands at the bookshelf.

HEM

I need Gary to put in a word with the Big Guy for me.

At the bookshelf, HE has a copy of *Gatsby*.

HEM (CONT'D)

You know Fitz warned me about Pauline? During the hundred days. He knew she wouldn't settle for mistress. He smelled her trap. Amazing he couldn't see Zelda for what she was. Crazy. And a rummy married to a crazy is not a winning combination. Why are we cursed to see the plight of the other more clearly than our own?

MARY

Please tell me that's rhetorical.

HEM

Ha ha. Damn lucky Fitz never wrote about me. He could have torn me to bits.

HE knocks twice on the shelf.

MARY

Go ahead, Edward.

HOTCH

The psychiatrist spoke with Dr. Saviers. There's new medication they can try, under supervision.

HEM

(strapping up the boxing gloves)

I remember back in '24 in Paris...

MARY

One moment, Edward.  
 (cupping the phone)  
 Lamb, I am trying to have a conversation!

HEM

(shadow boxing)  
 At the American Club. We'd box to sweat  
 out the booze. I had a sparring partner. A  
 writer of no consequence. We'd go a few  
 rounds.

A ringside bell sounds. SCOTT is there with a watch.

HEM (CONT'D)

WHAM. Fitz kept time. Second round. A  
 small crowd had gathered, and this hack  
 writer smacks me in the mouth. WHAM  
 WHAM. I'm bleeding. So I go in harder, tire,  
 get careless and WHAM WHAM WHAM I'm  
 on the canvas. I pull myself up and there's  
 Fitz, gaping at his watch.

HOTCH

Mary?

MARY

He's telling a story.

HOTCH

Hold up the phone will you?

MARY does. HOTCH scribbles.

HEM

Christ! Scott!

SCOTT

What, Ernest?

HEM

Don't gape at me. Look at the watch!

MARY  
Lamb, I know this story.

HEM  
It has a new ending!

HE throws the gloves at SCOTT's feet.

HEM (CONT'D)  
All right, Scott. If you want to see me getting the shit knocked out of me, just say so. Only don't say you made a mistake!

SCOTT  
I'm sorry, Ernest. I didn't realize.

HEM  
Don't call me that! And stop gaping. How long did you let it run over? Three minutes, what?!

SCOTT  
Only a minute. I didn't notice. I was caught up in the fight.

HEM  
All you had to do was keep time!

MARY  
What's your point!

HEM  
Never let a drunk Minnesotan keep time for you in a fight.

MARY  
Is that your new ending?

HEM

No. The ending is... well I suppose that's the day our friendship started to fall apart. I never truly forgave him.

SCOTT is gone.

MARY

That's very sad.

HEM

Only if you think writers should be friends.

MARY

Is this for the Paris book? You could write about forgiveness.

HEM

Hell no! I don't want to be remembered flat ass with a bloody lip, just to get across some moral. What is moral is what you feel good after and what is immoral is what you feel bad after. It's not the writer's job to tell you how to feel.

MARY

Sorry, Edward. He's going on about the old Paris days.

HOTCH

I made out some of it. He was talking about Fitz?

MARY

Yes. Now what were you saying?

HOTCH

The psychiatrist says he's depressive-persecutory.

HEM

What's he saying?

MARY  
Edward, you broke up.

HOTCH  
He needs in-patient care.

MARY  
I'm so glad the girls are well.

HEM  
Give me the phone.

HOTCH  
The psychiatrist suggests Mayo.

HEM makes his way to MARY with the shotgun.

HOTCH (CONT'D)  
They have physical and psychiatric facilities. He can check in for his blood pressure under Savier's name.

HEM  
Give me the phone.

MARY  
One moment, Edward.  
(cupping the phone)  
Give me the gun.

HEM  
What are you schoolgirls gossiping about?

MARY  
Give it to me!

HEM  
Give me the phone!

THEY exchange.

MARY  
Papa's here.

HOTCH

Call me when he's gone to bed.

MARY

Here he is.

MARY takes the shotgun aside.

HEM

How's my favorite matador?

HOTCH

Fine, Papa.

HEM

And how's the old chain and ball?

HOTCH

She's well. The girls too.

HEM

Look, Hotch. I wish you wouldn't do that with Mary.

HOTCH

Do what?

HEM

You know what. Some people can't understand other peoples' hurts. Miss Mary is one of those.

MARY breaches the gun and checks the chambers. SHE unloads it and slips two shells into her clothing.

HOTCH

She cares about you a great deal, Papa.

HEM

Tell Cooper to come after Christmas. We'll talk about our faith. Ha.

(MORE)

HEM (CONT'D)

I need to see if he'll put in a good word for me with the Big Man upstairs.

HOTCH

Sinatra's throwing a party for him in January, out in LA.

HEM

I meant God, not Sinatra.

HOTCH

You're not going?

HEM

I'd rather give a writing workshop.

HOTCH

How's your blood pressure?

MARY places the shotgun into the rack.

HEM

Hotch, if you want to go the distance, you've gotta get dumped on your ass once in awhile.

HOTCH

Bad then?

HEM

Up and down. Now let's talk business. Did you tell the lawyer about the four-thousand-dollar winnings on that fight?

HOTCH

It's in your returns.

HEM

It's too late. The Feds are on to it.

HOTCH

No. This is the year to report the winnings. There's more than enough in your tax account to cover.

HEM

Damn it, Hotch, you're wrong. Gambling winnings have to be reported the moment they're received. And while we're at it, I know you talk to Dr. Saviers. You can't tell him any of this.

HOTCH

He's your doctor. His communications with you are privileged.

HEM

A doctor is not privileged in federal court.

HOTCH

Papa, I studied law/

HEM

Let's get it straight, Hotch. Either you make me out to be a liar or a crazy. Which is it?!

MARY pours a stiff drink for herself.

HOTCH

I called to see how you're doing.

HEM

Aww shucks, gee I'm swell. That's my Cooper impression. Shucks. Aww geeze.

HOTCH

I'll tell him you want a visit.

HEM

Thanks.

HOTCH

What do you think will happen to Cuba now that Kennedy will be president?

HEM

It's a tough spot. All I know is I've lost a hell of a lot. Why is it a man can't love two countries, Hotchner?

HOTCH

I don't know, Papa.

HEM

It's a rough roll of the dice to lose a place you love in such a fashion, just when you're getting to be a certain age. But I still believe a man is not made for defeat. A man can be destroyed but not defeated. Are we done?

HOTCH

(scribbling)

Yes, I suppose. Have a good evening, Papa.

MARY sips her drink.

MARY

Sit.

HE does. SHE hands him red wine over his shoulder.

MARY (CONT'D)

Relax.

HEM

I'll relax when the finances are in order.

MARY

We have more than we could ever need.

HEM

You're not considering taxes. That's how they get you. And they always get you.

MARY

You're not that hard-pressed.

MARY leans to kiss him. HE deflects.

HEM

That banker's lying.

MARY

He hasn't any reason to deceive you.

HEM

Yes, he has!

MARY

What reason?

HEM

I don't know. But I know!

MARY places her fingers upon the Gott mit Uns belt. She undoes it, pulls it away, lets it fall clank to the floor and goes to open the robe. HE resists.

HEM (CONT'D)

I'm damn tired. And I must finish the book. I'm close to getting at how it was in Paris. But I'm so beat up over the bank and my blood pressure and the Feds.

MARY

Menninger's in Kansas. They'll help break this mood.

HEM

People will say I've lost my marbles.

HEM promptly finishes his wine and hands her the glass.

MARY

You must admit you're not well. Why don't you see a psychiatrist?

HEM

Hell no. I have a psychiatrist. My typewriter!

MARY

Then tell me Lamb. How you feel. Start with one true/

HEM

I'm only a little black-ass. And anxious. But I'm not unreasonable.

MARY

If we could check you in to have your blood pressure looked at, and receive treatment for your worries out of the public eye, would you consider it?

HEM

You want me out of the way so you can play the big man's wife. Go to parties. Gossip with Jackie. "Your poor dear. Our sympathies. He was such a great writer."

MARY

I only want what's best for you. Lamb, please. Would you go if we could be discreet?

HEM

If Dr. Saviers says it's necessary. For my blood pressure.

MARY

That's good, Lamb. You must listen to your doctor. Now you said you're tired...

HEM

Yes.

MARY

Go to bed... Here. Shh.

(singing)

Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little  
lamb, Mary had a little lamb whose fleece  
was white as snow. And everywhere that  
Mary went Mary went, Mary went,  
everywhere that Mary went, the lamb was  
sure to go/

HEM

Did you lock up the shotgun?

MARY

Yes.

HEM

Where's the key?

MARY

The usual place.

HEM

Thank you. Well. G'night, my kitten.

MARY

I'll be up shortly.

HEM plods off. MARY takes the key from atop the gun rack, considers and returns it. SHE takes the Paris manuscript from the chair, flips through it, listening, and places it on the writing desk. SHE calls HOTCH.

HOTCH

Hello?

MARY

(whispering)

The gun is loaded. Two shells. Why would he need two?

HOTCH

He's not in his right mind.

MARY

Mayo isn't as specialized as Menninger's. For psychiatry.

HOTCH

It's better than what they can do in Idaho. Will he go to Mayo if we ask?

MARY

If Dr. Saviers recommends it, yes.

HOTCH

That's great news. It means he cares enough to try. Now, Mary: how are you?

MARY

Me? Oh. Nobody's truly asked me that in a long time. I'm fine, Hotch. Yes. Fine.

HOTCH stops taking notes.

HOTCH

You don't sound fine.

MARY

Oh I've been trying to write myself. Just a little story. But it's difficult when he... Well, you don't care so much about that, do you?

HOTCH

Of course I care.

MARY

Well I'm fine. I'm only a little tired. And worried. And I suppose a little frightened. Yes, I'm frightened.

SHE drinks as HOTCH returns to scribbling.

MARY (CONT'D)

How are you?

End Scene

## FIVE

December, 1960. HEM lies in a strange bed on wheels, the manuscript upon his chest. HOTCH wears a wig, the matador's uniform and a bull mask, familiar from the Ketchum home. HE behaves quite strangely.

## HOTCH

We speak of killing a trout with a rod. It is the effort made by the trout that kills it.

Unseen hands push the bed forward, wheeling it round.

## HOTCH (CONT'D)

A tarpon, a trout or a salmon will often kill himself fighting the rod and line if you hold him long enough.

## HEM

Yes, what? That's from *Death in the Afternoon*.

## HOTCH

Fighting bulls are this way too. If provoked by deft work with the cape, certain bulls will charge the matador so ferociously, they destroy themselves before the fight even begins/

## HEM

Stop quoting me to me!

HEM rises with the manuscript. HOTCH provokes him with the robe, as a cape.

## HOTCH

Toro! Bow before your fate!

## ERNEST

Hotchner, is that you?

## HOTCH

My clothes say, "I am matador!" My mask says, "I am bull!" I am no "Hotchner."

HEM

You can't be both bull and matador.

HOTCH

Lower your head! Bow!

HOTCH draws a sword.

HEM

I bow to nobody. Except maybe Tolstoy.

HOTCH

Toro! Toro!

HEM

That's my robe!

HOTCH

Come and take it!

HEM charges HOTCH once, twice, snatches the robe and stumbles.  
HOTCH approaches as HEM dons the robe.

HOTCH (CONT'D)

Do you remember how your mother  
dressed you as a child? Like a niña. With  
your sister! She dressed you the same.  
Little frilly dresses! She kept your hair long  
til you were six.

HOTCH presses, sword thrust.

HEM

Don't talk about my mother.

HOTCH

Your father then?

HEM

Go away.

HOTCH

Was he a coward?

HEM

No! It's everybody's right. But there's a certain amount of egotism in it, and a disregard of others. My brother Les found him. He was only thirteen.

HOTCH pulls away the sword.

HOTCH

Tsk. Shameful.

HEM stands and dons the robe.

HEM

It's only shameful because he shot himself over nothing. Money. I wasn't thirty and had money. I told him not to worry. But my damned mother... I'd kill myself too if I had to live with that all-time, all-American bitch. So you see: she taught me something.

HOTCH

And what did your father teach you?

HEM

How to use a fucking gun.

HOTCH

So violent. Aha. I see what you're thinking.

HEM

What am I thinking?

HOTCH

About death. And what is your opinion of death, Señor Hemingway/

HEM

Shut up! Put that sword down and fight me square! I'm not afraid of you.

HEM gestures to box HOTCH, when SCOTT appears, clapping.

SCOTT

Bravo! Bravo! That was some show.

HOTCH bows, salutes SCOTT and HEM and exits.

HEM

Scott, aren't you dead?

SCOTT

Rather. What are you working on?

HEM

A Paris book.

SCOTT

You know what I want to ask.

HEM

Yes, you're in it.

SCOTT

Oh fun. The boxing story?

HEM

No.

SCOTT

It's your book. You know I never meant to let the round go over. Anyway it was only a minute.

HEM

More like three.

SCOTT

It's your word against mine I suppose.  
Shall we drink?

HEM

That's what I'm writing. The first time we  
met was the first time we drank together.

SCOTT

Naturally. Go on.

HEM

The first time I ever met Scott Fitzgerald  
a very strange thing happened. Many  
strange things happened with Scott, but  
this one I was never able to forget.

SCOTT

Let's have champagne.

HADLEY appears from behind the hospital bed and serves champagne at  
a little table as THEY fall into the cafe scene.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You don't mind if I call you Ernest, do you?

HEM

Ask my friends.

SCOTT

Don't be silly. This is serious. Tell me, did  
you and Hadley sleep together before you  
were married?

HEM

I don't know.

SCOTT

What do you mean you don't know?

HEM

I don't remember.

SCOTT

But how can you not remember something of such importance?

HEM

I don't know. It's odd, isn't it?

SCOTT

It's worse than odd. You must be able to remember.

HEM

I'm sorry. It's a pity, isn't it?

SCOTT

Don't talk like some limey. Try to be serious and remember.

HEM

Nope. It's hopeless.

SCOTT

Funny. I don't remember it like this.

HEM

Of course you don't. This is my telling, and you're dead.

SCOTT

And what is your opinion of death?

HEM

Do you want to hear the story?

SCOTT

Go on.

HEM

Now I looked back at his face again it was then that the strange thing happened.

(MORE)

HEM (CONT'D)

As he sat there at the bar holding the glass of champagne the skin seemed to tighten over his face until all the puffiness was gone and then it drew tighter until the face was like a death's head.

HEM has the "death mask," and hands it to SCOTT.

SCOTT

A death's head, you say?

HEM

The eyes sank and began to look dead and the lips were drawn tight and the color left the face so that it was the color of used candle was. This was not my imagination, nor have I exaggerated in describing it. His face became a true death's head, or death mask, in front of your eyes.

SCOTT wears the mask.

HADLEY

That's lovely writing, Tatie.

HEM

Scott. Are you all right?

SCOTT exits.

HEM (CONT'D)

Typical. Irish exit.

HADLEY

What happened next?

HEM

He did not answer, and his face looked more drawn than ever. I thought we might take him to a hospital, but they said this was normal for him. The first impression did not inspire much respect.

(MORE)

HEM (CONT'D)

But then I read the book and knew that no matter what Scott did, nor how preposterously he behaved, I must know it was like a sickness and be of any help I could to him and try to be a good friend. If he could write a book as fine as *The Great Gatsby*, I was sure that he could write an even better one. I did not know Zelda yet, and so I did not know the terrible odds that were against him.

HE drinks.

HADLEY

It's as Ms. Stein said. "All of you young people who served in the war. You are a lost generation."

HEM

Scott was enlisted but never deployed.

HADLEY

Gertrude also said: "You have no respect for anything. You drink yourselves to death."

HEM

Scott did his bit there.

HE pours champagne.

HEM (CONT'D)

To you, Hadley. Loyal and true. Salud.

HADLEY

Look: I cut my hair for you. Do you like it?

HEM

Yes, oh yes.

HADLEY

Feel it in back. Shake it down hard.

HEM

Wait.

HADLEY

Now stroke it down hard. Feel.

HE whispers to her.

HADLEY (CONT'D)

Afterwards.

HEM

You. You.

HADLEY

It will look sort of funny maybe, to the others. That we should have the same hair.

HEM

Not to us. Who are the others anyway?

HADLEY

Nobody.

HEM

This is a dream.

HADLEY

It is?

HEM

Yes. I'm at St. Mary's, at the Mayo Clinic. It's December. Cold. I'm meeting with my doctor in the morning. And Hoover has spies everywhere.

HADLEY

If this is a dream, you may as well lie down  
and be comfortable.

SHE rolls the bed to its first position. HE lies down. SHE returns the  
manuscript to his chest.

HEM

Hadley, I am sorry. About Pauline. About  
all of it. I was in love with... well with you  
both. And that was... You were always...  
Kiss me? Kitten, please?

Nada.

HADLEY

Hush. Tell me more about Paris.

HEM

Well. If you are lucky enough to have lived  
in Paris as a young man, then wherever  
you go for the rest of your life, it stays  
with you, for Paris is a moveable feast.

HADLEY

Oh, Tatie. You must write that down.

HEM

It's damn sentimental.

HADLEY

Hush. If you fall asleep in your dream,  
perhaps you'll wake and it will be as it was.

HEM

That would be nice. Oh. I'm a damn rotten  
fool.

HADLEY

Sleep, Tatie. Sleep, and if you are lucky,  
you will wake up in our little place in the  
Fifth Arrondissement, off the Place de la  
Contrescarpe...

SHE pets his hair. HEM closes his eyes.

END SCENE

SIX

HEM snores as the sun comes up on Rochester. HADLEY is the NURSE. SHE opens the curtains to reveal barred windows.

NURSE

Rise and shine, Mr. Saviers!

Hem groans. The NURSE takes the Paris manuscript off his chest.

NURSE (CONT'D)

You have a meeting with Dr. Rome. And your wife is here.

HEM

Oh goody.

NURSE

Be good. I have something from the kitchen. Cake. I won't tell if you won't.

HEM begins to dress with her help, and receives the bite of cake.

NURSE (CONT'D)

That's a good boy.

HEM

One kiss? On the cheek? No? Well tell me your name at least, Nurse.

NURSE

Susan.

HEM

Nurse Susan. Lovely nurse Susan.

NURSE

This robe is something.

HEM

It is my "Emperor's Robe." My wife gave it to me in Italy.

NURSE  
Let's not keep her waiting.

HEM  
Are you reporting to Hoover?

NURSE  
Why would you think that?

HEM  
You're always hovering. You ply me with  
cake.

NURSE  
Mr. Saviers...

HEM  
You must tell me if this room is bugged.

NURSE  
Talk to Dr. Rome.

HEM  
Is he your handler? Tell me. I'm no snitch.

NURSE  
Come along now.

The NURSE ushers HEM toward DR. ROME and MARY, who sit at a desk.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
Mr. Saviers to see you, Doctor.

DR. ROME  
Thank you.

MARY  
Good morning, Lamb.

NURSE  
Will that be all?

DR. ROME

Yes, thank you.

The NURSE exits.

DR. ROME (CONT'D)

How are you this morning, Mr. Saviers?

HEM

Let's cut the Saviers crap. Between us. You're not going to the press, are you?

DR. ROME

It would violate my oath, Ernest.

HEM

Goddamn it now! Look here, Doc/

DR. ROME

I'm sorry? Did I--

MARY

He hates that name.

DR. ROME

Mr. Hemingway?

HEM grunts.

DR. ROME (CONT'D)

You're fairly well for a man your age, considering your history. You were in two consecutive plane crashes.

MARY

Yes, together. '54. In Africa. After the first crash, we walked three days through jungle.

HEM

The papers released my obit.

DR. ROME

I recall reading one, yes.

HEM

What fun. Like watching your own funeral. Then they wrote that I emerged from the jungle with bananas and a bottle of Gordon's Gin. The ultimate retraction! Resurrected after three days. Maybe it's true. I did say after the first crash, "My luck, she is running good." Then the next plane cashed on take off...

DR. ROME

Unlucky.

HEM

And this is why you always knock on wood.

HE knocks on DR. ROME's desk.

DR. ROME

You suffered serious head injuries?

MARY

He beat his way out of the second plane with his skull. Like a bull.

DR. ROME

Is that where you got that scar?

HEM

(of his forehead)

This? No.

MARY

An accident involving a toilet and a sky window.

DR. ROME

I see.

MARY

Do you think these head injuries could be contributing to his...

DR. ROME

Let's start with what we know. You have a mild form of diabetes. Nothing we can't treat. And you have a very old case of hepatitis. Also treatable. You must moderate your alcohol consumption.

HEM grunts.

DR. ROME (CONT'D)

Your blood pressure is up to 220 over 150 some days. So I am taking you off that new medication.

HEM

The nutso pills.

DR. ROME

The pills for depression, yes. I am recommending electroconvulsive therapy. It's safe. It's been practiced since the thirties. It simply induces seizures. On patients with extreme depressive disorders, it can have a palliative effect.

HEM

Talk American.

DR. ROME

It can help the suicidal feel like living.

MARY

Would he suffer?

DR. ROME

We'll administer muscle relaxants and place a bit in the mouth.

(MORE)

DR. ROME (CONT'D)

Then he lies there, and we apply small electric shocks to the brain. There are convulsions. These can be traumatic. But you've been through much worse I'm sure.

HEM

What about my memory?

DR. ROME

Patients tend to feel foggy and confused after treatment. That passes. Some do report long-term memory loss. But you must weigh that against, well, the alternative. Now I would like to schedule a treatment for this afternoon.

HEM

How many treatments?

DR. ROME

Likely a dozen. We will monitor your progress closely. It's the procedure I recommend in a case such as this.

MARY

May we have a moment?

DR. ROME

(standing aside)

Of course.

HEM

How do we know he's not working for J. Edgar?

MARY

Lamb, please. He's well respected. This isn't some country clinic.

HEM

Without my memory, how will I write?

MARY

You can't write now. You sit and flip through the pages.

HEM

I'm editing.

MARY

Don't pretend you're fine. That's not brave. Brave is to admit--

HEM

I'm worried about taxes. About the Feds.

MARY

You're the strongest man I know. And this treatment might allow you to write again.

HEM

You want me out of the way.

MARY

Lamb, no. I only want what's... You could finish Paris. Publish in the fall. Think of that.

HEM

Call him in.

MARY

Dr. Rome?

HE returns and sits.

HEM

It's proven to help?

DR. ROME

In many cases.

HEM grunts.

DR. ROME (CONT'D)

Mrs. Hemingway, I need you to sign these forms.

MARY

Me?

DR. ROME

Yes. By law he's not... well as his wife, you need to sign.

MARY

This is a formality?

DR. ROME

It's boilerplate.

MARY

Lamb, should we have a lawyer/

HEM

Sign the damn thing.

END SCENE

## SEVEN

The NURSE prepares a room for the ECT. DR. ROME joins her. MARY and HEM return to his room.

HEM

This is a hell of a turn.

MARY

We've been through worse. We'll get through this.

HEM

Gott mit Uns. I'd pray if I thought it'd do any good.

MARY

I'll pray if you like.

HEM

Oh please. Our nada who art in nada. Go ahead. On your knees. I'd love to see that. No?

The NURSE enters.

NURSE

Mr. Saviers, we're ready. Take these.

SHE hands him pills and a cup of water.

HEM

I need something to think about. A distraction.

MARY

One true sentence.

HEM

That's good. The old medicine.

NURSE

Mr. Saviers?

The NURSE ushers HEM into the room, where DR. ROME awaits with the apparatus for the electroshock. HE hands HEM a fishing rod. HEM casts a line and fishes.

HEM

I will tell you about a feeling the stream provokes in me. It is that something I cannot yet define completely but the feeling comes when you write well and truly of something and know impersonally you have written in that way and those who are paid to read it and report on it do not like the subject so they say it is all a fake, yet you know its value absolutely--

DR. ROME

Mr. Saviers?

HEM

I've caught a big one. Something I wrote. I remember it, as clear and white as your coat. Have you ever fished Marlin, doc?

DR. ROME

I can't say I have.

HEM

You haven't lived.

DR. ROME

I'll have to try it.

HEM

You say I'll be confused after the treatment?

DR. ROME

That's typical. But it will pass. Whenever you're ready, ah, Mr. Saviers...

HEM

Give me a moment.

DR. ROME

Take your time.

HEM

... or when you do something which people do not consider a serious occupation and yet you know, truly, that it is as important as all the things that are in fashion...

The NURSE takes HEM's robe from his shoulders and lays it out on the bed.

... and when, on the sea, you are alone with it and know that this Gulf Stream you are living with, knowing, learning about, and loving, has moved, as it moves, since before man and that it has gone by the shoreline of that long, beautiful, unhappy island since before Columbus sighted it and that the things you find out about it, and those that have always lived in it are permanent and of value because that stream will flow, as it has flowed, after the Indians, after the Spaniards, after the British, after the Americans and after all the Cubans and all the systems of governments, the richness, the poverty, the martyrdom, the sacrifice and the venality and the cruelty are all gone...

A shock, and HE fights.

...

(MORE)

## HEM (CONT'D)

as the high-piled scow of garbage, bright-colored, white-flecked, ill-smelling, now tilted on its side, spills off its load into the blue water, turning it a pale green to a depth of four or five fathoms as the load spreads across the surface, the sinkable part going down and the flotsam of palm fronds, corks, bottles, and used electric light globes, seasoned with an occasional condom or a deep-floating corset, the torn leaves of a student's exercise book, a well-inflated dog, the occasional rat, the no-longer-distinguished cat; well shepherded by the boats of the garbage pickers who pluck their prizes with long poles, as interested, as intelligent, and as accurate as historians; they have the viewpoint...

A shock, and HE fights.

## HEM (CONT'D)

... the stream, with no visible flow, takes five loads of this a day when things are going well in La Habana and in ten miles along the coast it is as clear and blue and unimpressed as it was ever before the tug hauled out the scow; and the palm fronds of our victories, the worn light bulbs of our discoveries and the empty condoms of our great loves float with no significance against one single, last thing--the Stream.

A shock, and HEM drops the fishing rod, convulsing from the ECT.

As the light flashes, DR. ROME can be seen in the Bull mask HOTCH wore in the dream. And THE NURSE is once again seems to be HADLEY.

Convulsions. The light flashes brighter until: nada.

END OF ACT

ACT II

EIGHT

From her room at the Kahler Hotel in Rochester, MARY uses a phone.  
HOTCH answers in New York.

HOTCH

Hello?

MARY

It's Mary.

HOTCH

Merry Christmas.

MARY

Happy Hanukkah.

HOTCH

Thanks. How's Minnesota?

MARY

Rochester is a hell of a place to spend  
Christmas.

HOTCH

Did you get the presents?

MARY

Tell the girls "thank you."

HOTCH

You must be awfully lonely.

MARY

Well I bumped into a grade school chum  
from Bemidji. Her husband's in  
administration here. I told her Ernest is in  
for blood pressure.

HOTCH

There's no shame in that.

MARY

It was good to see an old face. She's a terrible gossip tho.

HOTCH

How are they treating him?

MARY

He gets on with his doctors. He puts on a cheerful act for them. But they don't know him like I do.

HOTCH

Do the pills help?

MARY

He's off those. They have him on ECT.

HOTCH

Sorry?

MARY

Electroconvulsive therapy.

HOTCH

Is that good for a writer?

MARY

It's the recommended treatment.

HOTCH

How many has he had?

MARY

Ten.

HOTCH

Ten?!

MARY

It's what they recommend.

HOTCH

Is he suffering?

MARY

Psychologically it's terrible for him. But the doctor says he's making progress.

HOTCH

And he can't make calls?

MARY

They won't allow it.

HOTCH

I'd like to speak to him.

MARY

I'll try and arrange it. He wants to know if Cooper's still planning on Idaho?

HOTCH

I think so.

MARY

Ernest will be so glad. He needs his friends very much now.

HOTCH

How about you?

MARY

I'm the wife. I'm still fine. I'm always fine. Only a little lonely...

HOTCH

I could visit.

MARY

Would you? It's a long way to go.

HOTCH

Sure, I can stop in Minneapolis on my way back from California.

MARY

You'd do that?

HOTCH

Of course. You're my... well you're my friends. The both of you.

MARY

Do you promise?

HOTCH

I promise.

MARY

That'd be lovely. Well. Happy New Year, Hotch.

HOTCH

Happy New Year.

End Scene

NINE

January, 1961. The hospital room. HEM stands and scribbles a note with a small pencil. HE wears the robe, the Gott mit Uns belt, moccasins and a stained, white tennis visor. The NURSE enters.

NURSE

Good morning, Mr. Saviers. What are you writing?

HEM

None of your beeswax.

NURSE

Is it a love letter? To your wife I hope.

HEM

If you'd give me a proper pencil, this wouldn't be so difficult.

HE stuffs the note into his robe.

NURSE

May I see the pencil?

HEM holds it out to her. SHE inspects it.

NURSE (CONT'D)

That's fine. Now it's time for your call with Mr. Hotchner. Then you're meeting Dr. Rome. Had you forgotten?

HEM

No.

NURSE

Good. You're recovering so well. We all think so.

HEM

Aww shucks.

NURSE  
I'll bring the phone.

The NURSE brings the phone as HEM returns to scribbling.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
Be brief. It will ring in a moment.

HEM  
Just one kiss?

NURSE  
Mr. Saviers! You're an awful flirt.

HEM  
And you're a terrible spy.

The phone rings.

NURSE  
(with the phone)  
I have Mr. Saviers on the line.

HEM  
Hotch?

HOTCH  
Well well, Mr. Saviers, how are you?

HEM  
Oh fine! Hell of a thing having a handle like Saviers in a Catholic hospital -- and me a failed Catholic. But the docs treat me nice, and I think I've got a real good shot with one of the nurses. I never could resist a woman in uniform.

HOTCH  
You sound good!

HEM  
Listen, Hotch. This phone is bugged.

HOTCH

All right... Well. How are you?

HEM

I've been able to read the past few days.  
That Mark Twain fellow could write.

HOTCH

That's very good, Papa.

HEM

But it's hard to enjoy anything in a room  
where they frisk you and lock the door on  
you and don't have the decency to trust  
you with a blunt instrument!

HOTCH

They lock you in your room?

HEM

I have to admit: some days I feel broken.

HOTCH

You're not broken.

HEM

We're all broken. That's how the light gets  
in.

HOTCH

Can I visit?

HEM

Rochester is damn far. But I'd be glad as  
hell to see you. They wrapped up the  
shock treatments last week. Had about a  
baker's dozen. Lost count. I must be  
cured!

HOTCH

That's good, Papa.

HEM

The Paris sketches look real good. I'm going to get back to work on them soon/

NURSE

Mr. Saviers, please conclude your call.

HEM

Whoops. Mom's mad. Gotta go, Hotch.

HOTCH

Let me know when I can visit.

HEM

Sure thing. And Coops? Did you speak to him?

HOTCH

Yes. He's in a damn rough state. But he's going to try and visit. In Idaho. Once they let you/

NURSE

Mr. Saviers, please.

HEM

Gotta go, Hotch.

HOTCH

Goodbye, Papa.

SHE takes the phone and exits.

HEM

(calling after her)

Just one kiss? No. Nurse! Nurse! Oho, I see. Hoover taught you to hover and spy and report, but he didn't teach you how to flirt! Or to kiss! No, he couldn't. He's a fancy boy, isn't he? Isn't he!? Those G-men look real swell in their suits.

(throwing the pencil)

(MORE)

HEM (CONT'D)

Bring me a real fucking pencil, do you hear  
me?! I know you're listening!

END SCENE

TEN

HEM sits on the edge of the bed, dressed as before. The NURSE, DR. ROME and MARY are nearby. HOTCH enters.

HEM

Hotch!

HOTCH

Papa! You're awfully thin.

HEM

Aww shucks, thanks.

MARY

Hello, Edward.

HOTCH

Mary, hello.

HEM

Well, Hotch. Welcome to Never Never Land, where they frisk you and lock the door on you. This is Dr. Rome. And Nurse Susan, who holds the key to my heart.

HOTCH

Taking care of him?

NURSE

We like to think so.

HEM

They're great. Nurse Susan has official pal status, tho she won't even peck my cheek. Minnesotans are damn provincial.

NURSE

I'm from Wisconsin.

HEM

That's worse!

NURSE

He's our favorite.

HEM

Oh I'm real popular, Hotch. The docs take me skeet shooting. Isn't that right, Doc?

DR. ROME

He's a crack shot.

HEM

Kapow!

HE knocks.

HEM (CONT'D)

How do you like it now, gentlemen? Doc, this is Ed Hotchner, a very great matador. Last summer he spent an afternoon in a Spanish ring.

DR. ROME

That's quite a story.

HEM

He might not look like much, but he's as brave as they come.

HOTCH

Thanks, Papa?

DR. ROME

Well if you'd like to take a walk the grounds with Mr. Hotchner, that would be fine.

HEM

Good idea, Doc. An afternoon constitutional is just the thing!

DR. ROME

We'll leave you to it then.

DR. ROME and the NURSE exit. HEM waits a moment.

HEM

So that's what a shock doctor looks like.

HOTCH

He seems nice enough.

HEM points to the ceiling.

HEM

Careful. Bugged. The room. The phone in the hall too.

HOTCH

All right.

MARY

Lamb, I'll get your clothes together...

HEM

It's only a matter of time til they bring the hammer down, Hotch.

HOTCH

Who?

HEM

The big "they." And when they want to get you, they get you.

HOTCH

Well, what are you working on?

HEM

Paris.

HOTCH

How's it going?

HEM

I've been at this damn table day after day. All I need is... maybe a sentence. Maybe more. And I can't get it. Not any of it, you understand? We were gonna publish in the fall, but I had to scratch it.

MARY

I've set out two sweaters. It's cold, so you might wear them both.

HEM grunts.

HOTCH

Well the staff seem friendly...

HEM

I'm a big fish. They know it. We keep up the Saviers ruse. It keeps them busy when they're not zapping me. Bzzzzt! And then the bit in your mouth. Guh guh guh. They get their hooks in real deep. You think you could handle the shock business, Hotchner?

HOTCH

I don't know, Papa. It seems a little extreme.

HEM

I've had twelve or so. Doctor's orders! I'm taking my medicine like a good boy. Lucky they didn't stop at thirteen. Or did they. I lost count.

HE knocks on the bedside stand.

MARY lays out a pair of pants.

HEM (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ, Mary. Those are dirty.

MARY  
Sorry, Lamb.

HEM  
Use your fucking eyes.

MARY  
I am sorry.

HEM  
I'm not going out in those!

MARY  
There's another pair.

HEM  
Jesus H Christ. You see what I have to deal  
with here, Hotch! It's every man for  
himself.

MARY retrieves the pants and lays them out. SHE cries.

HEM (CONT'D)  
Here come the waterworks. Poor Miss  
Mary.

MARY  
(exiting)  
Excuse me...

HOTCH  
What the hell was that?

HEM  
What?

HOTCH  
You act cheerful for your doctors. Then  
you snap at Mary.

HEM

When you're my age, you'll lose patience with the "fair sex" too.

HOTCH

Not like that I hope.

HEM

Oh I'm only a little blackass. About this whole business. You think I like being locked up in here?

HEM changes into his walking clothes.

HOTCH

You shouldn't be so cruel to Mary.

HEM

Mind your damn business, Hotchner.

Anyway, if two people love each other, there can be no happy end to it.

Let's go.

THEY exit past DR. ROME and NURSE.

HEM (CONT'D)

Doc. Nurse. What's better than a nice walk?

DR. ROME

Enjoy yourselves.

HEM

Beautiful day. Crisp. Feel that in your lungs! Go ahead. Breathe!

HOTCH does, and coughs. HEM pats him on the back.

HEM (CONT'D)

Okay well I want news. Did you see Coops?

HOTCH

He came to New York earlier this month,  
for a cowboy TV thing. We had lunch.

HEM

How's he look?

HOTCH

Not good, Papa. Gosh. God. Damn. It is  
cold.

HEM

The word you're looking for is "fuck."

HOTCH

Fuck it's cold.

HEM

When's Cooper coming to Idaho?

HOTCH

He might have to cancel. The cancer  
returned. They haven't given him long.

HEM

He knows I'm here, doesn't he? Mary  
spilled the beans, so the whole world is  
onto me. Fucking, clucking hens. What did  
you tell Coops I'm in for?

HOTCH

Blood pressure.

HEM

Good. Don't load my troubles onto him.  
He's got enough on his hands with the God  
business.

HOTCH

You might try it yourself. The God  
business.

HEM

All thinking men are atheists.

HOTCH

Sure, but you can't know one way or another.

HEM

Nobody knows one way or another. Anybody who says they do is selling you something. But you can have an opinion. That's your right as a man. You're a man, aren't you? So what do you think, Hotchner? About the God business?

A moment.

HEM (CONT'D)

Go on, boy. You must have thought about it.

HOTCH

I don't know, Papa. I'm out of my depth.

HEM

This is it, Hotchner. I am your depth!

HOTCH

Papa, I don't know what you want me to say. I'm not your rabbi. Or your priest. Or your editor. I mean unless you ask.

HEM

Never mind. We were talking about Cooper.

HOTCH

Gary said he called for you. They wouldn't put him through.

HEM

I'm sure they couldn't believe it was  
Cooper on the line. Thought it was prank.

THEY stand in the cold.

HOTCH

Papa, Mary is only trying to help you.

HEM

You ever loved two women at the same  
time, Hotchner?

HOTCH

No.

HEM

Lucky boy.

HOTCH

Papa, I'm forty.

HEM

They should make all psychiatrists take a  
course in creative writing. What's the  
sense of ruining my head and erasing my  
memory, which is my capital, and putting  
me out of business? It was a brilliant cure,  
but we lost the patient. It's a bum turn,  
Hotch. Terrible. I called the local  
authorities to turn myself in, but they  
didn't know about the rap. I looked into  
this whole business about the federal  
court, and you're wrong, or maybe you  
were trying to con me/

HOTCH

Papa, please/

HEM

But there's no privilege, and they can nail Dr. Saviers now I've used his name for cover. That's why I want to turn myself in.

HOTCH

Gosh it's cold. Let's get back to your room.

HEM

Careful what you say. I think one of the interns is a Fed. The nurse too.

HOTCH

Nurse Susan? From Wisconsin?

HEM

Don't be naïve, Hotchner.

HOTCH

Let's get in before we freeze.

HEM

You know what your problem is, my boy? You are afraid of death.

HOTCH

Aren't you?

HEM

"The fear of death follows from the fear of life. A man who lives fully is prepared to die at any time."

HOTCH

See, there! You've still got it, Papa. You should write that down.

HEM

Mark Twain already did.

(MORE)

HEM (CONT'D)

Let's get you inside before you freeze to death. Edward, my boy.

End Scene

ELEVEN

The NURSE ushers HEM to his room and locks the door. HOTCH finds DR. ROME in the hall.

HOTCH

Dr. Rome, do you have a minute?

DR. ROME

One, yes.

HOTCH

He's still delusional. Talking about the FBI.  
All of it.

DR. ROME

Yes, but his growing desire to return to  
work represents progress.

HOTCH

His desire to return to work?

DR. ROME

Yes?

HOTCH

He's always wanted to work. He is his  
work.

DR. ROME

Well he's very optimistic about this  
project. What is it? Paris. He's certain he'll  
be able to finish it, back home.

HOTCH

He behaves one way for you and another  
for us. He is very hard on Mary.

DR. ROME

It would be more troubling if he treated us  
all the same.

HOTCH

I suppose. His weight is low.

DR. ROME

It's where we want it. His drinking too. Two glasses of wine with dinner.

HOTCH

This is presumptuous. And I apologize. But Ernest is so extraordinary. Is it reasonable to treat him as an ordinary patient? Whether in relation to electric shock or anything else?

DR. ROME

Mr. Hotchner, I appreciate your concern. Please trust me: we're following the best course. Now how long are you here?

HOTCH

The one night.

DR. ROME

If you want to help, Mrs. Hemingway could use your company.

HOTCH

Of course.

DR. ROME

You can see him tomorrow morning. I'll tell Mrs. Hemingway you're back.

DR. ROME exits. HOTCH scribbles. MARY enters.

MARY

Writing the great American novel?

HOTCH

Memoir.

MARY  
Keep me out of it, will you?

HOTCH  
I can't promise...

MARY  
It's not your story to tell.

HOTCH  
Who's story is it?

MARY  
His.

HOTCH  
He's in no state...

MARY  
You don't know that.

HOTCH  
Mary, I'm your friend. Please.

MARY  
It's... I'm just shook up. I'm awfully sorry  
you had to see that.

HOTCH  
Dr. Rome says the mood shifts are normal.  
But I'm not so sure. It's like he's pushing  
us away.

MARY  
We must be here for him. You're a very  
good friend for visiting. How long are you  
here?

HOTCH  
Just tonight. I'll see him tomorrow.

MARY

Shall we dine at the hotel?

HOTCH

That'd be swell.

MARY

I've been in Rochester six weeks and this will be the first time I won't eat dinner alone in my room.

HOTCH

It's a bum turn, Mary. I'm so sorry.

MARY

Thanks for coming. You're a good pal. To the both of us. And don't let him tell you otherwise.

End Scene

## TWELVE

HEM's room the next morning. HE, MARY and HOTCH are there.

HEM

So it's back to New York with you then,  
Hotchner?

HOTCH

Afraid so. Shortly if I'm going to make my  
flight. Holidays with the girls, you know.

HEM

You're Jewish.

HOTCH

Hanukkah, Papa.

HEM

Oh ho. I can hear wifey whip the leash.  
Crack! Edward, take out the trash. Crack!  
Edward, be a better Jew! Crack crack/

The NURSE enters.

NURSE

Mr. Saviers, a telegram from Washington.

HEM

Oh Christ. They're bringing the hammer  
down.

MARY

Thank you, Nurse.

The NURSE lingers.

MARY (CONT'D)

That's all.

The NURSE exits.

HEM

Open it.

MARY

(opening the letter)

It's an invitation to the inauguration.

Signed by Kennedy.

HOTCH

That's quite an honor, a personal invitation to the inauguration.

MARY

I'd love to go.

HEM

Impossible. I'm flattered of course. His actual signature, is it?

HOTCH

Seems to be.

HEM

Ha! A signed first edition. It's good to be remembered. Wish we had champagne for a toast.

MARY

If we're not going, we'll have to... to write...

HOTCH

A proper letter of declination.

MARY

Yes.

HEM

Give me a pen. And some paper.

HEM stands over the table. HOTCH hands him a pen and paper.

HEM (CONT'D)

Don't know where to begin.

HOTCH

One true sentence?

HEM

Cute.

HEM cannot write.

HEM (CONT'D)

Hotch, could you, ah, help me edit?

Unless you have to go...

HOTCH

It's fine. Well. How's this for a start? Dear  
President Elect Kennedy.

HEM

Right. Dear... President... Elect... Damn  
this side table. If I had my standing desk...  
Ken-ned-y.

HOTCH

Regretfully I am unable to attend...

HEM slowly writes.

HOTCH (CONT'D)

... unable to attend your inauguration. I am  
very honored...

HEM

"Honored" is enough.

HOTCH

...honored to receive your invitation. I am  
certain...

HEM

“Sure.”

HOTCH

... sure you will serve the country we love  
faithfully...

HEM

Faithfully serve. If you must use the  
adverb--

HOTCH

Next to the verb, yes. I think it's merited  
here. Faithfully serve the country we love,  
and make us proud.

HEM

That's good. Proud.

HOTCH

Yours sincerely, et cetera.

HEM finishes and signs.

HEM

Thanks, Hotch. That's swell.

MARY

I'll post this today.

HOTCH

Papa, I need to leave now if I'm going to  
make my flight.

HEM

I'll see you to the elevator.

HOTCH

Mary, goodbye.

MARY

Goodbye, Edward.

HEM

(walking)

This spring we'll go back to France and bet the horses.

HE pats HOTCH's shoulder. The NURSE stands nearby.

HOTCH

Sure thing, Papa.

HEM

Good old Hotch. Put you through a lot, haven't I, boy?

HOTCH

Best times I ever had.

HEM

And this?

HOTCH

Hell, Papa. If you want to go the distance, you've gotta get dumped on your ass once in a while.

HEM lifts his hands to box.

HOTCH (CONT'D)

You've been decked before.

THEY box a little as THEY speak. An old pattern.

HEM

Sure have. But was always up at the count of three.

HOTCH

Swinging.

HEM

We're up to six this time. Maybe seven.

HOTCH

This is a mandatory eight. Rest. Are they letting you out soon?

HEM

Looks like it.

HOTCH

That's good news. I'll talk to Cooper, ask him to visit you in Ketchum.

HEM

Tell him I won't accept no. Cancer be damned.

HOTCH

I'll tell him.

HEM

You aren't going to cry now, are you?

HOTCH

(unable to look)

No.

HEM

Look me in the eye.

HOTCH

(choking up)

This damn elevator.

HEM

"No tears in the writer, no tears in the reader." That's Frost.

The elevator dings. The NURSE holds it.

HEM (CONT'D)

Save your money for the races. Spring. Paris. It will help me finish the book.

NURSE  
Mr. Hotchner? The elevator.

HEM  
Thanks for coming.

End Scene

## THIRTEEN

Ketchum. April, 1961. Jimmy Stewart delivers his acceptance of Cooper's lifetime achievement Oscar.

## STEWART

Coop, I want you to know I'll get it to you right away. With it goes all the friendship and affection and the admiration and deep respect of all of us. We're very, very proud of you, Coop.

MARY and HEM watch a televised production of Macbeth.

## PORTER [HADLEY]

Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have  
old turning the key...

## HEM

Turn it off. Mary/

## PORTER

Knock,  
knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in  
time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't.

## HEM

Turn it off!

## PORTER

Knock,  
knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could  
swear in both the scales against either scale;

(MORE)

PORTER (CONT'D)  
who committed treason enough for God's  
sake,  
yet could not equivocate to heaven:

HEM  
It's terrible. Cruel.

PORTER  
O, come  
in, equivocator.

MARY  
It's a great play/

HEM  
It's terrifying. I can't watch it. Please.

MARY turns off the set.

HEM (CONT'D)  
Pour me a drink.

MARY  
You've had your wine.

HEM  
You'd rather I pour it myself?

Thank you. Maybe the radio?

RADIO V.O.  
... the first landing is reported to have  
taken place in the early hours of this  
morning. Broadcasts from Cuban  
government radio appealing for medical  
help indicate that the raiders have  
successfully penetrated 25 miles inland.  
They appear to have come ashore on an  
area of the coast known as the Bay of  
Pigs, south-east of the capital, Hava--

HE turns it off.

HEM

It's suicide. Kennedy should know better.  
It's a swamp. They won't have room to  
maneuver.

MARY

Nothing we can do.

HEM

Well. Here's something cheerful. I have a  
present for you...

HEM reveals a present: a set of perfume.

HEM (CONT'D)

Happy birthday.

MARY

You remembered!

HEM

Those shock doctors won't get the better  
of me.

THEY embrace. SHE kisses him.

MARY

There's my big brave man.

HEM

Well. Gee shucks. I don't know.

MARY

Oh don't be Gary. Be Ernest.

HEM

Well all right. I might not be a movie star.  
But I can still take a punch. Destroyed but  
not defeated.

MARY

Kiss me.

THEY kiss.

MARY (CONT'D)

I'll try some now.

SHE sprays herself.

MARY (CONT'D)

Oh, it's lovely. Some for you!

SHE sprays him.

HEM

No. Ha. No, it's for you. It's perfume, not cologne. There was a bottle called "My Sin." I couldn't bring myself to buy it.

MARY

Such a good Catholic. Just like Cooper.

HEM

Ha!

MARY

It was nice he could visit back in January. What did you.. Well do you mind if I ask what you talked about?

HEM

He wondered whether he made the right decision. With the God business.

MARY

And did he?

HEM

You know what I think.

MARY

Yes. Oh, Lamb. But what do you feel? You can tell me. About your feelings. About the God business or anything.

HEM

How I feel? I feel like another drink.

And HE has one.

MARY

One for me? Thank you. We should toast something. New beginnings?

HEM

Not in a toasting mood.

THEY drink.

MARY

Cooper is awfully far gone, isn't he?

HEM

Says he's going to beat me to the barn.

MARY

It's not a race.

HEM

You're in trouble when they give you "lifetime achievement." He's not even sixty.

MARY

Well, I think I'll go to bed then. Join me?

HEM

In a minute. Happy birthday, my kitten.

MARY

Thank you, Lamb. Oh. And thank you for remembering. Good night.

MARY exits. HEM goes to the Paris manuscript, and HADLEY emerges, with SCOTT, who wears the death mask and watches.

HADLEY

But Tatie, you must go by this afternoon  
and pay.

HEM approaches the gun rack and takes the key.

HADLEY (CONT'D)

Let's walk down the rue de Seine and look  
in all the galleries and in the windows of  
the shops.

HEM opens the rack and takes a shotgun and two shells.

HADLEY (CONT'D)

We can have two drinks...

HEM

Hadley, I'm damn sorry. Do you hear me?

HADLEY

Tatie, do you want to go to bed? Tatie,  
aren't you tired? You must be awfully tired  
standing there through the night.

HEM sets two shotgun shells on a window sill and stands through the night, staring at nada. The sun rises.

HADLEY (CONT'D)

Oh look, Tatie. The sun is coming up.

MARY enters in a nightgown.

HEM

Hadley, do you hear me? I said "I'm sorry."  
Please. Come give me a kiss.

HADLEY

You must be so tired. And you must go by  
this afternoon and pay.

MARY

(entering drowsy)

Lamb, good morning! I didn't hear you come to bed... Did you even? Goodness. It's past eight... Dr. Saviers will be here...

HADLEY

But Tatie, you must go by this afternoon and pay.

HEM holds the barrel of the gun beside his head - an inch and a trigger from nada.

MARY

Dr. Saviers will be here soon. He should be here any... any minute now. Lamb.

HADLEY

We can have two drinks...

MARY

Lamb?

Nada.

MARY (CONT'D)

Lamb, I was thinking we might go to Mexico. We may be able to get the boat over from Cuba...

HADLEY

You must go by this afternoon and pay.

Nada.

MARY

I didn't... Did you sleep at all, Lamb? Lamb. You must be so tired.

Nada.

MARY (CONT'D)

I read somewhere there's marvelous fishing off Yucatan. We really haven't discussed Paris, either. We could sublet a little flat there. We've been awfully happy in Paris.

Nada.

MARY (CONT'D)

You wouldn't do anything harmful to me as well as you?

You're such a brave man. You were brave in the war. At sea. In Africa. You've said you want to return to Africa. Think of how many people love you. And need your strength. And your wisdom. And your counsel. You told Hotch you'd go to France

The sound of a car.

MARY (CONT'D)

That's Dr. Saviers, here for your appointment. He'll look after you.

HADLEY

But Tatie, you must go by this afternoon and pay. Tatie, you must pay.

End Scene

## FOURTEEN

HEM and MARY in an Idaho clinic. Rain pours outside. Two MASKED FIGURES, the bull and the death's head, stand beside HEM. Matadors. One has long hair, the other short.

MARY

What happened?

HEM

They knocked me out. Sedated me. Not half bad really. I slept. I love sleep. My life has a tendency to fall apart when I'm awake. Ha.

MARY

You mustn't frighten me so, Lamb. With the gun. You just stand and stare. And the shells. Why do you need two? Lamb?

HEM

Dr. Saviers wants me back at Mayo. We could fly today but for the weather.

MARY

April showers.

HEM

You'll be glad to have me out of the way.

MARY

Please don't say such things.

HEM

I agreed to go. Once it clears.

MARY

That's good, Lamb. Tell us how we can help. I only want what's best for/

HEM

I don't want to frighten you. But I do want to go home first.

MARY

Do you think that's wise?

HEM

You mean to say you haven't hidden the key. You don't trust me.

MARY

No. The guns are yours. I just don't know if you should be... I think you should stay under Dr. Saviers' care here at the clinic.

HEM

I had one bad night! And now you don't trust me?

MARY

Of course I trust you.

HEM

The best way to find out if you can trust somebody is to trust them. There are things I need to do at home.

MARY

Couldn't I do these things for you?

HEM

If I'm going back to the loony bin, I need to put my affairs in order. This is hard enough without you trying to manage me. I'm still a fucking man.

MARY

We'll go now then.

HEM

Good.

THEY stand and walk forward, HEM accompanied by the MASKED FIGURES. HEM breaks away and races for the shotgun. HE begins to load it when the figures grab him and take the shotgun. HE roars, and THEY restrain and sedate him, as MARY looks away.

END SCENE

## FIFTEEN

May, 1961. In a doubly secured room at St. Mary's hospital in Rochester, at Mayo Clinic, HEM sits alone and without his Emperor's Robe. A phone rings. In New York, MARY answers.

DR. ROME

Mrs. Hemingway?

MARY

Welsh Hemingway.

DR. ROME

How is it there in New York?

MARY

I like the lights. Broadway. He's not much for Cities really.

DR. ROME

And you toured the Connecticut facility?

MARY

It's fine. There's a library. But they only deal with psychiatry. He's terribly afraid for his reputation. He won't go.

DR. ROME

These irrational fears are related to feelings of impoverishment as a writer. Psychotherapy won't help until the treatments neutralize them. The new electric therapy is much less dramatic. We give the patient an injection. The patient sleeps. We apply the treatment. The patient awakens hours later, perhaps with a headache.

MARY

Yes, but has he blamed me again?

DR. ROME

We haven't heard him blame you.

MARY

(from a notebook)

He said when I visited... here. I wrote it down. "You had things set up in Idaho so I'd go to jail. You think as long as you can keep me getting electric shocks, I'll be happy."

DR. ROME

That is progress.

MARY

Doctor, please. How is that progress!

DR. ROME

Mrs. Welsh Hemingway, must I remind you? When they landed to refuel in South Dakota last month, he tried to walk into the propeller of the plane and, failing that/

MARY

Doctor...

DR. ROME

... attempted to jump from said plane in flight! He had to be forcibly sedated three times. That he bothers to accuse anyone means the treatment is helping.

MARY

And how does the treatment actually work?

DR. ROME

There are fifty theories, psychodynamic and physiological/

MARY

How can you... this treatment. You gave it to him a dozen times. And it didn't work. Clearly. And now you can't explain to me how it's meant to/

DR. ROME

In medicine we use many treatments we can't explain. The idea with this treatment is to... we are attempting to neutralize his... it's complicated. But essentially, the idea is to prepare him for psychotherapy.

MARY

Psychotherapy? Do you have the vaguest idea who this man is, Doctor? This man. My husband. He changed the language. The way people write. And think. More than anyone since Shakespeare. So you'll excuse me if I interrogate you concerning your methods.

DR. ROME

Mrs. Hemingway. Please trust us. We're not... the way your husband is a writer. And a very fine writer. We here at Mayo practice medicine. Can you appreciate this?

MARY

Yes.

DR. ROME

Now your husband's sexual impulses are reviving. This is also progress. Some privacy with you might do him good.

MARY

Where would we have privacy?

DR. ROME

In his room.

MARY

In the mental ward?

DR. ROME

Will you come? Mrs. Welsh Hemingway?

MARY

If you think it's best.

DR. ROME

I do.

MARY

I'll fly out tomorrow.

DR. ROME

One more thing. He'd like his favorite robe.

MARY

Of course. I'll have it shipped.

In fact, SHE holds the robe.

End Scene

## SIXTEEN

Rochester. HEM and HOTCH are outdoors. June. HEM paces.

HOTCH

Nice of the docs to let us walk.

HEM

They're good guys. It's too damned bad about Coops.

HOTCH

He asked me to tell you something, ten days before he died. He said: "The time I wondered if I made the right decision. Tell him it was the best thing I ever did." What was that about?

HEM

Ha! Good old Coops. He's trying to convert me from the grave.

HOTCH

I see. Papa, why are you pacing?

HEM

Those asses at *Time* spilled the beans - printed a whole damn article. You saw it. Don't lie to me.

HOTCH

Yes.

HEM

Don't know how it got out. But it did. Now everybody knows I'm getting the shock treatment.

HOTCH

Ignore it.

HEM

And then there's finances. That banker/

HOTCH

Papa, it's June. You said we'd go to Paris!  
We're missing the races.

HEM

And we will miss them and miss them and  
miss them.

HOTCH

Why do you want to kill yourself?

HEM

What happens to a man going on sixty-two  
when he realizes he can never write the  
books and stories he promised himself?

HOTCH

You've written a beautiful book about  
Paris.

HEM

If only I could finish it.

HOTCH

Perhaps it is finished. If you'd just let me  
help... I can edit?

HEM

Those goddamned doctors with their blasts  
to my brain, the fucking torture of it.  
They've wiped me out.

HOTCH

They're trying to keep you from killing  
yourself. You've got to get over this  
craziness.

HEM

Just be careful what you say when that  
nurse is in the room.

HOTCH

Why would the FBI be after you?

HEM

I write books that take place in foreign countries! Communist Cuba. Fascist Spain. I lived among the Cubans all those years. I shoot guns. I speak languages Hoover doesn't understand. My lawyer, my doctor, my banker, all of them in cahoots with him. They've stripped my bank account. I probably can't pay my hospital bill. They're after me for back taxes.

HOTCH

Ernest, listen, we need you here. So many people need you here.

HEM

Too late. I've got my exit visa. Put it on my tombstone: "Here lies Ernest Hemingway, who zigged when he should have zagged."

HOTCH

Don't say such things.

HEM

If I can't exist on my own terms, then existence is impossible. That's how I've lived. That's how I must live. Or not.

HOTCH

Retire!

HEM

How the hell can a writer retire? Everywhere he goes, he hears the same goddamn question.

HEM & HOTCH

What are you working on?

HOTCH

Don't you feel... I don't know. Lucky?

HEM

To hell with luck! I bring the luck with me.

Finding no wood, HEM knocks his right hand into the palm of his left.

HOTCH

Let us help. Mary will go anywhere. Do anything. Don't shut her out.

HEM

Oh Miss Mary is wonderful. Damn brave and good.

HOTCH is breaking down, and tries to hide it.

HEM (CONT'D)

Tell me this: how does a young man know when he falls in love for the very first time that it will be the only true love of his life? How can he possibly know?

HOTCH

You mean Hadley.

A moment.

HEM

How can he possibly know?

HOTCH

I don't know, Papa.

HEM

Look, Hotch. I told you once Mary doesn't understand other people's hurts. I was wrong. She knows. She suffers trying to help. I wish to Christ I could spare her that. Whatever happens. She's good and strong. But the strongest of women need help.

HEM puts a hand on his shoulder.

HEM (CONT'D)

I'm damn sorry. Look. When I'm gone, tell the story straight. Will you?

HOTCH

You shouldn't think those negative things.

HEM

What does a man care about? Staying healthy. Working good. Eating and drinking with friends. Enjoying himself in bed. I haven't any of them. Do you understand, goddamn it?! None. And while I'm planning my good times and worldwide adventures, who will keep the Feds off my ass and how do the taxes get paid if I don't turn out the stuff that gets them paid? You've been pumping me for the info. But you're like Dr. Saviers and the rest/

HOTCH

Papa! Papa, damn it! Stop it. Cut it out!

HEM

Turning State's evidence!

HOTCH

I'm your pal. I will always be your pal. You must know that by now!

HEM turns from him.

HOTCH (CONT'D)

Papa. Damn it. Don't do this! Papa! Look at me!

HEM walks away.

End Scene

## SEVENTEEN

MARY with HEM in his barren room in the mental ward. SHE has the robe.

MARY

This time you mustn't fool the doctors. Do you hear me? Lamb?

HEM

Just like Africa. We can rough it.

MASKED FIGURES stumble through in hospital gowns - the bull and the death's head.

MARY

Not exactly private, is it?

HEM

It ain't the Ritz.

MARY

We can go over the taxes again if you're concerned.

HEM

It's pointless.

MARY

I wish you wouldn't worry so. Here. I brought your robe.

(singing, SHE wraps him in the robe)

Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb, Mary had a little lamb whose fleece was white as snow. And everywhere that Mary went Mary went, Mary went, everywhere that Mary went, the lamb was sure to go.

Please hold me.

HEM lies down and wraps his arms around MARY.

MARY (CONT'D)

Lamb, I know how you suffer. If only you'd let me in, I could perhaps help.

The first MASKED FIGURE removes the mask. HADLEY.

HEM

I'm damn tired.

MARY

Close your eyes and sleep.

HADLEY

Tatie, what are you doing there?

HEM

I'm trying to sleep.

MARY

That's good, Lamb. Hush.

The second MASKED figures removes the mask. SCOTT.

SCOTT

This is quite a spot, isn't it? Poor, sad little Ernest.

HEM

Shut up.

MARY

Hush. Shh.

SCOTT

Well, there you have it. Show me a hero and I will write you a tragedy.

HEM

Dr. Rome says I can go home.

MARY

Oh.

SCOTT

Back in Paris, I warned you. "A man torn between two women, will eventually lose 'em both."

HEM

Isn't that good news?

MARY

But are you well?

HEM

We'll sit by the fire. I'll be able to finish Paris. That'll put me back on the map.

MARY

But are you well? Lamb? Do you hear me?

HADLEY

Tatie, you must go by this afternoon and pay.

SCOTT

And I warned you about remorse. Remorse will break your goddamned heart.

HEM

Yes... I hear you.

MARY

You must be true now for me. Call this what it is. Your suffering. Whatever you're hiding. Just say. If you need help, don't be ashamed. Please. You must tell me now.

SCOTT

So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

HEM

The Paris book is going to be something. I  
only need to be home to finish it.

HEM holds MARY, who stares into her lonely fear.

End Scene

## EIGHTEEN

HADLEY and HEM alone, Ketchum. HEM is dressed in his robe and Gott mit Uns belt. A MASKED FIGURE (SCOTT) places a little cafe table there, where HEM sits with a bottle of champagne.

HEM

The last time I ever saw Hadley was in Paris. I was having a drink on the terrace. A cab pulled up, and damned if it wasn't her. Hadn't laid eyes on her since the divorce.

HADLEY

My goodness, Ernest! You look the same.

HEM

Not you.

HADLEY

I follow you in the newspapers. *A Farewell to Arms* was wonderful. You're a romantic, you know.

HEM

Are you still living here?

HADLEY

Yes, for awhile.

HEM

You still married to Mr. What's His Name?

HADLEY

Yes, I'm still Mrs. What's His Name.

HEM

Have a drink with me? Champagne?

HADLEY

One. I have an appointment.

THEY sit. The MASKED FIGURE pours.

HEM

You know, Hadley, I think about you often.

HADLEY

Even now?

HEM

I remember when *The Sun Also Rises* was published. I put on my one necktie, and we went to the Ritz and drank champagne with fraises des bois in the bottom of the glass. There's something romantic about poverty when you're young and hopeful.

HADLEY

I remember. And I also remember the time you sprained your ankle and we had to get you down the mountain with you sitting on your skis.

HEM

We learned to ski at the same time. But you were far better than I was.

HADLEY

Not better. Just a bit more cautious. Besides, you had a leg full of shrapnel. It's a wonder you could ski at all.

HEM

Do you remember the silly songs we'd sing?

(singing)

A feather kitty's talent lies...

HEM & HADLEY

(singing)

In scratching out the other's eyes.  
A feather kitty never dies  
Oh immortality.

HADLEY

You know, Ernest, if things hadn't been so good between us, I might not have left you so quickly.

HEM

How many times I thought I saw you passing by. Once in a taxi stopped at a light. Another time in the Louvre I followed a woman who had the color of your hair and the way you walk and the set of your shoulders. I followed her all through the museum. You would think that with the passage of time, not being with you or hearing from you, you would fade away, but no, you are as much with me now as you were then.

HADLEY

And I'll always love you, Tatie. As I loved you in Oak Park and as I loved you here in Paris.

THEY touch glasses and drink.

HEM

I remember those dreams we dreamed with nothing on our table and the wine bottle empty. But you believed in me against those tough odds. You'll be the true part of any woman I write about. I'll spend the rest of my life looking for you.

MARY appears in her nightgown.

MARY

Lamb, I have a present for you. Come. Sit.

HEM stands in his robe and belt and sits in his usual chair.

MARY (CONT'D)

(singing)

Tutti mi chimano bionda.  
Ma bionda io non sono!  
Porto capelli neri!

MARY & HEM

Porto capelli neri...

MARY

Good night, my Lamb. Sleep well.

HEM

Good night, my kitten.

MARY exits. HEM makes his way to the typewriter and taps a few keys. HE goes to the gun rack. The key is there. HE unlocks, takes and loads the shotgun. HE removes the Gott mit Uns belt and drops it to the floor. THE MASKED FIGURES are there. Now one has long hair, and the other short. HEM knocks twice on his writing desk.

HADLEY

Tatie, why do you knock on wood like that?

HEM

For luck. I bring my own. That's the only way, Hadley.

HADLEY

Tatie, I have another question for you.

HEM

Yes?

HADLEY

What is your opinion of death?

HEM

Just another whore.

Now kiss me, damn it.

THEY kiss. A shot. A flash. THEY are gone.

The empty Emperor's Robe collapses to the floor.

End Scene

## NINETEEN

## HOTCH

On July 2, 1961, a writer whom many critics call the greatest writer of his generation, a man who had a zest for life and adventure as big as his genius, a winner of the Nobel Prize and the Pulitzer Prize, a soldier of fortune with a home in Idaho's Sawtooth Mountains, where he hunted in the winter, an apartment in New York, a specially rigged yacht to fish the Gulf Stream, an available apartment at the Ritz in Paris and the Gritti in Venice, a solid marriage, no serious ills, good friends everywhere--on that July day, that man, the envy of other men, put a shotgun to his head and...

A phone rings. In Ketchum, MARY holds the bloodied Emperor's Robe.

## MARY

Hello?

## HOTCH

How are you holding up?

## MARY

I'm still standing. The funeral was lovely. Small. We had a priest.

## HOTCH

I'm sorry I couldn't... I went to that church in Rome he loved. I lit a candle and put some money in the poor box. And I thought, "Good luck, Papa." Knock on wood. He's right, you know. Man can be destroyed but not defeated.

## MARY

You're writing about it, aren't you?

HOTCH

Yes, of course. Aren't you?

MARY

Eventually, yes. I have to attend to the estate first... Listen, Hotch. This is our private life. His words. The time in the hospital. The accident--

HOTCH

Accident? Mary, please.

MARY

(drinking)

It might have been. We don't know for certain. He was recovering...

HOTCH

Who's going to edit the Paris book?

MARY

I will.

HOTCH

Are you sure that's best?

MARY

Who better than me?

HOTCH

Call it *A Moveable Feast*. It's something he said once. I have it here...

(from a notebook)

"If you are lucky enough to have lived in Paris as a young man, then wherever you go for the rest of your life, it stays with you, for Paris is a moveable feast."

MARY

I'll think about it.

HOTCH

I intend to publish an update. To the biography.

MARY

If you publish a word of his, or a word of mine, which you've recorded in your little notebooks, like some tell-all piece of tabloid trash/

HOTCH

Don't be hysterical.

MARY

I'm not the one! You. This manly thing. This "machismo" nonsense is hysterical.

HOTCH

You don't own my memories of him, Mary.

MARY

I'll sue you.

HOTCH

My publisher wants it for the fall.

MARY

And what will you write?

HOTCH

One true sentence, then another.

MARY

You're going to cash in like everyone else. On his corpse. While it's fresh. Some pal you are, Edward.

HOTCH

Mary, you know I only have his... and your. And your. Best interest. I'm your pal.

MARY

You'll hear from my lawyer.

HOTCH

Please don't do this. I only want... Mary?  
Mary!?

SHE has hung up. HOTCH sets the phone down writes in his notebook, as MARY lays the Emperor's Robe upon the floor. SHE pours the bottle of gin: a drink for herself and one for the bloody robe, in a kind of small ceremony.

MARY

Who am I? Who did I marry?

HOTCH

Half a century later, I am an old man. I still write, and I do try to tell the story straight. About Hadley and Pauline, and Paris. His Paris. I'm still his pal. Mary's too...

Here. This is something I wrote for the *The Times*:

Fifty years after his death, in response to a Freedom of Information petition, the FBI released its Hemingway file. It revealed that beginning in the 1940s, Hoover had placed Ernest under surveillance because he was suspicious of Ernest's activities in Cuba. Over the following years, agents filed reports on him and tapped his phones.

The MASKED FIGURES appear on either side of MARY, the death's head and another animal mask, dressed for the Paris Ritz. THEY have martinis.

HOTCH (CONT'D)

The surveillance continued through his confinement at St. Mary's Hospital.

(MORE)

HOTCH (CONT'D)

It is likely that the phone was tapped. His nurse may well have been an FBI informant.

MARY falls to her knees at the bloody robe.

MARY

Who am I? Who did I marry.

A third MASKED FIGURE appears before MARY, the bull dressed in the clean Emperor's Robe and Gott mit Uns belt. HE carries the shotgun.

HOTCH

He left Mary to find his corpse. In her later years, she moved to an apartment in New York, from which she would drunkenly call friends and ask:

MARY

Who am I? Who did I marry?

HOTCH

She died in '86. In her will, she stipulated that she be buried in Ketchum next to Hemingway.

MARY withdraws the letter HEM placed in the robe at the hospital, opens, scans and clutches it.

HOTCH (CONT'D)

As for me, I do sometimes wonder: if I had a chance to look him in the eye one more time, what would I say?

HEM removes his mask and hands HOTCH a drink.

HEM

Go on, Hotchner.

HOTCH

Well I still don't know about the God  
business. Not with any certainty.

HEM

Nobody does.

HOTCH

But I am not afraid of death.

HEM

That's damn good, Hotch old boy.

HOTCH

But that doesn't mean I'm in any hurry.

HEM

Ha ha. I'll toast that.

HEM knocks twice on his standing desk. Eye contact.

THEY drink deeply as MARY clutches the bloody robe.

End of Play