The Satin Hood

Steve Snyder*


The Satin Hood

Setting: A large midwestern city. More specifically, the parlor and entryway of Maggie and Tom Cooper’s newly purchased Queen Anne home. A sense of quandoliquence pervades the space. This was once a large house containing kids in knickers or long dresses, but now it seems like an aged, almost senile, grande dame. Stage right, there is an ornate door with several shiny new locks. A little forward and to the left of the doorway, there is a stairway curving up and out of view. Back right, there is a window looking out into a dark, November evening. The furniture, what there is, is simply odds and ends of period pieces hastily arranged. Large cardboard moving boxes containing dishes, bath towels, bric-a-brac, and various other errata that hasn’t been put away yet.

Characters:

**Maggie Cooper** ............ a socially conscience 31-year old woman
**Tom Cooper** ................. her husband
**Mason Bragg** ............... a friend of Tom’s
**Kitty Bragg** .................. Mason’s wife

Scene 1: 5:30 pm on a mid-November evening.
Scene 2: Two hours later.

Scene 1

(As the lights come up, the stage is empty. After a moment, a heavy THUD is heard from up the stairs. Then another and still another. MAGGIE COOPER appears on the landing. She’s an intelligent looking woman dressed in old clothes: a ratty cardigan, faded jeans, and a torn t-shirt from an expensive college. She laboriously drags an ancient steamer trunk down the steps — one riser at a time. Once down the steps, she drags the trunk through the entryway and into the parlor. The trunk rests center stage, its lock faces away from the audience. MAGGIE stands, catches her breath, and then begins casting about for a hammer and long screwdriver and then, with not inconsiderable effort, knocks open the trunk’s lock. She sets aside the tools and raises the lid. Her face exudes a sense of rapturous, almost joyous fascination. In order, she pulls out these 1910 era artifacts: a wooden tennis racket strung with catgut, an antique women’s boot, several faded, almost delicate newspapers, an old photo album, a boater hat, a woman’s long dress and a worse for the wear 48-star American flag. She glows
over each of these things momentarily. Then she plunges into the trunk again, her curiosity accelerated by the seduction of uncovering a type of time-capsule. Finally, with great joy, she pulls out a slightly crumpled woman’s hatbox. She stands, obviously pleased with the find, and walks to the settee. She sits down and places the hatbox on her lap. She tugs carefully at the box’s lid. Inside there are wisps of tissue paper. She reaches into the box and begins to pull out a piece of yellowed-white satin. Suddenly, she stops; a look of repulsion comes on her face. She hastily puts the lid back on the hatbox and sets the box on the settee beside her. She quickly moves away from the box. Its contents have obviously given her a shock. Suddenly chilled, she stands staring back at it in a horrified silent communion. From outside, the sound of a car is heard. It comes to a stop, and a car door slams. A dog begins barking in the distance — it’s a mean, soulfully angry bark. After a moment, keys are heard fumbling in the front door lock. MAGGIE is oblivious. The lock rattles a few more times. Someone’s keys aren’t working. The knob shakes violently, then there is a hard rap. MAGGIE is still lost in thought — another rap, this time more forceful. She almost jumps and then crosses to the front door.)

Maggie: (agitated) What is it? I’m not opening the door until you say who’s out there.

Tom: C’mon open the door.

Maggie: Tom?

Tom: Yeah, open the door.

(MAGGIE is relieved to hear Tom’s voice. She begins unlocking the several new locks on the front door. TOM enters. He’s dressed in a fashionable gray suit, and a beige trench coat. He carries an attache case with the Wall Street Journal in it. He also has a handful of mail. A bottle of French champagne is tucked under his arm.)

Tom: (coming in and examining the new locks) I see they put the new locks in, so I guess the security guys were here today, huh?

Maggie: Yeah, all afternoon. They made a mess — tracked insulation from the attic all over the upstairs bedroom, but they finished most of the wiring for the alarm system.

Tom: Did they say anything about exterior lighting? You know, if they screw around until the ground freezes, we won’t get any of the outside lights in ‘til spring.

(TOM crosses to a large chair which sits in the entryway. He sets his things down and removes his trench coat. Then he lays the coat over the arm of the chair. He again picks up the champagne. MAGGIE methodically relocks the front door.)

Maggie: Damnit, Tom, I asked you to bolt the door when you leave. This morning
you went off and left it unlocked, and I was here most of the day alone — until the security guys showed up, anyway.

**Tom:** I’m sorry — I just forgot.

**Maggie:** Well, try not to forget, ok?

**Tom:** Ok — sorry. *(suddenly laughing to himself)* Hey, just a few minutes ago I was at the liquor store trying to decide whether I should buy domestic or imported champagne. Do you believe that? We’re gonna be in debt up to our necks with all the work on this place and I’m quibbling over the price of champagne. Then I figure what the hell? We’re only gonna christen the house once, right?

**Maggie:** Tom, I —

**Tom:** *(talking right over her)* So I popped for the imported — look, Tattinger *(he holds out the bottle to her)* Forty-five lousy dollars. But it ought to impress the hell out of Mason and Kitty, don’t you think?

**Maggie:** *(gravely)* Tom, I was just up in the attic a minute ago, and —

**Tom:** *(Obliviously he turns back to the chair and picks up the handful of letters.)* And during my lunch hour, I stopped by the old apartment and picked up the last of our mail. *(He starts to flip through the envelopes.)* Nothing for me — all for you.... Honestly, Maggie, look at these... People for the American Way, Amnesty International, Greenpeace. You think you could find a few more knee-jerk causes to send your money to?

**Maggie:** Tom, would you forget the mail for a second? I’m trying to tell you something.

**Tom:** *(noticing her for the first time)* What’s the matter? Are you still feeling up-tight?

**Maggie:** I just now found something in the attic.

**Tom:** The attic?

**Maggie:** *(upset)* Yeah, the security guys left the door open, and there was a draft coming up from there, so I went up to close the door, and I was looking around — and — well — I found this trunk over where the floorboards run out. It was half-fallen down between the rafters and covered with insulation.

**Tom:** Mag, are you ok? You never should have taken this week off work.

**Maggie:** Listen to me. I found this in the attic. *(She points to the trunk.)* It was so damned cold up there I brought it down here.

**Tom:** *(looking at the trunk)* What’s got you so worked up?

**Maggie:** *(tensely)* See for yourself.

**Tom:** *(staring at her a moment)* You’ve been like this all week. It’s just nervousness about getting everything in the right place.
**The Satin Hood**

**Maggie:** (remonstrating him) Tom.

*He shrugs, crosses to the parlor and begins to examine the things laid around the trunk.*

**Tom:** (fascinated by them) Woooo-oo.

**Maggie:** That’s what I thought, too.

**Tom:** This stuff looks pretty old. *(He dons the boater and saws the air with the tennis raquet.)* You say these were up in the attic?

**Maggie:** The trunk was falling down between the rafters and half-covered with insulation. It looked like it’d been there a long time.

**Tom:** (laughing) Well, it probably was.

**Maggie:** Take that stuff off.

**Tom:** C’mon Maggie, where’s your sense of fun? This junk is kinda neat — part of the — you know, history.

**Maggie:** That’s what I thought at first, too. When I started going through it a minute ago, I was actually getting excited for the first time this week, but then — well, any way, take a look in the hatbox on the settee.

**Tom:** (turning to the hatbox.) What’s in it?

**Maggie:** Just take a look.

**Tom:** (Crossing to the settee and opens the hatbox, he pulls out a ceremonial Ku-Klux-Klansman’s hood. The hood is made of faded white satin. It’s quite old and ornate. He holds it up for display, both to himself and the audience.) Holy, Jesus, you say this was up in our attic?

**Maggie:** Yeah, but it’s not ours, right? It belonged to somebody a long time ago.

**Tom:** Well, I guarantee you it didn’t belong to anybody who lived in this neighborhood recently. *(in imitation slave dialect)* Ain’t been a whole lotta us white folk ‘round hee-yah.

**Maggie:** (wincing slightly) Don’t do that!

**Tom:** Do what?

**Maggie:** Make your voice sound that way — it’s rude.

**Tom:** I was just kidding around. I don’t see why—

**Maggie:** Well, it isn’t funny.

**Tom:** What’s wrong with you? You’ve been up-tight all week — ever since we moved in. It’s time to relax, don’t you think?

**Maggie:** I can’t help it. That thing gives me the creeps. I was just now almost excited again about this place, and then this.

**Tom:** Hey, it’s only an old piece of cloth. Wait till I show it to Mason. He’ll flip.

**Maggie:** You aren’t going to show this thing to Mason and Kitty, are you?

**Tom:** Why not?

**Maggie:** It’s disgusting - just having it in the house is bad enough. Besides, it doesn’t belong to us.
Tom: (laughing) What do you mean — finder-keepers? (TOM is enraptured by the hood.)

Maggie: (adamantly) We are not keeping it. Let’s throw it away.

Tom: Hold on a second. It’s a little weird, I admit, but I don’t think we should throw it away. It’s kind of an historical artifact or something. Besides, it adds to the charm of this place — you know, gives the house a sense of history. That is one of the reasons we bought this place, remember?

Maggie: I don’t care if it is part of the history. It doesn’t belong to us.

Tom: No, Mag, you’re right, it doesn’t belong to us. But it is history — just like the rest of this stuff — this hat, the photo albums, this dress.

Maggie: So what? I don’t want that thing in my house.

Tom: Hey, what’s the matter with you? You can’t pick and choose history — you have to take the good with the bad. This obviously belonged to somebody who lived here a long time ago — so relax. But it is kind of neat. Hell, the Klan was big in the twenties. They used to hold large open-air rallies all across the Midwest. Look at the embroidering job on this thing... Who knows? The guy might even have been a Grand Dragon or an Imperial Wizard. (TOM examines the hood in detail.)

Maggie: Let’s just throw it away.

Tom: I don’t think we should. Like I said, it’s a piece of the past. Maybe a museum would want it. (laughs) I don’t know, maybe Mason will want it.

Maggie: I don’t want Mason Bragg and his airhead wife to know we have this thing.

Tom: What have you got against the Braggs? They’re friends of ours.

Maggie: No, Tom, they’re friends of yours. You’re the one who’s always fawning about what a shrewd guy Mason is. You’re the one who thinks he’s a genius. I’ve never been able to stand his politics. He’s always trying to bate me on some issue he knows I’m for or against.

Tom: C’mon, he’s just kidding around. You’re too sensitive.

Maggie: Mason Bragg is a fascist.

Tom: (laughing good-naturedly) Oh god, anyone to the right of you, and that’s almost everybody, is a complete fascist, aren’t they Mag?

Maggie: Well, he is. Besides I don’t feel like having company tonight.

Tom: What do you mean? They’re coming to christen the house. It’s supposed to be a celebration, remember?

Maggie: I don’t feel like celebrating.

Tom: Maggie! This is what we’ve been waiting for. It’s our house, remember? The big Queene Anne? And now, here it is. It’s ours.

Maggie: I know, but I’m not sure I want to celebrate it.

Tom: What are you saying?
The Satin Hood

Maggie: I'm saying I'm not sure about it. I just don't know.
Tom: You don't know about what?
Maggie: I don't know about—about—I don't know — about living here.
Tom: What's gotten into you? (holding out the hood toward her) It's this thing, right? You found it upstairs, and it gave you the creeps, so you're all worked up about living here. (soothingly) Look, Mag, I'll get rid of it, ok? I'll take it to work and give it to somebody.
Maggie: (with sudden anger) It's not the goddamn hood! Will you please put it back in the box?
(TOM is taken aback. There is an awkward PAUSE. Then he places the hood in the hatbox.)
Tom: (quietly) Maggie, what's going on?
Maggie: I don't know what's going on. I just know I don't want to live here.
Tom: You what?
Maggie: I don't want to live here.
Tom: (dazed) I don't get it. I mean—
Maggie: I'm sorry, Tom. It's only been a week, but I knew the first night that something was wrong. I kept thinking I'd feel better — I thought maybe it was nervousness about all the work we have to do to make this house livable, but — well, I think there's something wrong about us being in this house. And I know I can't live here.
Tom: (astounded) I don't believe you're saying this. We spend a solid year looking for a place to restore. We weighed all the pros and cons — the work we'd have to do, the neighborhood, the possibility that we'd get stuck and never be able to re-sell — and now you tell me you can't live here? Maggie, this is our place — yours and mine.
Maggie: It's not ours, Tom. I don't want it. I can't live here.
Tom: Well, you did want it. For the last six months I've done nothing but listen to you go on about the high ceilings and the walnut woodwork. We've been to every antique store in this city looking for just the right piece for the pantry, and just the right piece for the upstairs landing. For heaven's sake, Maggie, this is supposed to be your dream house. Isn't that what you told me? You dreamed of a house just like Judy Garland lived in in Meet Me in St. Louis? A big turn-of-the-century family style house, with gingerbread on the porch, and doilies on the backs of all the chairs?
Maggie: I feel bad enough about it all ready. I wanted to tell you, but I couldn't. I knew you wouldn't understand.
Tom: You're right. I don't understand. I want to understand, but I just can't believe after everything we've been through, you suddenly want to back out. Why? For what reason?
Maggie: I don’t know if there is a reason.

Tom: Well, there must be some reason. You don’t just change your mind for no reason.

Maggie: (confused) I don’t know, alright? I just don’t know.

Tom: Is it the house? You don’t like the house?

Maggie: No, the house is beautiful.

Tom: Ok, it’s not the house. Then what is it

Maggie: I don’t know.

Tom: Is it the hood? Is that it? You afraid the place is haunted?

Maggie: Are you being flip about this?

Tom: No, I’m just trying to understand. Is it the hood?

Maggie: I don’t know, ok?

Tom: No, it’s not ok. I really want to know. Is it the hood?

Maggie: No, it’s not the hood. It’s just a feeling I have.

Tom: A feeling?... What kind of feeling? (MAGGIE is flustered. There is an awkward PAUSE while TOM waits for an answer.) What kind of feeling, Maggie?

Maggie: I said I don’t know.

Tom: You did say you had a feeling. Well, what is it?

Maggie: (quietly) ... I don’t feel safe here.

Tom: You what?

Maggie: I said I don’t feel safe, ok? That’s what I’m feeling. I can’t explain it.

Tom: Safe? Is it the neighborhood? Are you afraid of living in this neighborhood?

Maggie: (hesitating) No — I — I don’t know what it is.

Tom: Because if it’s the neighborhood that makes you feel unsafe, well — it seems to me we talked about that. As I recall we had several long discussions about moving into a marginal neighborhood, and we both agreed that to find the kind of house we wanted at the kind of price we could afford, we’d have to put up with the neighborhood. So is that it? Is it the neighborhood?

Maggie: I said I don’t know. All I can tell you is that I never feel safe in this house.

Tom: C’mon, Mag, we’re putting in a three thousand dollar alarm system. This place is going to be safer than Chase Manhattan Bank.

Maggie: It doesn’t matter.

Tom: What do you mean? Of course it matters. The house is ours. If you don’t like the bathroom tile - fine, I can change that. If you don’t like the kitchen cupboards - fine, I can change that, too. But I can not change a feeling you have.

Maggie: I can’t live someplace I don’t feel safe, Tom.

Tom: No one is going to attack you. I’m right here. What are you so afraid of?

Maggie: I don’t know, ok? (TOM shakes his head. There is a PAUSE as he stares at her.)
Tom: (calmly) Maggie, you're afraid — ok, I hear you, but there's nothing I can do about it if you won't tell me what it is you're afraid of. If it's the house, then we'll do what ever we can to secure it. If it's this hood — well, I'll get rid of it. But if it's the neighborhood, well, you and I both knew what this area was like when we decided to buy this house — that was part of the equation. And we both know things will change. There are more and more people like us who are buying houses down here all the time. In a couple of years - maybe three or four - the whole area will probably be renovated. Things will be different.

Maggie: I only know what I'm feeling right now, and that's unsafe. I don't think I can live here.

Tom: I don't believe it. I just don't believe it. You have been dreaming about restoring an old house since I met you, and now we are living out that dream and you don't want it?

Maggie: But, I do want it. It's just that —

Tom: I don't get it. You do want it, you don't want it — which is it?

Maggie: Will you listen to me?

Tom: (stares at her) Ok — ok, I'm going to sit right down in this chair, and you can tell me just exactly what it is that you want.

Maggie: Don't condescend me, Tom.

Tom: (sincerely) Hey, I'm sorry. I'm a little upset, ok? (He sits down) Now, please, tell me what you want?

Maggie: (taking a moment to gather herself) First of all, Tom, you've got every right to be upset. I'm upset too, but try to see through that and understand how I feel. This is the house I've always wanted.

Tom: But then why—

Maggie: You said you'd listen to me. (TOM sighs and leans back in the chair.) I really do love the house. I have ever since we first found it. Try to understand — all my life I've had this picture in my mind of what a home should look like. It had to be a big, warm place with a porch swing and a piano in the parlor. It had to be a place that just exuded comfort and homey-ness. You can't buy that sense of home, Tom — you have to create it. So that's what I wanted to do. And when we first found this house, I felt it was right. I knew instantly where Grandma Stuart's rocker would go - I knew what type of drapes I wanted for the windows. I knew where the hutch and sideboard should go — But now that we're moved in, it's different. I haven't felt safe in this house for one minute. I can't even go outside. This afternoon I wanted to take some empty moving boxes out to the garbage, but I didn't want to be out there alone. I know it's crazy — but that's the way I feel, and I can't help it.

Tom: I realize you're afraid, but don't you see? I can't change anything. I don't know what in the world I can do to make you feel any differently.
Snyder

Maggie: Tom, please, what I really want is just to leave. There must be some way we can get out of this deal?
Tom: You're talking crazy. We bought this place. We own it.
Maggie: C'mon there must be a way.
Tom: Look, be reasonable. The Realtor isn’t going to let us back out of a sale because you have a feeling. I'm trying to understand this — really — but —
Maggie: We can find a way to get out of this.
Tom: Maggie? We bought the house. It’s ours.
Maggie: Then, let’s sell it. Let’s just re-list with Realtor and get out of here.
Tom: Hold on. This is insane. We’ve only been here a week.
Maggie: Please, Tom.
Tom: Look, we can discuss this, but we have to be realistic. People just don’t change their minds about houses they buy. It’s not like a new coat or something.
Maggie: Please, Tom.
Tom: You’re just up-tight—that’s all. (TOM walks behind her and begins massaging her neck.) You’ve been nervous about moving in, and then you took a week off work to get things put away. And now this hood thing. It’s no wonder you feel funny. But look, in a few weeks, when we get started on all the work we have to do — well, you’ll feel better.
Maggie: I don’t think so.
Tom: Sure you will. You’ll feel better tomorrow. (He kisses the nape of her neck.) Tell you what I’ll do. I’ll fix us a little supper tonight. Nothin’ fancy. Just soup and a salad. And then, later, Mason and Kitty will come over and we’ll christen the house with that forty-five dollar bottle of champagne over there.
Maggie: I don’t feel like celebrating.
Tom: I know you don’t feel like it now, but later, after you’ve had something to eat — and maybe even laid down for a while — you’ll see. You’ll feel differently about this whole thing.
Maggie: I really don’t think I can be a good hostess tonight. Why don’t you call Mason and Kitty and tell them not to come.
Tom: I can’t do that. We invited them over to see the place. What would they think?
Maggie: Who cares? I just don’t think I can deal with them tonight.
Tom: (insistently, but not angrily) Maggie, I’m trying like hell to be patient with you. Don’t press it. Now, you and I are going to have a good time with Mason and Kitty. We’re going to open that champagne and drink a toast to our new home, and that’s that.
Maggie: (pulling away from him) Ok, ok, I’m not up to arguing about it. (She picks up the hatbox and holds it out to him.) Are you going to throw this thing away for me?
Tom: What? Right now?
Maggie: Yes. Right now.
Tom: (taking the hatbox) Hey, it’s a piece of history. You don’t just throw it away.
Maggie: I don’t want it in the house.
Tom: Well, I’ll do something with it, but not at this moment.
Maggie: I’m serious. I don’t want that thing in this house.
Tom: (trying to diffuse her tone) What about if I put it back in the trunk for now. Will that be ok?
(MAGGIE makes a face of disapproval, but relents anyway. Tom takes the hatbox and puts it in the trunk. Then he puts all the other items back into the trunk.)
Tom: There. Now why don’t you go upstairs and lie down. I’ll fix us dinner.
Maggie: We’re not done talking about this, you know?
Tom: Can it at least wait until after Mason and Kitty leave?
Maggie: We’re not done with this.
Tom: Go on upstairs and lie down.
(She turns away from him and exits up the stairs. TOM watches her leave; then he begins rummaging around one of the moving boxes. He pulls out a set of drinking glasses, but they’re not what he’s looking for. He puts them back, and starts to look through another box. He has no luck there either. He crosses to the foot of the stairs.)
Tom: (hollering up the stairs) Hey, Maggie...? (PAUSE) Where are our champagne glasses? (Silence—no answer.)

(The lights fade to black.)

Scene 2

(Time: two hours later. The trunk with its contents has been pushed upstage under the window. In the darkness, the sound of a champagne cork popping is heard. The lights come up revealing TOM, MAGGIE, MASON and KITTY seated in the parlor. MASON is in his early forties and is just comfortably settling into a middle-aged paunch. His clothes are a notch more pricey than TOM’S. KITTY, on the other hand, is an attractive woman in her early thirties. She speaks with a slightly faded, but still lilting Charleston accent. Her attire breathes fashion—not ostentation, but tasteful, understated luxury. MAGGIE has changed her clothes. TOM is pouring the champagne into four fluted crystal glasses.)
Snyder

*Mason:* What’s the vintage on this stuff?
*Tom:* (showing him the label) Seventy-four.
*Mason:* Mmmmm. I brought home a case of it last time I was in Europe. (to Kitty) Remember that little wine shop on the Rue d’Boulougne?
*Kitty:* Jesus, Mason, the way you jewed that poor man down. I’ve never been so embarrassed in my life.
*Mason:* They expect that, Kit — it’s part of the charm of the place. Everything’s negotiable.
*Kitty:* I don’t care. Where I come from it’s still rude to quibble over money. It’s evidence of a person’s bad breeding.
*Mason:* (good naturedly) Where you come from all they have is breeding — and of course, memories of their past.
*Kitty:* Never mind the past. Too much talk about money is still bad manners.
*Tom:* (laughing) Do you two always fight over history? The Civil War’s over, remember?
*Kitty:* If you don’t mind, we prefer to speak of it as the War of Southern Succession.
*Tom:* All I know is that history is what’s behind us. (looking at MAGGIE and holding up his glass) So how ‘bout a truce? To the signing of the peace treaty?
*Mason:* Hang on a minute, Tommy. What about the signing of the mortgage? I think we ought to drink to the house, don’t you? The first toast really should go to your new home.
*Kitty:* Mason’s right. We should be toasting the two of you and your house — and the future you’ll create here. (She stands and holds up her glass) And so a toast — a toast to Tom and Maggie Cooper who have the dreams and guts to rescue a beautiful old house that’s fallen on hard times. To your grit, your vision, but most of all to your willingness to greet the changing future in this place. I hope you find everything you want in this house.
*Mason:* Here, here.
(Everyone drinks, but MAGGIE. TOM watches her closely.)
*Tom:* (leaning over and clinking MAGGIE’S glass) Cheers, babe. (He drinks, but she doesn’t.)
*Mason:* (gazing at the champagne’s clarity) Sweet. Say what you want. The Napa Valley will never be able to touch the frogs when it comes to champagne. (TOM smiles to himself.)
*Kitty:* Now, Maggie — I want to know what you’re going to do with every room. And where you’re going to put the nursery.
*Mason:* (under his breath) Kitty.
*Kitty:* Well, maybe they’re thinking about it. We’re thinking about it.
*Mason:* No, sweetheart, you’re thinking about it. (KITTY shoots him a look.)
The Satin Hood

Kitty: My mother always said if you wait to have children, you’ll never have ‘em. So how about it, Maggie? Are you and Tom making any plans?

Maggie: We’re both of us kinda work-a-holics.

Tom: And we’re tied up with this house every weekend for the next who-knows-how-many-years. Most people don’t realize the work restoring a place like this can be. The dream is one thing, the reality of it all is another.

Kitty: You make raisin’ children sound less important than plumbing or something god-awful like puttin’ on a new roof.

Tom: You ever put on a new roof?

Kitty: Well, it’s just that I’m thinking this is the kinda house to raise a family in — big and warm. Why would you dream of buying a place like this unless it was to build a home for children? I would think kids racing through the parlor would be the next obvious steps. (laughing more to herself than anyone) Of course you’d have to re-wallpaper, and there’s always this neighborhood, but Mason seems to think it’s going to change.

Maggie: (to TOM) There’s no guarantee of that.

(TOM shoots MAGGIE a dirty look.)

Tom: (to MAGGIE) It’ll change. Maggie knows that. People down here now are kind of pioneers. We know the drawbacks, but we’re in it for the duration, for the dream of restoring a place that was built back when they really built houses — you know, when two by four studs actually measured two by four?

Mason: Tom’s right. When enough of the right kind of people move in, there’ll be a settler’s rush to buy up old places like this. Tom and Maggie just have to tough it out for a while and put up with the less desirable aspects.

Kitty: Well, if you do have kids, you could always send them to private school. The schools in this area are atrocious. Mason always says kids are a type of investment. I know that sounds cold, doesn’t it? But in a way he’s right. There’s no sense having them unless you’re prepared to do right by ‘em.

Maggie: I guess we’ll deal with that when we come to it.

Kitty: I suppose — I’m anxious myself, but I guess if I were living down here, I might think about waiting, too. A few more pioneers in the wilderness, that’s all you need. (holding up her glass) Here’s to the pioneers of real-estate! (She toasts alone.) Honestly, Maggie, a lot of women wouldn’t have the guts to move into a neighborhood like this — what with all the things we see on the news — the crack, and the crime. I don’t think I could — I’d love to get my hands on a project like this, but I really don’t think I’d have the nerve to live down here amongst the natives. I guess you pioneer woman are made of sterner stuff.

(TOM laughs.)

Maggie: (to TOM) What’s so funny?

Tom: I wouldn’t carry the pioneer metaphor too far. It makes us a bit heroic, and
Snyder

— really — we don’t see ourselves that way. We’ve just wanted an old house for so long, and this was the only way we could afford one.

**Kitty:** Well, whatever reason you’re down here, I applaud it. You’re both of you right on the cutting edge with this restoration business. In *House and Garden* they’re always tossin’ around those buzzwords: retro, cocooning, nesting, you know? It’s a human need to create a secure atmosphere. It’s necessary for a person’s psychological well-being.

**Mason:** Yeah, we know. Hey, why don’t you see if you can talk Maggie into showing you her *nesting* plans for the rest of the house? That’s what you’re dying to know, anyhow.

**Kitty:** (tentatively) I would like to know what you’ve got in mind.

**Tom:** Yeah, go on, Mag. Take her upstairs and show her the wall papering you did the other day. (MAGGIE seems reluctant.) Well, go on.

**Maggie:** (giving in) Ok, c’mon, Kitty.

(The two women stand and start toward the stairs. **TOM** and **MASON** each take a sip of champagne and watch them leave.)

**Kitty:** The key, of course, is to make it look like you didn’t use a decorator.

**Maggie:** I don’t think you’ll have to worry.

(As soon as the women are gone, MASON breaks into a large mischievous grin.)

**Mason:** Alright, you sonufabitch, what did you give for it?

**Tom:** (grinning back) I don’t think I know what you’re talking about.

**Mason:** Quit it. Was it under sixty? (TOM grins and nods no.) Under fifty-five? (TOM nods no.) Fifty? (TOM nods yes.) You bastard, Cooper. You raped ‘em.

**Tom:** You wouldn’t say that if you knew how much more money I’m going to have to put into this house to get it back to the way it was eighty years ago. Maggie wants everything to be period — right down to the dishes.

**Mason:** Look, I don’t know anything about restoration, but I do know real-estate. And for once, Tommy, you’ve done something smart. For the first time since I’ve known you, you’ve actually got the jump on me. *This is a smart financial move.*

**Tom:** (laughing) If you think people restore houses for financial reasons — well, let’s just say you don’t know a whole helluva lot about the subject. You have to *want* something like this.

**Mason:** Exactly. You have to *want it.* You have a nice, cozy dream about what a big old house should look like. Don’t you see? That’s the beauty of the thing.

**Tom:** Beauty of what thing?

**Mason:** Of dreams, Tommy. Of people like you and Maggie who dream of living in quaint old tree-lined neighborhoods in quaint old gingerbread encrusted
houses — you know? Flowers in the parlor – kettle on the stove? It’s at the bottom of this whole move back to the cities. People want to return to a more archetypal sense of home.

**Tom:** (oddly suspicious of Mason) Since when have you been a dreamer?

**Mason:** I’m not. I just see the dynamic of it all, the simple fact is that the only people who buy houses in this neighborhood now are people like you and Maggie. You know — pioneers?

**Tom:** Well, we’re not really pioneers — just people who want to restore a place like this.

**Mason:** Whatever. You said when enough pioneers get moved in here, the neighborhood will change. But that’s not quite it, really. It’s not the neighborhood that’ll change — it’s the perception.

**Tom:** Perception? Neighborhood? What’s the difference?

**Mason:** The difference is crucial — it’s key. The old axiom that the three most important things in real estate are location, location, location is bullshit. The three most important things in the real-estate are perception, perception, perception.

**Tom:** So?

**Mason:** (slightly exasperated) So, the equation’s pretty basic. Only the dreamers and pioneers will move into this neighborhood now because it’s primarily — let’s face it — black. The rest of the great timid white majority is afraid of the place — or not the place, really — but the perception. You know — the crime, tough looking kids on the corner? You heard Kitty.

**Tom:** The neighborhood’s not actually that bad.

**Mason:** Of course not — but the perception of it is. And that’s what counts. As long as people see this as a black neighborhood, the property values down here are going to stink, but when that perception starts to change — when a few blacks even start to move out, then watch what happens. This area will be as sky-high as any where else in the city.

**Tom:** Yeah, but gentrification and your so-called change of perception takes a long time. A lot of us pioneers are going to have to move down here first.

**Mason:** No, you’re wrong. This place is going to change faster than you think. You remember that loan officer friend of mine?

**Tom:** You mean the guy at the bank?

**Mason:** Yeah, the guy at the bank. I had lunch with him last week, and he told me — all very hush-hush, mind you — that the whole commercial area over on Fillmore is going to be gentrified. A developer wants to buy the entire strip, and he’ll evict the pawn shop and that auto parts store. And — in their place — he’s gonna put a whole line of shops. You know, an espresso joint — bath shop — a whole array of trendy bullshit. Now, when the development deal goes through, the property values around here are gonna change because the perception is going
to change, too.

Tom: So — what’s your angle?

Mason: It’s this: people are going to start viewing this area as a hot new lily-white place to buy a home. They’ll start dreaming about one of these stately old Victorians or Queen Annes. Hell, the trend of young couples coming back into the city is clear. There’s people out in the suburbs who are dreaming about the way home and family used to be in the good old days. And they’re willing to pay for that dream, too. *(MASON walks about the room.)* Hell, Tommy, look at this place. It’s a little down at the heels, but that’s part of the reason you love it. You don’t see the gouges in the baseboards as wear and tear. You don’t look at the creaky steps or the chipped plaster as a drawback — you see them as history — as resonance of an era when home and hearth were warm and secure. You bought a dream — not a house.

Tom: *(laughing)* Ok, ok, I’ll buy the place — you sold me. Maybe you should get a real-estate license?

Mason: That’s not such a bad idea. I’m telling you if a guy had the foresight to take a calculated risk, he could make some money. All he’d have to do is carry a note on one or two of these old dumps. Don’t you see? He’d be able to turn around and sell ‘em for a profit in a year to eighteen months. Just as soon as the perception changed.

Tom: I don’t know. It seems risky to sink a lot of money on a change of perception.

Mason: Risky, hell. Perception is the key to the whole game. Perception is bankable. Why do you think politicians talk about law and order issues. They’re banking on people’s perception that some big, black Willie Horton is gonna rape your old lady and kids.

Tom: Well, maybe. But it’s more complicated than you make it sound.

Mason: Wise up, Tommy. I’m already talking to a Realtor about two or three places down here. I’m supposed to take a look at ‘em next week.

Tom: I don’t believe it. You’re going to buy a house to restore? Do you have any idea how much sweat equity it takes to renovate one of these places? Somehow, Mason, I just can’t see you as Mr. Fix-it. You can’t be serious about moving down here.

Mason: Who said anything about moving down here? I’m just gonna pick up one of these places as a type of investment.

Tom: But what are you going to do with it in the mean-time?

Mason: Hell, rent it out to the niggers.

Tom: God, you’re a bigot, Mason.

Mason: No, I’m just more honest about it than most people. Hell, all that’s really happened in the last twenty years is people have become more phony. Bigots
nowadays are like gays used to be — *in the closet*. It’s really kind of funny — everybody’s walking around thinking they’re not a racist just because they don’t say the word nigger any more. (*He laughs.*) Honesty is always the best policy, you know.

**Tom:** You better not let Maggie hear you talking like this. You know how she is.

**Mason:** Relax, she’s upstairs. (*He refills TOM’S champagne glass.*) So what do you think? Do you want to take the plunge and buy up another one of these places down here?

**Tom:** Me? Buy another house?

**Mason:** My Realtor’s got the inside track on the future of this whole area. I’ll give you her card if you’re interested.

**Tom:** Jesus, Mason, I’ve got my hands full with this place — besides I’m gonna be strapped for cash with all the work around here. I can’t take out a second loan.

**Mason:** I thought you were one of the smart boys, Tommy. I thought you knew when to make the right moves.

**Tom:** It’s not that. It’s just that —

**Mason:** It’s just that - what? C’mon — (*removing a business card from his wallet*) Do you want this card, or not?

**Tom:** Well, it’s just that I’ve got problems with Maggie on this place.

**Mason:** Problems?

**Tom:** Yeah, two hours ago, we had — a — disagreement about living here. She keeps saying she doesn’t feel safe. Honestly, Mason, I don’t know what’s gotten into her. She’s never been this way before.

**Mason:** I thought you were putting in an alarm system?

**Tom:** Yeah, three-thousand dollars worth of alarm system, and new locks, and exterior lighting, but none of that matters. She says she doesn’t feel safe.

**Mason:** (*breaks out laughing*) Not safe! Oh, this is great! Maggie the great crusader for the left — the last of the red-hot liberals is peeing her pants about living in this neighborhood.

**Tom:** Lay off her, Mason. She’s really upset about it.

**Mason:** Ok, ok, I’ll lay off.

**Tom:** I just wish I knew what she was afraid of.

**Mason:** Oh, c’mon. It’s pretty obvious, don’t you think.

**Tom:** What is?

**Mason:** Maggie — your wife — the woman who once voted for Jesse Jackson. She’s — dare I say it? *Prejudiced.*
Tom: Maggie? Nah, forget it. She’s the greatest social conscience, remember? She’s just afraid.

Mason: (grinning) Yeah, afraid some big, black buck is gonna jump out from behind a bush and attack her. Don’t you see? For all her tripe about racial equality, she’s just a scared little white girl down amongst the darkies. It’s a riot! You remember Kitty’s father? Well, he told me something last time we were down in Carolina. He said Southerners don’t give a damn about how close they live to blacks — they just don’t want to be equal with ‘em. And Northerners don’t care about equality — they just don’t want to live close to ‘em.

Tom: Ah, I don’t know.

Mason: What’s to know? You had crime in your old neighborhood, didn’t you? People got robbed, wives got beat, kids were molested?

Tom: Yeah.

Mason: Well, the only variable between here and there, Tommy, is the color of your molesters. This neighborhood just seems worse ‘cause the folks across the street are (pronouncing with syllables obscenely exaggerated) Nee-grows. Christ, what have I been telling you? Perception is everything.

Tom: You don’t know Maggie. Her views run pretty deep about racial equality.

Mason: (laughing) Yeah, she’s no different than anybody else. Her bigotry runs even deeper. Hell, what do you expect? The media’s got these women so up-tight these days.

Tom: (sarcastically) You’re really something, you know that?

Mason: Am I? Hell, turn on any evening news show and there’s some snarling seventeen year-old black kid getting hauled off to prison for a drug murder. Or better yet, turn on one of those afternoon talk shows, and you’ll see a bunch of women in hysteria about safety on the streets. It doesn’t matter what the truth is — the perception is that where there’s black, there’s violence, and a person’s politics doesn’t mean a whole helluva lot when it comes to fear. Fear turns perception into reality.

Tom: Look I don’t know about that stuff. All I know is that Maggie’s driving me crazy.

Mason: Well, tell her to relax. This neighborhood’s gonna change faster than anyone thinks — and, you and I have an opportunity to change a little perception into reality, ourselves — the reality of cash. So what do you say? You want this card? (MASON holds the card out to TOM again.)

Tom: Ah, I don’t know.

Mason: For god’s sake, Tommy, be smart, willya? Don’t tell me you’re feeling the great white guilt, too?

Tom: NO, it’s just that —

Mason: What? C’mon! If you and I aren’t down here taking advantage of the
The Satin Hood

situation, it’ll just be somebody else. Buy low — sell high. That’s always been
the ball game. (MASON waves the card in front of TOM.) Take the card, for
Christ’sakes.
Tom: (after thinking a moment) I guess it couldn’t hurt to call. (TOM takes the
card and puts it in his wallet.)
Mason: Now we’re talking.
Tom: I don’t know what I’ll tell Maggie.
Mason: Tell her nothing. You’re gonna let her guilty paranoia stand in the way
of making some money, are you?
Tom: All I want her to do is calm down and live in this house.
(MASON picks up the champagne bottle. He pours the last of it into their glasses.)
Mason: How ‘bout a toast to the newest real-estate barons? (They casually clink
glasses and drink.) Speaking of all this racial shit, I heard a funny joke at work
today. Did you know that the Klu-Klux-Klan is planning to show Roots
backwards so it’ll have a happy ending?
(MASON laughs loudly; TOM does too in spite of his better judgement.)
Tom: Hey, that reminds me. You’re never gonna guess what set Maggie off this
afternoon. You’ve got to see it to believe it. (He crosses to the trunk and pulls
it to center stage.) Today, right before I cam home, Maggie found this in the attic.
(TOM kneels and opens the lid. The hood is beneath the other articles, and he
has to sort through the things to get to it. He pulls out various items and lays them
aside. MASON picks up the tennis racket.)
Mason: Up in the attic, huh?
Tom: Yeah. She said it was falling down between the floorboards and half-
covered with insulation. This stuff’s kind of neat, huh? (TOM stands and displays
the flag.) This thing’s so old, I don’t think it’s got even forty-eight stars. (MASON
takes the flag from him and examines it. TOM sinks down again and continues
pulling things from the trunk.)
Mason: My god, do you realize what this is?
Tom: What is it?
Mason: This—this stuff. Don’t you see what it is?
Tom: (looking up quizzically) — no?
Mason: It’s the closer.
Tom: The what?
Mason: The closer. You put a trunk full of history in the attic of one of these
places down here, and it’ll sell to the first pair of dreamers who comes along.
Jesus, it’s a brainstorm. Just buy a trunk of shit at an antique store, and then
romance the hell out of it during the sale.
Tom: (laughing) You’re too much.
Mason: Why?
Snyder

**Tom:** Do you really think a trunk of old junk will sell a house that needs several thousand additional dollars worth of investment?

**Mason:** You bet your ass I do. You’re not sellin’ property, Tommy. You’re sellin’ the dream of home and family the way it was in the good-old days — the way it was when there weren’t even forty-eight stars on the flag.

**Tom:** Yeah, well, wait till you get a load of this... *(TOM pulls the hatbox from the trunk. He stands and holds it out to MASON, who tosses the flag over his shoulder like a bath towel in order to free his hands. MASON holds the box. TOM pulls off the box’s lid and slowly pulls out the hood.)*

**Mason:** *(fascinated)* Oh my god — look at it.

**Tom:** Pretty wild, huh?

**Mason:** This was up in your attic?

**Tom:** Yeah, must have been there for years.

**Mason:** *(dis-encumbering himself of the flag and the hatbox)* Here, let me see it. *(MASON takes the hood.)* I’ve never seen one of these things up close. It’s kind of incredible, isn’t it?

**Tom:** What I wonder is how they got the point to stand up. If you put it on like that, it’d look like one of those old night caps.

**Mason:** Yeah, they must have had a cardboard cone or something. *(laughing and holding the hood out to TOM)* Here put it on.

**Tom:** *(laughing too)* Forget it.

**Mason:** No, c’mon. Try it on for size. I’ll hold the point up.

**Tom:** It’s too weird. Forget about it, Mason.

**Mason:** C’mon, Cooper. Don’t be a pussy.

**Tom:** *(laughing)* What am I? In junior high school all of a sudden?

**Mason:** Pussy!

**Tom:** Ah, hell, give it here. *(TOM takes the hood makes ready to pull it on. He hesitates for a moment.)* It is kind of creepy, you know?

*(MAGGIE and KITTY begin descending the staircase.)*

**Mason:** *(laughing)* What am I? In junior high school all of a sudden?

**Mason:** C’mon

**Tom:** Ok.

*(TOM pulls on the hood. MASON reaches out and holds up the point. MAGGIE and KITTY enter the parlor.)*

**Mason:** You’re right it’s creepy.

**Tom:** How do I look?

*(MAGGIE sees TOM and is struck with horror.)*

**Maggie:** TAKE IT OFF! TAKE IT OFF! TAKE — IT — OFF!!!

*(Dumbfounded, TOM pulls the hood off and lets it slip to the floor. MASON and KITTY are stunned.)*

**Tom:** Maggie, what the hell’s wrong with you?
Maggie: GET IT OUT OF HERE!!
Tom: Hey, calm down. It was just a joke. There's no —
Maggie: (to MASON and KITTY) GET OUT! JUST GET OUT! EVERYBODY JUST GET OUT OF MY HOUSE! (MAGGIE races up the stairs.)
Tom: Maggie! (TOM stands in confusion. MASON and KITTY stand blinking in shock. There is a long confused PAUSE.)
Mason: Tom — maybe we should just leave.
Tom: Mason, Kitty — I —
Kitty: Mason, what's going on?
Mason: Never mind — I'll explain it in the car. Why don't you get our coats? (KITTY crosses to the entryway to pick up the coats. MASON follows her.)
Tom: (following also) I don't know what to say. I'm sorry — I apologize for Maggie. She's been on edge since we moved in. I really don't know what —
Mason: It's ok, Tommy. We'll just go.
Tom: It's just the move — she's been nervous — I really don't —
Mason: Forget it. Really. (KITTY hands MASON his coat. They start for the door.)
Tom: I, uh —
Mason: I said forget it, ok? Maybe you should go talk to her. (Still in confusion, TOM goes to the door and begins unlocking it. He opens it. The dog begins to bark.)
Tom: Yeah, I will — uh —
Mason: (standing in the open doorway) And don't forget to call that Realtor. (KITTY glances warily out into the darkness.)
Tom: What?
Mason: Call that Realtor.
Tom: Oh, yeah — yeah, sure. I apologize for Mag—
Mason: Ok, ok, forget. I know how she is.
(The BRAGGS exit. TOM watches them walk away, and then closes the door. He turns and glances up the stairs.)
Maggie: (off) LOCK THE DOOR!
Tom: What?!
Maggie: (off) Lock that damned door!
Tom: No! I've pampered your paranoia enough for one night! If you want it locked, then you better come down and do it yourself.
(TOM crosses into the parlor. MAGGIE sweeps down the stairs and crosses to the door. She hastily secures all the locks and then starts for the stairs again.)
Tom: (incredulously watching her) Hold it right there! (She moves toward the parlor archway.)
How the hell could you do something like that? Those people were guests in our
Snyder

home. They didn’t come here to see you make an ass of yourself?

**Maggie:** (She enters the parlor.) Me! What about you? You’re the one who put that — that thing on your head.

**Tom:** We were just fooling around. Have you lost your mind?

**Maggie:** Fooling around! I asked you not to show it to anyone. So what do you do? I go out of the room for ten minutes, and you drag it out to show Mason. How could you do that? How could you put it on your head?

**Tom:** It was a joke!

**Maggie:** It is not a joke, Tom. It’s disgusting — this whole situation is disgusting. I want out of here —

**Tom:** I don’t believe this. You find a trunk of shit in the attic and go completely insane. It’s just a bunch of old junk. It’s got nothing to do with anything.

**Maggie:** Doesn’t it? It seems to me it’s a pretty clear sign that we don’t belong here.

**Tom:** (venomously) Well, what about all your dreams, sweetheart? What about the big old house that you were going to restore right down to the dishes?

**Maggie:** You’re gonna throw that in my face now, aren’t you? Well, maybe I was a little too idealistic about this whole thing — but I don’t care now — I won’t stay here.

**Tom:** Why, Mag, why won’t you live here?

**Maggie:** (suddenly on the defensive) What difference does it make why?

**Tom:** It makes a lot of difference. Why won’t you live in this house?

**Maggie:** I DON’T KNOW!!!

(Long PAUSE. Tom stares right through her.)

**Tom:** Tell me.

**Maggie:** I DON’T KNOW!!!

**Tom:** Oh, I think you do. I didn’t at first, but I think I understand it now. I’m just wondering why you can’t bring yourself to say it?

**Maggie:** Just accept that I’m afraid. I don’t have to say why.

**Tom:** You’re right. You don’t have to say why. It’s pretty obvious. (MAGGIE freezes.) Does it scare you that I understand? (PAUSE) I’ll bet it does. I’ll bet your scared all the way round, aren’t you? Because you don’t want to live here, and you don’t want anyone to know why, do you?

**Maggie:** Stop it, Tom.

**Tom:** No I want you to say it. I want you to come clean, Maggie. (She is perfectly still.) Go ahead. Tell me what it is you’re afraid of.

**Maggie:** (quietly) Stop it.

**Tom:** Honesty’s the best policy — confession’s good for the soul — come on, say it.

**Maggie:** Say what?
Tom: Maggie Cooper is afraid to live around black people.

Maggie: (quietly) That’s not true.

Tom: What else could it be? You never got this way when we lived in a white neighborhood. You never even got nervous when our old apartment was robbed. The only variable to this whole situation is the fact that now the folks on the block aren’t the same color as you.

Maggie: (visibly shaken) It isn’t true. I swear it. It’s got nothing to do with the neighborhood.

Tom: Doesn’t it? You’re so full of it. And the worst thing is you try to come off so open-minded. Hell, look at these. (He plucks up the pile of letters and flings them at her one by one.) One knee-jerk cause after another — what is it with you? Maggie Cooper against the world?

Maggie: (with lessening resistance) Tom, please.

Tom: Mason’s right. The truth is that for all your rhetoric about justice and equality — you’re afraid to live in a neighborhood that’s mostly black.

Maggie: No. That’s not it.

Tom: Isn’t it? Just look at your own hypocrisy. You’re so quick to point out when somebody says colored instead of black — You make a speech when ever somebody tells the wrong kind of joke — and now look at yourself — lying — unable to be honest about the fact that on some level, you’re no better than anyone else.

Maggie: I’m not a bigot, I’m just afraid.

Tom: What’s the difference?

Maggie: I don’t know, ok? What do you want me to say?

Tom: I want you to be honest. We can’t do anything about this until you start admitting the truth.

Maggie: I’m ashamed of it.

Tom: Just admit the truth

Maggie: Ok, ok — I won’t hide it. I guess it’s true. I’m afraid of the people in this neighborhood. I tell myself it shouldn’t make any difference; I tell myself what I really believe, but it doesn’t matter. I still feel safer living in a white neighborhood. I’m afraid — of — of — black men — and I’m ashamed of it.

Tom: (shaking his head) Jesus, Maggie.

Maggie: At least I don’t tolerate bigotry openly. I may be afraid, I may even be bigoted, but it comes out of fear, not out of hatred. I don’t hate like Mason does, or ignore it like you do. I’m just afraid, and fears you can’t always control.

Tom: You’re splitting hairs. Do you really think those black kids on the corner care whether you’re a racist out of fear or hatred? It’s just good old-fashioned American bigotry to them. I really doubt they’d see the difference.

Maggie: I don’t know. I’m not proud of it — but I can’t help being this way. It
Snyder

isn’t something I choose to have or not to have — it’s fear — unconscious fear.

**Tom:** Sure, Mag, whatever you say.

**Maggie:** (pleading) *Tom, let’s leave — let’s not live here.*

**Tom:** (tiredly) You’re crazy. We’re all tied into this place. We can’t leave.

**Maggie:** There must be a way out of this.

**Tom:** No — there’s no way out. We’re stuck here. So what are you going to do now? — that’s the real question.

**Maggie:** I don’t know — I can’t fight this anymore. I’m tired, and I want to go to sleep and just have this disappear.

**Tom:** Fine — then let’s go to bed. (*He starts toward the stairs.*)

**Maggie:** No, wait. (*pointing to the hood*) Will you at least take that thing out of the house tonight?

(*TOM stares at her a moment, then laughs tiredly. *He crosses to the hood and picks it up.*)

**Tom:** This thing scares you that much?

**Maggie:** Throw it away for me, will you?

**Tom:** If it’s so frightening, you do it.

**Maggie:** I’m not going out of this house at night.

**Tom:** It’s just out to the garbage can.

**Maggie:** Don’t joke with me.

(*TOM crosses to the front door. He undoes the locks and opens it side. She silently watches him. *He stands by the doorway holding the hood to her.*)

**Tom:** You’re going to have to throw this away yourself. You’re the only one it bothers. I really don’t think it concerns me one way or the other

(*MAGGIE stares in horror. Then, after a long PAUSE, she runs to the door, pulls it shut, and begins re-securing the locks.*)

**Maggie:** I can’t do it tonight.

**Tom:** Then you’re just going to have to live with it in your house.

**Maggie:** I don’t know. Maybe tomorrow I can do something with it. Maybe I’ll throw it away.

**Tom:** But what about tonight?

**Maggie:** I don’t know about tonight. Maybe I can do something with it for now — I don’t know.

**Tom:** What are you going to do?

**Maggie:** Maybe I could just put it back.

**Tom:** What?

(*MAGGIE takes the hood, crosses to the trunk, and drops it inside. Then, she begins replacing all the other items in the trunk.*)

**Maggie:** Maybe we could just put it back for tonight. Maybe we could take it back up to the attic and put it between the rafters, back underneath the insulation.
The Satin Hood

Tom: What are you saying?

Maggie: Just for tonight. Let’s put it back where it came from. *(MAGGIE begins dragging the trunk to the foot of the stairs. She struggles to life it up the first step.) Help me, Tom. *(He crosses to her.)*

Tom: Is this what you want?

Maggie: Yes — just for tonight.

Tom: Sure, Mag — just for tonight. *(TOM takes one end of the trunk, MAGGIE the other. They both begin packing it up the stairs.)*

*(The lights fade to black.)*

CURTAIN