

Scene Seven

(Lights up on the observation deck. MARY rushes in and looks around. A moment later, ARBUTHNOT enters.)

MARY. Oh thank God! I thought you weren't coming!

ARBUTHNOT. What's the matter? I got your note.

MARY. I'll tell you what the matter is! I'm frightened because we shouldn't be doing this!

ARBUTHNOT. Now calm down.

MARY. I can't calm down! We have to stop this!

ARBUTHNOT. Now that's ridiculous.

MARY. No it isn't! Oh that's the trouble with you military men, you never show any *real* emotion, it's always stiff upper lip no matter *what's* going on!

ARBUTHNOT. Mary, we're doing nothing wrong! You have to remember that.

MARY. I'm trying! I really am!

(She hugs ARBUTHNOT.)

ARBUTHNOT. Better?

MARY. Yes, I think so.

ARBUTHNOT. There was a hill near my home in Scotland, and I'd sit for hours watching the trains go by in the valley below. I knew they were heading to exotic locales and I wanted to climb aboard in the worst way.

MARY. But you didn't.

ARBUTHNOT. No. I suppose I knew somehow that I'd break my mother's heart.

MARY. You're a very good man.

ARBUTHNOT. She was a very good woman.

MARY. Do you know what the worst of it is with all this traveling we've been doing? We don't get any privacy. It's just so maddening!

ARBUTHNOT. Well, I don't see anyone around at the moment, do you?

MARY. No, I suppose I don't.

(ARBUTHNOT takes her in his arms and kisses her with passion. They really go at it. She responds in kind.)

Oh, James!

ARBUTHNOT. Be strong.

MARY. I will. I promise.

(They hear someone coming and spring apart.)

(MACQUEEN enters.)

MACQUEEN. Hi, I-I hope I'm not interrupting.

ARBUTHNOT. Of course you're interrupting, you moron. Are you blind?

MACQUEEN. Oh, I'm sorry! I-I-I can go get a snack or a -

(The train stops. They all look up in surprise.)

ARBUTHNOT. Oh my God, the train is stopping.

MARY. What is it?! What's happening!

MACQUEEN. The snow! Look!

ARBUTHNOT. Oh, not now!

MARY. We've hit a snowdrift!!

ARBUTHNOT. Oh Christ, that's all we need!

MACQUEEN. Shall I go take a look?!

ARBUTHNOT. What good will that do?

MARY. James. He's right. Let him go.

ARBUTHNOT. Mary?

MARY. Go ahead, Mr. MacQueen, we'll be here waiting for you.

MACQUEEN. I'll-I'll be back in a minute!

(He runs off.)

ARBUTHNOT. Why did you send him off like that?

(MARY takes him in her arms and goes back to kissing him.)