

NORMAN. Ethel.

ETHEL. Yes, I'm here.

NORMAN. I think I feel all right now.

ETHEL. Are you serious?

NORMAN. I think so. My heart's stopped hurting. Maybe I'm dead.

ETHEL. It really doesn't hurt?

NORMAN. Really doesn't. Shall I dance to prove it?

ETHEL. (*Falling against him.*) Oh, Norman. Oh, thank God. I love you so much.

NORMAN. Now my heart's starting to hurt again. Sorry about your mother's china.

ETHEL. Why did you strain yourself? You know better.

NORMAN. I was showing off. Trying to turn you on.

ETHEL. Well, you succeeded. There's no need for you to try that sort of thing again.

NORMAN. Good.

*They sit quietly for a moment.*

ETHEL. What if we never leave? What if we just stay here and let the leaves fall and the winter come across the lake?

NORMAN. Okay. Then Charlie can find our bodies in the spring.

ETHEL. Then we'll take it with us. We'll pack up the lake and the house and everything and every...thing and put it in a suitcase and take it home.

NORMAN. Okay, but you're carrying it.

ETHEL. Norman. This was the first time I've really felt we were going to die.

NORMAN. I've known it all along.

ETHEL. Yes, I know. But when I looked at you across the room, I could really see you dead. I could see you in your blue suit and a white starched shirt, lying in Thomas's Funeral Parlor on Bradshaw Street.

NORMAN. How did I look?

ETHEL. Not good, Norman.

*Pause.*

You've been talking about dying ever since I met you. It's been your favorite topic of conversation. And I've *had* to think about it. Our parents, my sister and brother, your brother, their wives, our dearest friends, practically everyone from the old days on Golden Pond, all dead. I've seen death, and touched death, and feared it. But today was the first time I've felt it.

NORMAN. How does it feel?

ETHEL. Odd, I guess. But not that bad, really. Almost comforting, not so frightening, not such a bad place to go. I don't know.