

SCENE 14

Gingy's Story: Part 3

Pink satin dress.

GINGY. Pink satin princess-style dress I bought in Filene's Basement in Boston for my marriage to Harry M. Johnson. I was twenty and Harry was thirty-seven. Harry was my sociology professor at Simmons. We were married at his best friend's house in Dobbs Ferry. There was no food, only champagne and wedding cake. My grandmother and Aunt Babbie came to the wedding. My grandfather wouldn't come because he thought Harry was too old for me and besides he was Catholic. Here are the words my grandmother uttered on this occasion: "You're killing me." (*Beat.*) One day I was coming down the front steps from our apartment and there was Walter Fenton. He had joined the navy. He looked handsomer than ever in his uniform. "Gingy," he said. "Why did you do it?" He kissed my cheek and then my hand and walked away. I would love to be able to tell you that nothing good ever happened to Walter Fenton, that he ended up being a used-car salesman, but the truth is, he won a Pulitzer Prize, the prick. (*Chinese dinner dress.*) Iridescent-brocade Chinese-style dinner dress I bought in Cambridge for a New Year's Eve party. Harry convinced me to buy this dress even though it was expensive. He said it showed off my

arms. He thought my arms were pretty. The party was at the home of Harry's friends Penny and Ecky. They were married. I idolized Penny. She carried a diaphragm in her purse, which was very cool but strange, I wondered about it at the time, because isn't the whole point of getting married that you don't have to carry your diaphragm in your purse? Anyway, at midnight, I got very upset because I couldn't find Harry. Then I saw him. He was kissing Penny. "Harry!" I said. And you know what he said? Of course you know what he said. He said, "It's not what you think." But it was exactly what I thought. So that was that. I was twenty-one years old and I was going to be the youngest divorced person in America, except for Elizabeth Taylor.