



Sometime.  
Somewhere.

### THE SCARF

Some One of Us and The Other.

*(Someone enters timidly and looks about in wide-eyed fashion. She is very, very young. The Other looks up.)*

Someone—Am I in the right place?

The Other—Perhaps . . . what do you wish, my dear?

Someone—I saw the sign above your door. It read that this was the Third Dimension Shop. . . .

The Other—*(encouragingly)* Yes?

Someone—I want to buy a little Value—enough for a scarf.

The Other—A scarf?

Someone—Yes, a scarf! A fluttery one to throw over my shoulders at the Masquerade. All Youth will be there!

The Other—Ah, so you want a little Value for the Masquerade? *(He laughs silently. She looks mystified.)* Come . . . come, since you have found my little out-of-the-way shop, you must at least see the samples. *(He takes down a bolt and spreads the fabric on the carpet.)*

Someone—*(gasps)* Oh . . . What is it?

The Other—*(His attitude has changed. There is timbre in his voice.)* This is called Moon-Mist. Its design is the fantasy of night . . . there is all the soft breathing of river-wind woven through . . . and the eager reaching of tree-fingers . . . *(Someone touches it with her slim forefinger, scowling critically.)* Here is another called Sky-Stains. It is speckled with star-dust and embroidered over with dewed cob-web.

Someone—How pretty. But . . . have you anything else?

The Other—Why, yes . . . *(He reaches for another, brighter bolt.)* This is Little-Brown-Road. . . it has long stretches of far-away sky, dusty wild rose-bushes, tracks of scurry-

ing bunnies . . . and even kettle-stew over a twig fire in hazy twilight. . . .

Someone—*(a little impatient.)* I really don't think it would do for a scarf. I want something different. *(disappointed)* Are all Values like these?

The Other—All Youth's Values should be like these, Child.

Someone—And this is all? I'm so disappointed. *(She turns to go.)*

The Other—No, there are some others . . . I will show them, but I will not sell them . . . to you. Their price is cruel.

*(She watches him eagerly. He takes down a black piece splashed with crimson.)*

Someone—Gorgeous! *(She claps her hands.)* How vivid! Why can't it be for me?

The Other—Hush, child . . . this is War . . . the black is Vice and the red is Blood. *(The veins in his throat stand out.)* Do you understand? O, can you understand? The scarlet in the palette was the blood of men!

Someone—Blood?—of men? Ugh! I thought all the while that the red splotches were poppies . . . . What is that? *(She points to a dull, grey cloth undershot with rose.)*

The Other—That is the Value we call Ashes-of-Hearts.

Someone—*(She repeats it after him slowly.)* What does it mean?

The Other—What it says. Ashes of Hearts that lovers have left. . . .

Someone—I want that! I want that for a scarf!

The Other—Ashes of Hearts? To wear for a scarf?

*(He laughs and laughs. She turns and runs out crying. The Other falls to his knees among the strewn Values . . . his head falls on his chest.)*

Curtain.

—Kathryn Fenstermacher, '30.

