

FRANNY AND ZOOEY

ZOOEY: Ah, what a pleasant and gracious surprise! Come in, Come in.

BESSIE: Zooey, I've been thinking.

ZOOEY: Don't sit down! Let me drink you in first. It isn't often we have visitors at our little chapel, and when we do, we try to make them feel....

BESSIE: Just be still a minute. I've been thinking. Do you think it would do any good to try to get hold of Waker? I *don't*, personally, but what do you think? I mean in my opinion what that child needs is a good *psychiatrist*, not a priest or anything, but I may be wrong.

ZOOEY: Oh, no. No, no. Not *wrong*. I've never known you to be *wrong*, Bessie. Your facts are always either untrue or exaggerated, but you're never *wrong*, no, no.

BESSIE: Zooey, I'm *asking* you -- just cut out the funny business, now, please. Do you or don't you think I should get in touch with Waker? I could call that Bishop Pinchot or whatever his name is, and he could probably tell me where I could at least wire him, if he's still on some crazy boat. I asked Franny if she'd like to talk to him on the phone, *if* I could get hold of him.

ZOOEY: What'd she say?

BESSIE: She *says* she doesn't want to talk to *anybody*.

ZOOEY: Ah. We know better than that, don't we? We're not going to take a straight answer like that lying down, are we?

BESSIE: For your information, young man, I'm not going to take any answer of any kind from that child today. If you have a young girl lying in a room crying and *mumbling* to herself for forty-eight hours, you don't go to them for any *answers*. Answer my question please. Do you or don't you think I should try to get in touch with Waker. I'm *afraid* to, frankly. He's so emotional -- priest or no priest. If you tell Waker it looks like *rain*, his eyes all fill up.

ZOOEY: There's hope for you yet, Bessie.

BESSIE: Well, if I can't get Buddy on the phone, and even *you* won't help, I'm going to have to do *something*. If it was something strictly Catholic, or like that, I might be able to help her myself. I haven't forgotten *everything*. But none of you children were brought *up* as Catholics, and I really don't see--

ZOOEY: You're off. You're off. You're way off. I told you that last night. This thing with Franny is strictly non-sectarian. Just take my word, please.

BESSIE: And I don't know what I'm supposed to do about the painters. This very minute they're practically finished in her room, and they're going to be champing at the *bit* to get in the living room.

ZOOEY: You know, I'm the only one in this family who has no problems, and you know why? Because any time I'm feeling blue, or *puzzled*, what I do, I just invite a few people to come visit me in the bathroom, and -- well, we iron things out together, that's all.

BESSIE: You know, I'm not as stupid as you may think, young man. You're all so *secretive*, all you children. For your information, I happen to know that those little books she got out of that college library are at the whole *root* of this whole business.

ZOOEY: *What?*

BESSIE: What what?

ZOOEY: She did not get them out of the library, Bessie. She got them out of Seymour and Buddy's old room, where they've been sitting on Seymour's desk for as long as I can remember. Jesus God almighty.

BESSIE: Well, don't get abusive about it! Lane said she got them from the library. If you must know, Lane has called up here *several* times. He's terrible worried about Franny.

ZOOEY: Who in hell is Lane?

BESSIE: You know very well who he is, young man. Lane *Coutell*. He's only been Franny's boyfriend for a whole year, so just don't pretend you don't know who he is.

ZOOEY: The expression is Franny's "young man," not her "boyfriend." Why are you so out of date, Bessie? Why is that? Hm?

BESSIE: Never mind why I'm so out of date. It may interest you to know that he's called up here five or six times since Franny came home -- twice this morning before you were even up. He's been very sweet, and he's terribly concerned and worried about Franny.

ZOOEY: Not like some people we know, eh? Well, I hate to disillusion you, but I've sat by the hour with him and he's not sweet at all. He's a charm boy and a fake. Incidentally, somebody around here's been shaving their armpits or their goddam legs with my razor. Or *dropped* it. The head's way out of --

BESSIE: Nobody's touched your razor young man. Why is he a charm boy and a fake, may I ask?

ZOOEY: Why? Because he is, that's all. Probably because it's paid off. I can tell you one thing. If he's worried about Franny at all, I'll lay odds it's for the crummiest reasons. He's probably worried because he minded leaving the goddam football game before it was over -- worried because he probably showed he minded it and he knows Franny's sharp enough to have noticed. I can just picture the little bastard getting her into a cab and putting her on a train and wondering if he can make it back to the game before the half ended.

BESSIE: Oh, it's impossible to talk to you! But absolutely impossible. I don't know why I try, even. You're just like Buddy. You think everybody does something for some peculiar reason. You don't think anybody calls anybody else up without having some nasty, selfish reason for it.

ZOOEY: Exactly, in nine cases out of ten. And this Lane pill isn't the exception, you can be sure. Listen, I talked with him for twenty deadly goddam minutes one night while Franny was getting

ready to go out, and I say he's a big nothing. What in hell was it he was telling me? Something very *winning*. What was it... Oh, yes. *Yes*. He was telling me he used to listen to Franny and me every week when he was a kid and you know what he was doing, the little bastard? He was building me up at Franny's expense. For absolutely no reason except to ingratiate himself and show off his hot little Ivy League intellect. Phooey. Phooey, I say, on all white-shoe college boys who edit their campus literary magazines. Give me an honest con man any day.

BESSIE: I wish you'd get married.

ZOOEY: How 'bout getting out of here, now, Bessie? I mean it. Lemme finish my goddam ablutions in peace, please.