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Robert. *(She does not face him, no anger in this monologue, simply a new realization by her of the truth of their marriage; she speaks slowly, from her religious depth)* Next month, it'll be twenty years since you carried me over that threshold into this bouse. Twenty years. Same threshold, same house. The children have never known you, really, like you were then. That first day we pitched in, together. Didn't even take a honeymoon, -we wanted to get to work, together. I used to think we'd get around to a honeymoon, sometime or other, but no more. There will never be a honeymoon, Bob, never. We've growm old. It's a cruel thing. Bob. A cruel, cruel thing.