

MARGARET. (*Her linking laugh.*) You: you don't have a stubborn bone in your body . . . (*We fade, as they move up and into the shadows. Immediately the lights come up on another part of the stage . . . Schrafft's.*)

MARY. (*A pretty Irish waitress, is just finishing setting up her table . . .*) Well, good evening, Mr. Garrison. Welcome back. . .

TOM. (*The charmer.*) Greetings and salutations.

MARY. We've missed you.

TOM. It's mutual. Is this your table?

MARY. Yes.

MARY
TOM. Is there a draft here? I like to keep Mrs. Garrison out of drafts. (*He looks around for windows. Margaret and Gene come into the area. He is helping her, as she moves slowly and deliberately.*)

MARY. Good evening, Mrs. Garrison. Nice to have you back.

TOM. You remember Mary?

MARGARET. (*Polite but reserved.*) Yes. Good evening, Mary.

MARY. You're looking well, Mrs. Garrison.

MARGARET. (*As Tom holds the chair for her.*) But look at him. (*Nods at Tom.*)

MARY. We'll fatten him up.

TOM. (*Smiling, flirtatiously.*) Will you do that now? Oh, we've

missed you. We've had a girl down there in Florida, no sense of humor. Couldn't get a smile out of her.

MARY. Well, we'll have some jokes. Dry martini?

TOM. (*A roguish twinkle.*) You twist my arm. Six to one. (*He says this as though he were being quite a man to drink his martini this dry. Gene finds all this by-play harmless, but uncomfortable.*) You remember my son, Gene.

MARY. (*Smiles.*) Yes. (*Gene smiles back.*)

TOM. What's your pleasure, Gene . . . Dubonnet?

GENE. I'll have a martini too, please.

TOM. But not six to one.

GENE. Yes. The same