

year I think it's going to be different, but it isn't. You get a little overheated in the sun, and when you walk out from behind some shelter, it knifes into you.

GENE. (*Has stood looking at his Father for a moment. He now comes to him with tenderness, to share the experience.*) Dad.

TOM. (*Looks up in the middle of his story.*) Oh, Gene. (*He gets up shakily. They embrace. Gene pats him on the back. Tom steps away and shakes his head. His mouth contorts, showing emotion and anger that this should have happened. . . . He looks at the floor in moments like this.*)

NURSE. We've given him a little sedative.

TOM. (*Looks up.*) What?

NURSE. I said we'd given you a little sedative.

TOM. (*At once the charmer.*) Oh, yes. . . . This lovely lady has taken wonderful care of me.

GENE. (*To Nurse.*) Thank you.

TOM. It turns out she's been to Florida, very near to where we go.

GENE. (*A little surprised at this casual conversation . . . but playing along.*) Oh, really?

TOM. I was telling her it was too bad we didn't have the pleasure of meeting her down there. But she goes in the summer. . . . Isn't it terribly hot down there in the summer?

NURSE. The Trade Winds are always blowing.

TOM. Oh, yes, those damnable winds. . . . We wanted this young man to come join us there, but he went to California instead. (*To Gene.*) You'll have to come down to Florida sometime. See what lovely girls you'd meet there!

GENE. (*Baffled and annoyed by this chatter but passes it off.*) I will.

TOM. What was your name again? My mind's like a sieve.

NURSE. Halsey.

TOM. (*Courtly.*) Miss Halsey. . . . My son, Gene.

GENE. How do you do?

TOM. Miss Halsey and I are on rather intimate terms. . . . She : . . . uh . . . gave me my shot.

GENE. Good.

TOM. (*To Nurse.*) I had this terrible cough down there. . . . The winds. But I'll be all right. Don't worry about me. If I can get some regular exercise . . . get over to the Club. (*For a mo-*

ment, they just all sit there. Obviously there is to be no sharing of the experience of the Mother's death . . .)

GENE. I called Alice . . .

TOM. Oh. Thank you. (*To Nurse.*) Alice was my daughter . . . She . . . uh . . . lives in Chicago.

NURSE. (*Shaking his hand, kindly*) Goodbye, Mr. Garrison.

TOM. Oh, are you going?

NURSE. Yes. Take good care of yourself.

TOM. Oh, well . . . thank you very much, my dear. You've been very kind.

GENE. Thank you. (*Nurse exits.*)