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how are you, anyway? This is Elwood P. Dowd speaking. I'll do? Well, thank you. And what is your name, my dear? Miss Elsie Greenawalt? (*To chair.*) Harvey, it's a Miss Elsie Greenawalt. How are you today, Miss Greenawalt? That's fine. Yes, my dear. I would be happy to join your club. I belong to several clubs now—the University Club, the Country Club and the Pinochle Club at the Fourth Avenue Firehouse. I spend a good deal of my time there, or at Charlie's Place, or over at Eddie's Bar. And what is your club, Miss Greenawalt? (*He listens—then turns to empty chair.*) Harvey, I get the Ladies Home Journal, Good Housekeeping and the Open Road for Boys for two years for six twenty-five. (*Back to phone.*) It sounds fine to me. I'll join it. (*To chair.*) How does it sound to you, Harvey? (*Back to phone.*) Harvey says it sounds fine to him also, Miss Greenawalt. He says he will join, too. Yes—two subscriptions. Mail everything to this address. . . . I hope I will have the pleasure of meeting you some time, my dear. Harvey, she says she would like to meet me. When? When would you like to meet me, Miss Greenawalt? Why not right now? My sister seems to be having a few friends in and we would consider it an honor if you would come and join us. My sister will be delighted. 343 Temple Drive—I hope to see you in a very few minutes. Goodbye, my dear. (*Hangs up.*) She's coming right over. (*Moves C. to HARVEY.*) Harvey, don't you think we'd better freshen up? Yes, so do I. (*He takes up hats and coats and exits L.*)

VETA. (*Enters, followed by MAID.*) I can't seem to remember where I put that guest list. I must read it to Miss Ellerbe . . . . Have you seen it, Miss Johnson?

MAID. No, I haven't, Mrs. Simmons.

VETA. Look on my dresser. (*MAID exits L.*)

MYRTLE. (*Enters R.*) Mother—Mrs. Chauvenet—she's asking for you. (*Turning—speaking in oh-so-sweet tone to someone in hall.*) Here's Mother, Mrs. Chauvenet. Here she is. (*Enter MRS. CHAUVENET. She is a woman of about 65—heavy, dressed with the casual sumptuousness of a wealthy Western society woman—in silvery gold and plush, and mink scarf even though it is a spring day. She rushes over to VETA.*)

MRS. CHAUVENET. Veta Louise Simmons! I thought you were dead. (*Gets to her and takes hold of her.*)

VETA. (*Rushing to her, they kiss.*) Aunt Ethell (*Motioning to*

MYRTLE *to come forward and meet the great lady.*) Oh, no—  
I'm very much alive—thank you—

MRS. CHAUVENET. (*Turning to MYRTLE.*)—and this full-grown  
girl is your daughter—I've known you since you were a baby.

MYRTLE. I know.

MRS. CHAUVENET. What's your name, dear?

VELA. (*Proudly.*) This is Myrtle—Aunt Ethel. Myrtle Mae—  
for the two sisters of her father. He's dead. That's what confused  
you.

MRS. CHAUVENET. Where's Elwood?

VELA. (*With a nervous glance at MYRTLE MAE.*) He couldn't  
be here, Aunt Ethel—now let me get you some tea. (*Cross to  
R. of table R.*)

MRS. CHAUVENET. Elwood isn't here?

VELA. No —

MRS. CHAUVENET. Oh, shame on him. That was the main rea-  
son I came. (*Takes off scarf—puts it on chair L. of table.*) I  
want to see Elwood.

VELA. Come—there are loads of people anxious to speak to  
you.

MRS. CHAUVENET. Do you realize, Veta, it's been years since  
I've seen Elwood?

VELA. No—where does the time go?

MRS. CHAUVENET. But I don't understand it. I was saying to  
Mr. Chauvenet only the other night—what on earth do you  
suppose has happened to Elwood Dowd? He never comes to  
the club dances any more. I haven't seen him at a horse  
show in years. Does Elwood see anybody these days?

VELA. (*And MYRTLE, with a glance at each other.*) Oh, yes—  
Aunt Ethel. Elwood sees somebody.

MYRTLE. Oh, yes.

MRS. CHAUVENET. (*To MYRTLE.*) Your Uncle Elwood, child, is  
one of my favorite people. (*VELA rises and crosses around  
chair R. of table.*) Always has been.

VELA. Yes, I remember.

MRS. CHAUVENET. Is Elwood happy, Veta?

VELA. Elwood's very happy, Aunt Ethel. You don't need to  
worry about Elwood— (*Looks through R. doorway. She is  
anxious to get the subject on something else.*) Why, there's  
Mrs. Frank Cummings—just came in. Don't you want to  
speak to her?

MRS. CHAUVENET. (*Crosses above chair to peer out R.*) My--but