

a long pause while all wait expectantly. Then Mrs. Savage enters. She is diminutive and fragile. It is difficult to judge her exact age from her appearance. Her small, pert face is rather youthful. Her eyes are bright and clear. She wears a constant half-smile which gives the impression of amusement even in anger. Her white hair has been tinted blue and she wears it becomingly arranged. Her dress is too youthful and her feathered hat is capricious. She carries a large teddy bear somewhat the worse for wear. She stands looking around the room appraisingly.)

DR. EMMETT. (*Indicating a specific chair.*) Will you sit down, Mrs. Savage? (*Mrs. Savage crosses past to another chair and sits down with the bear on her lap. The group watch her silently. She begins to hum to herself.*)

LILY BELLE. We waited to say goodbye to you, Mother.

MRS. SAVAGE. (*Turns and looks at Lily Belle.*)

I do not like thee, Lily Belle,
The reason why, I cannot tell;
But this I know and know full well,
I do not like thee, Lily Belle.

LILY BELLE. (*Turns to Dr. Emmett.*) She's been chanting that over and over all the way down here.

DR. EMMETT. Your children are leaving, Mrs. Savage. Wouldn't you like to say goodbye to them? (*Mrs. Savage crosses up to window and stands with her arms embracing the bear.*) They would like to say goodbye to you, Mrs. Savage.

MRS. SAVAGE. The fireflies are out. How lovely. (*Turns to Dr. Emmett.*) What makes the fireflies light up, Doctor? Are they mating?

DR. EMMETT. I really couldn't say, Mrs. Savage.

MRS. SAVAGE. I thought you'd know. Isn't this a bug house?

DR. EMMETT. (*Smiles.*) This is "The Cloisters." This is to be your home. I am Doctor Emmett.

MRS. SAVAGE. Wouldn't it be fascinating if human beings glowed like fireflies while they were mating? Do you light up when you're mating, Lily Belle? Lord knows you're flighty.

LILY BELLE. (*Starts for door.*) We might as well go, Titus. She's going to be unpleasant again.

TITUS. Surely, Mother, you're not going to let us depart in an atmosphere of bitterness?

MRS. SAVAGE.

Fifty needles
And fifty pins
And fifty dirty
Republi-kins.

(*Turns her back on Titus and looks out window again.*)

TITUS. She's determined to take the wrong attitude.

SAMUEL. It's futile.

TITUS. Well—time will take care of this. Come, Samuel.

LILY BELLE. (*Crossing to door.*) I'll send more of her clothes down later, Doctor—we couldn't pack but one grip under the circumstances.

DR. EMMETT. Well, Sunday is visitors' day—if you'd care to bring them down then.

TITUS. My sister is returning to Paris next week, but we'll make arrangements. Good night, Mother. (*They go out.*)

DR. EMMETT. (*Turns to Mrs. Savage.*) If there's anything you need, Mrs. Savage—Miss Wilhelmina will take care of you. (*He follows others out—the door clicks behind him. Mrs. Savage continues to stare out window with her back to Miss Willie. For the first time she becomes aware of confinement. She bows her head and presses her handkerchief to her mouth. Miss Willie crosses to her.*)

MISS WILLIE. We've a lovely garden out there—you'll be able to see it in the morning. (*Mrs. Savage does not answer.*) When I was a child—we always said—*thirty* needles and thirty pins. You've added twenty more dirty Republi-kins.

MRS. SAVAGE. (*Looks up—smiles and turns to Miss Willie.*) It's a fault of mine—exaggeration. It's stupid of me to try to irritate them like this—I just irritate myself. Well, I suppose it has to be exasperating now to be funny later. (*She crosses down to sofa and deposits her bear on a pillow beside her.*)

MISS WILLIE. (*Continues affably.*) I notice one of its eyes is gone.

It must have dropped out in the office. I'll look as soon as they go.
MRS. SAVAGE. Don't bother. It fell out last fall at the opera. I'd have found it but the usher was so nasty about my lighting matches during the Magic Fire music. *(She looks from the bear to Miss Willie.)* You know what this is, don't you?

MISS WILLIE. *(Hesitates.)* Suppose you tell me.

MRS. SAVAGE. It's a teddy bear. Surely you've seen one before?

MISS WILLIE. Not that big.

MRS. SAVAGE. Do you know what I do with it?

MISS WILLIE. I couldn't possibly guess.

MRS. SAVAGE. I sleep with it.

MISS WILLIE. Do you?

MRS. SAVAGE. Yes, I do you. Are you going to talk to me as if I were an imbecile, too?

MISS WILLIE. Here—here—we mustn't be hostile. *(Sits in chair facing Mrs. Savage.)*

MRS. SAVAGE. Of course not—you haven't harmed me. Would you care to know why I sleep with it?

MISS WILLIE. If you'd care to tell me.

MRS. SAVAGE. I don't care. And I'll tell you. I get lonely. I'm too old to have a lover and too fastidious to sleep with a cat.

MISS WILLIE. Then, by all means, you must take it to bed with you here. Would you care to take off your hat?

MRS. SAVAGE. If I'm going to spend the rest of my life here—I might as well. *(Takes it off.)*

MISS WILLIE. It's a mighty saucy hat.

MRS. SAVAGE. A ten-cent piece of felt and three chicken feathers. Eighty-five dollars. Why economy should be expensive—I don't know.

MISS WILLIE. It takes imagination.

MRS. SAVAGE. And the blood of pirates. But I wanted it. I wanted a hat like this since I was sixteen. For all the good it does me now. *(Strokes the feathers fondly.)* Well—I won't need a hat here. *(She holds the hat out.)* Maybe you can use it for something—I'm not at all sure what.