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Samuel French Acting Edition

Holiday

A Comedy in Three Acts

by Philip Barry

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

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Copy of original program of "HOLIDAY" as produced at
The Plymouth Theatre, New York:

ARTHUR HOPKINS

Presents

HOLIDAY

A Comedy in Three Acts

By

PHILIP BARRY

Staged by Mr. Hopkins

Settings by Robert Edmond Jones

CAST OF CHARACTERS

LINDA SETON	<i>Hope Williams</i>
JOHNNY CASE	<i>Ben Smith</i>
JULIA SETON	<i>Dorothy Tree</i>
NED SETON	<i>Monroe Owsley</i>
SUSAN POTTER	<i>Barbara White</i>
NICK POTTER	<i>Donald Ogden Stewart</i>
EDWARD SETON	<i>Walter Walker</i>
LAURA CRAM	<i>Rosalie Norman</i>
SETON CRAM	<i>Thaddeus Clancy</i>
HENRY	<i>Cameron Clemens</i>
CHARLES	<i>J. Ascher Smith</i>
DELIA	<i>Beatrice Ames</i>

SCENES

ACT I. *Room on the Third Floor of EDWARD SETON'S
House in New York.*

ACT II. *Room on the Top Floor.*

ACT III. *Room on the Third Floor.*

DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS

LINDA SETON: *She is twenty-seven, and looks about twenty-two. She is slim, rather boyish, exceedingly fresh. She is smart, she is pretty, but beside JULIA'S grace, JULIA'S beauty, she seems a trifle gauche, and almost plain.*

JOHNNY CASE: *Is thirty, medium-tall, slight, attractive-looking, luckily not quite handsome.*

JULIA SETON *is* twenty-eight, and quite beautiful.

NED SETON: *He is twenty-six. He is as handsome in his way as JULIA is in hers. His features are fine, a little too fine. He displaces very little, but no one minds: he is a nice boy.*

SUSAN: *Is thirty, smart and attractive.*

NICK POTTER: *He is about thirty-four, with an attractive, amusing face.*

EDWARD SETON: *He is fifty-eight, large, nervous, distinguished.*

LAURA: SETON'S wife, *is* thirty-two, a shade taller than SETON, with a rather handsome, rather disagreeable face. She is as smartly dressed as a poor figure will allow.

SETON CRAM: *He is thirty-six, somewhat bald, inclined to a waistline, but well turned out.*

HENRY: *He is fifty, of pleasant appearance, of pleasant manner.*

CHARLES: *A younger man-servant.*

DELIA: *A housemaid of about thirty-five.*

HOLIDAY

ACT ONE

SCENE: *A room on the third floor of EDWARD SETON'S house in New York. The only entrance is at Left. It is a very large rectangular room of the Stanford White period. The panelling is heavy, the mouldings are heavy, the three long windows looking out over the park at Back are hung with heavy curtains. The portrait of SETON'S father, by a contemporary English master, hangs over the fireplace, at the right. It is a handsome room, and quite a comfortable room, but rich, very rich. At Right and Left are two comfortable sofas, a table behind each. On one table are two telephones, one for the house, the second for outside. On the other table, magazines and newspaper, and a cigarette-box. This side of the sofa, near Center, are two upholstered benches, and at Right and Left of each a large chair. In the corners of the room, at Back, stand two more chairs, a table and lamp beside each.*

TIME: *It is about twelve o'clock on a bright, cold Sunday morning in mid-December, this year.*

AT RISE: *A fire is burning in the fireplace. Sunday*

papers are strewn upon a low table and beside a chair near it.

JULIA SETON *is seated at a desk, Right, writing a note. She is twenty-eight, and quite beautiful. She writes in silence for a few minutes, then calls, in response to a knock at the door:*

JULIA. Yes? (HENRY *enters from Left. HENRY is the butler. He is fifty, of pleasant appearance, of pleasant manner.*) Oh, hello, Henry. How have you been? (*She seals the note.*)

HENRY. Well, thank you, Miss. We're very glad to have you back again.

JULIA. It was a lovely trip.

HENRY. A Mr. Case to see you, Miss. He said you expected him, so Charles is bringing him up.

JULIA. That's right. How many are we for lunch?

HENRY. Six, I believe. Only Mr. and Mrs. Cram are expected.

JULIA. Hasn't Miss Linda friends, too?

HENRY. Not as we've been told, Miss.

JULIA. Have an extra place set, will you?

HENRY. Yes, Miss. (HENRY *collects the newspapers from the floor and chairs, and piles them in a neat pile upon a table. After a moment CHARLES, a younger man-servant, appears in the doorway.*)

CHARLES. Mr. Case, Miss.

JULIA. (*Rises from the desk and calls in the direction of the hall*) Come in, Johnny! Quick!—Of all slow people. (CHARLES *stands aside to admit JOHNNY CASE, and enters after him. JOHNNY is thirty, medium-tall, slight, attractive-looking, luckily not quite handsome. He goes at once to JULIA.*)

JOHNNY. There was a traffic-jam. Men were dying like flies.—Did you really go to church?

JULIA. Yes, but I ducked the sermon. I was sure you'd get here before me. You're staying for lunch, you know.

JOHNNY. Thanks, I'd love to. (BOTH *look warily at the Two MEN tidying up the room.*) I'm actually hungry again. Those same old shooting-pains.

JULIA. Isn't it extraordinary the appetite that place gives you? You should have seen the breakfast I ate on the train.

JOHNNY. Why wouldn't you join me? You were invited.

JULIA. Miss Talcott would have swooned away. She's the world's worriedest chaperon as it is. (HENRY *goes out*. CHARLES *has begun to gather ashtrays upon a larger tray.*) —You can leave the trays till later, Charles.

CHARLES. Very well, Miss. (*He moves toward the door. JULIA talks against his exit.*)

JULIA. (*To JOHNNY*) Have you ever known such cold?

JOHNNY. Never.

JULIA. It's hard to believe it was twenty degrees lower at Placid.

JOHNNY. You don't feel it, there.

JULIA. That's what they say.—And you can close the door, Charles. It makes a draught.

CHARLES. Yes, Miss.

JULIA. When Mr. Seton comes in, would you ring this room from the door? Two short ones.

CHARLES. Very good, Miss. (*He goes out, closing the door after him. For a moment JULIA and JOHNNY stand transfixed, looking at each other. Then JULIA smiles slightly and says:*)

JULIA. Hello, Sweet— (*In an instant JOHNNY is beside her and she is in his arms, being kissed. At length she stands off from him, murmuring*) Johnny —Johnny—mind your manners.

JOHNNY. But dear, where are we?

JULIA. We're here, all right. (*JOHNNY moves away from her and looks about him.*)

JOHNNY. But where's "here"?

JULIA. Where I live. Don't you like it?

JOHNNY. But Julia, seriously, what *is* all this?

JULIA. All what?

JOHNNY. All this house—and armies of men underfoot picking up newspapers, and——

JULIA. Aren't you silly, Johnny. I told you where I lived. (*She seats herself upon a sofa*) —I wrote it on the back of an envelope for you.

JOHNNY. But it's enormous. I'm overcome. It's the Grand Central. How can you stand it?

JULIA. I seem to manage.

JOHNNY. Don't you find you rattle around a good deal in it?

JULIA. I hadn't noticed that I did.

JOHNNY. (*Cups his hands and calls through them*) Hoo! (*Then*) There's a bad echo.

JULIA. You stop criticizing this house, or I'll call the bouncer.

JOHNNY. But you must all be so *rich*, Julia!

JULIA. Well, we aren't poor.

JOHNNY. You should have told me, you really should.

JULIA. Would it have made any difference?

JOHNNY. (*Laughs*) Lord, yes! I'd have asked you to marry me in two days, instead of ten.

JULIA. (*A pause. Then*) How do you mean?

JOHNNY. I went through an awful struggle. You've no idea. I had very definite plans for the next few years, and at first a wife looked like quite a complication.

JULIA. What were the plans?

JOHNNY. For one thing, I was worried about having enough for both of us. If I'd known, I'd have spared myself. It's simply swell now. Good Julia.

JULIA. Aren't you funny, Johnny.

JOHNNY. Why?

JULIA. To talk about it.

JOHNNY. It? Money? Why? Is it so sacred?

JULIA. Of course not. But——

JOHNNY. I'm simply delighted, that's all.

JULIA. —That I have—uh—money?

JOHNNY. Yes. Sure. (*She laughs.*)

JULIA. You're amazing.

JOHNNY. But why not?—If I'd suddenly discovered you could play the piano I'd be delighted, wouldn't I?

JULIA. Is it like knowing how to play the piano?

JOHNNY. Well, they're both very pleasant accomplishments in a girl.

JULIA. But, my dear, you're going to make millions, yourself!

JOHNNY. Oh, no, I'm not.

JULIA. You are too!

JOHNNY. —Am not.

JULIA. Are too. (*A brief pause.*)

JOHNNY. How did you happen to decide I'd do, Julia?

JULIA. I fell in love with you, silly.

JOHNNY. You might have done that, and still not have wanted to marry me.

JULIA. I do, though.

JOHNNY. You know awfully little about me.

JULIA. I know enough.—You aren't trying to get out of anything, are you, Johnny?

JOHNNY. Watch me.

JULIA. Because you haven't a chance, you know. (*She rises and goes to the window at Back.*)

JOHNNY. But what's there different about me? What did it?

JULIA. You're utterly, utterly different.

JOHNNY. —I am a man of the pee-pul——

JULIA. That might be one reason.

JOHNNY. I began life with these two bare hands.

JULIA. —So did the gentleman over the fireplace.

(JOHNNY looks at the portrait above the mantel.)
—Take heart from Grandfather.

JOHNNY. You wouldn't tell me you're *those* Setons!

JULIA. Forgive us, Johnny, but we are.

JOHNNY. (*Overwhelmed, lowers his head*) It's too much.

JULIA. (*Lightly*) —What man has done, man can do—or words to that effect. (*She is looking out the window, down into the street.*)

JOHNNY. See here, child—if you think I'm a budding young Captain of Industry, or——

JULIA. Sh—wait a minute.

JOHNNY. What's the matter?

JULIA. It's the motor. At least I think—yes, it is.

JOHNNY. Him?

JULIA. Wait a minute—— No—it's only Linda. Father must have decided to walk home with Ned.

JOHNNY. Did you tell him, as you planned to?

JULIA. (*Again moves toward the sofa*) Father? Just exactly as I planned to.

JOHNNY. I'm still not sure that church was a good place.

JULIA. I wanted to give him a chance to think, before he started talking. He never talks in church.

JOHNNY. What did you say?

JULIA. I said, "Look here, Father: I'm going to marry Johnny Case." And he said, "What's that?" And I said, "I said, I'm going to marry Johnny Case."

JOHNNY. And he never even peeped?

JULIA. Oh, yes.—"And who may Johnny Chase be?" "Case," I said. "Not Chase." "Well, Case, then?"—I told him I'd met you at Placid, that he'd meet you at luncheon and that you were with Sloan, Hobson, Hunt and Sloan.—That was right, wasn't it?

JOHNNY. Sloan, Hobson, *Hunter* and Sloan.

JULIA. It was near enough. He said, "I know Sam Hobson," and began to pray rapidly—and that was all there was to it.

JOHNNY. But probably there'll be more.

JULIA. Yes, probably a lot more—I hope you're feeling strong. (*They seat themselves together upon the sofa at Right.*)

JOHNNY. Seriously, how do you think he'll take it?

JULIA. (*Laughs*) —Seriously! (*Then*) You'll have one big thing in your favor, Johnny.

JOHNNY. What?

JULIA. You'll see.

JOHNNY. I know: It's this necktie.

JULIA. Johnny—

JOHNNY. Julia—

JULIA. Don't jest, boy.

JOHNNY. Oh, darling, let's not let the fun go out of it!

JULIA. Is it likely to?

JOHNNY. No, but—

JULIA. Say it.

JOHNNY. What was the point of spilling it so quickly?

JULIA. I had to tell Father. It would be different if Mother were alive. I could have broken it gently through her, I suppose. But as it is—

JOHNNY. —Eventually, I know. But why the rush?

JULIA. I had to tell him. He'd never have forgiven me.

JOHNNY. It could have been such a swell guilty secret for awhile.

JULIA. I can't see what particular fun a secret would have been.

JOHNNY. Can't you, dear?

JULIA. No.

JOHNNY. All right.

JULIA. Oh, don't say "all right" that way! You don't mean "all right."

JOHNNY. (*Smiles*) All right.

JULIA. You're the most outspoken, direct man I've ever known, and you sit there, sobbing over—

JOHNNY. It's all right, dear. Really it is.

JULIA. I thought you wanted us to be married as soon as possible.

JOHNNY. I do.

JULIA. Well, then.

JOHNNY. When shall we?

JULIA. There's another place Father comes in.

JOHNNY. I should think it would be pretty much up to you.

JULIA. You don't know Father.

JOHNNY. But let's not have an elaborate one—wedding, I mean.

JULIA. I doubt if we can avoid it. We've got to think of Father.

JOHNNY. It's getting pretty complicated.

JULIA. You didn't think it would be simple, did you?

JOHNNY. I suppose I just didn't think.

JULIA. You couldn't have. (*In sudden exasperation*) Oh, Johnny, Johnny—what's the matter with you?

JOHNNY. I just hate the thought of sitting down with a man and being practical about you—so soon, I mean. (*JULIA softens.*)

JULIA. —Angel. (*She kisses him, lightly*) It's got to be done, though.

JOHNNY. All right. I'll gird up my loins.—You know, I'll bet he'll hate this necktie. It doesn't look substantial.

JULIA. You might sit like this—covering it with your hand.

JOHNNY. I love you, Julia.

JULIA. I love you, Johnny.

JOHNNY. That's the main thing, isn't it?

JULIA. Darling, that's everything—

JOHNNY. Kiss?

JULIA. With pleasure— (*They kiss.*)

JOHNNY. —Don't go.

JULIA. I wouldn't think of it.

JOHNNY. It'd be swell to have this whole day free with no ordeals to face.

JULIA. It'll be over soon.—I think we'll have Ned and Linda on our side.

JOHNNY. Lord, do they have to mix in, too?

JULIA. Well, they're my brother and sister.

JOHNNY. Are they good guys?

JULIA. —Dears. Ned's a little inclined to drink too much, but I think he'll outgrow it. You ought to be able to help him, I think. Linda's a curious girl. She's developed the queerest—I don't know—attitude toward life. I can't make her out. She doesn't think as we do at all, any more.

JOHNNY. We?

JULIA. —The family. Father's worried sick about her. I think *we* can help her a lot, though—I hope we can.

JOHNNY. (*Rises and goes to the fireplace*) She might prefer to work it out for herself. So might Ned.

JULIA. You *are* strange this morning, Johnny.

JOHNNY. How?

JULIA. You seem—not to like things quite as much as you might.

JOHNNY. Oh, yes, I do!

JULIA. We can't just wander forever up snowy mountains through pine woods with never a care, you know.

JOHNNY. Come here, darling. (*He goes to her, she to him. They meet.*) —We can do better than that.

JULIA. Do you suppose?

JOHNNY. I know. (*JULIA's head drops.*)

JULIA. Oh, I feel so awfully sad all at once.

JOHNNY. Don't—*don't*. Don't ever—— (*His grasp tightens upon her shoulders*) Look up here—! (*With an effort, she looks up.*) —Now please kiss me several times. (*She kisses him, once, twice, lightly.*)

JULIA. Is that all right?

JOHNNY. All right, hell. It's perfect. (*He bends to kiss her again, when the door suddenly opens and LINDA SETON enters, in hat and fur coat. LINDA is twenty-seven, and looks about twenty-two. She is slim, rather boyish, exceedingly fresh. She is smart, she is pretty, but beside JULIA's grace, JULIA's beauty, she seems a trifle gauche, and almost plain. She is pulling off her hat.*)

LINDA. I must say, that of all the boring—— (*She stops at the sight of JULIA and JOHNNY*) Why, Julia. For shame, Julia. (*JULIA and JOHNNY part. LINDA throws her hat and gloves upon a chair*) Is this a way to spend Sunday morning? Who's your partner? Anyone I know?

JULIA. It's—— (*She recovers her composure*) —This is Mr. Case—my sister, Linda.

JOHNNY. How do you do?

LINDA. Well, thanks.—And you?

JOHNNY. I couldn't be better.

LINDA. Good.

JULIA. (*With dignity*) —Johnny Case, his name is. I'm going to marry him.

LINDA. That makes it all right, then. (*She takes off her coat*) Who's coming to lunch? Susan and Nick didn't telephone, did they?

JULIA. —In just about one month I'm going to marry him.

LINDA. Stand over here in the light, will you, Case? (*JOHNNY turns to her scrutiny.*) —But I've never even seen you before.

JULIA. Neither had I, until ten days ago at Placid.

LINDA. (*To JOHNNY, with hope*) You aren't a guide, are you?

JOHNNY. No. I'm a lawyer.

LINDA. Wouldn't you know it.

JULIA. (*Seats herself upon a chair at Right*) I want you to be maid-of-honor, Linda.

LINDA. I accept. What'll we wear? (*She sits upon the bench at Left, and JOHNNY upon the sofa facing her.*) Listen: is this what came over Father in church?

JULIA. I imagine so.

LINDA. Then you've told him already.

JULIA. Yes.

LINDA. Tsch-tsch, this modern generation. (*To JOHNNY*) Well, young man, I hope you realize what you're getting in for.

(*DELIA, a housemaid of about thirty-five, comes in, takes LINDA'S coat, hat and gloves, and goes out with them.*)

JULIA. That's pleasant.

LINDA. I don't mean you. You're divine. I mean Father—and Cousin Seton Cram and Laura and the rest of the outlying Setons—and the general atmosphere of plenty, with the top riveted down on the cornucopia——

JULIA. Johnny will try to bear up, won't you, Johnny?

JOHNNY. I'll do my best.

LINDA. (*Goes to JULIA and seats herself upon the bench facing her*) But how did you happen to get together? Tell Linda everything.

JULIA. Well, I was walking along the road with Miss Talcott one morning on the way to the rink and who should I see but——

LINDA. —*Whom* should I see but——

JULIA. —And who should I see but this man coming along, carrying skis.

LINDA. Fancy that. A downright romance. Go on, dear—

JULIA. Do you really want to know?

LINDA. I'm hungry for romance, Sister. If you knew the way my little heart is beating against its bars right this minute.

JULIA. He had a queer look on his face.

LINDA. I can believe that. His eyes must have been burning.

JULIA. As a matter of fact, the trouble was with his nose. So I stopped him and said: "I suppose you don't realize it, but your nose is frozen." And he said: "Thanks, I hadn't realized it." And I said: "Well, it is." And he said: "I don't suppose there's anything you personally could do about it."

LINDA. Fresh.

JULIA. I thought so too.

JOHNNY. She was fresh to mention it. It looked to me like an out-and-out pick-up.

LINDA. Obviously.

JULIA. I know a good thing when I see it.

LINDA. (*To JOHNNY*) —So you swept her off her snowshoes?

JOHNNY. It was touch-and-go with us.

LINDA. (*To JULIA*) I think I like this man.

JULIA. I was sure you would.

LINDA. Well, my dears, take your happiness while you may.

JOHNNY. Watch us.

JULIA. (*Laughs*) No—don't watch us! Hello, Ned—

(*NED SETON enters from the hall. He is twenty-six. He is as handsome in his way as JULIA is in hers. His features are fine, a little too fine. He*

displaces very little, but no one minds: he is a nice boy. JOHNNY rises. NED goes to JULIA.)

NED. Oh, *you're* back.—Then it was you who took that shaker out of my room.

JULIA. This is Mr. Case—my brother Ned. (*JOHNNY moves to NED. They shake hands briefly.*)

NED. How do you do?—It was you who took it, Julia, and I'm getting sick of your meddling in my affairs.

JULIA. I'm going to marry him. (*NED turns slowly, as JULIA's words penetrate, and regards JOHNNY.*)

NED. You've got a familiar look about you.

JOHNNY. That's good.

NED. Is your name Johnny Case?

JOHNNY. Johnny Case.

NED. —One Saturday, quite a while ago, I went down to New Haven for a game. Afterwards, you took me all the way home from the Field, and put me to bed somewhere.

LINDA. How sweet.

JOHNNY. Call me Nana. (*He goes to the sofa at Right.*)

NED. I never got a chance to thank you. Thanks.

JOHNNY. It's all right.—Any time.

NED. (*Settles down with a newspaper on the sofa at Left*) He's a good man, this Case fellow.

LINDA. The point is, there's no moss apparent, nor yet the slightest touch of decay.

NED. I expect Father'll be a job. When do they come to grips?

JULIA. Before luncheon, I suppose.

LINDA. (*Rises*) That soon? See here, Case, I think you need some coaching.

JOHNNY. I'd be grateful for anything in this trouble.

LINDA. Have you anything at all but your winning way to your credit?

JOHNNY. Not a thing.

JULIA. Oh, hasn't he, though!

LINDA. The first thing Father will want to know is, how are you fixed?

JOHNNY. Fixed?

LINDA. (*Firmly*) —Fixed.—Are you a man of means, and if so, how much?

JULIA. Linda!

LINDA. Be still, Beauty. (*To JOHNNY*) I know you wouldn't expect that of a man in Father's position, but the fact is, money is our god here.

JULIA. Linda, I'll——! —Johnny, it isn't true at all.

NED. (*Looks up from his paper*) No?—What is, then?

LINDA. Well, young man?

JOHNNY. (*Goes to her*) I have in my pocket now, thirty-four dollars, and a package of Lucky Strikes. Will you have one?

LINDA. Thanks. (*She takes a cigarette from him*) —But no gilt-edged securities? No rolling woodlands?

JOHNNY. I've got a few shares of common stock tucked away in a warm place.

LINDA. —Common? Don't say the word. (*She accepts a light from him*) I'm afraid it won't do, Julia.—He's a comely boy, but probably just another of the vast army of clock-watchers. (*She moves toward the window. JOHNNY laughs and seats himself on the sofa at Right.*)

NED. (*From behind his newspaper*) How are you socially?

JOHNNY. Nothing there, either.

LINDA. (*Turning*) You mean to say your mother wasn't even a Whoozis?

JOHNNY. Not even that.

JULIA. Linda, I do wish you'd shut up.

NED. Maybe he's got a judge somewhere in the family.

LINDA. Yes, that might help. Old Judge Case's boy. White pillars. Guitars a-strummin'. Evenin', Massa.

NED. You must know some prominent people. Drop a few names.

LINDA. —Just casually, you know: "When I was to Mrs. Onderdonk's cock-fight last Tuesday, whom should I see but Mrs. Marble. Well, sir, I thought we'd die laughing——"

JULIA. (*To JOHNNY*) This is a lot of rot, you know.

JOHNNY. I'm having a grand time.

LINDA. "'Johnny,' she says to me—she calls me 'Johnny'——"

JULIA. Oh, will you be *quiet*! What on earth has set you off this time?

LINDA. But it's dreadful, Sister. (*To JOHNNY*) —Just what do you think you're going to prove with Edward Seton, financier and cotillion-leader?

JOHNNY. Well, I'll tell you: when I find myself in a position like this, I ask myself: What would General Motors do? Then I do the opposite.

LINDA. (*Laughs and reseats herself. To JULIA*) It'll be a pity, if it doesn't come off. It'll be a real pity.

JULIA. It will come off. (*To JOHNNY*) Father isn't at all as they say he is.

JOHNNY. No?

JULIA. Not in the least.—Ned, where is he? Didn't he come in with you?

JOHNNY. Don't hurry him. There's no hurry.

NED. He said he had to stop to see Sam Hobson about something.

JULIA. (*To JOHNNY*) You.

JOHNNY. That's nice. I hope I get a good character.

LINDA. If it does go through all right, are you really going to make it quick?

JULIA. The second week in January. The tenth.

LINDA. —Announcing when?

JULIA. Right away—next Saturday, say.

LINDA. (*Eagerly*) Oh, darling, let me give a party for it!

JULIA. (*Puzzled*) Do you want to? I thought you hated the thought of—

LINDA. I want to! Not Father. I want to.

JULIA. Why, of course, dear. We'd love it.

NED. Who'd like a drink? (*No one bothers with him.*)

LINDA. —Father's to have nothing to do with it. And we *won't* send out cards. I'll telephone people. —Saturday's New Year's Eve, do you know it? Oh, Lord, Lord—let's have some fun in this house before you leave it!

JULIA. Why, Linda—

LINDA. I mean it! Let me, won't you?

JULIA. If Father doesn't mind.

LINDA. No ifs at all!—And just a few people—very few. Not a single bank of pink roses and no String Quartet during supper. All I want by way of entertainment is just one good tap-dancer. Let me plan it. Let me give it. Julia, let *me* do something for you once—*me*, Julia.

JULIA. I'd love it, dear. I really would.

LINDA. It won't be a ball, it'll be a simple sit-down supper—and you know where?—The old playroom.

JULIA. Why, not the—

LINDA. —Because the playroom's the one room in this house anyone's ever had fun in!

NED. I haven't been up there for ten years.

LINDA. That's your loss, Neddy. I've installed a new fangled gramophone, and I sit and play to myself by the hour. Come up some time. It's worth the trip. (*She turns suddenly to JOHNNY*) —Do

you know any living people, Case? That's a cry from the heart.

JOHNNY. One or two.

LINDA. Give me a list. (*To JULIA*) —Seton and Laura can't have a look-in—is that understood? (*To JOHNNY*) —A terrible cousin and his wife—the Seton Crams. They're coming for lunch today. I hope your digestion's good. (*To JULIA*) —Not a look-in, remember.

JULIA. I don't know how you'll keep them out.

LINDA. (*Rises abruptly*) Oh, Julia—this is important to me!—No one must touch my party but me, do you hear?

JULIA. All right, darling.

LINDA. If anyone does, I won't come to it.

NED. —At that, you might have a better time. (*He rises*) Look here, Case—

JOHNNY. Yes?

NED. Cocktails aren't allowed at mid-day, so just before luncheon's announced I'll ask you if you care to brush up.

JOHNNY. And guess what I'll say.

JULIA. There'll be wine with lunch, Ned.

NED. You have to give it something to build on, don't you? (*A BUZZER sounds twice. JULIA and JOHNNY rise.*)

JULIA. —It's Father! He's home.

LINDA. He'll go up to his sitting-room first.

JULIA. (*Moves toward the door*) I know. Come on with me, Ned.

NED. I don't want to see him.

JULIA. Please come with me. (*NED goes out. She turns to JOHNNY*) You wait here with Linda a moment. I'll either come down again or send word. Just talk a while. (*She follows NED out. A brief pause. Then LINDA goes to the bench at Left, and JOHNNY to the one at Right.*)

LINDA. However do you do, Mr Case?

JOHNNY. —And you, Miss—uh——?

LINDA. Seton is the name.

JOHNNY. Not one of the bank Setons!

LINDA. The same.

JOHNNY. Fancy!—I hear a shipment of ear-marked gold is due in on Monday. (*Now they are seated.*)

LINDA. (*In her most social manner*) Have you been to the Opera much lately?

JOHNNY. Only in fits and starts, I'm afraid.

LINDA. But, my dear, we must do *something* for them! They entertained us in Rome.

JOHNNY. —And you *really* saw Mount Everest?

LINDA. Chit.

JOHNNY. Chat.

LINDA. Chit-chat.

JOHNNY. Chit-chat.

LINDA. Will that go for the preliminaries?

JOHNNY. It's all right with me.

LINDA. I love my sister Julia more than anything else in this world.

JOHNNY. I don't blame you. So do I.

LINDA. She's so sweet, you don't know.

JOHNNY. Yes, I do.

LINDA. She's beautiful.

JOHNNY. She's all of that.

LINDA. —And exciting, too—don't you think?

JOHNNY. —Don't. I'll start glittering.

LINDA. It's terribly important that she should marry the right person.

JOHNNY. That's important for everyone.

LINDA. It's particularly so for Julia.—I suppose you realize you're a rather strange bird in these parts.

JOHNNY. How's that?

LINDA. You don't know the kind of men we see as a rule.—Where have you been?

JOHNNY. Oh—working hard.

LINDA. Nights?

JOHNNY. Nights too.

LINDA. What about these little jaunts to Placid?
Come clean, Case.

JOHNNY. That's the first holiday I've ever had.

LINDA. (*Unconvinced*) Yes.

JOHNNY. You heard what I said.

LINDA. Then you can't have been working long.

JOHNNY. Just since I was ten. (*She frowns, puzzled.*)

LINDA. —Ten. At what?

JOHNNY. —Anything I could get. Law, the last few years.

LINDA. —Must be ambitious.

JOHNNY. (*Expels his breath in a long, tired jet*)
I am. Not for that, though.

LINDA. For what, then?

JOHNNY. Oh—to live. Do you mind? (*There is a pause.*)

LINDA. What is it you've been doing?

JOHNNY. I don't call what I've been doing, living.

LINDA. No? (*He shakes his head.*)

JOHNNY. —A while ago you asked me if I knew any living people. I know damn few.

LINDA. There aren't but damn few.

JOHNNY. Well, I mean to be one of them some day. Johnny's dream.

LINDA. So do I. Linda's longing.

JOHNNY. There's a pair called Nick and Susan Potter—

LINDA. So you know Nick and Susan?

JOHNNY. I should say I do.

LINDA. So that's where I've heard your name. Aren't they grand?

JOHNNY. It seems to me they know just about everything. Maybe I'm wrong.

LINDA. You're not, though.

JOHNNY. Life must be swell when you have some idea of what goes on, the way they do.

LINDA. They get more fun out of nothing than anyone I know.

JOHNNY. You don't have such a bad time yourself, do you?

LINDA. (*Leaning forward*) Case, are you drawing me out? (*JOHNNY laughs.*)

JOHNNY. Sure! Come on!

LINDA. Well, compared to the time I have, the last man in a chain-gang thoroughly enjoys himself.

JOHNNY. But how does that happen?

LINDA. You tell me, and I'll give you a rosy red apple.

JOHNNY. It seems to me you've got everything.

LINDA. Oh, it does, does it?

JOHNNY. What's the matter? Are you fed up?

LINDA. —To the neck.—Now tell me about *your* operation.

JOHNNY. I had been ailing for years—I don't know—life seemed to have lost its savor—

LINDA. Couldn't you do your housework?

JOHNNY. Every time I ran upstairs I got all run-down. (*LINDA laughs. JOHNNY leans forward*) You'd better come on a party with Julia and me.

LINDA. Any time you need an extra girl, give me a ring.—When?

JOHNNY. How's Tuesday?

LINDA. Splendid, thanks.—And how's Thursday?

JOHNNY. Blooming.

LINDA. (*Reflectively*) —Looked badly the last time we met.

JOHNNY. —Just nerves, nothing but nerves.

LINDA. (*A moment's pause. Then*) —Do I seem to you to complain a good deal?

JOHNNY. I hadn't noticed it.

LINDA. Then I can let myself go a little: **this is a hell of a life, Case.**

JOHNNY. (*Looks about him*) What do you mean? All this luxe? All this——?

LINDA. You took the words right out of my mouth.

JOHNNY. Well, for that matter, so's mine.

LINDA. What's the answer?

JOHNNY. Maybe you need some time off, too—I mean from what you're doing, day in, day out——

LINDA. Days out, please—*years* out——

JOHNNY. All right: take it. Take the time——

LINDA. —And of course *that's* so easy.

JOHNNY. —It can be done. *I* intend to do it. I intend to take quite a lot of it—when I'm not so busy just making the wherewithal.

LINDA. Case, you astonish me. I thought you were a Willing Worker.

JOHNNY. I am, if I can get what I'm working for.

LINDA. And what would that be?

JOHNNY. Mine is a simple story: I just want to save part of my life for myself. There's a catch to it, though. It's got to be part of the young part.

LINDA. You'll never get on and up that way.

JOHNNY. All right, but I want *my* time while I'm young. And let me tell you, the minute I get hold of just about twenty nice round thousands, I'm going to knock off for as long as they last, and——

LINDA. Quit?

JOHNNY. Quit. Retire young, and work old. That's what I want to do.

LINDA. —Grand. Does Julia know about it?

JOHNNY. No—there's no use getting her hopes up until it happens.—Don't tell her, will you?

LINDA. She has enough of her own for two right now—or ten, for that matter. Mother and Grandfather did us pretty pretty.

JOHNNY. (*Shakes his head*) Thanks, but I've got to do myself—only just pretty enough.

LINDA. I see. That's foolish—but you're all right, Case. You haven't been bitten with it yet—you haven't been caught by it.

JOHNNY. By what?

LINDA. (*So reverently*) The reverence for riches.

JOHNNY. (*Laughs*) You are a funny girl.

LINDA. —Funny, am I? And what about you, you big stiff?

JOHNNY. (*Laughs, and rises*) —Just take Johnny's hand, and come into the Light, sister. (*JULIA enters. JOHNNY turns to her*) Did you see him?

JULIA. I saw him.

LINDA. Julia! How was he?

JULIA. I don't know yet.—Johnny, you go up to Ned's room. You haven't arrived yet. Take the elevator—Father's coming down the stairs. Quick, will you?

JOHNNY. When do I arrive?

JULIA. One o'clock. It's quarter to.

JOHNNY. This is getting a little complicated, if you ask me.

JULIA. Nobody asked you. Go on! Do as you're told.

JOHNNY. (*Turns*) See here, you saucy—

LINDA. (*Goes to the fireplace*) Go on, Case. Don't expect simplicity here—just think of our Fifth Avenue frontage. (*JOHNNY laughs and goes out. LINDA turns to JULIA*) Tell me: was Father awful?

JULIA. —The same old story, of course: I'm being married for my money.

LINDA. That's always flattering.—But Case didn't know our foul secret, did he?

JULIA. No.

LINDA. Even if he had, what of it?—And what good's all this jack we've got, anyway—unless to get us a superior type of husband?

JULIA. I hate you to talk like that! I hate it!

LINDA. Listen to me, Julia: I'm sore all the way

through. I've been sore for a long time now, ever since I really saw how it—oh, never mind. Anyway, I don't doubt that if Case *had* known he'd still be running. You're in luck there.

JULIA. You do like him, don't you?

LINDA. She asks me if I like him!—My dear girl, do you realize that *life* walked into this house this morning? Marry him quick. Don't let him get away. And if Father starts the usual—where is Big Business, anyhow?

JULIA. He said he'd be right down.

LINDA. Stand your ground, Julia. If you don't know your own mind by now, you haven't got a mind. Name your date and stick to it. I'm telling you.

JULIA. (*Slowly*) I want Father to see that Johnny has the selfsame qualities Grandfather had,—and that there's no reason why he shouldn't arrive just where he did.

LINDA. —If he wants to.

JULIA. —Wants to! You don't know Johnny. You don't know how far he's come already—and from what—

LINDA. —Or where he's going.

JULIA. *I do! I know! I can see it clear as day!*
(*A moment. Then*) Linda—

LINDA. What?

JULIA. It'll be awful to leave you.

LINDA. I don't know exactly what I'll do, when you go. I've got to do something—get out—quit on it—change somehow, or I'll go mad. I could curl up and die right now.

JULIA. (*Touched*) Why, darling—

LINDA. Why, my foot. I don't look sick, do I?
(*She moves to the fireplace*) Oh, Lord, if I could only get warm in this barn! (*She crouches before the fire and holds her hands to it*) —Never mind about me. I'll be all right. Look out for yourself.

When Big Business comes down, just watch you don't let him—— (*The door opens. She looks over her shoulder and sees her Father*) —But by a strange coincidence, here he is now.

JULIA. Did you see Mr. Hobson, Father?

(*EDWARD SETON enters. He is fifty-eight, large, nervous, distinguished. He wears a black morning coat, a white carnation in the buttonhole, and gray striped trousers. He takes nose glasses from his nose and folds them away in a silver case.*)

EDWARD. Yes.—Of course, my dear, there is another thing to be considered: What is the young man's background? Is he the sort of person that—? Ah, good morning, Linda.

LINDA. You saw me in church, Father. What's on your mind? You look worried.

EDWARD. I presume Julia has told you her story?

LINDA. Story? She's told me the facts.

EDWARD. But we mustn't rush into things, must we? (*A glance passes between JULIA and LINDA.*)

JULIA. (*Goes to him*) I want to be married on January tenth, Father. That's—that's just two weeks from Tuesday.

EDWARD. (*Moves to the table behind the sofa at Right, and begins to search through the newspapers*) Quite impossible.

LINDA. Why?

JULIA. Yes, why? I—I'm sure I couldn't stand a long engagement.

EDWARD. As yet, there is no engagement to stand.

LINDA. The boy has loads of charm, Father.

EDWARD. (*Quickly*) You know him?

LINDA. I've heard tell of him.

EDWARD. (*Tastes the word*) Charm.

LINDA. —I suppose it's solid merit you're after.

Well, the rumor is he's got that, too. Sterling chap, on the whole. A catch, in fact. (*NED wanders in and seats himself upon the sofa at Left, with a newspaper.*)

JULIA. What did Mr. Hobson say, Father?

EDWARD. We must find out about the young man's background.

JULIA. What did he say?

EDWARD. Have you the financial section of the *Times*, Ned?

NED. No, I try to take Sundays off, when I can.

EDWARD. —Which reminds me: I should like you to make a practice of remaining in the office until six o'clock.

NED. Six!—What for?

EDWARD. As an example to the other men.

NED. But there's nothing for me to do after three.

EDWARD. You will find something.

NED. Look here, Father—if you think I'm going to fake a lot of—

EDWARD. Did you understand me, Ned? (*A moment: NED loses.*)

NED. —Oh, all right.

JULIA. What did Mr. Hobson say about Johnny, Father?

EDWARD. (*Settles himself upon the sofa with the financial section, now happily found*) His report was not at all unfavorable.

LINDA. That must have been a blow.

JULIA. —But what did he say?

EDWARD. We must find out more about the young man, Julia. He seems to have some business ability—he has put through what looks like a successful reorganization of Seaboard Utilities. He holds some of the stock.

NED. Seaboard! Poor fellow—

EDWARD. —Shrewd fellow, perhaps. Hobson says

signs are not unfavorable for Seaboard.—We'll buy some in the morning, Ned.

LINDA. Just another ill wind blowing money to Da-Da.

EDWARD. But we *must* know more about Mr. Chase's background.

JULIA. Case, Father, Case.

LINDA. Let it go. Chase has such a sweet banking sound.

JULIA. He's from Baltimore.

LINDA. Fine old pre-war stock, I imagine.

NED. Wasn't there a Judge Case somewhere?

EDWARD. We shall see. We shall take steps to—

LINDA. Father, if you reach for a Social Register, I'll cry out with pain.

EDWARD. (*With decision*) Well, I most certainly intend to know more about the young man than his name and his birthplace.—He does not, of course, realize that you have spoken to me, as yet?

NED. Of course not.

LINDA. Julia works fast, but not *that* fast, do you, Julia? (*JULIA does not answer.*)

EDWARD. I propose not to allow the subject of an engagement to come up in my first talk with him. I believe I am competent to direct the conversation.—You and Ned, Julia, may excuse yourselves on one pretext or another. I should like you to stay, Linda.

LINDA. I *knew* I should have learned shorthand. (*EDWARD smiles. HENRY enters.*)

EDWARD. I shall trust your memory.—Yes, Henry?

HENRY. Mr. Case wishes to be announced, sir.

EDWARD. Yes. (*HENRY goes out, closing the door after him. EDWARD arranges his cuffs, and takes a firmer seat in his chair.*)

LINDA. —So does Mr. Case's engagement. I want to give a party for it New Year's Eve, Father.

JULIA. Wait a minute, dear—

EDWARD. (*Watching the doorway*) You may give

a party if you like, Linda, but whether to announce an engagement, we shall see——

LINDA. —Another point about my party is that it's *my* party—mine.

EDWARD. Yes?

LINDA. Yes—and as such, I'd like to run it. I can do quite well without your secretary this time, darling—and without Seton's and Laura's helpful hints, I can do brilliantly.—There's someone at the door.

NED. Keep a stiff upper lip, Father. No doubt the fellow is an impostor.

EDWARD. (*Laughs*) Oh, we shall learn many things this morning! He is not the first young man to be interviewed by me.

JULIA. Father——

EDWARD. Yes, daughter?

JULIA. Remember: I know what I want. (JOHNNY *enters*.) Oh, here you are!

JOHNNY. Here I am.

JULIA. Father, this is—Mr. Case. (JOHNNY *goes to* EDWARD. *They shake hands*. NED *rises*.)

EDWARD. How do you do, Mr. Case?

JOHNNY. How do you do, sir?

EDWARD. —My daughter, Linda.

LINDA. How do you do?

JOHNNY. How do you do?

EDWARD. And my son, Ned.

JOHNNY. How do you do?

NED. I recall your face, but your figure puzzles me.

EDWARD. Julia, if you and Ned will do the telephoning I spoke of, Linda and I will try to entertain Mr. Case until the others come—won't we, Linda?

LINDA. Sure. I'm game.

JULIA. (*Moves toward the door*) —Coming, Ned?

NED. (*Following her*) I wonder what we'd do without the telephone. (*They go out*.)

EDWARD. Sit down, Mr. Case.

JOHNNY. Thank you. (*He seats himself upon the bench, Left, and LINDA upon a small stool at the fireplace.*)

EDWARD. I presume, like all young people, you have the bad habit of smoking before luncheon?

JOHNNY. I'm afraid I have.

EDWARD. —A cigar?

JOHNNY. Not right now, thank you.

EDWARD. (*Lets himself down into a sofa*) We've been quite at the mercy of the snow these days, haven't we?

JOHNNY. It doesn't seem much after Placid.

EDWARD. Placid—ah, yes! My daughter Julia has just come from there.

JOHNNY. I know.

EDWARD. (*A brief pause. Then*) —You are in business in New York, Mr. Case?

JOHNNY. Yes, I'm in the Law. I'm with Sloan, Hobson.

EDWARD. An excellent firm.—And a born New Yorker?

JOHNNY. No. I was born in Baltimore.—In eighteen ninety-seven. July sixth. I'm thirty.

EDWARD. Baltimore—I used to have many friends in Baltimore.—The Whites—the Clarence Whites—Possibly you knew them.

JOHNNY. No, I don't believe I ever did.

EDWARD. —And then there was Archie Fuller's family—

JOHNNY. I'm afraid not.

EDWARD. —And let me see now—Colonel Evans—old Philip Evans—

JOHNNY. Nope. (*There is a silence. Then*) I haven't been there in some years. And I shouldn't be likely to know them, anyway. My mother and father died when I was quite young. My father had a small grocery store in Baltimore, which he

was never able to make a go of. He left a number of debts which my mother worked very hard to clear up. I was the only child, and I wasn't in a position to help very much. She died the May before my sixteenth birthday. (*LINDA is listening with growing interest.*)

EDWARD. But how sad.

JOHNNY. It *was* pretty sad.—I hadn't any connections, except for an uncle who's in the roofing business in Wilmington. He wasn't much good, though—he was inclined to get drunk—still is——

LINDA. We have an uncle like that, but he keeps off roofs.

JOHNNY. (*Smiles at her, and continues*) —But I was what's called a bright boy, and I managed to wangle a couple of scholarships. They helped a good deal in school and college, and there were always plenty of ways to make up the difference. In term-time I usually ran eating-joints and typed lecture notes. In summers I sold aluminum pots and pans——

EDWARD. (*Weakly*) Linda! Are you there, Linda?

LINDA. Yes, Father.

JOHNNY. —Or worked in a factory or on a newspaper. Once I got myself engaged as a tutor. That was pretty unpleasant. Then there were department stores at Christmas and florists at Easter. During law school I slept all night on a couch in a doctor's office, and got fifteen a week for it. That was soft.

EDWARD. (*It is all he can say*) Admirable!

JOHNNY. No—it simply happened to be the only way to get through. (*A brief pause. Then*) Anything else, sir?

EDWARD. I beg your pardon?

LINDA. (*Rises*) I should think you would.

JOHNNY. —Is there anything more I can tell you about myself?

EDWARD. Why, uh—that is to say, uh—— (*He flounders and stops. A moment, then JOHNNY moves toward him.*)

JOHNNY. Well, Mr. Seton, how about it?

EDWARD. About it? About what?

JOHNNY. Julia and me.

EDWARD. You and Julia? I'm afraid I——

JOHNNY. —About our getting married.

EDWARD. (*There is a silence. Then*) This is a complete surprise, Mr. Case. I don't know quite what to say to you.

JOHNNY. (*Smiles*) "Yes" would be pleasant.

EDWARD. I am sure it would. However, we must go into it rather more carefully, I am afraid.

JOHNNY. The only difficulty is the time. Julia's idea is January tenth. It's mine, too.

EDWARD. We shall see about that.

JOHNNY. May I ask *how* we shall see, sir?

EDWARD. Mr. Case, I do not know you at all.

JOHNNY. I'll give you every opportunity you permit me. How's lunch tomorrow?

EDWARD. Tomorrow I have several——

JOHNNY. —Tuesday?

EDWARD. (*Hesitates*) Will you meet me at the Bankers' Club at one on Friday?

JOHNNY. I'm terribly sorry, but Friday's out. I've got to go to Boston on business.—Better make it tomorrow. (*A moment. NED and JULIA re-enter. Then EDWARD speaks, hastily:*)

EDWARD. —Very well. I shall arrange my appointments.—Ah, Ned, Julia—and what do you suppose can be keeping the Crams? (*But JOHNNY cuts in before they can reply:*)

JOHNNY. —Thank you. In the meantime, I think Mr. Hobson or Mr. Sloan might say a good word for me. I'm nobody at all, as things go. But I'm quite decent and fairly civilized, and I love your

daughter very much—which isn't a bit hard. She seems to like me quite a lot too, and that's about all that can be said for me—except that I think we've a simply grand chance to be awfully happy.—What do *you* say, Julia?

JULIA. Oh, so do I!

LINDA. Come on, Father, be an angel. *I* think he's a very good number.

EDWARD. I am afraid it is too important a matter to be decided off-hand.

JULIA. But I want to be married on the——

EDWARD. (*With sudden sharpness*) You will be married, Julia, when I have reached a favorable decision—and upon a day which I will name.

JULIA. I—our plan was—the tenth, and sail that night on——

EDWARD. The tenth is out of the question.

JULIA. Oh, but Father——! I——

EDWARD. —And we shall let it rest at that, for the moment.

LINDA. But you'll come round, Father! I have a swell hunch you'll come round. Oh, Lordy, Lordy, what fun! Let's all join hands and—— (*VOICES are heard from the hall.*)

EDWARD. Seton?—Laura?—Is that you I hear?

LINDA. You bet it is.—Let's *not* join hands.

(*SETON CRAM and his wife, LAURA, enter. SETON is thirty-six, somewhat bald, inclined to a waist-line, but well turned out in a morning coat, striped trousers and spats. LAURA is thirty-two, a shade taller than SETON, with a rather handsome, rather disagreeable face. She is as smartly dressed as a poor figure will allow.*)

SETON. Hello, hello!

EDWARD. —How are you, young man?

SETON. Blooming, thanks. We walked all the way up. (*They shake hands with EDWARD.*)

LAURA. I do hope we're not late, Uncle Ned.

EDWARD. No, indeed!

LINDA. You're early.

LAURA. Julia, my dear, you're back. (*She kisses her and then bears down upon LINDA*) —And Linda! How simply stunning!

LINDA. (*Wards off the impending kiss*) Careful, Laura—I've got the most terrible cold.

LAURA. (*Returning*) But I never saw you looking better!—Hello, Ned.

NED. Hello. (*Warn CURTAIN.*)

EDWARD. This is—uh—Mr. Case—my nephew, Mr. Cram, and Mrs. Cram. (*LAURA inclines her head.*)

SETON. How do you do?

JOHNNY. How do you do? (*NED edges away from LAURA. EDWARD, still stunned, stares in front of himself.*)

LAURA. —Isn't it horrid how chapped one's hands get this weather? I don't know *what* to do. How was Placid, Julia?—You must have had *such* a divine time. Were there loads of amusing people there?—And lots of beaux, too—— Oh, you needn't deny it!—We know Julia, don't we, Seton?—And you, Linda—we haven't seen *you* for ages—— (*She seats herself upon the bench at Right*) —Now sit right down and tell us *everything* you've been doing——

LINDA. Well, take the average day: I get up about eight-thirty, bathe, dress, and have my coffee. —Aren't you going to brush up before lunch, Ned?

NED. —Would you care to brush up before lunch, Case?

JOHNNY. I think I shall, if I may. (*He follows NED to the door.*)

LINDA. —Julia?

JULIA. I'm all right, thanks.

LINDA. But look at *me*, will you! (*She moves quickly across the room after NED and JOHNNY, flecking imaginary dust from her dress as she goes*)
—Simply covered with dust!—Wait, boys!

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

SCENE: *The Playroom on the top floor is a long and spacious low-ceilinged room with white wood-work and pale blue walls upon which are lightly traced story-book designs in silver, white and green.*

At Right and Left there are two windows with window seats below them, curtained in a white-starred cretonne of a deeper blue than the walls.

The only entrance is from the hall at Back.

At Right there is a low platform for horizontal bars and a punching-bag, above which a pair of trapezes swing from the ceiling. At present they are tied up. Against the back wall behind them is a glass cabinet containing a collection of old toys, arranged on shelves in orderly rows.

Also at Right is a table, with tablecloth spread, and four small chairs. Against the back wall at Left is an old-fashioned music-box, and in the corner near it a small electric gramophone. Also at Left is a low couch and a table, a miniature easy-chair and a folding cushion.

TIME: *New Year's Eve, this year.*

AT RISE: *The Playroom is empty, and lit only by a pale NIGHT GLOW from the windows. A moment, then JULIA opens the door, and calls:*

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