

SCENE #1
START

Late the same night. The house is in darkness save for a light in the hall. An accordion is heard offstage R., then suddenly a good loud BANG! from the cellar. Somewhere in the nether regions, one of the Sycamores is still at work.

As the accordion player finishes the song the sound of a key in the outer door. The voices of Alice and Tony drift through.

ALICE. *(Offstage.)* I could see them dance every night of the week. I think they're marvelous.

TONY. They are, aren't they? But of course just walking inside any theatre gives *me* a thrill.

ALICE. *(As they come into sight in hallway.)* Well, it's been *so* lovely, Tony, I hate to have it over.

TONY. Oh, is it over? Do I have to go right away?

ALICE. Not if you don't want to.

TONY. I don't.

ALICE. Would you like a cold drink?

TONY. Wonderful. *(Alice pauses to switch on lights.)*

ALICE. I'll see what's in the icebox. Want to come along?

TONY. I'd follow you to the ends of the earth.

ALICE. *(At door.)* Oh just the kitchen is enough.

(They exit through kitchen door. A pause, and the lights go on.)

TONY. Why, I like it. You've done it very simply, haven't you?

ALICE. Yes, we didn't know whether to do it Empire or Neo-Grecian.

TONY. So you settled for Frigidaire.

ALICE. Yes, it's so easy to live with. *(They return. Alice crosses to table. She is carrying two glasses. Tony, a bottle of ginger ale and a bottle opener.)*

Lucky you're not hungry, Mr. K. An icebox full of corn flakes. That gives you a rough idea of the Sycamores. *(Tony follows down to table.)*

TONY. *(Working away with the opener.)* Of course, why they make these bottle openers for Singer midgets I never did... *(As bottle*

opens.) All over my coat.

ALICE. (*As she hands him a glass.*) I'll take mine in a glass, if you don't mind.

TONY. (*Pouring.*) There you are. A foaming beaker. (*Pours his own.*)

ALICE. Anyhow, it's cold.

TONY. (*As Alice sits R. of the table.*) Now if you'll please be seated, I'd like to offer a toast.

ALICE. We are seated.

TONY. Miss Sycamore (*He raises his glass on high.*) ... to you.

ALICE. Thank you, Mr. Kirby. (*Lifting her own glass.*) To you. (*She drinks and puts glass down.*)

TONY. You know something?

ALICE. What?

TONY. (*Puts his glass down and sighs happily.*) I wouldn't trade one minute of this evening for... all the rice in China.

ALICE. Really?

TONY. Cross my heart.

ALICE. (*A little sigh of contentment. Then shyly.*) Is there much rice in China?

TONY. Terrific. Didn't you read *The Good Earth*? (*She laughs. They are silent for a moment. He sighs and looks at his watch.*) Well, I suppose I ought to go.

ALICE. Is it very late?

TONY. (*Looks at his watch.*) Very. (*Alice gives a little nod. Time doesn't matter.*) I don't want to go.

ALICE. I don't want you to.

TONY. All right, I won't. (*Sits L. of table. Silence again.*) When do you get your vacation?

ALICE. Last two weeks in August.

TONY. I might take mine then, too.

ALICE. Really?

TONY. What are you going to do?

ALICE. I don't know. I hadn't thought much about it.

TONY. Going away, do you think?

ALICE. I might not. I like the city in the summer time.

TONY. I do too.

ALICE. But you always go up to Maine, don't you?

TONY. That's right. (*Rises.*) Oh—but I'm sure I *would* like the city in the summer time, if—Oh, you know what I mean, Alice. I'd love it if *you* were here.

ALICE. Well—it'd be nice if you were here, Tony. (*Rises and crosses to R.*)

TONY. You know what you're saying, don't you?

ALICE. What?

TONY. That you'd rather spend the summer with me than anybody else.

ALICE. (*Back to Tony.*) Was I?

TONY. (*Crossing few steps R.*) Well, if it's true about the summer, how would you feel about—the winter?

ALICE. (*Seeming to weigh the matter. Turns to Tony.*) Yes, I'd like that too.

TONY. (*Tremulous.*) Then there's spring and autumn. If you could—see your way clear about those, Miss Sycamore? (*Crossing to Alice.*)

ALICE. (*Again a little pause.*) I might.

TONY. I guess that's the whole year. We haven't forgotten anything, have we?

ALICE. No.

TONY. Well, then— (*Another pause; their eyes meet. Tony starts to embrace Alice. And at this moment, Penny is heard from stairway. Tony crosses to back of Grandpa's chair.*)

PENNY. (*Offstage.*) Is that you, Alice? What time is it? (*She comes into room, wrapped in a bathrobe.*) Oh! (*In sudden embarrassment.*) Excuse me, Mr. Kirby. I had no idea—that is, I— (*She senses the situation.*)—I didn't mean to interrupt anything.

TONY. Not at all, Mrs. Sycamore.

ALICE. (*Quietly.*) No, Mother.

PENNY. I just came down for a manuscript— (*Fumbling at her desk.*)—then you can go right ahead. Ah, here it is. *Sex Takes a Holiday*. Well—good night, Tony.

TONY. Good night, Mrs. Sycamore.

PENNY. Oh, I think you can call me Penny, don't you, Alice? At least I hope so. (*With a little laugh she vanishes upstairs. Tony turns back to Alice. Before Penny's rippling laugh quite dies, BANG! from the cellar. Tony jumps.*)

TONY. What's that?

ALICE. (*Quietly. She crosses to below table.*) It's all right, Tony. That's father.

TONY. Oh—this time of night? (*Coming D.S.*)

ALICE. (*Ominously—turns to Tony.*) Any time of night. Any time of day. (*She stands silent. In the pause, Tony gazes at her fondly.*)

END
SCENE 1