

AMANDA

AMANDA. Find out one that's clean-living—doesn't drink and—ask him out for sister!

TOM. What?

AMANDA. For sister! To meet! Get acquainted!

TOM. (*Stamping to door R.*) Oh, my go-osh!

AMANDA. Will you? (*He opens door. Imploringly.*) Will you? (*He starts out.*) Will you? Will you, dear? (*Tom exits up alley R. Amanda is on fire-escape landing.*)

TOM. (*Calling back.*) Yes!

AMANDA. (*Re-entering R. and crossing to phone. MUSIC CUE #11.*) Ella Cartwright? Ella, this is Amanda Wingfield. First, first, how's that kidney trouble? Oh, it has? It has come back? Well, you're just a Christian martyr, you're just a Christian martyr. I was noticing in my little red book that your subscription to the "Companion" has run out just when that wonderful new serial by Bessie Mae Harper was starting. It's all about the horsey set on Long Island. Oh, you have? You have read it? Well, how do you think it turns out? Oh, no. Bessie Mae Harper never lets you down. Oh, of course, we have to have complications. You have to have complications—oh, you can't have a story without them—but Bessie Mae Harper always leaves you with such an uplift—What's the matter, Ella? You sound so mad. Oh, because it's seven o'clock in the morning. Oh, Ella, I forgot that you never got up until nine. I forgot that anybody in the world was allowed to sleep as late as that. I can't say any more than I'm sorry, can I? Oh, you will? You're going to take that subscription from me anyhow? Well, bless you, Ella, bless you, bless you, bless you. (*MUSIC #11 fades into MUSIC CUE #11-A, dance music, and continues into next scene. Dim out lights. MUSIC CUE #11-A.*)

ACT I

SCENE 6

SCENE: *The same.—Only R. alley lighted, with dim light.*

TOM. (*Enters down R. and stands as before, leaning against grill-work, with cigarett?, wearing merchant sailor coat and cap.*) Across the alley was the Paradise Dance Hall. Evenings in spring they'd open all the doors and windows and the music would come