

est — the "kids" disagreed. They wanted to see the will first, the lawyer wouldn't *show* it to 'em, they came down on both sides — *tell her off! keep her going!* Not pretty.

C. (*Really beside herself.*) Stop it! Stop it!

A. (*To a naughty child.*) Grow ... up.

B. (*Smiles.*) She will; she does.

A. Well, yes, of course. And so do you.

C. (*Rage.*) I will not become ... *that!* (*Points to "A."*)

A. (*"Come off it!"*) Oh, really.

B. (*"Oh, really!"*) Come off it.

C. I won't.

B. (*Smiles.*) What do you plan to do about it?

A. (*Amused.*) Yes, that's interesting.

C. (*To A, pointing to B.*) Nor will I become *this*.

B. (*A hoot.*) Hah! (*C comes down front and speaks to the audience. A and B relax, comment from time to time, react with each other, etc.*)

C. I won't. I know I won't — that's what I mean. That ... (*Points to "A."*) ... *thing* there? I'll never be like that. (*B hoots;*

*A shakes her head, chuckles. Continued.*) Nobody could. I'm twenty-six; I'm a good girl; my mother was strict but fair — she still

is, she *loves* me; she loves me and Sis, and she wants the very best for us. We have a nice little apartment, Sis and I, and at

night we go out with our beaux, and I *do* have my eye out for ... for what — "the man of my dreams"? And so does Sis,

I *guess*. I don't think I've been in love, but I've been loved — by a couple of them, but they weren't the right ones.

B. (*Rue; to herself.*) They never *are*.

A. (*Furrowing.*) Hmmmm.

C. Mother taught us what the right one would be. We have fun with the others — dancing, staying out late, seeing the

sun up sometimes. Things get a little ... involved now and again, and that's fun too, though Sis doesn't think so as much

as I do. They get involved, but they never get very ... *serious*.

I have my eye out, and we do have our *joke*s. We're manne-

quins: the fanciest shop in town!

B. I don't want that *known*!

A. (*To B, pleasantly chiding.*) Oh, stop; it was fun.

C. We go into work and we put on these lovely frocks, and we walk elegantly around the store, (*Imitates.*) among the ladies shopping, sometimes with their men, sometimes not, and

we stop, and they touch our dresses — the silk, the fabric — and they ask us questions, and then we pass on to another

group, to another section. We twirl, we ... *sashay*. (*She does so; B imitates; A, too, but sitting. Continued; to A and B.*) We do!

B. Oh, I know.

A. Yes, we *know*; do we *know*.

C. (*To the audience again.*) Don't look at them; don't ... listen to them. (*A and B laugh a little. Continued.*) We wear our

beautiful evening gowns, and we parade about, and we know there are people looking at us, studying us, and we smile, and

we ... well, I suppose we flirt a little with the men who are doing it — the husbands, or whatever.

B. (*To A, mock astonishment.*) Flirt? You?

A. Me? Flirt?

B. (*Sashays; twirls.*) Wheeeeee!

A. (*Claps with one hand; her knee, probably.*) Brava! Brava!

B. (*Still sashaying.*) Wheeeeee!

C. Stop it! Stay out of my life!

B. Oh! My dear!

A. (*To C.*) I remember it differently, little one. I remember more ... design. I remember a little calculation.

B. Oh, yes, a little calculation; a little design.

C. (*To audience.*) Don't listen to them. Design? What are they talking about?

B. (*Cheerful.*) Never mind.

C. (*To audience.*) They don't *know* me!

B. (*Looking at A; mocking.*) Noooooooooo!

C. Remember me!

A. (*Also mocking.*) Noooooooooo! (*C claps her hands over her ears, shuts her eyes. Continued.*) Oh, all right, dear; go on. (*C can't hear. Continued; louder.*) I said, go on!

B. (*Loud.*) She says go on, honestly.

C. I am a ... good ... girl.

B. (*To A.*) Well, yes, I suppose so.

A. And not dumb.

