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MATT

CHRISTINA

Never mind . . . No more business today. I'll see you tomorrow.
(Turns away.) . . . Anything urgent, reach me at the club. Thanks, Edie.

(Hangs up. To CHRISTINA:)

I've worked a day and a half. Today only counts as a half day.

CHRISTINA. Two and a half days and it's Wednesday.

MATT. Yesterday was a board meeting.

CHRISTINA. Three days. We agreed three days a week.

MATT. This week might be four.

CHRISTINA. And last week was back up to six.

MATT. I have a newspaper to run.

CHRISTINA. Matt, you promised the doctor you'd slow down. How many men never get a warning? How many race off to work on a Wednesday, the next day their wife has to call your paper to list their husband's name in the obituary?

MATT. Three days is not enough time.

CHRISTINA. Three days means three days. We agreed. I don't want to be stuck here by myself.

MATT. Why hasn't Joey called? You realize Sunday came and went.

CHRISTINA. Letting her stay was not a mistake.

MATT. She always calls Sunday. It's been ten days. Her internship was over two weeks ago. Why the hell's she still in Hawaii?

CHRISTINA. She's been cooped up in that hospital all year. Let her be twenty-five.

MATT. You want me to rest? Friday we're going to Hawaii.

CHRISTINA. Joey will be home next week.

MATT. If you talk with her today—

CHRISTINA. I'll have her call you at the paper *tomorrow*. Now go golf before you bump into Charles Cazalet and get more worked up. Why not invite the Monsignor to dinner tonight? Tillie's off and I'm taking us out.

MATT. There's a new Algerian restaurant in the Mission.

CHRISTINA. We already have a reservation. The host said we must try the crepes.

MATT. Crepes? That's all that's left of the French in Algeria. I'll be home by five. Tillie . . . Thank you for getting my clubs. Have a good night off.

(MATT exits.)

CHRISTINA. Sound a call for progressive political change, Matt races to the vanguard. Sound a call about his health—beat the drum, yell till you're blue—the man does nothing.

HILARY. I know how to sell the politics. But nobody can write the getting old. Time betrays everybody the same.

(HILARY enters with the rest of the paintings.)

HILARY. I must say I'm pleased we have a backup plan. Always have a backup because I truly can't imagine Mr. Cazale wanting to buy these Wiley paintings.

CHRISTINA. We must both encourage him to take them home for a trial.

HILARY. I say we sell soon as he shows a flicker of interest. Don't give him time to judge. He may regret these in the morning.

CHRISTINA. Our job's to make a marriage not arrange an affair.

HILARY. At worst he can give these to the MOMA. Write-off the divorce.

(CHRISTINA begins to leave.)

CHRISTINA. I'll be in my office till he arrives. Please no disturbances while I try to get this call through to São Paulo. Getting a sculptor to answer the phone is hell.

(CHRISTINA exits.)

HILARY. Tillie, could you—

TILLIE. I got a pie to look after.

(TILLIE exits. HILARY finishes setting up the paintings, then begins "improving" TILLIE's beach preparations. Suddenly the front door bursts open! JOANNA enters carrying travel bags.)

JOANNA. Tillie! Tillie . . .

HILARY. Why—Joey . . . Joey, darling, what a surprise!

JOANNA. Oh . . . Hilary . . .

HILARY. What are you doing home? Christina said you weren't back till next week.

JOANNA. Is my mother here? I thought she'd be at the gallery?