

GIBBS. I understand you have a room to rent.

*(Martha enters from kitchen. Puts "Lazy Susan" on sideboard, then gets to R. of table.)*

ABBY. Yes. Won't you step in?

GIBBS. *(Stepping into room.)* Are you the lady of the house?

ABBY. Yes, I'm Miss Brewster. And this is my sister, another Miss Brewster.

GIBBS. My name is Gibbs.

ABBY. *(Easing him to chair R. of table.)* Oh, won't you sit down? I'm sorry we were just setting the table for dinner.

MORTIMER. *(Into phone.)* Hello—let me talk to Al again. City desk. *(Loud.)* AL!! CITY DESK! WHAT? I'm sorry, wrong number. *(He hangs up and starts dialing again as Gibbs looks at him. Gibbs turns to Abby.)*

GIBBS. May I see the room?

MARTHA. *(D. L. of table.)* Why don't you sit down a minute and let's get acquainted.

GIBBS. That won't do much good if I don't like the room.

ABBY. Is Brooklyn your home?

GIBBS. Haven't got a home. Live in a hotel. Don't like it.

MORTIMER. *(Into phone.)* Hello. City desk.

MARTHA. Are your family Brooklyn people?

GIBBS. Haven't got any family.

ABBY. *(Another victim.)* All alone in the world?

GIBBS. Yep.

ABBY. Well, Martha—*(Martha goes happily to sideboard, gets bottle of wine from U. L. cupboard, and a wine glass, and sets them on table, U.S. end. Abby eases Gibbs into chair R. of table and continues speaking to him, then to above table.)* Well, you've come to just the right house. Do sit down.

MORTIMER. *(Into phone.)* Hello, Al? Mort. We got cut off. Al, I can't cover the play tonight—that's all there is to it, I can't!

MARTHA. *(L. of table.)* What church do you go to? There's an Episcopal church practically next door. *(Her gesture toward window brings her to window seat and she sits.)*

GIBBS. I'm Presbyterian. Used to be.

MORTIMER. *(Into phone.)* What's George doing in Bermuda? *(Rises and gets loud.)* Certainly I told him he could go to Bermuda—