

Mrs. Newsome told me to tell you as how we hope they'll both be very happy, Mrs. Webb. Know they *will*.

**MRS. WEBB.** (*calling after him*) Thank you, and thank Mrs. Newsome and we're counting on seeing you at the wedding.

**HOWIE NEWSOME.** Yes, Mrs. Webb. We hope to git there. Couldn't miss that. Come on, Bessie.

(**HOWIE NEWSOME** *exits*.)

(**MRS. WEBB** *takes two bottles to table above stove; returns for four more. MRS. GIBBS* *near stove stops to blow nose, on verge of tears.*)

(**DR. GIBBS** *descends in shirt sleeves, trying to be cheerful.*)

**DR. GIBBS.** Well, Ma, the day has come. You're losin' one of your chicks.

**MRS. GIBBS.** Frank Gibbs, don't you say another word. I feel like crying every minute. (*crosses to pour coffee at the table for him*) Sit down and drink your coffee.

(**MRS. WEBB** *peels and slices potatoes at table above stove.*)

**DR. GIBBS.** (*sits down at his breakfast table, tucks napkin into neck, puts sugar in coffee*) The groom's up shaving himself – only there ain't an awful lot to shave.

(**MRS. GIBBS** *sets pot on stove and crosses to cupboard for silver.*)

Whistling and singing, like he's glad to leave us. – Every now and then he says, "I do" to the mirror, but it don't sound convincing to me. (*blows coffee and drinks*)

**MRS. GIBBS.** (*crossing to table to set places for herself and Rebecca*) I declare, Frank, I don't know how he'll get along. I've arranged his clothes and seen to

it he's put warm things on – Frank! They're too young. Emily won't think of such things. He'll catch his death of cold within a week.

**DR. GIBBS.** I was remembering my wedding morning, Julia.

**MRS. GIBBS.** (*crossing to stove to turn French toast*) Now don't start that, Frank Gibbs.

**DR. GIBBS.** (*smiling*) I was the scariest young fella in the State of New Hampshire. I thought I'd make a mistake for sure.

(**MRS. GIBBS** crosses to the cupboard to pour milk.)

And when I saw you comin' down that aisle I thought you were the prettiest girl I'd ever seen, but the only trouble was that I'd never seen you before. There I was in the Congregational Church marryin' a total stranger.

(**MRS. WEBB** sets table from cupboard in three trips.)

**MRS. GIBBS.** (*crossing to table with milk for Rebecca*) And how do you think I felt! (*serves his toast*) – Frank, weddings are perfectly awful things. Farces, – that's what they are!

(*She puts a plate before him.*)

Here, I've made something for you.

**DR. GIBBS.** Why, Julia Hersey – French toast!

**MRS. GIBBS.** (*pleased*) 'Tain't hard to make and I had to do something. (*turns, suddenly serious, crosses to stove and serves self*)

(*Pause. DR. GIBBS pours on the syrup, round and round four times, then:*)

**DR. GIBBS.** How'd you sleep last night, Julia? (*eats*)

**MRS. GIBBS.** (*crossing to sit at table with own plate and coffee*) Well, I heard a lot of the hours struck off. (*takes sugar and cream*)