

HOWIE NEWSOME. Somebody sick?

DR. GIBBS. Pair of twins over to Mrs. Goruslawski's.

HOWIE NEWSOME. *(starting towards Mrs. Webb's trellis)*
Twins, eh? This town's gettin' bigger every year.

DR. GIBBS. Goin' to rain, Howie?

HOWIE NEWSOME. No, no. Fine day – that'll burn through.



(horse whinny off left)

Come on, Bessie. *(sets rack down, sets out two bottles in trellis)*

DR. GIBBS. Hello Bessie.

(He strokes the horse, which has remained center.)

How old is she, Howie?

HOWIE NEWSOME. *(takes rack, crosses towards MRS. GIBBS)*
Going on seventeen. Bessie's all mixed up about the route ever since the Lockharts stopped takin' their quart of milk every day.

(MRS. GIBBS, after glancing at HOWIE through window, crosses to trellis.)

HOWIE NEWSOME. She wants to leave 'em a quart just the same – keeps scolding me the hull trip.

(He reaches MRS. GIBBS' back door. She is waiting for him.)

MRS. GIBBS. *(opening the door, which she leaves open)* Good morning, Howie.

HOWIE NEWSOME. *(sets rack down and hands her two bottles)* Morning, Mrs. Gibbs. Doc's just comin' down the street.

MRS. GIBBS. Is he? Seems like you're late today.

HOWIE NEWSOME. Yes. Somep'n went wrong with the separator. Don't know what 'twas.

(He passes DR. GIBBS up center on his way offstage.)

Doc!