

(**MRS. WEBB** enters and crosses to **MR. WEBB**.)

MRS. WEBB. Charles, are you talking about that old incubator again? I thought you two'd be talking about things worth while.

MR. WEBB. (*bitingly*) Well, Myrtle, if you want to give the boy some good advice, I'll go upstairs and leave you alone with him.

MRS. WEBB. (*pulling GEORGE up and forcing him through the trellis*) George, Emily's got to come downstairs and eat her breakfast. She sends you her love but she doesn't want to lay eyes on you. Good-by.

GEORGE. Good-by.

(**GEORGE** crosses the stage to his own home, bewildered and crestfallen. He slowly dodges a puddle and disappears into his house. **MRS. WEBB** stands above the trellis, watching.)

MR. WEBB. Myrtle, I guess you don't know about that older superstition.

MRS. WEBB. What do you mean, Charles?

MR. WEBB. (*wagging his finger*) Since the cave men: no bridegroom should see his father-in-law on the day of the wedding, or near it.

(*exiting upstairs*)

Now remember that.

(**MRS. WEBB**, eyes following him in surprise, exits.)

STAGE MANAGER. (*entering*) Thank you very much, Mr. and Mrs. Webb. – Now I have to interrupt again here. You see, we want to know how all this began – this wedding, this plan to spend a lifetime together. I'm awfully interested in how big things like that begin. You know how it is: you're twenty-one or twenty-two and you make some decisions; then whisssh! you're seventy: you've been a lawyer for fifty years, and that white-haired lady at your