

DR. GIBBS. Howie!

MRS. GIBBS. *(taking milk to cupboard and calling upstairs)*
Children! Children! Time to get up.

HOWIE NEWSOME. Come on, Bessie!



(He goes off right.)

MRS. GIBBS. George! Rebecca!

(MRS. WEBB puts biscuits in oven, gets tablecloth, dishes, etc., from cupboard and lays table, making several trips.)

(DR. GIBBS arrives at his back door and passes through the trellis into his house.)

MRS. GIBBS. *(taking bread from the cupboard to the table)*
Everything all right, Frank?

DR. GIBBS. Yes. I declare – easy as kittens.



MRS. GIBBS. *(crossing to stove for coffee pot)* Bacon'll be ready in a minute. Set down and drink your coffee. *(crossing to pour coffee in his cup, then sets pot back on stove)* You can catch a couple hours' sleep this morning, can't you?



DR. GIBBS. *(crossing to the sink and washing his hands)*
Hm!...Mrs. Wentworth's coming at eleven. Guess I know what it's about, too. Her stummick ain't what it ought to be.



MRS. GIBBS. *(picks silverware out of a drawer)* All told, you won't get more'n three hours' sleep. Frank Gibbs, I don't know what's goin' to become of you. I do wish I could get you to go away someplace and take a rest. I think it would do you good.

MRS. WEBB. Emileeee! Time to get up! Wally! Seven o'clock!

MRS. GIBBS. *(crossing to set three places at the table)* I declare, you got to speak to George. Seems like something's come over him lately. He's no help to me at all. I can't even get him to cut me some wood.