

(*CHRISTY is alone, sitting on a stone fence, thinking, when GLORIA hurries in, waving a letter.*)

GLORIA. Christy! .. Christy, look!

CHRISTY. Gloria, would you stay in bed!

GLORIA. *Look!* It's a letter from Celia!

CHRISTY. Celia?

GLORIA. (*Sighs with disgust.*) My cousin from San Francisco. She was at the wedding. Don't you remember anything?

CHRISTY. I was nervous.

GLORIA. The pretty one. Blonde. She wore the teal dress with the spaghetti straps and the hideous blue pumps.

CHRISTY. With the glasses.

GLORIA. That was Annabell

CHRISTY. Oh.

GLORIA. God. Men are so stupid. Now listen. Celia and

Tim have been having problems.

CHRISTY. Tim?

GLORIA. Her husband! Dark. Tall. Long arms.

CHRISTY. Swings from trees.

GLORIA. You could see there was trouble brewing at the reception. He was eyeing everything in a skirt. It was disgusting. Well, Celia got pregnant right after that, God knows how, and she had the baby last week, a little girl, but now they're getting a divorce.

CHRISTY. Ooh, bad timing.

GLORIA. No, it's *perfect* timing. They're putting the baby up for adoption.

CHRISTY. Why?

GLORIA. Oh they both say they want their "freedom." Celia was always a pea-brain. If she didn't have that incredible figure she'd be totally useless.

CHRISTY. Oh, *Celia*.

GLORIA. Christy, I want the baby. I want to adopt her. Don't you see, it's perfect! She's a newborn. In perfect health. They're getting a divorce and they'll just hand her over to an agency or something. *It's perfect.*

CHRISTY. We'll have to think about this.

GLORIA. There isn't *time* to think about it! We'll lose our chance! If they give her to an agency, she'll be gone. Christy, I want to call them right now. And I want to go to San Francisco.

CHRISTY. Gloria! You're *not* even supposed to be out of bed!

GLORIA. I'm fine.

CHRISTY. No you're *not* fine. The doctor would have a fit.

GLORIA. I don't care! Christy, it's fate. It has to be. Please. *Please.*

CHRISTY. ...I guess I could go myself.

GLORIA. *No!* You'd be useless by yourself. Taking care of a baby?

CHRISTY. Hey, c'mon. How hard can it be? Every few hours you put a new diaper on her head. Right?

GLORIA. Christy, please. I don't want to be alone. Please, please, please. Let me go. I'll be fine.

CHRISTY. We'll send John.

GLORIA. *John?* Does he know *anything* about babies? Has he ever *seen* one?

CHRISTY. I don't know. But John can do anything.

GLORIA. What about Maud? We could send her.

CHRISTY. Oh, sure.

GLORIA. Why not?

CHRISTY. Maud? Dealing with all the...lawyers and the paperwork and the immigration? They'd end up in Tibet.

GLORIA. I'll bet she could do it.

CHRISTY. Never.

GLORIA. She could! Honestly!

CHRISTY. No! (*Pause.*) ... I suppose we could send them together.

GLORIA. John and Maud? To San Francisco?

CHRISTY. Yeah.

(Beat. Christy laughs wickedly.)

Oh I'd love to see that. They'd kill each other.

The problem is, they wouldn't do it.

GLORIA. Of course they would. For us?! They have to! We need them!

CHRISTY. John'll refuse.

GLORIA. No he won't!

CHRISTY. Gloria, I know him!

GLORIA. At least *talk* to him. All right, please? That can't hurt. And I'll talk to Maud. But it has to be *now*, Christy, before it's too late.