

GLORIA. Oh, Maud, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.
(*She kneels next to MAUD and hugs her.*) I don't
know what's wrong with me.

(*MAUD strokes her hair.*)

MAUD. You're getting married. And you're a
little frightened. It's perfectly natural. I'm sure I'd
feel exactly the same way. (*Beat*) Now I've got to
finish. (*She goes back to the dress.*) And I still
don't understand how you did this. It's ripped right
up the bodice. The only way that could happen is
if you tore it off as fast as you could, without even
thinking. Just ripped it off in a state of ...

(*She suddenly realizes how it must have
happened. She looks at GLORIA, and
GLORIA giggles. MAUD buries herself back
into her work*)

MAUD. ...I don't want to talk about it. I have
just lost interest in the entire conversation.

(*The lights cross-fade, so we now see JOHN and
CHRISTY in CHRISTY'S bedroom.*)

CHRISTY. Help me with the tie here.

JOHN. Aye ...

(*As he ties CHRISTY'S tie.*)

GLORIA. Oh Aunt Maud, I'm sorry - but I
couldn't help myself.

MAUD. Of course you could. To be
civilized is to be restrained. Find limits to your
behavior.

GLORIA. For you it is. Because you're so
much older than everybody else.

MAUD. It is called experience.

JOHN. (*Finishing the tie.*) There.

MAUD. (*Finishing the dress.*) There.

JOHN. Quite respectable. And don't tell
me *that's* too tight.

CHRISTY. John. You don't think I'm
making a mistake, do you?

JOHN. Dreadful mistake. But that's
marriage for you.

GLORIA. You don't want me to live alone
all my life, do you?

MAUD. Of course not. But that doesn't
mean handing out everything in advance.

CHRISTY. I mean Gloria. You do like her,
don't you?

JOHN. Do you like her?

CHRISTY. I don't think I can live without
her.

JOHN. Then you'd be a fool not to marry
her, wouldn't you.