

① TILLIE / CHRISTINA / HILARY / MATT

PP. 8-12

CHRISTINA. Hello Hilary.

HILARY. When were you last at the Cazalets'?

CHRISTINA. Not since Charles remarried and moved out to Napa. Old friends never survive new wives.

HILARY. I worked a charity there last month. You should see their new foyer. All Italian marble. The entire foyer . . . not a stone from Danby! This painting suits him.

(HILARY uncovers the painting, a contemporary pastoral landscape.)

CHRISTINA. Where's the new William T. Wiley?

HILARY. Mr. Cazalet loves the Renaissance. This won't be a shock.

CHRISTINA. Charles claims he's ready to join the twentieth century.

HILARY. We can't force three centuries down his throat at once. Here's a spoon.

CHRISTINA. Get the Wileys.

HILARY. I'll keep this handy in case he chokes.

(TILLIE enters from the kitchen.)

TILLIE. (To CHRISTINA:) When should lunch be served?

CHRISTINA. Shortly after Mr. Cazalet arrives.

HILARY. Good . . . We'll have him eat first. Show the paintings. Finish with dessert.

CHRISTINA. At the least Charles will learn to appreciate Tillie's blueberry pie.

HILARY. (To TILLIE:) Would love if you could write out the recipe for me. Give me all your little secrets.

(The phone rings.)

CHRISTINA. Hilary, hide that fuddy landscape and get out the new Wiley paintings.

(HILARY exits.)

TILLIE. (Answering:) Hello, Drayton residence . . . Hold on, Miss Hutten . . . (Looks to CHRISTINA, who shakes her head.) I'm sorry but Mr. Drayton's gone for the day . . . All I know is he shouldn't be bothered . . . I will. (Hangs up.)

CHRISTINA. (To TILLIE:) I appreciate all the extra fuss you've given our lunch meeting. You earned the night off.

TILLIE. Glad I won't be here. Don't want to be around tonight after Mr. Drayton gets whooped again by the Monsignor.

CHRISTINA. Matt started golfing to calm down.

TILLIE. Only time he's peaceful is sleeping.

CHRISTINA. Not even then. (Begins to exit.) I need to put out a call to Sao Paulo before it gets too late there.

(CHRISTINA exits to her office. TILLIE exits then re-enters to finish setting up for lunch. HILARY returns bobbling three easels.)

HILARY. Do you know Mr. Cazalet owns 75 percent of San Francisco? He has enough to buy the rest but that would be greedy. Think . . . Soon he'll be standing right here. It will be inspiring to be so near a great man.

TILLIE. If you want to be near greatness, go stand by Mr. Drayton's door. But don't bother him.

HILARY. Matt with the newspaper is quite impressive. But Mr. Cazalet has 23 on his house staff and I'm certain at least a dozen for the apartment in New York. Oh you don't know, Tillie, Charles Cazalet is one of the most charming, philanthropic—

TILLIE. This year Charles Stetson Cazalet III ranked one down from Rockefeller's grandson. Number 19 on Forbes List. He's rich. Big deal.

(A voice calls from offstage.)

MATT. (Offstage:) Tillie! Tillie, did you pick up that call? Tillie . . .

(MATT enters from upstairs.)

Who was on the phone?

TILLIE. Joey didn't call.

MATT. Was it the paper? What did they want?

TILLIE. Your clubs are waiting in your trunk. Now get going. Don't make the Monsignor wait. You make him wait, he'll get mad and play better.

MATT. Who called?

TILLIE. It wasn't Joey. Now get going. Leave that telephone alone. You don't need to pick up nothing in your hands today but them clubs.

MATT. You shouldn't be lifting my clubs.

TILLIE. If you don't get going, I'm gonna lift them out to the course and play with the Monsignor myself. The newspaper don't need you

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in the way today. Don't need you fiddling on the phone. They know how to put it together and get it printed up. You can look at the paper when it lands on the front porch tonight.

(MATT walks away from TILLIE.)

MATT. Afternoon, Hilary. I understand you have a very important guest coming for lunch.

HILARY. You should join us, Mr. Drayton. When were you last at the Cazalets'? I was at a charity there last month. Charles is a pillar.

MATT. Champion of humanity.

HILARY. He has aided scores of homeless and abused dogs.

MATT. If only he took so kindly to cats.

HILARY. Oh, Matt. It was a marvelous event. Marvelous music. Charles had one of the four Platters sing for us. Why don't you stay for lunch?

MATT. Can't stomach the sight of Chuck anymore.

TILLIE. Old friends never survive new wives.

HILARY. He's undergone quite a change since he remarried.

MATT. Men that rich never change. And when they start messing in politics . . . Chuck's doing serious damage supporting this war. Our country hasn't been this wrong since we stole Texas. I can't wait till time kicks Chuck, kicks all the war criminals in Washington to the wrong side of history.

HILARY. I'll give Mr. Cazalet your regards.

(HILARY exits. MATT picks up the telephone as TILLIE enters)

MATT. (Into the phone:) Operator, this is Pacific eight-o-o-two-o. Could you give me the switchboard to *The Guardian* please?

TILLIE. What's that in your hand?

MATT. Mr. Drayton for Edie Hutten.

(TILLIE exits to CHRISTINA's office.)

Edie? How's the layout look? . . . What about page three? Did Richard cram it with too many ads? . . . Remind Richard we're not publishing a magazine . . . Any calls—no, no, no—I'll deal with those tomorrow. Any important—has my daughter called? . . . You're certain Joey hasn't—

(CHRISTINA enters, TILLIE following.)

Never mind . . . No more business today. I'll see you tomorrow. (Turns away.) . . . Anything urgent, reach me at the club. Thanks, Edie.

(Hangs up. To CHRISTINA:)

I've worked a day and a half. Today only counts as a half day.

CHRISTINA. Two and a half days and it's Wednesday.

MATT. Yesterday was a board meeting.

CHRISTINA. Three days. We agreed three days a week.

MATT. This week might be four.

CHRISTINA. And last week was back up to six.

MATT. I have a newspaper to run.

CHRISTINA. Matt, you promised the doctor you'd slow down. How many men never get a warning? How many race off to work on a Wednesday, the next day their wife has to call your paper to list their husband's name in the obituary?

MATT. Three days is not enough time.

CHRISTINA. Three days means three days. We agreed. I don't want to be stuck here by myself.

MATT. Why hasn't Joey called? You realize Sunday came and went.

CHRISTINA. Letting her stay was not a mistake.

MATT. She always calls Sunday. It's been ten days. Her internship was over two weeks ago. Why the hell's she still in Hawaii?

CHRISTINA. She's been cooped up in that hospital all year. Let her be twenty-five.

MATT. You want me to rest? Friday we're going to Hawaii.

CHRISTINA. Joey will be home next week.

MATT. If you talk with her today—

CHRISTINA. I'll have her call you at the paper tomorrow. Now go golf before you bump into Charles Cazalet and get more worked up. Why not invite the Monsignor to dinner tonight? Tillie's off and I'm taking us out.

MATT. There's a new Algerian restaurant in the Mission.

CHRISTINA. We already have a reservation. The host said we must try the crepes.

MATT. Crepes? That's all that's left of the French in Algeria. I'll be home by five. Tillie . . . Thank you for getting my clubs. Have a good night off.

(MATT exits.)

CHRISTINA. Sound a call for progressive political change, Matt races to the vanguard. Sound a call about his health—beat the drum, yell till you're blue—the man does nothing.

TILLIE. He knows how to wrestle politics. But nobody can wrestle getting old. Time betrays everybody the same.

(HILARY enters with the rest of the paintings.)

HILARY. I must say I'm pleased we have a backup plan. Always have a backup because I truly can't imagine Mr. Cazalet wanting to buy these Wiley paintings.

CHRISTINA. We must both encourage him to take them home for a trial.

HILARY. I say we sell soon as he shows a flicker of interest. Don't give him time to judge. He may regret these in the morning.

CHRISTINA. Our job's to make a marriage not arrange an affair.

HILARY. At worst he can give these to the MOMA. Write-off the divorce.

(CHRISTINA begins to leave.)

CHRISTINA. I'll be in my office till he arrives. Please no disturbances while I try to get this call through to Sao Paulo. Getting a sculptor to answer the phone is hell.

(CHRISTINA exits.)

HILARY. Tillie, could you—

TILLIE. I got a pie to look after.

(TILLIE exits. HILARY finishes setting up the paintings then begins "improving" TILLIE's lunch preparations. Suddenly the front door bursts open! JOANNA enters carrying travel bags.)

JOANNA. Tillie! Tillie . . .

HILARY. Why—Joey . . . Joey, darling, what a surprise!

JOANNA. Oh . . . Hilary

HILARY. What are you doing home? Christina said you weren't back till next week.

JOANNA. Is my mother here? I thought she'd be at the gallery?

HILARY. Has something happened? Is anything wrong?

(JOHN enters carrying JOANNA's luggage.)

JOANNA. Mrs. St. George, may I introduce Dr. Prentice.

(Beat)

HILARY. So nice to meet you.

(JOHN reaches out his hand to shake hers.)

JOHN. Pleased to meet you, Mrs. St. George.

JOANNA. Mrs. St. George runs my mother's gallery

(TILLIE is heard from offstage as she enters.)

TILLIE. Been gone so long I don't recognize the girl's voice no more—

(TILLIE stops at the sight of JOHN while JOANNA wraps her in an embrace. She pulls out a fresh-flower lei and crowns TILLIE'S neck.)

JOANNA. Tillie! . . . I missed you so much. There's so much to tell you. So much has happened . . . Tillie, this is Dr. Prentice. John, Miss Matilda Binks.

JOHN. (Taking her hand:) I feel I already know you, Miss Binks. Very pleased to meet you. Joanna's been teaching me your songs but I'm afraid I can't sing. My singing scares people.

TILLIE. Your folks didn't know you were coming.

JOANNA. It will all make sense soon. Very soon. Where's Mom?

TILLIE. On the phone and she don't want nobody bothering her.

JOANNA. John flew his appetite here to taste your chicken fried steak and mashed potatoes. Could you please make that for dinner tonight?

TILLIE. I get this lunch on, I'm going home.

JOANNA. No . . . No, please Tillie . . . You can't. John has to fly to New York tonight and I want us to all have dinner here.

TILLIE. My pie's gonna burn.

(TILLIE exits. Beat.)

HILARY. Do you live in San Francisco, Doctor, or are you here for a visit?

JOHN. Just passing through.

(Beat.)