

SALLY

SALLY: Go away. Go away.

MATT: (*Sitting beside her.*) I didn't know. I thought you had had a child.

SALLY: I have had no child. There was no scandal. I was no longer of value to the merger.

MATT: It's okay. It's okay.

SALLY: Oh, stop. That's what I tell the boys. It's okay. Only they're dying of blood poisoning. Don't comfort me. I'm fine. Blast you. Let go.

MATT: I thought you had had a child by someone else. You're so crazy.

SALLY: I only wish I had.

MATT: This was a result of the TB?

SALLY: (*She looks at him for a long moment. Then finally, no longer crying.*) The infection descended into the fallopian tubes; it's not uncommon with women at all. And so there couldn't be an heir to the garment empire. (*Almost laughing.*) It was all such a great dance. Everyone came to the hospital. Everyone said it made no difference. By the time Harley graduated, the Campbells weren't speaking to the Talleys. By then Dad was looking at me like I was a broken swing. It was a very interesting perspective.

MATT: Did you think that your aunt had told me you couldn't have children and I was making up the story of my life just to tease you?

SALLY: Possibly.

MATT: (*To the sky.*) Eggs! Eggs! Eggs! We're so terrified. But we still hope. You take a beautiful dress to work — Did you tell the nurses I was coming to see you?

SALLY: No!

MATT: And look at me. For five years I have been wearing the same tie to work. It is a matter of principle with me not to wear a different tie. I buy a new tie to come and see Sally. You see how corruption of principle begins.

SALLY: I had nothing to do with that.

MATT: Is that a new dress, by the way? I don't know that dress.

SALLY: Yes. It's no big deal.

MATT: It is an enormous deal! It is the new New Deal! It is a

LOOKS

THAT

Big Deal!

SALLY: You didn't even say you liked it.

MATT: I like it, I love the dress. (*Pause.*) I was sitting up in St. Louis all this winter in a terrible quandary. It is not that I have been happy or not happy, but that I have not thought that I *could* be happy. (*Beat.*) But this winter I was terribly unhappy and I *knew* I was unhappy. I had fallen for a girl and could not give her the life she would surely expect, with a family, many children. (*Pause. Taking her hand.*) You know what has happened? Some mischievous angel has looked down and saw us living two hundred miles apart and said, You know what would be a kick in the head? Let's send Matt on a vacation to Lebanon.

SALLY: You believe in angels?

MATT: I do now, most definitely. Her name might be Lottie Talley, maybe. (*Pause.*) We missed your marching band.

SALLY: They'll play all evening.

MATT: (*Pause.*) So. We'll go up to the city tonight. Leave the car here —

SALLY: Oh, Matt, it's absurd to be talking like that; we're practically middle-aged.

MATT: So. We'll go up to the city tonight. Leave the car in town, take the midnight bus.

SALLY: (*Pause.*) I'll be up in a week or so.

MATT: (*Pause.*) I'll stay here at the hotel in Lebanon and wait.

SALLY: You have to work tomorrow.

MATT: So what?

SALLY: (*Pause.*) We'll go tonight. (*They kiss. The distant band strikes up a soft but lightly swinging rendition of "Lindy Lou."** *They laugh.*)

MATT: "Lindy Lou." (*Pause. They are sitting holding hands, peacefully relaxed. Matt looks around.*) You live in such a beautiful country. Such a beautiful countryside. Will you miss it?

SALLY: Yes.

MATT: Me too. Once a year we'll come back down, so we don't forget.

* See Special Note on Songs and Recordings on copyright page.