

COUNTESS PEGGY LUCY

PEGGY. Lucy, where's Mrs. Haines?

LUCY. Down waiting for the mail. You'll miss her a lot when she goes tomorrow?
(Peggy nods, sinks, dejected on sofa) Mrs. Haines is about the nicest ever came here.

PEGGY. I hate Reno.

LUCY. You didn't come for fun. (Goes on with her packing and singing.)

The grave'll decay you, an' change you to dust,

Ain't one boy outta twenty, a poor kin trust

PEGGY. You've seen lots of divorcees, haven't yoll, Lucy?

LUCY. Been cookin' for 'em for ten years.

PEGGY. You feel sorry for us?

LUCY. Well, ma'am, I don't. You feel plenty sorry enough for yourselves. (Xindly.) Lord, you ain't got much else to do.

PEGGY. (Resentfully.) You've never been married, Lucy.

LUCY. (Indignant.) I've had three

PEGGY. Husbands?

LUCY. Kids!

PEGGY. Oh, then you're probably very happy

LUCY. Lord, ma'am, I stopped thinking about being happy years-alone-before supper
(Enter Countess de Lage, L. She wears a gaudily checked riding habit, carries an enormous new sombrero and a jug of corn liquor.)

COUNTESS. Ah, Peggy, how are you, dear child?

PEGGY. All right, Countess de Lage.

COUNTESS. I've been galloping madly over the desert all day. Lucy, here's a wee juggle. We must celebrate Mrs. Haines' divorce.

PEGGY. Oh, Countess de Lage, I don't think a divorce is any. thing to celebrate.

COUNTESS. Wait till you've lost as many husbands as I have, Pepsy. (wstfully.)
Married, divorced, married, divorced! But where Love leads I always follow. So here I am, in Reno.

PEGGY. Oh, I wish I were anywhere else on earth.

COUNTESS, My dear, you've got the Reno jumpy-wumpies, Did you go to the doctor? What did he say?

PEGGY. He said it was the altitude.

COUNTESS. Well, la, la, you'll get used to that. My third husband, Gustav, was a ski instructor. If one lives in Switzerland, Persy, one has simply got to accept the Alps. As I used to say to myself, Flora, there those damn Alps are, and there's very little even you can do about it.

PEGGY. Yes, Countess de Lage. (Exits, hurriedly, L)

COUNTESS. Oh, I wish she hadn't brought up the Alps, Lucy. It always reminds me of that nasty moment I had the day Gustav made me climb to the top of one of them. (Sits in armchair) Lucy, pull off my boots. (Lucy kneels, tugs at her boots.) Any lw, there we were. And suddenly it struck me that Gustav und pushed me. (Tragically.) I slid halfway down the mountain before I realized that Gustav didn't love me anymore. (Gaily.) But Love takes care of its own, Lucy. I slid right into the arms of my fourth husband, the Count.

LUCY. (Rises, with boots.) Ain't that the one you're divorcing now

COUNTESS. But of course, Lucy. (Plaintively) What could I do when I found out he was putting arsenie in my Bromo Seltzer! L'amour ! L'amour ! Lucy, were you ever in love?

LUCY. Yes, ma'am.

COUNTESS. Tell me about it, Lucy.