

**MISS TRIMMERBACK MISS WATTS**

**MISS TRIMMERBACK** Gee, don't you feel sorry for Mrs. Haines?

**MISS WATTS.** (Bitterly) I don't feel sorry for any woman who thinks the world owes her breakfast in bed.

**MISS TRIMMERBACK.** You don't like her.

**MISS WATTS.** Oh, she never interfered at the office.

**MISS TRIMMERBACK.** Maybe that's why he's been a success.

**MISS WATTS.** He'd have gotten further without her. Everything big that came up, he was too cautious, because of her and the kids. (Opens briefcase, takes out papers and pen, arranges papers, for signing, on table) Well, thank heavens it's almost over. He and I can go back to work. (Sits.)

**MISS TRIMMERBACK.** What about Allen? **MISS WATTS.** (Guardedly.) What about her?

**MISS TRIMMERBACK.** Is he going to marry her? **MISS WATTS.** I don't butt into his private affairs, Oh, 1 hold brief for Allen. But I must say knowing her gave him a new interest in his work. Before her, he was certainly going stale. That had me worried.

**MISS TRIMMERBACK.** (Sinking on sofa.) Well, she's lucky, I'll say.

**MISS WATTS.** Oh?

**MISS TRIMMERBACK.** I wish I could get a man to foot my bills. I'm sick and tired cooking my own breakfast, sloshing through the rain at 8 AM, working like a dog. For what? Independence? A lot of independence you have on a woman's wages. I'd chuck it like that for a decent, or an indecent, home.

**MISS WATTS.** I'm sure you would

**MISS TRIMMERBACK.** Wouldn't you? **MISS WATTS.** I have a home.

**MISS TRIMMERBACK.** You mean Plattsburg, where you were born?

**MISS WATTS.** The office. That's my home.

**MISS TRIMMERBACK.** Some home! I see. The office-wife?

**MISS WATTS** (Defiantly.) He could get along better without Mrs. Haines or Allen than he could without me.

**MISS TRIMMERBACK.** Oh, you're very efficient, dear. But what makes you think you're indispensable? **MISS WATTS.** I relieve him of a thousand foolish details. I re. mind him of things he forgets, including, very often these days, his good opinion of himself. I never cry and I don't nag, I guess I am the office-wife. And a lot better off than Mrs. Haines. He'll never divorce me!

**MISS TRIMMERBACK.** (Astonished.) Why, you're in love with him! (Both rise, face each other angrily.)

**MISS WATTS.** What if I am ? I'd rather work for him than marry the kind of a dumb cluck I could get - Almost fearful) just be cause he's a man (Enter Mary, L.)

**MARY.** Yes, Miss Watts.

**MISS WATTS** (Collecting bersell quickly.) Here are the inventories of the furniture, Mrs. Haines. I had the golf cups, the books, etchings, and the ash stands sent to Mr. Haines' club. (Pauses.) Mr. Haines asked if he could also have the portrait of the two children.

**MARY.** (Looking at blank space over mantel.) Oh, but----