

(The scene opens on a woman sitting at a kitchen table in 1940s style clothing. EMILY is seen crouched over a letter, very concerned.)

EMILY

James? James?!

(JAMES enters hurriedly into the kitchen.)

JAMES

Emily?! Is everything alright?!

EMILY

Did you send my mother the package last Tuesday, like I asked?

JAMES

Oh, darling! I am sorry, but I didn't.

EMILY

James! My mother just sent a letter praising my brother for sending her a package on time this year! I needed this year to go perfectly!

JAMES

I know, but we are going to visit her in a few weeks regardless, so can't it wait?

EMILY

(Walking to put away mail)

I suppose...

JAMES

Please don't frown.

(Holds EMILY's stomach in his hands)

Are you feeling better today?

EMILY

Better than yesterday. Did you get any time off work?

JAMES

Mr. Miller said I could take the whole week, considering.

(Pulls EMILY into his embrace)

I want you to be comfortable all day.

EMILY

Just stay by my side.

(They embrace in the silence)

James, I started cleaning the attic this morning and started having some pains, so could you finish that up?

JAMES

Darling! The doctor said you shouldn't be moving around too much! He said you could do some simple cooking and cleaning, but you aren't supposed to be straining yourself.

EMILY

Oh, I just wanted to do something. I couldn't just sit in bed and feel sorry for myself.

JAMES

But darling, that is exactly what you need.

EMILY

Don't tell me what I need.

JAMES

Darling, don't be cross with me.

(Pulls EMILY into his arms)

I am just worried for you. I am afraid you don't realize the severity of what has happened.

(EMILY, disgusted, pulls away from JAMES)

Oh, no! Emily, I didn't mean it like that. You just need to understand your health is important.

EMILY

I know it is! But I can't feel helpless! It isn't fair!

JAMES

Darling. I love you and I am sorry.

EMILY

(Taking a deep breath)

I am sorry, love. I shouldn't be angry with you. None of this is your fault.

JAMES

Do you want to rest?

EMILY

I will after lunch. James?

JAMES

Yes?

EMILY

I love you.

(JAMES and EMILY kiss as the pot begins boiling over. EMILY hurriedly rushes to the stove, turns the heat down and stirs. JAMES moves towards a wicker mail basket and retrieves a newspaper.)

JAMES

Lord, help us.

EMILY

What's the matter?

JAMES

They are still going on about these drafts. Listen to this. "Each day, more brave American men are called to leave behind their families and protect our Great Nation of the United States of America." I can hardly believe we are taking part in this awful war, much less sending our own men into it.

EMILY

Are they actually sending civilians into that?

JAMES

Absolutely. Henry got his drafting letter this past Thursday.

EMILY

Oh, my. I should go check on Carla sometime soon. She's only just found out she was pregnant again.

JAMES

Make sure to send my best wishes to her and little Sullivan, when you go.

(Shuts newspaper)

War, death, and baseball, nothing new.

(Beat)

You look beautiful, you know that?

EMILY

(Giggling)

You are the same as the day I met you. Maybe later today we could tend to the garden and farm animals.

JAMES

Well, possibly, but I don't think you should be doing too much work.

EMILY

Oh, well, it's nothing we need to worry about now.

JAMES

Oh, Emily. That smells heavenly. What are you cooking up?

EMILY

Your mother's chicken stew.

JAMES

You learned the recipe?!

EMILY

I thought I would surprise you.

JAMES

Oh, this is lovely. I haven't had this in years.

EMILY

Well, I found the recipe in the attic with photographs and old letters. Oh, before I forget, some of the bulbs have gone out, so we need to replace those.

JAMES

(Playful and giddy)

My little light needs little lights for her attic.

EMILY

Around three Edison's will do. Can you promise me this?

JAMES

I promise the world to you!

EMILY

(Giggling)

You must be sickly. Are you feeling well, James?

JAMES

Never better, my sunshine!

(Pulls EMILY into a gentle dance, singing)

*You are my sunshine, my only sunshine, you make me happy when skies are grey, you'll never know dear-*

EMILY

(Singing)

*-how much I love you, please don't take my sunshine away.*

(Spoken)

Dinner will burn if I don't stir.

JAMES

Oh, you sing so beautifully. I think I should give you a little gift.

EMILY

And what is this gift?

(JAMES pulls EMILY in for a long, deep kiss.)

EMILY

(Laughing)

James, you stop this now and get started on the table.

JAMES

Anything for you, my doll.

(JAMES goes to set the table and EMILY returns to her stew.)

EMILY

James, you don't suppose that everyone will get drafted, do you?

JAMES

I suppose there might come a time for it, yes.

EMILY

Do you believe you might be?

JAMES

It's possible, but don't fret, doll.

EMILY

I just can't think of being without you right now.

JAMES

Come fill these bowls, and let's eat. Everything will be fine.

EMILY

Alright.

(EMILY serves dinner and they sit to eat. JAMES attempts to hold EMILY's hand, repetitively.)

EMILY

(Laughing)

Must you continue to try to hold my hand?

JAMES

You aren't using the hand right now. Can't I hold onto my dear wife while we eat?

EMILY

I find it rather distracting. Can't it wait? We will have time for that after we eat.

JAMES

I suppose...

(Lights fade on the silent dinner scene.)