

FROGGY. Don't call me sir. I ain't no bloody officer. *(David laughs. Froggy is gone. David turns back to find, in the other entryway, the formidable little figure of Catherine Simms. Her crossed arms, and the basilisk glare from her pretty face, tell us that David has stayed too long at the fair.)*

DAVID. Hi, honey! *(No answer—only that look.)* Honey? What's wrong? *(Charlie, thinking perhaps to excuse himself, starts to get up.)*

CATHERINE. I'm pregnant. *(Charlie freezes in mid-rise.)* You're not so sterile after all. Idn' that good news, Honey? *(Charlie quickly sits again, trying his best to look like a doily.)*

DAVID. *(After a long silence.)* Oh.

CATHERINE. *(With an exasperated sigh, looking away from him.)* Yeah.

DAVID. Oh, well, honey— if you really are— . *(She turns away as he goes to her . )* Now, come here, now— .

CATHERINE. No.

DAVID. Come here. *(She allows herself to be held.)* If you really are— what then, do you think?

CATHERINE. I don't know. Then I guess I go up to Atlanta, and find somebody who can— .

DAVID. Honey. No.

CATHERINE. What do you mean, no?

DAVID. Honey, don't even—.

CATHERINE. This is me we're talkin' about. You think I'm gonna walk down that aisle all ballooned up as big as a house in front of all my people? No, sir. No, I am not. Noo. DAVID. Honey, no. Listen— we'll get married right away, then. We don't have to wait till November. We'll do it now.

CATHERINE. I don't want to do it now! It's planned for November. Oh, David. How did this happen?

DAVID. It's a miracle, that's what it is. That's what I think it is. Can't you see it that way? I think it must've been supposed to happen.

CATHERINE. Yeah, well, I didn't suppose it to happen. You didn't suppose it to happen. You told me you could never have any— .

DAVID. I know.

CATHERINE. So who supposed it to happen? The good Lord, I suppose?

DAVID. I think so. Yes.

CATHERINE. Yeah, well, that's fine for Him. He's not the one that's gonna have to— . *(She stops short of complete blasphemy.)*

DAVID. Oh, honey, I know how you feel.

CATHERINE. No, you don't.

DAVID. Yes, I do. You feel trapped, and wronged, and not — ready, and I don't blame you. But, honey—I love you. And now it looks like we're meant to have a family. I say let's celebrate. I say let's just do it. (*A long pause.*)

CATHERINE. You really want to?

DAVID. Yes. (*They are embracing now — Catherine facing Charlie's chair.*)

CATHERINE. Can I ask you something?

DAVID. Anything you want.

CATHERINE. (*See Charlie.*) Who the hell are you?

DAVID. What?

CATHERINE. (*Turning David around.*) Look!

DAVID. Oh!

CATHERINE. I mean, would you look at that? Would you take a look at the nerve of that? (*To Charlie.*) You were just sit-tin' there this whole time?

DAVID. Now, honey, I'm sure — .

CATHERINE. I don't *believe* it!

BETTY. (*Entering.*) What's goin' on in here?

CATHERINE. I can't get over it! We're in here havin' this *real* personal conversation. Then we turn around, what do we see? This *man* sittin' here. Just sittin' here listenin' to every word we *said*.

BETTY. Miz Catherine—.

CATHERINE. I can't get over it! I never heard of anything so *rude*! When I think what we were talkin' about, I— .

BETTY. Miz—.

CATHERINE. I could just *die*!

BETTY. He didn't hear ye, Miz Catherine.

CATHERINE. He was sittin' right here the whole— .

BETTY. *Shh*, now? He don't speak no English.

CATHERINE. What?

BETTY. No. Nary a word. So you can just simmer down.

CATHERINE. He doesn't speak English?

BETTY. No. Well, he can say, "Thank you," but he jest learned that tonight.

CATHERINE. Who is he?

BETTY. He's a foreign fella, name's Charlie. (*To Charlie, patting him on the shoulder and shouting in his face.*) *Don't you worry none, Charlie! Everything's gonna be fine! (For Charlie, it is surely the*