

VINEY. (*Presently*). What am I gone do, Miss Kate? It's noontime, dinner's comin', I didn't get them breakfast dishes out of there yet.

(KATE says nothing, stares at the house. MARTHA shifts HELEN'S doll in her clutch, and it plaintively says *momma*.)

KATE. (*Presently*.) You run along, Martha.

AUNT EV. (*She blows her nose. Then, wretchedly.*) I can't wait out here a minute longer, Kate, why, this could go on all afternoon, too.

KATE. I'll tell the Captain you called.

VINEY. (*To the CHILDREN.*) You hear what Miss Kate say? Never you mind what's going on here. (*Still no one moves.*) You run along tend your own bizness. (*Finally VINEY turns on the CHILDREN with the feather duster.*) Shoo!

(*The two CHILDREN divide before her. She chases them off. AUNT EV comes to KATE, on her dignity.*)

AUNT EV. Say what you like, Kate, but that child is a Keller. (*She opens her parasol, preparatory to leaving.*) I needn't remind you that all the Kellers are cousins to General Robert E. Lee. I don't know *who* that girl is. (*She waits; but KATE staring at the house is without response.*) The only Sullivan I've heard of—from Boston too, and I'd think twice before locking her up with that kind—is that man John L.

(*And AUNT EV departs, with head high. Presently VINEY comes to KATE, her arms out for the baby.*)

VINEY. You give me her, Miss Kate, I'll sneak her in back, to her crib.

(*But KATE is moveless, until VINEY starts to take the baby; KATE looks down at her before relinquishing her.*)

KATE. (*Slowly.*) This child never gives me a minute's worry.

VINEY. Oh yes, this one's the angel of the family, no question bout *that*.

(*She begins off rear with the baby, heading around the house; and KATE now turns her back on it, her hand to her eyes. At this moment there is the slamming of a door, and when KATE wheels, HELEN is blun-*