

**Mr. Cornish/Lulu**

C: Why, Miss Lulu, you're quite a musician.

L: Oh, no. I've never played in front of anybody. I don't know what Ina and Dwight would say if they heard me.

C: What a pretty dress that is, Miss Lulu!

L: I made this from one of Ina's old ones since she's been gone. I don't know what Ina and Dwight are going to say about this dress, made like this, when they get home.

C: When are they coming back?

L: Any time now. They've been gone most a week. Do you know I never had but one compliment before that wasn't for my cooking.

C: You haven't!

L: He told me I done up my hair nice. That was after I took notice how the ladies in Savannah, Georgia, done up theirs.

C: I guess you can do most anything you set your hand to, Miss Lulu: Look after Miss Di and sing and play and cook-

L: Yes, cook. But I can't earn anything. I'd like to earn something.

C: You would! Why, you have it fine here, I thought.

L: Oh, fine, yes. Dwight gives me what I have. And I do their work.

C: I see. I never thought of that... *(Pause)*

L: You're wondering why I didn't stay with *him!*

C: Oh, no.

L: Yes you are! The whole town's wondering. They're all talking about me.

C: Well, Miss Lulu, you know it makes no difference to your friends what people say.

L: But they don't know the truth. You see, he had another wife.

C: Lord sakes!

L: Dwight think it isn't true. He thinks- he didn't have another wife... You see, Dwight thinks he didn't want me.

C: But- your husband- I mean, why doesn't he write to Mr. Deacon and tell him the truth-

L: He has written. The letter's in there on the piano.

C: What'd he say?

L: Dwight doesn't like me to touch his mail. I'll have to wait till he comes back.

C: Lord sakes!... You-you-you're too nice a girl to get a deal like this. Darned if you aren't.

L: Oh, no.

C: Yes you are, too! And there ain't a thing I can do.

L: It's a good deal to have somebody to talk to...

C: Sure it is.