

Always in a hurry. We can't go kiting off this morning, and all this stuff to pack. I'll make breakfast, first off.

JOE MANN:

Cut out the cats.

MINA:

That shows you're a woman.

(Alpha and Beta are coming downstairs. Joe fears they have heard.)

JOE MANN:

Mina! I'd have to bang your head to make your remember—

ALPHA, *frightened*:

They're having a fight.

BETA, *crouching in fear*:

I guess she's a man. Like paw on the flight. Come back upstairs.

JOE MANN:

Come right down and hustle— Tear up an old red skirt, that one there on the mixless mixer, while I finish dressing. I'll put up the red flag. It won't take long to auction off—

MINA:

No one'd ever think you a man or—

JOE MANN:

Mina!

Or o woman— What if you had to lose three weeks sleep with a dozen children all sick with measles, and—

JOE MANN, *reflectively*:

No doubt my mind would be even more fossilized than yours. But never mind, you will soon be in the land of milk and honey and high cost of living.

GAMMA *comes downstairs singing*:

I'm so happy. (She dances around).

JOE MANN:

You'll be happier when you taste Lucinda's cooking. She has lived with F. I. F's, and her cooking—

MINA:

F. I. F's?

JOE MANN:

First Irish Families, of course.

BETA, *who is always awed*:

My, what'll we say?

MINA:

What do we usually say when we're introduced?

JOE MANN *groans*:

Gad, that old-fashioned formula. I see myself with another breach of promise case on my hands at the start. Give me that flag. (Exit Joe with red flag. Re-enter Joe). Can you get traveling suits in this town?

MINA:

Yes.

JOE MANN, *counting money*:

Here's six hundred dollars. (Touching widow's weeds) And leave off that first aid to a fish hook.

MINA and GIRLS *gasp*:

S-i-x h-u-n-d-r-e-d d-o-l-l-a-r-s.

JOE MANN:

Get pretty hats. Something, say, for about \$40 a piece.

GAMMA:

There's nothing in Turtle Tracks worth mor'n \$2.98 cents.

BETA:

But if they see the American money; they'll ask as much as \$90.

JOE MANN:

For the \$2.98 hats?

BETA:

Sure.