

[Family Album USA \(about 38,738 Words\)](#)

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**Family Album USA**

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EPISODE1 46 Linden Street

Act1.

Richard: Excuse me. My name is **Richard Stewart**. I'm a **photographer**. May I take a picture of your little boy?

Mrs. Vann: What's it for?

Richard: It's for a book.

Mrs. Vann: You're writing a book?

Richard: It's a book of pictures. I call it Family **Album**, U.S.A.

Mrs. Vann: Oh, that's a nice idea. Well, it's fine if you take our picture. I'm **Martha Vann**.

Richard: Thank you. I **appreciate** your help. I'm Richard. What's your name?

Gerald: Gerald.

Richard: How old are you, Gerald?

Gerald: Five.

Richard: And where do you live?

Mrs.Vann: We live in California.

Richard: Well, welcome to New York.OK, just a second. I'm almost ready here.

Alexadra: Can I help you?

Richard: Oh, please.Hold Gerald's hand, please.Great! Now point to the buildings.Terrific! Give Mommy a kiss, Gerald. Nice! Thank you, Gerald. And thank you,Mrs Vann.

Mrs.Vann: Oh, my pleasure.We'll be looking for your book.

Richard: Thank you. Good-bye. Bye, Gerald.Thanks again.

Alexandra: Oh, you're welcome.

Richard: Hey, let me take your picture!

Alexandra: Wonderful.Please.

Richard: Are you from New York?

Alexandra: No, I'm from Greece. I'm an exchange student.

Richard: When did you come here?

Alexandra: Three months ago.

Richard: Your English is very good.

Alexandra: Thanks. I studied English in school.

Richard: Would you like some coffee?

Alexandra: No, thank you. Tell me about your book.

Richard: Oh, it's not finished yet, but I have some of the pictures. Would you like to see them?

Alexandra: Yes, I'd like that.

Richard: Here they are. Family Album, U.S.A. It's an album of pictures of the United States:the cities, the special places, and the people. And these are pictures of people working:steelworkers, bankers, police, street vendors, ambulance drivers, doctors...Oh, this is my father. He's a doctor. This is my mother.

Alexandra: What's her name?

Richard: Ellen. My younger brother, Robbie. He goes to high school. This is my sister Susan. She works for a toy company.Here's my grandfather. He lives in Florida. And this is my wife Marilyn.

Alexandra: Oh, she's very pretty.

Richard: Thanks.And what about your family?

Alexandra: They're in Thessaloniki. That's a large city in northern Greece. But now I'm living in the Bronx.

Richard: With a Greek-American family?

Alexandra: No. Hispanic.

Richard: Oh no! It's thirty.Will you excuse me? I have to meet my wife.

Alexandra: It was nice meeting you.

Richard: It was a pleasure meeting you, too.Thanks for your help.And good luck! I've got to go. By the way. I'm Richard. What's your name?

Alexandra: Alexandra.

Richard: Bye-bye, Alexandra.Thanks.

Alexandra: Bye-bye. Richard! Richard! You left your bag.

Act2.

Alexandra: Excuse me, officer.Can you help me?

Policeman: Sure.

Alexandra: Can you tell me how to get to Linden Street, in Riverdale?

Policeman: "Richard Stewart, 46 Linden Street, Riverdale, New York." You should take the number 1 subway.

Alexandra: Is there a station near here?

Policeman: Yes. The station's that way. You should take the number 1 train to Van Cortlandt Park.

Alexandra: Number 1 train to Van Cortlandt park. Thank you.

Policeman: Anytime. Good luck. Remember, ther number 1 train. The uptown platform.

Alexandra: Thank you.

Policeman: You're welcome.

Customer: Is this pink too bright for me?

Marilyn: Mmm-hmm. It is a very bright pink. Try this. It's size eight.

Customer: But I wear size ten.

Marilyn: How about green? It's size ten.

Customer: Let me try it on.

Customer: I'm taking too much of your time.

Marilyn: It's six O'clock. Where's my husband? I was expecting him here at five forty-five.

Customer. Don't worry. The we're going to be late for dinner.

Marilyn: I know. But we're going to be late for dinner.

Customer: I'll take this green sweater. I like the color on me, don't you?

Marilyn: I think it looks terrific on you.

Richard: I'm sorry I'm so late. I had a really bad day.

Marilyn: It's ten after six. We're late. Robbie's cooking tonight,and dinner's at six thirty.

Richard: I know. I know.I'm really sorry. I left my bag of film on the ferry. I went back for it , but the ferry was gone. I lost a whole day's work.

Marilyn: I'll call the Staten Island Ferry lost-and-found office.

Richard: I didn't think of that. Thanks.

Marilyn: Hello, Yes. The number, please, of the Staten Island Ferry lost-and-found office. Five five five...zero eight zero eight. Thank you.

Richard: I really appreciate it, Marilyn.

Marilyn: Hello. Did anyone find a camera bag this afternoon, a small canvas bag, on the J.F.Kennedy Ferry?...No? Maybe someone will find it. The name is Stewart, Richard Stewart. And the telephone number is five five five...three oh nine oh. Thank you.Sorry, Richard. They don't have it.

Richard: Thanks,anyway. There was a girl on the ferry. Now maybe...

Marilyn: Tell me about it on the way home.

Act3

Philip: And give her a teaspoon of the medicine after every meal.Don't worry. She'll

be fine. You're welcome. Good-bye.

Ellen: How are you?

Philip: I'm tired and hungry.

Ellen: Well, Marilyn and Richard called. They'll be here soon, and then we'll eat.

Philip: All right. Is...is Susan coming?

Ellen: Well, she'll be here later. She has to work late tonight.

Philip: And what's Robbie cooking for dinner?

Ellen: It's a surprise.

Philip: I hope its pasta.

Philip: Robbie, the dinner was terrific.

Susan: Yes, it was delicious.

Marilyn: What's for dessert?

Robbie: Oh, I forgot dessert.

Philip: Robbie!

Ellen: Don't worry. We've got lots of ice cream.

Richard: Oh, I'd love some ice cream.

Ellen: Well, there's chocolate and coffee and a little vanilla.

Robbie: I'll have vanilla. Is that all right with everyone?

Philip: I'll have chocolate.

Marilyn: Me, too.

Richard: Uh, one scoop of coffee and one scoop of chocolate for me.

Ellen: Robbie, will you help me serve?

Richard: I keep thinking about that bag of film. Eight rolls. a whole day's work. And good stuff, too.

Ellen: I'll get it. Hello.

Alexandra: Hello. Does Richard Stewart live here?

Robbie: Yes, he's my brother. I'm Robbie...Robbie Stewart.

Alexandra: I'm Alexandra Pappas. How do you do? Your brother left his bag of film on the ferryboat. I found it.

Robbie: I'm really glad to see you. I mean...my brother'll be really glad to see you!

Ellen: Robbie! Who is it?

Robbie: It's Richard's film! I mean, Alexandra Pappas. Come in, please.

Richard: Alexandra!

Alexandra: Hello, Richard. I found your bag!

Richard: Oh, thank you! Thank you! Um...Alexandra, let me introduce you. This is my wife Marilyn.

Alexandra: Richard showed me your photo. How do you do?

Marilyn: Oh yes. Richard told us all about you. It's nice to meet you.

Richard: And this is my mother, Ellen Stewart.

Alexandra: How do you do?

Richard: And my father, Dr. Philip Stewart.

Philip: Nice to meet you, Alexandra.

Richard: And...ah...you met Robbie

Alexandra: Yes. And you must be Susan. Hi.

Susan: Hi.Welcome.

Richard: I'm so glad you found the bag and took the time and trouble to return it.

Alexandra: Oh,it was no trouble. I just took the wrong train.

Ellen: Would you like something to eat?

Alexandra: Thank you, no.I'm late for dinner at my house. I really have to go.

Richard: Would you like to call home?

Alexandra: I'd appreciate that.

Ellen: Please,use the phone.

Alexandra: Thanks. Excuse me.

Richard: Alexandra's a high-school exchange student from Greece.

Robbie: Where does she live?

Richard: With a family in the Bronx.

Robbie: Oh, that's not too far from here!

Richard: Take it easy, Robbie.

Alexandra: Thank you. I can only stay a few minutes.

Ellen: Have some iced tea.

Alexandra: Thanks, Mrs. Stewart.

Robbie: Please sit down, Alexandra.

Philip: So, you're an exchange student. Where do you go to school?

Alexandra: At the Bronx High School of Science.

Philip: Oh, that's a very good school. What are your favorite subjects?

Alexandra: Biology and mathematics. Richard tells me you're a doctor.

Philip: Yes, a pediatrician.And what does your father do?

Alexandra: He's a lawyer, in Thessaloniki.

Robbie: Would you like some pasta? I made it myself. It might be a little cold.

Alexandra: Thanks, no. I do have to go. It was nice meeting you all.

Marilyn: Well, maybe you'll come for lunch some Sunday, so we can really thank you for bringing Richard's bag back.

Alexandra: Maybe.

Ellen: You're welcome anytime.

Philip: Good-bye.

Richard: Can I drive you home?

Alexandra: No,thanks. The train is just up the street. It won't take me long at all.

Richard: Well, you really saved the day for me, Alexandra.

Alexandra: Bye.

Richard: Bye-bye.

Ellen: Good night.

Philip: She's a smart young lady, and very nice.

Robbie: Very! Hey, she forgot her bag!

Ellen: I guess we'll be seeing Alexandra again, Right, Robbie?

EPISODE 2 The Blind Date

Act 1.

Harry: Excue me. Can you help me?

Vendor: Sure, what do you want?

Harry: Where is 83 Wooster Street?

Vendor: That's easy. Walk to the corner. Then make a left turn. Then walk two blocks to the traffic light. Make another left to Wooster.

Harry: Thank you. To the corner and then a left?

Vendor: Yeah. A left. Hot dog? Only seventy-five cents.

Harry: No. Thank you. I have a dinner date.

Harry: 555-9470...and it's busy.... Try again. 555-9470...and it's still busy. Excuse me, ma'am. I'm looking for 83 Wooster Street.

Woman: Yes. Wooster Street is two blocks, and 83 is to the right about two houses.

Harry: Thank you, thank you!

Woman: You're welcome.

Susan: Who is it?

Harry: Harry Bennett. Is this Susan?

Susan: Yes, it is. Come up. I'm on the top floor.

Harry: Nice to meet you, Susan. Sorry I'm late. The traffic. The parking. I was lost.

Susan: What pretty flowers! Thank you. Oh, please come in. Don't worry about being late. It's fine. Excuse the mess. I just moved here. Oh, I'd like you to meet my sister-in-law Marilyn. Marilyn Stewart, this is Harry Bennett.

Harry: Pleased to meet you.

Marilyn: Nice to meet you, Harry.

Harry: Are we too late for our dinner reservation?

Susan: No, the restaurant will hold our table. I know the owner very well. I eat there a lot.

Harry: Do you know the phone number of the restaurant? I'd like to call home and leave the number with the baby-sitter.

Susan: Sure. The number is... five five five... seventeen twenty.

Harry: May I use the Phone? Five five five...one seven two oh, Hello? Hi, Michelle.

It's Daddy. Can I speak to Betty? I want to leave the phone number of the restaurant.... Hi, Betty. I'll be at five five five...seventeen twenty. OK. Thanks. See you later. Well, that's done. Shall we go?

Susan: I'm ready. See you later, Marilyn.

Marilyn: Have a nice evening.

Harry: Bye, Marilyn. Hope to see you again.

Marilyn: Me, too. Have fun!

Susan: Thanks.

Harry: After you.

Act 2.

Somsak: Ah! Miss Stewart! Welcome! How are you?

Susan: Five, Somsak. And you?

Somsak: Fine, thank you.

Somsak: This is my friend Harry Bennett.

Harry: Pleased to meet you.

Somsak: Very nice to meet you. Any friend of Miss Stewart's is welcome at Somsak's. Follow me, please.

Harry: I like it here.

Susan: I do, too. I come here often.

Somsak: A special place for special people.

Susan: Thank you, Somsak.

Harry: Well! Nice restaurant.

Somsak: Would you like something to drink?

Susan: Yes, I'd like a glass of ginger ale with ice. Harry, what would you like?

Harry: Do you have a dry white wine?

Somsak: How about a California chablis?

Harry: Chablis is fine.

Somsak: What would you like to eat?

Susan: I'd like the mee krob. Harry, would you like to see a menu?

Harry: No, it's OK. I'll have the mee krob also. What is it?

Susan: Crispy fried noodles. I love them.

Somsak: May I bring you a salad?

Susan: Oh yes. What do you recommend today?

Somsak: I recommend rose-petal salad. Special for new friends.

Susan: Rose-petal salad?

Harry: Why not?

Somsak: I'll take care of everything.

Susan: I hope you're hungry.

Harry: What? Oh, yes. Starving. Well, I...

Susan: Well, I...

Harry: What do you do at Universe Toy Company?

Susan: I'm the vice-president of new toy development.

Harry: Terrific!

Susan: I know you're a CPA.

Harry: That's true. Harry Bennett, Certified public accountant. I love numbers. I do some work for Smith and Dale, your company's accounting firm.

Susan: And so...

Harry: Here we are.

Susan: Yes.

Harry: I have a daughter.

Susan: I know. How old is she?

Harry: She's nine years old.

Susan: That's a nice age. What's her name?

Harry: Michelle.

Susan: Do you have a picture of her?

Susan: She's very pretty.

Harry: Thank you.

Somsak: Rose-petal salad. And there's a phone call for you, Mr. Bennett.

Harry: I'll get the rest of the dinner. Excuse me.

Harry: Please forgive me, Susan, but...I have to leave. I feel terrible, but...

Susan: What's the matter?

Harry: My daughter isn't feeling well.

Susan: Oh no! Is it serious?

Harry: I don't know. The baby-sitter says she has a stomachache, and she's crying. I'll have to go home. Will you forgive me?

Susan: Of course. I'm so sorry for Michelle. And you didn't have a chance to eat.

Harry: Oh, it's OK. Let me take you home first.

Susan: No, no. Please, go ahead.

Harry: It's our first date.

Susan: We'll make another. Please don't worry.

Harry: I'll phone you.

Susan: I hope your daughter is all right. Good-bye.

Harry: Good-bye.

Act 3.

Marilyn: What happened?

Susan: The baby-sitter called. His daughter is sick.

Marilyn: What's wrong?

Susan: I think she has a stomachache. He's a good father.

Marilyn: So...what do you think of him?

Susan: He's very nice. But I think he was nervous tonight. It was his first date in two years.

Marilyn: Will you see him again?

Susan: I hope so.

Marilyn: This food is delicious.

Susan: He didn't get a thing to eat.

Marilyn: You ordered enough for three or four people, but I'm not complaining. The food delicious.

Susan: Who is that?

Marilyn: Do you think it's...

Susan: No. You won't believe it, Marilyn!

Marilyn: I believe it. Even without looking.

Harry: Hi!

Susan: How...?

Harry: Your downstairs neighbor let me in.

Susan: Did you go home?

Harry: I did, but everything is OK, so I decided to come back. To apologize for leaving so early, I brought you a little gift. It's a bonsai tree for your new apartment. Hi, Marilyn. I hope it's not too late.

Marilyn: Oh, not at all. We're still eating.

Susan: Please, come in. Join us. It's our meal from the restaurant. And how is your daughter?

Harry: Oh, she's fine. It was only a tummy ache.

Susan: It's good that you went back.

Harry: Yes, I think it's important for me to be there since her mother died.

Susan: I agree. Aren't you hungry?



Harry: As a matter of fact...I am hungry.

Marilyn: There's lots of food left.

Harry: Mmm,this is delicious!

Susan: Enjoy!

Marilyn: I'm going to excuse myself. I have a lot of work to do to get ready for tomorrow. Good night, Harry. It was nice meeting you.

Harry: Bye, Marilyn.

Marilyn: Good night, Susan.

Susan: Good night, Marilyn.

Susan: She's going to a fashion show here in the city tomorrow. She is sleeping here so she won't have to travel from Riverdale in the morning.

Harry: You two must be close.

Susan: We are. The whole Stewart family is close.

Harry: I like that.

Harry: And then, two years ago, my wife died.

Susan: You miss her.

Harry: I do...yes, but I have Michelle...and with time...

Susan: Is there anyone else in your life?

Harry: No, not yet. What about you?

Susan: Oh, I date occasionally, but my work keeps me busy.

Harry: Ooh, speaking of keeping busy-I have an early start tomorrow, and the baby-sitter has to get home. Where did the time go? It's midnight. Thank you, Susan. I had a nice evening.

Susan: Me, too, Harry. Harry?

Harry: Yes?

Susan: I'd like to meet your daughter someday.

Harry: Does that mean that I can see you again?

Susan: Of course.

Harry: Wonderful. I'll call you, and we'll go out to dinner.

Susan: Please do.

Harry: I promise I won't leave early.

Susan: It was for a good reason.

Harry: You know something?

Susan: What?

Harry: I think we're going to be good friends. Good night, Susan.

Susan: Good night, Harry. Have a safe trip home. Are you all right?

Harry: Sorry.

Susan: I never liked that umbrella stand. Good night, Harry.

Episode 3 Grandpa's Trunk

Act 1.

Ellen: Marilyn, you want coffee or tea?

Marilyn: Coffee, please.

Ellen: I am so excited! At this time tomorrow morning, Grandpa will be sitting in the kitchen with us.

Marilyn: When does he arrive?

Ellen: At six O'clock this evening.

Marilyn: By plane?

Ellen: No, by train.

Marilyn: Are we picking him up at the station?

Ellen: Not Grandpa. He doesn't want anybody picking him up. He likes to be independent.

Marilyn: Huh.

Ellen: Oh, let's go upstairs and prepare Grandpa's room.

Marilyn: Great! Let's do it!

Richard: Good morning, Mom.

Robbie: Morning.

Ellen: Well, hi, fellas.

Richard: Hello.

Marilyn: Hi, honey.

Richard: Hi, honey.

Robbie: Morning, Marilyn.

Marilyn: We're going upstairs to set up Grandpa's room. There's coffee ready.

Robbie: I'm really excited about seeing Granpa.

Richard: Me, too. Milk, please.

Robbie: He's so funny. He always makes me laugh. I hope Grandpa's going to like living with us.

Richard: I think he will. It just takes time to feel comfortable in a new place.

Robbie: Won't he miss being in Florida?

Richard: Will, he will. But I think he'll like being here with the family.

Robbie: Are you sure about that? It's crazy here most of the time.

Richard: But it's fun.

Robbie: That's for sure.

Richard: You know, maybe I'll put together some photos of Grandpa as a "welcome" present.

Robbie: That's a neat idea. What can I do? I've got it! I have a picture of Grandpa and Dad and me in my wallet. It's from the Fathers and Son's Breakfast at my junior high school graduation.

Richard: Oh, I remember this picture.

Robbie: I'd really like to pick up Grandpa at the railroad station.

Richard: Railroad stations or airports-Grandpa always tells us he'll get here by himself.

Robbie: He's something!

Marilyn: Is this all Grandpa's stuff?

Ellen: That's it. But I'm sure he has a few bags with him on the train.

Marilyn: What's inside?

Ellen: I don't know. It's locked.

Philip: Hi.

Ellen: Oh, hi, darling.

Marilyn: Morning, Philip.

Philip: I want to put some of my good hangers in Grandpa's closet. You know I'm very excited about his arrival.

Ellen: We are, too. Susan called early this morning. She's unhappy and can't leave till tonight. She wants to be here for Grandpa.

Philip: Well, Grandpa will be disappointed, too. He loves Susan. She always reminds him of Grandma. Well, how's everything here?

Marilyn: Fine. We were just wondering about this trunk.

Ellen: It's locked.

Philip: Oh. I have the key. Grandpa sent it to me.

Act 2.

Elsa: Excuse me. Is this seat taken?

Grandpa: No, it's not taken.

Elsa: Oh, thank you.

Grandpa: Oh, let me help you with this.

Elsa: Oh, thank you.

Grandpa: Do you want to sit by the window?

Elsa: No, no, no. I like the aisle seat better. Please, you sit by the window.

Grandpa: My name is Stewart... Malcolm Stewart. Pleased to meet you.

Elsa: I'm Elsa Tobin. How do you do?

Grandpa: Do you live in New York?

Elsa: No, no. I'm from Florida.

Grandpa: I am, too. But didn't you just get on?

Elsa: No, no. I just changed my seat. A man next to me was smoking, and smoke really bothers me. Where are you from in Florida?

Grandpa: Titusville. It's near Orlando.

Elsa: Small world. I'm from Titusville, too.

Grandpa: Really? What part?

Elsa: My husband and I live near Spaceport.

Grandpa: I know that area. My house is only a few miles from Spaceport. Do you still live there?

Elsa: Oh yes, yes. My husband's there now. He couldn't take time off to come to New York with me. Do you still live there?

Grandpa: No. I sold the house and the furniture, put a few personal things in an old trunk, and shipped it to my children in New York. That's my destination.

Elsa: Are you married?

Grandpa: My wife died four years ago. She was a wonderful woman. A real friend.

Elsa: I'm sorry. Really, I'm sorry.

Grandpa: Lots of wonderful memories. We were married almost fifty years. Well, forty-seven, to be exact.

Elsa: John and I celebrate our fortieth anniversary next month.

Grandpa: Oh, congratulations! That's nice. What does John do?

Elsa: He's an aerospace engineer and works for Orlando Aircraft Corporation. He started with them almost forty years ago. What do you do?

Grandpa: I just retired. Had my own company. A construction company. Roads, bridges, big stuff. But I just sold it and retired.

Conductor: Excuse me, ma'am. Ticket, please.

Elsa: Would you kindly hold these keys, please? I have a ticket, I know. I was in the smoking section.

Conductor: It's OK, lady. Take your time.

Grandpa: I'm sure it's in your purse, Mrs. Tobin.

Elsa: Oh, here it is.

Grandpa: And here are your keys.

Elsa: Thank you.

Grandpa: Do you have family in New York?

Elsa: No, no. But do have very close friends in New York City. We like to go to the theater together. You said you have family in New York.

Grandpa: Yes, indeed. A son and his wife and their three children-my grandchildren.

Elsa: You must be excited.

Grandpa: I can't wait, to see them!

Elsa: Are you going to live with them?

Grandpa: Yes.

Elsa: Permanently?

Grandpa: Well...they want me to, but it's too early to know for sure. I'm pretty independent. I tried to teach my kids the importance of independence, but I'm not sure I want to be alone. Some people don't mind being alone. I do.

Elsa: I understand. But tell me. Why did you stop working?

Grandpa: I retired because... I wanted to be with my family. I didn't want to be alone anymore!

Act 3.

Voice: Ladies and gentlemen, Amtrak is happy to announce our arrival in New York City. The train will be stopping in five minutes. Please check to be sure you have your belongings. And have a good stay in the Big Apple. Thank you.

Elsa: Well, here we are. It was so nice meeting you, Mr. Stewart.

Grandpa: And nice meeting you, too. Mrs. Tobin. Please look us up. We're in the phone book. Dr. Philip Stewart, in Riverdale.

Elsa: Your son?

Grandpa: That's right. And have a good time in New York.

Elsa: And don't be so independent. You're very lucky to have a caring family.

Robbie: When can we go fishing?

Grandpa: Robbie, we'll go fishing soon, and we'll take your dad with us.

Philip: I'm ready, Grandpa. You name the day.

Ellen: That's a great idea, Grandpa! Philip needs a day off.

Robbie: Good idea.

Grandpa: Presents-for me?

Richard: From me and Marilyn.

Robbie: And this one's from me. I looked all over the house to find it.

Grandpa: Richard, these are terrific pictures. This one really brings back memories.

You remember that day, Robbie?

Robbie: I sure do. It was fun.

Grandpa: Oh, I'm sorry Susan isn't here. I miss her very much.

Ellen: She feels bad, too, Grandpa. She called to say the plane was delayed. You know airports.

Grandpa: I can't wait to see her. She looks just like Grandma at that age. I'd better unpack. I started traveling twenty-four hours ago. I'm not so young anymore.

Ellen: Don't you want something to eat?

Grandpa: No, thanks. After a good night's sleep, I'll enjoy breakfast even more.

Philip: Well, come on, Dad. Ellen and I'll take you to your room.

Robbie: I'm sure glad you're here, Grandpa.

Richard: Good night, Grandpa.

Marilyn: Pleasant dreams.

Grandpa: Philip, do you have the key to the trunk?

Philip: I have the key, but it doesn't work.

Grandpa: I sent the wrong key. I have something for you. I made it myself. I think you'll enjoy it. I researched it for over a year. It's our family tree.

Ellen: Oh, Grandpa! How exciting!

Philip: Fabulous! Why, I didn't know that your grandfather was born in Germany.

Grandpa: Lots of interesting information about our family. A gift from me.

Ellen: Thank you so much.

Susan: Grandpa! Grandpa! Oh, Grandpa, I'm so happy to see you!

Grandpa: Oh, you look so beautiful, Susan. My granddaughter. Like I always said, you look just like Grandma.

Philip: I think you're going to be very happy here with us.

Ellen: I know you will.

Grandpa: I don't feel alone anymore.

EPISODE 4 A Piece of Cake

Act 1.

Marilyn: I'm exhausted. My new exercise class is so hard.

Richard: Your new exercise class?

Marilyn: Yeah. My new advanced exercise class.

Richard: Why advanced?

Marilyn: My instructor thought that the beginner's class was too easy for me.

Richard: Too easy for you?

Marilyn: Don't laugh. In the beginner's class, they give you a chance to rest between exercises.

Richard: So?

Marilyn: The advanced class is nonstop.

Richard: I lift weights every morning for sixty minutes without stopping. No problem.

Marilyn: Listen, Richard, doing aerobics for an hour is a lot different than lifting weights.

Richard: Yeah. Quite a bit different. I think aerobics. I could work out in your class

with no problem.

Marilyn: You think so?

Richard: Oh, without a doubt. When's the next class?

Marilyn: Tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. Try it.

Richard: Tomorrow morning after lifting weights, I'll try aerobics. It's a snap.

Tomorrow morning at ten o'clock.

Marilyn: Aren't you going to the aerobics class this morning?

Richard: Of course. Easy. No sweat.

Marilyn: You are not going to be able to move after this and the aerobics class.

Richard: Are you kidding me? It's going to be a piece of cake. You want to bet.

Marilyn: Yeah. What's the bet?

Richard: I bet I can go one hour in your class this morning and not feel a thing!

Marilyn: The bet is-I win, and you cook dinner for the entire family. Or you win, and I cook dinner for the entire family.

Richard: It's a bet.

Marilyn: OK. Call my instructor, Jack Davis, right now. His number is 555-8842. The advanced class starts at ten o'clock advanced class starts at ten o'clock.

Richard: Well, it's eight twenty now.

Marilyn: It only takes eight minutes by bicycle to the aerobics class. Give him a call.

Jack: Davis Aerobics Center for Good Health.

Richard: Jack Davis, please.

Jack: This is Jack Davis.

Richard: Hello. This is Richard Stewart. My wife, Marilyn Stewart, is a member of your program. I'd like to come to the ten o'clock advanced class this morning.

Jack: Oh, fine, fine. Be here a few minutes early. You need to complete some forms before the class.

Richard: Thanks. I'm on my way over.

Jack: Good-bye.

Richard: Bye-bye. It's all set. I'm going.

Marilyn: Bye.

Richard: See you later.

Marilyn: Good luck.

Richard: Don't forget about the bet. Dinner for the entire family. And that includes Susan.

Marilyn: Don't you forget.

Act 2.

Jack: OK, Richard. That's terrific. Your pressure is 120 over 75, and that's fine. Now stand up, please. Good, it's 122 over 80. You can sit down now. When was your last complete physical?

Richard: Six months ago.

Jack: Good. Do you have any back or knee problems?

Richard: Nope. I am in perfect health.

Jack: What do you do for a living, Mr. Stewart?

Richard: I'm a photographer.

Jack: Interesting. What do you photograph?

Richard: Everything. The American scene. People, places, events.

Jack: Did you ever think of photographing an aerobics class?

Richard: No...I can't remember taking pictures of people exercising.

Jack: But don't you think it'd be a good subject?

Richard: Sure.

Jack: I need some good photos for my advertising, Mr. Stewart. Maybe you can photograph a class, and I can give you and Mrs. Stewart a month of classes-free.

Richard: When can I photograph a class?

Jack: Anytime.

Richard: How about today?

Jack: Terrific!

Jack: Hi.

Instructor: Oh, hi.

Jack: Are we ready to go?

Instructor: Yeah. Yeah. Let's get in our lines. We're going to take it slow first. Stretch up...and we're going to go left first...2,3,4...now stretch...OK, hold to the right. Sunrises. Stretch it out. Flat back. Bring it up...and twists...and side...2,3...and left...push...push...turn...hit the floor. Take it side again...OK, and switch. Stretch it out. And we're going to warm down with a tango. Left, Right. Enjoy it.

Marilyn: Richard, did you go to the Davis Aerobics class today?

Richard: Yes, I went to the aerobics class today.

Marilyn: What is wrong with you?

Richard: Nothing. I am in excellent health. I have ideal blood pressure. A perfect heart. In other words, I'm in wonderful condition.

Marilyn: Richard, did you go to the aerobics class, really?

Marilyn: And your legs don't hurt?

Richard: Hurt? What do you mean?

Marilyn: What about your arms? Lift your arms up like this. And they don't hurt-not even a little?

Richard: Nope.

Marilyn: You are in great condition. I can't believe it!

Act 3.

Marilyn: Grandpa, Ellen, Philip, Robbie, you and me. That's six steaks.

Richard: Don't forget Susan.

Marilyn: Seven steaks. Cooking dinner for the entire family is not so easy. The shopping: the salad: tomatoes, lettuce, cucumbers, and onions. The main course: steak and potatoes. Richard, how much broccoli do I need for seven people?

Richard: Marilyn, I have to tell you something. At today's exercise class...

Marilyn: Yes, Richard.

Richard: Well, I didn't really exercise.

Marilyn: I knew it!

Richard: I wanted to, but Jack Davis needed a photographer. I'm sorry, Marilyn.

Marilyn: I don't understand. Did you exercise or not?

Richard: No. Instead of exercising, I photographed the class.

Marilyn: And you didn't exercise?

Richard: No.

Marilyn: There's another advanced class today at four o'clock. We'll go together.

Richard: What about the bet?

Marilyn: Oh, the bet is still on, but you shop for the groceries. Remember, you win, and I cook dinner for the entire family.

Richard: You win, and I cook dinner for the entire family.

Marilyn: Including Susan. Four o'clock at the advanced exercise class. With me.

Jack: Don't forget to breathe.

Instructor: Skip, hop, front, Twist...again...OK, Now...scissors.

Richard: This is fun. It's a piece of cake.

Marilyn: Yeah. Just wait.

Instructor: 5, 6, 7, go right, 1, 2, back, 3, 1, 2, 3, pony, pony...1, 2, 3, kick...1, 2, 3, kick...pony. And twist, twist.

Jack: OK. Let's pick up the pace.

Marilyn: How are you doing, Richard?

Richard: I can barely move.

Instructor: 2, 3, 4, front. Now we're going to run it off. Front...knees up, knees up.

Jack: OK, Finish off by jogging in place. OK. Keep those knees up. All right. That's it for today. Thank you, everyone. See you next week.

Richard: Thank you, Jack, but no thank you.

Marilyn: The advanced exercise class is not so easy, huh?

Richard: Come on, Richard. Get up. Let's go, you have to cook dinner for the entire family.

Richard: Marilyn, I'm exhausted. I can't move.

Marilyn: Oh, you'll do it. It's a piece of cake.

Jack: Excuse me, Richard, Marilyn.

Richard: You are a terrific instructor, Jack.

Jack: Thanks. But I have a question. Is this your very first advanced aerobics class?

Richard: Yes, it is.

Jack: You are in great shape, Richard. Very few people last in this class for the full hour the very first time.

Marilyn: It's true. You are in Great shape.

Richard: Thanks!

Marilyn: I think we'll cook dinner together.

EPISODE 5 The Right Magic

Act 1.

Robbie: Hi, Grandpa.

Grandpa: Hi, Robbie.

Robbie: Can I help?

Grandpa: Yes, indeed. Hand me two eggs from the refrigerator, and I'll make you two fried eggs.

Robbie: How about some bacon?



Grandpa: I made enough for an army. You going to the baseball game today? It's a perfect day for it-a little cloudy but nice and warm.

Robbie: Dad and I were planning to go to the game, but he has to work today, and my friends don't want to go. It's not an important game, anyway.

Grandpa: Do you have any other plans for the day?

Robbie: I'll work on my computer. I have a new math program, and I want to learn how to use it.

Grandpa: Maybe you can teach me how to work on a computer someday.

Robbie: Anytime. It's really easy, but, like anything, you need to work at it,

Grandpa. This bacon is great. I love crispy bacon.

Grandpa: Oh, what are you doing tomorrow?

Robbie: Nothing much.

Grandpa: Well, maybe your dad and I could take you fishing with us.

Robbie: I'd like that, but...

Grandpa: But what?

Robbie: But Dad is always so busy.

Grandpa: Well, can you come fishing with me tomorrow?

Robbie: Sure, I can.

Grandpa: Robbie says you can't take him to the game today.

Philip: I really feel bad about it, but they need me at the hospital today, in the children's ward.

Grandpa: I understand.

Philip: Maybe we can spend some time together next weekend.

Grandpa: Definitely. We should. You and Robbie and me. Remember our first fishing trip?

Philip: I sure do... Well, I've got to run, Dad. See you later.

Philip: Going fishing?

Grandpa: I'm thinking about it... So, how's work?

Philip: Oh, the usual problems.

Grandpa: You're working pretty hard these days.

Philip: I guess I am.

Grandpa: When did you last go fishing with Robbie?

Philip: I remember exactly. It was on his birthday, June second, two years ago. We didn't catch anything.

Grandpa: Remember our fishing trips?

Philip: Yes. I loved them.

Grandpa: Remember catching your first fish?

Philip: How can I forget? I fell out of the boat! We had some good times together.

Grandpa: Yes, we did. Maybe we should do it again.

Philip: How about tomorrow?

Grandpa: Don't you have to work?

Philip: My paper work will wait.

Grandpa: Oh, Robbie will be thrilled. I am, too, Son.

Philip: I want to spend more time with Robbie.

Grandpa: Tomorrow. It'll be like old times for you and me. And Robbie will love it.

Philip: Well, what's the weather going to be like?

Grandpa: Radio says sunny and mild.

Philip: Well, I'll tell Robbie. And thanks, Dad.

Grandpa: Don't thank me. I'm just being a grandfather.

Act 2.

Robbie: This is really neat! When do we eat?

Philip: First, we have to catch some fish. In order to catch fish, you have to do this.

Here we go. That's it. Then drop it into the water. All of this comes before eating.

OK?

Robbie: How do you know so much about fishing?

Philip: Grandpa taught me. We spent a lot of time fishing together. Now, the important thing is to get the book close to the fish. All right? Like this.

Robbie: I think I see some fish right under us, Dad.

Philip: Oh, not a chance!

Robbie: I just saw a big one!

Grandpa: Hi, there!

Albert: Hi.

Grandpa: What's your name?

Albert: Albert.

Grandpa: Are you all alone?

Albert: Yes, sir.

Grandpa: How old are you, Albert?

Albert: I'm ten.

Philip: Where's your father?

Albert: He's up there at the lodge.

Philip: Does he know you're here?

Albert: Yes, sir.

Philip: OK, Robbie, maybe you should watch him. The water's pretty deep here.

Robbie: I'll watch him, Dad.

Robbie: What time is it?

Grandpa: It's almost lunchtime, and no fish yet.

Robbie: I can go up to the lodge for some hot dogs and drinks.

Philip: No way! We're here to catch our lunch.

Grandpa: To catch fish, you need the right magic.

Philip: That's right. I forgot! The right magic. Do it for Robbie, Dad.

Grandpa: You remember?

Philip: Sure. Come on.

Grandpa: Well, first, you have to turn your hat around like this. Then you close your eyes and say the magic words. Fish, fish, send me a fish.

Robbie: Fish, fish, send me a fish... I got one!

Grandpa: See, it works!

Robbie: It's a big one!

Philip: Well, it always worked for me, too.

Robbie: Grandpa, get the net ,please!

Robbie: Dad, you got one, too!

Philip: You bet I have!

Grandpa: Easy, Philip, easy.

Robbie: Sorry,Dad.

Philip: Well, one more and I've got a pair of boots.

Robbie: You didn't say the magic words.

Grandpa: Robbie's right.

Philip: Yes,but you did, and we've got our lunch. Let's build a fire and cook it ! Come on ,Albert, you can help us!

Albert: I want to stay here and fish.

Grandpa: All right, but be careful.

Robbie: Is it finished yet?

Philip: I think so. I hope you like,your fish well done.

Grandpa: Burned, you mean.

Philip: Hey, I'm a doctor, not a chef.

Albert: Help! Help! I can't swim.

Robbie: Dad! Grandpa! He fell in.

Philip: Easy does it ,Robbie.That a boy. That's it.

Grandpa: He's not breathing, Philip!

Philip: Robbie, run to the car.Bring a blanket and my medical bag.

Robbie: Yes,Dad.

Philip: Now, come on, son. Come on, son.

Grandpa: Breathe,Albert!

Act3.

Robbie: Here's the bag. Will he be OK, Dad?

Philip: I hope so. That's it. That's the way. That's it. There. Oh, it's going to be all right. That's it. Wrap him in the blanket. Dad! That's it. That's it. It's all right, Albert. You're going to be OK.

Albert: I want my daddy!

Philip: We'll take you to him. Easy now. Easy does it. That's it.

Grandpa: Your dad is quite a guy.

Robbie: I know, Grandpa.

Grandpa: How is he ,Philip?

Philip: He's asleep. He's ging to be fine.

Father: How can I thank all of you?

Philip: Thank my son Robbie. He pulled him out of the water.

Father: I'm very grateful, Robbie.

Robbie: Dad saved him, not me.

Father: I'm so thankful to all of you.

Philip: So long.

Grandpa: He's a lucky boy.Well, what do you say we get back to our fishing?

Philip: That's great idea. Uh-oh. It's probably the hospital. I have to get to a phone. It probably means we can't stay.

Robbie: That's OK.

Philip: One of my patients has a high fever, and I have to go to the hospital. I'm sorry, Robbie. I guess I ruined your day.

Robbie: You didn't ruin my day, Dad. I understand. I really do.

Ellen: Why are you back so early?

Grandpa: Philip had to go back to the hospital.

Robbie: He had an emergency.

Ellen: Oh, that's too bad, Robbie. Did it spoil your fun?

Robbie: No, Mom. We had a great time.

Ellen: Well, did you do any fishing?

Robbie: Yeah, we caught lots of them. Look! They had a special on frozen fish down at the supermarket.

Ellen: Oh, you really had a bad day.

Grandpa: We had a good day. Robbie pulled a boy out of the water.

Robbie: And Dad saved his life. He's a terrific doctor, Mom.

Ellen: I know.

Philip: Hi, Pop. Hi, Son.

Robbie: Hello, Dad.

Philip: What a day!

Grandpa: How about a cup of coffee, Son?

Philip: I'd love a cup of coffee..

Robbie: How was the patient?

Philip: She'll be fine.

Robbie: Was it serious?

Philip: No.

Robbie: Until today, I was never really interested in medicine.

Philip: Well, it's hard work.

Robbie: Now I know.

Philip: I had a good time today, Robbie.

Robbie: Me, too.

Philip: Can we? When?

Philip: How about next Saturday?

Robbie: Won't you be busy?

Philip: I'm changing my schedule. Well, do we have a date?

Robbie: We sure do, Dad. Grandpa, can you come?

Grandpa: I have other plans, Robbie. But I think you two can have a good time together without me.

Philip: No, Dad, and certainly not without the right magic.

Episode 6 Thanksgiving

Act 1.

Ellen: OK, Philip. This is your third cup of coffee. We should get to work, or we won't be finished by dinnertime.

Philip: I guess we must.

Ellen: We must.

Philip: OK. The beginning of my famous Thanksgiving apple pie. One apple. Two apples. Three apples. Four apples

Ellen: Come on, Philip! Get busy with your famous apple pie. There's much more to be done.

Philip: Now, the ingredients.

Philip: What goes into my apple pie besides apples? Ah, yes. Flour, sugar, butter. Butter, nice and cold and hard. OK, here are the walnuts. Last but not least, the reason my apple pie is famous—cinnamon. Cinnamon... Ellen, where's the cinnamon?

Ellen: If there is any cinnamon, it's in the cabinet with the salt and pepper.

Philip: Salt, pepper, dill weed, garlic powder, cinnamon. Ellen?

Ellen: Yes, Philip.

Philip: Is it possible that we forgot to buy cinnamon?

Ellen: Yes, it is possible that we forgot to buy cinnamon.

Philip: Well, how can I make my famous apple pie without cinnamon?

Robbie: Good morning.

Ellen: Oh, hi, Robbie. Good morning.

Philip: Good morning, Robbie. Can you do me a favor?

Robbie: Sure, Dad. What?

Philip: Remember my apple pie on Thanksgiving? What do you love about it?

Robbie: The apples?

Philip: No. The sssss...

Robbie: Cinnamon!

Philip: Right. We don't have any cinnamon.

Robbie: I'll go down to Henry's grocery. He's always open. I'll get some for you.

Philip: That's my boy!

Ellen: Oh, put your heavy jacket on, Robbie. It's cold outside.

Robbie: Alexandra might call. Tell her I'll call her right back.

Ellen: OK.

Philip: Thanks, Son.

Ellen: Uh, why does he always have to slam the door?

Ellen: Hello... Hello, Alexandra. How are you?... Fine. Robbie just went to the store. He'll be back soon. He said he'll call you... Oh, oh, I see... Oh... certainly. Well, do you have the phone number there?... Oh... I see... Please, I know he wants to talk to you... Thank you, and happy Thanksgiving to you and your family, too. Try to come by later for dessert... Bye. That was Alexandra. She and the Molinas are going to spend Thanksgiving with their cousins. She doesn't have the phone number.

Philip: Oh, Robbie will be disappointed.

Ellen: He'll be grouchy. Maybe she'll call back. She promised.

Robbie: Here's your cinnamon, Pop. It was a dollar and sixty cents. You forgot to ask me for the change.

Philip: Or did you forget to give it to me?

Philip: Thanks, Son.

Ellen: Alexandra called.

Robbie: I'll call her back.

Ellen: Philip!

Philip: I'll be back to see the game.

Robbie: Grandpa, when did Dad graduate from Michigan?

Grandpa: Let me think. He graduated from medical school in 1960 and from the University of Michigan in 1956.

Robbie: did you go to Michigan, too, Grandpa?

Grandpa: Yup. I graduated in 1937.

Robbie: I've got to start thinking about college soon.

Act 3.

Philip: OK, everybody. I want to welcome Harry and his daughter Michelle to Thanksgiving with us.

Harry: Thank you, Dr. Stewart.

Philip: Call me Philip.

Harry: OK.

Philip: But first, I think we should take a moment and remember the meaning of Thanksgiving.

Harry: Philip, I took Michelle to a school play about the first Thanksgiving.

Philip: Well, why don't you tell us about that, Michelle?

Michelle: Thanksgiving was about the Pilgrims, the first settlers in America. They shared the first harvest with the Indians and gave thanks.

Philip: All right. Then in that spirit let each of us give thanks. Each in his own way. Who wants to begin?

Grandpa: I will. I give thanks for being here with my family and for being well, so I can enjoy you all.

Robbie: All right! We love you, Grandpa.

Susan: I'd like to give thanks for a healthy year, a good job, and for meeting Harry and Michelle.

Harry: We'd like to give thanks for meeting Susan and the Stewart family.

Michelle: I love you, Daddy.

Susan: Thanks, Harry. That was very kind of you.

Robbie: I'd like to give thanks for Grandpa coming to live with us. And I'd also like to thank my math teacher for giving me a passing grade. And call me, Alexandra.

Ellen: Oh, Robbie!

Grandpa: She'll call.

Richard: You go first, Marilyn.

Marilyn: I'm thinking. You go first.

Richard: Well, you all know I'm working on my photo album. It's not finished yet. And I'd like to thank Marilyn for being so patient.

Marilyn: Thanks, Richard. I should thank you for encouraging me to keep working on my fashion designs. I'm lucky to have a husband with an artistic eye.

Ellen: Oh, we have a lot to be thankful for. For the food on this table. Just like the Pilgrims.

Philip: I'll go along with that, Ellen.

Ellen: Well, help me serve, Robbie.

Harry: It was a wonderful meal, Mrs. Stewart. Thank you.

Richard: And now to see the end of the football game.

Philip: Exactly.

Ellen: Where are you going, Philip?

Philip: Remember, the Michigan football game? And Michigan needs a touchdown.

Ellen: Did you forget something?

Robbie: Dad, your famous apple pie.

Philip: Just let me see the score, Ellen.

Marilyn: Go ahead, Philip. We should all take a little break before dessert.

Ellen: Oh, who could that be? Oh, it must be Alexandra. I invited her to come by for dessert.

Robbie: You did?

Grandpa: I like Ellen.

Robbie: You know everyone, Alexandra.

Ellen: No, she doesn't know Harry Bennett and his daughter Michelle.

Alexandra: Nice to meet you.

Harry&Michelle: Hi.

Marilyn&Michelle: Hello, Alexandra.

Alexandra: Hi, Marilyn. Hi, Susa... Happy Thanksgiving.

Ellen: And Alexandra brought us a pumpkin pie.

Robbie: Please sit down, Alexandra. Dad, Richard-Alexandra's here.

Richard: Michigan needs a touchdown. Three minutes to play. Hi, Alexandra. Welcome.

Philip: Hello, Alexandra, Yes, Michigan needs a touchdown. One tiny little touchdown, with just three minutes to play.

Alexanda: You want Michigan to win.

Philip: How'd you guess?

Ellen: What happened?

Philip: We forgot to turn the oven on.

Ellen: We did? Philip, why don't you go watch the last three minutes of the game. I will serve coffee and pumpkin pie.

Philip: OK. I'll be back in a few minutes.

Ellen: Robbie, would you bring the dessert plates. And, Marilyn, would you pour coffee, please.

Marilyn: Sure, Ellen.

Grandpa: How was your Thanksgiving dinner, Alexandra?

Alexandra: Just wonderful, Mr. Stewart. The Molinas are a large family. I love being with them.

Robbie: I'm glad you came by, Alexandra.

Alexandra: I am, too.

Philip: Touchdown! Touchdown! Touchdown!

Grandpa: Great Thanksgiving. Lots to be thankful for. Michigan scored a touchdown. Alexandra came by. And nobody misses Philip's famous apple pie.

Ellen: Oh, Grandpa!

Episode 7 Me's Best Friend



Act 1.

Alexandra: Robbie, this new Walkman is absolutely wonderful.

Robbie: Richard and Marilyn bought it for me for my birthday.

Alexandra: They're so thoughtful. You are very lucky, Robbie, To have such a nice family.

Robbie: Is something wrong, Alexandra?

Alexandra: No, nothing.

Robbie: Yes, there is. I can tell. What's the matter? Come on, you can tell me .What's up?

Alexandra: I don't know. Something's wrong.

Robbie: OK, let's talk.

Alexandra: I received a letter from my partents this morning.

Robbie: Did they write some bad news?

Alexandra: No.

Robbie: Well, then why are you so sad?

Alexandra: I miss them. I miss them very much.

Robbie: I'm sorry. Alexandra. But I understand.

Alexandra: The Mollnas treat me so nicely, and I love being with you family so much... but when I received the letter with photographs of my family, I cried. I cried because I miss them all.

Robbie: You really miss your family, don't you?

Alexandra: Yes.I know I must seem silly. It's not like I have nobody. I Like the Molinas very much, and they're so kind to me.

Robbie: Hey, why don't we go out for a cheeseburger and French mes? That'll cheer you up. And you can use my Walkman.

Alexandra: That's a good idea. But if we go out, please don't complain about your math teacher or your math homework. I want to have fun.

Robbie: So do I.

Robbie: I have to turn off the lights, or else my father will get really angry. He says I never turn them out when I leave. If they come home and they're on...

Robbie: Do you hear something?

Alexandra: Yes. What was that?

Robbie: It sounded like a dog barking.

Alexandra: It sounded like a dog barking right here.

Robbie: Yeah.

Alexandra: A dog!

Robbie: A sprinell! Come on in! Make yourself at home.

Alexandra: Oh,you poor little thing. Come here.

Robbie: Come on.

Alexandra: Poor baby.

Robbie: Where did you come from?

Alexandra: Her name's Gemma, and she belongs to Mr.and Mrs.Levinson. There's a phone number-five five five...eight four four eight. Robbie, maybe you should call them and tell the Levinsons we have their cute little spaniel.

Robbie: I've always wanted a springer spaniel. She's so cute.

Operator: The number you are calling-555-8448-is no longer in service.

Robbie: The number's no longer in service.

Alexandra: Oh, you poor, poor baby. You've lost your family.

Robbie: We'll find them. Don't worry, Alexandra.

Act 2.

Robbie: Don't worry, Alexandra. We'll find the owner.

Alexandra: How, Robbie?

Robbie: Let me think.

Alexandra: Gemma, sit. Good Gemma. Give me your paw. Good Gemma. This dog is well trained.

Robbie: With a little help from the ASPCA, the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. They're the ones. We once found a cat. She was caught in the branches of our tree. And Dad called the ASPCA. They came and solved the problem.

Alexandra: Robbie, let's call them.

Robbie: Let me see-ASPCA....Here it is. ASPCA Animal Shelter. 555-7700.

Linda: Hello, ASPCA.

Robbie: Hello, my name is Robbie Stewart. I have a lost dog I'd like to bring to you. How late are you open?

Linda: We're open till nine P.M.

Robbie: Thank you. I'll bring the dog over by nine.

Linda: Thanks. Bye.

Robbie: Thanks. Good-bye.

Alexandra: They're still open?

Robbie: They're open until nine O'clock. We have two and a half hours. Let's take Gemma by there now. They'll find the owner.

Alexandra: I hope so. I'm so sad to see this little dog without her family.

Robbie: I'm sure they'll find the owner. But if they don't, I'll adopt her. She's so cute. Look at those eyes. She's hard to resist. Don't you just love her?

Alexandra: I'd like to keep her, too. But I'll be going home to Greece at the end of the semester. She just wants love and affection. Come on, Robbie. Let's get her to the animal shelter, so they can find her owners quickly. Don't worry, Gemma. We'll get you home. It's not easy being away from home.

Robbie: Come on, Poochie. Atta girl! Let's go. We're off to the animal shelter.

Linda: Your name?

Robbie: Robbie Stewart. And this is Alexandra Pappas.

Linda: Your name will do, Mr. Stewart. Your address?

Robbie: 46 Linden Street, Riverdale.

Linda: Where did you find the dog?

Alexandra: She found us.

Linda: You tried calling the number on the collar?

Robbie: Yes, but the number's no longer in service.

Linda: And there's no address on the dog tag?

Alexandra: There's no other information.

Linda: No ID number. Without that, it's hard.

Alexandra: You will try to find the dog's owner.

Linda: Oh, we'll try, believe me.

Robbie: And if you don't?

Linda: Yes?

Robbie: If you don't... can I...can I adopt the dog?

Linda: Why, yes. If the owners don't claim the dog in forty-eight hours, then you can apply for adoption.

Robbie: How do I do that?

Alexandra: You really want to ?

Robbie: Yes. I'm serious. If no one comes to claim Gemma, I'd like to adopt her.

Linda: It's not difficult.

Act 3.

Linda: OK. If you want to adopt an animal, first we need to know some references.

Robbie: References? People we know?

Linda: Friends, teachers... We need to talk to some people about you We want to be sure that you're responsible and that you can take good care of an animal. Then you have to fill out this form about your family background.

Robbie: Is that it?

Linda: No, there's more. We need to know about your history with animals. Have you ever owned an animal?

Robbie: Yes. We had a cat when I was eight years old. I love cats.

Linda: Do you have any animals now?

Robbie: Unfortunately, no.

Alexandra: Anything else?

Linda: We also like to know your reasons for wanting an animal.

Alexandra: Just to hold it and cuddle with it. Just to have as a pet I love animals.

Robbie: To have a friend-a pal. You know, man's best friend is his dog.

Linda: And one thing more. If you're under twenty-one years of age...

Robbie: That's me.

Linda: Then an adult must sign for you.

Alexandra: Uh-oh.

Robbie: No problem. My parents will think it's a good idea. I'll be back with them.

Alexandra: If the real owners don't come to claim Gemma...

Linda: After forty-eight hours. But please call first.

Robbie: Thanks for your information and for being so helpful.

Linda: It's my pleasure. Nice talking to both of you.

Robbie: Thanks again. Bye.

Alexandra: Maybe the real owners will come to claim her.

Robbie: Her eyes look so sad. She must really miss them.

Linda: I see you're both animal lovers

Robbie: We are.

Alexandra: Good-bye, Miss Aborn. We'll call in a couple of days.

Linda: Good-bye, and thanks for bringing Gemma in.

Robbie: Bye.

Alexandra: I keep thinking about the dog-about Gemma, alone in the animal shelter.

Robbie: I know. But I promise you, Alexandra, the dog is just fine. They're very kind to the animals.

Alexandra: I know they are. I mean about her being alone. Even if they are kind to Gemma, she's still alone, without her family

Waiter: Ready, folks?

Robbie: Are you ready, Alexandra?

Alexandra: Yes, I'm ready. I'll have the chef's salad, please.

Robbie: I will have a cheeseburger, medium rare, with raw onion, and French fries, please.

Waiter: Anything to drink?

Alexandra: A diet cola, please.

Robbie: Ginger ale with lots of ice for me, thank you.

Waiter: I've got it. Thanks.

Robbie: Aren't you surprised that the animal shelter is so careful about finding homes for the animals?

Alexandra: No, I'm not.

Waiter: And a cheeseburger, medium rare, with onion and French fries. And a ginger ale with lots of ice. Salad dressing?

Robbie: Hey, I wanted you to hear my new sound system when the dog scratched on the front door. Let's finish eating, and then we'll go back to my house. I want you to hear my new tapes. I've got some great new dance music.

Robbie: Hell. Stewart residence.

Linda: Hello. Is Robbie Stewart there?

Robbie: This is he. Who's this?

Linda: This is Linda Aborn from the animal shelter.

Robbie: It's Linda from the animal shelter. Yes, Linda. Hi.

Linda: We have good news and bad news, Robbie.

Robbie: Oh?

Linda: The good news is that the Levinsons have come by to pick up the dog. The bad news is, you won't be able to adopt the dog.

Robbie: That's OK.

Linda: Come by one day and look at some of the other dogs. I'm sure there's one for you. Thanks, Robbie. And the Levinsons thank you for bringing their dog to us.

Robbie: Thanks, Linda. Bye.

Alexandra: The owners claimed Gemma?

Robbie: That's right.

Alexandra: I'm glad for the dog.

Robbie: I guess I am, too. She said if I come by, she'll help me find another dog.

Alexandra: Come on. Let's dance.

Episode 8 You're Going to Be Fine

Act 1.

Philip: Molly, I need your special talent for handling special matters.

Molly: Like what special matters?

Philip: Well, I have a scheduling problem.

Molly: Yes?

Philip: I have three tonsillectomies set for Friday with Dr. Earl.

Molly: Yes?

Philip: I need to fit a fourth operation into his schedule. And...I know you can do it.

Molly: Who's the patient?

Philip: Carl Herrera. The boy has infected tonsils, and we should remove them as soon as possible.

Molly: Well, I'll try to arrange the schedule, Dr. Stewart. But it's not going to be easy.

Philip: I know you'll be able to take care of it.

Philip: Well, Mrs. Herrera, Carl will be perfectly fine after we remove his tonsils.

Mother: Thank you for your reassurance, Dr. Stewart. He's had so many colds and sore throats recently.

Philip: Well, It's a very easy operation, Carl. You won't feel a thing.

Carl: But when do they do it?

Philip: This Friday.

Carl: But Saturday's my birthday.

Philip: Well, we could reschedule the operation, Mrs. Herrera, but I don't want to put it off too long.

Mother: No, I think it's important to do it now. We can have a birthday party for you, Carl, when you come out of the hospital.

Philip: Nurse Baker, would you come in, please?

Molly: Come with me, Carl. You and I will talk this over.

Mother: She has a special way with kids.

Philip: She sure does.

Molly: Carl, does your throat hurt?

Carl: Yes.

Molly: OK. Do you want to get better?

Carl: Yes.

Molly: OK. We want you to get better, too. You'll have your tonsils out tomorrow, and you won't get so many colds anymore.

Carl: But if I have my tonsils out tomorrow, I'll miss my birthday party on Saturday.

Molly: I know. It's a problem, isn't it? Let me try to work something out.

Carl: What?

Molly: I have to think about it.

Carl: You're fooling me.

Molly: Oh, I'm not, Carl. Give me a chance to think about it, and I'll come up with something.

Carl: A surprise?

Molly: Maybe. But you just put on your pajamas and robe, and I'll think of a surprise.

Carl: Will it hurt?

Molly: No. There are other boys and girls here, and they're having their tonsils out. You'll meet them.

Carl: I don't want to.

Molly: Change your clothes, Carl. Everything will be just fine.

Act 2.

Molly: OK. Do you know how to play charades?

Molly: Frank, you've never played charades?

Frank: Nope.

Molly: Carl, you're sure you've never played? OK, Betty, Tim, and Frank. We're going to play charades. Frank, you can learn as we go. And, Carl, you join in at anytime. OK, let me think. OK, I've got one. All right.

Betty: A movie! A movie!

Molly: Ringt. A movie. OK.

Tim: Six words. It has six words.

Frank: That's easy. I can play.

Molly: Good. OK. We've got a movie. The title.

Betty: Six words.

Molly: Right. First word...

Betty: Sounds like.

Tim: Sounds like...

Molly: You got that part right. Yes.

Betty: Sounds like...

Time: Sounds like what?

Frank: Sounds like no.

Molly: Absolutely right, Frank. Sounds like no. OK. We've got a movie. Six words. The first word sounds like no.

Frank: Row. Row.

Tim: Go.

Molly: Nope.

Tim: Show. That's It-show.

Molly: No...OK...

Betty: Snow.

Molly: Absolutely right, Betty. Sounds like no-snow. OK, a movie. Six words. The first word is snow.

Frank: This is fun.

Molly: Oh, OK.

Betty: The fifth word.

Molly: Right, fifth word.

Tim: Seven?

Molly: Absolutely right. Very good. The fifth word is seven. OK, we've got a movie. The first word is snow. Fifth word, seven.

Betty: I got it! I got it!

Frank: Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

Betty: I got it!

Frank: I got it!

Molly: Carl, now you know charades. Why don't join us?

Carl: I don't like charades. It's for babies.

Molly: Oh, I like it

Carl: Well, they're babies.

Betty: You're a sore loser.

Tim: Yeah.

Molly: No arguing. Save your voices. Between now and tomorrow you're all going to have your tonsils out. And you won't be able to speak for a while. So save your voices till then.

Philip: Hi, gang. Hi, everybody. Well, what's going on?

Molly: I sure I am glad to see you, Dr. Stewart. This is a rough group.

Carl: I didn't want to play charades, so they're angry at me.

Philip: Why don't you want to play?

Carl: Because I don't want to be here. I don't want my tonsils out.

Philip: Why not?

Carl: Because my birthday is tomorrow. My mother promised me a birthday party with a clown.

Molly: But you can have on when you go home, Carl.

Carl: But my birthday is tomorrow.

Philip: I'm sorry, Carl.

Molly: Carl, you'll have your party when you go home.

Carl: But it won't be on my birthday! And you promised me a surprise.

Act 3.

Molly: It hurts, doesn't it?

Molly: You'll feel better tomorrow, Betty, believe me. Only one day, and it won't hurt as much. Do you feel like eating? Having some dinner? Oh, don't look so sad. Let me tell you about your dinner. It's ice cream

Molly: Ice cream. All kinds of flavrs. Chccolate.

Molly: Strawberry?

Molly: Vanilla?

Molly: Vanilla, too?

Molly: I see you're feeling better already, Betty. So you will have dinner?

Molly: OK, honey, we'll see to it that you have strawberry and vanilla ice cream. Just rest now. You need some rest to help you get better quickly. Hi Frank. How you doing?

Molly: Oh, come on now. You're a big boy. It doesn't hurt that much, does it? Oh, I'm sorry it hurts so much, and won't be able to have dinner. You're just going to have to have ice cream. Yes, Ice cream. Lots of flavors. Want to hear them?

Molly: Chocolate?

Molly: Then chocolate it is. One scoop or two?

Molly: Three scoops?

Molly: Then three it will be.

Molly: You want three scoops also?

Molly: Chocolate, too?

Molly: Well, I see you're feeling better.

Molly: Well, at least you're acting like you feel better. Three scoops of chocolate ice cream for Tim coming up. Hi, Carl. How you doing?

Molly: I know it hurts. But it'll be better tomorrow. In the meantime, what would you like?

Carl: Surprise.

Molly: A surprise? I promised you a surprise, didn't I? And it wasn't just ice cream, was it?

Molly: Your birthday is tomorrow, isn't it?

Molly: Well, maybe, just maybe, there will be a surprise. But first you have to smile. I just want to see one smile from you.

Molly: No smile, no surprise. That's the deal. No smile, no surprise. If you want a surprise, then you've got to smile first.

Molly: How you all doing? Well, I'm glad you're feeling better because we have a little surprise for you today. It's Carl's birthday, and we have Popo the Clown to entertain you. And here he is -Popo the Clown.

Philip: Happy birthday, Carl. Happy birthday. All right everybody. OK, Carl. It's your birthday. What's your wish? What would you like?

Philip: Hmm?

Molly: You want to play charades?

Episode 9 It's Up to You

Act 1.

Robbie: Who is it?

Philip: Dad.

Robbie: Come on in, Dad.

Philip: I thought you might be hungry. I brought you a chicken sandwich and a glass of milk.

Robbie: I am hungry. Thanks, Dad. What time is it, anyway?

Philip: Ten O'clock. What are you working on?

Robbie: I'm writing a story for the high-school paper.

Philip: Can't you finish it tomorrow?

Robbie: No, I have to turn it in in the morning.

Philip: What's it about?

Robbie: I'm writing an article on the feelings about graduation.

Philip: And...how do you feel?

Robbie: Me? A little scared. And excited, too.

Philip: I felt the same way.

Robbie: The scary part's leaving home and moving to college.

Philip: Oh, leaving home is part of growing up. Well, don't work all night.

Robbie: I don't mind. I enjoy writing.

Philip: Well, maybe you should think about becoming a writer.

Robbie: Maybe I should.

Philip: You have lots of time to decide.



Robbie: That's the worst part-making decisions.

Philip: You'll be OK. Good night, Son.

Robbie: Good night, Dad.

Grandpa&

Philip: "Hail to the victors valiant, Hail to the conquering heroes, Hail, Hail to Michigan, The champions of the West!"

Philip: Ah, good morning Robbie.

Robbie: Good morning, Dad.

Grandpa: How's my grandson?

Robbie: Fine, Grandpa. Fine! What's all the cheering about Did the University f Michigan anoter football game?

Grandpa: Better than that. Tell him Philip.

Philip: I just spoke with Charley Rafer.

Robbie: Who's Charley Rafer?

Philip: He's the Dean of Admission for the University of Michigan.

Grandpa: And it turns out he's a classmate of Philip's.

Philip: We were both on the tennis team.

Robbie: Great!

Philip: It is great. He's going to be in New York tomorrow to interview applicants for admission.

Grandpa: And he's agreed to fit you into his schedule.

Robbie: But I may not want to go to Michigan.

Philip: It's one of the best schools in the country, Robbie. I studied medicine there. Your grandfather went to the Englieering School there.

Robbie: I know that, but...

Grandpa: You said you wanted to be a doctor like your father.

Robbie: Not exactly.

Grandpa: You couldn't pick a finer medical school than Michigan.

Robbie: Yes, I know that.

Philip: Let's meet with Charley at the university club. Ten O'clock tomorrow morning. It doesn't mean you're going Michigan.

Grandpa: It doesn't mean you have to be a doctor. But the intevieu will be good experience for you.

Robbie: In that case, it's OK. Dad, growing up means making my own decisions, doesn't it?

Philip: You're right, Robbie. But, like your Grandpa suggested, have the interview.

Grandpa: And then make your own decision.

Robbie: That sounds fine.

Philip: I know it's sudden, Robbie, but this is an important opportunity. We'll head down there first thing tomorrow morning. OK?

Robbie: Sure, Dad.

Philip: I want you to know something, Son. I'm...very proud of you.

Robbie: Thanks, Dad.

Philip: Well, I've got an appointment at the hospital. I'll see you all at dinnertime.

Robbie: Bye, Dad.

Grandpa: Is something still wrong, Robbie?

Robbie: I'll be OK.

Grandpa: Going away to college for the first time always makes one a little nervous.

Robbie: I guess so. I'll be OK. I just need time to think.

Act 2.

Philip: Sorry, Robbie. Sorry to be late this morning, but, well, we've still got some time for a cup of coffee. I can't wait to see my old pal Charley Rafer.

Robbie: Neither can I.

Philip: So you thought about it, huh?

Robbie: Yes, I have, Dad.

Philip: Well, I'm glad. I knew you'd realize that this interview could be an important experience for you.

Robbie: I came to the conclusion.

Philip: That's very wise, Robbie. Very wise. Now let's head off for the city and the university club.

Robbie: Thanks, Dad.

Philip: Thanks...for what?

Robbie: Thanks for hearing me out. And...

Philip: And...?

Robbie: And thanks for being

such an understanding father.

Philip: Well, thank you, Robbie. Thank you.

Dean: Philip Stewart! It's great to see you!

Philip: Charley Rafer-you look as young as ever.

Dean: You must be Robbie.

Robbie: Hi.

Philip: Yes, this is my youngest son Robbie. Robbie, I want you to meet one of the best tennis players on the Michigan team-Charley Rafer.

Robbie: Nice to meet you, Dean Rafer.

Dean: Well, are you as good a tennis player as your dad?

Robbie: No, I'm not very good at it.

Philip: Frankly, neither was I. Charley was the star of the team.

Dean: Yeah. Thanks. Well, how've you been, Philip?

Philip: Oh, working too hard.

Dean: Doesn't show. How's Ellen?

Philip: Fine, thank you. And how's Marge?

Dean: She's still giving the toughest English history exams in the school and loving every minute of it. And speaking of minutes, I have interviews until noon, so why don't we get right to work?

Philip: Can you have lunch with us later?

Dean: I'd love to, Philip, but I'm afraid I can't. I'm only here two days, and I have interviews with twenty-six applicants.

Philip: I understand. Well, thanks. I'll wait outside. Good luck, Son.

Dean: Did you bring your transcript from high school?

Robbie: Yes, sir. Right here.

Dean: Thank you. Please sit down.

Dean: I see under "activities" that you've been writing for the school paper.

Robbie: Yes, sir.

Dean: What kinds of articles have you written?

Robbie: All kinds-sports, editorials, theater reviews. You name it, I've written it.

Dean: Hmm. Well, have you ever thought of becoming a journalist?

Robbie: A professional writer? Not until recently.

Dean: Michigan has a fine School of Journalism.

Robbie: Yes, I know that.

Dean: You seem to have some reservations.

Robbie: I'm a little uncertain.

Dean: It's been very nice talking to you.

Robbie: Nice talking to you, sir.

Dean: One piece of advice. The most important thing is for you to decide your own future.

Robbie: Yes, sir. Good-bye. Dean Rafer.

Dean: Good-bye. Robbie. Good luck.

Act 3.

Mike: I had an interview today, too. I had a great interview with Admissions at Columbia University.

Robbie: Really? What did they say? Will you get into the school?

Mike: Well, they didn't say anything for sure. But I figure that with my grades and with my personality, I'll have no problem.

Robbie: Columbia's a terrific school. What are you going to do?

Mike: Do? I don't know. I also applied to NYU.

Robbie: You sound excited about Columbia. What's your problem, Mike?

Mike: Indecision. Indecision. It's not easy, and this is an important decision we have to make. What about you? How was your interview with Michigan?

Robbie: The interview was fine.

Mike: It's a great college.

Robbie: It is. My father would like me to go there. He and my Grandpa both went there.

Mike: Great medical school, too.

Robbie: I know.

Mike: You can follow in your father's footsteps.

Robbie: Ah! I'd like to follow in my own footsteps, Mike.

Mike: What do you want to study?

Robbie: I've been thinking. I think I want to study journalism to be a reporter-a newspaperman.

Mike: You do a pretty good job on the Riverdale High School paper.

Robbie: And I've been thinking about it a lot lately.

Mike: Have you discussed it with your parents?

Robbie: No. But I have to.

Mike: OK. Let's talk.

Philip: Hi, Dad. Everything's fine. I was just waiting for your to get home so we could talk.

Philip: Anything special you want to talk about?

Robbie: There is, Dad.

Philip: I'm listening.

Robbie: Well, I know you and Mom have given up a lot to save money for my college tuition.

Philip: We want you to go to college, Robbie.

Robbie: I know. I do.

Philip: But?

Robbie: Well, I've Thought a lot about which college, and one of them is Columbia.

Philip: Columbia? Why Columbia?

Robbie: First, they hav an excellent School of Journalism.

Philip: They do. And your friends are planning to go to Columbia?

Robbie: That's only part of it. It's complicated. I'll try to explain. Mike and I had a hamburger this afternoon, and we talked.

Philip: Yes?

Robbie: Well, we talked about a lot of thing .He applied to Columbnia, and his interview was very successful. He thinks he'll be accepted, and he relly wants to go there.

Philip: Dean Rafer called me today. He told me he was very impressed with you.

Robbie: He's a nice man. He was very kind.

Philip: He told me you had some doubts about wanting to go to Michigan.

Robbie: Yes. I do. I'm just not sure about what I want to do.

Philip: That's OK.

Robbie: You understand?

Philip: Let me tell you something, Robbie. Something that might be surprising to you.

Robbie: What? Tell me.

Philip: Well, Grandpa wanted me to study engineering, like him. Well, I wasn't clear about my future, but I knew engineering was not for me.

Robbie: What did you tell Grandpa?

Philip: The truth.

Robbie: Then you're not upset about my not wantin to go into medicine?

Philip: I'm not upset at all. I'm just happy that we're able to talk about it.

Robbie: I am too, Dad.

Philip: I suppose you want to apply to Columbia.

Robbie: Yes, but I also wanted to apply to several other colleges.

Philip: I thought you wanted to go to Columbnia.

Robbie: Well, I might want to go to Columbia. But I might not. I just want to be able to make my own decision.

Philip: You're a real Stewart!

Robbie: And if I think about it long enough, you never know...

Philip: Never know what?

Robbie: If I make my own decision, I might choose Michigan.

Philip: Robbie, you're something! You know, when I was your age, said exactly the same thing to Grandpa.

Episode 10 Smell the Flowers

Act 1.

Sam: Good morning, Susan.

Susan: Good morning, Sam . What's the chedule today?

Sam: Ten O'clock, telephone FAO Schwarz about the new twin baby dolls.

Susan: OK.

Sam: Telephone Mrs. Zaskey at the advertising agency.

Susan: I did that. Go on.

Sam: Eleven O'clock, approve the sketches for the toy spaceship.

Susan: Where are they?

Sam: Right here.

Susan: Did you look at them?

Sam: Yes, I did.

Susan: What do you think of the spaceship?

Sam: I think the kids'll love it.

Susan: Would you show me the drawings, please?

Sam: Huh.

Susan: Now, what else is on the schedule today?

Sam: Well, at one o'clock you have a lunch appointment with Mr.Levine, the client from the Toytown Stores.

Susan: Where?

Sam: At Rossano's.

Susan: Hmm. Anything else?

Sam: At four o'clock, you have a meeting with the production staff in the conference room.

Susan: Make sure everybody is at that meeting.

Sam: Will do. At six you're meeting Mr.Ozawa.

Susan: Oh, yes. Are his models here?

Sam: They're in my office.

Susan: I'd like to see them.

Sam: Right.

Susan: What else?

Susan: Come on, Sam...

Sam: You work hard, Susan. When was your last day off?

Susan: Hmm. I can't remember.

Sam: You really ought to take some time off.

Susan: What for?

Sam: To enjoy the simple things in life...

Susan: I know, Sam. Maybe soon.

Sam: To smell the flowers.

Susan: Oh, wait a minute. What's today's date?

Sam: Today is the twelfth. Why?

Susan: It seems to me I scheduled something else.

Sam: There's nothing else in the appointment book.

Susan: I'm sure I did. Oh, well, I'll probably remember it later.

Sam: I hope it isn't important.

Susan: Hmm. It's probably nothing. OK, let's get started. Would you call Priscilla Smith at FAO Schwarz, please?

Sam: Right.

Sam: These are the models from the Japanese film maker.

Susan: Thank you. Just put them on my desk.

Sam: And the new drawings for the toy spaceship.

Susan: Wonderful. That was fast.

Sam: We have a new artist. She's very talented.

Susan: What time is it, anyway? My watch stopped.

Sam: It's eleven thirty.

Susan: What time is my lunch date with Bill Levine.

Sam: One o'clock.

Susan: Remind me to leave at twelve forty-five.

Sam: Did you remember your other appointment for today?

Susan: No, but I have a feeling it's going to be too late when I do remember.

Susan: Yes, Sam?

Sam: I just solved the mystery.

Susan: What did I forget?

Sam: You have some guests in the reception room.

Susan: What? Who?

Sam: Mr. Harry Bennett and his daughter.

Susan: I remember! Oh... Harry! I made a lunch date with him and his daughter weeks ago.

Sam: Is he a client?

Susan: He's a friend.

Sam: Well, He's here with his daughter to have lunch.

Susan: I met her at Thanksgiving, and I promised to have lunch with both of them today.

Sam: Yes, indeed. What are you going to do about your appointment with Mr. Levine?

Susan: Any suggestions? Oh!

Act 2.

Susan: Hi, Michelle. Hello, Harry. It's nice to see you again.

Michelle: Hello.

Harry: Hi, Susan. We have both been excited about seeing you and having lunch with you today. Michelle picked these flowers out for you.

Michelle: Daddy, can we go soon?

Harry: We're going to go to lunch in a few minutes, honey.

Michelle: But I'm thirsty.

Harry: OK. You go out and get a drink of water at the fountain.

Susan: The fountain is over there, Michelle. Near the Exit sign.

Michelle: Thank you.

Harry: Michelle is a little shy.

Susan: I used to be that way when I was her age. Harry, if Michelle doesn't want to go, we don't have to.

Harry: She'll be fine. Remember, I haven't dated anyone else since her mother died. This is a little difficult for her. Are you ready to go?

Susan: Yes. But could you wait one minute? I have a call to make. Would you excuse me?

Susan: Sam, get Mr. Levine a Toytown Stores on the telephone for me, please.

Sam: Right. Hello. Susan Stewart calling Mr. Levine, Susan Stewart. I find myself in an embarrassing situation. I made another lunch date for today and forgot to enter it in my appointment book. Can you and I meet for drinks tomorrow? I'd really appreciate it... Yes... Thank you... Tomorrow at five o'clock at the Biltmore. I'll see you then.

Thank you, Mr. Levine.

Waiter: Welcome to the South Street Restaurant, folks. What'll it be?

Harry: What do you recommend?

Waiter: Well, the crab salad's always a big hit.

Harry: Susan, would you like the crab salad?

Susan: I'd love the crab salad.

Harry: Michelle, would you like to try the crab salad, too?

Michelle: OK, Daddy.

Harry: We'll have three crab salads and a pitcher of lemonade.

Waiter: Help yourself to celery and carrots and other vegetables.

Harry: We used to catch crabs.

Susan: Where was that?

Harry: We had a summer house on Fire Island. Do you remember, Michelle?

Michelle: Sure. You and Mommy used to take me on the ferryboat.

Harry: Sometimes, at night, we would go down to the beach and catch crabs, remember?

Michelle: With a piece of meat on a string!

Harry: Right. Well, I think I'm going to go get us all some vegetables.

Waiter: There you go.

Susan: Thank you.

Waiter: And some ice-cold lemonade.

Susan: Thank you.

Waiter: Enjoy it.

Susan: Michelle, can I help you with the lemonade?

Michelle: No, thank you, I'll wait for my father.

Susan: Michelle, can we have a talk?

Michelle: Sure.

Susan: I know you miss your mother.

Michelle: You do? Susan: Yes. And I'm not trying to take her place.

Michelle: Then why are you and Daddy spending so much time together?

Susan: Because we like each other. And right now, he needs a friend.

Michelle: I'm his friend.

Susan: I know you are.

Michelle: Sometimes he's very sad.

Susan: And so are you, I think.

Michelle: Sometimes.

Susan: I'd like to be your friend, too. Will you let me be your friend, Michelle?

Harry: So, what were you two talking about?

Michelle: Just girl talk, daddy. It's too hard to explain.

Harry: You're probably right. Well, let's get started.

Act 3.

Susan: Oh, it's a quarter to four, and I have a production meeting at four.

Harry: I planned to take you for a ride in Central Park in a horse and carriage.

Susan: Harry, I'd love to, but I have work to do.

Harry: OK. We'll walk back to your office with you. It's so nice out. I decided to forget about my accounting problems and just enjoy this beautiful spring day. Take the time, Susan.

Susan: I know I should, but... well, there are too many things to do.

Harry: I understand. I'll go for a ride with Michelle.

Susan: Right. Well, I had a really nice time.

Harry: So did I.

Michelle: So did I. I'm sorry you can't come with us, Susan.

Susan: So am I.

Harry: Bye-bye.

Susan: Harry! Michelle! Can you wait till I make a phone call?

Harry: Sure.

Sam: Susan Stewart's office.

Susan: Sam, this is Susan.

Sam: Hi. How was lunch?

Susan: Fine.

Sam: You're late. The production department's waiting in the conference room.

Susan: I know. Ask Paul Smith to fill in for me. He knows everything about the production schedule, and he can answer any questions.

Sam: Right.

Susan: Don't tell anyone, but I'm taking a little time to smell the flowers.

Sam: Good for you. It'll be our secret.

Susan: But schedule another production meeting for tomorrow. I'll be back for my six o'clock appointment with Mr. Ozawa.

Sam: OK, Susan. And have a nice afternoon.

Susan: Thanks

Harry: She likes you.



Susan: I know. I like her.

Harry: How'd you do it?

Susan: We had a talk.

Harry: About what?

Susan: Life.

harry: And what did you decide?

Susan: That's a secret...between us women.

Episode 11 A Place of Our Own

Act 1.

Marilyn: Ellen, I'd like your opinion

Ellen: About what?

Marilyn: Well, Richard and I feel that with a baby coming we need to have our own place to live.

Ellen: Oh.

Marilyn: Well, what do you think about Richard and me looking for a small house or an apartmnt at this point in our lives?

Ellen: We love having you here, and there is room, and...and when the baby comes, the baby can stay in your room for a while.

Marilyn: Richard feels we need to find a small house.

Ellen: I remember when I was pregnant with Richard.Philip and I were living with Grandma and Grandpa. Philip was a young doctor, and he kept talking about having a house of our own. It's natural.

Marilyn: What did you do ?

Ellen: We looked at a lot of houses.

Marilyn: Did you find one?

Ellen: Oh, not at first. We couldn't afford it.Grandpa wanted to led us the money to buy one, but philip is too independent. He didn't want to borrow any money.

Marilyn: Sounds like Richard.

Ellen: They're all alike. Richard is a real Stewart. He's independent, and sometimes just stubborn.

Marilyn: When did you buy a house?

Ellen: After Richard was born. I was teaching music,and Philip was opening his first meical office.

Marilyn: Where was the house?

Ellen: Right here in Riverdate. Of course, it was a small house, but just right for us.

Marilyn: It's funny. History repeats itself. Now Richard and I are having a baby, and we prbably won't be able to afford a house right away, either.

Ellen: Why don't you look at some houses, Marilyn?

Marilyn: Good idea.

Ellen: Look in the real-estate section of Sunday's Times. You'll learn a lot.

Marilyn: Maybe we should speak to a real-estate agent about a house.

Ellen: And a bank about a mortgage.

Marilyn: I'll talk to Richard about it. I think it's a good idea, Ellen. We can learn a lot by asking.

Ellen: And if I can be of any help, let me know. As a matter of fact, my friend Virginia Martinelli is a real-estate agent.

Marilyn: Good.

Ellen: You won't believe this, but she sold us our first house and this one.

Marilyn: Well, I'll tell Richard, and we'll go to see her. Do you think the skirt length is right, Ellen? Do you think it's too long?

Ellen: I think the skirt is just right. Are you planning to attach a train to it?

Marilyn: No. No train. Just the dress. But I am going to make a headpiece of lace.

Ellen: That dress is gorgeous.

Marilyn: Thanks, Ellen. And thanks for the advice about the house. I'll talk to Richard about it the minute he comes home.

Ellen: And remember, we love having you here. There's no need to rush.

Act 2.

Virginia: I remember your parents' first house very well. It was on Spring Avenue, near the park.

Richard: I grew up in that house.

Virginia: Yes, and you were such a cute baby.

Marilyn: I've seen pictures of him. He had blond hair.

Virginia: I've been friendly with the Stewart family for a long time, so it's my pleasure to help you find a house now.

Richard: Well, we're not sure we can afford one.

Marilyn: But we'd like to find out about the possibilities.

Virginia: That's a good idea. I love your house on Linden Street. I sold your father that house seventeen years ago.

Marilyn: Really?

Richard: Yes, Mom was pregnant with Robbie then, and they needed the extra room.

Virginia: I hear you're expecting a baby, Mrs. Stewart.

Marilyn: Mmm-hmm. So we will be needing more room.

Virginia: Oh, so you don't need something immediately?

Richard: No. But in five or six months...

Marilyn: And time passes so quickly.

Virginia: Yes, it does. Well, when you called, you gave me enough information about your salaries and your savings. So I have a good idea about your financial situation. Let me show you some pictures of houses.

Marilyn: With two bedrooms?

Virginia: Yes, I think I can show you some. Of course, they won't be in Riverdale. The cost of housing is too high for you here.

Richard: I haven't thought about living anywhere else. We've always lived in this area.

Marilyn: Where should we look for a house, Mrs. Martinelli?

Virginia: Well, we have an office in Mount Kisco. It's a lovely area, and it's only about an hour's drive from here. Here, I have a book with photos of some homes in that area. Now, let's see. Here. This is a lovely two-bedroom house in your price range.

Marilyn: It's pretty, but I prefer a two-story home.

Richard: I do, too. I don't care for a ranch type.

Virginia: OK. Oh, this is a wonderful house. I know it well. I sold it to the present owners.

Richard: It looks wonderful.

Virginia: This is a two-bedroom, two-bath house. It has a full basement, and it is on a half-acre lot. You can probably afford this one.

Marilyn: I like this house.

Richard: So do I.

Virginia: And the price is right. Would you like to go see it?

Richard: Yes. We're planning to talk to someone at the bank next week. Perhaps we could see the house this weekend.

Virginia: If some one doesn't buy it before then. But let's keep looking. Just to get an idea of some other possibilities.

Richard: This is very helpful, Mrs. Martinelli.

Virginia: Here. This is a wonderful example of Spanish-style architecture.

Richard: Oh, I love the roof tiles on a Spanish-style house.

Marilyn: It looks like the houses in Hollywood.

Virginia: It's interesting. A house like this in Riverdale costs double the price. Oh my! Here's a real buy. It's a bargain. This house just came on the market.

Marilyn: It's quite lovely. Is it a two-bedroom house?

Virginia: No. It has three bedrooms and three baths. I know the house. It has a brand new kitchen. And a living room with a twelve-foot ceiling. And there's a two-car garage.

Richard: Then why don't we go look at this house, too?

Virginia: It's a good investment.

Richard: Thank you, Mrs. Martinelli.

Marilyn: Thanks so much.

Virginia: My pleasure. Give my best to your parents.

Virginia: Your father's a wonderful doctor, Richard. He took care of my daughter when she was a child. He's the best pediatrician in Westchester.

Richard: Thanks, Mrs. Martinelli, I'll give them your regards.

Marilyn: We really appreciate your advice.

Virginia: I do think you should go see the houses and talk to the bank. Here. Let me give you some information sheets about the houses. They're both very good buys.

Richard: Well, thanks so much for your help and your time, Mrs. Martinelli. We've got a lot to talk about.

Marilyn: Mmm-hmm. Thanks.

Act 3.

Mr. Riley: How do you do?

Richard: Hello.

Mr. Riley: I'm Ralph Riley.

Richard: I'm Richard Stewart, and this is my wife, Marilyn.

Mr.Riley: Pleased to meet you.

Marilyn: Likewise, Mr.Riley.

MR.Riley: Please, sit down. What can I do for you?

Richard: We'd like to discuss a mortgage.

Marilyn: For a house.

Mr.Riley: Fine. Are you buying a house or are you refinancing your present home?

Richard: We're planning to buy a house.

Marilyn: And we'd like to find out about a mortgage.

Richard: We are customers of the bank. As a matter of fact, my whole Family banks here.

Mr.Riley: I have some questions to ask. Do you own your house or do you rent?

Richard: Neither. We live with my parents, Dr. and Mrs. Philip Stewart.

Mr.Riley: And how old are you?

Marilyn: I'm twenty-nine.

Richard: I'm thirty.

Mr.Riley: And, Mr. Stewart, what is your occupation?

Richard: I'm a freelance photographer.

Mr.Riley: And, Mrs. Stewart, are you working?

Marilyn: Yes. I'm a designer, and I work in a boutique.

Mr.Riley: Did you bring any savings or salary information? Last year's tax forms?

Richard: Yes. Here they are.

Mr. Riley: OK. What...what kind of house did you have in mind?

Richard: We're talking about buying a two-bedroom house in Mount Kisco. Here are the financial details on the house.

Mr.Riley: Thank you. Are you prepared to make a ten-percent down payment?

Richard: Yes, we are.

Mr.Riley: Payments over thirty years?

Richard: Yes.

Marilyn: Do you think we can get a loan?

Mr.Riley: Well, it depends. Do you own any other property? Any stocks or bonds?

Richard: No.

Mr.Riley: I see. Then you don't have any collateral. Perhaps you could get a guarantor- someone to sign for the loan for you.

Richard: Why is that necessary?

Mr.Riley: Since you don't have enough income, and you don't already own any property, the bank needs to be sure you can pay the mortgage every month. A guarantor is responsible for the loan if you can't make the payments.

Richard: I see. Well, the idea of buying a house is exciting.

Marilyn: Thank you, Mr.Riley. We'll read this over carefully.

Mr.Riley: Thank you.

Richard: Good-bye. Thanks.

Mr.Riley: Good-bye. And hope to see you soon.

Richard: I hope so, too.

Mr.Riley: Take care.

Marilyn: Good-bye.

Richard: It all sounded so easy until they mentioned needing collateral or a guarantor.

Marilyn: We have no collateral.

Richard: And I don't think it's a good idea to ask Dad to sign as a guarantor. I don't feel right about it.

Marilyn: I understand your feelings about it, Richard.

Ellen: Now, tell me, what's the problem?

Marilyn: We can get a loan from the bank if we can put up some collateral.

Richard: And we don't own anything to use as collateral.

Marilyn: Or someone can sign with us as a guarantor.

Ellen: Why don't you speak to Dad?

Richard: No. If we buy a house, I want to be able to handle it alone.

Ellen: Everybody needs help sometimes, Richard.

Marilyn: I understand Richard's feelings about it, Ellen.

Richard: In two or three months, I'll have an advance on my book and be able to put more money down.

Marilyn: What about the house in Mount Kisco? Somebody else'll buy it by then.

Richard: Then there'll be other houses, Marilyn.

Ellen: Richard has a point. You're just beginning to look.

Marilyn: We're in no great rush. It's true.

Richard: This has been a great learning experience for us, Marilyn. Talking to the real-estate agent. Looking at the houses. Talking to the loan officer at the bank.

Marilyn: It has been a learning experience. That's true.

Ellen: I think you're doing the right thing. Taking your time. Looking around. Especially with a purchase of this kind. You're talking about a lot of money.

Marilyn: We'll call Mrs. Martinelli and tell her to keep looking for us.

Richard: And I'll call Mr. Riley at the bank and tell him we'll see him in a couple of months.

Ellen: And if you ever need Dad or me to help you...

Marilyn: We know.

Ellen: You know we'll be there for you.

Richard: It's a Stewart tradition. We're a family.

Episode 12 You're Tops

Act 1.

Grandpa: Is that you, Susan?

Susan: It's me, Grandpa.

Grandpa: Am I glad to see you!

Susan: And am I glad to see you! I am also glad to be here.

Grandpa: How are things?

Susan: I have been talking to a group of salesmen since ten this morning, and I'm real exhausted.

Grandpa: Well, you look good. What's Harry doing tonight?

Susan: He and Michelle are visiting relatives in New Jersey today.

Grandpa: The rest of our family went to the movies. So it's just you and me, Susan.

Susan: It's nice to be alone with you, Grandpa. We don't get to see enough of each other.

Grandpa: Oh, I feel the same way, Susan. I miss seeing you. But to tell the truth, next time I'd like to go into the city and meet you there, instead of you coming here.

Susan: You don't need to do that, Grandpa.

Grandpa: Yeah, I do. I need to get out more. Well, I mean there's a lot to do around the house, and I love being here with the family, you know, but I'm restless. Since I retired, I've got extra time on my hands.

Susan: I understand, Grandpa.

Grandpa: I think you do. Frankly, I'd like to use my brain a little more.

Susan: Grandpa, you have so much energy and so many years of experience. There are probably a lot of places for you to work. Particularly in the construction field.

Grandpa: But at my age, I'm not looking for a full-time job. I'm retired. But I'm bored.

Susan: Well, there must be something. Maybe I can help.

Grandpa: Let's go into the kitchen, and maybe can help me set the table.

Susan: Sounds good to me. What are we having?

Grandpa: I prepared lamb chops, mashed potatoes, and a tossed green salad to begin with.

Susan: Grandpa, you are a terrific guy!

Susan: You're still thinking about something to do, aren't you? A job of some kind.

Grandpa: That's right. I've been thinking about it for weeks now. There must be some way to put my mind to good use.

Susan: We'll find a solution. A positive solution to your finding a way to use that wonderful mind of yours.

Act 2.

Susan: Sam, would you come in, please?

Sam: You sound like something's brothing you, Susan. The sketches for the cover of the new doll book?

Susan: That's not it. Please sit down.

Sam: Sure.

Susan: I need your advice on a personal matter, but it's not about me.

Sam: You need my advice on a personal matter, and it's not about. OK.

Susan: It's about my grandfather.

Sam: What's the problem?

Susan: It won't sound like a big deal, but it is. I had dinner with him Saturday, and he's very unhappy about not working.

Sam: I thought he was retired and pleased to be living with the family.

Susan: He is, but there's so much energy and talent in the man, and he doesn't get to use it.

Sam: But what can I do? What kind of advice are you looking for?

Susan: Simply this. John Marchetta runs this company.

Sam: He founded this company.

Susan: Right. John Marchetta Gave me my start here six years ago, when I first graduated from college. He gave me the chance to use my talents and made me feel more confident.

Sam: Right. Maybe he can do the same thing for your grandfather.

Susan: Or at least give him some advice.

Sam: Right. Then I've solved your problem.

Susan: I can always depend on you, Sam.

Sam: I'm glad to help. Shall I call Mr. Marchetta for you?

Susan: No, no. I'll do that. Thanks.

Sam: Now, how's the Stewart family?

Susan: Fine, thank you, Mr. Marchetta. Except for my grandfather.

Sam: What's wrong, Susan? What's wrong with him?

Susan: He needs to work. In fact, that is the reason why I'm here to see you. I know yuo're building a new factory, and I thought...may be...my grandfather is so experienced in the construction trade, he could be so valuable.

Sam: Tell him to come and see me at ten O'clock tomorrow morning. I have an idea that may solve the probem for him and help a lot of other people.

Susan: Really, Mr.Marchetta?Can I tell him that?

Marchetta: Sure can. Ten O'clock in the morning. Here.

Susan: Oh, thank you!

Act 3.

Grandpa: Hi. I'm Malcolm Stewart.

Marchetta: John Marchetta.Sit down, sit down.

Grandpa: Susan has told me a great deal about you.She says you're quite a man.

Marchetta: She says a lot of wonderful things about you too, Mr.Stewart.

Grandpa: That's always nice to hear, Mr.Marchetta.

Marchetta: Call me John. May I call you Malcolm?

Marchetta; Let's talk business.

Grandpa: That's music to my ears.

Marchetta: I understand you used to be in the construction business.

Grandpa: Yup. Forty-three years. Here's a brief description of forty three years of on-the-job training.

Marchetta: That is some history! You're a valuable asset, Malcolm.Very valuable.

Grandpa: Thank you. Yup. Forty-three years. Half that time in my own construction company. Big jobs-factories, shopping malls.That kind of thing.

Marchetta: Then you retired.

Grandpa: Yes. After my wife died, and I felt I should spend more time with my children and grandchildren. I live in Florida, and they lived in New York.

Marchetta: I understand.My daughter Cami lives in NewYork. I like being near her.

Grandpa: When I came here, I planned to take a few months off. Relax with the family and then look for some work. Put my experience on the line...but, unfortunately, there isn't any work for a retired person my age.

Marchetta: Sometimes there is, and sometimes there isn't. Well, I'm mvoled with

an organization, and we're trying to resolve that problem.

Grandpa: What's that?

Marchetta: TOPS. T -O-P-S- means Talented Older People's Society.

Grandpa: I'd like to be a member. How much are the dues?

Marchetta: There are no dues...The organization serves major men and women like you. Experienced, talented, retired. But our members want to go out there and use their talents. They want to work.

Grandpa: That fantastic, John!

Marchetta: I've got an idea for you, Malcolm. Just fill out this form for me. It'll only take a few minutes. Sit right here, and do it while I talk to my secretary. When I get back, we'll talk about my new factory. My company is a member of TOPS. So I try hard to find opportunities for people like it. Well, I can use your brainpower on the job right now. Have you got time this morning to go over to the construction site with me? I'd like to have you meet my foreman-get some background on the job.

Grandpa: I've got plenty of time.

Marchetta: I'll be right back. We'll go over to the job site together.

Danny: Malcolm, you worked on the Spaceport project?

Grandpa: My company was the contractor. I built the theater there with my own two hands, practically.

Danny: I understand.

Marchetta: Well, I'm glad to see you two guys getting along so well because Danny, Malcolm is on the TOPS team. He's going to be working with you for a while. His experience will be valuable to both of us.

Danny: Welcome aboard, Malcolm!

Marchetta: I'm going back to my office. Give me a call later, Malcolm. I'll tell you the time and date of the next TOPS meeting. I'd like you to meet the group.

Grandpa: I will, John. And again-thanks.

Marchetta: No...thank you. And thank Susan.

Grandpa: He's quite a man.

Danny: A real inspiration for me.

Grandpa: OK, Danny. I know you didn't expect to have me around, but I think I can be of some help to you.

Danny: Let me tell you something, Malcolm. With your background and experience, I can learn something...and I do need some advice on a difficult problem. Let me show you this.

Grandpa: I don't want to give you a final opinion without studying these building plans more carefully. But a simple solution might be to move the air-conditioning units instead of redesigning the entire system. It might be simpler and less expensive.

Danny: You just earned your weight in gold, Malcolm. Welcome aboard!

Grandpa: It all happened so quickly! I can't believe it!

Susan: I'm glad Mr. Marchetta was so helpful.

Grandpa: He was more than helpful. He actually took me to meet his foreman.

Susan: I'm thrilled for you, Grandpa.



Grandpa: I don't know how to thank you, Susan. You're a wonderful granddaughter.

Susan: It's good to see you so happy.

Grandpa: I'll be at the construction site tomorrow. What are you doing tomorrow night?

Susan: I'm not doing anything. Why?

Grandpa: How about a date with your grandfather? I owe you a good steak dinner.

Susan: I'll accept. Tomorrow night. You and me. Dinner. What time?

Grandpa: I'll pick you up here at seven. Is that OK?

Susan: I can't wait! And you can tell me all about your first full day back on the job.

Grandpa: It's a deal!

Episode 13 A Real Stewart

Act 1.

Ellen: There's nothing more joyous than the arrival of a new baby.

Susan: I am so excited, Mother! Just imagine-Marilyn and Richard must be thrilled! Oh, a new baby!

Ellen: Max...Max...Max. Oh, it's a sweet-sounding name for a sweet little boy. My first grandchild.

Susan: And my first nephew. Isn't he just adorable? He looks a lot like you, Mom. He does.

Ellen: Do you think so? Well, I guess. He does look a lot like Richard, and I guess he looks a lot like me. Oh, he's got Richard's eyes, though.

Susan: I really want Harry and Michelle to see Max.

Ellen: When are they coming?

Susan: Tomorrow. Harry has an account to work on today. Yes, he does have Richard's eyes. Big blue eyes. The baby even looks at you like Richard does.

Ellen: Well, children usually resemble their parents.

Susan: It's true Michelle is a lot like Harry in so many ways. And she's shy with new people, just like he is.

Ellen: You really like Michelle, don't you?

Susan: Yes. I'm very fond of her.

Ellen: And Harry, too?

Susan: Well...

Ellen: Uh, it's four-thirty. Oh, my! Marilyn and Richard will be home from the hospital any minute, and we must prepare this room.

Susan: Where will we put all the presents?

Ellen: Well, let's take everything to the living room. Marilyn and Richard and the baby need the space. It's crowded in here.

Grandpa: The welcome sign is up: "Welcome home, Max."

Ellen: Isn't it exciting, Grandpa?

Susan: Your first great-grandchild.

Grandpa: Yes, Yes, sir. A great-grandchild. A great-grandson. Another generation to carry on the Stewart name.

Susan: I love you, Grandpa. You make me feel so proud to be part of our family.

Grandpa: One day, You'll have your own family, and I'll be proud to be part of it.

Ellen: Now you understand my feelings, Susan. I'm Grandpa's daughter-in-law, but I feel like a Stewart. He's always made me feel like his own daughter.

Grandpa: Well, that's because you're so much like us-wonderful!

Susan: Mom, got it. This will make a nice gift for Marilyn and dates and information about Max's life here. Let's see. Name: Max Stewart. Does he have a middle name?

Ellen: No, just Max. I like that. No middle name. No middle initial.

Grandpa: Like me. I'm Malcolm Stewart. Just Malcolm Stewart.

Susan: And Max has your initials, Grandpa: M.S.

Ellen: Uh, it must mean something.

Susan: Weight: eight pounds six ounces.

Grandpa: Eight-six. Big boy! All the Stewart men were big.

Ellen: Well, Robbie was eight pounds two ounces, and Richard was eight pounds three.

Susan: And me?

Ellen: Eight pounds six. You were big, just like Max.

Susan: Eight pounds six, just like me. That's nice. Length. Length?

Ellen: Richard says Max is twenty-one inches long.

Grandpa: Tall. All the Stewart men are tall.

Ellen: Well, Grandpa, you're about five-nine or five-ten. I wouldn't call that tall.

Grandpa: I take after my mother's family. They were...they were... they were average.

Susan: Mother: Marilyn. Father: Richard. And lots of pages for Richard's photos of Max.

Grandpa: Speaking of mother and of father-and speaking of Max hear the car. They're here!

Ellen: Oh! Oh, quickly! Go, go, go!

Ellen: Let's see. Oh, welcome home. Oh, let her in. Wait with your pictures for a second. Come on, darlings. Sweetheart... Sit down right here.

Susan: Oh, he's so cute! Oh, Marilyn!

Robbie: Max looks just like Grandpa.

Grandpa: A real Stewart.

Marilyn: I'm so happy to be home with my family-and with Max.

Act 2.

Susan: It's almost ten O'clock. I've got to go. Tomorrow is Monday, and work begins at eight in the morning for me. Oh, I'm so happy that Max is home. He's the sweetest little thing.

Ellen: I'll drive you to Grand Grandpa, Robbie, and I can finish wrapping all these gifts.

Richard: It's so good to have you home again...and to see Max asleep in his bassinet at home with us.

Marilyn: To be with our family and all that Stewart TLC.

Richard: TLC-tender loving care. That's our motto.

Marilyn: Did you see the washcloth and the towels with the teddy bears on them? Alexandra and the Molinas sent them for Max.

Richard: It was so kind of them. Now Max has come into everyone's life.

Marilyn: The house is so alive with him here. The welcome sign over the door. The

boxes of presents. The M-Z-X over his bassinet. Robbie put that there. Susan's teddy bear. So cuddly. The beautiful crib from Mom and Dad.

Richard: Oh, and Grandpa's baseball glove. You know, it hung over my crib, too. And it hung over Robbie's crib.

Marilyn: Part of Grandpa's magic?

Richard: Oh, that's not all. It hung over Susan's crib.

Marilyn: Part of Grandpa's magic?

Richard: Oh, that's not all. It hung over Susan's crib.

Marilyn: The same baseball glove?

Richard: That's right. Grandpa hangs it there for good luck. He says it always brought him good luck on the baseball team. He believes it'll bring good luck to all the Stewart babies.

Marilyn: And then he takes it back when Max is ready to use it?

Richard: Yes, and replaces it with a new glove so the old one will be ready for a new member of the Stewart family

Marilyn: Grandpa really loves his family, doesn't he? So do I.

Richard: And so do I.

Richard: And so does Max.

Marilyn: After he eats!

Act 3.

Marilyn: Thanks, Michelle.

Michelle: I hope you like it.

Marilyn: Isn't this baby outfit adorable? With his name on it "Max." Thanks so much, Harry and Michelle.

Richard: We really appreciate it.

Harry: I'm glad you like it. Michelle picked it out.

Michelle: Yes. I told Daddy to pick blue ones. Blue is for boys, and pink is for girls.

Grandpa: And Max is some boy.

Richard: He's a real Stewart.

Grandpa: Right!

Ellen: That was so thoughtful of you, Michelle. Especially to pick it out in blue.

Susan: Would you like to see baby Max, Michelle?

Harry: Could she? Could we?

Michelle: Could I?

Marilyn: Take them upstairs, Susan. Harry and Michelle can watch Max sleeping.

Susan: Let's go.

Harry: Come on, Michelle. Before Max wakes up.

Marilyn: Will you please take this upstairs, Susan?

Susan: Uh-hun.

Marilyn: Thank you.

Philip: Michelle is very grown up for a ten-year-old, huh?

Ellen: She's smart and sensitive for her age.

Grandpa: Growing up without a mother is difficult. You mature quickly.

Ellen: Susan's like a mother to Michelle. They have a good relationship. Do you think

Susan and Harry will get married?

Robbie: Yeah. You can count on it.

Philip: I think so. Yes. They get along so well.

Grandpa: I like him. He's good for Susan.

Ellen: He's a little quiet.

Richard: It's hard to do anything but listen in this family.

Ellen: How can anybody get a word in around here?

Marilyn: You're right, Ellen.

Philip: Oh, really?

Richard: It's the way it should be. The Stewarts are the Stewarts!

Grandpa: They always were, and they always will be.

Richard: Right!

Grandpa: They've always got an opinion. Always got something to say.

Marilyn: And now there's Max Stewart, and if he talks as loudly as he cries, we're all in for trouble.

Robbie: He's quiet now.

Marilyn: Mmm-hmm. That's because he's sleeping.

Harry: He's really cute.

Susan: It's not necessary to whisper, Harry. A baby gets used to voices.

Harry: I remember now. We always whispered when Michelle was born.

Michelle: And I didn't sleep well. Daddy told me. I never slept. And when I did, I woke up when I heard someone speak.

Susan: I bet you were cute.

Harry: She sure was.

Michelle: Not as cute as Max. He's like a little doll.

Michelle: Oh, good. Now I can help diaper him.

Susan: Let's get Marilyn. What do you do when he cries like that?

Harry: You pick him up.

Susan: He's so little...so new. Let's call Marilyn.

Marilyn: Time for a feeding and time for a diapering. You're a real Stewart.

Episode 14 Playing Games

Act 1.

Harry: You like living in New York, don't you?

Susan: Oh, I love it. It's so convenient. I can take the bus to work...or the subway...or a taxi. And there's so much to do. Lots of movie houses, and the theater.

Harry: I know what you mean. I'd like to live in the city, but living in New Jersey and the suburbs is better for Michelle. Trees, grass.

Susan: There's a lot of good things about suburban living. I grew up in Riverdale, remember? So I know. But, as a working woman, I think New York has all the conveniences—including the best tomatoes.

Harry: The truth is, I'd like to live in the city. Michelle's the right age. There are lots of things for her here.

Susan: You're right, Harry. Today is the perfect example. Michelle and her friends are at the aquarium in Brooklyn. They come back here for lunch, then go uptown to

the Museum of Natural History. There's so much for young people to see and do. It's just incredible!

Harry: Not just for young people. What about me? I've never been to the aquarium or Museum of Natural History. Have you?

Susan: Oh yes, Harry. My mother and father often took us somewhere in the city on the weekends. Dad was a busy doctor, but he usually managed to squeeze a Sunday in with Richard, Robbie, and me. I used to love to go to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Harry: I've been there several times. Twice with Michelle.

Susan: You ought to think about spending more time with Michelle at all the great places in the city.

Harry: Well, perhaps, you'll help me select some of the great places. And perhaps, you'll join us?

Susan: Perhaps I will.

Susan: Well, there we are. All set for lunch, Harry.

Harry: It looks inviting. I wish Michelle and her friends would get here. I'm starving, aren't you?

Susan: I can't wait to take a bite of the pumpemickel. It smells so delicious. Coming! Coming! Who is it?

Michelle: Michelle. It's us, Susan.

Susan: Come in Michelle, and bring your friends along. We're on the fifth floor. Oh you're been here before

Harry: Susan, I really appreciate your doing this Michelle and her friends.

Susan: Oh, please, Harry. It's nothing. I'm not just doing it for Michelle. I'm doing it for you.

Harry: Thank you.

Susan: I'm doing it for us, Harry.

Harry: Well, it's...it's important for Michelle to see us together more often. That's true.

Susan: It's important for Michelle and me to get to know each other better. That's important for us.

Harry: That makes me feel good.

Susan: What, Harry? What makes you feel good?

Harry: Well, that you care about Michelle, that you care about me, and that you care about us.

Susan: Well, Harry, that's because I do. I do care.

Harry: They'll be here any minute. Susan, I'd like to continue this conversation later.

Susan: Of course, Harry. We'll finish the conversation when they go to the museum.

Harry: I'd like that.

Susan: So would I.

Act 2.

Michelle: Oh, Daddy! We had such a good time at the aquarium. I saw a real shark. I could almost touch it.

Harry: I'm so glad. Hi, Michelle, why don't you introduce everybody to Susan?

Michelle: Hi, Susan.

Susan: Hi.

Michelle: I'd like you to meet Audrey and her mother, Mrs. Cooper.

Susan: Hello, Audrey. Nice to meet you, Mrs. Cooper. I'm Susan Stewart.

Michelle: And this is Shirley and Nicole.

Susan: Hi, girls.

Harry: Come on in. Come on in, Mrs. Cooper on in, everybody.

Mother: The aquarium was so exciting. I had never been there before. The girls learned a great deal. Frankly, so did I.

Susan: Well, please sit down and tell us all about it during lunch.

Harry: We prepared some tuna fish and cheese sandwiches for lunch.

Michelle: I love tuna fish. Don't you, Audrey?

Susan: I remember when I used to be a Girl Scout. My mother would take us everywhere, too.

Mother: Susan, I understand you're in the toy business.

Susan: Yes, I am. My company manufactures toys and games for children.

Harry: Susan's vice-president in charge of new toys and games.

Susan: And the marketing of new toys and games.

Michelle: Can we test a new game for you, Susan?

Susan: That's an excellent idea, Michelle. I happen to have a game which I brought home to study.

Michelle: Let us try it! Don't you want to play? Nicole? Shirley? Audrey?

Susan: We tested it last week on twelve-to fifteen-year-olds, and they found it to be too easy-in other words...boring. We think it might be just right for ten-to twelve-year-olds.

Michelle: That's us, Susan.

Susan: First, you shuffle the deck and lay them face down. Then you select the leader. I'll be the leader. The leader takes the first ten cards and lays them face up on this stand. h-t-e-r-c-z-e-p-e-s. Everyone gets a turn, going counterclockwise, left to right. You have thirty seconds to make a word, using as many letters as possible. You get one point for each letter, plus the person with the longest word gets ten extra points. The first one to get one hundred points wins.

Michelle: That's easy.

Susan: OK, let's go around the table. You first, Audrey.

Audrey: Chest-c-h-e-s-t.

Susan: Good. That's five points also. It's your turn, Shirley.

Shirley: Creep-c-r-e-e-p.

Susan: Creep. That's another five-letter word. Five points. So far, you're all tied.

Harry: Sheet -s-h-e-e-t-sheet.

Susan: Sheet is a five-letter word. Michelle, your turn.

Michelle: Cheese-c-h-e-e-s-e.

Susan: Terrific! Michelle wins with a six-letter word, plus she gets an additional ten points for a total of sixteen points. How are you enjoying the game so far?

Michelle: I think it's too easy.

Susan: Too easy?

Harry: Michelle!

Susan: It's OK, Harry Michelle is quite right. She just said it's too easy.

Harry: Well, I like the game.

Mother: I enjoyed lunch, Susan. Thank you so much, but we have to get going to meet the rest of the troop at two o'clock at the museum.

Susan: Oh, it was nice meeting all of you. I hope you have a wonderful time at the Museum of Natural History.

Harry: Good-bye, everybody. Have a good time.

Girls: Bye.

Harry: See you in front of the museum at five o'clock.

Mother: Oh, OK. Thanks, Mr. Bennett. That'll be fine. And thanks again for the lunch and for the game.

Michelle: Good-bye, Susan. It's not a bad game. It's just... slow.

Susan: Just slow. You helped save our company a lot of money. Bye-bye.

Harry: You are wonderful with kids.

Susan: I am.

Harry: Isn't there a conversation that we have to finish?

Act 3.

Harry: There's a conversation we have to finish.

Susan: What was it about?

Harry: It was about caring.

Susan: Oh?

Harry: Yes, caring. I said that it makes me feel good that you care about Michelle.

Susan: Well, I do care about Michelle.

Harry: And it makes me feel good that you care about me.

Susan: You know I do. You're a...wonderful friend.

Harry: And it makes me feel good that you care about us.

Susan: Well...well, I do, Harry. It's only natural that if I care about Michelle and I care about you, then I care about us.

Harry: It's OK, Susan. We had this part of the conversation before Michelle and her friends arrived. Now comes the good part.

Susan: Like what?

Harry: Well, assume that if you care about Michelle and you care about me and you care about us, that we can talk about us. I mean-you and me. Isn't that right?

Susan: What are you trying to say, Harry?

Harry: What I'm trying to say...since this is so easy ...Here are ten letters that express my feelings for you.

Susan: Don't be silly, Harry.

Harry: You want a hint? It's two words.

Susan: You're making the game harder.

Harry: Can't you figure it out? Seven letters... two words...that express the feeling that I feel for you in my heart.

Susan: Harry, I get it!

Harry: Well? Does that mean you'll marry me?

Susan: Is that a proposal, or are we just playing a game?

Harry: Sit down, Susan. There's something I have to ask you. Susan, will you marry me?

Susan: It's such an important decision. There's so many things to talk about. There are three things that have to be done first, Harry.

Harry: Three things?

Susan: First, we have to decide where to live.

Harry: Well, that's easy. We talked about that earlier. We'll live in New York.

Susan: All right. Second, we have to talk to Michelle together about being married.

Harry: We'll do that immediately. What's the third thing?

Susan: You have to ask for my father's permission.

Harry: Absolutely! But first things first. We have to go pick up Michelle.

Susan: Oh, I'm so happy, Harry!

Harry: Not as happy as I am.

Episode 15 Second Honeymoon

Act 1.

Marilyn: What's this for?

Richard: Just because. How's the baby?

Marilyn: Fast asleep.

Richard: I'm sorry I missed him. I had to work late.

Marilyn: What are the flowers for, Richard?

Richard: Five years of happiness. Happy anniversary.

Marilyn: But our anniversary isn't until Saturday.

Richard: I couldn't wait. Besides, we are not going to be here Saturday.

Marilyn: We're not?

Richard: Uh-uh.

Marilyn: Where are we going to be?

Richard: If you had your choice of all the places in the world, where would you choose to spend our anniversary?

Marilyn: The Watermill Inn. I loved that place when we went on our honeymoon.

Richard: Perfect! You picked the right place.

Marilyn: I don't understand.

Richard: You and I, Mrs. Stewart, are going to spend a second honeymoon at the Watermill Inn.

Marilyn: Oh, Richard! That's wonderful, but-

Richard: No buts.

Marilyn: Absolutely not. The would's greatest grandmother, Mrs. Ellen Stewart, has agreed to take care of him for the weekend.

Marilyn: Richard, isn't that too much to ask of your mother?

Richard: Too much? She loves taking care of Max.

Marilyn: But... I'll miss him.

Richard: Well, we'll phone every hour, and you can listen to him over the phone. Come



on. Mar. It's time you and I had a romantic weekend alone together. We've earned it. What do you say?

Marilyn: It does sound tempting. You're right. We've earned it.

Richard: Great! I'll make a reservation right now. Remember that wonderful little balcony where we had our meals...with a view of the Hudson River?

Marilyn: How could I forget?

Richard: Hello. Is Mrs. Montefiore there? Ah. She's out. Yes. This is Richard Stewart. My wife and I spent our honeymoon at the inn. No, we didn't leave anything in the room. It was five years ago. We'd like to make a reservation for this weekend. Yes, a double room, please. What? Are you sure? But...OK. Nothing available. Wait! Don't hang up! Can you recommend someplace nice-someplace nearby? Uh-hold it. Old Country Inn? Right. And the phone number? 555-2420. Thank you. He says there's another inn just half a mile down the road from the Watermill. It won't be the same, But what do you say?

Marilyn: Well...

Richard: My mom is available to baby-sit this weekend.

Marilyn: Well, OK. See if they have a room.

Richard: Right!

Richard: Hello. Is this the Old Country Inn? Yes. This is Richard Stewart. The desk clerk at the Watermill suggested your inn. Would you happen to have a room for two available this weekend? Something really nice. My wife and I are celebrating our fifth anniversary. Yes. I'll hold. He's checking. You do? Great! What is the daily rate? That's fine. Thank you. Yes, we'll be arriving by car about ten O'clock Friday night. Stewart. S-t-e-w-a-r-t. Thank you. Done! You and I, Mrs. Stewart, are going to have a wonderful, romantic weekend!

Marilyn: Richard, that's the baby.

Act 2.

Clerk: Right this way, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart. Well, it's small, but clean.

Richard: Clean? You call this clean?

Clerk: Have a nice stay.

Richard: Thank you. I don't believe this. Well, it isn't the Watermill Inn, but let's get a look at the view.

Marilyn: How is the view?

Richard: Great, if you enjoy looking at a parking lot.

Marilyn: Well, maybe we'll see the view in the morning. Right now, we should clean up this room.

Richard: Sorry, Marilyn.

Marilyn: Why should you be sorry?

Richard: Well, the rain, the room, the view of the parking lot. It isn't the way I hoped it would be.

Marilyn: Stop blaming yourself. After all, we're here, we're alone, we're together. And I love you. Isn't that enough?

Richard: It is for me, but I wanted this weekend to be special for you.

Marilyn: It is special. Happy anniversary.

Richard: It's still raining. I want to play tennis.

Marilyn: I want some breakfast. Let's call room service and order a mice breakfast, and then we'll figure out what to do today.

Richard: Right. Would you give me room service, please? I beg your pardon! Oh, I see. They don't have room service at Old Country Inn.

Marilyn: Well, let's go down to the coffee shop.

Richard: They don't have a coffee shop .We can get our meals at Mrs. Montefiore's down the road.

Marilyn: That's OK, honey. I love walking in the rain.

Richard: Oh, you're being a really good sport about this, Marilyn, but I think we should face the truth.

Marilyn: What's that?

Richard: This is not the way to spend our fifth anniversary.

Marilyn: Well, what do you want to do?

Richard: Why don't we get in the car and drive home?

Marilyn: Oh, Richard, it really isn't that bad.

Richard: Do you want to stick it out for the whole weekend?

Marilyn: Well, I'll admit the room is uncomfortable.

Richard: Uh-hum.

Marilyn: And I do feel bad about your mother having to take care of the baby all weekend.

Richard: Why don't we just check out?

Marilyn: OK.

Marilyn: Hello? Yes. Yes, this is she. Oh, hello! How nice of you to remember us! Yes, My husband did call. You do? Really? It won't be any troble? Oh, yes, I think we'd like that very much. Fifteen minutes! Thank you. Good-bye. You will never guess.

Richard: Uh... I give up.

Marilyn: Mrs. Montefiore from ther Watermill Inn.

Richard: What is she calling about?

Marilyn: They have an opening. Someone just checked out, and Mrs.Montefiore has reserved the honeymoon suite for us.

Richard: You're kidding?

Marilyn: No. Isn't it wonderful?

Richard: It's fantastic! Oh, Now all it has to do is stop raining. Let's go.

Act 3.

Innkeeper: Welcome to the Watermill Inn.

Marilyn: Oh, Richard, it's exactly as it was when we were married!

Innkeeper: And when I got married.

Marilyn: Even the old patchwork quilt is the same!

Innkeeper: My great-grandmother made that quilt when Teddy Roosevelt was President. In those day, when they made quilts, they cut patches from the old clothing of every member in the family os that each one would be a part of it.

Marilyn: Whawt a lovely tradition!

Richard: Thank you for calling us.

Innkeeper: I remember you and your wife from the first time you stayed with us.

Richard: We were very young.

Innkeeper: And very much in love.

Marilyn: We have a baby now.

Innkeeper: How wonderful! A boy or girl?

Marilyn: A boy-Max.

Innkeeper: Do you have a picture?

Richard: Would a professional photographer be without a picture?

Innkeeper: Oh, he's adorable!

Richard: And very bright.

Marilyn: Like his father. A real Stewart.

Richard: And very good-looking, like his mother.

Innkeeper: Well, it's nice to have you with us again. next time, bring the baby.

Marilyn: You see, Richard? Max is welcome here.

Richard: Not on our anniversary. This vacation is for you and me.

Innkeeper: If there's anything you need, please call me. I'll be in the front office all day.

Innkeeper: Oh, I took the liberty of ordering some breakfast for you. Just put it over there, Charles. Thank you, Charles. Compliments of the Watermill Inn.

Richard: Thank you.

Marilyn: Thank you so much.

Richard: Now, this is my idea of a good time. Let's see...Hotcakes and maple syrup, with scrambled eggs.

Marilyn: Umm...smell that coffee... cinnamon and cloves.

Richard: Homemade buttermilk biscuits.

Marilyn: Slices of orange with burnt honey.

Richard: Let's eat!

Marilyn: First I want to call home and check on your mother and the baby.

Richard: Honey, if there were any problems, she would call us.

Marilyn: She doesn't know we've changed hotels.

Richard: You're right. Of course.

Marilyn: Hello, operator. I'd like to call Riverdale, New York.

Richard: This food is heavenly, isn't it?

Marilyn: This whole place is heavenly. Do you remember that old desk?

Mrs. Montefiore told me that George Washington sat at that desk and wrote to his wife Martha.

Richard: What do you want to do after breakfast?

Marilyn: Why don't we take a walk down to the river?

Richard: In the rain?

Marilyn: No. Look out the window. The sun is shining!

Richard: Now this is my idea for a good time!

Episode 16 Full of Surprise

Act 1.

Robbie: The mailman just dropped some mail in our box Grandpa.

Grandpa: Probably a lot of advertising and bills. Why don't you write to me, Robbie, so I can get some interesting mail?

Robbie: You were right, Grandpa. Advertising, bills, bills, advertising.

Grandpa: Yes. It's just like I said, Robbie. Nothing interesting.

Robbie: You won't believe it, Grandpa, but there's a letter here addressed to you, Mr. Malcolm Stewart, and it looks like a personal letter.

Grandpa: Oh, it must be a bill.

Robbie: I don't think so. The return name and address is Pete Waers, RFD Number 1, Chesterton.

Grandpa: You're joking. Pete Waters?

Robbie: Pete Waters, RFD Number 1, Chesterton. You know him?

Grandpa: Do I know Pete Waters? You bet I do! He was my roommae in college. He visited with Grandma and me in Florida about five years ago.

Robbie: What does he say? Is he OK?

Grandpa: Yeah, he's fine. Just fine. He's writing to invite me to spend a weekend with him at his farm. He's planning a get-together with two or three other college friends. The dindof a fifty-year anniversary reunion.

Robbie: Sounds like fun. Fifty Years? Wow!

Grandpa: It sounds like fun to me, too, Robbie.

Robbie: What kind of farm does he have?

Grandpa: I've never been three, Robbie, but he has chickens and cows and all. That means fresh eggs and fresh milk.

Robbie: Does he have a family?

Grandpa: No, he doesn't fobbie. He never married. He's not as lucky as I am to have a family and grandchildren. I'm a lucky man.

Robbie: How come he never got married?

Grandpa: That's a good question, Robbie. A very good question. He never married because the girl he was in love with in college married someone else. As simple as that. He never got over it.

Robbie: He must have loved her very much.

Grandpa: Yes. Very much. Lillian Winters. She was in our class.

Robbie: And what happened?

Grandpa: She was in love with Donald McGrath, the quarterback on our football team.

Robbie: Football players are always popular with the ladies.

Grandpa: She liked Pete, and they went to dances together. But her heart was with Donald.

Robbie: Did he ever get over it?

Grandpa: No, he never did.

Robbie: Where is she today?

Grandpa: I don't know. Maybe Lillian will be at the reunion.

Robbie: You think so?

Grandpa: Pete's full of surprises.

Robbie: I wish I could go there with you, Grandpa. What do you think the surprise

will be?

Grandpa: With Pete, you never know, Robbie.

Robbie: Won't it be exciting to see all your college friends there again?

Grandpa: It is already. I'm kind of excited about going now. Next weekend...sleep over Friday and Saturday night and come back Sunday. I can't wait!

Ribbie: Don't you think you ought to call Pete and tell him you're coming?

Grandpa: You're reading my mind, Robbie.

Act 2.

Attendant: Hello. What can I do for you?

Grandpa: Hi. Fill'er up. I need a full tank.

Attendant: Check the hood?

Grandpa: No, thanks.

Attendant: Whereabouts are you headed?

Grandpa: Pete Waters's farm, near Chesterton.

Attendant: I know it well. Pete Waters' lived around here almost as long as I have.

Grandpa: How long is it going to take for me to get there?

Attendant: About fifteen minutes. There's a shortcut-is you know it.

Grandpa: No, I don't. Could you tell me how to use the shortcut?

Attendant: Sure. You take the next left turn. You'll see a stop sign. Make a right at the stop sign. Stay on that road, and you'll cross a blue bridge. Then you'll see a big old red bam. That's the back of Pete Waters's place.

Grandpa: That's quite a difference from the directions that Pete sent me.

Attendant: Now, if you take that route, it's probably a lot simpler, but it'll take you ten minutes longer.

Grandpa: OK. Let me repeat it. I take the next left turn to the stop sign. Then a right across a blue bridge, and then a big red barn.

Attendant: Can't miss it.

Grandpa: How much do I owe you?

Attendant: Well, that'll be eighteen dollars and seventy cent. No charge for the cleanup. It's on the house.

Grandpa: Well, here's a twenty.

Attendant: Ah. OK. That's a dollar and thirty cents change. Thee we go... will mae twenty. Thanks.

Grandpa: Thank you. And thanks for the directions.

Grandpa: This must be Peteps barn. Turn right to the house. Hi.

Worker: Hi. What can I do for you?

Grandpa: Is this the Pete Waters farm?

Worker: It is.

Grandpa: I'm a friend of Pete's . I'm looking for the house.

Worker: It's just over yonder. Keep along this road till you get to the end of the fence. You'll see the chicken. His house is on the left.

Grandpa: Well, thanks.

Grandpa: "have gone to the railraod station. Back soon with a surpris. Make yourself at home. Have a look around.Pete."Same old Pete Waters. Always full of surprises.

Act 3.

Arnold: Don't tell me. Please don't tell me. I recognize you...

Peggy: Oh, don't be silly, Arnie. Of course you recognize him. Except for the beard, he hasn't changed in fifty years. It's Malcolm Stewart!

Arnold: I know it's Malcolm Stewart. You haven't changed much in fifty years.

Grandpa: Peggy-Peggy Pendleton! You're Peggy Pendleton!

Arnold: Who am I, you old rascal? You don't recognize me, do you?

Grandpa: I know who you are. You're Arnold Frandlin! I know who you are!

Peggy: You look wonderful, Malcolm!

Grandpa: Sit down. Pete isn't home.

Arnold: Really?

Grandpa: No. He left a note on the door saying he was going to the railroad station to pick up a surprise.

Peggy: He's so funny. Always full of surprises, even fifty years later.

Grandpa: The two of you look unbelievable!

Arnold: How's your family? Oh, I was sorry to hear about your wife having passed away.

Grandpa: Yes. About four years ago.

Peggy: And you're living with your children now? In New York? Pete wrote us and told us.

Grandpa: Yup. Retired and moved to New York to live with my son and his family.

Peggy: By the way, what do you think this big surprise is?

Arnold: It could be most anything, knowing Pete.

Grandpa: Hey, that must be Pete! Now we'll find out about the surprise.

Pete: So good to see you all!

Peggy: Oh, Pete, Pete! Oh, it's so good to see you!

Pete: Remember Lillian?

Lillian: I remember all of you. You haven't changed a bit.

Peggy: Lillian! Oh, my gosh!

Arnold: Lillian Winters. We were together in the Tuesday night drama society.

Lillian: Remember me, Malcolm?

Grandpa: Oh, beautiful as ever, Lillian. How's Donald?

Lillian: That's OK, Malcolm. Donald passed away a couple of years ago.

Arnold: Sorry to hear that, Lillian.

Peggy: Oh, I'm so sorry.

Arnold: I would not have missed this get-together for the world!

Grandpa: And your little surprise, Pete? You really surprised me by having us all come together.

Pete: You don't know what the surprise is yet? Come on! We'll tell you the big surprise.

Pete: I've invited you here for the weekend to help celebrate.

Peggy: Celebrate?

Grandpa: Our fiftieth reunion?

Arnold: No.

Lillian: No. Pete wants to tell you...

Pete: Now, let me have the honor, Lillian.

Grandpa: For goodness sake, Pete, tell us! I can't wait much longer.

Pete: Well, I am pouring this iced tea so that we can toast Lillian-and me.

Peggy: You don't mean to tell me that you and...

Pete: Yes, I do. I have loved Lillian all these years, so I asked her to be Mrs.Pete.Waters.

Lillian: And I said yes.

Grandpa: I knew it! Congratulations!

Peggy: Oh, Lillian, I am so happy for you both.

Arnold: It's wonderful!

Pete: It's wonderful for me. Lillian will make me a happy man finally.

Grandpa: You are full of surprises, Pete.

Pete: We are going to spend the entire weekend having a good time together here on the farm. We are going to celebrate all weekend.

Peggy: When is the wedding?

Pete: That's another surprise. Lillian and I were married two weeks ago in Detroit. She's come here to stay.

Grandpa: Wait till I tell my family about this!

Peggy: Why, that's wonderful!

Episode 17 Photo Finish

Act 1.

Marilyn: What are you doing?

Richard: I think I've got them.

Marilyn: You think you've got what?

Richard: Performing arts-performing arts centers. I think I've got them all, but I'm not sure.

Marilyn: I think you have got it, Richard. Lincoln Center, home of the Metropolitan Opera, the New York City Ballet, the New York Philharmonic.

Richard: Shubert Alley, center of the theater on Broadway.

Marilyn: And Carnegie Hall. And the others. I do have it all.

Marilyn: You have been working on this for some time, Richard. I'm glad you feel you've finally put it all together. What now?

Richard: Now for the hard part.

Marilyn: Oh, you think you're going to have a hard time getting the album published?

Richard: Well, it won't be easy.

Marilyn: So, what do you think you're going to do?

Richard: Does the name Harvey Carlson ring a bell?

Marilyn: Oh, yes! Harvey Carlson! I remember.

Richard: He said I should call him. He's the publisher of the Carlson Publishing Company. He said they need a new book of photographs, and he really liked my concept.

Marilyn: So, why don't you call him in the morning?

Richard: Do you think I have enough to show him?

Marilyn: I've been through every section with you, Richard. It's quite complete. And now that you're satisfied, with the performing arts section, I think you should show it to Mr. Carlson.

Richard: You're right. My Family Album, U.S.A. feels right. I'll call in the morning and set up an appointment to see him.

Marilyn: He's going to love your work. Come on. Let's get some sleep.

Richard: Is it too early to call Mr. Carlson?

Marilyn: Seven after nine? No. I'm sure he's in his office.

Richard: His number is five, five, five, seven, five, three, two. Five, five, five, seven, five three, two. Hello. Mr. Carlson, please.

Receptionist: Mr. Carlson is busy at the moment. May I help you?

Richard: I'd like to make an appointment with him.

Receptionist: And your name is...?

Richard: My name is Richard Stewart. He told me to call him about my project, Family Album, U.S.A.

Receptionist: Mr. Stewart,

I just spoke to Mr. Carlson. He would like to see you. But the only time he's available this week is tomorrow morning at ten o'clock.

Richard: Thanks. Thanks a lot. Good-bye. Well, it's done. Tomorrow morning at a publisher's office.

Marilyn: Oh, it's so exciting, isn't it, Richard?

Richard: Well, finally a publisher will see my work.

Act 2.

Receptionist: Good morning.

Richard: Good morning. My name is Richard Stewart. I'm here to see Mr. Carlson.

Receptionist: Please sit down, Mr. Stewart. Mr. Carlson will be with you shortly.

Richard: Thank you.

Receptionist: Excuse me, Mr. Carlson, but Richard Stewart is here for his ten o'clock appointment with you. OK. Thank you. Like I said, he'll be with you shortly.

Richard: Thank you.

Receptionist: Yes, Mr. Carlson. Yes, sir. He's ready for you, Mr. Stewart.

Richard: Thank you. In there?

Receptionist: Yes. In there. Good luck.

Carlson: Come in, come in. This is a crazy morning. Hello, Richard.

Richard: Hello, Mr. Carlson.

Carlson: Sit down, sit down.

Richard: Thank you for seeing me on such short notice.

Carlson: I hope you've brought your pictures along. I see that you have. Let's get right to it. We need a new coffee-table book, and a book of photos about the United States still feels right. OK, let's take a look. Good. Very good. Family Album, U.S.A. It's an excellent title. If you had to describe the book in one sentence, how would you do it?

Richard: Well, I'd describe it as a book which is a ... a portrait of the United States-



the places, the people—mostly the people. The things they do, the ways they live, the places they visit, and the landmarks. A photographic journey.

Carlson: These are wonderful—these photos in your pen arts section. Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center.

Richard: I'm glad you like them.

Carlson: I do, but...

Richard: But?

Carlson: There's something missing. You've got a good eye, Richard. You're a terrific photographer. But before I can publish your work, I need to meet with my marketing department, and you've got to do one more thing.

Richard: What's that, Mr. Carlson?

Carlson: In the section on culture, you've included performing arts centers, but you've left out street performance. The mimes. The musicians. The dancers—in the parks and on the streets. Richard, if you go out and photograph street performances in the city, you'll have it.

Richard: That is a great idea. The performing arts centers and the street performances. I'll do it.

Carlson: If you do it, I'll publish your work.

Richard: Are you serious?

Carlson: I've never been more serious. When do you think you can return with street performances?

Richard: A couple of weeks.

Carlson: If they're as good as the rest of these pictures, it's a deal.

Richard: You won't be disappointed, Mr. Carlson. Thanks.

Carlson: Good-bye, Richard, and good luck. See you in two weeks.

Richard: Good-bye, Mr. Carlson. Thanks. So if you like the street-performance photos, you'll really publish Family Album, U.S.A.?

Carlson: When I say something, I mean it. Go to work. Goodbye.

Richard: Good-bye.

Act 3.

Richard: Two weeks. I said I could do it in two weeks, and I did it.

Marilyn: The pictures you've taken are fabulous, Richard. Mr. Carlson will love them.

Richard: Monday morning. I'm going to show him the photos on Monday morning. I can't wait!

Marilyn: I'm very proud of you. You really did a beautiful job. I know he will love the new photographs for your book.

Richard: Yeah. I really did do a good job, didn't I? Hey, you know? There's still some film left on this roll, and there's one person I haven't photographed in a long time.

Marilyn: Who?

Richard: You.

Marilyn: Richard! I haven't brushed my hair.

Richard: You look great!

Marilyn: It's not fair, Richard. I'm not even ready.

Richard: Oh, that's wonderful! That's wonderful!

Carlson: Wonderful!

Richard: Thanks.

Carlson: Fabulous!

Richard: Thanks!

Carlson: Terrific!

Richard: Thanks.

Carlson: They get better and better.

Richard: Thanks a lot.

Carlson: This is sensational!

Richard: Yeah. Thanks.

Carlson: What a job! Good work, Richard!

Richard: I'm so glad you like them so much.

Carlson: Like them? They represent your best work.

Richard: Really?

Carlson: Absolutely.

Richard: Well...what do you think? Do I have my book?

Carlson: You do. You do. There's a book here, I'll have a contract and an advance payment waiting for you first thing in the morning.

Richard: Thank you.

Carlson: And while you're here I would like to introduce you to your editor. And I want you to meet the people in the art department. I'll set up an appointment with the marketing people.

Richard: When do you think we'll be through?

Carlson: In about half an hour. Why?

Richard: I can't wait to tell Marilyn!

Episode 18 Making Difference

Act 1.

Ellen: I don't believe it!

Philip: What's wrong?

Ellen: Carter Boswell!

Philip: Who's Carter Boswell?

Ellen: He's running for the school board. The election's next month.

Philip: What's wrong with wanting to be on the school board?

Ellen: Nothing. But he wants to cut the school budget!

Philip: Maybe it needs cutting.

Ellen: Cutting the budget is fine, but he wants to do it by cutting all the cultural programs. No music, no dance, no concert, no stage presentations.

Philip: Why does he want to do that?

Ellen: He says it's to save the taxpayers' money, and I think he believes that the taxpayers' will vote for him if he spends less on the cultural programs.

Philip: He's probably right. Lots of people want their taxes used for new books and a new paint job in the schoolrooms.

Ellen: Maybe some of us would like to pay a little bit more and keep the cultural programs for our kids.

Philip: Well, I'm not sure, Ellen. I hear it from my patients. Lots of people are tired of higher taxes.

Ellen: I know, but if Boswell wins he'll be an important decisionmaker on the school board, and he doesn't know anything about our children's education.

Philip: Who's running against him?

Ellen: Nobody. That's the problem.

Philip: Well, it sounds to me like Carter Boswell is going to win this seat on the board.

Ellen: Oh, not if I can stop him!

Philip: And how are you going to stop him?

Ellen: I don't know. Maybe I'll run against him.

Philip: Well, You've got my vote.

Ellen: I'm serious, Philip. Why shouldn't I run?

Robbie: Why shouldn't you run for what, Mom?

Philip: Your mother is thinking of running for the school board.

Robbie: Hey, that's terrific, Mom!

Richard: Against Carter Boswell? Great!

Ellen: Well, if I run for office, the voters will have a clear choice. I stand for everything Boswell doesn't.

Marilyn: I think a lot of people will vote for you against Boswell, Ellen. I'll vote for you.

Ellen: Will you help me if I do run?

Marilyn: Absolutely.

Ellen: The trouble is it takes a little bit of money to run a campaign.

Philip: I think you can make a difference, Ellen. And in a short campaign you wouldn't need as much money. You know something, Ellen? Why not give the people of Riverdale a clear choice? I'm with you. You can make a difference.

Maxwell: Come in.

Ellen: Mr. Maxwell?

Maxwell: Yes, Charles Maxwell.

Ellen: My name is Ellen Stewart.

Maxwell: Hello. Please, sit down. You asked to see me. What would you like to see me about?

Ellen: I'd like your help.

Maxwell: Well, I'm editor of the most influential newspaper in Riverdale. Actually, it's the only newspaper. A lot of people would like my help. Do you have a story?

Ellen: I'm planning to run for the school board.

Maxwell: Against Carter Boswell?

Ellen: Yes.

Maxwell: Well, that is news.

Ellen: Will you announce that I'm running?

Maxwell: Sure. But I need some information.

Ellen: Of course.

Maxwell: Why will the voters vote for you against Boswell, Mrs. Stewart?

Ellen: Because I care.

Maxwell: "Vote for Ellen Stewart. She cares." Not a bad slogan. But what do you care about?

Ellen: Well, I care about the children of our town. I don't want them to grow up without cultural programs in our school.

Maxwell: Do you have a plan?

Ellen: I want our children to learn more than reading, writing, and arithmetic. I want to keep the after-school programs—the music, the concerts.

Maxwell: It's not a bad plan. But who's going to pay for all of this?

Ellen: We are. The citizens of Riverdale, of course. I plan to get help from the businessmen and the corporations of Riverdale.

Maxwell: That's fair enough. Exactly what do you want from me, Mrs. Stewart?

Ellen: You don't know me. I can't expect you to take my side against Boswell. But I do need some publicity so that the people of our town know that I'm running for office and that I care about our children.

Maxwell: Fair enough. I certainly can print the news. And you are now making news.

Act 2.

Grandpa: Here are the fliers, hot off the press!

Ellen: Looks good. Simple.

Marilyn: Right over there, Grandpa. You fold the fliers, Richard and I will put them into the envelopes.

Richard: We finished addressing over three hundred envelopes.

Grandpa: Need another box?

Ellen: Good work, gang.

Mike: Hi, this is Mike Johnson. Can I speak with Mr. Or Mrs. Anderson? Thanks.

Robbie: Mr. Nelson. Hi. This is Robbie Stewart. Did you know my mother is running for the school board?

Jimmy: Yes, Miss Kim, Ellen Stewart. "She cares." Oh, see you at the polls.

Robbie: Certainly, I'll give her your best wishes, Mr. Nelson.

Mike: Hi, this is Mike Johnson. Can I speak with Mr. or Mrs. Burns? Thank you.

Ellen: We have done so much in such a short amount of time. I can't believe it! Wait till Philip comes and sees our progress!

Robbie: Everyone saw the story in the Riverdale newspaper.

Ellen: Mr. Maxwell was very kind to print my announcement.

Grandpa: It helps enormously. Everybody in Riverdale reads his paper.

Richard: Your photo in it helped, too.

Ellen: Thanks to you, Richard, it's a good picture.

Philip: Well, hi, all.

Richard & Robbie: Hi, Dad.

Ellen: Hello, darling.

Philip: May I... may I help?

Marilyn: Licking envelopes.

Grandpa: I fold the fliers.

Richard: We stuff them.

Philip: And I lick the envelopes.

Robbie: Hey, everybody, Mrs.Greenberg is on the phone. She says Carter Boswell is on the TV right now-doing a commercial.

Philip: What channel?

Robbie: Five.

Philip: FIve?

Boswell: ...and if you ask what I care about, I'll tell you. I care about the school buildings in need of paint. I care about more lockers for the teachers. I care about new fixtures in the hallways-not music or dancing or entertainment. I care about the practical things. If you do, vote for me, Carter Boswell.

Ellen: A lot of people will agree with him.

Philip: I told you.

Robbie: Too bad kids can't vote. It's our school, but we can't vote.

Richard: There are people in favor of the cultural programs, Mom.

Marilyn: There are, Ellen. Don't be upset by Boswell's commercial.

Philip: You have to go on television, too.

Ellen: Boswell's a powerful speaker.

Philip: You can be, too. Your ideas are good ones.

Ellen: I don't know. I'm not sure I'm up to it.

Act 3.

Ellen: ...my slogan is"I care". I care about people, not things, Vote for me, Ellen Stewart. I care. How was it?

Richard: You were terrific!

Ellen: Can I see it?

Richard: Sure.

Ellen: Hello. My name is Ellen Stewart, and I'm running for the open seat on the school board. My slogan is"I care". What does the word care mean?...I care about people, not things. Vote for me, Ellen Stewart. I care.

Philip: I like it, but now what? How can we possibly get it on so Riverdale will see it and hear it?

Richard: Leave it to me.

Ellen: ...I mean that when I say"I care". I care about people, not things. Vote for me, Ellen Stewart. I care.

Marilyn: What happened?

Richard: Mom is now on television in every appliance store in Riverdale, except Hamlin's.He's a Boswell voter.

Philip: That's a brilliant idea, Richard!

Grandpa: You inherited your father's brains.

Philip: We got our brains from you, Day.

Richard: And guess what? I called channel five. Their TV news is going to cover it."Housewife campaigns in appliance stores."And I'll bet some magazine will pick up the story, too.

Robbie: Mom, you're going to win! I know it!

Philip: Hold it, Robbie! Just cool down. I know we're getting some attention now, but in the end the voters will have to decide.

Grandpa: You're going to win. Trust me!

Reporter: In the hotly contested race for the one seat on the Riverdale School Board, Mrs. Ellen Stewart has taken an early lead.

Robbie: She's winning! Mom, you're winning!

Reporter: Now returning to other local news... Riverdale High School beat its rival Horace Mann in baseball today...

Ellen: It's too soon to know for certain.

Philip: You're ahead. That's better than being behind.

Reporter: More sports after this.

Ellen: It's not over yet. Let's just all calm down, and wait for the final results.

Grandpa: Ellen, why don't you go out to the backyard and get some fresh air?

Ellen: Thank you, Grandpa. I need some.

Ellen: What happened?

Philip: You came very close, Ellen.

Grandpa: You lost by only a hundred and twenty-one votes.

Ellen: I lost.

Richard: You tried, Mom.

Marilyn: You lost by a very small number of votes.

Robbie: Only one hundred and twenty-one votes! I'm sorry, Mom.

Ellen: There just wasn't enough time.

Philip: Look, you've made a very strong impression on our community. You'll have another chance next election.

Philip: Hello. Oh, yes, yes, Mr. Maxwell.

Ellen: Hello Mr. Maxwell.

Maxwell: How are you? I just called to tell you that you are very impressive. You lost the election, but you won the attention of the residents of Riverdale, of Boswell, and of me.

Ellen: Well, thank you, Mr. Maxwell. I appreciate your kind words. I needed that.

Maxwell: I hear Boswell wants to appoint you to a special arts committee. I'm sending over a reporter in the morning to interview you.

Ellen: You are?

Maxwell: I'm going to do an article on "Ellen Stewart-she cares." Maybe we'll all care now. Good-bye.

Ellen: Thank you-and good-bye.

Philip: What was that about?

Ellen: You were right, Philip. I did make a difference in town.

Robbie: And in this family.

Episode 19 I Do

Act 1.

Harry: It looks wrong.

Philip: Hmm. It is wrong.

Richard: Are they always that difficult to make?

Philip: The truth is...yes. I'll try again.

Robbie: At this rate, the wedding will take place tomorrow.

Philip: Not to worry. OK. Here we go.

Harry: I'm worried, Philip. What if we can't tie the tie?

Richard: If we can't tie the tie, then there can't be a wedding.

Robbie: You'd better not make Harry any more nervous than he is. Don't worry. We'll figure a way.

Grandpa: How're you doing, fellas?

Harry: Not so good, Grandpa. We can't get this bow tie tied. Nobody knows how to do it. Do you?

Grandpa: No. I never could, either.

Philip: Well, you have your own tuxedo. How do you tie your bow tie?

Robbie: Yeah, Grandpa, I've seen you in it. You look great. How do you tie it?

Grandpa: I don't.

Richard: You don't?

Harry: What do you mean?

Grandpa: I never could tie one of those...things...bow ties. I have always worn a clip-on bow tie.

Harry: A clip-on?

Philip: Of course. Now I remember.

Grandpa: Yes, it's so easy. All you do is clip it around under your collar.

Richard: We all need one of those.

Robbie: The tuxedo rental store. Do you think they're open?

Philip: Should be. Sunday's their big day.

Richard: I'll call and find out.

Grandpa: Well, if they're not, I'll lend you mine, Harry. You're the only one who really needs to be wearing a tuxedo, anyway.

Harry: Thanks, Grandpa.

Philip: I'm the father of the bride. I'm supposed to be worried about my daughter, and here I am with the man that's marrying my daughter-worrying about him.

Grandpa: Poor Harry. I know the feeling. Wedding-day litters.

Robbie: Are they open?

Richard: We're in luck. They're open. And they have lots of clip-on bow ties.

Robbie: I'll bicycle down to the village and get them.

Harry: You'd better hurry, Robbie.

Grandpa: There's lots of time. A little over two hours.

Harry: In two hours and fifteen minutes I'll be married to Susan.

Philip: And be a true member of the Stewart family.

Grandpa: Oh, you're a lucky guy, Harry. Susan is one of the best women you'll ever find. She's just like her grandma.

Richard: Now, once you put the ring on Susan's finger, you are one of us, Harry. And don't ever forget it.

Harry: Ring? Ring? Oh my! What did I do with the rings? I put them in the pocket of

my sports jacket.

Richard: No, I think you put them in your tuxedo jacket pocket. Remember?

Harry: Right. What did I do with the rings?

Philip: Didn't you give them to Richard? He's your best man. I remember. You gave them to Richard.

Richard: Oh, yeah. I remember now. You handed them to me. What did I do with them?

Harry: I hope they aren't lost.

Grandpa: Oh, don't worry, Harry. They have to be here.

Richard: I remember. I gave them to Robbie to hold so I wouldn't lose them.

Harry: Oh, I forget. What time is it?

Grandpa: It's still a little over two hours, Harry. Just relax.

Harry: What about the rings?

Richard: I'm sure Robbie has them.

Harry: No, NO, Robbie doesn't have them. He gave them to me to hold on to them because he didn't want the responsibility of holding them. I put them in my tuxedo but in the lapel pocket. That's a relief. I was really worried.

Richard: I'll hold on to them for you. The best man always keeps the rings.

Harry: You're right. You're right. You hold on to them so there won't be problem later.

Philip: Well, now, I think we'd better get dressed, fellas.

Grandpa: All right!

Richard: Robbie will bring the ties back.

Harry: Hey, leaving me?

Grandpa: You'll be fine.

Philip: Try to take it easy. It'll all be over in two hours.

Harry: Over?

Grandpa: The wedding ceremony will be over. You'll be husband and wife.

Harry: I guess you're right. Two hours from now. Two hours from now.

Act 2.

Marilyn: And now for...something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue.

Susan: OK. Let's see. Something borrowed. That's this dress. Borrowed from Marilyn.

Ellen: Something blue. My wristband. I wore it when I married your father.

Susan: Oh, Mother. I forgot you still had it. It's just so lovely.

Ellen: I bought it in an antique shop when I was about eighteen years old. I saved it for my wedding day.

Susan: And you saved it for me, didn't you, Mother?

Ellen: Yes, honey I did. Are we ever going to finish?

Ellen: All right. OK. Something borrowed.

Marilyn: The wedding dress. And something blue.

Susan: The wristband. Something old?

Ellen: Something old. Right. What's old?



Susan: Of course! Something old. I had planned to wear them.

Ellen: Grandma's pearls! Oh, Grandpa will be so pleased that you're wearing them. I'm sure he misses Grandma on a day like this.

Susan: Help me with them, Marilyn. I've never worn them before. I've been saving them for today.

Ellen: Saving them for today? Oh, you're a real Stewart! Marilyn: Oh, there you go. Lovely!

Ellen: Lovely!

Susan: Lovely!

Marilyn: Something borrowed, something blue. Something old... and now for something new.

Susan: The veil. Oh, it's so beautiful, Marilyn!

Ellen: You really are a fabulous designer, Marilyn.

Marilyn: Doesn't it look jst right on Susan?

Ellen: Perfect!

Marilyn: And when you both say, "I do," Harry will lift this veil over your head and kiss the bride.

Ellen: Oh, I'm so excited!

Susan: When you said, "I do, " Marilyn, it suddenly became real.

Marilyn: That's all right, Susan. You've got the wedding-day jitters! In less than two hours, you will be Mrs. Harry Bennett.

Ellen: Oh, that reminds me. If we don't get dressed, we won't be there to see Susan become Mrs. Harry Bennett.

Susan: Before you leave-do I look all right?

Ellen: You never looked better.

Susan: Mom.

Marilyn: She's right. And that's dear litte Max. Got to go and feed him.

Susan: What am I Supposed to do?

Marilyn: Take off the veil, kick off your shoes, and sit down.

Ellen: We'll come upstairs and get you in a little while.

Marilyn: Richard's going to take some wedding pictures before the ceremony. So just relax.

Susan: Are you kidding? Relax?

Susan: Susan Stewart...you are about to become Susan Bennett-Mrs. Harry Bennett.

Act 3.

Judge: Philip...Ellen.

Philip: Ah, Judge.

Judge: How are you? How are you?

Ellen: Hello.

Judge: I think it's time for the wedding to begin.

Judge: All right, ladies and gentiemen. Please take your places. The wedding ceremony is about to begin.

Judge: OK, Jane. Start the music.

Judge: Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to join this man and this woman

in holy matrimony. Do either of you have any reason why you should not legally be joined in marriage? Is there anyone present who can show any just cause why these two people should not be legally joined in marriage? Then, Harry Bennett, do you take Susan Stewart to be your lawful, wedded wife?

Harry: I do.

Judge: And you, Susan Stewart, do you take Harry Bennett to be your lawful, wedded husband?

Susan: I do

Judge: The rings, please.

Richard: I have them, Harry.

Judge: By the power vested in me by the laws of the State of New York, I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride now, Harry.

Episode 20 Quality Time

Act 1.

Robbie: Where's Mom?

Grandpa: She went to a school-board meeting.

Robbie: I don't know how she does it. She sure keeps busy.

Grandpa: It's import to her. There are lots of places to go, lots of things to do. She can't sit around and do nothings to do. She can't sit around and do nothing. Philip works late.

Robbie: I guess you're right. I wish I had her energy.

Philip: Anybody home?

Robbie: We're in here, Dad.

Philip: Oh. Hi, gang.

Grandpa: Hello, Philip. How was your day?

Philip: My day was just fine. So was my night. It's almost ten O'clock. Mmm. I'm starving. Um...where's Mom?

Robbie: She went to a school-board meeting.

Grandpa: There's a note for you on the refrigerator.

Philip: Oh?

Philip: Did you have dinner, Robbie?

Robbie: Yeah. Mike and I had a hamburger at the diner. I came home a little while ago. You've been working late almost every night this week, Dad. Aren't you exhausted?

Philip: I don't have time to be exhausted.

Robbie: You and Mom haven't had dinner together with us in almost a full week.

Philip: Yeah, I feel bad about us not having dinner with the family, but our schedules are so different. Either I'm at the hospital doing paperwork, or Mom is at a committee meeting. I frankly don't know what to do about it.

Robbie: I'm worried about you and Mom. You really have been working too hard.

Philip: Well, I think I've had enough of that sandwich.

Robbie: You didn't finish it.

Philip: It's not good to eat before going to bed. A cookie can't hurt, though.

Philip: Well, I'm heading off for bed and a good night's sleep.

Robbie: Well, good night.

Philip: Good night, son. Good night, Dad. I'm going to bed.

Grandpa: Good night, Philip.

Philip: Haven't you finished balancing that checkbook?

Grandpa: I found another mistake. I'll be off to bed myself in a minute.

Philip: OK. Good night.

Robbie: I'm really concerned about them, Grandpa.

Grandpa: Concerned about whom?

Robbie: About Mom and Dad. They hardly ever see each other. Dad often works late, and Mom has all these committees she's on.

Grandpa: What do you propose to do about it? You have that look in your eye.

Robbie: I don't know, but there must be a way of getting them to spend more time together. Quality time.

Act 2.

Ellen: Hello there, Robbie. What are you doing up this late?

Robbie: Reading.

Ellen: Reading? At this hour? Ah, come on, Robbie. What are you doing up this late?

Robbie: Things on my mind.

Ellen: Do you care to talk about them?

Robbie: Sure, if you don't mind listening.

Ellen: Robbie, Robbie, remember me? I'm your mother. If you have something you want to talk about, I'm always prepared to listen.

Robbie: You haven't been around much lately.

Ellen: So that's it. OK, let's talk.

Robbie: You and Dad are like ships that pass in the night. Dad works hard, and he works late. You work hard on all your committees, and you work late.

Ellen: I thought you were proud of the work I do.

Robbie: I am, Mom. Real proud. You are one fantastic mom, but...but I've been noticing how little quality time you spend with Dad and me... and the family.

Ellen: It's a real problem, Robbie. I know it.

Robbie: I'm concerned. There must be a way that Dad and you can spend more time together.

Ellen: Well, we always talk about taking a vacation together with the family.

Robbie: I think you ought to take a vacation away from the family-alone. Kind of a second honeymoon.

Ellen: It would be wonderful, but our schedules won't allow it.

Robbie: I think I have an idea.

Ellen: You do?

Robbie: Yup. I think I have an idea that will bring Dad and you together in a more scheduled way.

Ellen: What is it?

Robbie: Well, you know how Dad is always talking about the kids in the ward and how important it is for them to be paid attention to?

Ellen: Yes.

Robbie: Well...and how hard it is because the doctors and nurses are so busy?

Ellen: Yes.

Robbie: Well, how would it be if you took some time to work with Dad towards solving that problem?

Ellen: I don't get it.

Robbie: Like setting up a regular weekly reading program. You and Dad. You and Dr. Philip Stewart-going to the children's ward once or twice a week and reading to them.

Ellen: Not bad. Not a bad idea, Robbie. As a matter of fact, it fits right in with something I'm working on right now with the school-board committee.

Robbie: What's that?

Ellen: I've been trying to work out a program in the public school that will bring parents and teachers together once a week to read to the students-their own children, really. By doing that, it will encourage reading.

Robbie: So it might fit in with a program for reading to the kids in the hospital.

Ellen: You're right. We'll do it! I'm going to talk to Daddy about it right now.

Robbie: But Dad was so exhausted when he came home from work. Why don't you talk to him about it tomorrow?

Ellen: You are a very smart young man, Robbie. I think I'll wait until tomorrow.

Robbie: You won't forget, will you?

Ellen: Believe me, I won't. It is a great idea, and I promise you I won't forget.

Robbie: Thanks, Mom.

Ellen: Thank you, Robbie.

Act 3.

Ellen: Good morning. What a wonderful morning! Don't the flowers smell wonderful?

Philip: Good morning, Ellen. Yes, they do. That's why I'm reading my paper and having my coffee on the patio this morning. Ah, it does smell sweet. How was your school-board meeting last night? You must've come home very late.

Ellen: Did you find the sandwich I made for you?

Philip: Thanks, dear. I was so tired I didn't even finish it.

Ellen: Philip, I've been working on this special project with the school board, and I'd like your opinion about it.

Philip: What is it? Ellen: I've been trying to find a way to encourage reading.

Philip: Good luck!

Ellen: Well, I think I may have found a way to do it.

Philip: Tell me about it. I work with families every day, Ellen. I see how people spend their leisure time-young and old.

Ellen: Mostly watching television. Well, that would be OK if , and I repeat, if people took the time to read.

Philip: I couldn't agree with you more.

Ellen: The question is, how do we get them to read more?

Philip: I think you're going to give me the answer to the question. You have that look in your eye.

Ellen: I do have an answer, Philip. Or at least I think I do.

Philip: Well, tell me about it.

Ellen: The plan is a simple one. Involve the entire family in a reading project.

Philip: In the home?

Ellen: Yes, in the home. But first in the school-rooms.

Philip: Hmm, interesting. But how do you plan to do that?

Ellen: By arranging with the public schools to schedule one hour a week-to start with. During that time parents are invited to attend-and to read along with the children- their children.

Philip: It can go beyond the school system, Ellen.

Ellen: Readily?

Philip: I guarantee you it would go very in the hospitals. My patients-mostly kids-would love to read and be read to.

Ellen: You think so?

Philip: I know so.

Ellen: May be we can experiment with your patients and see how the plan works.

Philip: I love the idea. Would you work with me?

Ellen: I would love to, Philip.

Philip: And that way, we'll spend more time together, Ellen. We just don't see each other anymore.

Ellen: You and I are very busy these days. This is true. We need to find time to be together more, to do things together more-you and I. This would be a wonderful way to accomplish that.

Philip: I have a question.

Ellen: Yes?

Philip: What do we read?

Ellen: To the patients in the ward?

Philip: Yes.

Ellen: Well, let you and I talk about it. What would you like to read to them?

Philip: Mrs. Setwart and I will read a poem by Robert Frost.

Ellen: It's called "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening."

Philip: Would you begin, Ellen?

Ellen: All right. "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" by Robert Frost.

Whose woods these are I think I know.

His house is in the village though;

He will not see me stopping here

To watch his woods fill up with snow.

Philip: My little horse must think it queer.

To stop without a farmhouse near

Between the woods and frozen lake.

The darkest evening of the year.

Ellen: He gives his harness bells a shake

To ask if there is some mistake.

The only other sound's the sweep

Of easy wind and downy flake.

Ellen&Philip: The woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

Grandpa: You two belong on stage! That was wonderful!

Ellen: Grandpa!

Philip: Dad...Robbie. When did you come?

Grandpa: We've been listening to you both. These are lucky kids.

Robbie: Do you enjoy reading together?

Philip: Well, we may read together aloud at home.

Grandpa: You were right, Robbie.

Robbie: I know.

Episode 21 A Big Fish in a Little Pond

Act 1.

Michelle: I really like this one Susan. Do you?

Susan: Turn around, Michelle. Let me see the back of it. I like it a lot. It fits well. It doesn't need any alterations. We must've bought the right size.

Harry: I like the color. She looks good in blue.

Michelle: I like blue, too, Daddy.

Susan: Try on the skirt and blouse outfit, Michelle-the one that Daddy wanted you to wear.

Michelle: OK.

Harry: Michelle has been a different kid since we've been married. She's never been happier.

Susan: And I've never been happier, Harry. I love her very much. She's been a joy.

Harry: We're very lucky, the three of us...and becoming part of the Stewart family, too.

Susan: We couldn't ask for anything more, could we?

Harry: Well...

Susan: Well...? Could we ask for anything more?

Harry: Well...we...

Michelle: How do you like it, Daddy?

Harry: It's my favorite outfit.

Susan: It's good for every day. It will be good for school, Michelle.

Michelle: I like it, too. I always like skirts that go like this. Do you want to see the winter jacket on me, Susan?

Susan: Yes, I do. Change back into your jeans, and put on the new winter jacket we bought today.

Michelle: OK.

Susan: What did you mean by "well...?" You had something on your mind when I said we couldn't ask for anything more.

Michelle: Is everything all right?

Harry: Everything is fine, Michelle.

Susan: Let's take a look at the winter jacket. Come on over here, Honey.

Michelle: It's kind of warm.

Susan: It is. That's why we bought it for you. This will be a perfect jacket for the wintertime when it's very cold out. But it's kind of small also. We must've bought the wrong size.

Harry: Looks like we should've bought a bigger one. I guess we'll have to exchange it, too. I'm sure the store has others.

Michelle: I look silly! It is too small!

Susan: You're growing so fast, Michelle.

Michelle: Can I take it off? I'm hot!

Susan: Sure. Put it back in your room, and we'll hang everything up later.

Susan: Well, are you going to tell me what's on your mind, Harry?

Harry: I have been offered a job with a major accounting company in Los Angeles. I have been offered a job with a major accounting company in Los Angeles.

Susan: Los Angeles? That's a big decision.

Harry: I know. It will also affect you and your job, if we decide to go.

Susan: Wow! It sure will. But first tell me about the job, Harry. If it's a good one, then we'll make it work for us.

Harry: I have a client in the garment business, on Seventh Avenue. I do his taxes every year. He has a big sales office in Los Angeles, and the company in Los Angeles that does his major accounting work is looking for an executive. And he recommended me.

Susan: That's wonderful, Harry.

Harry: Yes, but it would mean that we'd have to move to L.A.

Susan: What about the salary?

Harry: The real discussion comes tomorrow. Susan, I don't plan to make any decisions until I have a chance to talk with you about it.

Susan: I understand, Harry.

Harry: And I don't have to make a quick decision. They know that I'm married and that I have a family.

Susan: Well, there's a lot to think about. If it's a good job, then I've got to do some thinking about my career opportunities in Los Angeles.

Michelle: Is everything OK?

Susan: Yes, honey.

Act 2.

Grandpa: Hello. Hello there. Are you ready for lunch with your grandpa?

Susan: Oh! Hi, Grandpa. Yes, of course, I am, but my mind isn't.

Grandpa: What's the matter, Susan?

Susan: A real dilemma.

Grandpa: Does it have anything to do with you and Harry?

Susan: Yes, but I don't know where to start.

Grandpa: Maybe I can help. Tell me what it is, Susan.

Susan: Thanks, Grandpa. Please sit down, Oh! Harry has been offered a job in Los Angeles.

Grandpa: Well, this something to think about.

Susan: There are so many things to consider. There's Michelle. I wonder if a move would be a bad thing for her. And my job. I don't know if I can get a good job in Los Angeles. And what about our family?

Grandpa: Can I tell you what I think?

Susan: Tell me.

Grandpa: I think that you're very successful and that you have a fantastic reputation in the toy industry. I think you could talk to Mr. Marchetta, and I think he could help you find a real good job in Los Angeles. He was very helpful to me, remember?

Susan: I suppose I could call him. But I'm not so sure that I want to leave New York, you, and the rest of our family.

Grandpa: Well, I'm not going to kid you, Susan. You know we'd all miss you. But this should be your decision. It's something that only you and Harry can work out.

Susan: If moving to L.A. is in Harry's best interest, I have to do what I can do to support him.

Grandpa: In every marriage, sacrifices have to be made by one partner from time to time.

Susan: And what about Michelle?

Grandpa: Well, What do you think?

Susan: I think Michelle is better off staying where she is.

Grandpa: What does she think?

Susan: I don't know for sure.

Grandpa: Well, you'll have to ask her.

Susan: I think I'm going to have a talk with Mr. Marchetta and get his feelings about my leaving. And about helping me find a job in Los Angeles.

Grandpa: Good idea.

Susan: I'll call him right now. No point in delaying. Thanks. Grandpa.

Bill: Harry, it's the perfect job for you. You'll love it.

Harry: It's a big decision for me, Bill. And I have to discuss it with my wife. I don't know if it's right for her.

Bill: She'll love it. It's a once-in-a-lifetime offer, Harry.

Harry: OK. Tell it to me again.

Bill: The company is Craft and Craft, the biggest accounting company in the country.

Harry: I know the company well. It's big.

Bill: The biggest.

Harry: Yeah, yeah. The biggest. When do I have to let you know?

Bill: Talk it over. Think it over. Let me know by the end of the week.

Harry: When would we have to move?

Bill: As soon as possible.

Harry: I also have my daughter to consider. I don't want to interrupt her school year.

Bill: Let me know by the end of the week. It's a great opportunity for you, Harry. Believe me.



Harry: I know.

Bill: Craft and Craft is the biggest in the country.

Harry: Yeah, I know. The biggest.

Susan: I think Michelle is asleep now. Let's talk.

Harry: I met with Bill York today.

Susan: And I talked with Mr. Marchetta. Did York make the offer?

Harry: Yup. He asked me if I want the job.

Susan: That's exciting, Harry. What was it?

Harry: A vice-presidency with the biggest accounting company in the country-Craft and Craft.

Susan: Aren't you excited about that?

Harry: Sure I am. But there's so much more to consider.

Susan: I talked to Mr. Marchetta.

Harry: What did he say? Did you tell him about me?

Susan: Of course, Harry. I want what's best for you, and I think I can get a good job through Mr. Marchetta in Los Angeles also.

Harry: You're kidding.

Susan: No, I'm not kidding. I talked with him, and he understands completely. He has a major toy buyer in Los Angeles, and he's pretty sure that I can get a good job there.

Harry: Unbelievable!

Susan: But I think we should talk to Michelle about all of this.

Harry: You're right. We'll talk to her about it.

Susan: And how do you feel about taking the job in Los Angeles?

Harry: How should I feel? It's the biggest company in the country.

Susan: Well, then you feel good about taking it?

Harry: Well... I feel fine about it. Why shouldn't I?

Act 3.

Michelle: I love my school. I have so many good friends there now. I wouldn't miss a day even if I were really sick.

Susan: Come and sit down for a minute, Michelle. I'd like to talk to you about something. Something important.

Michelle: What's wrong, Susan?

Susan: Oh, there's nothing wrong, Michelle. But your dad and I are talking about something that I'd like your opinion about.

Michelle: I know. I heard you talking about it the other night when I was trying on my new clothes. It's about moving to Los Angeles.

Susan: You're right. How do you feel about it?

Michelle: Well, I really wouldn't want to move, but...

Susan: But?

Michelle: But if you and Daddy wanted to, I guess you know what's best for the family and for me.

Susan: That's very considerate of you, Michelle. But what about your friends?

Michelle: I'd miss them a lot, but I know what it feels like to miss someone.

Susan: Honey, we don't have to move if you're not going to be happy about it.

Michelle: Does Daddy want to move?

Susan: I think so. He's going to tell us tonight about the job offer.

Harry: Well, how was everybody's day today?

Susan: Michelle was chosen to do the school poster for the play this year.

Harry: Congratulations, Michelle! That's something! And how was your day, Susan?

Susan: I see you're in a good mood. Why don't you tell us about your day.

Harry: I met with Bill York.

Susan: It's OK to talk about it, Harry. Michelle knows all about it.

Harry: Really?

Susan: Really, Harry. Michelle and I have all kinds of feelings about leaving New York, the family, and friends. But do you think you should take the job, we're behind you.

Harry: What about Michelle's school?

Susan: We'll move after the school term.

Harry: What about her new friends?

Michelle: I'll make new friends wherever we are as long as we're together.

Susan: We're a family, Harry. Whatever you think is right for you is right for us.

Harry: I am so touched. The two of you are really something.

Michelle: We love you, Daddy.

Harry: And I love you.

Susan: OK. Now, tell us about your talk with Mr. York. Did you take the job?

Harry: Nope.

Michelle: What?

Susan: No? You didn't take it?

Harry: No, I did not take the job.

Michelle: But, Daddy, I thought...

Susan: Harry, you didn't turn it down because of me...

Michelle: Or me?

Harry: No, no. I turned it down because of me.

Susan: How's that?

Harry: Well, I began to think about you and about Michelle, and then I asked myself, do I really want to work for the biggest company in the country?

Susan: And?

Harry: And I don't. I went into business for myself because I like being my own boss. I run my own company. I'm a big fish in a little pond. I'm not really sure I want to be a little fish in a big pond.

Michelle: Oh, Daddy, does that mean we don't have to move?

Harry: That's right, sweetheart.

Susan: Are you sure?

Harry: I couldn't be more sure, Susan.

Susan: I'm glad if you are, Harry.

Harry: And besides, how could I live in Los Angeles when all my favorite people live here?

Susan: Your favorite people?

Michelle: Who's that?

Harry: The Stewart family, of course.

Episode 22 Career Choices

Act 1.

Marilyn: "Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree top, When the wind blows. The cradle will rock. When the bough breaks, The cradle will fall, And down will come baby, Cradle and all."

Richard: Hi, Marilyn. What are you doing?

Marilyn: Just sketching. I've been thinking a lot about our responsibilities in the past few weeks.

Richard: I never stop thinking about them.

Marilyn: I've been wrestling with question of whether I go back to work or not.

Richard: I see.

Marilyn: And I'm torn. I really want to go back to work, use my talents, and pursue my career in fashion design like we as a fulltime mother, especially when he's a baby.

Richard: I really understand, Marilyn, But you never have to worry about Max. There's Mother and Grandpa...and I can always arrange my photo schedule around your schedule, if that will help.

Marilyn: It's not the same, Richard.

Richard: Have you discussed going back to work with your boss?

Marilyn: Rita Mae called yesterday.

Richard: Ah! That's what's got you thinking, isn't it?

Marilyn: She wants to know when I think I'll be returning to the boutique.

Richard: And you said...?

Marilyn: I said I'd give her an answer in a few days...that I wasn't sure.

Richard: I'm sure Rita Mae will understand and wait until you're ready to go back to work.

Marilyn: Well, maybe she will, and maybe she won't. Who knows? If I don't accept her offer, maybe she'll find someone else in the meantime, and when I'm ready to go back, there won't be a job for me.

Richard: That's something to consider. You've got yourself to think about, too.

Marilyn: But I am thinking about myself. Don't you see?

Richard: What do you mean?

Marilyn: It's not just the job. It's also my career as Max's mother. That's the way I look at it. I have two career opportunities at the same time. My career as a fashion Designer and my career as a mother.

Richard: I never really thought about being a mother as a career. I guess you do have two career opportunities and a decision to make.

Marilyn: I hear Max.

Richard: I'll go to him.

Marilyn: No, that's OK. I'll do it.

Act 2.

Ellen: There's your teddy bear, Max.

Ellen: He just loves that teddy bear that Grandpa Philip bought for him.

Marilyn: I took him to Philip's office yesterday for a checkup. You should have seen the look on his face when Molly gave him the injection.

Ellen: Oh, did he cry?

Marilyn: No, My dear little boy just looked up at me as if to say, "Mama, what are they doing to me? Help!"

Ellen: How did you feel? Tell the truth didn't you feel terrible?

Marilyn: I sure did. I held him closely. I kissed the top of his dear little head. He looked up at me. He tried to smile. Being with him helped.

Ellen: Helped him? Or helped you?

Marilyn: Being a mother is not easy, if that's what you mean.

Ellen: Speaking of being a mother, I've been meaning to ask you what you were thinking about regarding going back to work. I know Rita Mae called. I can imagine what is going through your head.

Marilyn: I'm sure you can, Ellen.

Ellen: There are so many things to consider. One thing that makes it easier for you is that you have us. Max will always have a family member to watch over him while you're at work. I didn't have that when Richard and Susan were born.

Marilyn: What did you do?

Ellen: I chose to continue with my career as a music teacher. We hired a woman to watch Richard and then Susan, and I continued with my career.

Marilyn: Do you think you made the right decision?

Ellen: I think I did. But when Ribbie was born, I decided to give fulltime attention to raising Robbie. I felt differently at that time.

Marilyn: And you gave up your career as a music teacher?

Ellen: Not exactly. I continued to teach piano lessons at home.

Marilyn: How did you feel about being away when Susan and Ricard were babies?

Ellen: I think I did the right thing for them and for myself and for Philip. We needed the money. Remember?

Marilyn: Well, we do too, Ellen. Everything I earn helps us towards getting that house we want and need.

Susan: I can't wait till he's just a little older. Our toy company makes the most wonderful toys for kids.

Marilyn: Max thanks you. I thank you. And Ricard thanks you. Now may I please say hello?

Susan: Hello. Hello. I miss Max and think about him all week long. We talk about him at dinnertime.

Ellen: Will you please try to relax? I've never seen you so wound up.

Marilyn: You seem to be enjoying the pressure.

Susan: The truth is, I am. My job is not an easy one, but I really enjoy it.

Marilyn: That is exactly what I wanted to talk to you about, Susan.

Susan: What's the problem?

Ellen: Marilyn's career.

Marilyn: Well, my choice of careers.

Susan: Choice?

Marilyn: My career as a fashion designer versus my career as a mother.

Susan: Why does it have to be one or the other?

Ellen: That's what I said.

Marilyn: How's that?

Susan: Why can't you do both?

Ellen: She's right.

Marilyn: Both?

Susan: Well, that's what I do. I have a job, and I have Michelle. I take care of both to the best of my ability. It's not easy, but what is?

Ellen: And that's what I did. I did both with Richard and Susan, and I did both with Robbie.

Marilyn: I thought you stayed home with Robbie?

Ellen: I did. But I was lucky enough to have a career as a music teacher which I could continue at home.

Susan: Why can't you work at home, Marilyn? You're very talented. Designing dresses is a career you could establish out of your home, couldn't you?

Marilyn: I don't know why I didn't think of it. It seems so simple now. For a year or two I could stay at home with Max and do my dress designs.

Ellen: And you could make your dresses at home.

Susan: Sounds like a great way to solve the problem.

Ellen: That could solve your problem, Marilyn.

Marilyn: I'm going to call Rita Mae at home and ask her come by and talk about it. She wants to see Max, anyway.

Susan: I think that really answers your questions, Marilyn. You can do it. Do your designs at home—here.

Marilyn: And let Rita Mae do the selling at the boutique.

Ellen: And you can both benefit financially.

Marilyn: I'm going to call Rita Mae right now. Oh, Susan, thank you so much for coming all this way from the city to talk to me about it. I hope you don't mind having taken so much time away from your busy schedule.

Susan: Are you kidding? I don't mind at all. As a matter of fact, I came to spend some time with my favorite nephew.

Ellen: I think you should call Rita Mae right now. I think your idea of working at home is perfect.

Marilyn: I don't know what I would do without you. I'm lucky to have you all.

Ellen: We are lucky to have you, Marilyn.

Susan: And so is Max.

Act 3.

Ellen: Hi, big guy.

Marilyn: That must be Rita Mae.

Ellen: She sure got here quickly. That's a good sign. She must like you and your work, Marilyn.

Marilyn: I think she's just anxious to see Max. She loves children.

Rita Mae: Hi, Marilyn.

Marilyn: Welcome. It's so nice of you to come.

Rita Mae: Oh, I just wanted to see your baby, Max.

Ellen: Hello, Rita Mae.

Rita Mae: I haven't seen you since the hospital.

Ellen: I'm Ellen Stewart, Marilyn's mother-in-law.

Rita Mae: We met at the hospital. Hello. How are you?

Ellen: I remember. How are you?

Rita Mae: Oh, and there is Max! Oh! My, how he's grown! A little present for Max.

Marilyn: Oh, it's beautiful, Rita Mae! You shouldn't have.

Rita Mae: It's nothing. It's just a little present for Max.

Ellen: Can I get you some coffee or tea or a cold drink, Rita Mae?

Rita Mae: Oh, nothing, thank you.

Ellen: Well, I will leave you two to talk. Come on, you big guy. Yes, come on. That's it.

Ellen: It's nice seeing you. Let me know if you need anything.

Rita Mae: Thanks, Ellen.

Marilyn: Thanks, Ellen.

Rita Mae: OK, Marilyn. You sounded like you've made a decision when you called me. I'm all ears.

Marilyn: I have made a decision, Rita Mae. I've decided to stay at home and be a full-time mother.

Rita Mae: I'm disappointed, but I respect your decision. If I had a child as cute as Max, I might do the same thing.

Marilyn: But I haven't finished telling you the other half of my decision.

Rita Mae: The other half?

Marilyn: Yes. I think I can stay at home and take care of Max and continue my career.

Rita Mae: Sounds interesting. Let me hear it.

Marilyn: Do you remember our talks about custom-designed dresses for the boutique?

Rita Mae: I sure do.

Marilyn: Why can't I design dresses for you here at home? And make them here. Have the fittings here, too.

Rita Mae: And I could do the selling and the pricing at the boutique.

Marilyn: Exactly.

Rita Mae: Oh! What kind of dresses would you design?

Marilyn: I've thought about that for some time.

Rita Mae: Yes?

Marilyn: Wedding dresses.

Rita Mae: Wedding dresses? Brilliant idea! There's a big market today in wedding dresses.

Marilyn: That's what I thought.

Rita Mae: I like the idea very much. And if it's successful, we can expand to all kinds

dresses.

Marilyn: That's what I thought.

Rita Mae: As a matter of fact, I have a custome for your first wedding dress. My niece is getting married, and I've been trying to find just the right thing for her.

Marilyn, you're going to design my niece's dress. That'll be our first one, and then we'll use it to sell others.

Marilyn: Do you really mean it?

Rita Mae: I really mean it. It's a simple idea, and it will work. You can certainly design dresses. I know that. And there's no reason why you can't do it from your home.

Marilyn: I'm so excited! I can't wait to tell Richard!

Rita Mae: If I had a baby like Max, I'd want to stay home and be near him all the time, too. You're making the right decisin for Max and for yourself too, Marilyn.

Marilyn: It all sounds so easy.

Rita Mae: Now the hard work begins.

Marilyn: Would you like to see some of my designs that I've been working on?

Rita Mae: I'd love to . Ooh! Oh, that's wonderful! Ooh...

Episode 23 The Community Center

Act 1.

Robbie: Morning, Grandpa. Is something the matter, Grandpa?

Grandpa: The editorial in this paper has my friend Nat Baker real upset. Ah! I'll read it to you. "The old library building on Chestnut Street, which has been vacant for over a year now, was supposed to be made into a community center to serve the senior citizens as well as the younger people of Riverdale. Due to lack of funds for the repainting of the interior of the building and for the furniture needed, the plans for the community center have been postponed indefinitely." He's coming over to talk about it.

Robbie: Is it tat serious a problem, Grandpa?

Grandpa: It is. Nat's not as lucky as I am, Robbie. He doesn't have any family with hime. He lives alone and depends on places like a community center to be with people- pelple hi own age.

Robbie: But there's the old community center on Elm Street.

Grandpa: It's small, and the problem is that it's set up primarily for kids to play.

Ping-Pong tables, soda machines, and lots of music. It's too noisy for some older people like Nat.

Robbie: I never realized that.

Grandpa: It's hard for some older people to take all that noise. That's why the new community center is a good idea. Part of the building for older people, part of the building for younger people.

Robbie: I see what you mean.

Grandpa: That must be Nat.

Robbie: It could be Alexandra. She's coming over this morning to help me with my math.

Alexandra: Hi, Robbie.

Robbie: Hi, Alexandra. Come on in. Do you want something cold to drink?

Alexandra: I'd love some cola, please.

Robbie: Cola coming up. I really appreciate you coming over to help with my math. My final exam is next Tuesday.

Alexandra: You're so good in all your other subjects. I just can't understand why you have so many problems with math.

Grandpa: Hi, Alexandra.

Alexandra: Hi, Mr. Stewart.

Grandpa: I thought that was Nat Baker who rang the front doorbell. Don't let me interrupt you.

Robbie: No problem, Grandpa. We're just having some cola before getting to tough stuff- math.

Alexandra: He'll do anything to avoid getting down to math lessons, Mr. Stewart.

Grandpa: I was the same way.

Robbie: Really, Grandpa?

Grandpa: Reall. I didn't like math, I wasn't good at it, and I didn't like studying it.

Robbie: But you had to be good at math. You graduated from engineering school.

Grandpa: I was. But not in high school. For some reason, I couldn't get a handle on it. Then, in college. I became good at it.

Alexandra: Then there's hope for Robbie.

Robbie: I can't wait. You think I can just skip it now and get to it at college?

Alexandra: You'll never get to college to find out, Robbie, if you skip it now.

Grandpa: That must be Nat.

Alexandra: Sit down, Robbie. Let's get to work.

Grandpa: I'd like you to meet my friend Nat Baker. This is Alexandra Pappas, and this is my grandson Robbie, whom I think you've met once twice before.

Alexandra: Nice to meet you, Mr. Baker.

Robbie: Hi, Mr. Baker. We met before.

Nat: Where?

Robbie: In town. At the hardware store.

Nat: I remember now. Right. Hi. Hello, Alexandra.

Grandpa: Don't let us keep you from your math tutoring. Robbie. I know you want to get to it.

Robbie: Stay...stay.

Alexandra: I told you. He'll use any excuse to avoid math.

Nat: Did you read the story in the paper, Malcolm?

Grandpa: I did.

Nat: It's a serious matter for a lot of us. A serious matter.

Grandpa: It is. Come on out to the patio. We'll talk about it out there.

Nat: Thanks. Nice to meet you...again.

Alexandra: What's the problem?

Robbie: Come on? You'll hear about it.

Act 2.

Nat: There is a way, Malcolm. We get our friends to roll their sleeves up and get to



work.

Grandpa: It's certainly a good idea. If I could take a look at the place, I could probably tell what it requires to fix it up. How much paint, how many hours of work...

Nat: That's what I came to ask you to do, Malcolm. If you would supervise the refurbishing, I'll find the people to help do it.

Robbie: I'll help too, Mr. Baker. I can get some of my friends to go around the neighborhood and collect the furniture we need.

Alexandra: I'll help.

Grandpa: Tomorrow. Yes. We'll meet tomorrow morning, right here.

Robbie: Can we help?

Alexandra: I'd really like to.

Grandpa: Sure.

Nat: We might need you to come through with your friends, Robbie. Not just to go around the neighborhood asking for furniture, but to help with the paint job. That's backbreaking work and may be too much for us.

Robbie: I'll do it. I'll talk to them.

Alexandra: And tomorrow morning we'll all meet here to discuss the plan?

Grandpa: Come in, come in. Please, come in.

Nat: I'd like you to meet my friend Malcolm Stewart. Malcolm, this Joanne Thompson

Grandpa: Hello, Joanne. Nice to meet you.

Joanne: My pleasure, Malcolm.

Nat: And this is Abe Lucas. You must remember Abe. He ran the drugstore and used to play drums with the jazz band on weekends.

Grandpa: Oh, sure I do. Hi, Abe.

Abe: Hello, Mr. Stewart.

Grandpa: Malcolm, please.

Abe: Hello, Malcolm.

Grandpa: Sit down, sit down. Have some coffee. And I've got some delicious Danish pastry for you.

Nat: Where's your grandson Robbie and his friend Alexandra? Weren't they going to be here this morning?

Grandpa: I thought so, too. I'm surprised they're not here. Robbie left early this morning to meet Alexandra. Frankly, I thought they'd be here, but...

Nat: It's OK. I'm sure they meant well, but they probably had other things on their minds.

Joanne: I understand you used to be in the construction business, Malcolm.

Grandpa: I was, indeed.

Joanne: I wonder if you would take a look at the old library and make sure that it is in good condition so that we don't have to worry about any structural problems.

Grandpa: When can I do that? I'd be happy to.

Abe: We've got permission to go inside the old building during the week-Tuesday or Wednesday.

Grandpa: That's fine with me. I can do it either day.

Joanne: That would be very helpful.

Nat: I think the building just needs a good cleaning.

Abe: And a good paint job.

Joanne: Then we have to furnish it.

Grandpa: I wish Robbie and Alexandra had come to this meeting. They had some ideas about getting the place fixed up.

Joanne: Perhaps they'll show up. In the meantime, let me give you some additional thoughts and ideas I have.

Grandpa: OK.

Nat: Go ahead, Janne.

Janne: As I said, mostly the building just needs a good cleaning.

Nat: This place can be developed with one real intergenerational program.

Grandpa: That's an idea I like. A community center with the kinds of programs that fit everyone.

Nat: And programs that don't leave anyone out.

Joanne: It's asking a lot. But we can't do it without talking to the young people.

Finding out what they want.

Grandpa: If only Robbie and Alexandra were here.

Nat: Don't be upset, Malcolm. We'll have a chance to talk to them later.

Grandpa: It's not like Robbie. If he says he's going to be here, he's here. I wonder what the problem is.

Act 3.

Robbie: Hi, everyone. Sorry I'm late. But Alexandra and I have been busy at work this morning on the community-center project. And we brought someone along who can help. You remember Charles Maxwell, Grandpa? He's the editor of the Riverdale paper. He wrote some nice articles on Mom when she was running for the school board.

Grandpa: Yes, I remember. You were a great help.

Maxwell: Hi, Mr. Stewart. Hope to be a bigger help on the new community-center project. From what Robbie and Alexandra have told me, you people are making one big story.

Grandpa: Let me introduce you, Mr. Maxwell. This is Nat Baker, who's responsible for this meeting, and this is Joanne Thompson-and Abe Lucas, who used to run the drugstore in town.

Maxwell: Robbie and Alexandra told me what you need to fix up the old library. I am planning to write an editorial that I think will help you.

Grandpa: Let's go. What are your questions?

Maxwell: OK. Now, I have...first...a couple of questions here. Have you talked to the community council? And have you had an engineer come in to do an inspection?

Maxwell: OK, what do you need most of all?

Grandpa: People power. Men and women, young and old, to give us their time.

Maxwell: To do what?

Joanne: To help scrub the building interior clean.

Nat: So that we can repaint it.

Maxwell: And you also need bodies to do repainting?

Grandpa: That's right. And we'll also need some ladders and some brushes and some paint.

Maxwell: When do you need the volunteers, and where do they report?

Grandpa: I've got the council to agree to open the building for us on the next four weekends.

Maxwell: How about furnishings? Are there any special requirements that I should list in the paper?

Joanne: Yes. Here is a copy of all the things we need to start with.

Maxwell: Let's see. Four desks. Eight straight-back chairs. Thirty folding chairs. Six table lamps. Three end tables. One piano. This is a good start. These items shouldn't be difficult to come by once I print the article in the paper. This community has always been very generous.

Grandpa: I agree, Mr. Maxwell.

Maxwell: What you're saying is, in order for this center to succeed, we need to put together volunteers from the various generations of future users.

Grandpa: That's right.

Nat: And without their energy and stamina, there's no way we can complete this project.

Maxwell: I've got it. Now give me some information about how you see the building being used.

Joanne: Oh, here. On the ground floor we have the reception area...

Grandpa: It's here, Robbie. Charles Maxwell lived up to his word. "At the Stewart family home on Linden street yesterday, a group of caring Riverdale citizens gathered to plan the refurbishing of the old library to transform it into a new community center. The original plan by the council was tabled because of lack of funds. The new plan needs you. You could call it a community unity plan. It needs your time, and it needs your energy. And it needs your contributions of furniture, paint, brushes, ladders, lamps, et cetera. A list of these items and a volunteer form can be picked up at the Riverdale Press offices. By working together, this community can do anything to benefit its citizens, and we know you will all work together towards refurbishing the old library and making it a new community center. Charles Maxwell, Editor."

Episode 24 Parting Friends

Act 1.

Robbie: Hi, Mom.

Ellen: Hi, Robbie You're home from school early.

Robbie: Yeah, they're getting the assembly hall ready for the graduation ceremony, so we all got to go home early. Too noisy to study.

Ellen: Well, now that you're here, you can help me with dinner. I need those potatoes peeled and sliced.

Robbie: Mom, give me a break Alexandra's coming over to help me study for my math final.

Ellen: Well, in that case, you can wash the dishes and clean up after dinner.

Robbie: Can I invite Alexandra to stay for dinner?

Ellen: Of course.

Robbie: Thanks, Mom.

Ellen: You and Alexandra have become good friends, haven't you?

Robbie: Yes. I like her. She's a terrific person. I'm going to miss her when she goes back to Greece.

Ellen: Would you like to give her a little farewell party?

Robbie: Mom, that would be terrific! Maybe we could make it a surprise.

Ellen: Oh, I don't know. Surprise parties don't always work out.

Robbie: Well, we could tell her it's a graduation party for me. When Alexandra arrives, we'll surprise her.

Ellen: Well, I suppose that might work.

Robbie: I'd like to give her a nice going-away present.

Ellen: Fine.

Robbie: There's only one problem.

Ellen: What's that?

Robbie: I'm broke. I should have saved some money.

Ellen: I'm sure Alexandra would be happy with something simple, Robbie.

Robbie: I know. But, well, I'd like to give her something nice to remember me by. Maybe I could borrow some money from you and Dad.

Ellen: It's all right with me if it's all right with your dad.

Robbie: Thanks, Mom. I'll talk to him. Is he still in his office?

Ellen: I think so.

Robbie: Thanks, Mom.

Ellen: Robbie! Good luck!

Molly: Here are the X-rays you wanted, Dr. Stewart.

Philip: Oh. Thank you, Molly. Now, let me check them.

Molly: What do you think?

Philip: I don't see any breaks or fractures. Well, well. Thank you, Molly.

Molly: Thank you.

Philip: Come in! Hi, Son.

Robbie: Hi, Dad. Am I interrupting you?

Philip: No, no, no, no.. What's up?

Robbie: Can we talk?

Philip: Sure.

Robbie: I need some help.

Philip: Well, that's what fathers are for.

Robbie: Well, before I go to college, I have the whole summer...

Philip: Yes...

Robbie: And I'm planning to get a job for the summer.

Philip: And what sort of job?

Robbie: I applied for a job as a lifeguard at the community pool.

Philip: Sounds pretty good.

Robbie: Yes. I'll be earning pretty good money if I get it. But right now, I'm kind of

short of cash.

Philip: Who isn't?

Robbie: And my friend Alexandra is going to Greece...

Philip: Nice girl. We'll all miss her.

Robbie: Mom says we can her a going-away surprise party.

Philip: Good idea.

Robbie: And I'd like to get her a nice gift...

Philip: What'd you have in mind?

Robbie: Well, a wristwatch, so she'll think of me when she looks at the time. Nothing flashy or expensive. Something simple-but a good one.

Philip: Sounds fine, Robbie.

Robbie: Well, I saw a nice watch. But I'll need a loan. If you could lend me the money, I could pay you back out of my lifeguard salary.

Philip: Well, I guess your mother and I can manage it. When do you need the money?

Robbie: Would tomorrow be OK?

Philip: You've got it.

Robbie: Thanks, Dad.

Philip: My pleasure, Son. Oh, and, Robbie...

Robbie: Yes?

Philip: You'll probably want the family car so you can drive her home after the party.

Robbie: Could I?

Philip: If you drive carefully.

Robbie: I will. Thanks, Dad.

Philip: My pleasure.

Robbie: You're OK, Dad.

Philip: You're not so bad yourself, Son.

Act 2.

Alexandra: You ready for the next problem?

Robbie: You know what? I can't look at another number. How about a lemonade break?

Alexandra: Sure.

Robbie: Oh, by the way, when is your plane reservation for your flight to Athens?

Alexandra: Sunday. Why?

Robbie: Would you be able to come over Saturday night?

Alexandra: Yes. I should be finished packing by then.

Robbie: My folks are giving me a little graduation party.

Alexandra: Terrific!

Robbie: I'll pick you up.

Alexandra: That isn't necessary.

Robbie: My dad's letting me borrow the car.

Alexandra: Oh, well, that would be very nice.

Robbie: About eight O'clock?

Alexandra: Eight O'clock is fine.

Robbie: Great! It's a date.

Alexandra: Who's going to be there?

Robbie: Just my friend Mike and a few kids from school.

Alexandra: I'm going to miss all of you. You've been like a second family to me.

Robbie: We're going to miss you.

Alexandra: Maybe you could come to visit me in Greece?

Robbie: I'm counting on it.

Alexandra: Wonderful! Are you excited about graduating from high school?

Robbie: Sure...and a little scared.

Alexandra: Scared? Why?

Robbie: Aren't you a little scared?

Alexandra: I was when I first came to the United States. I'd never been away from home, and I didn't know what it would be like. But then I found out that people are the same everywhere once you get to know them.

Robbie: I'm glad I got to know you.

Alexandra: Thank you. I'm glad I got to know You-and your family.

Robbie: Wouldn't it be nice if we could skip the examinations and get right to the graduation party?

Alexandra: It would be very nice. But that isn't the way it works. So...back to work.

Alexandra: Good night, Robbie. Good night, Mrs.Stewart. Thank you for dinner.

Ellen: Good night, Alexandra.Will you be all right?

Alexandra: Yes.The Molinas are waiting for me.

Robbie: Good night, Alexandra. I'll pick

you up on Saturday night, OK?

Alexandra: Yes. Eight O'clock.

Alexandra: I have to run.

Allen: Good night, Robbie. She's really a good friend, isn't she?

Robbie: Yeah.

Ellen: You are going to miss her.

Robbie: Am I going to miss her?

Ellen: That's what I said! You are going to miss her!

Robbie: I'm going to miss her, and my math teacher's going to miss her.

Ellen: Well, you can write to her.

Robbie: It's not the same.

Mike: How does that look, Rob?

Robbie: Great! Pass me the hammer.

Mike: You got it!

Sandra: You're sure Alexandra's going to be surprised?

Robbie: Absolutely. She has no idea that the party is in her honor.

Mike: Millie, did you bring the papes for dancing?

Millie: They're in my bag.

Mike: What did you bring?

Millie: Some rock 'n' roll.

Robbie: Perfect! Alexandra will love it! I can't wait to see her face when she walks

in here tonight.

Mike: What about the cake?

Robbie: My mom's decorating it right now.

Ellen: Robbie, there's a phone call for you. It's Alexandra. She sounds upset.

Robbie: OK. Thanks, Mom. I'll take it in there. Hi, Alexandra. What? You what? Oh no!

Act 3.

Millie: How about some music?

Sandra: No, let's wait till Robbie gets back from the airport.

Millie: Did she say why she had to leave today?

Mike: She told Robbie that her flight tomorrow was canceled, so she had to take an earlier flight today.

Millie: This is terrible.

Mike: Well, that must be him.

Sandra: Why is he blowing his horn like that?

Mike: I don't know. Maybe he's angry.

Sandra: Do you think we should take down the decorations? They'll just make him sad.

Mike: Too late now. We should have done it sooner. Oh, here he comes.

Mike: Hi, How'd it go?

Robbie: OK, I guess. Especially when Alexandra gave me a surprise...

Mike: Yeah? What was it?

Robbie: This!

Mike: Alexandra!

Sandra: Hi! What happened?

Alexandra: I called my parents from the airport. When I told them my friends were giving me a party, they insisted that I stay. So now I'm taking a flight on Monday instead.

Mike: That's great! Terrific!

Sandra: But how did you know the party was for you?

Alexandra: Well, Robbie told me when he gave me this.

Sandra: Oh, it's so pretty!

Alexandra: It's lovely, Robbie.

Millie: All right! Now we can really start the party!

Alexandra: No. Would you mind? I'd like to say something first.

Philip: Hear, hear!

Alexandra: I would just like to thank all of you, my friends, who have made my stay in the United States so wonderful. And to Robbie and the Stewart family for opening their home to me.

Robbie: We would thank you. You're a real friend!

Alexandra: And I also have a little surprise for you, Robbie. A little going-away present.

Robbie: Thank you.

Alexandra: Open it, please. I think you might be amused.

Robbie: OK. I can't believe it!

Alexandra: I guess we were thinking the same thought.

Robbie: You had it engraved!

Ellen: Read it, Robbie.

Robbie: "In friendship, always. Alexandra." I knew we thought alike, but this is too much! Thank you.

Mike: All right! Let's have some music!

Robbie: Miss Pappas?

Alexandra: Mr. Stewart...

Philip: Mrs. Stewart, may I have this dance?

Ellen: My pleasure, Doctor.

Episode 25 Country Music

Act 1.

Richard: Hot dogs. I love hot dogs. There is nothing better than a hot dog in the country.

Ellen: Hot dogs and mustard.

Richard: Cooked outdoors over an open fire. I wish I had one now.

Ellen: Do you remember when Daddy and I used to take you and Susan and Robbie to Jones Beach?

Richard: Oh, I sure do.

Ellen: We'd wait until dark and make a fire, and we'd cook the hot dogs. Oh, don't forget the mustard. And, oh, does anybody want ketchup?

Richard: I might as well take it along. And now to make sure we've got the hamburger patties. I have to remember to put them in the bag tomorrow morning before we leave.

Ellen: I'll remind you, Ricard.

Richard: Mom, we really appreciate your taking care of Max for the weekend and giving up your free time.

Ellen: I love doing it. Susan and Harry have a sitter for Michelle in the city, and I'm taking care of Max. It's no big deal. I am happy to do it for you.

Richard: I guess Max is asleep by now. He's not crying anymore.

Ellen: Oh, poor baby. He's teething.

Marilyn: Well, he's asleep-finally. I feel so bad for him. It hurts so much when a baby gets his first teeth.

Ellen: He'll be fine, Marilyn.

Richard: Well, he wakes up several times during the night, and the pain is so bad.

Marilyn: I'm really concerned about going away for the weekend, Ellen, and leaving you with the full responsibility of taking care of Max. Especially with his teething. I wish he felt better.

Ellen: Please don't worry, Marilyn. Remember your father-in-law's a pediatrician. We have a live-in doctor if there's a problem I can't handle.

Richard: I agree, Marilyn. We really don't have to be overly concerned.

Richard: I'll go upstairs and stay with him until he falls asleep again.

Marilyn: Thanks, Richard. Try putting him across your lap on his stomach. He likes



that.

Richard: I'll try it.

Ellen: When are Susan and Harry picking you up, Marilyn?

Marilyn: They're coming by at six tomorrow morning, so we can get an early start.

Ellen: That's nice. And you'll have a full day in the country.

Marilyn: And a full night. Tomorrow night we'll be camping out in tents.

Ellen: And coming home on Sunday?

Marilyn: We'll be heading back late in the afternoon.

Ellen: You're going to have the time of your lives. Camping out is such great fun.

Marilyn: We'll have a great time camping out, I'm sure. But I'm still a little worried about you, Ellen.

Ellen: It will be my great pleasure, Marilyn. Remember, it's only one night.

Richard: He's asleep. I think he'll sleep through the night now.

Marilyn: Thanks, honey. I hope he's good when we're away.

Richard: Well, so do I. Now, to check the list of things we need for the camping trip. We need to bring a flashlight.

Ellen: It's in the right-hand drawer, next to the bottle openers.

Richard: Do we have a bottle opener on the list, Marilyn?

Marilyn: No. No bottle opener. Is that one of the things Susan and Harry are bringing?

Richard: No. And we're bringing the ketchup, mustard, relish—all that stuff. And cooking utensils. Well, here's the bottle opener, and here's the flashlight.

Ellen: Matches.

Marilyn: Matches?

Richard: Yes, of course. For when we build our campfire. I can't build a fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together.

Marilyn: And don't forget your camera and film, Richard.

Richard: All packed and ready.

Marilyn: And let's not forget our cassette player and some tapes. Some music tapes and some blank tapes so that we can record our thoughts about the trip.

Ellen: Oh, that's a nice idea. An audio diary.

Marilyn: That's what I thought.

Richard: Got it! The cassette player and the tapes.

Act 2.

Susan: Oh, I love it! To be away from the city on such a beautiful day is my idea of heaven! The grass. The trees. The fresh air.

Harry: I told you you'd like it. I've been doing this for years.

Richard: You have the spirit of a teenager, Susan. Wait till you see yourself jumping around.

Marilyn: That's what I love about Susan. She works hard. She plays hard. She's a real Stewart.

Harry: Come on, Richard. Help me get this stuff out of the car.

Richard: Where does it go?

Harry: Well, we'll put everything over there. We'll set up our tents over there by

the edge of the woods. Then we'll be able to make our fire there where it's safe.

Richard: Oh, there's our table and benches. All set for eating.

Harry: That's what makes this spot so good.

Marilyn: Is anybody hungry?

Susan: I am.

Harry: We just got here.

Susan: When you're out in the fresh air like this, it makes you hungry. Aren't you hungry, Marilyn?

Marilyn: I sure am. How about you, Richard?

Richard: Starving.

Harry: You guys are like three kids.

Richard: Aren't you hungry, Harry?

Harry: Well, yeah. Now that you mention it, I guess I am. I mean, how could a guy not be hungry with all this talk about eating?

Marilyn: Where's the bag with the chicken salad sandwiches?

Harry: Right here, next to the ice packs. Here. Put the tablecloth on the picnic table, and I will bring the cola and the plastic cups.

Harry: Well, how do you like it so far?

Richard: I've never been more relaxed.

Marilyn: Me, Neither.

Susan: I wish we had brought Michelle, Harry. She would have loved it.

Marilyn: Oh, You're right. I wish we had brought Max.

Richard: Marilyn, Susan, let's not begin to worry about Michelle and Max. We're having a good time, and they're in good hands.

Harry: Richard is right. Are you having a good time, Susan? You haven't answered my question.

Susan: I am having a good time, Harry. I promise not to think about the city. We're in the country. Let's all just enjoy this wonderful place and this wonderful weather.

Harry: Good.

Susan: This is heaven, Harry! It was such a great idea to spend the weekend this way.

Harry: Thanks, Susan. I thought you'd all like it.

Susan: Like it? I love it! Listen to the sounds of the summer that surround us. It's so calming.

Harry: I've always liked camping out. Away from the telephones and account books. It's refreshing for me. I always go back to the city in a wonderful state of mind.

Susan: We've only been here for a day, and I've completely forgotten about all my business problems. The office seems so far away.

Harry: I'm glad you like it, Susan. We'll spend many more weekends like this.

Susan: And next time we'll bring Michelle, I wish she were here with us to enjoy the country.

Harry: And next time we'll bring Michelle.

Marilyn: Just listen to the sound. It's so soothing.

Richard: I can hardly keep my eyes open. If only we could bottle the fresh air.

Marilyn: Wouldn't it be wonderful?

Richard: We could call it "Deep Sleep Country Air."

Marilyn: It puts you to sleep. So does the sound. I've been having a hard time keeping my eyes open just listening to it. It's like a special music.

Richard: Too bad we can't bottle the sound.

Marilyn: But we can!

Richard: Can what?

Marilyn: Bottle the sound.

Richard: What are you talking about?

Richard: Oh, yeah? Great idea! Let's do it!

Act 3.

Marilyn: I'm so glad everyone is asleep. I thought Max would be crying, and everybody would be awake.

Richard: What did I tell you? Nothing to worry about.

Susan: I'm sure everything is fine. My mother knows all there is to know about taking care of babies, I assure you.

Harry: Let's put some of this stuff away and then take off. We've got a forty-minute drive into the city.

Ellen: Welcome home-and I do mean welcome home.

Richard: Something wrong?

Ellen: Oh, nothing's wrong, Richard. Believe me, Max is fine. But his teeth hurt, and he just can't get to sleep, poor dear.

Susan: Neither can you.

Marilyn: Oh, I feel so bad.

Ellen: Oh, I'm fine. How was your weekend?

Harry: We had a great time, Mom.

Richard: It was wonderful. The weather couldn't have been better.

Ellen: It was nice here, too.

Marilyn: Did you get a chance to get outside at all?

Ellen: Oh, yes. Grandpa helped me yesterday afternoon. I went to the supermarket to get a few things, and I stayed out an extra half hour. The village was filled people-the weather was so nice.

Richard: Harry's a professional camper, Mom. He knows all there is to know, and he made the weekend very easy for us to enjoy.

Harry: Come on. You all helped.

Susan: You were wonderful, Harry!

Marilyn: Why don't you go to your room, Mom, and get some sleep.

Ellen: Oh, I'm fine. Tell me more about your weekend. Did you do anything special?

Susan: Lots of special country things. We picked flowers.

Marilyn: And we brought some home for you. It was so nice to be out in the country.

Ellen: They smell wonderful.

Marilyn: Everything smelled so special. It would have been great if we had been able to bottle the smells.

Harry: It would be a great business if you could do that.

Ellen: Oh!

Marilyn: Uh, we're home now, Ellen. We'll take care of it.

Richard: I'll take care of it. Let's see if it works.

Ellen: What's that?

Richard: A little we'd better head home. It's getting late, and we have a bit of a drive.

Harry: Well, all your things are inside. There's your sleeping bag.

Marilyn: Oh, thanks, Harry.

Harry: Say good-bye to Richard. We'll call you all tomorrow night.

Marilyn: Good-bye.

Susan: Bye, Mom.

Ellen: Bye-bye.

Marilyn: Bye.

Ellen: I'm so tired I think I'm overtired. I don't know if I can get to sleep.

Ellen: Max has stopped crying.

Marilyn: Yes. It works!

Richard: It works!

Ellen: What works?

Richard: This.

Ellen: Oh. Oh, where did you get that? It sounds so nice. I think I'm falling asleep.

Richard: Like Max did.

Richard: Good night.

Marilyn: Good night. Sounds of the country. The soothing sounds of the country.

Episode 26 Opening Night

Act 1.

Carlson: A little further to the right, Tom.

Tom: Is this OK?

Carlson: Good. What do you think, Richard?

Richard: I like it there.

Carlson: It's the first thing people will see when they come in. It sets the tone for the whole show. The next thing they'll see is this enlargement with the words Family Album, U.S.A.

Richard: I can't believe this is really happening!

Carlson: You've earned it. Years of work went into these pictures.

Richard: I know, but it's still a dream come true.

Carlson: Well, remember, we're not sure what the critics are going to write about your show yet. And you never know what the man from the New York Times is going to say about it.

Richard: Are you worried?

Carlson: I always worry. The reviews of this show are important for the sales of your book.

Richard: When do we see the reviews?

Carlson: Soon. One of the critics is coming over this morning for a preview. I hope he's in a good mood.

Richard: So do I. Marilyn and I hope to use money from the sales of this book to buy a new house.

Carlson: The book will be a success. And the show will help promote it.

Richard: Speaking of promoting the book, do I really have to autograph copies for the guests at the opening?

Carlson: It's common practice.

Richard: I feel uncomfortable about it.

Carlson: A lot of people come to openings just so they can get the autograph of somebody who may be famous someday.

Richard: Couldn't we wait until I'm famous?

Carlson: A little further back, Tom. It's too close to the refreshments.

Richard: No, I think this one belongs in the "people-at-work" section.

Carlson: You may be right. Try it there, Tom.

Tom: Right.

Carlson: Nervous about the opening tonight?

Richard: Nervous? Me? No. I'm scared to death.

Carlson: How about guests? How many people will you be bringing?

Richard: Well, my family, I guess. My wife Marilyn, my father and mother, my brother Robbie, my sister and her husband and their daughter. And my grandfather. Is that too many?

Carlson: No such thing as "too many" at an opening.

Richard: I hope they like it.

Carlson: Your family or the public?

Richard: Everybody. But especially my family. They've stood by me through all this.

Carlson: I'm sure they'll like it.

Mitchell: Harvey, how are you?

Carlson: Mitchell, so nice of you to come. Richard, this is Mitchell Johnson. Mitchell is one of the most important syndicated reviewers in the country.

Mitchell: Well, you're the young man who did all this.

Richard: I'm afraid so.

Mitchell: Nice to meet you.

Richard: Nice to meet you, Mr. Johnson.

Carlson: Mitchell has always encouraged new talent.

Mitchell: Well...you mind if I look around and see what it says to me?

Carlson: Be our guest.

Mitchell: Mm-hmm, hmm, uh-huh.

Richard: What does that mean when he goes, "Mm-hmm, mm-hmm, mm-hmm"?

Carlson: It probably means he's clearing his throat. I don't know.

Tom: I don't care what the critics say, Mr. Stewart. Your work is brilliant.

Richard: Thank you, Tom.

Carlson: Tom is studying photography at NYU. He's working with me during the summer months as an intern.

Richard: Oh, really? I'd like to see your work.

Tom: It's not good enough to show. I'm still learning.

Richard: Oh, I'd still like to see your work. You may be the next Ansel Adams and not even know it.

Tom: If you really mean it, I'll bring some of my pictures into the gallery.

Richard: I do mean it.

Mitchell: Very interesting pictures, Mr. Stewart. You have a most unusual eye.

Richard: Thank you. I hope that's a compliment.

Mitchell: It is.

Carlson: Are you going to be reviewing the show, Mitchell?

Mitchell: Oh, yes. It's definitely worth reviewing.

Carlson: Favorably?

Mitchell: Oh, you know I never answer that question, Harvey. I'd like an advance copy of the book, though, so I can study it.

Carlson: I have an autographed one in my office. Tom, would you give Mr. Johnson the copy of Richard's book on my desk?

Tom: Just follow me, Mr. Johnson.

Mitchell: Sure.

Richard: Do you think he liked my photographs?

Carlson: We'll know when tonight's papers come out. Keep your fingers crossed.

Act 2.

Marilyn: Do you like the dress?

Richard: I love it.

Marilyn: I designed it myself.

Richard: It's beautiful.

Marilyn: Are you ready? We're supposed to be there before the guests arrive.

Richard: I know. I know. Help me with this tie, will you? Honey, I'm scared to death.

Marilyn: But this is what you've been working for all these years.

Richard: No, no. I worked to put together a book of photographs. This is show business.

Marilyn: Well, it's all part of the same job. Just relax and enjoy it.

Richard: You're right. I earned this, and I'm going to enjoy it. As soon as I recover from my nervous breakdown.

Marilyn: What are you afraid of?

Richard: Everything. A critic was there this morning. He probably hates my work. I have to sign copies of my book for a lot of people I never met before. My new shoes hurt my feet...

Marilyn: You're going to be a great success. Are you ready?

Richard: As soon as I get these cuff links on.

Marilyn: Let me help. Mom and Dad are already on their way down to the gallery.

Marilyn: There! You look very attractive.

Richard: Thank you. Well, I suppose I've run out of excuses.

Marilyn: Mm-hmm. Let's go...

Richard: Oh, one minute. Before we go to the gallery, I just want to tell you that I never could have done this book without your help and your love. I appreciate it.

Marilyn: Thanks. Now, no more stalling.

Marilyn: What is it?

Richard: There's nobody here!

Marilyn: Of course not, Richard. Your show doesn't begin until eight thirty.

Richard: Oh. Right.

Carlson: Richard! Welcome! Good luck tonight!

Richard: Well, thanks. This is my publisher. Harvey Carlson. You've met my wife

Marilyn...

Carlson: Charmed.

Marilyn: Hi.

Richard: My mother, Ellen Stewart. Harvey Carlson.

Carlson: It's good to meet you.

Ellen: It's nice to meet you.

Richard: This is my father, Dr. Philip Stewart...

Philip: Nice to meet you, Mr. Carlson.

Richard: My brother Robbie...

Robbie: Hi.

Carlson: Hi.

Richard: And this is my sister Susan and her husband Harry Bennett and his daughter Michelle.

Carlson: It's nice to meet you.

Richard: And this gentleman is my grandfather, Malcolm Stewart.

Carlson: Welcome, Mr. Stewart. Well, make yourselves comfortable. There are hors d'oeuvres at the table, fruit punch at the bar. Help yourselves. Can I get you something, Mr. Stewart?

Grandpa: No, thank you.

Carlson: You can feel very proud of your grandson, Mr. Stewart.

Grandpa: I do. I'm proud of all my grandchildren, Mr. Carlson.

Carlson: Of course. Feel free to look around. If you need anything, just ask.

Grandpa: Thank you.

Richard: Harvey?

Carlson: Yes?

Richard: Did Mitchell Johnson's review come out yet?

Carlson: Not yet. The newspapers don't come out till about ten o'clock. When they come out, we'll get it.

Richard: Thanks.

Carlson: Ready?

Richard: Yes. Have the people arrived?

Carlson: The guests are waiting. Tom's about to open the doors. Good luck! And stop worrying! They're going to love it.

Act 3.

Richard: What's this?

Carlson: Read it.

Richard: I can't. Would you read it, Marilyn?

Marilyn: "Richard Stewart's show at the Carlson Gallery is a collection of

photographs from his new book entitled Family Album, U.S.A. There is power and beauty in Mr. Stewart's work, and his book introduces us to a remarkable new talent." Oh, Richard, it's wonderful!

Carlson: Congratulations!

Richard: Wow! I'm overwhelmed.

Carlson: Ladies and gentlemen, if I may have your attention for a moment, please? I hope you're all enjoying the exhibition. I know that I am. And I would like to introduce the young man who spent the last five years taking these remarkable pictures and writing the background for Family Album, U.S.A.-Mr Richard Stewart.

Richard: Hello. I want to thank all of you for coming here tonight. I'd like to thank Harvey Carlson for his faith in my project. But most of all, I would like to thank my family for their love and support all through this adventure. Thank you.

Richard: Oh, I'm glad this's over.

Tom: Would you mind?

Richard: Oh, not at all.

Tom: Thanks.

Richard: Our pleasure. Hope it wins a Pulitzer Prize.

Tom: I'll settle for an "A" in my photography course.

Carlson: Ah, Richard, Marilyn, I want you to meet John O'Neill.

Richard: Oh, how do you do?

Marilyn: Nice to meet you.

O'Neill: I've been looking forward to meeting your husband, Mrs. Stewart. I'm really impressed by your show.

Richard: Thank you.

O'Neill: In fact, I'd like your autograph.

Richard: Oh, well, really...

O'Neill: On a contract.

Richard: What's this about, Harvey?

Carlson: Mr. O'Neill is the publisher of several magazines.

Marilyn: Of course. I've seen you on television.

Carlson: Mr. O'Neill was so impressed with your work that he wants to develop it into a magazine concept.

Richard: Well, that sounds very exciting, but where would I fit into the plan?

O'Neill: I'd like you to be the photo editor of the magazine.

Marilyn: Oh, Richard, how exciting!

Carlson: It's a wonderful opportunity, Richard.

Richard: Hold on. Wait a minute, please.

Carlson: What's the problem, Richard?

Richard: The problem is that I'm a photographer, not an editor. I like what I do. In fact, I love what I do...which is going out with a camera and a roll of film and seeing the wonder of humanity. Now, I appreciate your offer, but I've worked so hard on Family Album, U.S.A., and I'm giving some thought to a new book on a different subject. I'm flattered, but I enjoy taking pictures, and I want to continue doing that. Thank you, but I'm happy being a photographer.



O'Neill: I understand, Richard.

Carlson: Richard, I know your next book will be a success. Congratulations!

Richard: Thanks.

Marilyn: You're a real Stewart!

Richard: Thanks.