GOULD AND EDIE

(They embrace on the couch, reunited.)

EDITH

Oh, Edie, it's true. I've been monstrously selfish. Well, have no fear. I'm not going to sing a single, solitary note at your party.

EDIE

Is it because of those awful things that Grandfather said?

EDITH

All eyes should be on you, darling, that's all. You and Mr. Kennedy.

EDIE

Suppose the bride-to-be makes a request?

EDITH

Well… if she positively *demands* it…

EDIE

Oh, Mother Darling, you're an angel. Thank you.

(EDIE kisses EDITH's cheek.)

Just look at me? I'm still not dressed!

(And she flounces up the stairs. She pauses on the landing and turns to her mother.)

I love you.

EDITH

(touched but concealing it)

Don't forget! Your grandmother's garters, for luck.

EDIE

I won't!

(EDIE bounds upstairs, exuberant. EDITH watches after her. Then she returns to the piano, where she pauses at the sight of a family photo. GOULD plays the piano quietly underneath.)

START

EDITH

Do I look like a good Mother, Gould? I certainly didn't starve my children. They were very, very nice children. I was absolutely crazy about my two sons. Now Phelan Junior's gone to Texas and Bud's away in school. When Edie's gone, this place is going to seem *enormous.*

GOULD
We have each other, don't we? At least for now.

(GOULD stops playing, pours another drink.)

EDITH
What do you mean?

GOULD
You heard the Major. Call me thin-skinned, a sensitive soul *...but I don't think the man likes me.*

EDITH
It doesn't matter what he thinks.

GOULD
And with Mr. Kennedy on the horizon... Pennsylvania Avenue's a long way from Tin Pan Alley. His kind doesn't look too kindly upon mine.

EDITH
You're *my* friend, and this is *my* house.

GOULD
Your husband's house, Edith. Who knows? Maybe it's time I ate off my own plate.

(beat)

Drank from my own tumbler.

(with significance)

Rumpled my own bedding --

EDITH
Where would you go? How would you live?

GOULD
There's a little place in Hell's Kitchen called "The Wrong Man." They'd hire me back. With some new sheet music and a fish bowl --

EDITH
You know you can't go back.

GOULD
Why not?

EDITH
Those old habits of yours --

GOULD

When a poor, lost sailor begs to know the way to the Astor bar, what am I supposed to do? Ignore him?

EDITH

You've been more faithful to me than the man who promised to be.

END

GOULD

Oh Edith. I've tried. B...

(He sits back down at the piano, plays.)

(Song: "DRIFT AWAY")

UNDERSTAND KID,
IT'S BEEN JUST GRAND, KID.
THE COCKTAILS, THE CUFFLINKS -- THE FUN.
REMEMBER ME WHEN YOU'RE SINGING "TEA FOR ONE."

EDITH

If you're gone, who will I even *talk* to?

GOULD

Yourself. The occasional cat.

EDITH

That's not funny.

GOULD

AFTER I'M GONE,
WHEN THE OCEAN'S HAZE
BLANKETS THE GROUNDS IN GREY
DRIFT AWAY, ON THE TIDE,
DRIFT AWAY.

EDITH

I can't sing a capella; you know I can't

GOULD

WHEN YOU'RE ALONE,
AND THE TWILIGHT'S GLOW
SHIMMERS ACROSS THE BAY
DRIFT AWAY, ON A WAVE,
DRIFT AWAY.