GOULD

~~Oh, she'll be stunned!~~

(The French doors fling open. In run two little girls. JACKIE, 12, is in a petite riding outfit, complete with a crop; LEE, 8, the tomboy, is dressed in over-alls. They jostle and squeal.)

Lee, Jackie and Edith

LEE

It's not fair! Jackie won't let me ride her stupid horse!

JACKIE

But Aunt Edith, she's too young! Her feet don't reach the stirrups, and she can't even canter-

EDITH

Jacqueline Bouvier, where have you been? Saratoga! And Lee! Why, you're a *tribute* to dirt!

(JACKIE sees GOULD readying sheet music.)

JACKIE

(to EDITH)

You're going to sing today, aren't you?

EDITH

Make yourselves useful; run out to the garden, and make some pretty little nosegays for the party---

JACKIE

Sing for us now!

LEE

Please!

EDITH

(any willing audience is a good audience)

Oh, for heaven's sake. Gould, what's first on the bill? "Indian Love Call"?

GOULD

(consults the recital programme)

No, the mysterious Orient!

EDITH

Hit it!