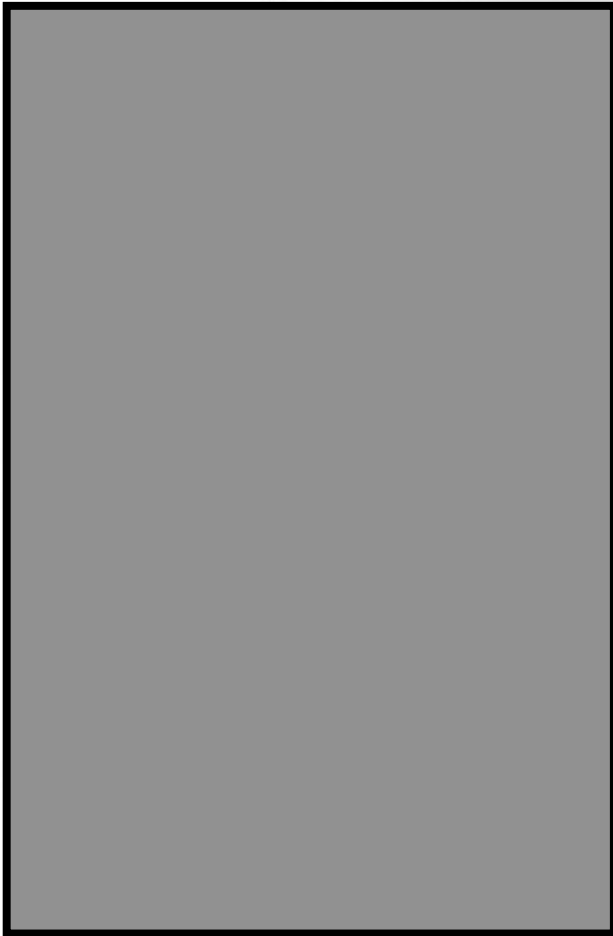


OVERTONES



OVERTONES

HARRIET

I dare say there are many Western people we have never heard of.

MARGARET

You must have found social life in New York very interesting, Harriet, after the simplicity of our home town.

HETTY

[*To Maggie*] There's no need to remind us that our beginnings were the same.

HARRIET

Of course Charles's family made everything delightful for me. They are so well connected.

MAGGIE

[*To Margaret*] Flatter her.

MARGARET

I heard it mentioned yesterday that you had made yourself very popular. Some one said you were very clever!

HARRIET

[*Pleased*] Who told you that

MAGGIE

Nobody!

MARGARET

[*Pleasantly*] Oh, confidences should be suspected—respected, I mean. They said, too, that you are gaining some reputation as a critic of art.

OVERTONES

HARRIET

I make no pretenses.

MARGARET

Are you and Mr. Goodrich interested in the same things, too?

HETTY

No!

HARRIET

Yes, indeed, Charles and I are inseparable.

MAGGIE

I wonder.

HARRIET

Do have another cake.

MAGGIE

[*In relief*] Oh, yes.

[*Again her claws extend but do not touch the cake.*]

MARGARET

[*Takes cake delicately*] I really shouldn't—after my big luncheon. John took me to the Ritz and we are invited to the Bedford's for dinner—they have such a magnificent house near the drive—I really shouldn't, but the cakes are so good.

MAGGIE

Starving!

HARRIET

[*To Margaret*] More tea?

MAGGIE

Yes!

OVERTONES

MARGARET

No, thank you. How wonderfully life has arranged itself for you. Wealth, position, a happy marriage, every opportunity to enjoy all pleasures; beauty, art—how happy you must be.

HETTY

[*In anguish*] Don't call me happy. I've never been happy since I gave up John. All these years without him—a future without him—no—no—I shall win him back—away from you—away from you—

HARRIET

[*Does not see Maggie pointing to cream and Margaret stealing some*] I sometimes think it is unfair for any one to be as happy as I am. Charles and I are just as much in love now as when we married. To me he is just the dearest man in the world.

MAGGIE

[*Passionately*] My John is. I love him so much I could die for him. I'm going through hunger and want to make him great and he loves me. He worships me!

MARGARET

[*Leisurely to Harriet*] I should like to meet Mr. Goodrich. Bring him to our studio. John has some sketches to show. Not many, because all the portraits have been purchased by the subjects. He gets as much as four thousand dollars now.

HETTY

[*To Harriet*] Don't pay that much.