

DOT. Oh, sure. I've got tai chi in the morning and can't go in looking like the dog's dinner. The instructor's really cute and I think he's single, too. Night, girls! *(Exits side stairs.)*

JINX. Well, I've got a makeover at nine. *(Carries empty glasses to the bar.)*

RANDA. Let me know if you can work me in tomorrow afternoon.

MARLAYFAYE. *(Chuckles.)* You know what really tickles me? Just when that kid's close to bein' out of diapers, his daddy's gonna be close to being in 'em. Hey, maybe they can get a family discount. *(Laughter.)*

RANDA. Well, congratulations again, Marlafaye. I never would've — *(Suddenly there's the sound of Dot falling, she cries out, then groans. Marlafaye sprints for the stairs, looks down.)*

MARLAFAYE. *(To the others as she races out the side stairs.)* Dot fell! It's bad! Call 9-1-1! *(Verandah lights fade as Marlafaye and Jinx race down side stairs, Randa runs into kitchen and downstage right pin spotlight comes up.)*

Scene 3

Six weeks later. A mid-tempo 1960s girl-group song plays. Dot steps into the light, wearing slightly tinted glasses and a robe, her left arm in a sling.

DOT. Ross was always fond of saying, "Never ask a question if you really don't want to know the answer." Kind of like when the preacher's wife asked the little girl, "And why are we quiet in church?" The little girl whispered, "So we don't wake anybody up." *(Laughs.)* So when I went to the specialist — well, three specialists, but who's counting — I knew the answer to my question wouldn't be a good one, but the phrase "going blind" was not one I'd counted on hearing. I couldn't have faced this on my own ... and I am so lucky I don't have to. *(Rallies. Pleasant, no trace of self-pity.)* Heavens, I've been around quite a while, maybe I've just seen my share. I've started memorizing faces, studying maps, trying to remember images of all the things I don't want to forget. So, time for me to adapt and change. The girls even convinced me it would be more convenient to sell my house

on Tybee Island and move into the heart of Savannah. So I did. Jinx found an adorable carriage house two blocks from Randa's place and the four of us finished moving me in just today. While the fresh paint fumes dissipate, we're celebrating with an old-fashioned slumber party at Randa's. Guess who's going to have a good time tonight? I *definitely* know the answer to *that* question. (*The pin spotlight fades to black as lights come up on the verandah. Distant thunder of a spring storm is heard. Marlafaye, in a worn terrycloth bathrobe, is sprawled on the sofa. Jinx, in a sexy robe, collapsed in an armchair, her feet on the coffee table. Dot turns, walks into the light.*) I am absolutely in awe of you girls. You did the work of seven men this week! I've moved a few times in my life, but it *never* went this well.

JINX. (*Unusually subdued.*) Listen, I'm a pro at moving. My philosophy is get it done fast and eliminate as much agony as possible.

MARLAFAYE. Which is how *I'd* describe *sex after fifty*. (*Laughter. Randa, dressed in a frilly robe, slippers, enters from the kitchen with a tray of mugs.*)

RANDA. Hot chocolate for everyone. Nothing but cocoa, milk, and sugar.

MARLAFAYE. (*Takes a mug, stares at it.*) Huh. Okay, *missionaries* might enjoy your cocoa ... (*Pulls a bottle from her purse.*) But I'm puttin' Kahlúa in mine.

JINX. If you ever want to get rid of that magic purse, I'll take it. Hit me. (*Takes a mug, holds it out to Marlafaye.*)

DOT. Me, too.

RANDA. What the heck. (*Holds out her mug.*)

MARLAFAYE. Now, that's more like it! (*Pours a splash in every mug, sits. They sip, relax.*) Yeah, we did a fine job on that house of yours, Dottie.

JINX. I'm glad you wanted my sister's oval mirror. It looks great in your new entry.

DOT. I'll treasure it. Oh, I wish I had known her.

JINX. (*Wistful.*) Yeah, she was a helluva gal. (*Beat.*) I ... uh, need a second. Be right back. (*Exits into kitchen. The others share a concerned look.*)

RANDA. Poor Jinx. It's been weeks now and she's still having such a hard time with this.

MARLAFAYE. We've gotta figure out what else we can do to help her through it.

DOT. The timing couldn't have been worse. Jinx insisted she take