

There is a sharp, brisk knock. Eve comes in. She's dressed in a smart suit. She carries a leather portfolio.

EVE

Good morning!

Margo says "good morning," Birdie says nothing. Eve shows off the suit, proudly.

EVE

Well - what do you think of my elegant new suit?

MARGO

Very becoming. It looks better on you than it did on me.

EVE

(scoffs)

I can imagine... you know, all it needed was some taking in here and letting out there - are you sure you won't want it yourself?

MARGO

Quite sure. I find it just a bit too - too "Seventeenish" for me...

EVE

(laughs)

Oh, come now, as though you were an old lady... I'm on my way. Is there anything more you've thought of-?

MARGO

There's the script to go back to the Guild-

EVE

I've got it.

MARGO

- and those checks or whatever it is for the income tax man.

EVE

Right here.

MARGO

It seems I can't think of a thing you haven't thought of...

EVE

(smile)

That's my job.

(she turns to go)

See you at tea time...

MARGO

Eve...

(Eve turns at the door)

... by any chance, did you place a call from me to Bill for midnight California time?

EVE

(gasps)

Oh, golly. And I forgot to tell you-

MARGO

Yes, dear. You forgot all about it.

EVE

Well, I was sure you'd want to, of course, being his birthday, and you've been so busy these past few days, and last night I meant to tell you before you went out with the Richards - and I guess I was asleep when you got home...

MARGO

Yes, I guess you were. It - it was very thoughtful of you, Eve.

EVE

Mr. Sampson's birthday. I certainly wouldn't forget that. You'd never forgive me.

(she smiles shyly)

As a matter of fact, I sent him a telegram myself...

And she's gone. Margo stares at the closed door. Then at Birdie. Birdie, without comment, goes out. Margo, alone, looks down at her orange juice. Absently, she twirls it in its bed of shaved ice...