

preserved. Here's a snatch of a typical Carrington love scene:

BILL: I love you, Rosemary, the way—the way a man loves life—the way he feels when he's on a battlefield and men are dead all around him and he's unhurt and takes great gulps of air into his lungs and sobs "I'm alive!"—that's how I love you-

ROSEMARY: Oh, Bill-

BILL: I love you the way a man loves—loves his home, and the sky at night full of stars, and a fire on the hearth—the way he loves the ocean and the way he loves mountains and the way he loves little quiet places under the trees—

ROSEMARY: Bill! . . . Bill!

BILL: My darling . . . my love . . . my precious . . .

*[Sound of kiss.]*

ROSEMARY: I love you that way, too, Bill—it doesn't make sense.

I haven't known you long. I don't know what you're really like, but I love you—with—with all I've got to love a man with—all of me—every ounce-

MOTHER: I know you're tired. You've been on the go all day. . . first operating up at the hospital and then these late calls. So you come right into the living room and take off your shoes, Jim Cotter, and lie down on the couch there and I'll bring you something on a tray.

Dr JIM: Susie, you just spoil me to death, don't you?

MOTHER: Nonsense—I don't have enough *time* to spoil you. When I start spoiling you, the telephone rings and you're out again in the middle of a downpour. Now give me your coat—there—and get your shoes off, and curl up and take a little snooze while I get something ready. You know you like to take a nap before dinner.

Dr JIM: I sure do. And I like my best girl to wait on me, too.

MOTHER: And she loves to do it. Oh, Jim, we're a very smug, happy couple.

Dr JIM: Oh, we're not so unusual. It's kind of wonderful how many happy couples there are around this country.

MOTHER (*laughing*): Are there? You'd never know it from the papers.

Dr JIM: Yep. Good women and good men who spend their lives together—hundreds and hundreds of 'em.

MOTHER: Well, I certainly feel sorry for any woman who hasn't got a man.