

BEV. Are you looking for something?  
 RUSS. (*Farther.*) Yup. (*The front door opens. Karl escorts his wife, Betsy, who is eight months pregnant, and who also happens to be totally deaf.*)  
 KARL. Here we are, then.  
 BEV. Oh, *there she is!*  
 BETSY. Hehhyoooh, Behhhh. [*Hello, Bev.*]  
 BEV. (*Over-enunciating for Betsy's benefit.*) Well just *look* at you! My *goodness*. You are just the biggest *thing*.  
 BETSY. Ah nohhh!! Eee toooor. Ah so beee!!! [*I know!! It's true. I'm so big!!!*]  
 KARL. Took the liberty of not ringing the bell.  
 BEV. Betsy, you know Jim.  
 JIM. Indeed she does.  
 BETSY. Hah Jeee. [*Hi Jim.*] (*Jim shows off his sign language skills to Betsy, finger-spelling the last word.*)  
 BEV. Oh, well, now look at *that*. Look at them go. What is that about? Somebody translate!  
 BETSY. (*Laughing to Karl.*) Huhuhuh!! Kaaaaa!!  
 JIM. (*Chuckling along.*) Uh-oh! What did I do? Did I misspell? (*Betsy signs to Karl.*)  
 KARL. (*Chuckles.*) Uh, it seems, Jim, that you, uh, told Betsy that she was expecting a *storm!*  
 BEV. *No!* He meant stork! You meant *stork*, didn't you?  
 BETSY. (*Pantomimes umbrella.*) Ahneemah-umbrayah! [*I need my umbrella!*] (*All laugh.*)  
 BEV. Her *umbrella!* (*To Betsy.*) I understood that!  
 KARL. Have to check the weather report!  
 BEV. A *storm*, I'm going to tell that to Russ.  
 JIM. Must have rusty fingers!! (*All chuckle.*)  
 BETSY. (*To Karl, asking for translation.*) Kaaaah?  
 KARL. (*Speaks as he signs.*) Uh, Jim says *his fingers are rusty.* (*Betsy laughs and covers her mouth.*)  
 BEV. See? She understands.  
 BETSY. (*To Jim, imitating washing hands.*) Jeee, mehbbe yew neeee soooohh!! [*Jim, maybe you need soap!*] (*More polite laughing.*)  
 BEV. (*Explaining to Jim.*) Soap. For the *rust* on your —  
 JIM. (*To Bev.*) No, I understood. (*Russ emerges from the basement, carrying a large shovel.*)  
 KARL. And there's the man himself! Thought he'd absconded!  
 BEV. (*To Russ.*) The Lindners are here.

BETSY. Hehhyoooo, Ruuuuhhh. [*Hello, Russ.*]  
 RUSS. Betsy. (*To Bev.*) Ya seen my gloves anywhere?  
 KARL. (*Re: the shovel.*) Tunneling to China, are we?  
 RUSS. (*To Bev.*) Pair of work gloves?  
 BEV. (*To Karl.*) Do you know I just got through saying how Russ and I never entertain and here it is a regular neighborhood social!  
 KARL. Well, we shan't be long.  
 BEV. Karl, do you suppose Betsy would like a glass of iced tea?  
 KARL. (*She does not see him.*) Bets — ? (*To Bev.*) Point to me.  
 BEV. (*To Betsy, over-enunciated.*) Betsy, look at Karl. (*Betsy looks at Karl.*)  
 KARL. (*To Betsy, signing simultaneously.*) Bev wants to know if you want some iced tea to drink?  
 BETSY. Ohhh, yehhhpeee. Dahhnyoo, Behhh. [*Yes please, thank you, Bev.*]  
 RUSS. (*To Bev.*) Know the gloves I'm talking about?  
 BEV. Well, Karl's here. I thought you were going to talk to Karl. (*Francine and Albert have entered and started up the stairs.*)  
 RUSS. (*Seeing Albert and Francine.*) The heck's going on?  
 BEV. Nothing. Now, we two girls are going to the refreshment stand, so you boys'll have to manage on your own.  
 KARL. Have no fear.  
 BEV. (*While exiting, as before.*) So how are you feeling, Betsy? Are you tired?  
 BETSY. Noooo, ahhhh fiiiee, Behhhh, reeeee. [*No, I'm fine, Bev, really.*] (*Betsy and Bev exit to the kitchen.*)  
 KARL. Now, Russ, Bev tells me you're indisposed, and normally I'd — (*Realizes.*) Ah. Not *contagious*, is it?  
 RUSS. Is what?  
 KARL. Hate for Betsy to, uh, come into contact with any —  
 RUSS. Not contagious.  
 KARL. Can't be too careful. Or possibly one can. Anyway, hate to commandeer your Saturday afternoon here, *a man's home*, as they say, but, as we haven't seen your face at Rotary of late I thought I might —  
 RUSS. (*Overlapping.*) What's on your mind, Karl?  
 KARL. (*Continuous.*) — intrude upon the sanctity of — what'd you say?  
 RUSS. What's on your mind?  
 KARL. Ah. Well. Firstly — May I sit?  
 RUSS. Yeah, yeah.  
 JIM. Karl, I will be taking my leave.