

brothel. (*He climbs the stairs, meeting Ethel midway.*)

ETHEL. What do you know about brothels?

NORMAN. I know a lot about brothels. Brothels is where Chelthea married her thweetheart.

ETHEL. Isn't it wonderful?

NORMAN. Yeth. (*To Chelsea.*) Yes. (*To Ethel.*) Here now, see if you can get us a discount on the dental work. (*He exits. Ethel steps down into the room. She looks at Chelsea, who shrugs. There is the sound of a motorboat.*)

ETHEL. Oh, my goodness. Now here's Charlie. This *is* like a brothel. (*She opens the door.*)

CHELSEA. Charlie! Maybe he'd like to take a shower, too.

ETHEL. Come on up, dear, and have some coffee. Oh, my goodness, the coffee! I'd better get some biscuits. Charlie gets dangerous if you don't feed him. (*She exits into the kitchen. Charlie stomps across the porch in his bright slicker. He calls through the door.*)

CHARLIE. Morning. (*He sees Chelsea and opens the door.*) Well, Holy Mackinoly.

CHELSEA. Hello. What's new?

CHARLIE. (*Laughing.*) It's raining.

CHELSEA. So I've been told. (*Charlie takes off his jacket and hat.*) Look at you. Fat as an old cat.

CHARLIE. Look at you. Chelsea Mackinelsea.

CHELSEA. Charlie Mackinarlie.

CHARLIE. When did you get back?

CHELSEA. This morning.

CHARLIE. Bring the boyfriend?

CHELSEA. No. He's not my boyfriend anymore.

CHARLIE. Oh, no?

CHELSEA. No, I married him.

CHARLIE. What the heck for?

CHELSEA. I felt sorry for him. (*Ethel enters with the coffee and a plate of biscuits.*)

ETHEL. You're early this morning, Charlie. What happened?

CHARLIE. I'm doing the route backwards.

ETHEL. You are?

CHARLIE. Yuh. Thought I'd like to see what it was like. I've been having these little dizzy spells lately, and I thought maybe it was due to going around the lake in the same direction for thirty years.

ETHEL. Are you going to be going backward for the next thirty years, do you think?