

Gibbs/Abby

Gibbs: I understand you have a room to rent. Are you the lady of the house?

Abby: Yes. Won't you step in? I'm Miss Brewster.

Gibbs: My name is Gibbs.

Abby: Oh, won't you sit down? I'm sorry we were just setting the table for dinner.

Gibbs: May I see the room?

Abby: Why don't you sit down a minute and let's get acquainted.

Gibbs: That won't do much good if I don't like the room.

Abby: Is Brooklyn your home?

Gibbs: Haven't got a home. Live in a hotel. Don't like it.

Abby: Are your family Brooklyn people?

Gibbs: Haven't got any family.

Abby: *(Another victim)* All alone in the world?

Gibbs: Yep Abby: Well, you've come to just the right house. Do sit down. What church do you go to? There's an Episcopal church practically next door.

Gibbs: I'm Presbyterian. Used to be. I'd really like to see the room.

Abby: It's upstairs. Won't you try a glass of our wine before we start up?

Gibbs: Never touch it.

Abby: We make this ourselves. It's elderberry wine.

Gibbs: Elderberry wine. Hmmph. Haven't tasted elderberry wine since I was a boy. Thank you. Do you have your own bushes?

Abby: No, but the cemetery is full of them.