

BARBARA. Oh, hello.

MILLIE. Hello there.

BARBARA. You must be Mrs. Martindale.

MILLIE. And you must be... I have no idea.

BARBARA. Barbara Grant. I work at the Department with your husband.

MILLIE. That's so exciting! A career gal! Norma told me you stopped by.

BARBARA. Is Mrs. Baxter still here?

(MILLIE is growing very nervous.)

MILLIE. No. She went home. You forgot your hat! I'll get it.

BARBARA. Thank you, I'd forget my head, I swear it.

(MILLIE grabs her sunglasses from the writing desk and puts them on as she crosses to the mantel.)

MILLIE. I'm so sorry, Barbara Grant, but –

BARBARA. Forgive me, Mrs. Martindale, you look so familiar.

MILLIE. Have you ever seen the girl in the ads for Lustre Creme hair shampoo? Billboards were everywhere, and in *Life Magazine*.

BARBARA. Yes, I have!

MILLIE. Well, I look a lot like her.

(She hands BARBARA the hat.)

I must be on my way. To the grocer, for flour, I'm completely and utterly out, and if I try to bake a cake without it again Bob will be so cross.

BARBARA. All right. Well, thank you again.

MILLIE. Of course, I'll tell Bob you stopped by.

BARBARA. Mrs. Martindale, I'm certain we've met before.

MILLIE. I'm sure we have, I go to so many dinners with overcooked chicken for the Maharaja of Whosawhatsit. I never know what to say at those things. I'll bet you're there, to translate. How do you say "This chicken is a little dry" in some other language?

BARBARA. *Das Hähnchen schmeckt ein bisschen ausgetrocknet.*

MILLIE. Oh, that sounds so angry, what is that?

BARBARA. German.

MILLIE. Maybe I'll meet Marlene Dietrich one day and I can use that! But I'm sure they wouldn't give her dry chicken, she's far too glamorous. Probably swordfish, something exotic.

BARBARA. Did you ever live –

MILLIE. *(Talking right over her.)* I'd hate to plan a meal for her, I can't even remember to buy flour. I'll bet they'd give dry chicken to Hitler. If he wasn't dead. But I don't think I'd attend that dinner, it wouldn't feel right. You never met him, did you?

BARBARA. Um, no. I never met Hitler.

MILLIE. He was just awful, wasn't he?

BARBARA. Yes, he was awful – I can't –

MILLIE. My goodness, all this talk of poultry and Nazis, and
I still need flour!

BARBARA. But –

MILLIE. Bye-bye, Miss Grant!