

Side: Mrs. Harville, Anne

Seamlessly, we travel to the Harville's ramshackle but welcoming home, where the atmosphere continues to be casual and convivial.

Mrs Harville and Anne talk downstage around a large wooden table. Mrs Harville prepares dinner – peeling and cutting vegetables.

MRS HARVILLE: It's just lodging-house furniture, very ordinarily fitted up.

ANNE: But you've turned the space to the very best account. It's so pleasantly arranged.

MRS HARVILLE: That's Harry's doing.

ANNE: Such ingenious contrivances everywhere about.

MRS HARVILLE: Things from all the countries he's visited. Bits of old wood he's worked up and whatnot. He can turn his hand to anything, can Harry. He draws, varnishes, glues and carpenters.

ANNE: Did he make these pretty shelves?

MRS HARVILLE: He did. He whittles toys for the children. If you stay long enough, he'll probably make something for you. And when there's nothing else to be done, he sits in the corner and mends his fishing nets.

ANNE: Are these books your husband's too?

MRS HARVILLE: No dear, they're James'.

ANNE: A tolerable collection indeed.

MRS HARVILLE: James loves his poetry. I can't get along with it myself.