



## THE DINING ROOM by A.R. Gurney

**GRACE:** All right. And how do you propose to spend your other Saturday nights? I mean, when there's no Aunt Martha. And no Saint Joan? And all your friends are having the time of their life at Junior Assemblies?

Hanging around here? Listening to that stupid "Hit Parade"? Bothering the maids when we're planning to have a party?

Well, you're obviously not old enough to make an intelligent decision.

But let me tell you a very short story before you do. About your dear Aunt Martha. Who also made a little decision when she was about your age. She decided – if you breathe a word of this, I'll strangle you – she decided she was in love with her riding master. And so she threw everything up, and ran off with him. To Taos, New Mexico. Where your father had to track her down and drag her back. But it was too late, Carolyn! She had been... overstimulated. And from then on in, she refused to join the workaday world. Now there it is. In a nutshell. So think about it, while I'm ordering the groceries. And decide.