

**KELLER.** (*Gallantly.*) I couldn't think of it, Miss Sullivan. You'll find in the south we—

**ANNIE.** Let me.

**KELLER.** —view women as the flowers of civiliza—

**ANNIE.** (*Impatiently.*) I've got something in it for Helen! (*She tugs it free; KELLER stares.*) Thank you. When do I see her?

**KATE.** There. There is Helen.

(*ANNIE turns, and sees HELEN on the porch. A moment of silence. Then ANNIE begins across the yard to her, lugging her suitcase.*)

**KELLER.** (*Sotto voce.*) Katie—

**KATE** silences him with a hand on his arm. When **ANNIE** finally reaches the porch steps she stops, contemplating **HELEN** for a last moment before entering her world. Then she drops the suitcase on the porch with intentional heaviness, **HELEN** starts with the jar, and comes to grope over it. **ANNIE** puts forth her hand, and touches **HELEN**'s. **HELEN** at once grasps it, and commences to explore it, like reading a face. She moves her hand on to **ANNIE**'s forearm, and dress; and **ANNIE** brings her face within reach of **HELEN**'s fingers, which travel over it, quite without timidity, until they encounter and push aside the smoked glasses. **ANNIE**'s gaze is grave, unpitying, very attentive. She puts her hands on **HELEN**'s arms, but **HELEN** at once pulls away, and they confront each other with a distance between. Then **HELEN** returns to the suitcase, tries to open it, cannot. **ANNIE** points **HELEN**'s hand overhead. **HELEN** pulls away, tries to open the suitcase again; **ANNIE** points her hand overhead again. **HELEN** points overhead, a question, and **ANNIE**, drawing **HELEN**'s hand to her own face, nods. **HELEN** now begins tugging the suitcase toward the door; when **ANNIE** tries to take it from her, she fights her off and backs through the doorway with it. **ANNIE** stands a moment, then follows her in, and