                              ISABELLE
Throw in your ring.

                              ROSLYN
                    (She looks at her wedding ring;
                    puzzled)
Why?

                              ISABELLE
It's a custom. If you throw it in you'll never have a divorce
again.

                    (ROSLYN hesitates, turning her ring)

There's more gold in that river than the Klondike. Go ahead, honey,
everybody does it.

                              ROSLYN
                    (With a certain revulsion)
Did you do it?

                              ISABELLE
Oh no, I lost mine on my honeymoon, and I never got time to buy
another.

                              ROSLYN
Let's get a drink!

                              ISABELLE
That's my girl!

They go into a bar and sit at a table. Roslyn is suddenly grateful
for Isabelle's company.

                              ROSLYN
I don't know what I would've done without you, Iz. You're practically
the only woman who was ever my friend.
                    (To the WAITER, who appears)
Scotch and ice.

                              ISABELLE
Rye and water.

The waiter goes. There is a pause. Roslyn looks around the near-empty
bar.

ISABELLE

Cheer up, dear, you're free!

ROSLYN
                (Smiles uncertainly)
I know, I just hate to fight with anybody, that's all. I hate it.
I mean, even if I win I lose. In my heart, you know?

                (WAITER brings drinks. THEY toast)

ISABELLE

To freedom, Roslyn!

ROSLYN
                (With more of resolve than free
                joy, she raises her glass)
Yes! To freedom.
                (ROSLYN drinks deeply, inhales)
You see, darling, it's just you're not used to it yet.

ROSLYN

That's just the trouble. . . . I am. I never had anybody, and here
I am again. And I feel like I walked all the way.

ISABELLE

Well you had your mother, though, didn't you?

ROSLYN

I guess she had me, but I never had her. She never knew how to do it,
you know? She meant well, I guess, but . . . I mean she'd go off with
a patient and . . . I guess to her a month wasn't so much longer than a
week, but to a kid it matters. A mother should show up when she
promises. . . . What are we talking about her for?
                (She drinks, again. Inhales)

ISABELLE

Your father sounds wonderful.

ROSLYN

Oh, I say so but I don't know. I just remember him when I was very
little. He'd come wherever we happened to be living and he'd fix
everything. Doorknobs, and the dripping faucets. And I used to stand
by his leg and just watch. And when everything got fixed . . . he
would take off.
                (Laughs)
People are always disappearing . . ! Once he picked me up and sat me
on the table, and I don't remember what he said, but I remember how it
felt, y'know? Holding my hands and talking to me. I can still feel
it. . . . I guess you just can't blame anybody.

ISABELLE

Oh, no, you can't blame anybody.

ROSLYN
                    (Suddenly reaches across and grasps
                    ISABELLE's hand)
You're a fine woman, Isabelle. You really are. I'm thankful to you.

ISABELLE

Oh, I'm nothin'; just an old first-wife -- town is full of 'em. I hope
you're not going to leave. 'Cause you might find yourself here.
'Cause the wonderful thing about this town is it's always full of
interesting strangers.

ROSLYN

That's all I've known, Isabelle. Interesting strangers.

ISABELLE

You could teach dancing here. There is a school, you know . . . make
nice money.

ROSLYN

I never worry about money -- I always made my way . . . What _is_ there?
Does anybody know? I mean . . . the whole thing . . . is . . .

                    (Tears are springing into her eyes.
                    ISABELLE anxiously strokes her hand,
                    fearful Roslyn will sob)

ISABELLE

Oh, dear girl, I'm so sorry . . .

ROSLYN

I suddenly miss my mother. Isn't that the stupidest thing?
                    (She covers her face, but quickly
                    looks up, trying to smile)
Let's have another drink!
                    (She turns for the waiter and sees
                    Margaret, Gay's dog, sitting patiently
                    at the foot of the bar)
Oh, look at that dear dog! How sweet it sits there!

ISABELLE

Yeah, dogs are nice.

END

Now, looking again toward the dog, she and Isabelle see Gay placing a
glass of water before Margaret. Margaret drinks. Gay glances at the
two women, nods just for hello, and as he straightens up to turn back