

**SCENE 8: The Front Porch of the Inn**

*(SUSAN is on the porch swing in pajamas and slippers.)*

**SUSAN**

Dear God, please, please bless Grandpa this Christmas. And bless Mommy and Daddy and the state of California, especially Pasadena. But remember to bless Grandpa most of all. I'll even give up snow — though frankly I'd rather not. Amen.

*(BOB enters.)*

**BOB**

Say there, Miss Susan, what are you doing wandering around in the middle of the night? It's bedtime.

**SUSAN**

It's all right, Mr. Wallace, I'm on Pacific time. I'm three hours behind.

**BOB**

Your Grandfather will put you on military time if you don't get some shut-eye. C'mon.

**SUSAN**

I haven't been sleeping so well in Vermont anyway.

**BOB**

Why is that? Are you homesick?

*(SUSAN shakes her head.)*

Have you got something on your mind?

**SUSAN**

No. Nothing. Just the usual day-to-day concerns and stuff.

**BOB**

Those day-to-day concerns are killers, all right.

**SUSAN**

Mr. Wallace, is Grandpa really going back in the army?

**BOB**

I don't know. He might sometime.

**SUSAN**

Could I go with him?

**BOB**

You could volunteer, but you might be on the short side.

**SUSAN**

Mr. Wallace, is Grandpa very unhappy?

**BOB**

Yeah, Susan, I think he is.

**SUSAN**

I wish I could find a way to help him. Oh, I love him so much, Mr. Wallace.

**BOB**

You just tell him. Maybe that's all the help he needs.

**SUSAN**

I want to tell him. I almost did today. But I'm — kind of scared of him.

**BOB**

Don't feel bad. He used to scare 6,000 grown men at a time. Now you go on in and get to sleep.

**SUSAN**

But how can I? All I think about is Grandpa.

**BOB**

It's really simple. You try the Bob Wallace method.

**MUSIC 11: COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS INSTEAD OF SHEEP**