

## One-Act Play

### ● SCENARIO

As the curtain opens, Rudy and Mario are talking in the college co-op. Both are discussing the picture of Nora, fraternity sweetheart of the College of Law, in the new issue of the Carolinian. Rudy knows Nora through Cely, his classmate in political science.

As Mario waxes eloquent by quoting poetic passages dedicated to Nora's beauty, Al, another student who enters, breaks off Mario's poetic outburst. Rudy identifies Al, who seats at another table, as one of the Who's Who in campus life. Immediately after, Nora and Cely enter and make beeline for another table. The two boys, Mario and Rudy perk up and try to catch the girls' attention.

In the meantime the girls have noticed Al's presence and in turn are trying to catch his eye. Both girls have their copies of the Carolinian and an article. "The Trouble with Women" arouses their interest and indignation. They see red. Cely incidentally notices Al frowning at their table because of the noise they are creating. She suddenly upsets a bottle of coke so they can transfer to a table nearer to Al's. But the two boys, Rudy and Mario, rush to their aid and the girls go to the boys' table. The controversial article becomes the bone of contention between the two sexes. Al becomes more disturbed than ever and strolls over to their table. Introductions are made. When the fateful article steers them into deep waters, Mario changes the topic by asking the girls to the coming acquaintance ball. Al promises to see all four of them at the dance. The bell ends their conversation. As they prepare to leave a piece of paper falls out of Mario's pocket and gives him away as "the Mentor." The girls vow vengeance. But Mario keeps his date and everything is well.



# "That's my BUSINESS"

(The college co-op. Tables and chairs are strategically placed around. Rudy and Mario occupy a table left center. Rudy is hunched over the table, studying a girl's picture in the new issue of the Carolinian. Mario sits astride his chair, his arms propped against the backrest, eyes on the college paper also).

**Mario:** (Loudly, with his arms waving around).

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?"

(Breaks off). What a face! Beautiful! Nora Laurente. Where has she been hiding herself?

**Rudy:** You must be losing your stride, Mario, old man. Why, she's one of the most popular co-eds on the campus.

**Mario:** Take that back. I can spot a beautiful female a mile away. That's me (pounding his chest), Mario, the heartbreaker.

**Rudy:** Heartbreaker, my foot! You never get close to one to break it. (Looks at Nora's picture again). She really is pretty, don't you think so?

**Mario:** (Disgusted) Pretty! Is that all you can think of? Man! She's devastating, she's terrific... she's... an atom bomb that's going to spell my doom. (dramatically).

**Rudy:** Ha, ha, ha! Mario, you should have been in the dramatic club. Only, they can't trust you in any play except in an all-male cast... Say, do you really want to meet Nora?

**Mario:** No kidding, can you arrange it? (Continued on page 30)

By

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#### CHARACTERS:

- MARIO** —  
A college student, fond of quoting passages of poetry.
- RUDY** —  
Mario's friend and classmate
- CELY** —  
A typical co-ed.
- NORA** —  
A typical co-ed.
- AL** —  
A co-ed's dream: brain, brawn, and looks.

**SETTING:** The college co-op of the U. S. C.

**TIME:** An afternoon of a school day. 4:30 P. M.

## FROM USC TO UNO

(Continued from page 4)

ive record of the man, the professor, and the lawyer. The man is eminent if we judge him rightly through his scholastic achievements. But, principally, the man is cultured with meekness and humility in spite of the greatness and erudition. He is an example of a learned man who has become too self-conscious because the more he learned, the more he knew that he still did not learn enough.

### His New Assignment

When interviewed at the eve of his departure, he outlined to this interviewer the principal functions of an Associate Officer of the Human Rights Division of the United Nations. His job will be to undertake studies in the field of human rights and to prepare documentations for the United Nations.

Atty. Yap's office will be located at the super-plush headquarters of the UN at New York City. The UN has a housing project for its personnels families, wherein about 450 families of different nationalities are accommodated. He and his family will be staying therein. By the time this is off the press, Atty. Yap will have been deeply engrossed with his new responsibilities wherein his talents will be put to use auspiciously, even if he would find himself amidst a foreign clime and foreign faces. He has that suppleness of capacity for work and of character to readily adopt himself to any kind of environment he finds himself in.

### Future Plans

We had the audacity of inquiring about his educational plans. And he readily revealed that he intends to return to San Carlos. We could not help but be overwhelmed by his simple declaration. Here was further proof of the Carolinian by-word that "San Carlos is always where the heart is" for those who have been connected with it one way or the other. Atty. Yap expanded on his declaration by revealing that he plans to stay abroad only for one or two years, and while he is there, he will not bask on his undeniable security; he will take post-graduate studies in international and commercial laws. It can be

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# That's M

(Continued)

**Rudy:** Sure. Easy. She and Cely, my classmates in political science, are bosom friends.

**Mario:** (Stands up and rubs his hands). Well! Why didn't you say so in the first place? Doggone, What are we waiting for?

**Rudy:** (Pulling Mario down to his seat) Easy does it. There are such things as formalities. And when I introduce you, for heaven's sake, act like your mother's investment in your education is producing results.

**Mario:** "Ah Love, could you and I with Fate conspire  
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,  
Would we not shatter it to bits — and then  
Remold it nearer to the Heart's desire."  
(Al enters while Mario is reciting. He goes to the table center right, plunks his books on the table, orders coke, and begins to read. Mario glowers at this interruption in his speech).

**Mario:** (To Rudy) Who's that Nostradamus? Looks familiar.

**Rudy:** He should. He is *only* the president of the University Student Council, writer, woman-hater, scholar ...

**Mario:** And bookworm. Don't tell me. I know the kind. Woman-hater, huh? Looks like a case for a psychiatrist.

**Rudy:** Don't get him wrong. He's not a sissy. Boy, look at those muscies. He just doesn't give women a tumble. Result: they are all falling on each other trying to catch his eye.

**Mario:** Maybe he's just playing hard to get. Maybe he's ... (whistles) Whee! Look who's here. (Two girls, Nora and Cely, enter. They carry books and their copies of the Carolinian).

**Rudy:** (Brightening up). Hi, Cely.

**Cely:** (Smiling at Rudy). Hi-ya there, Rudy.  
(Mario stands up eagerly but the two girls go straight to another table, to the left and in front of the two boys.)

**Mario:** (Growling). Why didn't you say something? That was your chance to introduce me.

**Rudy:** Mario, have you ever known that there is such a thing as a psychological moment?  
(The boys look at their paper again. The girls seat themselves. As they receive their soft-drinks, they settle back. Cely opens her Carolinian, looks around and sees Al near the door).

**Cely:** Psst!

**Nora:** (Raises an eyebrow). Huh?

**Cely:** Don't look now but there's Al ... I mean Mr. Alfredo Isagani.

**Nora:** (Open-eyed) Where?

**Cely:** At the second table from the door.  
(Nora pats back a curl in place and casually turns around. She sees Al and also the two boys. She frowns as she notices the obvious interest in Mario's stare).

**Nora:** Who are those two jerks?

**Cely:** Oh, that's my classmate, Rudy, and his friend, Mario, the campus headache. What's he doing now?

**Nora:** Reading. Does he have to read even in the co-op?  
(Cely thumbs through the pages of the Carolinian).

# Business

(from page 5)

**Cely:** Hey! What's this?

**Nora:** (Looking at the paper) What's what?

**Cely:** Look! An article written by "The Mentor" again called "The Trouble with Women" — Such nerve! Let's read it.

**Nora:** (Reading aloud) "The trouble with women is: first, they do nothing but gossip." Hmm! I suppose the men don't.

**Cely:** "Second, they dress to please the men." Is that so? Men don't know anything about fashion, so why should we try to please them? If they have a grain of common sense, they'd get rid of that necktie before it chokes them.

(Al hears the voices and looks at the girls sideways).

**Nora:** "Third, they are always conscious of men, hence the war-paint." Eeek! Such unbounded egotism. I bet the writer is either a frustrated Don Juan or a rejected suitor.

**Cely:** "Fourth, they speak hardly above a whisper in class but give out excited, ear-splitting shrieks on the campus." Why, ... he ... he ... (Looks around and sees Al looking at them. Purposely, she upsets her bottle of coke and the tablecloth is ruined). Oh, I'm sorry, Nora. (Whispers). Let's take another table near him. He's looking at us.

(Mario and Rudy rush to the two girls in distress).

**Rudy:** Permit me, Cely, to offer our table.

**Mario:** (Bowing low from the waist and eloquently flourishing his arms). Mesdames, allow me the pleasure of ...

**Rudy:** Cely, this is my friend, Mario. Don't mind his arms.

**Cely:** Hello. Nora, meet two friends, Rudy and Mario. They often go by the name of wolves.

**Rudy:** (Coloring), Now, Cely, surely you don't believe that ...

**Cely:** Why, Rudy, surely you are not blushing.

(They all laugh and go to the boys' table. The two girls sit between the two boys, Mario beside Nora).

**Mario:** (Pleased with himself and the world). Uh... uh, what were you two so vehemently talking about?

**Nora:** Oh, we were talking about this campus mentor who wrote the article, "The Trouble with Women." Have you read it?

**Mario:** (Looking at Nora and hardly hearing the question). Huh? Oh... yes... I mean, no, not yet. Why, what does it say?

**Cely:** In other words, it says the trouble with women is they spell trouble.

**Rudy:** You should be flattered. Don't you know that you trouble us more than the atomic bomb, college exams, and professors all put together?

**Nora:** But his article is so unfair. Listen. "Fifth, they love to be loved but scorn those lovers whom that love doth possess." So, he's going Sidney on us, too.

**Mario:** Isn't that true?

**Nora:** Well, of course, we are flattered by men's attention. But what do you expect us to do? Fall into their arms the minute they open their mouths?

**Rudy:** N... no. But you should observe the rules of the game.

**Cely:** See? That's what I think. You just consider it a game.

**Rudy:** Now, you're being unfair. I don't consider it a game.

**Cely:** Then why did you say — the rules of the game?

**Mario:** (Wearily). All right. Let's call it the rules of court. Does that sound better?

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## FROM USC TO THE UNO...

(Continued from page 30)

inferred that he wants to equip himself some more for the good of San Carlos and the USC College of Law.

### His Impressions About USC

We knew that those who are left behind would be interested in Atty. Yap's impressions while he was with USC. He averred that he found great joy working for an institution he has learned to love and uphold as if it were his own Alma Mater. He particularly pointed out to the congenial atmosphere prevailing, the brotherly relationship among the faculty members, and the benevolent and fatherly attitude of the USC administration. He was also convinced that the main concern of the SVD Fathers and the whole staff of the USC Administration is the maintenance of high standards of instruction for the university. He enthused that his two and a half years spent in USC was enjoyable and fruitful in the sense that students here are generally more serious in their studies when compared to other students of any average university in the country.

### Farewell to Our Little Big Man

The interview was ended when the despedida party whipped up jointly by the Lex Circle and the Portia Club gradually dispersed after camera shutters had an overtime taking souvenir pictures of law-groups with the honored guest. Practically everybody in the party shook hands with him, bidding him farewell and bon voyage. That was last August 15, 1952 at Barba's beach resort in Talisay. What each one felt at the moment could only be approximated, not fully pictured into words. On the following day he left with his wife and kid for better horizons. For the nonce, San Carlos waits for his return.

(Atty. Pedro L. Yap is married to the former Miss Flora del Rosario of Mandaue, Cebu, pharmacist and UP alumna. They have a bouncing baby boy, nine months old, who is christened Emmanuel.)

(Continued from page 9)

vernment processes where freedom of suffrage is denied by reason of what is considered an inferior color? The theoretical answer is "no"—but in practice we are doing it. Why? Because we are selfish—because we do not know God.

The influence of big money in the government is another ill of the present-day democracy. The first ten amendments of the American Constitution were an addition made by a privileged group for the interest of the propertied few—. Ferdinand Lunberg, in his book, *America's 60 Families*, stated that the "government has been the indispensable handmaiden of private wealth since the origin of society."<sup>3</sup> John D. Rockefeller habitually contributed large funds to the Republican Party in return for lucrative concessions he received from the government.<sup>4</sup> Calvin Coolidge, U.S. President from 1923 to 1929 was said to be under the domination of Thomas Lamont of the J. P. Morgan & Company, whom Coolidge invariably consulted before ever announcing any decision of the moment.<sup>5</sup> Now, is there economic equality where a single individual could have a law passed in favor of his business enterprise? Democracy recognizes the freedom of man to engage in any business, but only in so far as the rights of others are not encroached.

The insufficiency of education is another draw-back in the development of our modern democracies. How many, for example, understand such concepts as freedom, democracy and religion? A man may go to war and he will tell you he is fighting for freedom — for democracy. But ask him what freedom is, and he is lost. Does freedom means the right to do anything you please? No—it means the right to anything in so far as it leads you to God. We are not free from God we are free for God. That is why democracy calls for education of the truth. It calls for information for the public. But this is wanting in our modern democracies. Is the public, for example, informed of the background of such persons as Quirino, Osias, Perez and other big politicians? If

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(3) Lunberg, *America's 60 Families*, p. 50.  
 (4) *Ibid.*, p. 54.  
 (5) *Ibid.*, p. 150.

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**Nora:** Don't be sarcastic.

**Mario:** (Throwing up his hands). I give up. Women! The trouble with women is . . .

**Nora and Cely:** Yes?

**Al:** (In loud voice). Quiet!  
 (The two girls look at Al, then at each other.)

**Mario:** (Shouts back). Mind your own business! Now, where was I?

**Cely:** You said the trouble with women is . . .

**Mario:** Let's finish the article.

**Cely:** "Sixth, when they get excited, their shrill voices rise two pitches higher . . . (Pauses. Lowers her voice consciously and glowers). When they get excited, their shrill voices rise two pitches higher . . ." of all the . . . He's impossible.

**Nora:** Of course. He's a man, Ergo, he is prejudiced. Now, if I were to answer that . . .

(Al gets up and strolls over their table. Nora stops in confusion.)

**Al:** (Grinning). Excuse me. But I couldn't help overhearing your conversation. I've lost my concentration. So I might as well join in the fun.

**Rudy:** Girls, this is the great Alfredo Isagani in person. (Pointing to Cely and Nora), Nora Laurente and Celia Guerrero.  
 (Girls nod their heads to Al. Al sits down.)

**Al:** What's cooking?

**Mario:** The new Carolinian is out and a certain article has aroused a storm of controversy among the female population in general, which means these two girls in particular.

**Al:** Oh! And what is the article?

**Rudy:** "The Trouble with Women"

**Al:** (Taken off-guard). Why, what's the trouble with women?

**Mario:** that, my friend, happens to be the title of the article. And these two deadly females cannot rest in peace. And we are it.

**Nora:** But that's our business. We cannot just take this thing sitting down. It's a slur against the women.

**Al:** (Amused). And what do you propose to do about it?

**Cely:** Skin him alive. Why can't he be man enough to come out in the open instead of hiding under a pen name?

**Mario:** He's just being prudent.

**Nora:** What I propose is to present an article, "The Trouble with Men" and refute every statement he wrote here.

**Cely:** That's right! You do it, Nora. And in case you run out of ideas, I'll chip in with some of mine.

**Rudy:** (Drily) This sounds interesting. Very. And all because of an article.

**Mario:** Let's change the topic.

**Cely:** Sure. Let's talk about the trouble with men.

**Mario:** (groaning) But I don't want to talk about trouble!

**Nora:** (Flicking her finger at the paper). He asked for it!

**Mario:** (Starting). But I'm not he!

**Cely:** But you belong to his kind.

**Al:** Okay. What's the trouble with men?

**Nora:** (Airily) The trouble with men is that they talk about women.

**Cely:** (Clapping her hands). Bull's eye!

**Rudy:** What makes you think so?

**Nora:** This. This proves it. A man talks about women.

**Mario:** Wonderful! Such female logic! Mark, Jew, a Daniel come to judgment.

# Business

**Al:** (Grinning again) And what else?

**Nora:** Men talk disparagingly, sarcastically about women's make-up but they fall flat on their faces when a pretty face, all made up, hooves into sight.

**Cely:** And men are conceited. Each man considers himself a fair target for a woman's charms, even if he is a harmless Milquetoast ready for the ash can.

**Mario:** Aw, come on. Why do we have to knock our heads off? Let's declare an armistice. You know —  
"As unto the bow the cord is  
So unto the man is woman  
Though she bends him, she obeys him,  
Though she draws him, yet she follows.  
Useless each without the other."

**Rudy:** (Enthusiastically). That settles it. I always declare Wordsworth was a poet after my own heart.

**Mario:** (In a hurt tone). Wordsworth! That's Edgar Allan Poe. You know, the poet who had a child-wife. He was so in love with her he wrote this bow and arrow poem.

**Cely:** (Laughing). Mario, don't be silly. You know this is from Longfellow's "Hiawatha."

**Al:** You know, Mario, I've been thinking. We could use your talent in our dramatics.

**Mario:** Stop! I refuse to be exploited. I suggest a pleasanter topic. Mr. President, the Students University Council is sponsoring an acquaintance ball next Sunday. Right?

**Al:** Yes. And you are all invited of course.

**Mario:** Ehem. Ah, how is it, girls? Will you escort us to the dance? Our mothers won't object. (The two girls look at Al).

**Cely:** Well ... I ... uh ... I don't know ...

**Rudy:** Do you have dates for that night?

**Nora:** Well ... no ... but we don't want to make up our minds yet. Anyway, Sunday is still a long way off.

**Rudy:** Don't let Mario scare you. He's really a sheep in wolf's clothing.

**Al:** Sure. Why don't you all go together? I'll see you at the ball.

**Cely:** Who's your date, Mr. Isagani? (Al colors).

**Mario:** His mama doesn't trust any woman with him.

**Al:** No one. I mean, I have no date. I have to go early. You know, see to it that everything is okey-dokey. And a female hates to be rushed. So I'm going stag.

**Nora:** We'll see you there then.

**Rudy:** Is that settled? We'll pick you up at nine O'clock.

**Cely:** Okay. Be sure to bring your manners with you. (The girls smile)

**Nora:** (A gleam in her eyes). Mr. Isagani, you write for the college paper don't you?

**Al:** Why don't you call me Al? After all, we've known each other for five minutes now. Yes, I do write sometime.

**Nora:** You couldn't possibly have written this article, "The Trouble with Women?"

**Al:** W-what? That trash? That would be an insult to my reputation.

**Mario:** Oh, you think so? How interesting. Girls, Mr. Alfredo Isagani writes only of such things as the anatomy of the dinosaur, the history of the atom, and the people in Mars.

**Al:** I resent that. But I'm sorry. Nora's deduction took me by surprise and I ... uh ... well ...

**Rudy:** That article has its merits.

**Cely and Nora:** Is that so?

**Mario:** (Throwing up his hands dramatically). Do we have to go into that all over again?

**Nora:** (Smiling) No. There goes the bell. That means us, Cely.  
(All stand up)

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## DEMOCRACY — A FACT ...

(Continued from page 34)

we are ignorant of the truth we are not free to act — we are not free to elect them.

A very important principle in democracy is the freedom to choose public officials. In the Philippines, Presidential candidates, as well as candidates of other high offices, are appointed by the members of the Party convention. Members of such convention in turn, are at times appointed not by the people but by the big-time politicians in the Provinces. The appointment, therefore, of candidates is not the will of the people but the will of the selected few. Our choice then, is limited—it is curtailed—and, therefore, freedom is curtailed. And yet we say that the basic principle of democracy is equality in the participation of the processes of government.

The good points of our present-day democracy are of course, too vital to pass over for mention. The asylums, leprosariums, the TB Pavilion, and other government institutions for the needy, deserve praise. The newspapers, radios, public libraries, Bureau of Statistics, and other sources of information shape democratic achievement which should not be overlooked. And there are still other good points which all of us already know.

Our problem, therefore, is how to achieve democracy in its fullest meaning. This can be achieved by unfolding our personal aspirations—such as freedoms, religion and autonomy which is the goal of democracy; by working up a system of religious education; by producing good leaders with fully developed personalities. Democracy does not depend on political principles alone. Neither does it depend on economic principles. It depends upon the individual citizens; upon you and I; upon love.

## CALIFORNIA ...

(Cont'd from page 6)

On and on you go, visiting many more places of interest. For there is really no end to it all. How can there be, with each new season bringing a promise of something new! And yet, as is but human, deep inside you yearn to go back and start all over again.

**Cely:** Good-bye, boys. See you later. We had a lovely scrapping time.  
**Al:** That's my bell, too.  
**Mario:** Let's go out together then. I'm out of my element when no female is around. (Mario mops his brow with a handkerchief pulled out of his pocket. A piece of paper flutters to the ground.)  
**Cely:** (picking up the paper). You dropped something, Mario. Hello, what's this? O-oh! How could you?  
**Al:** (Concerned) What's the matter now?  
**Cely:** (Stuttering). Why, . . . he . . . he . . .  
**Nora:** What is it?  
**Cely:** Look! (Holds up the paper). He is "the mentor!"  
**Al:** Well, of all the . . .  
**Mario:** (Blushing) The cat's out of the bag. (Shrugs his shoulders).  
**Rudy:** Well, blow me down! So that's why he . . .  
**Mario:** "If it be now, 'tis not to come. If it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come."  
 I just wanted to feel the female pulse by this article. No offense meant.  
**Nora:** All right, all right. The bell saves your hide, Mario. But that doesn't exempt you from explanations next time we see you. Otherwise, you will hear the hue and cry of the females. Come, Cely.  
**Mario:** (Skeptical) And that date? Is it still on?  
 (The girls wink at each other and smile).  
**Cely:** Yes, Mr. Mentor. You're really just a sheep in wolf's clothing, you know. Good-bye. (The girls go out).  
**Mario:** (Talks after their retreating forms) Thank you, thank you . . . Now, what did they mean by that? Mario, my boy, your reputation is at stake. Anyway, "God's still in His heaven and all's right with the world."  
 (The three boys go to the door, Al going ahead. Just within the door, Rudy stops Mario).  
**Rudy:** Say, whatever made you write that article?  
**Mario:** (Winking at Rudy). That's my business. Ah!  
 "A book of verses underneath the bough  
 A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, — and thou  
 Beside me singing in the wilderness,  
 Ah, wilderness were paradise enow."  
 (Blows a kiss to the audience.)

CURTAIN FALLS  
 THE END

advanced course. They are made to think that if short can afford to be seen dragging scabbards that trace figures on the ground, could we not be proud to keep those swords hanging like tails?"

**SPONSORS' PRE-VIEW:**

I was trying to sneak into Delia's Campuscrats for the lark of it as well as for (strictly) honorable intentions of fishing out someone to fill the top Brass of the ROTC Females' Echelon. But I had hardly gone a few steps when I found something like the real McCoy. Well, here she is, dear Cadets. Look up, pardner, look up! Our Dream Girl of the year . . .

That girl with the bedimpled cheeks, long natural curly hair and (sigh!) beautiful smiling eyes. And the name is Miss Luz Evangelista.

The Corps Sponsor's distinction was a natural one for her. Even if a lot of prospects were eyeing for the high-seat, who can deny her the honor? She was the Corps Adjutant's Sponsor last year. Not to be outdone therefore, in the order of promotions, her desirable personality promoted herself on such merits.

**PARADE AND REVIEW FOR FATHER RECTOR**

The Department of Military Science and Tactics held a tradition  
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Senior (at a basketball game)—"See that big substitute down there playing forward? I think he's going to be our best man next year."

Co-ed—"Oh, darling, this is so sudden!"

Collegian—"What did you do with my shirt?"

Room-mate—"Sent it to the laundry."

Collegian—"Ye gods! The whole history of the U.S. was on its cuffs."

"Mamma," asked little Mary, "if I get married, will I have a husband like Daddy?"

"Yes, dear."

"And if I don't get married, will I be an old maid, like Aunt Agatha?"

"Yes, dear."

"Mamma, it sure is a hard world for us women, isn't it?"

*The Bright Side*  
 INSIDE OUT



"I had the girls running in circles when I was in college."

"I never knew you were such a sheik."

"I wasn't. I was women's track coach."

Singer—"Don't you like my voice?"

Accompanist (sadly)—"Madam, I have played on the white keys, and I have played on the black keys—but you sing in the cracks!"

A very dejected man walked into a restaurant one morning and sat down at a table.

"I want two eggs fried hard, two slices of toast burnt black and a cup of weak, lukewarm coffee," he told the waitress.

"Are you sure that's what you want?" she asked, amazed.

"To the letter."

The waitress explained to the chef and managed to get the man exactly what he had asked for.

"Anything else, sir?" she asked as she put the order on the table.

"Yes, now sit down and nag me. I'm homesick!"