

MAME (Cont'd)

PICKLED PYTHON
PEPPERED SNEEP SPLEEN
HAVE SOME OWLS EGGS
IT'S TODAY

I SAID "ITO, DO SOMETHING EXOTIC
JUST TRY A LITTLE BIT HARDER TO PLEASE"
AND HE'S BEEN EXTRA AMBITIOUS
TRY THESE -- THEY'RE DELICIOUS

(ALL take a bite)

THEY'RE BEES!

(Some choking and gasping goes on
as ALL stop chewing mid-bite.

The music has continued. A WAITER
brings in a tray of tall metal
glasses.

A crowd from MAME's first party sweeps
into the room including: RALPH DEVINE,
the BISHOP, an ARAB, a couple of
GANGSTERS, LINDSAY WOOLSEY and several
SHOW GIRLS)

ALL

(Singing as they enter)
AND WE'RE LIVIN'!
AND WE'RE WELL, GANG
SO RAISE HELL, GANG
WHILE WE MAY
CALL THE COPS OUT
RAISE A RACKET
PULL THE STOPS OUT

VERA

(Sweeping on)

~~IT'S TODAY~~

Mame darling!

MRS. UPSON

Claude. Claude. That's the famous stage star -- What's-
her name!

MAME

(Projecting gaily)

I won't try to introduce everybody. But I do want you to
meet my dearest friend, Vera Charles. And the celebrated
publisher, M. Lindsay Woolsey.

(VERA poses regally center-stage.
GLORIA rushes up to her)

GLORIA

Oh! Mis Charles, I've simply got to tell you how I adored you in "Reflected Glory."

VERA

(With a frozen smile)

Did you, dear?

VERA & MAME

That was Tallulah Bankhead.

MAME

Vera is only a baritone. Can I persuade you to have a drink, dear?

VERA

Well, maybe just a tiny triple. Any anything except rum. I've just been at the most God-awful cocktail party, and all they had were daiquiris -- made with honey yet!

(ITO brings VERA a giant Scotch.

PEGEEN, still atop the ladder, is struggling with the mobile)

MAME

Pegeen, can you manage allright on that ladder?

PEGEEN

Yes, but I need three hands.

MAME

Patrick, be a darling, lend her one of yours, will you?

(PATRICK starts up the ladder, which sways. PATRICK throws his arms around PEGEEN to keep her from falling)

GLORIA

(Indignant)

Well, that's a pretty picture, I must say!

VERA

Isn't it though? Ladies and gentlemen, I want to propose a toast. To this lovely young couple as they start up the ladder of life together.

PATRICK

(Hurrying down the ladder)

No, no, Auntie Vera. This isn't Gloria. That's Gloria.

VERA

Pity.

(Shrugs, lifts her glass)

Well, let's have a toast, anyhow. What do you say, Mrs. Upjohn?

(AGNES waddles down the stairs.
All eyes slowly turn to her. The
MEN rise. PATRICK is petrified)

MAME

Now, Agnes, I told you to stay in your room.

AGNES

But you also told me I just had to take my calcium pills
and they're still in the kitchen.

MAME

Oh, of course.

MR. UPSON

(To BABCOCK)

Is that a member of the family?

BABCOCK

Damned if I know.

UPSON

It's a member of somebody's family.

(PATRICK is suffering. But MAME
tries to make the best of it)

MAME

(Taking AGNES' arm)

Everybody. I'd like you to meet my secretary. She's a
little bit -- she's not quite herself at the moment.

MRS. UPSON

(Warmly, to AGNES)

Now, now, we know all about these women's things, don't we?
(Sympathetically)
What's your name, dear?

AGNES

Gooch.

MRS. UPSON

(Patting the sofa beside her)

You sit right over here beside me, Mrs. Gooch.

(AGNES glances down at the couch
then slowly lowers herself)

Now tell me; what does Mr. Gooch do?

AGNES

Oh, my father passed on.

MRS. UPSON

No, I mean your husband.

AGNES

(Wailing)

I'm a bachelor girl! And my baby's gonna be a little bas --

(MRS. UPSON gasps. The PURITANS
look shocked)

MR. UPSON

(In righteous rage)

Hold it. Hold it. We've got some young people here.

BABCOCK

(Hastily)

Claude, as soon as we get him away from the aunt, every-
thing's going to be fine.

PATRICK

(Sweating)

Y'see, my aunt is so big-hearted, whenever anybody's in
trouble, she just has to go to the rescue.

MAME

I'm the one who was rescued. Agnes led me into a whole new
project. Do you realize how many girls there are every year
who find themselves expecting all by themselves?

VERA

Mame, how theatrical of you! All of those fallen angels,
finding a haven here in Beekman Place!

PATRICK

No, no, no, no.

MAME

This is much too big for Beekman Place.

LINDSAY

Mame's bought a piece of property up in Mountebank.

MRS. UPSON

What? What's that about Mountebank?

MR. UPSON

(To MAME)

You building a place up in our neck-of-the-woods, Mamie?

MAME

The Beauregard Burnside Memorial Home for Single Mothers.

(The UPSONS stiffen)

How lovely it will be -- hundreds of girls, romping in that
dandelion patch.

(This does it for the UPSONS)

MR. UPSON

Are you ready, Doris?

MRS. UPSON

I've been ready for quite a long time.

MR. UPSON

(Heading for the door)

Come, Glory -- we have a long way to go.

(The UPSONS stride out indignantly)

BABCOCK

(Exploding)

For nine years, Mame Dennis Burnside, I've done everything I could to protect this boy from your cockeyed, idiotic nincompopery! But this is the limit. Now you've ruined everything.

MAME

All you want to do is slam windows in his life. Well, I won't let you do that to my little one.

(Turning toward PATRICK)

No, he's not little anymore. And he's not mine. But he's not yours either, Mr. Babcock. And I doubt if he'll let you marry him off to a headful of hair with the I.Q. of a dead flashlight battery!

(BABCOCK exits huffily)

LINDSAY

Did you plan all this, Mame?

MAME

Why would you think that, Lindsay? I always want Patrick to make his own decisions.

(She makes her concern by playing the hostess, passing the tray of hors d'oeuvres)

Python, anyone?

(Now she turns to face PATRICK. What does he think? She holds her breath)

PATRICK

(After a pause)

Thank you, Moon Lady.

(Sings)

22

MY BEST GIRL - REPRISÉ #2

~~AND IF SOMEDAY
ANOTHER GIRL COMES ALONG
IT WON'T TAKE HER LONG TO SEE
THAT I'LL STILL BE FOUND
JUST HANGIN' AROUND
MY BEST GIRL~~