

Side A - Mrs. Mae Peterson

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Act Two — Scene 6

START

MRS. PETERSON. So it's come at last! At last it's come! The day I knew would come at least has come at last! My Sonnyboy doesn't need me anymore. Well, what are you waiting for? Get rid of me! (*Moves left, indicating garbage can*) Put me out with the garbage! Just throw me out with the used grapefruits and empty cans from the Bumble-Bee salmon. Never mind putting a lid on. Leave it open so a hundred thousand pussycats can walk all over a mother. And by the way, sweetheart darling, I got some good news for you. I got the report from the hospital. It's absolutely definite. I got a condition. Never mind what kind of condition—a condition. And the one thing doctors can't cure is a condition. I don't want you to worry though. Fancy funerals are for rich people. I don't want you to spend a cent. Just wait till Mother's Day, wrap me in a flag, and dump me in the river! (*Pauses, with handkerchief to lips, then, more calmly*) Well. I feel better now. Everything is as it should be. A mother is lying on top of a sanitation truck bound for the City Dump, and a son is running around in saloons with a Mexicali Rose who came over for the fruit picking season and stayed to ruin an American woman's life!! (*The last is near hysteria*)

STOP

ALBERT. (*Turning to HER*) Are you finished, Mamma?

MRS. PETERSON. Yes, Sonnyboy.

ALBERT. Goodnight, Mamma.

MRS. PETERSON. (*Bitterly*) You're just like your father—you'd marry anything. (*Starts off*) ... Goodnight, Sonnyboy.

ALBERT. My name is not Sonnyboy.

MRS. PETERSON. (*Turning back to ALBERT*) Goodnight ... (*It's wrung out of HER*) ... Aaalbert!

No. 31

Incidental: Glory Hallelujah

(*see p. 145*)

(Orchestra)

MRS. PETERSON *moves off right as we hear the strains of "Battle Hymn of the Republic."* They grow louder as SHE is gone. ALBERT *swells with triumphant pride and is transfixed as MR. & MRS. MACAFEE and RANDOLPH come hurrying on center from left.*

MR. MACAFEE. Mr. Peterson! Have you seen Conrad and Kim?

ALBERT. Ah there, Mr. MacAfee! A great pleasure to see you again. Unfortunately, I must tell you that Conrad's affairs no longer interest me. I'm looking for Miss Alvarez now to tell her that ... (*Hears it*) ... Conrad and Kim?

MRS. MACAFEE. They've run off together!

MR. MACAFEE. And if we don't find them soon, Mr. Peterson, I intend to call the FBI! Who's the head of it now, dear? Is it Peter Lawford yet?

ALBERT. I'm sure there's nothing to worry about ...