

GLORIA

2-4-26

93

MAME

Chocolate ice cream?

UPSON

Since we're practically relatives, I'll let you in on my little secret. Honey!

MAME

I beg your pardon?

UPSON

That's my secret. Strained honey. Course, I use quite a little rum, too!

BABCOCK

You sure do Claude, you use a lot!

(GLORIA enters. She has hair like a Vogue model and seems like Miss Insipid of 1937)

PATRICK

Auntie Mame, this is Gloria.

GLORIA

START → I can't tell you how pleased I am to make your acquaintance.

MAME

(Taking her hand)

I know you're very special to Patrick, and that means you're very special to me, too.

GLORIA

Isn't this a marvy party that Mums and Daddums are throwing me? And everybody on the guest list is absolutely top-hole.

MAME

(Dazed)

Marvy.

GLORIA

Today it's farewell to naivete and hello to sophistication.

MAME

Oh, I can see that.

PATRICK

Isn't she beautiful, Auntie Mame?

MAME

Oh, yes.

UPSON

(Nudging BABCOCK)

Wait'll we tell Mamie the surprise!

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MRS. UPSON

Not yet, Claude, not yet.

MAME

And what lovely hair.

GLORIA

Do you like it? The secret is the shampoo. You'll never guess what I use.

MAME

Strained honey?

GLORIA

Beer! I just pour it and pour it and pour it, and the beer just foams and foams and foams. Daddums says it looks like the bubbles are coming right out of my brain.

(UPSON laughs uproariously and
pantomimes the glorious picture)

MRS. UPSON

(Passing an hors d'oeuvres tray)

I made these especially for you, Mamie.

MAME

My, my -- don't they look delicious. What are they?

MRS. UPSON

Well, I take two cans of tuna-fish and put them through the meat-grinder, then add clam juice and peanut-butter.

(MAME drops hers into the pocket
of PATRICK's cardigan sweater as he
feeds GLORIA an hors d'oeuvre)

MR. UPSON

(Lifting his glass)

Mamie, I want to make a toast. To the good life. For us and ours.

BABCOCK

And we damn well better protect it.

UPSON

Did you bring all the legal stuff, Dwight?

BABOCKC

It's in my briefcase.

(To the UPSONS)

Needs both your signatures.

MRS. UPSON

My, my, I feel so important. Oh, Mamie, would you excuse us for a minute, please?