

Mame

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MR. UPSON

Goddam it, I'm always genteel.

BABCOCK

Claude, I need a refill.

(UPSON pours from the shaker into
BABCOCK's glass)

MR. UPSON

How about you, Doris?

MRS. UPSON

I think we chaperones should try to stay sober.

MR. UPSON

Say, I meant to ask you, Dwight. Does Mamie drink?

BABCOCK

Now and then.

(PATRICK enters)

PATRICK

My Auntie Mame just loves your place.

MRS. UPSON

We're very esteemed to have your Auntie as a chaperone, son.

PATRICK

She's dying to meet Gloria.

MRS. UPSON

Oh, what a big day this is for our little Glory. Saying
goodbye to her teens and hello to her future aunt-in-law
to be.

MAME

(Sweeping on)

My dear Mr. and Mrs. Upson. I can't begin to tell you what
I think of your house.

UPSON

(Handing MAME a drink)

Mamie, here's your poison. I make my Daiquiris with a secret
ingredient I learned from this native down in the Virgin
Islands -- if you'll excuse the expression. I'll tell ya
this, there's no sugar in a Claude Upson Daiquiri.

MAME

(Sipping it)

And yet it's so sweet. What ever do you use?

UPSON

Guess.

START →

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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

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.

STOP (show reaction) → (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?

