

MOTHER BURNSIDE

1-10-58
62

GIRLS

GIDDYAP, LIGHTNIN' ROD
THEY WENT WEST
YOU GO EAST
DO YOUR STUFF, LIGHTNIN' ROD
AND GIDDYAP
GIDDYAP
YOU LITTLE, DEAR LITTLE, CRAZY BEAST

FAN

She's passing everybody.

MOTHER BURNSIDE

She's passing the Master of the Hounds.

JEFF

Mighty bad form, passing the Master.

PATRICK

She's passing the dogs!

MOTHER BURNSIDE

(Astounded)

Mother of Jefferson Davis, she's passing the FOX!

SALLY CATO, COUSIN FAN,

PATRICK & UNCLE JEFF

(They sing one chorus together,
topped by:)

FALL OFF!

(The music screams to a peak, then
cuts. All are stunned and impressed)

PATRICK

Auntie Mame! Auntie Mame!

MOTHER BURNSIDE

(Converted)

Astounding. First time in the history of the South anyone's
brought back the fox -- alive!

(BEAU comes on, followed by HUNTSMEN
carrying the ruffled but happy MAME,
who carries the tiny fox in her arms)

BEAU

(Proudly)

Didn't I tell you she's a marvel?

PATRICK

(Patting the fox)

How'd you do it, Auntie Mame?

(Music fades out)

How'd you catch him?

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MAME

Well, darling, -- all those big horses and dogs were chasing after this poor little fella. And all of a sudden, there he was, and I looked down at him and he looked up at me, and we sort of struck up a friendship.

MOTHER BURNSIDE

Fetch me my shawl, somebody, I feel the wind of change.

BEAU

Family! Friends! This lovely lady has restored elegance and humanity to the gentlemanly sport of the hunt.

(Some cheers)

Mame Dennis. I should like to ask you -- well, -- to become the wife of Beauregard Jackson -- uh -- uh --

ALL

(Helpfully)

Pickett.

BEAU

Oh, yes -- Pickett -- thank you, family -- BURNSIDE.

MAME

(Fast)

Yes!!!

(SALLY CATO is furious, throwing aside her riding crop. She stalks off)

BEAU

Ah'll make you happy, Mame dear. For a honeymoon, we'll take a year, maybe two, and go clear around the world. Just you and me.

MAME

That's wonderful, Beau.

(All congratulate the happy pair. Only PATRICK is left alone and he wanders to the side of the stage)

BEAU

(Jubilantly projecting)

Listen, everybody! On this plantation, in this county, in this whole blamed state, today's date on the little old calendar is hereby declared officially as -- MAME DAY!

(The music enters)

MAME

(Impressed)

Mame Day! Isn't that wonderful, Patrick?