

(OLDER) PATRICK

2-5-34

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ACT TWOScene 5

SCENE:

The Beekman Place Apartment. The room is going through a metamorphosis -- to ultra-modern. Presiding over this transformation is a trim and unaffected redhead, PEGEEN RYAN.

AGNES, a few weeks further along, is sipping a glass of milk. PEGEEN pays no attention to her whatsoever and she disappears up the stairs.

PATRICK enters, (music fades out) wearing a dinner jacket. He looks around, worried about the changes in decor.

START →

PATRICK
What the hell's going on?

PEGEEN
Face-lifting.
(Sizing up PATRICK, not uncritically)
Oh, you must be the "Little Love".

PATRICK
Are you the new decorator? Did you do all of this?

PEGEEN
(Grinning)
For money.

(ITO enters, in livery, carrying a futuristic table)
Right here, Ito -- that's fine.

ITO
Oh, missy very happy you here for very important party.
(ITO goes off to the kitchen)

PATRICK
(Scowling at the low sofa)
What's this supposed to be?

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PEGEEN

A sofa. Japanese modern. You find it every place except Japan.

PATRICK

(Panicky)
But the Upsons don't understand modern. They're strictly bitter colonial. Do you like it?

PEGEEN

No.

PATRICK

You're honest at least, Miss -- ?

PEGEEN

Pegeen Ryan. Unincorporated.

PATRICK

(Shaking her hand)

Hi.

PEGEEN

Hi.

PATRICK

(Not letting go of her hand)
Pegeen Ryan ... Didn't we meet once?

PEGEEN

Yeah. We both went to Ralph Devine's Laboratory of Life.

PATRICK

(With a slow smile)
Hey, that's right. I didn't recognize you with all your clothes on.

(He breaks off)

That is, maybe we know each other better'n we thought.

PEGEEN

(Straight-faced)
You're -- taller. Can I have my hand back, if you're through with it?

(He lets go)

PATRICK

Where's my aunt?

PEGEEN

Getting ready for the big blow-out.

PATRICK

(Worried)
Oh, no, this is just going to be a nice, simple little evening at home.

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PATRICK (Cont'd)

(Calling nervously up the stairs)

Auntie Mame?

PEGEEN

Relax. People get married every day.

PATRICK

I'm not getting married every day. I'm getting married three weeks from Tuesday.

PEGEEN

(Tossing it off as she exits)

Congratulations.

(MAME makes a glittering sweep down the stairs, dressed to the hilt in a smashing hostess gown)

MAME

Patrick! Pipe of peace?

PATRICK

Auntie Mame -- who can stay mad at you? After the fight we had at the Upsons, I felt terrible.

MAME

So did I, dear. But see how nicely things have worked out? And tonight I want everything to be just perfect for the Upsons.

PATRICK

You're wonderful, Auntie Mame.

(Suddenly worried)

Hey, what about Agnes?

MAME

(Glibly)

In seclusion, dear. Erase her from your thoughts.

(PEGEEN returns with the ladder and pieces of the mobile)

Patrick, be a little gentleman and help Pegeen, will you?

PATRICK

Yeah. Sure.

(PATRICK steadies the ladder as PEGEEN climbs to add pieces to the mobile)

That's pretty avant-garde for the Upsons.

AGNES

(Entering at the top of the stairs)

I think it's very unusual.

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(PATRICK wheels as if he'd been stabbed)

PATRICK

What the hell is Agnes doing here? Auntie Mame, you promised --

MAME

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

AGNES

But it's calcium time. And my calcium pills are in the kitchen.

MAME

(Lightly, to PATRICK)
Life's little emergencies.

(The doorbell chimes)

PATRICK

My God! They're here!

AGNES

(Helpfully)
I'll get it.

PATRICK

Oh, no you don't!
(PATRICK leaps to block her)

AGNES

You don't approve of me. I'm not loved.

PATRICK

You're loved, Agnes! My God, have you been loved!
(Pleading)
But please, Agnes, cry upstairs!

(The wailing AGNES has climbed the stairs and goes off.

The UPSONS, GLORIA, and MR. BABCOCK
-- ALL in dinner clothes -- enter)

MAME

(With instant poise)
Welcome, welcome to the Burside Fireside.

UPSON

Good to see you, Mamie. You don't look a day older.

MAME

Claude, darling. And Doris!

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STOP →

PATRICK
(Embracing GLORIA)

Hi, Sweetums.

MAME

And little Glory.

GLORIA

(With automated charmlessness)

I can't tell you how pleased I am to see you again.

MAME

And our family counsellor through thick and thin. How
bully of you to come, Mr. Babcock.

BABCOCK

Bully of you to ask me!

(MAME waves toward the ladder)

MAME

Won't you all sit down? Oh, I want you to meet Miss Pegeen
Ryan.

(MRS. UPSON flops on the low couch
and sprawls out flat.

ITO comes on with two trays of hors
d'oeuvres, assorted and strange)

Now, Doris, Claude.

(Music starts)

You were so unbelievably gracious to me in Mountebank, that
I had to play something extra-special for you.

(She passes the tray. GLORIA
takes one)

GLORIA

(Nibbling one)

Oh, these are scrumptious. Try one of the little striped
ones, Mums.

BABCOCK

Say, these are tasty.

MRS. UPSON

Whatever are they, Mamie dear?

MAME

(Singing, as she blithely passes
them around)

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IT'S TODAY - REPRISE #2

