

Side THREE

Lights come up on the downstairs portion of the house as MRS. MACAFEE goes to the foot of the stairs. MR. MACAFEE is reading his paper, stage right, on a stool.

MRS. MACAFEE. ... Kim, there's a call for you. The operator said she's been trying to get through for nearly three-quarters of an hour!

KIM. *(Gets up and puts on slippers behind bed so audience the does not see them)*
Thank you Doris. I'll take it down there.

MRS. MACAFEE. She said it was long-distance and I can't imagine who ...
(Stops) ... What did you say?

KIM. *(Starts downstairs)* I said, thank you Doris. *(We see KIM clearly now and notice that she is wearing those enormous, shaggy pink fur scuffs)* ... There's no need to look so upset. It's modern to call your mother by her first name. It makes the mother and daughter more like pals.

MRS. MACAFEE. And your father?

KIM. I'll call him Harry, naturally. *(MR. MACAFEE looks up from his paper, mutters "Yeah", then laughs mirthlessly)* ... By the way, I think Harry took the news about Hugo and I awfully well, don't you, Doris? *(MRS. MACAFEE has to sit down. Meanwhile KIM has gone to the phone)* ... This is she. Yes, I'll wait.

MRS. MACAFEE. I don't know. Yesterday I was a mother. Today I'm a pal.
(Gets up and heads for the stairs) ... Are you sure you wouldn't like to call me Mom? That's modern.

KIM. I'm sorry, but times are changing and you've got to go along with them or be left behind with the old folks. *(Then casually)* ... By the way, Doris, have you got a cigarette? I seem to have run out.

MRS. MACAFEE hurries upstairs, trying to hold back a sniffle.

MR. MACAFEE has risen from his stool in the kitchen stage right, put down his newspaper and crossed to KIM.

MR. MACAFEE. I'm not an old man! *(Sadly)* ... I was eighteen in World War II.

MR. MACAFEE exits. KIM has been listening on the phone through this. As MR. MACAFEE exits we see KIM's expression change from that of a poised woman to a dazed child. Slowly KIM puts down the phone. Then in a very small voice ...

KIM. Conrad Birdie ... is coming here ... to kiss me? *(Weakly)* Doris.
(A bit louder) Mother ... *(A shout)* Mommy!!

MRS. MACAFEE. *(Running downstairs)* Baby! *(Grabbing KIM in her arms)*
... Baby, what is it?! What's wrong!?

KIM. It's Conrad Birdie, Mommy! He's going to kiss me!

MRS. MACAFEE. That's nice, dear.
Now you just put your head on Mommy's shoulder.

MRS. MACAFEE and KIM sit down on the steps.

KIM. You don't understand! Conrad Birdie is coming here to Sweet Apple to kiss me goodbye! Oh, Mommy! Mommy!

MRS. MACAFEE. I never thought I'd say it ... But God bless Conrad Birdie!