

Side Five

MR. MACAFEE. This mess, as you call it, Kim, happens to be my breakfast.
And I intend to enjoy it!

MRS. MACAFEE. Your father has a right to enjoy his eggs, Kim. But I'm sure he
won't mind if we just quietly start clearing away some of these other things ...

*As MR. MACAFEE tries to eat, KIM and MRS. MACAFEE begin snatching up
bread, butter, jam, salt, pepper, sugar, milk, and all the utensils. MR. MACAFEE
makes futile grabs at disappearing items as MRS. MACAFEE rattles on.*

...I know the house is a bit hectic this morning, but Kim's gone to a lot of
trouble to fix a special breakfast for Mr. Birdie and I want to make sure
everything's ready and waiting for him when he comes down. After all
he is a national figure and I want to show these New York people we know
how to treat a national figure here in Sweet Apple. Of course it really
doesn't mean that much to me personally but for Kim's sake I ...

*Throughout MRS. MACAFEE'S speech, SHE and KIM have pretty well
got everything off the table. KIM removes the table itself. MR. MACAFEE
reaches for the table, and manages to grab his two fried eggs and is
holding them in his hands when MRS. MACAFEE, still talking,
reaches over and snaps them up in a silent butler.*

There we are! All done! Did you enjoy it, dear? Good!
(Takes empty plate from MR. MACAFEE) Now if you'll just hurry along ...

MR. MACAFEE. (A pronouncement) Doris, I am not budging from this room
till I get my coffee, smoke a cigarette, and read my paper!

MRS. MACAFEE. Oh, I'm sorry, dear. I didn't have time to make
your coffee this morning. How about a nice warm Seven-Up?

MR. MACAFEE. ... I have tried to run this house on a democratic basis. I have
extended the privilege of self-determination to both the woman I have
married, and the children I have sired...the vote has been denied no one
for reason of age, sex, or political affiliations. There has been no taxation
without representation, and open covenants have been openly arrived at!

*With mounting anger, MR. MACAFEE rises and moves to the table.
RANDOLPH crosses to the bottom of the stairs.*

(MR. M.) Last night I gave up my room to a guest who repeatedly referred to me
as "Fats." Telephone calls were made to New York, Chicago, Fairbanks, Alaska,
and Hong Kong. I slept on a camp cot with my feet in the fireplace and my head
in an ashtray. Outside my window three harpies shrieked We Love You Conrad
four thousand seven hundred and twenty-three times! ... I have just lost two
fried eggs. (In ringing tones) Gentlemen, the democracy is over! Parliament has
been dissolved; the Magna Carta is revoked, and Nero is back in town!
And you don't offer an emperor a warm Seven-Up!