

KIM (Continued)

~~HOW LOVELY TO BE A WOMAN,
AND HAVE ONE JOB TO DO:
TO PICK OUT A BOY AND TRAIN HIM,
AND THEN WHEN YOU ARE THROUGH,
YOU'VE MADE HIM THE MAN YOU WANT HIM TO BE
LIFE'S LOVELY WHEN YOU'RE A WOMAN LIKE ME!~~

~~HOW WONDERFUL TO KNOW
THE THINGS A WOMAN KNOWS!
HOW MARVELOUS TO WAIT
FOR A DATE
IN SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES!~~

~~HOW LOVELY TO BE A WOMAN
AND CHANGE FROM BOYS TO MEN!
AND GO TO A FANCY NIGHT CLUB,
AND STAY OUT AFTER TEN!
HOW LOVELY TO BE SO GROWN-UP AND FREE!
LIFE'S LOVELY WHEN YOU'RE A WOMAN LIKE ME.~~

(As song ends lights come up on downstairs
portion of house and MRS. MacAFEE goes to
foot of stairs. We also notice MR. MacAFEE
quietly reading HIS paper, SR, on stool)

START!

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. Puts on slippers behind
bed so audience 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...
(SHE stops)
...What did you say?

KIM

(As SHE starts downstairs)
I said, thank you Doris.
(We see HER 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 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 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 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 snuffle. MR. MacAFEE
has risen from stool in kitchen SR, put
down HIS newspaper and crossed to KIM)

MR. MacAFEE

I'm not an old man!

(Sadly)

....I was eighteen in World War II.

(And HE exits. KIM has been listening on
phone through this and as MR. MacAFEE
exits we see HER expression change from
that of a poised woman to a dazed child.
Slowly SHE puts down the phone. Then in
a very small voice...)

KIM

Conrad Birdie...is coming here...to kiss me?

(Then 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.

(THEY sit on 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!

(The HOUSE is moving US, the LIGHTS FADE,
NO. 1 brown border comes on and we begin
to hear...)

77 PENN STATION TRANSITION (Orchestra)

end!