

MRS. PETERSON (Continued)

first place. If you listen to me, sonnyboy, you'll come home, have a nice cup of Postum and go to bed.

ALBERT

(Xing R to HER)

Mamma, I told you I'm not coming home till I find Rosie! Now if you want to leave, that's okay with me.

(Stopping and turning)

As a matter of fact, it's not a bad idea...

(With a deep breath)

...Why don't you go home, Mamma.

MRS. PETERSON

What did you say, sweetheart darling?

ALBERT

I said, "Why don't you go home, Mamma."

MRS. PETERSON

(After a pause)

Would you mind repeating that once more, sunshine of my existence?

ALBERT

I said, go home, Mamma. I don't need you any longer.

(MRS. PETERSON sits on a garbage can.)

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/30A/ "A MOTHER DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE"

MRS. PETERSON

(Spoken freely over music:)

So... it's come at last! At last it's come! The day I knew would come at last has come at last! My Sonnyboy doesn't need me any longer. Well, what are you waiting for? Get rid of me! Put me out with the garbage! Just throw me out with the used grapefruits and the empty cans of tuna fish. And never mind putting a lid on. Leave it open so a hundred thousand pussycats can walk all over a Mother!...

MRS. PETERSON (Cont'd)

WHO BRONZED YOUR BABY SHOES?
KISSED EV'RY LITTLE BRUISE?
WHO PICKED YOUR DIRTY SOCKS UP OFF THE FLOOR?
YOU COUGHED AND WHO WAS THERE?
IT'S JUST TOO HARD TO BEAR.
A MOTHER DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE!

WITH BUNIONS ON MY FEET,
I TRUDGED THROUGH SNOW AND SLEET,
TO BRING YOU LIC'RICE FROM THE CORNER STORE.
I SOLD MY TIFF'NY LAMP
SO YOU COULD GO TO CAMP.
NOW A MOTHER DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE!

(Spoken over music:)

→ That's it. I'm ready to go. And I don't want you to spend a cent. Fancy funerals are for rich people. Just wrap me in a flag and dump me in the river---on Mother's Day...

AND PRECIOUS, BY THE WAY,
THE DOCTOR CALLED TODAY,
WHAT I GOT'S A CONDITION---YES, HE'S SURE,
THERE'S NOTHING THEY CAN DO,
I'LL LAST A WEEK OR TWO,
BECAUSE FOR A CONDITION THERE'S NO CURE...

THAT TIME YOU HAD THE CROUP,
WHO MADE YOU CHICKEN SOUP,
AND READ YOU "BAMBI" TILL HER THROAT WAS SORE?
YOU SACRIFICE YOUR LIFE, THEN BANG! YOU GET THE KNIFE,
NO, A MOTHER DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE!...

(Spoken over music:)

→ There, I feel better now. Everything is as it should be. A mother is lying on top of a sanitation truck bound for the City Dump and a son is running around with a floozie who came looking for a good time and stayed to ruin an American woman's life!...

END!