

## **LITTLE MARY---MARY**

**LITTLE MARY.** Where's Mother?

**JANE.** You're going to catch it. Smacking your little brother. (Mimicking Miss Fordyce.) Such a dear, sweet little lad shame. (Little Mary does not answer.) I'll bet you wish you were Mother's girl, instead of Daddy's girl today, don't you? (Cittle Mary doesn't answer.) What's the matter, the cat got your tongue?

**(Enter Mary, wearing negligee.)**

**MARY.** Hello, darling - Aren't you going to kiss me? (Cittle Mary doesn't move.) What red eyes!

**LITTLE MARY.** I was mad. I threw up. When you throw up, doesn't it make you cry?

**MARY.** (Smiling.) Stevie tease you? (Little Mary, embarrassed, looks at Jane Jane Snickers, takes hint and goes out.) Well, darling?

**LITTLE MARY.** Mother, I don't know how to begin.

**MARY.** (Sitting on chaise longue, and putting out her band) Come here. (Cittle Mary doesn't budge.) Would you rather wait until tonight and tell Dad?

**LITTLE MARY.** (Horrified.) Oh, Mother, I couldn't tell him! (Fiercely.) And I'd be killed to death before I'd tell skinny old Miss Fordyce

**MARY.** That's not the way for my dear little girl to talk

**LITTLE MARY.** (Setting her jam.) I don't want to be a dear little girl (She suddenly rushes to Mary's outstretched arms in tears) Oh, Mother dear, Mother dear!

**MARY.** Baby, what?

**LITTLE MARY.** What brother said!

**MARY.** What did he say, the wretched boy?

**LITTLE MARY.** (Disentangling herself.) He said I had bumps

**MARY.** Bumps? You don't mean mumps?

**LITTLE MARY.** No, bumps. He said I was covered with disgusting bumps!

**MARY.** (Alarmed) Mary, where?

**LITTLE MARY.** (Touching her hips and breasts with delicate ashamed finger tips ) Here and bere!

**MARY.** OH---- (Controlling her relieved laughter, and drawing little Mary to her side) Of course you have bumps, darling very pretty little bumps. And you have them because your a little girl.

**LITTLE MARY.** (Wailing.) But, Mother dear. I don't a little girl. I hate girls! They're so silly, and they tattle, tattle

**MARY.** Not really, Mary.

**LITTLE MARY.** Yes, Mother, I know. Oh, Mother, what fun is there to be a lady? What can a lady do?

**MARY.** (Cheerfully) These days, darling, ladies do all the things men do. They fly aeroplanes across the ocean, they go into politics and business

**LITTLE MARY.** You don't, Mother.

**MARY.** Perhaps I'm happier doing just what I do.

**LITTLE MARY.** What do you do, Mother?

**MARY.** Take care of you and Stevie and Dad.

**LITTLE MARY.** You don't, Mother. Miss Fordyce and the servants do.

**MARY.** (Teasing) I see. I'm not needed around here.

**LITTLE MARY.** (Hugging her.) Oh, Mother, I don't mean that. It wouldn't be any fun at all without you. But, Mother, even when the clics do do things, they stop it when they get the lovey-dovies.

**MARY** The what?

**LITTLE MARY.** Like in the movies, Mother. Ladies always end up so silly (Disgusted.) Lovey dovey, lovey-dovey all the time!

**MARY** Darling, you're too young to understand

**LITTLE MARY.** But, Mother

**MARY** "But Mother, but Mother!" There's one thing a woman can do, no man can do.

**LITTLE MARY.** (Eagerly.) What?

**MARY** Have a child. (Tenderly.) Like you.

**LITTLE MARY.** Oh, that! Everybody knows that. But is that any fun Maher dear?

**MARY** No. But it is joy. (Hugging her.) of a very special kind.

**LITTLE MARY.** (Squirming away.) Well, it's never sounded especially exciting to me- I love you, Mother. But I bet you anything you like, Daddy has more fun than you! (She slips away from mary then sees Mary's dispirited face, turns and kisses her sweetly) Oh, I'm sorry, Mother. But you just don't understand! Am I to be punished, Mother?