

MRS. MORTAR : I was asked to leave the room (Martha pays no attention). It seems that I'm not wanted in the room during the examination.

MARTHA (over her shoulder) : What difference does it make?

MRS. MORTAR : What difference does it make? Why, it was a deliberate snub.

MARTHA : There's very little pleasure in watching a man use a stethoscope.

MRS. MORTAR : Isn't it natural that the child should have me with her ? Isn't it natural that an older woman should be present? (No answer) Very well, if you are so thick-skinned that you don't resent these things

MARTHA : What are you talking about? Why, in the name of Heaven, should you be with her?

MRS. MORTAR: It it's customary for an older woman to be present during an examination.

MARTHA (laughs) : Tell that to Joe. Maybe he'll give you a job as duenna for his office.

MRS. MORTAR (reminiscently) : It was I who saved Delia Lampart's life the time she had that heart attack in Buffalo. We almost lost her that time. Poor Delia! We went over to London together. She married Robert Laffonne. Not seven months later he left her and ran away with Eve Cloun, who was playing the Infant Phenomenon in Birmingham.

MARTHA : Console yourself. If you've seen one heart attack, you've seen them all.

MRS. MORTAR : So you don't resent your aunt being snubbed and humiliated?

MARTHA : Oh, Aunt Lily !

MRS. MORTAR : Karen is consistently rude to me and you know it.

MARTHA : I know that she is very polite to you, and what's more important very patient.

MRS. MORTAR : Patient with me? I, who have worked my fingers to the bone ?

MARTHA : Don't tell yourself that too often, Aunt Lily; you'll come to believe it.

MRS. MORTAR: I know it's true. Where could you have gotten a woman of my reputation to give these children voice lessons, elocution lessons? Patient with me ? Here I've donated my services

MARTHA : I was under the impression you were being paid.

MRS. MORTAR : That small thing? I used to earn twice that for one performance.

MARTHA : The gilded days. It was very extravagant of them to pay you so much. (Suddenly tired of the whole thing) You're not very happy here, are you, Aunt Lily?

MRS. MORTAR : Satisfied enough, I guess, for a poor relation.

MARTHA (makes a motion of distaste) : But you don't like the school or the farm, or

MRS. MORTAR : I told you at the beginning you shouldn't have bought a place like this. Burying yourself on a farm! You'll regret it.

MARTHA : We like it here. (After a moment) Aunt Lily, you've talked about London for a long time. Would you like to go over?

MRS. MORTAR (with a sigh) : It's been twenty years, and I shall never live to see it again.

MARTHA : Well, you can go any time you like. We can spare the money now, and it will do you a lot of good. You pick out the boat you want and I'll get the

passage. (She has been talking rapidly, anxious to end the whole thing) Now that's all fixed. You'll have a grand time seeing all your old friends, and if you live sensibly I ought to be able to let you have enough to get along on. (She begins to gather books, notebooks, and pencils).

MRS. MORTAR (slowly) : So you want me to leave?

MARTHA : That's not the way to put it. You've wanted to go ever since I can remember.

MRS. MORTAR : You're trying to get rid of me.

MARTHA : That's it. We don't want you around when we dig up the buried treasure.

MRS. MORTAR: So? You're turning me out? At my age? Nice, grateful girl you are.

MARTHA : Oh, my God, how can anybody deal with you? You're going where you want to go, and well be better off alone. That suits everybody. You complain about the farm, you complain about the school, you complain about Karen, and now you have what you want, and you're still looking for something to complain about.

MRS. MORTAR (with dignity) : Please do not raise your voice.

MARTHA : You ought to be glad I don't do worse.

MRS. MORTAR: I absolutely refuse to be shipped off three thousand miles away. I'm not going to England. I shall go back to the stage. I'll write to my Agents tomorrow, and as soon as they have something good for me

MARTHA: The truth is I'd like you to leave soon. The three of us can't live together, and it doesn't make any difference whose fault it is.

MRS. MORTAR: You wish me to go to-night?

MARTHA : Don't act, Aunt Lily. Go as soon as you've

found a place you like. I'll put the money in the bank for you tomorrow.

MRS. MORTAR : You think I'd take your money? I'd rather scrub floors first.

MARTHA : I imagine you'll change your mind.

MRS. MORTAR : I should have known by this time that the wise thing is to stay out of your way when he's in the house.

MARTHA : What are you talking about now?

MRS. MORTAR : Never mind. I should have known better. You always take your spite out on me .

MARTHA : Spite. (Impatiently) Oh, don't let's have any more of this to-day. I'm tired. I've been working since six o'clock this morning.

MRS. MORTAR : Any day that's he's in the house is a bad day.

MARTHA : When who's in the house?

MRS. MORTAR : Don't think you're fooling me, young lady. I wasn't born yesterday.

MARTHA : Aunt Lily, the amount of disconnected unpleasantness that goes on in your head could keep a psychologist busy for years. Now go take your nap.

MRS. MORTAR : I know what I know. Every time that man comes into this house, you have a fit. It seems like you just can't stand the idea of them being together. God knows what you'll do when they get married. You're jealous of him, that's what it is.

MARTHA (her 'voice is tense and the previous attitude of good-natured irritation is gone) : I'm very fond of Joe, and you know it.

MRS. MORTAR : You're fonder of Karen, and I know that. And it's unnatural, just as unnatural as it can be. You don't like their being together. You were always

like that even as a child. If you had a little girl friend,  
you always got mad when she liked anybody else.  
Well, you'd better get a beau of your own now a  
woman of your age.

MARTHA : The sooner you get out of here, the better.  
Your vulgarities are making me sick and I won't stand  
for them any longer. I want you to leave.