

LITTLE MARY: Mother?

MARY: Darling, what's the matter?

LITTLE MARY: (Goes to bed.) I had a bad dream!

MARY: Darling, what was it?

LITTLE MARY: I forget. Let me crawl in with you, Mother.

MARY: (Helping her in.) I'm so restless.

LITTLE MARY: I don't mind if you kick me. You know. That's the only good thing about divorce; you get to sleep with your mother. (She kisses her. A pause.) I taste lipstick.

MARY: I haven't washed yet. Good night, darling.

LITTLE MARY: You know, you're a very sympathetic mother.

MARY: Am I?

LITTLE MARY: Oh, yes. So would you just tickle my back?

MARY: All right. But go to sleep—(A pause.)

LITTLE MARY: She's so silly.

MARY: Who?

LITTLE MARY: Crystal.

MARY: Shh—

LITTLE MARY: I told Daddy so tonight.

MARY: Oh, you mustn't hurt Daddy's feelings.

LITTLE MARY: Mother?

MARY: Sssh!

LITTLE MARY: I think Daddy doesn't love her as much as you any more.

MARY: What makes you think so, Mary?

LITTLE MARY: He told me so after I saw Crystal.

MARY: What?

LITTLE MARY: But he said I mustn't tell you because, naturally, why do you care how he feels. (A pause.) Oh don't stop tickling, Mother. (A pause.) Mother?

MARY: Yes?

LITTLE MARY: What's anyone want with a telephone in the bathroom?

MARY: I don't know. Shh!

LITTLE MARY: Crystal has one. She was awful mad when I walked in on her while she was talking.

MARY: Sleep, Mary!

LITTLE MARY: Mother, who's the Duchess of Windsor?

MARY: What a question!

LITTLE MARY: Well, Crystal said on the telephone if somebody was a Countess, she was the Duchess of Windsor!

MARY: Really!

LITTLE MARY: Good night, Mother.

MARY: Good night, baby. (A pause.)

LITTLE MARY: I wonder if it was the same man you had for dinner.

MARY: Maybe, shh!

LITTLE MARY: I thought so.

MARY: (Curiously.) If who was the same man?

LITTLE MARY: Crystal was talking to, so lovey-dovey.

MARY: (Protestingly.) Oh, Mary!

LITTLE MARY: Well, the front part was the same, Mother.

MARY: (A pause.) The front part of what?

LITTLE MARY: His name, Mother!

MARY: (Taking her by the shoulders.) What are you talking about?

LITTLE MARY: That man Crystal was talking to in the bathtub.

MARY: (Half shaking her.) Mary, what do you mean?

LITTLE MARY: I mean his front name was *Buck*, Mother! (Mary gets quickly out of bed, rings bell on table.) Oh, Mother, what are you doing?

MARY: Go to sleep, darling. (Begins to pull on her stockings.)

LITTLE MARY: Grown-ups are so sudden. Are you dressing?

MARY: Yes, Mary.

LITTLE MARY: You forgot you were invited to a party?

MARY: Almost, Mary.

LITTLE MARY: What are you going to do when you get there, Mother?

MARY: I don't know yet. But I'm going to do something.

LITTLE MARY: Well, have a good time! (Rolls over. Then suddenly sits up.) Mother!

MARY: Yes?

LITTLE MARY: I remember now I had something to tell you!

MARY: (Eagerly.) Yes?

LITTLE MARY: (Dolefully.) I was awfully rude to Crystal.

MARY: I'll forgive you this time.