EDITH AND EDIE



EDIE

I met a Count, in Greenwich Village. He was a poet and a playwright, and he said, "Edith, I want to make an honest woman out of you." I thought that was very decent.

EDITH

He didn't have a nickel in his trousers! Not a nickel!

EDIE

Mother despised him. Gave him the pink slip. To think, I coulda been a Countess! Countess Edith!

EDITH

ENOUGH WITH ALL
YOUR CELEBRATED LOVES.
YOU HAD TWO HANDS.
YOU COULD HAVE MODELLED GLOVES.
IS IT MY FAULT THAT
YOUR CAKE FELL FLAT?
THAT YOU'RE UNMARRIED,
BALD AND FAT?
AS THE WORLD WALTZED BY
AND EDIE SAT…
I ATE THE CAKE I HAD
AND *LOVED* IT.
OH, I ATE THE CAKE I HAD,
NO THANKS TO DADDY.
I ATE THE CAKE… I HAD.

START

EDIE

Sometimes I think I have the saddest life…

EDITH

You get very independent when you live alone. You get to be a real individual.

EDIE

In New York, I can be a woman. But here I'm just *mother's little girl* --

EDITH

It's very difficult to raise a child fifty-six years of age.

EDIE

I've just got to get to New York City and lead my own life! I don't see *any other future.*

EDITH

You look horrible.

EDIE

My teeth are still all right.

EDITH

You were beautiful when you were young. Your head was exquisite, and you were so gorgeous in hats! It's perfectly foolish of you not to look that way now.

EDIE

I'll have to get another brown tailored suit, and grow my hair.

(she laughs, caustic)

My God! I have no hair!

EDITH

You don't want to eat any more, because you've gotten so fat.

EDIE

I can't get my figure back unless I hit New York City. You know… that icebox is too near. I can't get away from that icebox!

EDITH

Now I have to sit here and starve all the time. I think I lost five pounds!

(EDIE climbs atop a scale. To read the numbers she peers through binoculars.)

EDIE

How can I eat, and catch a man at the *same time?* I'm going to die!

EDITH

Well, don't live with me! I want to eat!

EDIE

I got fat from wearing too many clothes. And sitting down.

EDITH

That's not it *at all!*

EDIE

Just sitting down, you put on weight.

EDITH

It was quarts and quarts of ice cream! Schrafft's French Vanilla.

(to audience.)

My bill was a hundred and seventy-one dollars, just for ice cream!

EDIE

I ought to take better care of you, Mother Darling. Maybe I ought to give you cooked meals at certain hours. But I don't have any clock. I never know what time it is.

EDITH

Will you eat some liver pâté?

EDIE

Still, you should eat, you know. Chopped meat and a baked potato at a certain hour, for luncheon. Then a nice little dinner. But that takes *timing.*

EDITH

I'd just adore a nice liver pâté about now --

EDIE

I have to feed the cats.

EDITH

Later, Edie!

EDIE

But they're famished -- positively ravenous --

EDITH

Sure, sure. Feed the cats, and starve your mother.

(EDIE goes into the house, finds a few cans of what is either cat food… or pâté.)