MAJOR AND EDIE

LEE

Not again --

MAJOR BOUVIER

You heard me! Double-time!

(Disappointed, JACKIE and LEE trundle upstairs. As BROOKS exits, the MAJOR gives him a discreet nod. Ever obliging, BROOKS closes the door behind him.)

MAJOR BOUVIER

Last Spring, she brings home that Getty fella. One aria and two medleys later, he's heading for the hills with cotton in his ears.

EDIE

(to EDITH)

It's true; you know it is---

START

MAJOR BOUVIER

Quiet! This is between your mother and me.

(Quelled, EDIE blushes, stares at her lap.)

Edith, let's face it: you drive her suitors away faster than a social disease.

EDITH

Oh, it's *my* fault, is it?

MAJOR BOUVIER

Your outlandish behavior --

EDITH

*My* behavior? You remember what Father O'Hanlon said about Little Edie, don't you? What the priest in school telephoned me *at home* to say --

EDIE

For heaven's sake, I'm here! I'm in the room!

MAJOR BOUVIER

Edie's a spirited girl, that's all --

EDITH

"Spirited!" What a darling euphemism!

EDIE

Mother, please --

EDITH

Boys are "spirited!" Girls -- well, I'm afraid the word's a bit bluer.

EDIE
(to EDITH)

How dare you --

(to MAJOR BOUVIER)

How dare she --

MAJOR BOUVIER
(definitively)

Quiet, the both of you! Soon, you'll be miles apart. And better for it!
(to EDIE)

She'll She

have a rich husband. won't have to rely on your s money…
(to EDITH)

… and you'll have an empty nest. You won't have to rely on mine! That trust fund you squander? *Sayonara*! I can put it all into war bonds, where it belongs!

EDITH

Fine. From now on, Phelan will handle all of our financial affairs.

MAJOR BOUVIER

The "affairs" Phelan handles are strictly his own.

EDITH

That's not true!

MAJOR BOUVIER

Face facts, woman! There's a reason he keeps an apartment in the city.

EDITH

It's for business!

MAJOR BOUVIER

Of the monkey variety!

EDITH

We've a marvelous marriage! Perfectly marvelous! We've different interests, that's all. He has Wall Street and I have my music, and the companionship of Mr. George Gould Strong --

MAJOR BOUVIER

It's a disgrace, that's what it is --

EDITH

Gould here happens to be a boogie-woogie composer with the most terrific style. He's the most brilliant man I've ever met, including Mr. Beale and including you! He's completely brilliant!