

Marena Galluccio **Scene III**

LEGEND ON SCREEN: "AFTER THE FIASCO – "

Tom *speaks from the fire-escape landing.*

5 Tom After the fiasco at Rubicam's Business College, the idea of getting a gentleman caller for Laura began to play a more and more important part in Mother's calculations.

It became an obsession. Like some 10 archetype of the universal unconscious, the image of the gentleman caller haunted our small apartment.

[IMAGE: YOUNG MAN AT DOOR WITH FLOWERS]

15 An evening at home rarely passed without some allusion to this image, this spectre, this hope...

Even when he wasn't mentioned, his presence hung like a sentence passed upon the 20 Wingfields!

Mother was a woman of action as well as words.

She began to take logical steps in the planned direction.

25 Late that winter and in the early spring—realizing that extra money would be needed to properly feather the nest and plume the bird—she conducted a vigorous campaign on the telephone, roping in subscribers to one of the those magazines

30 for matrons called *The Homemaker's Companion*, the type of journal that features the serialized sublimations of ladies of letters who think in terms of delicate cup-like breasts, slim, tapering waists, rich creamy thighs, eyes like wood-smoke in autumn,

35 fingers that soothe and caress like strains of music, bodies as powerful as Etruscan sculpture.

[SCREEN IMAGE: GLAMOUR MAGAZINE COVER]

[AMANDA enters with phone on long extension cord. She is spotted in the dim stage.]

40 AMANDA Ida Scott? This is Amanda Wingfield! We missed you at the D.A.R. last Monday!

I said to myself: She's probably suffering with that sinus condition! How is that Sinus condition?

Horrors! Heaven have mercy!—You're a 45 Christian martyr, yes, that's what you are, a Christian martyr!

Well, I just now happened to notice that your subscription to the *Companion's* about to expire! Yes, it expires with the next issue, honey!—just when that wonderful new serial by Bessie Mae Hopper is getting off to such an exciting start. Oh, honey, it's something that you can't miss! You remember how *Gone With the Wind* took everybody by storm? You simply couldn't go out if you hadn't read it. All everybody talked was Scarlet O'Hara. Well, this is a book that critics already compare to *Gone With the Wind* of the post-World War generation!—What?—Burning?—Oh, honey, don't let them burn, go take a look in the oven and I'll hold the wire! Heavens—I think she's hung up!

DIM OUT

[LEGEND ON SCREEN: "YOU THINK I'M IN LOVE WITH CONTINENTAL SHOEMAKERS?"]

[Before the stage is lighted, the violent voices of TOM and AMANDA are heard. They are quarreling behind the portieres. In front of them stands LAURA with clenched hands and panicky expression. A clear pool of light on her figure throughout this scene.]

TOM What in Christ's name am I—

AMANDA [*Shrilly*] Don't you use that—

TOM Supposed to do!

AMANDA Expression! Not in my—

TOM Ohhh!

AMANDA Presence! Have you gone out of your senses?

TOM I have, that's true, *driven* out!

AMANDA What is the matter with you, you—big—big—IDIOT!

TOM Look!—I've got *no thing*, no single thing—

AMANDA Lower Your voice!

TOM In my life here that I can call my OWN! Everything is—

AMANDA Stop that shouting!

TOM Yesterday you confiscated my books!

You had the nerve to—

AMANDA I took that horrible novel back to the library—yes! That hideous book by that insane Mr. Lawrence [TOM *laughs wildly*] I cannot control the 5 output of diseased minds or people who cater to them—[TOM *laughs still more wildly*] BUT I WON'T ALLOW SUCH FILTH BROUGHT INTO MY HOUSE! No, no, no, no, no!

TOM House, House! Who pays rent on it, who 10 makes a slave of himself to—

AMANDA [Fairly screeching] Don't you DARE to—

TOM No, no, I mustn't say things! I've just got to just—

15 AMANDA Let me tell you—

TOM I don't want to hear any more! [He tears the portieres open. The upstage area is lit with turgid smoky red glow.]

[AMANDA'S hair is in metal curlers and she 20 wears a very old bathrobe, much too large for her slight figure, a relic of the faith!

E1

472ss Mr. Wingfield. An upright typewriter and a wild disarray of manuscripts is on the drop-leaf table. The quarrel was probably precipitated by AMANDA'S interruption of his creative 25 labor. A chair lying overthrown on the floor. Their gesticulating shadows are cast on the ceiling by the fiery glow.]

AMANDA You will hear more, you—

TOM No, I won't hear more, I'm going out!

30 AMANDA You come right back in—

TOM Out, out, out! Because I'm—

AMANDA Come back here, Tom Wingfield!

I'm not through talking to you!

TOM Oh, go—

35 LAURA [Desperately] —Tom!

AMANDA You're going to listen, and no more insolence from you! I'm at the end of my patience!

[He comes back toward her.]

TOM What do you think I'm at? Aren't I 40 supposed to have any patience to reach the end of, Mother? I know, I know. It seems unimportant to you, what I'm *doing*—what I *want* to do—having a little *difference* between them! You don't think that—

AMANDA I think you've been doing things that you're ashamed of. That's why you act like this. I don't believe that you go every night to the movies. Nobody goes to the movies night after night. Nobody in their right minds goes to the movies as often as you pretend to. People don't go to the movies at nearly midnight, and movies don't let out at two A.M. Come in stumbling. Muttering to yourself like a maniac! You get three hours' sleep and then go to work. Oh, I can picture the way you're doing down there. Moping, doping, because you're in no condition.

TOM [Wildly] No, I'm in no condition!

AMANDA What right have you got to jeopardize your job? Jeopardize the security of us all? How do you think we'd manage in you were—

TOM Listen! You think I'm crazy *about* the warehouse? [He bends fiercely toward her slight figure.] You think I'm in love with the Continental Shoemakers? You think I want to spend fifty-five years down there in that—*celotex interior!* with—*fluorescent—tubes!* Look! I'd rather somebody picked up a crowbar and battered out my brains—than go back mornings! I go! Every time you come in yelling that God damn "*Rise and Shine!*" "*Rise and Shine!*" I say to myself, "*How lucky dead people are!*" But I get up. I go! For sixty-five dollars a month I give up all that I dream of doing and being *ever!* And you say self—*self's* all I ever think of. Why, listen, is self is what I thought of, Mother, I'd be where he is—GONE! [Pointing to father's picture.] As far as the system of transportation reaches! [He starts past her. She grabs his arm.] Don't grab at me, Mother!

AMANDA Where are you going?

TOM I'm going to the *movies!*

AMANDA I don't believe that lie!

TOM [Crouching toward her, overtowering her tiny figure. She backs away, gasping.] I'm going to opium dens! Yes, opium dens, dens of vice and criminals' hang-outs, Mother. I've joined the Hogan gang, I'm a hired assassin, I carry a tommy-gun in a violin case! I run a string of cat-houses in the Valley! They call me Killer, Killer Wingfield, I'm leading a

double-life, a simple, honest warehouse worker by day, by night a dynamic *czar* of the *underworld*, *Mother*. I go to gambling casinos, I spin away fortunes on the roulette table! I wear a patch over one eye and a fake mustache, sometimes I put on green whiskers. On those occasions the call me—*El Diablo*! Oh, I could tell you things to make you sleepless! My enemies 5 plan to dynamite this place. They're going to blow us all sky-high one night! I'll be glad, very happy, and so will you! You'll go up, up on a broomstick, over Blue Mountain with seventeen gentleman callers! You ugly—babbling old—*witch*... [*He goes through a series 10 of violent, clumsy movements, seizing his overcoat, lunging to the door, pulling it fiercely open. The woman watch him, aghast. His arm catches in the sleeve of the coat as he struggles to pull it on. For a moment he is pinioned by the bulky garment. With an 15 outraged groan he tears the coat off again, splitting the shoulder of it, and hurls it across the room. It strikes against the shelf of LAURA'S glass collection, there is a tinkle of shattering glass. LAURA cries out as if wounded.*]

20 [MUSIC LEGEND: "THE GLASS MENAGERIE"]

LAURA [*Shrilly*] *My glass!*—menagerie...

[*She covers her face and turns away.*]

[*But AMANDA is still stunned and stupefied by the "ugly witch" so that she barely notices the 25 occurrence. Now she recovers her speech.*]

AMANDA [*In an awful voice*] I won't speak to you—until you apologize! [*She crosses through portieres and draws them together behind her. TOM is left with LAURA. LAURA clings weakly to the mantel 30 with her face averted. TOM stares at her stupidly for a moment. Then he crosses to the shelf. Drops awkwardly on his knees to collect the fallen glass, glancing at LAURA as if he would speak but couldn't.*]

"The Glass Menagerie" steals in as

35 The Scene Dims Out

Scene III

LEGEND ON SCREEN: "POST THE DEBACLE..."

Matthew *declares atop the roof.*

Matthew Post the debacle at Miss Violet's Ladies' Day 5 School, the concept of finding a young chap for Mary became increasingly significant in our Mum's schemes.

It was all knowing. A young chap to sweep Mary off her feet became a daily consideration. It 10 became the air we breathed.

[IMAGE: YOUNG CHAP DANCING WITH YOUNG GIRL]

Daily life did not seem as important when it lacked some form of this dream, this goal...

When the young chap wasn't said allowed, his 15 company hung like the factory smog outside of our window!

Mum had some tricks up her sleeves beyond the words in her mouth.

Mum had a plan and with this plan a list of 20 steps.

After the snow fell and after it turned to mush turning black from the coal dust—when the potatoes became fewer and a pound or two were needed—Mum designed a heartfelt crusade and the holy gospel 25 was in the form of *The British Lass*, a journal for those glamour girls who somehow are able to get a tube of rouge past her parents. The type of magazine that featured women who never had coal on her hands before with short-cropped hair, full-makeup 30 faces, dresses just short of the knee, long toned legs.

[SCREEN IMAGE: JOURNAL COVER]

[CORA *talks on the phone at the table and is haloed by a spotlight.*]

35 CORA Anna Thomas? It's Cora Windham! We were surprised not to see you at the Daughters of Oxford meeting the other day!

I hope that cough of yours has gotten better?

Oh, you poor dear! May God have mercy upon you!

I thought I would give you a ring as I didn't 40 know if you knew that your about to expire on your *British Lass* journal! Only one more left!—Edith Row's

new serial is starting too! People have already been comparing it to *Pride and Prejudice*! They say it's to not be missed for the jazz age readers!—Sorry?—Smoking?—Oh, love, don't let your husband's dinner go to a crisp! I'll just wait here! Mercy—I believe she is gone!

DIM OUT

[LEGEND ON SCREEN: "AN AFFAIR WITH A COAL MINE?"]

[*The furious voices of MATTHEW and CORA can be heard before the lights appear. They can be seen behind the room divider, but only MARY can be seen outside with fear written on her face.*]

MATTHEW Bloody hell, what do you—

CORA [*exasperated*] Do not say that—

MATTHEW want me to do!

CORA horrible statement! Not when—

MATTHEW Ugh!

CORA I'm present! Did you lose your respect?

MATTHEW I am about to lose my self-respect!

CORA How have you lose your mind you buffoon!

MATTHEW Nothing, absolutely nothing—

CORA Quiet! Quiet!

MATTHEW that I can truly say is mine!
Nothing is—

CORA Can't you speak in a normal tone?

MATTHEW My books disappeared yesterday! I can't believe you—

CORA I sent that book back to Mr. Lambert after I found out you bought it from his store! I will not tolerate Marx in my cottage! I will NOT allow it!

MATTHEW Cottage? Cottage! I didn't know you were the one who worked for hours at the mine—

CORA [*At the top of her lungs*] How dare you—

MATTHEW No, I should just be a good little, silent little—

CORA Now see here—

MATTHEW No! YOU see here—[The room divider is pushed and near falls over.]

[CORA's long hair is piled on top of her head—an older hair trend that has faded away. A broken 5 cameo brooch is on her dress, an old memento probably from her disloyal husband. An ink bottle is toppled over and a handful of papers are scattered about as if interrupted.]

CORA You WILL see here—

10 MATTHEW I'm leaving this house!

CORA Come back here—

MATTHEW I'm leaving! I've had—

CORA Now you come back to me! Right here, Matthew Windham! We are not finished!

15 MATTHEW We definitely most—

MARY [*exasperated*—Matthew!

CORA You will listen to me and nothing more from you!

[*He turns back towards her.*]

20 MATTHEW So I'm not allowed to say anything? Do you know how exhausted I am, Mum? Do you know what I dream of? What I dread? Do you even know the difference? Do you actually believe that—

25 CORA I think you've been fibbing to me! That is why you're acting shady. Sensible people do not go to the theatre every night and come back near before work and repeat the cycle every single day. You are not in a healthy state to actually be just going to the 30 theatre.

MATTHEW [*angrily*] I am in no state!

CORA Who do you think you are to jeopardize your good job at the mine? There isn't a job as good enough in the entire town! Constant and always in 35 demand. Do you really think—

MATTHEW MUM! Do you think I have a love affair with the coal mines? [*He bends almost on top of her.*] Do you think I love the way that I have to crawl down into the mines an hour just to get to my spot 40 and then crawl back for another two hours just to see the light of day? Do you think I love working where grime and soot cover my face and that the dust clogs my throat? No! But I go anyways! And you cut

the lights on every morning to wake me up when I think to myself I want to be as far away from here as possible! I want to go, Mum, just like him! I want to go to America! [She tries to calm him down by holding his hands.] Don't touch me, Mum!

CORA Where are you leaving to?

MATTHEW To the theatre!

CORA A fib!

MATTHEW [*He stalks his way to her and she steps away, slightly feared.*] I'm going to a gentelman's club, of lust and sin! That's where we do all of our planning for the next killing. I'm in a gang, Mum, Charlie's Boys! And I'm Charlie! We work for him as killers and assassins and I have money on the line to kill the king! It's a great cover up: a simple coal miner but a rough rogue leader at night. I lead the boys to do the bidding and I get paid by an overseer. I keep the other miners in line. Heard about Pat McCoy last week? That was my choosing! We also drink the pub dry and smoke the pipe clean. I lose thousands of pounds on the roulette and I put on my fancy suit with the blue hair where I am deemed Lord Carvington, Mum! And one of these days the other miners are going to find out and stick this place full of dynamite and we'll all go up in smoke! And we'll all be thrilled and you will fly with your wings up in the sky—you red horned—conniving devil! [*He is angrily clumsy as he makes his way around the room and furiously puts his coat on and tries to unravel his scarf. He gets frustrated and throws it but it accidentally hits the desk which holds MARY's ornament collection which falls over and cracks. MARY screams.*]

[MUSIC LEGEND: "THE LITTLE ORNAMENTS"]

MARY [*terrified*] My ornaments!

[*She buries her face in her hands.*]

[CORA is still in shock and doesn't notice it.]

CORA [*in a weeping shout*] You better apologize! Or—or—I won't talk to you ever again! [*She angrily stomps out of the room leaving MARY and MATTHEW. MARY still looks away in horror. MATTHEW looks like he might want to say something, but sighs, and walks out of the house instead.*]

The Scene Dims Out

Scene I

CAROL *appears at her desk.*

Carol My mom was never really super glad when she found out that I was the one behind the 5 *Anonymous Ink*. I think she thinks she failed as being a parent. Who would have thought that the only female Republican party nominee would have a child who was undeniably and unabashedly a hippie?

I know she started worrying about it the 10 moment when I found out that she was trying to avoid interview questions about the blog.

[CARLY is sitting at a long table and flashes are going off as journalists take pictures of her. She smiles and tries to look calm, but her foot tapping gives her 15 away that something is on her mind.]

Journalist 1 Ms. Fredericks! [CARLY points to him and he continues.]

If you became president what would you do about college education and debt?

20 Carly [Shifting her leg to look more comfortable] I think that it is entirely necessary that we lower education costs and set interest rates lower on loans. We will work with the colleges to try to offer more scholarships. We want students to have the best 25 education for the commitment and money they are putting into their education after all.

Announcer Okay, folks, Ms. Fredericks has time for one more question.

[Journalists wave their hands and CARLY picks 30 JOURNALIST 2.]

Journalist 2 [He looks down at his notes and adjusts the glasses on his face] Yes, thank you Ms. Fredericks. I'm with the *Washington Post*. I know that many different people have been speaking out against 35 some of your platforms, especially the blogger *Anonymous Ink*. What do you have to say about these third party media outlets and how they've become such a trendy news source especially for the younger people?

40 [CARLY's foot stops tapping momentarily before she shifts in her seat as she tries to keep calm.]

Carly *Anonymous Ink* and other media platforms have a right to speak their own opinions just like how I am able to speak my own. However, the one 45 thing that separates us is that as they may write

their opinions down for people to read, I, however, will take action with my opinions.

I would like to see *Anonymous Ink* and these other blogs to try to put their beliefs into practice. That is my challenge for them. Try to do something good in this world. That is all.

Announcer Thank you for your time. Ms. Fredericks is finished taking questions for the day.

[The journalists shout as CARLY gets up and goes and talks to her advisor. The journalists try to scramble to her but are held back by guards. CARLY seems determined but happy that it is done. She succeeded in putting the ball in the other team's—her daughter's court.]

DIM OUT

[There is a furious argument between CARLY and CAROL. Newspapers are scattered about on the floor and paper is torn. Books are also strewn about. It looks like a tornado came through.]

Carol [Furious] Mom! Can't you just—

Carly [Angrily] Why? Do you want to—

Carol Can't scatter weeks' worth of material like it's—

Carly Ruin me? Weeks' worth? How about—

Carol Confetti! I know my opinion doesn't matter to you as—

Carly Years' worth!

Carol You showed last--

Carly You have no right to—

Carol Night!

Carly [Screaming shrilly] Create some stupid blog and start ruining my career!

Carol [Also shrilly] My blog isn't stupid! You even said that last night I have a right to have an opinion!

Carly [Stepping closer to her daughter] I said that for the press! I may be a politician but I'm your mother first. And as long as you live underneath this house you will not continue this blog!

Carol You wouldn't even have been a politician if it weren't for me! Where else do you think

the money came from? If it weren't for my childhood acting—

Carly And who do you think paid for your acting and dancing and singing lessons?

5 Carol We were living in government housing! We never had this amount of wealth! EVER! I'm NOT a stock investment! So stop treating me like one!

Carly You better stop now, young lady—

Carol Or what? You'll kick me out? Turn off my 10 Internet? Delete my blog?

Carly You know I can. If you weren't my daughter I would have sued you by now.

Carol Wow, Mom. New low. And you wouldn't do any of three because you know why? Word would 15 get out. Papers would have it front page: Politician's Daughter is Activist Against Her.

Carly [*With a detection of desperation in her voice*] Why are you doing this to me? Why do you write this stupid blog anyways? Don't you have 20 homework to attend to? A friends to hang out with? A boyfriend to swoon over? Or are you that desperate?

[*CAROL looks like she was just slapped across the face and looks at her mother in shock. She starts to 25 pick up what notes she can grab and stuffs them into a backpack. CARLY grabs her daughter's wrist.*]

Carly Why are you trying to hurt me?

Carol [*Pulling her hand out of her mother's grip.*] I don't know. Guess I'm falling in my mother's 30 footsteps, that's all. [*She scowls at her and continue packing.*]

You never seemed to listen to me, that is, until I started writing them down and it became public knowledge.

35 Carly [*Aghast*] That is a lie! I always listened to you!

Carol Oh, yeah? Remember how I protested that I never wanted to do that Michael Bay film? How I never wanted to do it because of that one drug 40 scene? No, I bet not. But I bet you remembered that activist piece I did against teenage drugs and how I put that in there?

[*CARLY takes a step back.*]

Carol Or that one time I was needed to play a raunchy character in that God-awful box office flop a year ago? How I wasn't comfortable with wearing that horrid outfit and how I was called a 'slut' back at school? I felt better after that piece I wrote on human trafficking. And don't even get me started on the anorexia—

Carly Stop it!

Carol No, Mom, I won't. I won't ever stop writing because you never seem to listen to me unless it goes out into the public domain. If it could work for me than I might as well put it to some good use and try to help my fellow man, you lying, cheating witch of a politician!

Carly SHUT UP! SHUT! UP!

[*CARLY grabs CAROL's computer and hurls it to the floor. It crashes loudly and smashes into a bunch of tiny pieces. The pieces scatter along the floor. CAROL looks dumbly at what just happened. She shakes as she bends down to pick up some pieces slowly. CARLY, still panting after the rush of adrenaline is still in shock over the occurrence.*]

Carly [*In a scarily calm voice*] Now. You will end this stupid blog of yours. Delete it. Terminate it. I don't care what you do with it. But it's going away. Today. And you will never write anything for the public domain ever again or I kick you out onto the streets. Do you hear me?

[*CAROL, still shocked over the occurrence, is trying to grab little pieces and hold them tightly to her. CARLY grabs her arm again.*]

Carly I said: do you hear me?

[*CAROL nods absent-mindedly.*]

Carly Good. Get ready. We have the Party Dinner in less than an hour. [*CARLY walks out of the room.*]

[*CAROL continues to pick up the pieces of her laptop. She reaches over and grabs some of the scattered papers. She thrusts it all into a backpack.*]

Carol Sorry, Mom. I may have heard you, but I also heard what you said last night. I'm taking your word of advice. I'm putting my opinions into practice. Starting with a new computer and a new blog. And maybe a lawyer or two.

DIM OUT