

ROSIE has had enough.

ROSIE. Out of my way ... you defrocked English teacher!

ALBERT yells "Ouch!" when ROSIE lets him have it in the arm with her suitcase. ROSIE then strikes out the door.

(Sings) What did I ever see ...
In him!

ROSIE hurries left as ALBERT limps after her and bellows off left through a window.

ALBERT. Rosie, come back! Do you hear me? This is King Kong calling!
Rosie! Rosie, I need you, Rosie, please come back! Rosie! ...

As THE MACAFEEs and RANDOLPH enter from stage right, ALBERT's tone immediately changes.

... And I don't care how you plead and beg, Miss Alvarez, you're through here at Almaeloul! Not only do I accept your resignation, but furthermore you're fired. And just remember one more thing. Sticks and stones will break my bones but names will never harm me. You big rat.
(Starts back from the window) Sorry to do this in front of you, folks, but I've had to let Miss Alvarez go. *(The phone rings)* I'll get that.

MR. MACAFEE. Probably Hong Kong again.

ALBERT. *(Into the receiver)* Hello, this is Albert Peterson speaking! I'm sorry, Mr. Lewis, but Miss Rose Alvarez is no longer with us. That's right ...

Through the last, KIM has appeared at the head of the stairs clutching a heavy suitcase. The following is interspersed as KIM starts down and ALBERT continues on the phone in pantomime.

KIM. ... Miss Alvarez! Wait for me! I'm coming!

MR. MACAFEE. And where do you think you're going, young lady?

KIM. With Rosie! To drain deep the dregs and sip
full hearty the brimming cup. To live!

MR. MACAFEE. Upstairs.

KIM. But Daddy ...

MR. MACAFEE. Upstairs. *(Then bursting out)* ... Do you hear me?
I said ... *(Controlled again)* Upstairs.

KIM. Miss Alvarez was right! You're all the same. From puberty to Mussolini...

MR. MACAFEE. ... What's that? You dare say 'puberty' in front of your own father?
Not to mention Mussolini? Doris ... we've failed as parents!

MR. MACAFEE falls into MRS. MACAFEE'S arms.

(MR. M.) I never asked for much from my children. Just respect. A little respect. That's all I asked for. Respect. But did I get respect? I did not get respect. I got no respect.

RANDOLPH. I respect you, Pa.

MR. MACAFEE. (*Snarling*) I don't want your respect! You're a child.
What good is respect from a child! Doris, take me upstairs, I'm not a well man ...
(*As THEY start up*) ... Certain words I didn't want to hear in this house.
Puberty was the first ... and Mussolini was the second ...
(*As THEY disappear*) And respect was the third ...

ALBERT. (*Still on the phone. Aloud*) ... Now look here, Mr. Lewis, no three-cent reporter can bulldoze me! I happen to be Albert J. Peterson and you can print that in whatever cheap paper you happen to represent! (*Pause*) It's not a paper, it's a magazine. (*Another pause*) And it's not Mr. Lewis ... (*Softly*) It's Mr. Luce. (*Then with a wail as HE hangs up*) ... Rosie, I need you!

MRS. PETERSON. (*From the head of the stairs as ALBERT starts to the door*)
Sonnyboy! Where are you going?

ALBERT. Nowheres, Mamma. Just out. It's stuffy in here so I thought ...
(*Bravely*) ... To look for Rosie, Mamma! I love her and want her back!

MRS. PETERSON. Is that all? I thought it was something serious. By all means, sonny, find your Lady of Spain and bring her back here. (*Crosses into the kitchen*) And by the way, dear, when you get back be sure to stop in the kitchen, take my head out of the oven, and turn off the gas ...

MRS. PETERSON *has turned on the gas, gets down on her knees and calmly sticks her head in the oven.*

ALBERT. (*Crossing over and pulling HER out*) Mamma!

MRS. PETERSON. (*Stopping to turn off the gas*) It's a strange house.
I don't want to run up a bill.

ALBERT. Mamma, I've had enough of this! If you really loved me, you'd help me find Rosie before it's too late. Don't you realize what's happened?
That poor girl's gone out to make up for all the years she wasted on me.
Who knows what low dive she's in at this very moment.

MRS. PETERSON. Oh, Sonny, you're right! I'll help you find her.
Only maybe I better give you the message from Conrad first ...

ALBERT. What message?

MRS. PETERSON. Nothing to worry about, Darling. He just says he's going out tonight and he doesn't think he'll get back on time to kiss Kim tomorrow ...

ALBERT. Mamma, why didn't you tell me this before!

MRS. PETERSON. I tried to, darling sweetheart, but you kept bringing up a certain party from South of the Border.

ALBERT. (*Shouting upstairs*) I don't know what the matter with him is!
He knows how much this means to me! Conrad! Conrad!

CONRAD'S VOICE. Take it easy! I'm coming...