

Lilly Belle & Titus

your simplicity—you challenge the imagination. (MRS. PADDY nods agreement.) Could I borrow four thumbtacks? (MRS. PADDY hands her four thumbtacks.) Thank you. (Crosses to dart board.)

FLORENCE. It's setting a very bad example for motherhood.

MRS. SAVAGE. Do stop worrying, Florence. (Holds the picture on dart board.) Don't you like surprises?

FLORENCE. Yes.

MRS. SAVAGE. Well, I want to surprise Lily Belle. I'll tee off. (They gather behind her.) Now—target for tonight. (She throws a dart.) Right in the tiara!

FLORENCE. Something dreadful is going to happen, I know. (As MRS. SAVAGE takes out dart, Miss WILLIE enters.)

MISS WILLIE. Everybody to the upstairs study. Mrs. Savage's visitors are here.

FAIRY. (Rushes over to Miss WILLIE.) Miss Willie—may I stay? I never meet strangers any more. Please let me.

MISS WILLIE. I'm sorry, Fairy—but the Senator insisted on privacy. Hurry now—everybody out.

FAIRY. (Following others out.) Some day when I'm ordered out—I'm just going to go without saying a word. I have as much pride as anyone.

MISS WILLIE. (Leans into hallway.) All the way upstairs now. (Closes sliding doors and crosses back to L.)

MRS. SAVAGE. How's the weather out there?

MISS WILLIE. (Smiling.) ~~Great. (She crosses to desk and picks up a piece of paper. She writes on it hurriedly and folding note thrusts it down front of her dress. Goes back c. and tosses another dart. Miss WILLIE comes in holding door open.)~~

Here are your visitors, Mrs. Savage. (SAMUEL, TITUS and LILY BELLE enter—martyred and angry.)

LILY BELLE. That will be all. You can wait outside.

MISS WILLIE. (Takes latch off door.) I'll leave the latch off and wait at the hall desk. (Goes out.)

TITUS. I don't know what to say to you, Mother. For the life of me, I don't know what to say.

MRS. SAVAGE. Polite people say "Good evening."

LILY BELLE. Deception is so unlike you.

SAMUEL. I'm not angry—I'm just hurt.

TITUS. Have you the faintest idea of the enormity of what you've done? You've sold control of fifteen Savage industries.

LILY BELLE. We'll have to sell our stock in Savage Brass to buy it back.

MRS. SAVAGE. Oh, didn't you find out? I sold that first.

LILY BELLE. I mustn't get excited—I mustn't get excited—I get lines. (Crosses to sofa.)

TITUS. What else—what else did you dispose of?

MRS. SAVAGE. Everything in my name.

SAMUEL. (Sits down quickly.) We're ruined.

TITUS. Where is the money? You couldn't have spent it?

LILY BELLE. Tell us what you did with it, dear?

MRS. SAVAGE. I converted it into a neat little bundle of negotiable bonds—and buried them.

TITUS. When you say "buried"—you mean "hidden"?

MRS. SAVAGE. I mean buried—as in funeral.

SAMUEL. In the ground?

LILY BELLE. I feel physically ill.

TITUS. Where is it buried?

MRS. SAVAGE. I forget. (Sits chair c.)

TITUS. Oh, Lord, grant my mother one moment of clarity!

LILY BELLE. Where did you bury it—concentrate!

MRS. SAVAGE. (Puffs her cheeks with air, then explodes them.) Best thing in the world for taking lines out of the face, Lily Belle.

(Turns her attention to teddy bear.) I've got to do something about getting you a new eye. Do you know any place that sells bear's eyes, Lily Belle?

LILY BELLE. Give me that stupid thing and answer us! (Tries to take bear away from MRS. SAVAGE.)

MRS. SAVAGE. (Rises.) Miss Willie! Help!

TITUS. Lily Belle—wait! You're just antagonizing her. We won't get anywhere shouting.

LILY BELLE. I'm sorry, Mother. Hold your bear. We forget that you're sick.

TITUS. (Strides away from MRS. SAVAGE.) What we must make you understand, Mother, is that the money involved is not what concerns us so much as the disgrace of all— (His speech is interrupted by a scream from LILY BELLE. He whirls about.) What happened?

LILY BELLE. (Backing away from MRS. SAVAGE.) She bit me!

Miss Willie

(Rubs her hand and glares at MRS. SAVAGE, who has recaptured her teddy bear.)

TITUS. Nonsense. Whatever Mother might do—she wouldn't descend to biting.

SAMUEL. It was a wasp.

LILY BELLE. If ever there was a wasp—it's the woman we call Mother. I know when I'm bitten. (Holds hand out in evidence.) Teeth marks.

TITUS. (Softly.) There is no need to raise your voice.

SAMUEL. Does it hurt?

LILY BELLE. OF COURSE IT HURTS!

TITUS. Lily Belle—we'll get nowhere fighting among ourselves. Now stop it. We can't afford it.

MRS. SAVAGE. You can't afford anything.

TITUS. We simply refuse to be angry with you, Mother. (Turns to LILY BELLE.) Lily Belle, apologize.

LILY BELLE. I will not.

TITUS. Lily Belle!

LILY BELLE. (Swallows her pride with a distasteful gulp.) Mother, it's quite all right, I don't object to your biting me—(Crosses back to her.) gnaw and mangle me to the bone—gum me to your heart's content—only tell us what you did with our money.

MRS. SAVAGE. My money—you've already had your share.

LILY BELLE. The estate is ours. It's belonged to the Savage family for generations.

SAMUEL. Eight generations.

TITUS. It's unthinkable that you should be the first Savage to be found wanting.

MRS. SAVAGE. Found wanting what?

TITUS. The Savage pride. Now I want you to listen carefully to what I have to say. (Sits beside her as LILY BELLE wanders up toward window.) The estate has always been a sacred trust. We have never considered ourselves possessors of a great fortune—but custodians of wealth—

LILY BELLE. (Puts hand to her throat and gives birth to an agonized beat.) Oooooooh!

TITUS. (Leaps to his feet.) Don't do that!

LILY BELLE. Look! I just ask you to look! She's been throwing darts at my picture!

TITUS. What of it? That can't possibly hurt you.

LILY BELLE. It's a vicarious form of murdering someone. It's just the most vicious sort of voodoo magic known to science.

SAMUEL. We're losing ground.

LILY BELLE. We were fostered by a werewolf—every Savage son of us!

TITUS. My patience is exhausted. (Turns to MRS. SAVAGE and shouts.) What have you done with the money?

MRS. SAVAGE. (Shouting.) I told you. I buried it!

TITUS. Where? Unless you tell us at once, you're going to a public institution. We'll not tolerate this criminal waste.

MRS. SAVAGE. You've got me in such a state, I can't think. I haven't a brain in my head, anyhow—you've said so time and again.

SAMUEL. Not me.

MRS. SAVAGE. With all this shouting—you've given me a headache. I can't remember a thing.

TITUS. What do you mean you can't remember a thing? Of course you can.

MRS. SAVAGE. I can't. My head is pounding.

LILY BELLE. We'd better be careful, Titus.

TITUS. (Alarmed.) Can we get something for you?

MRS. SAVAGE. Yes—the only thing that clears my head is those powders I used to take.

TITUS. Where are they?

MRS. SAVAGE. I'm out of them.

TITUS. We'll get more.

MRS. SAVAGE. (Brightly.) Will you?

TITUS. Of course.

MRS. SAVAGE. (Takes out folded note.) Here's the prescription number—it's from my druggist. In Boston.

TITUS. You mean drive all the way back to Boston!

MRS. SAVAGE. (Leans forward and clutches her head.) Where is everyone?

SAMUEL. Are you ill?

LILY BELLE. Titus—this is dangerous—we'd better get those powders and come back in the morning. We won't accomplish anything tonight.

TITUS. Yes—I agree with you. (Hands note to LILY BELLE.) You get the prescription filled.

LILY BELLE. (Immediately hands note to SAMUEL.) Get it filled,