

SIDE 3: MILLIE & KITTY

MILLIE. The calligrapher?

KITTY. You goose! Your mother! Does she get to visit?

MILLIE. She takes a holiday at least once a year! Mother adores the cherry blossoms, and she...hm. No. You know something? That's not true.

KITTY. She doesn't adore the cherry blossoms?

MILLIE. Kitty? The truth is? I don't speak to my mother. We've had no contact for six years.

KITTY. Oh, no. Why is that?

MILLIE. Because she's a terrible person. Mother wanted things for my life that I did not want, and I told her so. It quickly became evident we would never reach an understanding on that, and we said our goodbyes.

KITTY. Oh, Millie.

MILLIE. That's the truth. It's been quite some time since I've told that to anyone. But you've been nothing but lovely to me and I suppose... I wanted you to know me a little better.

KITTY. I'm sorry about your mother. Sometimes things just don't work out.

MILLIE. I suppose not.

KITTY. You know, sweetheart, I was the eldest of *eleven*.

MILLIE. Oh my.

KITTY. Yes, it's one thing to be a good Catholic, but I'm sorry, eleven children is just carelessness. I was expected to pitch in, do my part. And I did. Before I married Teddy, I told him, I've already raised ten. There will be no babies. And he was so relieved! Teddy cannot *stand* children! So then I was relieved, and I just had a good cry, because I'd found this wonderful man...and life with me, *just me*, was all he wanted.

MILLIE. That's really wonderful, Kitty.

KITTY. Of course, marriage without children, it's so *unusual*. People ask questions. I've found if you simply say, "Sometimes things just don't work out," it's enough. That's the wonderful thing about polite society. People

are all dying to get the dirt on you, but there's no proper way to inquire.

MILLIE. Oh, they find a way eventually.

KITTY. I suppose they do. But phooey on all of them. Let 'em gossip. We women are the homemakers, Millie. It's our secret power. We're the ones who decide what makes a home. Isn't that lovely?

MILLIE. Yes it is. Thank you, Kitty.

KITTY. Of course, my friend.

(NORMA enters, in a rage.)

NORMA. Millie! You're not going to —

MILLIE. Normie! Look, it's Kitty!

KITTY. Normie, what's the matter?

NORMA. *(Nearly unhinged.)* I just... I can't. Do this. Not today.

(NORMA storms into the closet and slams the door. A moment of perplexed silence.)

KITTY. Millie?

MILLIE. Yes, Kitty?

KITTY. Why is Normie in the closet?

MILLIE. That's...a very complicated question, Kitty.

KITTY. *(Already gathering her things.)* Perhaps I should go.

MILLIE. Well you do need to get to that calligrapher.

KITTY. Yes. Yes I do.

(KITTY, carrying her handbag and the box of invitations, stops at the closet door. Considers knocking, thinks better of it.)

KITTY. Tell Normie to take a spoonful of Geritol with a shot of vodka, she'll be right as rain in no time.

MILLIE. Will do. Ta!

KITTY. 'Bye!

(KITTY departs as JIM enters through the closet, followed by NORMA.)