

*Mary* (w/ *CAIT*, *SKEETER*, *Lottie*)  
*see cuts if just reading "Mary/Ray" Act II, Sc. VI*  
*CAIT*  
+ *Ray*  
There's got to be else you can give me. You leaving anything out that might spice this up? A skeleton or two in the closet?

SKEETER

I can't think...I told you about the four fighting Finlay brothers...That was in the family history. One-armed John, the Hanging Judge, remember? What else...Patrick Irish who fought in the Civil War...died in Libby Prison...as bad as Andersonville was. Worse, maybe...Lottie saved his letters for years but some of them were stolen. I still have one or two...

CAIT

Civil war...geez. No. Something a little more...personal.

SKEETER

I had a cousin who died of Syphillis...

CAIT

(idea) What about Granny's abortion?

(pause. a landmine)

SKEETER

What?

CAIT

Mama. Your mother. Didn't she have an abortion.

SKEETER

Where on earth did you hear that?

CAIT

From you.

SKEETER

Me?

CAIT

Yes.

SKEETER

Are you sure?

CAIT

Sure she had an abortion?

SKEETER

Stop saying that word.

CAIT

*Skip?*

What word? Abortion?

(SKEETER winces)

SKEETER

I meant are you sure I was the one that told you?

CAIT

I'm sure you told me, yes...

SKEETER

Honey, you have a mind like a steel trap.

CAIT

No, I think that's you.

SKEETER

Well, whatever. You're not supposed to know about that.

CAIT

Why not?

SKEETER

Because we're Catholic.

CAIT

So?

SKEETER

So, it was wrong.

CAIT

It happened. It counts.

SKEETER

Well, my mother felt it was wrong!

CAIT

None of this is any good if it's not the *real* story. It counts.

SKEETER

No, it doesn't! My mother never got over what she did!

MARY

Skeeter, I can't find my baby...

SKEETER

Lottie arranged the whole thing. Remember I told you, Lottie was the one. She didn't think twice about such things. Libertine and all...

skent?

MARY

I keep dreaming...

SKEETER

Mama was more like my grandfather that way. She took after Raymond. Easily shocked.

MARY

I've left my baby somewhere. Somewhere, and I can't find it. I keep looking everywhere. Dresser drawer, the refrigerator, my slippers.

SKEETER

See Ray was just born when...

MARY

It's not you dear. It's not you, or Sheila, or Ray. It's another baby. The one I lost.

SKEETER

Papa and Mama were just going back to work. On tour. And Lottie...of course Lottie would...Lottie knew some doctor...

LOTTIE

Now, Mary, you listen to me. I already talked with him. I explained the situation, and he can take you right away.

MARY

He comes right into my room. He looks just like Ray when he was a teenager, only blond.

LOTTIE

Just go in there and he'll tell you what to do. If he tells you sit still, sit still.

MARY

And he looks like he's angry with me.

LOTTIE

You haven't told your father you're pregnant, have you?

MARY

No I haven't.

LOTTIE

Tell Mr. Albee you'll be on that train end of next week.

MARY

(to LOTTIE) But Mother...

LOTTIE

Not another word. Just trust me dear.

MARY

(to SKEETER) I had no idea what I was doing.

CAIT

(to SKEETER) Oh, come on!

MARY

(to CAIT) She told me to go to see this doctor. My mother. I always did what my mother told me.

CAIT

(To SKEETER) You mean to tell me she had no idea?

SKEETER

She didn't know what had happened until after she was leaving his office.

CAIT

Oh, gimme a break!

MARY

(to herself) My boy...my boy.

CAIT

Well...

SKEETER

Well, what?

MARY

So blond.

CAIT

What do you think?

SKEETER

I think....What do you mean what do I think?

CAIT

Exactly what I said...

SKEETER

I think...which was what again?

CAIT

What do you think....about your mother having an abortion.

Skip?

SKEETER

Stop saying it like that.

CAIT

I don't know how else to say it.

SKEETER

Well!

CAIT

And how do you know he was blond, anyway?

SKEETER

I just do.

CAIT

Is that so?

SKEETER

Yes, it is! Where do you get off, talking to me like that! And why are you doing this to me? You're picking on me.

CAIT

You deify her, do you know that?

SKEETER

You writers...what?

CAIT

You know what I mean. She was human. She made her choices.

SKEETER

No, she didn't...

CAIT

Of course she did!

SKEETER

And I saw him too.

(MARY cries.)

RAY

(to MARY) Goddamn you. Always thinking of you..you. Sometimes, just sometimes mind you, I used to think you killed my father. Now you tell me you killed my brother!

SKEETER

And he did. He looked a lot like Ray. Ray with blond hair. We were downstairs in Mama's room, and he came in.



RAY

Do you have any idea what you've done to me, lady?

SKEETER

I says, Who are you? But he doesn't answer me.

RAY

Mama, I was so lonely.

SKEETER

He just walks past me, so I chase after him. Who are you?  
I says.

RAY

Throwing me on trains, tossing me back and forth between  
drunks.

SKEETER

Who are you? I says. I block the way up the stairs where  
the children are playing. You and your brothers.

RAY

Do you have any idea? Do you?

SKEETER

I think, he's trying to get to the children, isn't he? Who  
are you? I says.

RAY

Dragging me to speakeasies. No friends; stage-hands and  
chorus girls.

SKEETER

Suddenly, I realize it. I grab him before he can get past  
me. I says, I know who you are! You want my mother!  
Don't you?!

RAY

If I had my brother, then

MARY

Then what, Ray?

RAY

Then...

SKEETER

Then...

RAY

Ray

Then I

CAIT

Then?

RAY

THEN I WOULDN'T HAVE MINED!

SKEETER

Then I woke up.

MARY

Oh, Ray.

CAIT

For god's sake, this was a dream?

SKEETER

Of course. My brother's spirit, my other brother, he came to me in my dream.

CAIT

Oh, Mom!

SKEETER

What, Oh, Mom.

CAIT

Nothing.

SKEETER

See, the thing is, Ray got loused up. I know that. Mama never forgave herself for Ray.

(MARY approaches CAIT.)

MARY

Tell her.

CAIT

Excuse me?

SKEETER

What?

MARY

Tell her.

CAIT

Why?

Why? Why what, honey?

SKEETER

Just tell her. For me.

MARY

No.

CAIT

Just remind her. We needed the work. I had a contract.

MARY

Yes?

CAIT

She just told you.

MARY

I know. And I had a contract, too. A big one.

CAIT

Right, dear, and...

MARY

Big deal.

CAIT

It'll help her.

MARY

No. Forget it. You... you don't know her anymore.

CAIT

What?

MARY

You don't know her like I know her. She would not understand.

CAIT

What? What wouldn't I?

SKEETER

I think I know my own daughter a little.

MARY

And you think she would forgive me? She can't even admit you even...for God's sake. Didn't you hear what she just said? Besides, I'm never going to have kids. My god. How

CAIT



the fuck can anyone afford to have a kid and be in this business. At least if you're me.

MARY

No. Babies are the most natural thing. Why every woman wants a...

CAIT

----Besides, you never liked me anyway!

MARY

What? What on earth?

SKEETER

Who, your grandmother? No, she didn't like you much.

CAIT

(to MARY) See?

(CAIT makes a face at MARY).

SKEETER

Everytime she'd see you, she'd say to me, Skeeter, you never did have a blond, blue eyed child, did you?

CAIT

What was that all about?

SKEETER

Oh, she was getting older, a little goofy in the head. She wasn't herself.

CAIT

Oh.

SKEETER

But no, she didn't like you much. Adored your father, though. Really. Ever since he found her diamond earring in the rug that time in New York. Thought Jerry could do the impossible. But no, she didn't quite take to you.

CAIT

Okay, ENOUGH! (To MARY) So what DID happen when you came back?

(Mary is silent. Ray stares at her.)

SKEETER

Ray didn't know her anymore.

(LIGHTS fade on MARY)

Had no idea who she was.

(LIGHT on RAY. Fades)

*And*

SCENE 12

CAIT

(to audience) Last night I had a dream that I was coming home from Mom's, and I am going to my car and put the manuscript in the trunk. I shut the trunk and the back of the car starts to sag. I get in and start the car. Then the whole back end just collapses. I jump out, pop the trunk. There's nothing in there but this huge anvil. I know. My dreams are so not subtle. (pause)

I ask myself: how do you own the past? Can you? Is possible to live in the happiness and truth that belonged this family at one time? Do you keep going back to this place so you can move your life ahead, and then things will suddenly work right again? I watch her swimming in these stories, drowning herself. What good is it? Keeping dreams alive for dead people? And never fulfilling your own?

(Lights on SKEETER reading a slender, bound manuscript. CAIT opens her laptop.)

SKEETER

What is this stuff?

CAIT

It's the family history.

SKEETER

Whose?

CAIT

What do you mean whose? What do you think I've been doing all this time. All that stuff you gave me to type.

SKEETER

This is all about you.

CAIT

Well, yeah. Some of it. The stuff in the front and

SKEETER

Where's all the stuff about Mama and Papa and me?

CAIT