

BUCKLEY. My plans?

MRS. BANKS. (*Brightly*.) Yes—for the announcements and the wedding—you know—we could get Miss Bellamy—Mr. Banks' secretary—to help with the announcements—

BUCKLEY. Well—you see, Mrs. Banks—

KAY. Mother—I told you—we have no plans. We don't need Miss Bellamy—this is *not* a business—

BANKS. But you *do* plan to get married?

KAY. Now, Pops—don't start all over again.

MRS. BANKS. I just want some idea of the date, Kay . . . and, besides, Miss Bellamy is so efficient—

KAY. We don't *know* the date. Don't try to organize us, Mom. I want everything very *simple*.

BUCKLEY. We just thought we'd get married sort of when the spirit moved us.

KAY. With no fuss or feathers—no effort—we want to live simply—without all the fussing—

MRS. BANKS. But, darling—

KAY. You don't have to lift a finger, Mother—it's Buckley and I who are getting married and not you and Pop—and we'll arrange it and there's no use trying to push us around.

BANKS. *Well*—thank Heaven for that!

MRS. BANKS. Kay—let Buckley tell me his idea.

BUCKLEY. Well—you see—I wouldn't want a lot of trappings—I thought—

MRS. BANKS. You mean you don't want to get married in a *church*, Buckley—?

BUCKLEY. As a matter of fact, we *do* want a church. But I thought we could just drive around in the country and find a nice little church with lots of ivy—you know—and get someone to play the organ—and we could just walk down the aisle hand in hand—and well—just do it like that.

KAY. *Without anyone*, Buckley—?

BUCKLEY. Well—with just whatever witnesses were there—you know—and whatever we had on—

MRS. BANKS. *No wedding dress?*

BANKS. I think he's got something.

KAY. But, *darling*—

BUCKLEY. Just a minute, *darling*—the way I feel, Mr. Banks—it's between me and Kay—and well—God, I mean—I love Kay—Mr. Banks—and I want to pledge myself to take care of her—

KAY. *Buckley—you're sweet!*

BUCKLEY. But I don't see why Tom, Dick and Harry have to gawk at me or why I have to get in a monkey suit—or be made into a tribal exhibit—

BANKS. I *know* he's got something—it's just as silly and primitive as—

MRS. BANKS. *Stanley!*

BANKS. It is! Beat all the drums. Put on all the feathers. Everybody come see—the chief is going to put a ring in Buckley's nose! Everybody look or it isn't legal!

KAY. Pops—whose wedding is this?

BUCKLEY. That's the way I feel, Mr. Banks. I think it's kind of disgusting to stand up and have everyone stare at you. I think it's more sacred if it's just the two of us. I—

BANKS. Oh—nobody worries about its being sacred . . . it's a free show . . . free cats . . .

BUCKLEY. But I want it to be sacred, Mr. Banks. I mean . . . the way I feel about Kay and everything . . . that's private . . . isn't it? I mean . . . it belongs to Kay and to me. I don't see why it should get turned into a circus. The way I feel about it is . . . if a man can't have a few things private in his life, then life isn't worth living. And Kay agrees with me.

MRS. BANKS. (*Wistfully*.) Kay would make a beautiful bride!

BUCKLEY. (*Carried away*.) Some morning when the sun is shining—we'll just get in the car . . . (*Kay moves near Mrs. BANKS, turns her back*.) Maybe she'll have on her dungarees . . . how do I know . . . and I'll just say to Kay . . . "Well . . . this is it, darling," and she'll say to me, "This is it, darling," and we'll just drive till we find the little church . . . Isn't that it, Kay? (*No answer*.)

BANKS. The one with the ivy and the organ playing.

BUCKLEY. Yes, sir . . . and we'll just take each other's hands and walk in . . . That's what we want, isn't it, Kay? (*No answer*.)

KAY. . . . (*Still a silent back*.) Kay . . . what are you doing?

MRS. BANKS. (*Getting up, putting arm around KAY*.) She's crying!

BANKS. Oh! For gosh' sakes!

BUCKLEY. Kay—darling—what's the matter?

KAY. (*Sobbing*.) Nothing!

BUCKLEY. But you said that's what you wanted!

BANKS. (*Sympathetically*.) Listen, Buckley . . .

BUCKLEY. But that's what she *said*, Mr. Banks!

BANKS. (*Almost tenderly*.) I know, Pal. But you can't always go by what they *say* . . .

BUCKLEY. You can't? But then . . . how do you know? . . . I mean . . . how the heck do you know where you are?

BANKS. You don't. But you'll learn, son.

BUCKLEY. Kay . . . listen, Kay . . . please tell me what's the matter?

KAY. Nothing. (*Sniffles*.) Nothing . . . except that . . . (*in a wail of grief*) . . . a girl waits for a wedding dress all her life—

MRS. BANKS. You'd think you were ashamed of her, Buckley, all this sneaking off in a car.

BUCKLEY. Ashamed of her? Of Kay? I think she's the most beautiful girl I ever saw.

KAY. A lot of good it will do me to be beautiful with two awful witnesses from the street—

BANKS. You better settle for a ring through your nose, Buckley!

BUCKLEY. But, Kay—I thought you wanted it simple. You said you wanted it simple . . . darling . . . please.

KAY. I DO want it simple—but not *that* simple—DUN-GAREESI!

MRS. BANKS. That's not simple—that's surreptitious!

BANKS. Ellie Banks . . . you keep out of this!

MRS. BANKS. Now you listen to me, Stanley. This is the greatest moment of Kay's life. And when a mother has a daughter as lovely as Kay she wants a chance to show her off a little bit—

BANKS. Who said women were civilized?

BUCKLEY. But, Kay . . . I don't understand . . . what do you want, darling? God knows I want you to have what you want.

MRS. BANKS. She wants a nice quiet little wedding in her own church! (*KAY begins drying her eyes*.)

BUCKLEY. Is that what you want?

KAY. Uh—huh! With a wedding dress—

MRS. BANKS. And a few of the girls she grew up with as bridesmaids.

KAY. And just a few of my dearest friends—just a handful, Buckley.

MRS. BANKS. And a very intimate little supper here afterwards.

KAY. How did you know, Mom?

MRS. BANKS. (*With BANKS, a mocking echo*.) Because it's what every woman wants!

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TOMMY. Hey—Mom—
 MRS. BANKS. What, dear?
 TOMMY. Look at Pops—
 MRS. BANKS. Oh, dear me—
 KAY. He's gone to sleep—
 BEN. Why, he's passed out!
 MRS. BANKS. Nonsense—he's asleep. Tommy, get my smelling salts from the bathroom. (TOMMY goes out l.) It said "one every three hours"—I told him!
 KAY. Now what are we going to do? The Dunstons will be furious.
 MRS. BANKS. He'll be all right—take his arm, Ben. (Each of them takes one of BANKS' arms.) Stanley—wake up.—See if we can get him on his feet, Ben. (TOMMY runs in l. with small bottle of smelling salts. They try to pull BANKS up, but he collapses again.)
 TOMMY. Here.
 MRS. BANKS. Tommy—take this side—Now—Stanley, wake up— (Pushes smelling salts under BANKS' nose.)
 BANKS. Go way—very tired—
 MRS. BANKS. Make him walk. (Pushes salts at him again.)
 BANKS. Man can't get a little sleep in his own bed—(Pushes MRS. BANKS away.)
 KAY. Oh! Mother, he'll never make it—
 MRS. BANKS. Yes, he will. Now, Stanley—take a big breath of this—big—(He inhales salts deeply and comes to, just as suddenly as he went off.)
 BANKS. What are you all doing?
 MRS. BANKS. Nothing, dear—are you ready?
 BANKS. Of course I'm ready!
 MRS. BANKS. Well—come, then—
 BANKS. (Ominous after a pause.) Does anyone care to know how many are on this list?
 MRS. BANKS. How many, Stanley?
 BANKS. Four hundred and seventy-two!

QUICK CURTAIN

ACT II

Two large tables have replaced card table for the wedding presents and are upstage C, in front of picture window. The armchair

and ottoman that were upstage L., by bookcases have moved downstage L.C. Desk has been turned about facing the audience and just back of it along the wall, upstage L., is a filing cabinet. The dining room table has been turned long way with the side wall and set back more into the corner, upstage R., to make room for the wedding presents. Straight chair that was downstage R. has moved to upstage L.C. against bookcases. It is heaped with unopened wedding presents recently arrived. The two tables are covered with presents already neatly arranged. On floor under tables are stacks of empty cartons. MISS BELLAMY sits at desk, in spectacles, typing fiercely on a portable. Phone is ringing. MISS BELLAMY picks up phone and answers automatically.

MISS BELLAMY. Mr. Banks' residence. His secretary speaking . . . oh! It's you, Mrs. Banks. No, Mr. Banks hasn't arrived yet. You want me to tell him you and Kay will be a little late? Yes, surely . . . oh . . . and, Mrs. Banks . . . now that I have you on the phone . . . I can't seem to find the notes I took last night and I wanted to check with you . . . check and double-check is my policy . . . yes . . . you and Mr. Banks decided not more than three hundred at the church ceremony and not more than one hundred fifty at the reception . . . Is that right? Thank you . . . I felt sure it was right, but I wanted to check! Thank you, Mrs. Banks. (Hangs up.) (Phone rings again.) Oh! My gracious . . . again . . . (Types a few words . . . Phone rings again.)
 DELIAH. (Rushing on R.) I'll get it, Miss Bellamy. (Picks up phone receiver.) Hello . . . Hello . . . yes, it's the Banks' residence. No . . . he isn't here. No, she isn't here, either. Who am I? I'm the maid. I don't know who you are, Mister, but my name is not "Toots" and if you have a message for Mr. Banks, all right. If you just want to be fresh I'll hang up. Yes, I'm listening . . . yes, I'll write it down. Call Mr. Weisgold . . .
 MISS BELLAMY. (Stopping her typing, but not looking up.) Ask what for . . . ?
 DELIAH. What for? What for should he call you? Wedding pictures? All right. All right . . . I said I'd tell him . . . oh, for goodness' sake . . . (Slams down receiver.)
 MISS BELLAMY. Write it down.
 DELIAH. Oh, yes. (Picks up little book from phone table and scribbles.) Some fellows are so fresh! (Starts for door R. Phone rings again.)

back in the reception. What am I supposed to do, call private detectives?

MRS. BANKS. You just let me see that list. I bet I can cut it down. If you'd let me do it in the first place instead of Miss Belamy . . .

(*Marches over and opens white file.*) Stanley Banks, here's Harry Sparkman in the reception. We agreed last night the Sparkmans were Church Only. Boys! Your father has been in the files himself.

TOMMY. A fine thing, after riding me about Buzz!

BANKS. Harry Sparkman is one of my most intimate friends!

MRS. BANKS. How ridiculous! You never see him.

BANKS. AND a very good client.

MRS. BANKS. We never see them, and as for that dyed-haired woman I don't care if I never have her in my house again.

BANKS. (*Still brooding, attacks Mrs. Banks.*) Harry Sparkman asked us to his daughter's wedding, I want you to remember . . . and you were glad enough to go.

BEN. The people I changed were Peggy's cousins from Pittsburgh. Good grief! . . . I'm going to marry Peggy, and you left out her cousins.

BANKS. This list has to be cut to the bone. And now. It has to go to the printer tomorrow!

MRS. BANKS. All right. I guess your father's right. (*Takes cards hidden in her bag, goes to files.*) I'll put all those people back in the Church, but only if you do the same, Stanley, and that means the Sparkmans. (*BANKS gives her a dark look and goes for his brief-case. BEN and TOMMY turn out their pockets. MRS. BANKS accepts cards without comment and replaces them in pink file, withdrawing duplicates from white file.*)

MRS. BANKS. Good! There. Now, perhaps we can have a little peace! (*Doorbell rings. DELIAH crosses R. to L.*)

BEN. Who said peace? I'm going to scam.

TOMMY. Me, too.

BEN. (*As they go out L. quickly.*) It's worse than Grand Central! BANKS. (*Indicating his clothes.*) Look at me. Anyone will think I'm crazy!

MRS. BANKS. Probably more presents. Don't worry! (*DELIAH enters L. with card.*)

DELIAH. It's a good-looking young feller. He wouldn't come in. He made me bring his card. (*Hands it to Mrs. Banks.*)

MRS. BANKS. What in heaven's name? . . . Oh, of course . . . it the caterer about the reception. (*Hands card to BANKS.*)

BANKS. (*Reading.*) "Buckingham Caterers . . . Luncheons, Dinners, Buffets, Weddings and Lodge Meetings."

MRS. BANKS. Sally Harrison had him for little Sally's wedding. She was crazy about him . . . very reasonable, she said.

BANKS. I can't see him like this!

MRS. BANKS. Ask him to come in, Delilah. Of course you can. Don't be silly!

DELIAH. Yes, ma'am. (*DELIAH goes off L.*)

BANKS. Do we have to have one?

MRS. BANKS. You don't think Delilah can manage, do you? (*DELIAH enters L. with MASSOULA and exits regarding him admiringly all the way out. MASSOULA is dark and handsome in a Latin way and almost a hand-kisser he is so politely aggressive. He carries a large photograph album.*)

MASSOULA. Buckingham Caterers. Massoula's the name . . . Sir

. . . Madame . . . at your service. (*Staring at BANKS.*) Dress rehearsal, I see. Very becoming. (*BANKS says nothing. DELIAH off R.*)

MRS. BANKS. Thank you. It's very kind of you to come, Mr. . . . er . . . Mr. er . . .

MASSOULA. Massoula. Now, let me see . . . we were interested in a wedding reception, I believe.

MRS. BANKS. (*Meekly, but looking at BANKS.*) Yes, we were.

MASSOULA. (*Opening his photo album*) First, I'd like to get your idea about a wedding cake. Once the wedding cake has been established, Buckingham Caterers take over. (*Mr. and Mrs. BANKS shrug helplessly, stare at each other.*)

MASSOULA. Now, here is a popular cake. This was served at the wedding of Brenda Santanya . . . you know . . . daughter of the Princess Frasnini by her second husband.

MRS. BANKS. Oh! (*Both BANKS stare meekly at picture.*)

MASSOULA. That's one of Tommy Manville's weddings . . . we've done almost all of them . . . good old Tommy. . . . Delightful person, isn't he?

MRS. BANKS. (*Nervely.*) Is he?

BANKS. (*Clearing throat*) Ours . . . ours isn't going to be a large reception.

MASSOULA. Small and SEE-lect, I understand perfectly. (*Dazzling smile to BANKS*)

BANKS. Just . . . well . . . just small . . . let's say.

MASSOULA. Well, then . . . let's look at this one.

BANKS. (*Gaining courage.*) And we don't want a cake.

MASSOULA. I beg your pardon?
 BANKS. (*More aggressive.*) We don't want a cake.
 MRS. BANKS. (*Very timidly.*) We thought we'd rather not.
 MASSOULA. But WHY? Why?
 BANKS. Every Tom, Dick and Harry has a cake. We think they're cheap. We don't want one.
 MASSOULA. Really . . . the smartest weddings don't have them. (*Apologetically.*) But we have to show them, of course.
 MRS. BANKS. (*Eagerly.*) Oh! Of course. (*The BANKSSES look at each other, at a loss.*)
 MASSOULA. (*Brightly.*) Well, let's get some idea of the champagne.
 BANKS. I'm sorry . . . as a matter of fact . . . I've bought the champagne.
 MASSOULA. (*Outraged.*) MISTER Banks! . . . You've bought it?
 BANKS. (*Reduced to meekness again.*) Yes . . . I . . . I . . . didn't know.
 MASSOULA. (*Sighing.*) Then we will have to charge corksage, of course.
 BANKS. Corksage?
 MASSOULA. A dollar a bottle for drawing and pouring.
 BANKS. Oh!
 MASSOULA. You're serving French champagne, of course.
 BANKS. No . . . as a matter of fact . . . I'm not.
 MRS. BANKS. (*Definitely in protection of BANKS.*) If we prefer American . . . et—more patriotic—
 MASSOULA. (*Tenderly.*) MISSUS Banks! . . . it will be quite all right with us! Now . . . let's see . . . an early June wedding. How about a large cold salmon at either end of the table with various salads in great bowls in the center. Or, another dramatic effect is cold sturgeon in the middle. Now for ices . . . we have a special effect with colored electric lights embedded in a cake of ice . . . (*A ghastly silence.*)
 MRS. BANKS. (*Apologetically.*) But, you see . . .
 MASSOULA. (*With deadly patience.*) Yes, Mrs. Banks.
 MRS. BANKS. Well . . . (*All in a rush.*) Well, we had not intended that kind of reception.
 MASSOULA. (*Despairingly soft-voiced.*) Suppose you tell me what you had in mind, Madame?
 MRS. BANKS. (*With helpless look at BANKS.*) Well . . . we

thought some assorted sandwiches and ice-cream and little cakes . . .
 MASSOULA. We usually serve that at children's parties.
 MRS. BANKS. (*In a flash of anger.*) Well, that's what we want!
 MASSOULA. (*Conceding.*) Of course . . . of course . . . and Buckingham wants you to have what you want . . . Now, where will the reception take place?
 BANKS. Here!
 MASSOULA. Here? In *this* house?
 BANKS. We live here.
 MRS. BANKS. It's our home.
 MASSOULA. May I bring in Joe? who is our circulation expert?
 BANKS. Circulation?
 MRS. BANKS. Yes, of course . . . (*MASSOULA goes off L.*)
 BANKS. My Heavens! Ellie, what are we in for?
 MRS. BANKS. Sally said he was *reasonable*.
 BANKS. (*In a whisper.*) He's a twerp. (*Enter L. MASSOULA with JOE.*)
 MASSOULA. This is Joe.
 JOE. Pleased to meetcha.
 MRS. BANKS. How do you do!
 MASSOULA. What attendance do you anticipate?
 BANKS. About a hundred and fifty.
 JOE. Cheers! (*A horrible silence.*)
 MASSOULA. Of course you're planning for a marquee on the terrace?
 (*Another horrible silence while MR. and MRS. BANKS look at each other.*)
 BANKS. (*A voice of doom.*) There is no terrace.
 MASSOULA. But, Mr. Banks . . .
 BANKS. (*Beginning to shout.*) The house has no terrace!
 MASSOULA. Then certainly we must have a marquee.
 BANKS. Nonsense! If they overflow the house they can tramp around the yard!
 MASSOULA. And what if it rains?
 BANKS. It won't.
 MRS. BANKS. Stanley, what would we do if it rains?
 BANKS. It won't, I say.
 MASSOULA. MISTER Banks, how can you say?
 MRS. BANKS. It might, dear . . .

¹ See note, Cast of Characters page.

KAY. No . . . it isn't, darling . . . I meant it when I promised . . .
BUCKLEY. But not enough to keep it!

KAY. How dare you talk to me like that, Buckley Dunstan! I did my best to keep it . . .

BUCKLEY. It's the principle of the thing! How can I trust my wife if she starts off like that?

KAY. Well, don't trust me, then . . . it's not my fault!

BUCKLEY. You know you want it big . . . you really want it big . . . You're lying about it!

KAY. I am not lying. I never said I wanted it small. I don't care whether it's big or small. I just want it simple and lovely. You were the one who wanted it small.

BUCKLEY. You're cheating, Kay!

KAY. I'm not cheating. I'm trying to have it the way you want it. BUCKLEY. It looks that way! Why, you wouldn't care if there were a *hundred* people there.

KAY. All right . . . so I wouldn't! Why should I? I'm not ashamed of getting married! I'm not ashamed of you! I don't care how many people are there.

BUCKLEY. You admit it!

KAY. Of course I admit it. But I wanted it to be the way you wanted it. And that's more than I can say for you! And I tried and tried . . .

BUCKLEY. How can anyone tell what you want? You say one thing one time and another thing another time.

KAY. Buckley Dunstan, are you calling me a liar?

BUCKLEY. I'm saying . . .

KAY. You're calling me a liar! And you called me a cheat and a promise-breaker and you don't love me!

BUCKLEY. Kay . . . that's not true!

KAY. It is so true! Well, I'll tell you something! I think you're selfish . . . Plenty of other men have had big weddings whether they wanted them or not. And I think you're a coward . . . and I've fought with my family . . . until I'm half dead!

BUCKLEY. Oh! So now I'm selfish and a coward!

KAY. Yes! And you needn't worry about how many will be at the wedding because there isn't going to be any wedding!

BUCKLEY. (Sinned.) Kay!

KAY. (Picks up letter and throws it at him.) And take your mother's letter! You read it!

BUCKLEY. Kay, listen . . . for the last time! Will you marry me

now? Just as you are?

KAY. (Furious.) No . . . I won't!

BUCKLEY. All right, then . . . have it your way. (He marches off L., slamming door.)

KAY. (Starting after him.) Buckley! (Stands facing door, then gives off a wail like a mournful siren. She burts herself into an upholstered chair, sobbing.) Oh! No! No! No! (Her hands before her face. After a second she runs to window R. and looks out.) (To herself.) He's gone! (Turns from window, walks over in front of card index. Stares at it hypnotically, her back toward audience. MR. and MRS. BANKS enter L., talking, without seeing her at once.)

MRS. BANKS. (Breathless.) I think we ought to tell Kay that the reception is all settled—Kay . . . there you are, darling. Your father has something to tell you. (KAY, trance-like, looks at him blankly and back at card index.)

KAY. (Flailly, tensely.) Have you, Father?

MRS. BANKS. (Sharply.) Kay, what are you doing? . . . What's the matter? (She exchanges a bewildered look with BANKS.)

KAY. (Still in at flat voice.) Nothing. Mother. (BANKS gets up and starts at her, bewildered. KAY goes to card index, picks it up.) BANKS. What's the matter, Kay, are you sick? What are you going to do with the card index?

KAY. (Fiercely.) I'm going to burn it!

BANKS. Have you gone crazy? Why? Why?

KAY. (Fiercely starts out L.) Because it's ruined my life! (MR. and MRS. BANKS exchange a look of utter bewilderment.)

BANKS. Kay, are you out of your mind? (KAY stops at his question. MRS. BANKS shakes head at BANKS and approaches KAY. Speaks in a gentle, forced-cheerful tone.)

MRS. BANKS. Darling . . . your father made all the arrangements for the reception with Buckingham . . . I think it's going to be lovely! (KAY looks at him blankly, clutching the cards. Her tone is the flat trance-like voice.)

KAY. (Speaking slowly.) But . . . there isn't going to be any reception . . .

BANKS. What? Why? Why?

KAY. (Same voice.) Because there isn't going to be any wedding . . . (Starts to go out L. again.)

MRS. BANKS. Kay . . . What are you saying?

KAY. (Pausing, Ophelia-like.) Buckley's gone. (Continues out L.,