

MR. MacAFEE

(A pronouncement)

Doris, I am not budging from this room til I get my coffee,
smoke a cigarette, and read my paper!

MRS. MacAFEE

Oh I'm sorry, dear. I didn't have time to make your coffee,
this morning. How about a nice warm Seven-Up?

(SHE goes to cabinet to get one)

RANDOLPH

(KIM's brother, aged ten, coming
down stairs)

Morning Pa. Here's your paper. I hope you don't mind but I
cut out a few stories about Conrad.

(And HE hands MR. MacAFEE a folded newspaper.)

MR. MacAFEE opens it. It is in shreds.

Quietly HE puts it down and turns to HIS
FAMILY)

MR. MacAFEE

START: ...I have tried to run this house on a democratic basis. I
have extended the privilege of self-determination to both the
woman I have married, and the children I have sired...The vote
has been denied no one for reason of age, sex, or political
affiliations. There has been no taxation without
representation, and open covenants have been openly arrived at!

(With mounting anger, rises,
moves to above table)

Last night I gave up my room to a guest who repeatedly referred
to me as "Fats." Telephone calls were made on my phone to New
York, Chicago, Fairbanks, Alaska, and Hong Kong. I slept in a
camp cot with my feet in the fireplace and my head in an
ashtray. Outside my window three harpies shrieked We Love You
Conrad four thousand seven hundred and twenty-three times!...I
have just lost two fried eggs.

(In ringing tones)

...Gentlemen, the democracy is over! Parliament has been
dissolved; the Magna Carta is revoked, and Nero is back in
town! And you don't offer an emperor a warm Seven-Up!

END

ALBERT

(From upstairs)

Oh, Mr. MacAfee! I hope you won't mind keeping off the phone
for a few minutes. We're expecting a long-distance call from
New York.

MR. MacAFEE

(As HE exits R)

Perfectly all right. I'll go out and burn Rome.

KIM

Mother, what's wrong?