

Ma Baker

O'Riley and Nick hurried drop her hands.

O'RILEY: As I was saying, Miss, we'll just be putting you in a taxi and sending you home. What do you think, Nick? Nick!

Nick has already left the stage. As O'Riley and the girl leave.

GIRL: Oh, but I thought you and your friend were going to escort me?

NICK: *(offstage)* Taxi!

Fred, left alone on stage, shrugs shoulders.

FRED: They're disgusting! I don't go chasing after girls. I let them chase me.

The voices of Ma Baker and her daughters are heard offstage.

MA BAKER: Anyone home!

PETAL: Yoo-hoo!

BLOSSOM: Ain't there anybody there?

FRED: *(shouts)* No! *(to audience)* Oh dear, I think I've got one of my headaches coming on. I think I'll have a lie down.

As he tries to slope off, Ma Baker and her girls enter. Ma Baker whoops with delight when she sees him. She drags him back.

MA BAKER: Yee-hah! Hot diggeddy! If it ain't the gigolo himself! Where you going, you sly ole varmit!

FRED: You know how it is *(he looks from one to the other)* work work work!

The three stand round him and inspect him. He is trapped.

MA BAKER: Ain't he the cute one?

PETAL: Sure is, Ma. Why, I'd like to squeeze him till his eyes pop out!

Fred groans.

BLOSSOM: Hear that! He sure gits excited easy.

MA BAKER: Steady, girls, he ain't used to all this attention. He's used to these sophisticated gals what plays hard to git. Ain't that right, Mr Valentino?

FRED: They're hard to get, all right.
(nervously) Is this a social visit?

PETAL: Nah! We brung the hootch!

Shows him the bottle as Lily enters.

LILY: What's happening? *(she sees Ma Baker)* Oh, I'm sorry, I heard a lot of noise.

MA BAKER: *(proudly)* Yep. We sure as hell know how to make an entrance, don't we gals?

GIRLS: Sure do, Ma.

FRED: Miss Lily, this is Ma Baker. Ma, this is Lily Lacoool.

Ma Baker shakes Lily's hand vigorously.

MA BAKER: Glad to know you, Miss Lacoool, heard as how you'd taken over.

LILY: Call me Lily.

MA BAKER: And you can call me, Ma! These are my gals Petal and Blossom on account they was both born in the springtime and ya know what a young man thinks of in springtime, don't ya, Mr Valentino?

She digs Fred playfully in the ribs.

FRED: *(nervously)* Cricket!

Ma Baker laughs heartily and slaps Fred on the back.

MA BAKER: Ain't he a card. Well, Lily, we got the liquor.

BLOSSOM: Best batch we ever done. Grandpop dropped his false teeth in it - and they clean melted!

FRED: That good, eh!

PETAL: We knowed it were gonna be a good one when it burned right through the still.

MA BAKER: Yep, got more kick than *(footballer/soccer player)*.

PETAL: Last batch had no kick at all. Had to feed it to the pigs.

BLOSSOM: Yep, had pickled pork all winter!

LILY: Yes, well, I suppose we'll take it.

MA BAKER: Hold on thar! We gotta arrange a price.

LILY: Oh, you can handle that, Fred. I couldn't talk about anything as sordid as money.

She sails out and Ma Baker slides up to Fred.

MA BAKER: Well, ya little cutey, is you and I gonna git sordid, or ain't we?

FRED: *(desperately to audience)* Has anyone got a Panadol?

MA BAKER: Aw, come on, I'll give ya a swig o' my hootch. That'll cure anything.

PETAL: Kin we come too, Ma?

MA BAKER: Don't you gals know nuthin? This 'ere's Men's talk!

FRED: You heard him!

She laughs heartily and slaps him on the back again.

MA BAKER: What a kidder!

She drags the unwilling Fred off stage. Petal and Blossom look around.

PETAL: This sure is a classy place.

BLOSSOM: Wish we worked somewheres like this instead of on the farm. I guess we're too stupid. Sometimes I think I ain't got no I.Q. at all.

PETAL: Sure ya have, Blossom.

BLOSSOM: No I ain't.

PETAL: Course ya have! Ya put ya shoes on all by yaself, this morning, didn't ya?

BLOSSOM: Sure I put my shoes on myself.

PETAL: And ya fastened ya laces all by yaself, didn't ya?

BLOSSOM: Yep, I fastened my own laces.

PETAL: *(triumphantly)* Well, there ya are! If ya can put ya own shoes on and tie ya own shoelaces ya must have an I.Q.

As they exit.