

MRS. BUMBRAKE:

First Class ain't what it used to be. Course, back in my salad days, I was a green girl bringing up brats in a big, breezy brownstone in Brighton. That was a tight spot, too, and hell on the household help. Especially the kitchen boy -a lovely island lad who cooked a cunning cannelloni, plus a pasta fazool to make you drool. But oh, it made the master mad how the mistress moaned fer 'is manicotti. He beat that boy something brutal, but the boy didn't say boo. Point is -we must button our beaks and be brave like that boy, or my name's not Betty Bumbrake. Now, you might well be afraid you'll never clap eyes on your father again, and it cuts me to the core, but never show that sorry Slank the slightest sniff of fear. There are men who can smell it on you, Molly, and they make you pay ...
(breaks down blubbering).
