



**Kim MacFee:**

Sorry, it was tough but it was time for a change.

I'm sorry, Ursula, but my mind is made up. Of course, I still adore him but things like the Conrad Birdie Scream are past me now.

You guys are so square.

Sorry, parents are on the smartphone lecture. I am 15 now; time I settled down.

I'll take it Doris.

There's no need to look so upset. It's modern to call your mother by her first name.

**Ursula:**

Kim MacFee, what do you mean you're resigning from the Fan Club! I mean just because Hugo Peabody gave you his pin doesn't mean you have to retire from all social life! Going steady is very important but there are some things more important than very important and the Conrad Birdie Fan Club is one of them. I mean, after all, where else can we girls gather together to worship that wonderful creature? I mean, do you realize what you'd be giving up, Kim? You're giving up the scream? You mean when Conrad Birdie sings, on television, you're not going to go "AAAAAA!"...Oh, Kim!

**Albert:**

I know that, sir, but think of the disastrous effect this might have on the morale of the American teenager! No, I am not suggesting the boy doesn't want to go into the Army! It's just that....No, I'm not trying to...Well, it seemed to me that....Two weeks from today? At the Induction Center? He'll be there. (He hangs up as Rosie briskly enters) Rosie, thank God you've come! This is the end of the Almaelou Music Corporation! Conrad Birdie is going into the Army!

**Mr. MacFee:**

I have tried to run this house on a democratic basis. I have extended the privilege of self-determination to both the woman I 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! 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! Outside my window three harpies shrieked We Love You Conrad four thousand seven hundred and twenty three times... and now, I've lost two fried eggs... Gentleman, the democracy is over!