

## MADDY

Toasted crumpets.

I understand that toasted crumpets are an English food, *not* American, but when I serve tea to the neighborhood ladies, I want it to be a proper tea. And I ask you Mrs. Post, how can tea be proper without toasted crumpets--?

The problem with my crumpets is I can never get them to rise enough. And so, I burn them. The whole batch. Every time. I've invited the ladies over to my house for the last three months and I have yet to serve a proper tea.

I guess this means the problem is *me*. That's what my husband says. That *I* am the problem when I ruin things--

I want to be clear, Mrs. Post. I'll always love my husband no matter what he says or does--

I--

(Maddy shakes her head at her silly notions and softly laughs to herself.)

In any case. Other than this:

Crumpet, my life is just--

*Grand.*

Yours truly:

Befuddled Baker--

From North Orange, New Jersey.

## MADDY

(looks in the mirror)

After that horrific day when Pearl Harbor was bombed, martial law was declared for all of Hawaii. It was a scary time that seemed to last forever, but you could always count on a USO dance to lift your spirits. BUT there was one dance in particular that changed *everything*. Summer. 1944. I'm sixteen and unsupervised when I sneak into The Downtown Club with some girlfriends. There's music and dancing and laughter but no one catches my eye. Then, by the punch bowl, I see him. *Jason*. In his glorious Navy uniform.

I think, "Is this my wondrous soldier sent here by the gods to whisk me away and make me his bride?" He turns from the punch and sees me in this dress, the dress I made to catch the right man, and I feel this *charge* rush through my entire body...

I positively knew, in that moment, we had fallen in love.

MADDY (singing)

I saw the splendor of the moonlight

On Honolulu Bay

There's something tender in the moonlight

On Honolulu Bay

And all the beaches are filled with peaches

Who bring their ukes along

And in the glimmer of the moonlight

They love to sing this song

If you like Ukulele Lady

Ukulele Lady like a'you

If you like to linger where it's shady

Ukulele Lady linger too

If you kiss Ukulele Lady

While you promise ever to be true

And she sees another Ukulele Lady foolin' 'round with you...

## MADDY

These toasted crumpets? Well, I still can't get them right. I burned several batches in the last two days because things have become *unhinged* in my home--

(SCRATCHES ARMS)

But with you gone, there is NO chance of you ever responding to any of my letters and now I have more questions--!

(Maddy continues to SCRATCH HER ARMS.)

My first question is about a young lady who I am tutoring in the ways of etiquette. She has *deceived* me. I offered to supervise her date at her school dance because her uncle is overprotective but she assured me that this boy was respectable. I'm sure he's an upstanding young man in his *own* community, but he's not--

What I mean to say is she should realize that a forbidden dance can cause a riot in this town! At first, everyone was silent as they watched them slow dance, but then one boy shouted something and it quickly grew into a frenzy. So I brought her straight home and told her uncle who smashed her face with his fist, right in front of me. It was horrible. Was this the right thing to do, Mrs. Post? I don't know.

(WILDLY SCRATCHING ARMS)

I'm sure Mrs. Grundy and Mrs. Bruno are spreading the news that this girl has upset the order of things here in North Orange. That this girl has really started something--

I also have a question about my husband. He has committed adultery and I confronted him. To my surprise, he was very relaxed. Assured even. He said it was only natural for him to pursue this young woman because she is the daughter of his boss, and if he wants to become partner at his firm, he needs to *divorce* me and marry her. He said I should understand

because in this new era of science and progress the only way to get ahead is to hitch onto the star that will take you far. I asked, “What will become of me and Bobby and Timmy?” He said not to worry. That I could keep the house and we’d be taken care of, especially since he’ll be making more money once he becomes partner. Needless to say, I am and continue to be baffled by this. So. WHAT AM I TO DO--?!

I mean, *honestly*. I followed all the rules. Your rules, Jason’s rules, society’s rules. I did everything to make Jason happy, which included giving up my beloved ukulele and leaving my family behind in Hawaii--

That killed my mother and brother, didn’t it? Oh, father. My dear *makua kane*. I can never return to you or my beloved homeland, can I? I’m feeling--

(A BURST)

*Oh how I wish a bolt of lightening would crack my head wide open!  
What use do I have for this life now?*

(a split) Where have I...? Have I said? Have I felt those words before?

(a switch to rage)

Jason. I deserve better than this, Jason. I got you out of *Navy jail*,  
JASON. I CHANGED for you, *JASON*. What the fuck is wrong with  
you, you MOTHERFUCKING COCKSUCKING BASTARD OF A  
HUSBAND!

(Maddy covers her mouth in shock.)