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## TANSY & CLELIA

WILLUM. (*Grabbing some renderings.*) I just hope his daddy likes my pictures.

AXEL. These the new ones?

WILLUM. Yep.

AXEL. (*Looking them over.*) Less is more, huh?

WILLUM. That's what the man says. What do you think?

AXEL. I hate to be an "I-liked-it-better-before", but—

AXEL & WILLUM. "—I liked it better before."

WILLUM. Okay. Well, I've kept a few things.

AXEL. Yeah.

WILLUM. You staying in here?

AXEL. Me and Jack, yeah.

WILLUM. Yell if Rick comes, will you? (*Willum exits.*)

AXEL. Sure. (*We hear Thor again, as Tansy and Clelia enter.*)

THOR. (*Offstage.*) BEEE-BO! BEEE-BO! BEEE-BO!

AXEL. (*Grabbing the Jack Daniels bottle and escaping to the kitchen.*)

Poster child for Planned Parenthood. (*And he is gone.*)

CLELIA. (*Seeing the bedroom door is still locked.*) Oh, dear. Still hiding.

TANSY. Oh, he'll be out soon.

CLELIA. I suppose. It's just that Thor becomes so difficult sometimes—and then Ticky gets angry, and then angry with *me*, then it's all I can do to—. (*She begins picking through her purse.*)

TANSY. I know, I know.

CLELIA. (*On the verge of tears.*)—and then Thor gets that much more stubborn and whiney; sometimes it's more than I can—deal with. These men—

TANSY. Ain't it the truth.

CLELIA. Well—you're a blessing, anyway. (*Unable to find what she's been searching her purse for.*) Oh, dear. I wonder if I could ask you—I wonder if you have anything—?

TANSY. A hanky?

CLELIA. No—I wonder if you have anything I could—break.

TANSY. (*After a moment.*) What? Break?

CLELIA. (*Apologetically.*) Yes, just—something small. Sometimes it's all that will help. It sounds silly, I suppose—

TANSY. Oh, no, no. Uh, let's see—(*Looking around.*) well—anything in particular?

CLELIA. No . . . A little saucer, something.

TANSY. A little saucer. Uh—fine.

CLELIA. Nothing expensive, now. I can do without.

TANSY. Don't be silly. I don't want you to sit here all night with—without anything to break.

CLELIA. I usually carry little Woolworth's saucers, but I seem to have used my last one at the orchard.

TANSY. (*Finding a demitasse saucer.*) Here, will this do? It's just a demitasse.

CLELIA. No, that's fine. (*A little sadly.*) Those are my favorites. (*She takes a handkerchief and a small butter knife from her purse, spreads the handkerchief neatly on the table, lays the saucer on it face down and, using several small, efficient strokes, pulverizes the dish with the knife handle. She sighs.*)

TANSY. Another?

CLELIA. No, I'll pass. Thanks.

THOR. (*Offstage.*) Gambee, gambee, ga-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-  
amby MOE! (*There is a crash.*)

CLELIA. Maybe later.

TANSY. I may join you. (*Axel enters from the kitchen.*)

AXEL. (*Politely, to Tansy.*) I just want to make sure—is the cider supposed to be boiling all over everything and turning black and hard?

TANSY. The cider! Oh, God! (*The three of them exit into the kitchen. After a moment, the bedroom door opens slightly as Thor checks out the living room. The coast being clear, out he comes, festooned with Willum's flowered boxer shorts, bathrobe, soap-on-a-rope, and so on. He brandishes a flashlight as if it were some sort of a laser weapon.*)

THOR. Bee-bee-bee-bee-bee—! Bimgimo the Great! (*In a gruff sing-song, stamping around majestically like a Japanese movie monster.*) I step on the enemies! (*There is a knock at the door. Thor hides behind the sofa, but when the knock recurs decides to answer it. Opening the door.*) Who calls at the house of the great—? (*Before us in the doorway, a small piece of paper in hand, stands Rick Steadman. He is dressed in a Hallowe'en costume which is really needlessly horrible, never mind the fact that it is several days too late—the Creature from the Black Lagoon, perhaps, after a tussle with the propeller of an ore-boat—glistening wounds on a scaly, green body, one eye semi-detached, and so on. The outfit must have cost him ninety dollars.*)

RICK. (*To Thor, who is momentarily transfixed by terror.*) Am I too late? I didn't know if this was—.