

LENNY. 'Cause he doesn't want to see me hurt! He doesn't want to see me rejected and humiliated.

MEG. Oh, come on now, Lenny, don't be so pathetic! God, you make me angry when you just stand there looking so pathetic! Just tell me, did you really ask the man from Memphis? Did you actually ask that man from Memphis all about it?

LENNY. (*Breaking apart.*) No; I didn't. I didn't. Because I just didn't want him not to want me—

MEG. Lenny—

LENNY. (*Furious.*) Don't talk to me anymore! Don't talk to me! I think I'm gonna vomit—I just hope all this doesn't cause me to vomit!

*Lenny exits up the stairs sobbing.*

MEG. See! See! She didn't even ask him about her stupid ovary! She just broke it all off 'cause of Old Granddaddy! What a jackass fool!

BABE. Oh, Meg, shut up! Why do you have to make Lenny cry? I just hate it when you make Lenny cry!

*Babe runs up the stairs.*

Lenny! Oh, Lenny—

*Meg takes a long sigh and goes to get a cigarette and a drink.*

MEG. I feel like hell.

*Meg sits in despair—smoking and drinking bourbon. There is a knock at the back door. Meg starts. She brushes her hair out of her face and goes to answer the door. It is Doc.*

→ DOC. Hello, Meggy.

MEG. Well, Doc. Well, it's Doc.

DOC. (*After a pause.*) You're home, Meggy.

MEG. Yeah; I've come home. I've come on home to see about Babe.

DOC. And how's Babe?

MEG. Oh, fine. Well, fair. She's fair.

*Doc nods.*

Hey, do you want a drink?

DOC. Whatcha got?

MEG. Bourbon.

DOC. Oh, don't tell me Lenny's stocking bourbon.

MEG. Well, no. I've been to the store.

*Meg gets him a glass and pours them each a drink. They click glasses.*

So, how's your wife?

DOC. She's fine.

MEG. I hear ya got two kids.

DOC. Yeah. Yeah, I got two kids.

MEG. A boy and a girl.

DOC. That's right, Meggy, a boy and a girl.

MEG. That's what you always said you wanted, wasn't it? A boy and a girl.

DOC. Is that what I said?

MEG. I don't know. I thought it's what you said.

*They finish their drinks in silence.*

DOC. Whose cot?

MEG. Lenny's. She's taken to sleeping in the kitchen.

DOC. Ah. Where is Lenny?

MEG. She's in the upstairs room. I made her cry. Babe's up there seeing to her.

DOC. How'd you make her cry?

MEG. I don't know. Eating her birthday candy; talking on about her boyfriend from Memphis. I don't know. I'm upset about it. She's got a lot on her. Why can't I keep my mouth shut?

DOC. I don't know, Meggy. Maybe it's because you don't want to.

MEG. Maybe.

*They smile at each other. Meg pours each of them another drink.*

DOC. Well, it's been a long time.

MEG. It has been a long time.

DOC. Let's see—when was the last time we saw each other?

MEG. I can't quite recall.

DOC. Wasn't it in Biloxi?

MEG. Ah, Biloxi. I believe so.

DOC. And wasn't there a—a hurricane going on at the time?

MEG. Was there?

DOC. Yes, there was, one hell of a hurricane. Camille, I believe they called it. Hurricane Camille.

MEG. Yes, now I remember. It was a beautiful hurricane.

DOC. We had a time down there. We had quite a time. Drinking vodka, eating oysters on the half-shell, dancing all night long. And the wind was blowing.

MEG. Oh, God, was it blowing.

DOC. Goddamn, was it blowing.

MEG. There never has been such a wind blowing.

DOC. Oh, God, Meggy. Oh, God.

MEG. I know, Doc. It was my fault to leave you. I was crazy. I thought I was choking. I felt choked!

DOC. I felt like a fool.

MEG. No.

DOC. I just kept on wondering why.

MEG. I don't know why... 'cause I didn't want to care. I don't know. I did care though. I did.

DOC. *(After a pause.)* Ah, hell—

*He pours them both another drink.*

Are you still singing those sad songs?

MEG. No.

DOC. Why not?

MEG. I don't know, Doc. Things got worse for me. After a while, I just couldn't sing anymore. I tell you, I had one hell of a time over Christmas.

DOC. What do you mean?

MEG. I went nuts. I went insane. Ended up in L.A. County Hospital. Psychiatric ward.

DOC. Hell. Ah, hell, Meggy. What happened?

MEG. I don't really know. I couldn't sing anymore; so I lost my job.

And I had a bad toothache. I had this incredibly painful toothache. For days I had it, but I wouldn't do anything about it. I just stayed inside my apartment. All I could do was sit around in chairs, chewing on my fingers. Then one afternoon I ran screaming out of the apartment with all my money and jewelry and valuables and tried to stuff it all into one of those March of Dimes collection boxes. That was when they nabbed me. Sad story. Meg goes mad.

*Doc stares at her for a long moment. He pours them both another drink.*

DOC. *(After quite a pause.)* There's a moon out.

MEG. Is there?

DOC. Wanna go take a ride in my truck and look out at the moon?

MEG. I don't know, Doc. I don't wanna start up. It'll be too hard, if we start up.

DOC. Who says we're gonna start up? We're just gonna look at the moon. For one night just you and me are gonna go for a ride in the country and look out at the moon.

MEG. One night?

DOC. Right.

MEG. Look out at the moon?

DOC. You got it.

MEG. Well...all right.

*She gets up.*

DOC. Better take your coat.

*He helps her into her coat.*

And the bottle—

*He takes the bottle. Meg picks up the glasses.*

→ Forget the glasses—

MEG. *(Laughing.)* Yeah—forget the glasses. Forget the goddamn glasses.

*Meg shuts off the kitchen lights, leaving the kitchen lit by only a dim light over the kitchen sink. Meg and Doc leave. After a moment, Babe comes down the stairs in her slip.*