

→ Well, I just don't know what to say! I'm so sorry! I am so sorry for you! And for Little Babe, here, too. I mean to have such a sister as that!

LENNY. What do you mean?

CHICK. Oh, you don't need to pretend with me. I saw it all from over there in my own backyard; I saw Meg stumbling out of Doc Porter's pickup truck, not 15 minutes ago. And her looking such a disgusting mess. You must be so ashamed! You must just want to die! Why, I always said that girl was nothing but cheap Christmas trash!

LENNY. Don't talk that way about Meg.

CHICK. Oh, come on now. Lenny, honey, I know exactly how you feel about Meg. Why, Meg's a low-class tramp and you need not have one more blessed thing to do with her and her disgusting behavior.

LENNY. I said don't you ever talk that way about my sister Meg again.

CHICK. Well, my goodness gracious, Lenora, don't be such a noodle—it's the truth!

LENNY. I don't care if it's the Ten Commandments. I don't want to hear it in my home. Not ever again.

CHICK. In your home?! Why, I never in all my life—This is my grandfather's home! And you're just living here on his charity; so don't you get high-falutin' with me, Miss Lenora Josephine Magrath!

LENNY. Get out of here—

CHICK. Don't you tell me to get out! What makes you think you can order me around? Why, I've had just about my fill of you trashy Magraths and your trashy ways; hanging yourselves in cellars; carrying on with married men; shooting your own husbands!

LENNY. Get out!

CHICK. (*To Babe.*) And don't think she's not gonna end up at the state prison farm or in some—mental institution. Why it's a clear-cut case of manslaughter with intent to kill!

LENNY. Out! Get out!

CHICK. (*Running on.*) That's what everyone's saying, deliberate intent to kill! And you'll pay for that! Do you hear me? You'll pay!

*Lenny picks up a broom and threatens Chick with it.*

LENNY. And I'm telling you to get out!

CHICK. You—you put that down this minute—are you a raving lunatic?

LENNY. (*Beating Chick with the broom.*) I said for you to get out! That means out! And never, never, never come back!

CHICK. (*Overlapping, as she runs around the room.*) Oh! Oh! Oh! You're crazy! You're crazy!

LENNY. (*Chasing Chick out the door.*) Do you hear me, Chick the Stick! This is my home! This is my house! Get out! Out!

CHICK. (*Overlapping.*) Oh! Oh! Police! Police! You're crazy! Help! Help!

*Lenny chases Chick out of the house. They are both screaming. The phone rings. Babe goes and picks it up.*

BABE. Hello?... Oh, hello, Zackery!... Yes, he showed them to me!... You're what!... What do you mean?... What!... You can't put me out to Whitfield... 'cause I'm not crazy... I'm not! I'm not!... She wasn't crazy either... Don't you call my mother crazy!... No, you're not! You're not gonna. You're not!

*She slams the phone down and stares wildly ahead.*

He's not. He's not.

*As she walks over to the ribbon drawer.*

I'll do it. I will. And he won't...

*She opens the drawer, pulls out the rope; becomes terrified; throws the rope back in the drawer and slams it shut. Lenny enters from the back door, swinging the broom and laughing.*

LENNY. Oh, my! Oh, my! You should have seen us! Why, I chased Chick the Stick right up the mimosa tree. I did! I left her right up there screaming in the tree!

BABE. (*Laughing; she is insanely delighted.*) Oh, you did!

LENNY. Yes, I did! And I feel so good! I do! I feel good! I feel good!

BABE. (*Overlapping.*) Good! Good, Lenny! Good for you!

*They dance around the kitchen.*

LENNY. (*Stopping.*) You know what—

BABE. What?