

BABE. (*Overlapping, to Meg.*) Why'd you have to open your big mouth?!

MEG. (*Overlapping.*) How am I supposed to know? You never said not to tell!

BABE. Can't you use your head just for once?! (*Then to Lenny.*) No, I never told anyone else. Somehow it just slipped out to Meg. Really, it just flew out of my mouth—

LENNY. What do you two have—wings on your tongues?

BABE. I'm sorry, Lenny. Really sorry.

LENNY. I'll just never, never, never be able to trust you again—

MEG. (*Furiously, coming to Babe's defense.*) Oh, for heaven's sake, Lenny, we were just worried about you! We wanted to find a way to make you happy!

LENNY. Happy! Happy! I'll never be happy!

MEG. Well, not if you keep living your life as Old Granddaddy's nursemaid—

BABE. Meg, shut up!

MEG. I can't help it! I just know that the reason you stopped seeing this man from Memphis was because of Old Granddaddy.

LENNY. What—Babe didn't tell you the rest of the story—

MEG. Oh, she said it was something about your shrunken ovary.

BABE. Meg!!

LENNY. Babe!!

BABE. I just mentioned it!

MEG. But I don't believe a word of that story!

LENNY. Oh, I don't care what you believe! It's so easy for you—you always have men falling in love with you! But I have this underdeveloped ovary and I can't have children and my hair is falling out in the comb—so what man can love me?! What man's gonna love me?

MEG. A lot of men!

BABE. Yeah, a lot! A whole lot!

MEG. Old Granddaddy's the only one who seems to think otherwise.

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.