

LENNY. (*Overlapping as she falls apart.*) It's horrible! It's horrible! It's just horrible!!!

MEG. Now calm down, Lenny. Just calm down. Would you like a Coke? Here, I'll get you some Coke. (*Meg gets a Coke from the refrigerator. She opens it and downs a large swig.*) Why? Why would she shoot him? Why? (*Meg hands the Coke bottle to Lenny.*)

LENNY. I talked to her this morning and I asked her that very question. I said, "Babe, why would you shoot Zackery? He was your own husband. Why would you shoot him?" And do you know what she said? (*Meg shakes her head.*) She said, "Cause I didn't like his looks. I just didn't like his looks."

MEG. (*After a pause.*) Well, I don't like his looks.

LENNY. But you didn't shoot him! You wouldn't shoot a person 'cause you didn't like their looks! You wouldn't do that! Oh, I hate to say this—I do hate to say this—but I believe Babe is ill. I mean in-her-head-ill.

MEG. Oh, now, Lenny, don't you say that! There're plenty of good sane reasons to shoot another person and I'm sure that Babe had one. Now what we've got to do is get her the best lawyer in town. Do you have any ideas on who's the best lawyer in town?

LENNY. Well, Zackery is, of course; but he's been shot!

MEG. Well, count him out! Just count him and his whole firm out!

LENNY. Anyway, you don't have to worry, she's already got her lawyer.

MEG. She does? Who?

LENNY. Barnette Lloyd. Annie Lloyd's boy. He just opened his office here in town. And Uncle Watson said we'd be doing Annie a favor by hiring him up.

MEG. Doing Annie a favor? Doing Annie a favor?! Well, what about Babe? Have you thought about Babe? Do we want to do her a favor of thirty or forty years in jail?! Have you thought about that?

LENNY. Now, don't snap at me! Just don't snap at me! I try to do what's right! All this responsibility keeps falling on my shoulders, and I try to do what's right!

MEG. Well, boo hoo, hoo, hoo! And how in the hell could you send me such a telegram about Babe!

LENNY. Well, if you had a phone, or if you didn't live way out there in Hollywood and not even come home for Christmas maybe I wouldn't have to pay all that money to send you a telegram!!!

MEG. (*Overlapping.*) 'Babe's in terrible trouble—Stop! Zackery's been shot—Stop! Come home immediately—Stop! Stop! Stop!'

LENNY. And what was that you said about how old we're getting? When you looked at my face, you said, "My God, we're getting so old!" But you didn't mean we—you meant me! Didn't you? I'm thirty years old today and my face is getting all pinched up and my hair is falling out in the comb.

MEG. Why, Lenny! It's your birthday, October 23rd. How could I forget. Happy Birthday!

LENNY. Well, it's not. I'm thirty years old and Billy Boy died last night. He was struck by lightning. He was struck dead.

MEG. (*Reaching for a cigarette.*) Struck dead. Oh, what a mess. What a mess. Are you really thirty? Then I must be twenty-seven and Babe is twenty-four. My God, we're getting so old. (*They are silent for several moments as Meg drags off her cigarette and Lenny drinks her Coke.*) What's the cot doing in the kitchen?

LENNY. Well, I rolled it out when Old Granddaddy got sick. So I could be close and hear him at night if he needed something.

MEG. (*Glancing toward the door leading to the downstairs bedroom.*) Is Old Granddaddy here?

LENNY. Why, no. Old Granddaddy's at the hospital.

MEG. Again?

LENNY. Meg!

MEG. What?

LENNY. I wrote you all about it. He's been in the hospital over three months straight.

MEG. He has?

LENNY. Don't you remember? I wrote you about all those blood vessels popping in his brain?

MEG. Popping—