Group A character:
Stupid dreams can make me grumpy all frickin’ day.
I can’t help it.
Like last night I dreamed of Georgie Peorgie.
Can you believe it?
Chiclet tooth Georgie Peorgie,
From down the road
That hung around here last summer,
All smug and smiling.

In this stupid dream, see, we was picking choke-cheries.
Just like we done once.
And he comes way too close, see.
Way too close for comfort.
Just like he done last summer.

Only this time,
In my dream,
I didn’t smack his chiclet tooth smile
And send his pail o’ berries flying all over the ground.
No this time,
In my dream,
I let that Georgie Peorgie get closer.
And closer,
And closer still,
‘Til I felt his hot breath burn my neck.
And I let him pull up my dress.
And I let him put his mouth on my belly.
And I let him put a hand full o’ berries
Down my cotton panties.
And I let him mash those berries so hard against me,
That the juice trickled sticky down my thighs.
Just like warm purple pee.

Oh cripe,
I hate waking up to dreams like that.
They just make me so frickin’ mad.
‘Cause I swear if that Georgie Peorgie came knocking at my door today,
At this very moment,
All smug and smiling.
I’d smack him one so hard across the head,
That his chiclet teeth would fly right out of his bloody mouth
And scatter all over my kitchen floor.
Group A character:
The movies of my memories keep flickering,
Jerky jerk like,
In my head.

Flickering over and over again.
Over exposed and faded.

Birthday parties,
Baseball games,
Family hugs,
And new dresses.
Brand new pretty dresses... .

Flickering, yellow stained, haunting movies,
Over and over.
Good times first and then the bad.

Oh the bad.
Bad black times playing jerky jerk like.
And there is no stopping it.

Flickering before my very eyes,
I see myself looking in the mirror for the first time,
Disgusted by the beast I see.
The horrible black beast staring back at me.

And Mommy's disgusted disappointed frown,
As she bows her sorry head down.

And the screaming,
The hair pulling,
The pots and pans flying through the air.

And the grey smoke that rises and twists,
As a closet full of pretty dresses smoulders black,
In the burning barrel out back.

Flickering faded jerky jerk movies.
Black and white.
Good and bad.
I love you.
I hate you.
I love you.
I hate you.
Group A Character:
Sometimes, I wonder if she ever thinks about me.
Like way back,
Way, way back,
Before my voice cracked,
And my nose grew too big for my body,
Like way back then,
When I told her if I ever grew up,
I would probably get married to her?
I wonder about that.
That's all.
S' no big deal.

And those things I made for her?
They weren't very good, I know.

The toothpick holder,
The fridge magnet.
The paper-clip necklace.
I wonder if she has them still,
Tucked in a box.
In a back of the drawer,
Where she keeps her lipstick and blush.
Probably not.
They weren't very good anyway.
I was just wondering.
That's all.
I don't even care.
'S no big deal.
Group A Character:
Sometimes, when I think about things too much,
I like to imagine a time before?
Like, before Poppa died?
Like, before everyone was calling our Momma a murdering whore?
Like, way before that?

Like a time when we used to skate on Miller's pond
Arm in arm on Sunday Afternoons,
Our cheeks rosy red,
The air so fresh it made you giggle.
Round and round Old Miller's pond,
Arm in arm,
Just laughing and giggling,
And when it snowed we all just stuck out our tongues to catch the flakes.

Well, anyhow,
When I think too much about certain things,
You see,
I get this little, red-hot ball,
In the pit of my gut
That starts to
Grow, grow, grow, grow
And wants to
Burst, burst, burst, burst
And make me do, do, do, do
Things I don't want to do, do, do, do,
So I have to shove, shove, shove, shove it,
Down! Down! Down! Down! . . .
And then? . . .
I'm better.
Group B Character:
Nobody loves me
Everybody hates me
I guess I'll just eat worms

Long one, short ones
Fat ones skinny ones
Juicy lovely worms.

I have a secret.
I have a dirty secret.
In our basement-
In our smelly basement
Oh fuck! I'm sorry but-
Sometimes,
I go down in the basement,
Down, down
To the far wet corner.
Oh fuck! This is so disgusting!
In the far... 
Moist. Dark. Smelly corner-
There is a big pile of-
Oh fuck!
A big pile of-

It's like our garbage heap. O.K?
Like it's where we dump all our scraps of meat and guts and gunk and muck and pee and...and...
And POO!
Believe me there is a lot of it.
Piled to the ceiling.
Buzzing flies and jiggling maggots.
This wet... oozing... pulsing corner of the basement.
It's so disgusting.
It's rotten and stinky.
It makes you gag.
I gag! I gag!
But I go, go, go there anyway.
And I sit there.
And I stare at it.
And I sniff it.
And-
Oh Fuck, this is so gross, I know
But I just can't help it.
So I stick my face against it...
And ever so gently,
I lick it.
Group B Character:
My ointment! My ointment!

Minute by minute I grow stiff and brittle,
A crumpled piece of cellophane,
An old hard candy,
A broken shard of crystal.

From the moment I slipped into my white silk wedding gown and slid,
All sly and supple,
Down the aisle to marry that soldier,
That hero,
That beast,
I could feel myself begin to stiffen.
Like starch.

Oh my fuck! Oh my Christ! Oh my God!

That beast of a man abandoned me,
Left me wizened.
Alone in a crumbling Camelot,
With hungry babies at my breasts,
Sucking dry my juices.

It's a curse! A fucking curse!

A son,
A hungry wolverine.
Could not be tamed.
A razor blade boy,
Sharpened by his father.

And a daughter.
A broken looking glass reflection of my youth.
I hate her!
She shaves her head to spite me.

Oh my fuck.
My ointment.
Where is my ointment.
Group B Character:
When your man flies half way round the world,
Gathering the laurels of his fame,
He comes home with secrets to share.
Whoring slut secrets.
He whispers their green perfumed scent in your ear.

“Arch your back baby!
I like it that way!”

You son of a bitch!
You no good bastard
You deserved to die.

How I took pleasure in wedging that cleaver in your skull.
Ha ha ha
Die husband!

Oops. Excuse me.

Dear god,
Protect me.
Hear my whispered cry!
For I am not among friends.

If there are some who plot and scheme
To deprive me of my present wealth, protect me.
Let me live my life free from harm.
Let me live only with those I love,
Surrounded by goodness and loving thoughts.
Protect me.
Surrounded by children who do not hate me,
Do not cause me pain.
PROTECT ME.

Dear god this is my humble prayer.
Hear it in kindness.
Group B Character:
Is everybody ready?
Is everybody looking at me?
Will you look at me, pig?
Good.
Perfect.
Scrumptious.

I am ready.
I came prepared with something to-
Never mind.

Is everybody listening?
Is everybody ready?

Hog!

I don't like talking in a vacuum.

Good.
Mmmm.
Here we go little piggies.
Little worms.
Little balls of mucous.

Mmmmn.
Let me see.
Are you truly ready for this?

Well just how badly do you want to see it?
To sniff it?
To touch it?
To lick it?
Humm?

Well fuck off ingrate.
I've changed my mind.
You are not worthy.

Wait!
I can't resist!
Cheeky monkeys.
Here.
Just a wee peak to get you going.
To titillate.
To make you buzz
ZZZZZZZZZ.

Now there.
Are you happy?

I know I am.