

MEG. Hello.

BABE. (*Fooling with her hair.*) Hi, Meg. (*Lenny quietly sips her coffee.*)

MEG. (*Handing the newspaper to Babe.*) Here's your paper.

BABE. Thanks. (*She opens it.*) Oh, here it is, right on the front page. (*Meg lights a cigarette.*) Where's the scissors, Lenny?

LENNY. Look in there in the ribbon drawer.

BABE. Okay. (*Babe gets the scissors and glue out of the drawer and slowly begins cutting out the newspaper article.*)

MEG. (*After a few moments, filled only with the snipping of scissors.*) All right—I lied! I lied! I couldn't help it...these stories just came pouring out of my mouth! When I saw how tired and sick Old Granddaddy'd gotten—they just flew out! All I wanted was to see him smiling and happy. I just wasn't going to sit there and look at him all miserable and sick and sad! I just wasn't!

BABE. Oh, Meg, he is sick, isn't he—

MEG. Why, he's gotten all white and milky—he's almost evaporated!

LENNY. (*Gasping and turning to Meg.*) But still you shouldn't have lied! It just was wrong for you to tell such lies—

MEG. Well, I know that! Don't you think I know that? I hate myself when I lie for that old man. I do. I feel so weak. And then I have to go and do at least three or four things that I know he'd despise just to get even with that miserable, old, bossy man!

LENNY. Oh, Meg, please, don't talk so about Old Granddaddy! It sounds so ungrateful. Why, he went out of his way to make a home for us; to treat us like we were his very own children. All he ever wanted was the best for us. That's all he ever wanted.

MEG. Well, I guess it was; but sometimes I wonder what we wanted.

BABE. (*Taking the newspaper article and glue over to her suit-*

case.) Well, one thing I wanted was a team of white horses to ride Mama's coffin to her grave. That's one thing I wanted. (*Lenny and Meg exchange looks.*) Lenny, did you remember to pack my photo album?

LENNY. It's down there at the bottom, under all that night stuff.
BABE. Oh, I found it.

LENNY. Really, Babe, I don't understand why you have to put in the articles that are about the unhappy things in your life. Why would you want to remember them?

BABE. (*Pasting the article in.*) I don't know. I just like to keep an accurate record, I suppose. There. (*She begins flipping through the book.*) Look, here's a picture of me when I got married.

MEG. Let's see. (*Babe brings the photo album over to the table. They all look at it.*)

LENNY. My word, you look about twelve years old.

BABE. I was just eighteen.

MEG. You're smiling, Babe. Were you happy then?

BABE. (*Laughing.*) Well, I was drunk on champagne punch. I remember that! (*They turn the page.*)

LENNY. Oh, there's Meg singing at Greeny's!

BABE. Oooh, I wish you were still singing at Greeny's! I wish you were!

LENNY. You're so beautiful!

BABE. Yes, you are. You're beautiful.

MEG. Oh, stop! I'm not—

LENNY. Look, Meg's starting to cry.

BABE. Oh, Meg—

MEG. I'm not—

BABE. Quick, better turn the page; we don't want Meg crying— (*She flips the pages.*)

LENNY. Why, it's Daddy.

MEG. Where'd you get that picture, Babe? I thought she burned them all.

BABE. Ah, I just found it around.

LENNY. What does it say here? What's that inscription?

BABE. It says "Jimmy—clowning at the beach—1952."

LENNY. Well, will you look at that smile.

MEG. Jesus, those white teeth—turn the page, will you; we can't do any worse than this! (*They turn the page. The room goes silent.*)

BABE. It's Mama and the cat.

LENNY. Oh, turn the page—

BABE. That old yellow cat. You know, I bet if she hadn't of hung that old cat along with her, she wouldn't have gotten all that national coverage.

MEG. (*After a moment, hopelessly.*) Why are we talking about this?

LENNY. Meg's right. It was so sad. It was awfully sad. I remember how we all three just sat up on that bed the day of the service all dressed up in our black velveteen suits crying the whole morning long.

BABE. We used up one whole big box of Kleenexes.

MEG. And then Old Granddaddy came in and said he was gonna take us out to breakfast. Remember, he told us not to cry anymore 'cause he was gonna take us out to get banana splits for breakfast.

BABE. That's right—banana splits for breakfast!

MEG. Why, Lenny was fourteen years old and he thought that would make it all better—

BABE. Oh, I remember he said for us to eat all we wanted. I think I ate about five! He kept shoving them down us!

MEG. God, we were so sick!

LENNY. Oh, we were!

MEG. (*Laughing.*) Lenny's face turned green—

LENNY. I was just as sick as a dog!

BABE. Old Grandmama was furious!

LENNY. Oh, she was!

MEG. The thing about Old Granddaddy is he keeps trying to make us happy and we end up getting stomach aches and turning green and throwing up in the flower arrangements.

BABE. Oh, that was me! I threw up in the flowers! Oh, no! How embarrassing!

LENNY. (*Laughing.*) Oh, Babe—

BABE. (*Hugging her sisters.*) Oh, Lenny! Oh, Meg!

MEG. Oh, Babe! Oh, Lenny! It's so good to be home!