

IVY Where are Bill and Jean going?

Barbara doesn't answer, just stands there.

IVY (CONT'D) Karen, too?

BARBARA Yeah...

Barb turns, heads for the house, Ivy follows

IVY Is she clean?

BARBARA She's moderately clean.

IVY Moderately?

BARBARA You don't like moderately? Then let's say tolerably.

IVY Is she clean, or not?

BARBARA Back off.

IVY I'm nervous.

BARBARA Oh Christ, Ivy, not today.

IVY I have to tell her, don't I? We're leaving for New York tomorrow.

BARBARA That's not a good idea. For you and Charles to take this any further.

IVY Where is this coming from?

Barbara heads up the porch steps and into --

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BARBARA Lot of fish in the sea. Surely you can rule out the one single man in the world you're related to.

IVY I love the man I'm related to--

BARBARA Fuck love, what a crock of shit. People can convince themselves they love a painted rock.

They find Johnna cooking in the kitchen.

BARBARA (CONT'D) Looks great. What is it?

JOHNNA Catfish.

BARBARA Bottom feeders, my favorite. You're nearly thirty years old, Ivy, you can't go to New York, you'll break a hip. Eat your catfish.

IVY I have lived in this town, year in and year out, hoping against hope someone would come into my life--

BARBARA Don't get all Carson McCullers on me. Now wipe that tragic look off your face and eat some catfish.

They head into the dining room, find Violet smoking, working on her jigsaw puzzle.

**BARBARA (CONT'D)** Howdy, Mom.

**VIOLET** What's howdy about it?

**BARBARA** Look, catfish for lunch. Ivy, Mom, eat.

**VIOLET** Ivy, you should smile. Like me.

**IVY** I'm not hungry.

**BARBARA** You haven't eaten anything today. You didn't eat anything yesterday.

**IVY** I'm not hungry. Why aren't either of you dressed?

**BARBARA** We're dressed. We're not sitting here naked, are we?

**VIOLET** Yeah....

**BARBARA** Eat.

**IVY** No.

**BARBARA** Eat it. Ivy? Mom? Eat it.

**VIOLET** No.

**BARBARA** Eat it, you fucker. Eat that catfish.

**VIOLET** Go to hell.

**BARBARA** That doesn't cut any fucking ice with me. Now eat that fucking fish.

**IVY** Mom, I have something to talk to you-

**BARBARA** No you don't.

**IVY** Barbara-

**BARBARA** No you don't. Shut up. Shut the fuck up.

**IVY** Please--

**VIOLET** What's to talk about?

**IVY** Mom-

**BARBARA** Forget it. Eat that fucking fish.

**VIOLET** I'm not hungry.

**BARBARA** Eat it.

**VIOLET NO!**

**IVY** Mom, I need to--!

**VIOLET NO!**

**IVY MOM!**

**BARBARA EAT THE FISH, BITCH!**

**IVY MOM, PLEASE!**

**VIOLET** Barbara...!

**BARBARA** Okay, fuck it, do what you want.

**IVY** I have to tell you something.

**BARBARA** Ivy's a lesbian.

**IVY** Barbara--

**VIOLET** No, you're not.

**IVY** No, I'm not--

**BARBARA** Yes, you are. Did you eat your fish?

**IVY** Barbara, stop it!

**BARBARA** Eat your fish.

**IVY** Barbara!

**BARBARA** Eat your fish.

**IVY** Mom, please, this is important -

**BARBARA** Eatyourfisheatyourfisheatyourfish--

Ivy stands, hurls her plate of food, smashes it.

**BARBARA (CONT'D)** What the fuck --

**IVY** I have something to say.

**BARBARA** Are we breaking shit?

Barbara takes a vase from the sideboard, smashes it.

**BARBARA (CONT'D)** `cause I can break shit --

Violet throws her plate, smashes it.

**BARBARA (CONT'D)** See, we can all break shit.

**IVY** Charles and I --

**BARBARA** You don't want to break shit with me, muthah-fuckah --

**IVY** Charles and I --

**BARBARA** Johnna?! Little spill in here!

Ivy gets in Barbara's face.

**IVY** Barbara, stop it! (returning to Violet) Mom, Charles and I --

**BARBARA** Little Charles --

**IVY** Charles and I --

**BARBARA** Little Charles --

**IVY** Barbara --

**BARBARA** You have to say Little Charles or she won't know who you're talking about.

**IVY** Little Charles and I...  
Barbara relents. Ivy will finally get to say the words.

**IVY (CONT'D)** Little Charles and I are --

**VIOLET** Little Charles and you are brother and sister. I know that.  
Freeze.

Silence.

**BARBARA** Oh... Mom.

**IVY** What? No, listen, Little Charles --

**VIOLET** I've always known that. I told you, no one slips anything by me.

**IVY** Mom --

**BARBARA** Don't listen.

**VIOLET** knew the whole time Bev and Mattie Fae were carrying on. Charlie should have known too, if he wasn't smoking all that grass.

**BARBARA** It's the pills talking.

**VIOLET** Your father tore himself up over it, thirty some-odd years, but Beverly wouldn't have been Beverly if he didn't have plenty to brood about.

**IVY** Mom, what are you...?

**BARBARA** Oh honey...

**VIOLET** Better you girls know now though, now you're older. Never know when someone might need a kidney.

Ivy looks from Violet to Barbara... suddenly lurches away from the table, knocking over her chair.

**IVY** Why in God's name did you tell me this?

**BARBARA** I was trying to protect you --

**IVY** We'll go anyway, we'll still go away.

Ivy gets in the car, starts it, revs the engine. Barbara tries to open the car door.

**BARBARA** This is not my fault.

Barbara pounds on the car window.

**BARBARA (CONT'D)** I didn't tell you, Mom told you! It wasn't me, it was Mom!

The car window slides down.

**IVY** There's no difference.

Ivy floors the car, roars out of the driveway, leaving Barb standing there. After a moment, Barb turns, stares up at the house, angry, resolute. Starts back inside.