

**JEW!**

*Harvey Perr*

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At stage right we see RED, staring out a window, his fingers cocked on the trigger of a rifle. At stage left we see CURLY, also staring out a window, his fingers cocked on the trigger of a rifle. CURLY and RED are staring at each other.

In stage center two women, PATTI and HATTIE, sit in bathing suits, drinking beer.

PATTI And he (*Nodding her head in RED's direction*), he comes storming out of his house with that old-bag wife of his—I mean, did you ever see her legs?—and he says—and I must admit it was a graphic analogy—that someone's got a hard on for his kids and he's gonna put a stop to it before there's an orgasm. (*She addresses an unseen child*) Stop splashing, honey. Isn't it amazing how she takes to water, and only two years old. Throw a kiss to Aunt Hattie, Sugar. Kick your legs. Show Aunt Hattie how you swim. Isn't she too much? Look, look. At the other one. I guess you can tell she never learned manners of any sort, the way she stares and makes faces. Remember *The Bad Seed*? In spades! . . . Now you watch it in the deep end, you never can tell what maliciousness other children are capable of. Go on, kick your legs. Show 'em up. Ten years old and she acts younger than this sweet little two-year-old of ours.

HATTIE Drinks, huh?

PATTI Starts at ten ayem. That's ten in the morning. The both of them. And he (*Nodding in RED's direction*) has the nerve to call us alcoholics.

HATTIE Looks like he drinks.

COLLISION COURSE

PATTI A musician. He's a pothead, too. Why, his eyes like to pop sometimes, he's so stoned. Well no wonder his kids are, as you can see for yourself, so retarded morally . . . That's it. Keep splashing.

HATTIE Didn't you used to be friendly?

PATTI Well, sure, we barbecued together and everything. Till we saw them for what they were.

CURLY Warmonger!

RED Communist!

PATTI Let them drink our booze, got her a job, even turned on with them once or twice. I mean, they got good stuff. Till we saw them for what they were.

HATTIE John Birch, huh?

PATTI I wouldn't be surprised.

CURLY Redneck!

RED Nigger lover!

PATTI And you know Curly, he wouldn't hurt a fly, but when it comes to his kid . . . Hey there, you, see what a rotten brat she is! . . . You stop that splashing. She's only two years old. *The Bad Seed*, I tell you.

CURLY (*Muttering*) Imbecile!

RED What you say?

PATTI And the kids absolutely adored each other. But you know what they say, leave the world in the hands of kids, and you might as well forget it!

*Jew!*

HATTIE He called you alcoholics?

PATTI Can you imagine that?

HATTIE Sick!

PATTI My very words . . . If you think the girl is bad, you should see the boy. Evil. But what do you expect?

HATTIE With parents like that.

CURLY Sex maniac!

RED Fag!

PATTI I don't even know how it started.

HATTIE You never do.

PATTI Or when it started.

HATTIE It sure is a hot day.

PATTI Isn't it, though? Now did you see that? Was that or was that not sheer maliciousness? I told you to stop that. She's only two years old . . . Sugar, she splashes you, you splash her right back. I hate to teach her evil . . .

HATTIE Well, she's got to learn about reality sooner or later.

PATTI It is ironic that it was the kids brought us together in the first place, and it's the kids started the rupture that has led us to this.

HATTIE It certainly is ironic.

CURLY Junkie!

RED Wino!

COLLISION COURSE

PATTI Of course, the beauty of it is that he (*Nodding in RED's direction*), he and his wife are hated by everyone. I mean, nobody even likes the kids. Whereas everyone just adores our Sugar.

HATTIE She's so cute, the little angel.

PATTI And through it all, everyone's been on our side. Why, we told them that if they didn't want Sugar in their house, just lock your door. And you know what he (*Nodding in RED's direction*) had the gall to say? That we should lock our doors and keep Sugar in.

HATTIE I'd scream.

PATTI Well, he comes from Texas.

HATTIE Yes? What part?

PATTI Dallas. Couldn't you tell?

CURLY Green Beret!

RED Draft-card burner!

PATTI And to think we let Sugar alone in their house countless times. No telling what subtle things they've done to her mind, young as she is.

HATTIE You gotta be careful.

PATTI Not in the deep end, Sugar. Hold on to the edge now. Now stop playing games, Sugar. Get your head out of the water. Sugar! Sugar!

CURLY Southern Baptist!

RED Jew!

Jew!

PATTI Curly! Hurry! Sugar . . . Something's happened to Sugar.

CURLY What did you call me?

RED Jew!

(PATTI runs to CURLY as CURLY fires the rifle. PATTI stares in disbelief as she falls dead)

RED Jew! Jew! Jew!

HATTIE (*Staring at the pool*) Help!

Blackout