

INT. KITCHEN, THE WESTON FAMILY HOME - DAY

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
Lots 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.

JOHNNA enters with a plate of food.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA
Looks great. What is it?

JOHNNA
Catfish.

BARBARA
Bottom feeders, my favorite. You're nearly fifty 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 that 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.

VIOLET enters.

BARBARA
Howdy, Mom.

VIOLET
What's howdy about it?

BARBARA
Look, catfish for lunch. You hungry?

VIOLET
Ivy, you should smile. Like me.

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

VIOLET
I'm not hungry.

IVY
Why aren't either of you dressed?

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

(CONTINUED)

VIOLET
Yeah!

BARBARA
Eat.

VIOLET
No.

BARBARA
Eat it. 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.

VIOLET
Barbara, quiet now--

IVY
Mom, please, this is important--

BARBARA
Eatyourfisheatyourfisheatyourfish--

IVY stands and hurls her plate of food, smashing it.

BARBARA
What the fuck?!

IVY
I have something to say!

BARBARA
Are we breaking shit?

BARBARA takes a vase from the sideboard and smashes it.

BARBARA
'Cause I can break shit!

IVY
Charles and I--

BARBARA
You don't want to break shit with
me, Mutha Fuckah--

IVY
Charles and I--

BARBARA
Johnna?! Little spill in here!

IVY gets in BARBARA's face.

IVY
Barbara, stop it!
(turning 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
Little Charles and I are--

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

Silence.

BARBARA
Oh... Mom. Un-fucking-believable.