

SCENE 2

Chicklet's house. She enters.

CHICKLET Mom, I'm home. Gosh, the place looks spotless. Was Sadie here today?

(MRS. FORREST enters, the spittling image of Joan Cmuidford.)

MRS. FORREST Unfortunately no. Poor Sadie's brother Bubba was run over by a hit-and-run driver. You know our Sadie, always an excuse not to work, I've been on my hands and knees scrubbing all morning. And to top it off, I was experimenting cooking a veal scallopini in the pressure cooker. The darn thing exploded and I'm still finding bits of scallopini in my wiglet.

CHICKLET Well, the house looks swell.

MRS. FORREST Thank you, dear. Did you enjoy yourself at the beach? *(Puts arm around her)*

CHICKLET I guess so.

MRS. FORREST I detect a sphinx-like expression. Penny for your thoughts.

CHICKLET *(Looking for a way to tell her about surfing)* I just hate thinking of you doing all that nasty housework. You're so beautiful.

MRS. FORREST *(Laughs)* My darling daughter, I am just an old widow and a little hard work never hurt anyone.

CHICKLET You're still young. Haven't you ever thought of remarrying?

MRS. FORREST Your father was the great love of my life. I've always regretted that he died before you were born, that you never knew him. He was quite a guy. A damn good provider.

And, darling, to even think of another man would betray his memory.

CHICKLET I really love you but I don't think I'm pulling my weight around here. I've been thinking, there must be more chores for me to do, painting the inside of the trash cans, polishing the cactus plants.

MRS. FORREST Chicklet, I smell a rat.

CHICKLET I'll exterminate it.

MRS. FORREST Chicklet, what's going on up there in the old attic? *(fodicatilling her brain)*

CHICKLET Okay, Mom, cards on the table. I need twenty-five dollars to buy a surf board.

MRS. FORREST Out of the question.

CHICKLET Mom, it's the chance of a lifetime. The great Kanaka has promised to teach me to surf.

MRS. FORREST The great who?

CHICKLET The great Kanaka, why he's practically as famous as the President of the United States.

MRS. FORREST It's too dangerous.

CHICKLET It's as safe as playingjacks. Please let me Mom. It'll be sheer heaven or months and months of stark solitude.

MRS. FORREST I will not have my daughter cavorting with a band of derelict beach bums.

CHICKLET They're great guys. You should see them shooting the curl. It's the ultimate. A gilt-edged guarantee for a summer of sheer happiness.

MRS. FORREST Control yourself, Florence.

CHICKLET *(Fiercely)* I will not control myself. I want a mother fucking cocksucking surfboard!!!

MRS. FORREST I can see the effect those boys are having on you.
I don't like it one bit. You will not see those boys ever again. Promise me that.

CHICKLET I will not promise you.

MRS. FORREST You're cold. This is what the male sex is going to do to us.
It's going to tear us apart. You don't know how lucky you are being a virgin, pure and chaste.

CHICKLET But someday I do want to marry and then I suppose I'd have to ...

MRS. FORREST Do what? Have sexual intercourse. I know how they paint it so beautifully in the movies. A man and a woman locked in embrace, soft lighting, a pitcher of Manhattans, Rachmaninoff in the background. Well, my girl, let me tell you that is not how it is. You don't know how repugnant it is having a sweaty man's thing poking at you. *(She jabs her finger into Chick/et)* Do you like that?

CHICKLET Stop, you're hurting me.

MRS. FORREST That's nothing compared to when they poke you down there.

CHICKLET I don't believe you.

MRS. FORREST Florence!

CHICKLET I don't believe you. Sexual relations between a man and a woman in love is a beautiful and sacred thing. You're wrong, Mother, horribly wrong.

MRS. FORREST The male body is coarse and ugly.

CHICKLET Some men are beautiful.

MRS. FORREST *(In a demonic rage)* You think men are beautiful. Well, take a look at this, Missy. *(She pulls from her cleavage a jock*

strap) For years I've kept this, anticipating this very moment. Do you know what this is?

CHICKLET No.

MRS. FORREST It's a peter belt. This is the pouch that holds their swollen genitalia. Isn't this beautiful? Isn't this romantic? *(She slaps Chicklet with the jock strap repeatedly.)*

CHICKLET Stop, stop.

MRS. FORREST *(Throws the jock strap at Chick/et.)* You are a very foolish girl And to think I spent long hours toiling over that veal scallopini. *(Mrs. Forrest exits. Chicklet stares at the jock strap and whimpers.)*

CHICKLET I'm sorry, Mommy, I'm sorry. *(Starts growling and making animal noises. In baby talk.)* She can't treat me this way. She's so mean and I'm too little to fight back ... I'm so angry ... I'm so angry ... I'm ... I'm *(She bursts into demonic laughter. As Ann Bowman.)* I'm alive! I'm alive! Ann Bowman lives!!!!

BLACKOUT