

ANNIE:

To Marie-Adele. You always make me feel so . . . small . . . like a little pig or something. You're no better than me. *To Philomena.* Why can't you go to bingo by yourself, you big baby? At least I got staying power. *Piss off.* *To Veronique.* Sucking off everybody else's life like a leech because you got nothing of your own. Pathetic old coot. Just buzz off. *To Emily.* You call me names. I don't call you names. You think you're too smart. Shut up. *To Pelajia.* "Queen of the Indians," you think that's what you are. Well, that stupid hammer of yours doesn't scare me. Go away. *Piss me off.*

Then Pelajia lifts her hammer with a big loud "Woah"! And they come to a sudden dead stop. Pause. Then one quick final volley, all at once, loudest of all.

PHILOMENA:

To Annie.

You slimy buck-toothed drunken worm!

EMILY:

To Veronique.

Fuckin' instigator!

VERONIQUE:

To Marie-Adele.

Clutching, clinging vine!