

BILL: Vi, you sure there wasn't some event that triggered his leaving, some incident?
VIOLET: You mean like a fight.
BILL: Yes.
VIOLET: No. And we fought enough... you know... but no, I just left.
5 BARBARA: Maybe he just needed some time away from you.
VIOLET: That's nice of you to say.
BARBARA: Hey, that's no crime. Being married is hard.
BILL: Under the best of circumstances.
BARBARA: But nothing. Not, "See you later," or "I'm taking a walk."
10 (*Violet shakes her head.*)
 Good old unfathomable Dad.
VIOLET: Oh. That man. What I first fell in with— fell in love with, you know, was his mystery. I thought it was sexy as hell. You knew he was the smartest one in the room, knew if he'd just say something... knock you out. But he'd just stand there, little smile on his face... not say a word. Sexy.
15 BARBARA: Yeah, that "mystery" can cut both ways.
BILL: And you can't think of anything different or unusual, or—
VIOLET: He hired this woman. He didn't ask me, just hired this woman to come here and live in our house. Few days before he left.
BARBARA: You don't want her here.
20 VIOLET: I don't know what she's doing here. She's a stranger in my house. There's an *Indian* in my house.
BILL (*Laughing*): You have some problem with Indians, Violet?
VIOLET: I don't know what to say to an Indian.
BARBARA: They're called Native Americans now, Mom.
VIOLET: *Who* calls them that? *Who makes* that decision?
25 BARBARA: It's what they like to be called.
VIOLET: They aren't any more native than me.
BARBARA: In fact, they are.
VIOLET: What's wrong with "Indian"?
BARBARA: Why is it so hard to just call people what they want?—
30 VIOLET: Let's just call the dinosaurs "Native Americans" while we're at it.
BARBARA: She may be an Indian, but she makes the best goddamn apple pie I ever ate in my life.
BILL: It is good, isn't it?
BARBARA: Oh, man—
VIOLET: A cook? So he hired a cook? It doesn't make any sense. We don't eat.
35 BARBARA: That sounds healthy.
VIOLET: We eat, cheese and saltines, or a ham sandwich. But I can't tell you the last time that stove, oh... turned on. Years.
BARBARA: And now you get biscuits and gravy. Kind of nice, huh?
VIOLET: Nice for you, now. But you'll be gone soon enough, never to return.
BARBARA (*A warning*): Mom.
40 VIOLET: When was the last time you were here?
BARBARA: Don't get started on that—
VIOLET: Really, I don't even remember.
BARBARA: I'm very dutiful, Mom, I call, I write, I send presents—
VIOLET: You do not *write*—
45 BARBARA: I send presents on birthdays and Mother's Day—
VIOLET: Because you're "dutiful."
BARBARA: Don't you quote me.
BILL: All right, now—
VIOLET: You're grown-up people, grown-ups. You go where you want—
50 BARBARA: I have a lot of obligations, I have a daughter starting high school in a couple of—
VIOLET: That right? Last time I saw her she's grade school—
BARBARA: I won't talk about this—
VIOLET: I don't care about you two, really. I'd just like to see my granddaughter every now and again.
BARBARA: Well, you're seeing her now.
55 VIOLET: But your father. You broke his heart when you moved away.
BARBARA: That is wildly unfair.
BILL: Am I going to have to separate you two?
VIOLET: You know you were Beverly's favorite; don't pretend you don't know that.
BARBARA: I don't *want* to know that. I'd prefer to think my parents loved all their children equally.
60 VIOLET: I'm sure you'd prefer to think that Santy Claus brought you presents at Christmas, too, but it just isn't so. If you'd had more than one child, you'd realize a parent always has favorites. Mattie Fae was my mother's favorite. Big deal. I got used to it. You were your daddy's favorite.
BARBARA: Great. Thanks.
(*Pause*)
65 VIOLET: Broke his heart.