

Betty

Mrs. Malone

BETTY. Laws. (*Going to clear the remains of breakfast.*) You done with yer breakfast, Charlie? You must be. Ye took off your little head-glass. (*Charlie, as if to answer, tears his paper napkin in half.*) That mean yo're done? I reckon it must. (*Experimentally, Charlie stands and, straight-faced, does a brief, wild little dance.*) Ohhh! (*They look at each other.*) That mean ye enjoyed it? (*Charlie does his little smile.*) It does? (*Charlie dances around some more, shading his eyes à la hornpipe, flapping his arms like wings, and doing a fairly complex series of meaningless gestures.*) And—let's see, I don't know if I got all o' that, er not. Sump'm about—was it sump'm about yo're lookin' forward to more o' my cookin'? (*Charlie smiles, watches her.*) And—and ye hope I'll cook ye some chicken? (*Charlie just smiles.*) Well, don't you worry none, Charlie. 'Cause ye know what we're havin' fer dinner this very night? Chicken! (*Flaps her arms.*) Yes! Laws, lawsy, it's mysterious, ain't it—the way I kin jest read yer brain-thoughts comin' out? I had a pet skunk once, I always knowed jest what he was thinkin' too. He had the same kind o' way of lookin' at me, 'n' all. Yo're jest like him. Yes, sir. (*Charlie puts his hands next to his head and wiggles his fingers.*) Ye what, now? Ye—ye want me t' play the harmonica fer ye? Why! How'd you know I used t' play one o' them thaings? Why, that was thirty years ago! Wait right here. (*Betty exits.*)