

SIDE 1

JEZEBEL: Sorry, I didn't think you'd come so early...
Figured you'd be plum late, you know how our people usually
are! Hah..How was work?

JIMMY: Don't apologize. Oh, and work is work. We don't
agree on a whole lot but I reckon we could reach some sort of
agreement on that.

JEZEBEL: Now who said we don't agree, hmmm? Pfft, just
like always, you let those city kids rub off on you too much,
rather than trusting what you see right in front of you.

JIMMY: Oh, like you don't...when in Rome, right? **(Pause)**
God, I swear I see a new piece of your Mama in your eyes
everyday.

JEZEBEL: Tch, you're just looking too hard, loverboy!
If we were more alike she wouldn't hoot and holler at every
free step I make. The house is practically on fire with the
two of us crammed up in there.

JIMMY: Doubt it. You know her...always a fuss, yeah? How
is the house, anyway?

JEZEBEL: Busy as hell and probably twice as loud. It's
all the aunts and grandparents and twice-removed cousins
around, you know. Things will get better after the cookout;

fancy little Josephine's taking one of them new trains all the way back from her place up in the city and Michael's got himself trapped in summer school for the rest.

JIMMY: Hah! Can't believe Josephine's got herself invested in that spiffy city apartment life...I suppose it's the future like they say...Ah, and Mike! Now I won't encourage him but I've got something damn near admiration for a kid like that.

JEZEBEL: Like what? Cocky and stupid? I'm sure to you that feels pretty familiar, huh?

JIMMY: No, no...someone who really gets what's important in life. And it ain't that slavework education.

JEZEBEL: **(beginning to bristle at his dismissal of school)** Slavework?! Not like *you'd* have a clue about it. As long as they've got women like Mama around to do all the dirty work.

(JIMMY turns his face away from her, likely wearing that same shameful expression from earlier. There is a pause before JEZEBEL sighs)

JEZEBEL: I'm sorry, Jim. I didn't mean that.