

Act I, Scene vi

Mrs. P. And on Christmas mornings , with dog-disturbing whistle and sugar fags, I would scour the swatched town for news of the little world, and find always a dead bird by the white Post Office or by the deserted swings; perhaps a robin, all but one of his fires out. Men and women wading and scooping back from Chapel, with tap room noses and wind-bussed cheeks, all albinos, huddled their stiff black jarring feathers against the irreligious snow. Mistletoe hung from the gas brackets in all the front parlors; there was ; sherry and walnuts and bottled beer and crackers by the desert spoons and cats in their fur-about watched the fires; .and the high-heaped fire spat, all ready for the chestnuts and the mulling pokers. Some few large men sat in the front parlors, without their collars, Uncles almost certainly, trying out their new cigars, holding them out judiciously at arm's length, returning them to their mouths, coughing, then holding them out again as though waiting for the explosion; and some few small aunts, not wanted in the kitchen, nor anywhere else for that matter, sat on the very edges of their chairs, poised and brittle, afraid to break, like faded cups and saucers.

~~Sound of dog barking~~

~~Jim: *(entering)* Uncle Owen can't find the bottle opener.~~

~~Ma: has he looked under the hall stand?~~

~~Dylan: *(entering)* Willy cut his finger!~~

~~Jim: Got your spade? *(Dylan exits)*~~

~~Ma: Never again, never again~~

~~Uncle Owen: *(off stage)* Why should the bottle opener be under the hall stand?~~

~~Ma: If somebody doesn't kill that dog.~~

~~Jim: *(entering)* Uncle Owen says "why should the bottle opener be under the hall stand?"~~

~~*(crash off stage)*~~

~~Ma: I know I put the pepper somewhere.....~~

