

**START** Y'know . . . a simple utility bill can mean so much to a living person. Once they've passed, though . . . after they've passed, the words and numbers just seem like . . . other-worldly symbols. It's only paper. Worse. Worse than blank paper.

*(Johnna wipes sweat from her brow. Beverly takes a folded handkerchief from his pocket and hands it to her.)*

This is clean.

JOHNNA *(Wiping her forehead)*: Thank you.

BEVERLY: I apologize for the temperature in here. My wife is cold-blooded and not just in the metaphorical sense. She does not believe in air-conditioning . . . as if it is a thing to be disbelieved.

JOHNNA: My daddy was the same way. I'm used to it.

BEVERLY: I knew Mr. Youngbird, you know.

JOHNNA: You knew Daddy?

BEVERLY: Small town. Bought many a watermelon from his fruit stand. Some summers he sold fireworks too, right?

JOHNNA: Yes, sir.

BEVERLY: I bought roman candles for my children. He did pass, didn't he?

JOHNNA: Yes, sir.

BEVERLY: May I ask how?

JOHNNA: He had a heart attack. Fell into a flatbed truck full of wine grapes.

BEVERLY: Wine grapes. In Oklahoma. I'm sorry.

JOHNNA: Thank you.

*(He finishes his drink, pours another.)*

BEVERLY: May I ask about the name?

JOHNNA: Hm?

BEVERLY: He was Youngbird and you are . . .

JOHNNA: Monevata.

BEVERLY: "Monevata."

JOHNNA: I went back to the original language.

BEVERLY: And does it mean "young bird"?

JOHNNA: Yes.

BEVERLY: And taking the name, that was your choice?

JOHNNA: Mm-hm.

BEVERLY *(Raising his glass)*: Cheers. **END**

*(Violet calls from offstage.)*

VIOLET *(Offstage)*: Bev . . . ?

BEVERLY *(To himself)*:

By night within that ancient house  
Immense, black, damned, anonymous.

*(Lights up, dimly, on the second-floor landing. Just out of bed, wearing wrinkled clothes, smoking a Winston, Violet squints down the darkened stairway.)*

VIOLET: Bev!

BEVERLY: Yes?

VIOLET: Did you pullish . . . ?

BEVERLY: What?

VIOLET: Did you . . .

*(Long pause. Violet stares, waiting for an answer. Beverly stares, waiting for her to complete her question.)*

BEVERLY: What, dear?

VIOLET: Oh, goddamn it . . . did. You. Are the police here?

BEVERLY: No.

VIOLET: Is this a window? Am I looking through window? A window?

BEVERLY: Can you come here?

*(Violet considers, then clomps down the stairs, into the study, nonplussed by Johnna.)*