

SCENE TWO

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JERRY: Good morning and happy birthday to you, Miss Delaney.

CANDY: Quiet, please. [*She indicates bedroom with sleeper.*] Didn't I tell you he'd come back before Sunday.

[*Jerry starts towards bedroom.*]

CANDY: Stay out of the bedroom.

JERRY: I'm just taking a peek. [*He thrusts his head through the curtains and whistles softly.*]

CANDY: Come back out of the bedroom.

JERRY: I'm not in the bedroom.

CANDY: Everything in my life has been messed up by birches, and I am sick of it.

JERRY: I was going to give you a birthday present.

CANDY: Please don't bother. Just don't mess up the only important thing in my life right now.

JERRY: I hope it lasts, Mother.

CANDY: And don't use bitch-talk in here. It's not only common, it's also very old-fashioned, it places and dates you. My name is Candy Delaney.

JERRY: Miss Delaney to me.

CANDY: Then get out of here, will you? —No. Wait. —Sit down. I want to talk to you seriously a minute. Things have got to change here because I will not have my happiness jeopardized by two bitches under my roof that think to be homosexual means to be cheap and common. And do the bars every night, and only think of new tricks.

JERRY: That's fine coming from you, the mother of us all, on her thirty-fifth birthday.

CANDY: Yes, I'm not young anymore. The queen-world is full of excitement for young queens only. For me its *passé*, and *fnit*. I want to have some dignity in my life, and now I have found a person that I can live with on a *dignified* basis and on a *permanent* basis, who won't compromise me in my professional life, my career, and that I can give something to and who can give something to me, so that between us we can create a satisfactory new existence for both.

JERRY: You've got the birthday blues.

CANDY: I've never been so happy in my life.

JERRY: You've had a sad life, Mother.

CANDY: Will you please leave here and go to your own apartment and when your mouth is up I will appreciate it if you and

that faggot you live with will please move out. Why don't you rent an apartment in the project?

JERRY: And I spent twenty bucks on your birthday present, Candy.

CANDY: Since I won't receive it it's safe for you to exaggerate what it cost you.

JERRY: —This is the last time you will ever insult me.

CANDY: I hope so.

[*Jerry exits, slamming the door. Karl wakes with a groan and comes stumbling into the kitchen.*]