

LOT

SCENE ONE

LOT: These drapes are velvet drapes—neglecte
[*He opens them as gently as if they had feeling, light enters the parlor.*] My mother did all she could to give some quality to the place, but my father—[*deep breath*]-He was a man that liked to sit in a kitchen and wouldn't let Mother build a dining room onto the house. When he died, howling like a wild beast, Mother was free to transform this place or tear it down to the ground, but life was cruel to Mother. It gave her no time to carry out her plans. Outlived my father by shortly less than one year.

LOT: The chandelier is crystal but the pendants are dusty, they've got to be all taken down, one by one, dipped in hot, soapy water. Then rinsed in a bowl of clear water, then dried off with soft tissue paper and hung back up.

[*Chicken grins savagely in the kitchen.*]

Mother and I used to do it, she never allowed the colored girl to touch a thing in this parlor or even come in it. Beautiful things can only be safely cared for by people that know and love them. The day before she died, do you know what she did?

[*Myrtle shakes her head, staring curiously at her exotic young husband.*]

-She removed each crystal pendant from the little brass hook it hung on, passed it down to me, to be soaped and rinsed and dried, and then replaced on its little brass hook.