

**SCENE TWO**

Oh, child, you're hot as fire! They say feed a cold and starve a fever, but you got both.

LOT: I'm hungry for nothing.

MYRTLE: You're hungry for love, and you're gonna have supper with it.

LOT: At the same time, with no appetite for either? [*His eyes fall shut.*]

MYRTLE: I oughtn't to go down there after the way he mocked me, but I smell fried potatoes which is something I cain't resist.

LOT: If you didn't smell fried potatoes you'd smell chicken . . .

MYRTLE: What?

LOT: Nothing. Go down in your washable velvet and eat for us both.

MYRTLE: I want to say one thing more before I face that creature in the kitchen. If you don't feel good now, you're gonna feel wonderful after. You believe it. Believe it?

LOT [*with a grin and an enigmatic smile*]: Yes, I do, completely.

MYRTLE: Here goes!—To what I don't know . . .

[*She goes down the hall steps as if approaching a jungle.*]

MYRTLE [*entering the kitchen*]: Hi.—Hello.—How are you?

[*He ignores all three salutations.*]

Y'know what I thought I smelt down here?

CHICKEN: Me? Chicken?

MYRTLE: Ha ha, no. I thought I smelt French fries down here.

CHICKEN: There's potatoes down here but there's nothing Frenchy about 'em.

**KINGDOM OF EARTH** **ACT ONE**

MYRTLE: Bacon with 'em?

CHICKEN: You come down too late for the bacon.

MYRTLE: Oh, did I miss out on it?

CHICKEN: You sure missed out on the bacon, but there's some bacon grease in the skillet with the potatoes.

MYRTLE: Bacon grease gives potatoes a wonderful flavor. [*She looks about nervously.*].—Memphis is famous for its French fries.

CHICKEN: 'Sthat what it's famous for?

MYRTLE: Yais.—I worked last winter at a place called the French Fried Heaven.

[*Chicken grunts at this information.*]

—Put on ten pounds.—The way they cooked French fries, they put the potatoes in a *wire basket* and put the wire basket in deep fat.

CHICKEN: The fried potatoes here come out of a skillet.

MYRTLE: Oh, I didn't expeck you t'have a wire basket here.—In the country, I'll, uh, help myself an' then take a plate up to Lot.

[*Chicken grunts.*]

Still hot.

CHICKEN: Who?

MYRTLE: I meant the potatoes.

CHICKEN: Aw. I misunnerstood you.

[*As she fills a plate with potatoes, Chicken turns the lamp up.*]

MYRTLE: Where do you keep the silver?

CHICKEN: You mean knife an' fork?

**END**