

# LOT & MYRTLE

## KINGDOM OF EARTH

## ACT ONE

MYRTLE: Whin I love I don't hate.

LOT: You don't have a complex nature.—What time is it, Myrtle?

MYRTLE: My watch don't run. I just wear it now as a bracelet.

LOT: You wound it too tight and broke the springs?

MYRTLE: No, no, baby. Last Fourth of July I wint to a Shriners' picnic on a lake and a couple of drunk Shriners thought it was very funny to throw me in a lake with my watch on, so the works rusted.

LOT: What you should've done to prevent the works from rusting was to take it directly to a jeweler's shop and have the works removed and soaked in oil overnight.

MYRTLE [*sadly*]: I should of done many things in my life which I neglected t'do, and not soaking my watch in oil is not the most important I can think of.

LOT: You mean what you regret is getting married to a—a impotent one-lung sissy who's got one foot in the grave and's about to step in with the other.

MYRTLE: You're putting words in my mouth that I wouldn't speak to anybody I love! [*She has removed her slacks and is getting into a sheer blouse sprinkled with tiny brilliants and a velveteen skirt.*]

LOT: What're you dressing up for?

MYRTLE: I never keep on slacks after dark.

LOT: That outfit you're getting into looks like a costume.

MYRTLE: Baby, all my dresses are made over from costumes.

## SCENE TWO

LOT [*slowly, with little pauses for breath*]: This particular one wasn't made over enough to prevent it from still looking like a costume.

MYRTLE: That could be so or not so, but I think it's a sweet little outfit.

LOT: One girl's opinion.

MYRTLE: Yais, an' trusted by her—with your permission.

LOT: I'm not in a position to give or not give permission.

MYRTLE: Lot? Baby? When people are under the weather, it often has the effect of makin' 'em too critical or sarcastic.

LOT: My mother subscribed to *Vogue* and we both read it. I know the secret of dressing well is to dress in a way that's appropriate to the occasion.

MYRTLE: What occasion is this? Can you tell me?

LOT: It could be the end of the world, but even then—that almost ankle-length imitation velvet skirt might not be appropriate to it.

MYRTLE: This ain't the end of the world, God willing' and this skirt is washable velvet.

LOT: There is no such thing Myrtle.

MYRTLE: Well, I swan, you talk like a dressmaker, baby.

LOT: My mother, Miss Lottie, had a sense of style that a Paris designer might envy.

MYRTLE: If you talk about her much more, you'll turn me against her, Lot.

LOT:—That wouldn't matter. She doesn't exist any more . . .