

of the girls in this here picture was named... (*Shock realization.*) Oh, my God!

(MONA (THEN) *is wiping blood from JOE's face.*)

SISSY (THEN). Did Lester T. do this to you?

JOE. He kept punchin' me in the face, while a couple of them others held me down, screamin' somethin' about how no pansy was goin' to make a jackass out of him... then he... he...

STELLA. God, he looks just like a real girl, don't he?

SISSY (THEN). What, Joe? ...What?

JOE. They laid me face down over one of the gravestones, pulled down my overalls, an' Lester T... he... oh, Mona, it was horrible...

MONA. Joe, why did you have to come back here... like this?

JOANNE. I had as much right to return for this reunion as anybody... (*To everyone.*) didn't I?

SISSY (THEN). You're kiddin'! Lester T. did *that* to you?

JOE. He kept callin' me Joanne and...

JUANITA. That's disgustin'!

SISSY (THEN). You'd better go see a doctor.

JOE. No!

MONA. I knew there was somethin' familiar about you... I hope you enjoyed your little deception.

JOANNE. I never deceived you, Mona.

SISSY. Come on now, Joe, tell Mona you're sorry an' take off that wig an' stuff so's we can see how you *really* turned out.

STELLA. I didn't drive all the way from Amarillo

just to play "Who's a girl an' who ain't"

SISSY. Hey, remember... (*Starts to sing.*) "Sincerely... on, yes... Sincerely..."

JUANITA. Those awful things you said about my Sidney were lies... tell everybody they were all lies.

SISSY. Joe, Sidney's dead... forget it, huh?

JOANNE. I thought this night was dedicated to remembering those days that made us all what we are today.

STELLA. Only the good times. I only wanna remember the good times.

SISSY. Hell, me too.

JUANITA. Sidney was a good man... he was...

JOANNE. He was a rotten son-of-a-bitch... standing off there to the side of the graveyard fence...

JOE. I saw faces. I know who they are.

JUANITA. Sidney was in Waco that day... He wasn't even around.

JOANNE. (*Sharply to her.*) His face was there!

SISSY (THEN). How many of 'em were there?

JOE. Lester T. an' three of them others who always hang aroun' together... but the whole town was there... I saw 'em in my mind lined up there along the graveyard fence, yellin' an' cheerin' like a bunch of Mexicans at a cockfight... Lester T. was just doin' the job this whole town's been wantin' to do to me for years.

MONA (THEN). Oh, Joe... that's not true.

JOE. It *is* true. (*Holds his stomach.*) My God, I'm gonna be sick. (*HE rushes off.*)

SISSY (THEN). That Goddammed Lester T.!... I'll cut off his wanger next time I get a hand on