

LA VONDA. Look at all this food.

*(She goes over and starts exploring and picking.)*

LATRELLE. Where's the stole, LaVonda?

LA VONDA. On Mama, where it belongs!

LATRELLE. You're just doin' this out of spite, LaVonda Jean! Mama's gonna look like a fool wearin' a mink stole in this heat. We'll be the laughing stock in town.

LA VONDA. Unfortunately, we already are.

SISSY. Noleta brought by a tuna casserole. I refrigerated it. She was real worried this was gonna affect y'all's friendship. She kicked G.W. out. I give her a Valium.

LA VONDA. That's sweet.

LATRELLE. So, it's true?

LA VONDA. Of course it's true. There's a police record on it and everything. Why wouldn't you think it was true? *(Then to Sissy.)* This ain't gonna affect our friendship.

SISSY. I told 'er that. But you oughta go by and see her. She's real upset.

LATRELLE. I just can't believe it. Did they arrest G.W.?

*(LA VONDA crosses to the couch, sits and eats her food, while smoking.)*

LA VONDA. For what? Leavin' two wooden legs in the wrong place? No, they just had to investigate, you know, given the circumstances. I read the coroner's report. Mama hit her head on the sink and the blow caused her brain to be flooded with blood and she internally hemorrhaged to death.

SISSY. Bless her heart.

LATRELLE. *(Gasps.)* Oh...