

MOTHER: What do you want, you Godless bastard?

MCDOON: I wanna make your daughter my bride.

MOTHER: She's a child!

MCDOON: My child-bride!

MOTHER: Sir, let me be perfectly clear. (*insert Daughter's name*), plug your ears. (*Daughter does so, Mother turns to McDoon and points to Daughter*) You see that girl right there? I made her out of my blood, and my flesh, and my sweat, and my tears. I love her more than the waking world. But I will smother her in her sleep before I see her ruin herself with *something* like you. You got that? So you best run along, cuz you'd have better luck stickin' your pecker in a cactus. (*taking Daughter's fingers out of her ears*) Alright (*insert Daughter's name*), I'm done.

DAUGHTER: Mama, can I have some more please?

MOTHER: Absolutely not. This meat has to last!

DAUGHTER: But I'm still hungry. (*Mother hands Daughter a plate of meat*) Here.

DAUGHTER: Oh, thank you, Mama!

MOTHER: No, stupid! And this is not for you. It's for your poor, tiny brother. Take it to him.

DAUGHTER: Aw, man. I never get anything I want.

MOTHER: Never get anything you want? Why do you think we're here, starving in the middle of the god-forsaken desert? Cuz we're trying to get *you* to Oregon! *That's* what you want!

DAUGHTER: No. That's what *you* and Daddy want!

MOTHER: Same difference!

DAUGHTER: You don't listen to anything I say, do you? Argh! Sometimes you're so... so...

MOTHER: What?! Goddammit! Sometimes I'm so what? (*Mother has clearly had it up to here; Daughter cowers*)

DAUGHTER: Uh... nothing.

MOTHER: Go ahead. What was you gonna say?

DAUGHTER: Uh...

FATHER: Honey, maybe it's best if we just drop it...

MOTHER: No. My daughter thinks I never listen. Well, now I'm all ears. What?!

DAUGHTER: I was just gonna say... that *sometimes*... you can be a little bit... overbearing.

MOTHER: *Gasp.* You cut me quick to the core, (*insert Daughter's name*). (*a beat*) But, you know, maybe you're right.

DAUGHTER: I am?

MOTHER: You're a big girl now. Why, you're practically a grown woman. Maybe you *can* take care of yourself!

DAUGHTER: Yeah...

MOTHER: Maybe you can start looking after your brother too. And your Grandpa! Cause you don't need me anymore! My sole purpose in life was raising you, but my work is done. (*looks up to the sky*) You hear that, Lord? I did it! Now I can finally lay down and die. (*to Daughter*) Goodbye, (*insert Daughter's name*). Best of luck to ya'. (*to Grandpa*) Goodbye Grandpa, I'm going to heaven now.

GRANDPA: Have some fun for me.

MOTHER: Here I go... (*she lays down and pretends to die*) Ech... Ech... Eh...

DAUGHTER: Mama, this trick used to work when I was little girl, but now I know you're foolin'. (*a beat*) Right, Mama? (*Mother doesn't respond*) Mama? (*Daughter becomes worried and starts shaking her mother*) Mama, wake up! No! Mama! Mama! NO! She actually did it! She died! (*she breaks down crying and begins to cradle Mother in her arms*) Why, God? Why didn't you take Daddy instead?! Please, Mama, come back to me! I can't live without you! (*suddenly, Mother gasps and springs back to life, as if by magic*)

MOTHER: Oh, the Lord sent me back. There I was at the pearly gates, and St. Peter said to me, "(*insert Mother's name*), your work on Earth is not done. There is a fool child down there who is lost without you." And I said, "Please let me in! You don't know how she treats me!"