

Beth / Alice

BETH: What do you keep writing in that book?

ALICE: It's... like a diary.

BETH: (*snatches book*) It is not. It's all about the Herdmans. Imogene curses and swears all the time. Ralph talks about sexy things. Mrs. Bradley (gives Alice a fierce look) called Mary pregnant. Gladys Herdman drinks communion wine. It isn't wine, its grape juice.

ALICE: I don't care what it is, she drinks it. I've seen her three time with her mouth all purple. They steal, too – if you shake the birthday bank, it doesn't make a sound, because Gladys stole all the pennies out of it. And every time you go in the ladies room the whole air is blue and Imogene Herdman is sitting there *in the Mary costume* smoking cigars!

BETH: And you wrote all this down? What for?

ALICE: For my mother and Reverend Hopkins and Ladies Aid Society, and anybody else who wants to know what happened when the whole Christmas pageant turns out to be a big mess. Look at them, aren't they awful?! What's she doing with the baby? Oh!... I don't think it's very nice to burp the baby Jesus, as if he had colic.

BETH: Well, he could have had colic, just like any other baby.

ALICE: I don't care. It looks awful. And *they* look awful.

BETH: So what? They just came a long way and now they don't have any place to sleep, and they've got a new baby to worry about.

ALICE: Who, Ralph and Imogene?

BETH: No. Mary and Joseph.

ALICE: They still look terrible. And what's that Leroy's got?

BETH: It's... it's a ham!

ALICE: A ham! I'll bet they stole it!

BETH: No... I think it's the ham from their welfare basket.

ALICE: You mean it's their own ham? Then they must hate ham.

BETH: Well, even if they hate ham, Alice, it's the only thing they ever gave away in their whole life.