

MOM: I see. Well, you'll probably wind up on the same desert sooner or later. What're all these toasters doing here?

AUSTIN: Well--we had kind of a contest.

MOM: Contest?

LEE: Yeah.

AUSTIN: Lee won.

MOM: Did you win a lot of money, Lee?

LEE: Well not yet. It's comin' in any day now.

MOM: *(to LEE)* What happened to your shirt?

LEE: Oh. I was sweatin' like a pig and I took it off.

*(AUSTIN grabs LEE's shirt off the table and tosses it to him, LEE sets down suitcases and puts his shirt on)*

MOM: Well it's one hell of a mess in here isn't it?

AUSTIN: Yeah, I'll clean it up for you. Mom. I just didn't know you were coming back so soon.

MOM: I didn't either.

AUSTIN: What happened?

MOM: Nothing. I just started missing all my plants. *(she notices dead plants)*

AUSTIN: Oh.

MOM: Oh, they're all dead aren't they. *(she crosses toward them, examines them closely)* You didn't get a chance to water I guess.

AUSTIN: I was doing it and then Lee came and--

LEE: Yeah I just distracted him a whole lot here, Mom. It's not his fault.

*(pause, as MOM stares at plants)*

MOM: Oh well, one less thing to take care of I guess. *(turns toward brothers)* Oh, that reminds me--You boys will probably never guess who's in town. Try and guess.

*(long pause, brothers stare at her)*

AUSTIN: Whadya' mean, Mom?

MOM: Take a guess. Somebody very important has come to town. I read it, coming down on the Greyhound.

LEE: Somebody very important?

MOM: See if you can guess. You'll never guess.

AUSTIN: Mom--we're trying to uh--

*(points to writing pad)*

MOM: Picasso. *(pause)* Picasso's in town. Isn't that incredible? Right now.

*(pause)*

AUSTIN: Picasso's dead, Mom.

MOM: No, he's not dead. He's visiting the museum. I read it on the bus. We have to go down there and see him.

AUSTIN: Mom--

MOM: This is the chance of a lifetime. Can you imagine? We could all go down and meet him. All three of us.

LEE: Uh--I don't think I'm really up fer meetin' anybody right now. I'm uh--What's his name?

MOM: Picasso! Picasso! You've never heard of Picasso? Austin, you've heard of Picasso.

AUSTIN: Mom, we're not going to have time.

MOM: It won't take long. We'll just hop in the car and go down there. An opportunity like this doesn't come along every day.

AUSTIN: We're gonna' be leavin' here, Mom!

*(pause)*

MOM: Oh.

LEE: Yeah. *(pause)*

MOM: You're both leaving?

LEE: (*looks at AUSTIN*) Well we were thinkin' about that before but now I--

AUSTIN: No, we are! We're both leaving. We've got it all planned.

MOM: (*to AUSTIN*) Well you can't leave. You have a family.

AUSTIN: I'm leaving. I'm getting out of here.

LEE: (*to MOM*) I don't really think Austin's cut out for the desert do you?

MOM: No. He's not.

AUSTIN: I'm going with you, Lee!

MOM: He's too thin.

LEE: Yeah, he'd just burn up out there.

AUSTIN: (*to LEE*) We just gotta' finish this screenplay and then we're gonna take off. That's the plan. That's what you said. Come on, let's get back to work, Lee.

LEE: I can't work under these conditions here. It's too hot.

AUSTIN: Then we'll do it on the desert.

LEE: Don't be tellin' me what we're gonna do!

MOM: Don't shout in the house.

LEE: We're just gonna' have to postpone the whole deal.

AUSTIN: I can't postpone it! It's gone past postponing! I'm doing everything you said. I'm writing down exactly what you tell me.

LEE: Yeah, but you were right all along see. It is a dumb story. "Two lamebrains chasin' each other across Texas." That's what you said, right?

AUSTIN: I never said that.

(*LEE sneers in AUSTIN's face then turns to MOM*)

LEE: I'm gonna' just borrow some a' your antiques, Mom. You don't mind do ya'? Just a few plates and things. Silverware.