

A

Irene: Why, thank you for the compliment. To hear your father tell it, *nobody* can cook *anything* as good as his *mama*. (A beat) Breakfast time is up. Here you go.

(They collect their cleaning supplies.
Irene starts to gather their dishes.)

Irene: On second thought, I'll take care of the bathroom. Mike, shovel and salt the walks. I don't want the snow to freeze and become a slippery mess.

Mike: Yes, Ma'am. (He dresses to go outside.)

(Irene picks up dishes and exits to kitchen. Debbie turns up the volume on the radio and begins dusting. Once dressed, Mike exits.)

MIKE, DEBBIE

START

Scene 2 Snowball Fight

Mike has finished shoveling. He sticks the shovel in a snow bank and begins salting the sidewalk while singing.

Mike: Jingle Bells. Jingle Bells. Jingle all the way. Oh what fun it is to ride in a one horse open slay... Hey! Jingle Bells. Jingle Bells. Jingle all the ---

(Debbie sneaks up on him with a handful of snow. She laughs as Mike jumps.)

Debbie: Way! (Laughter) Make you jum-mmmmp!

Mike: Ha-ha. Very funny. (She keeps laughing) If I clobber you with that shovel, you'll stop laughing. Won't cha?

(Still laughing as she walks toward the window. Debbie looks at the Christmas tree.)

Debbie: That Christmas tree just looks strange sitting in the window without lights and decoration.

Mike: Yeah, but Mama wants us to wait for Paw-paw and Big Mama. Tomorrow when they get here, we will decorate the tree.

Debbie: And make Christmas cookies.

Mike: Yep. (Salts sidewalk.)

Debbie: (Lays on the ground to make snow angel) All night. All day, angels watchin' over me my Lawd. All night. All day, angels watching...

Mike: (Sets salt bucket on the ground. Grabs a fist of snow to dump upon Debbie.) OVER ME!

Debbie: Ow! Boy, you got the snow in my eyes. (Pretends to cry.) I gonna tell Mama! (shouting) Mama!

Mike: Debbie. (Comforting her and checking the window)

Debbie: Mama!

Mike: Debbie come on. (Debbie still pretends to cry.) I'm sorry, Sis. Are you okay?

Debbie: (angrily) No, I am not okay. (She grabs snow and washes his face with it.) But I feel better now! (Laughter as Debbie runs off and Mike tosses salt at her.)

Mike: Wait until I catch you, you lil' faker! (Chases her.)

Irene: (Calling from porch) Mike! Debbie!

END