

**TY SIDES**

Ty enters, glowers at Bennie. She leaves.

JAMISON

How'd you sleep through that blackout last night, son?

TY

Didn't. I was out.

JAMISON

Those air raid wardens don't like it when you're out after curfew.

TY

Who's gonna lock me up, the sheriff? He knows who's what and what's who. Sides, I had things to do.

JAMISON

Well, I'm not happy about it. Anyway ... our flyboys were up there making a wonderful racket last night. You remember going down to the field to watch them bring in the new planes? Your mother, being the woman she is, wouldn't let me out of bed, said I would bring the wardens down on us if I ventured out at such an hour. So I lay there and watched the ceiling ... Son, such things I saw!

~~They must have launched a dozen of them single engine Texans. Then, right about 10 o'clock, a B-17, with that big rum-rum-rum noise. Damned thing can get to 12,000 feet in 8 minutes, don't tell your mother I said damned.~~

~~And Ty, I swear I could hear a P-61. We always said some day we'd fly in one to California. Strap ourselves in a Black widow and fly day and night until we reach the West Coast, call you Mama from the Hollywoodland sign. Don't even know if the sign is there any more. Funny world.~~

TY

Daddy, I need money.

JAMISON

We all need money. Might have another bout of screw worm in the herd and all that's gonna do is cost me. So yeah, you need money, I need money. We'll make it through, don't you worry —

TY

I need money now. The boys told me I gotta pay my dues if I wanna ride with the Empire. They'll let me stay if I have 100 dollars.

JAMISON

100 dollars? For some two-bit bunch of cowards in sheets getting licked up and scaring good folks? That world's dead, son, what kind of thing is that to want?

TY

What the hell you call that Lodge you spend time with? I seen you with them ceremonies and secret handshakes and what the hell else you do. How're you different? How're they better than me?

JAMISON

We're not burning crosses on people's lawns or putting dynamite under front porches! We're not killing folks!

TY

Ain't gonna kill nobody if they know their place. It's them or us, good Americans gotta show em who belongs here and who don't!

JAMISON

And who exactly is them, Ty? Your Grampa MacCorrie came to Florida in 1860, and Maggie's family was already here. If you ask me, we're the ones who don't belong. You want to blow up this house? Because some of "them" live right here, Ty. Who's it gonna be ... all the hands who been working here since before you were born? Bo?

TY

That son of a—

JAMISON

Maggie? You two were like twins growing up. Mama Perry? Who fed you when you were hungry and carried you to the toilet when you couldn't barely crawl there yourself. How'd that hurt you? What did she take away from you except some pain? You should be down at her house doing for her instead of getting your brains scrambled up by those animals you call friends.

TY

It's us or them, Daddy. I'm doin this for you!

JAMISON

You want to take part of that foolishness, you ain't a son of mine!

Mrs J runs in.

MRS J

Why on earth is everyone yelling?

TY

I'll get the money. And keep your precious farmhands on the ranch tonight. That's the last time I'm gonna warn you.