

## 1000 Acres

Sometimes I hate him. I want him to go to hell and just stay there forever, roasting.

Rose!

Why do you say “*Rose*” in that shocked way? Because you’re not supposed to wish evil on someone or because you don’t really hate him?

I don’t, I really don’t ...um, he’s a *bear* ...

He’s not a bear. He’s not innocent like that.

Rose?

Sometimes I hate you too...I mean...I hate you because you’re the link between me and him.

Who?

Daddy, of course! Don’t be so stupid you’re such a good daughter...so slow to judge, it’s like stupidity it drives me crazy!

I was thinking the same thing about Ty last night. He never questions Daddy. He’s so loyal...he seems sort of dumb.

Every time I make up my mind to do something...get off this place...  
Leave Pete...get a job; do something, you stop me.

Anyway the point is I've let Daddy get away with a lot of stuff.  
But we can set rules. Rules can be really simple.

Ginny?

Huh?

Tell me what you really think about Daddy?

I don't know?...I love Daddy. But, he's in the habit of giving orders.  
No back talk, you know... I mean he drinks and everything...probably for as  
long as we've known him.

(stares at her sister)

You're making me nervous... I don't know what you want me to say?  
I mean Mommy never told us what to think of Daddy...And sometimes  
I wonder... you know...whether they got along together...  
whether she liked him? (Pause) I think different things. Things like that.

Shit Ginny, I don't hate you. You know I don't----Maybe rules will do the trick.  
We'll try, united front, right.

Right.

I used to fantasize that Mommy had escaped and had taken an assumed name...and someday she would be back for us. You want to hear the life I had picked for us?

Sure.

She was the waitress at a restaurant of a nice hotel and we lived with her in a Hollywood style apartment...with nice shag carpeting...white walls... little sounds from the neighbors on either side.

I guess, I never thought of living anywhere other than the farm, isn't that funny? I wanted things to be different though.

Ginny you sound so...*mild*...aren't you furious?

Well, what...what good is that? I mean Daddy's always had rages.

You don't remember how he used to come after us, do you?

Oh, of course I remember. I mean...I was remembering tonight while, he was yelling at me...about that time I lost my shoe, and I tried to hide behind the stove...But, Mommy made me come out...and Daddy beat me until I fell down.

I don't mean when we got strapped or whipped.---I mean when he went into your room at night.

I don't remember that!

You were 15...you must remember.

Well...Grandpa Cook...used to prowl the house at night; looking at everybody ...it was kinda like *checking the hogs*...or something.

It wasn't *checking the hogs* with Daddy.

What are you saying?

You know.

What?

He was having sex with you.

Oh Jesus Rose! ---He was not!

I saw him go in. He stayed for a long time.

He was probably closing the windows, or something.

I checked my clock.

Rose!...I mean...how can I believe...that you woke up all those years ago... and saw Daddy come into my room, checked your clock...then saw him come back out, and checked your clock again...And that's evidence that, he was in there...doing...Daddy might be a drinker and a rager---  
But,...I mean he goes to church...

-It's true.

-Well, it didn't happen!

But it did.

What?

Because, when he stopped going in to you—he started coming in to me.  
And, that what he did. --- We had sex in my bed.

What...when you were 13?

...and 14...and 15...and 16.

Oh! I don't believe...

I thought it was okay. I mean it must have been okay, because he said it was and he was the rule maker.

I just can't...can't listen to this.

He didn't rape me, Ginny. He seduced me. He said it was okay, and that it was good to please him...that I was special...and he loved me.

Wha...what about Caroline?

I'm not sure. He said if I went along with him, he wouldn't get interested in her.

Is that why you send the girls away to boarding school?

I keep my eyes peeled. So does Pete.

Pete knows?

You know they're getting to be the same age as we were...

NOT we! You...It didn't happen to me! ---I don't know what to say---  
This is ridiculous...I feel so...idiotic...so naïve and foolish---  
Rose I am so sorry he did that to you.

Don't make me feel sorry for myself. The more pissed off I am the better I feel.

