Mrs. Chaste enters, sees Delia.

CHASTE
(to Delia)

Why, hello.

DELIA

Hello again, Mrs. Chaste.

Delia exits.

CHASTE

Pastor Beagle.

BEAGLE

Mrs. Chaste.

Mrs. Chaste sits down.

BEAGLE
As you know, your husband named me the executor of his will.

CHASTE

Yes, I know that Marvin left some of his money to the church, but I’m here to collect what’s mine… and move to a small apartment in Manhattan.

BEAGLE

Manhattan?

CHASTE

Yes. I’ve always wanted to live in Manhattan. Grace and I have never been happy in our large home on Long Island.

BEAGLE

Mrs. Chaste, your husband didn’t leave you enough money to move to Manhattan, let alone your own garage. As a matter of fact (reading will) he’s left all of his money to the church!

CHASTE

… The church?

BEAGLE

Yes, Mrs. Chaste, right here (shows her will). This is his signature.
CHASTE
...This is a mistake... You know this is a mistake. To what church did his leave his money?

BEAGLE
Well, to my church, Mrs. Chaste.

CHASTE
But you’re not telling the truth. If you steal this... I haven’t worked for years.

BEAGLE
Oh, well, there are several jobs you can do, I’m sure, Mrs. Chaste.

CHASTE
Well, perhaps you can loan a small portion of Marvin’s money, just for a few month’s rent. The smallest tenement perhaps? Please, Pastor Beagle, I’m sure that this is what God would want you to do.

BEAGLE
I’m very well aware of what God would want. A long time ago, Marvin was kind enough to marry you when your situation seemed hopeless.

CHASTE
Kind enough to marry me? I was carrying his child!

BEAGLE
I’m sure that’s not true.

CHASTE
Well, I know it’s true, absolutely.

BEAGLE
Mrs. Chaste, we feel you’ve been sucking the life out of Marvin for long enough.

CHASTE
We? Who’s we?

BEAGLE
Me, Marvin’s lawyer, my agent.. and quite honestly, Jesus.

CHASTE
Jesus.
BEAGLE
Yes, who do you think he would listen to? A slut marrying for money? Or a pastor spreading his word.

CHASTE
(screams)
Spreading his lies! (calms herself) Forgive me. Pastor Beagle, I beg you, just for a few month’s rent. And some food. My situation is… my… my…

BEAGLE
(mocking her)
My… my… my…

Music begins.

Pastor Beagle: (Sings) “Go Back to Being a Whore”

Madam you’ve been sheltered for most of your life
You’ve just been hiding out at home a very protected wife
I’ve got to admit that it’s kind of a shame
That someone cute as Marvin had to give you his name
My dear you’re so much older now, you should be on your own
Instead of living off of Marvin in his Long Island home
‘Cause now the house is mine, the roof, the windows and the door
And you might as well go back… Go back to being a whore…

CHASTE
(speaks over music)
But I wasn’t a whore! We were virgins. We were exploring! I got pregnant!

BEAGLE
Don’t use that word in my presence!

CHASTE

BEAGLE
Yes!!!

Pastor Beagle returns to song:

There’s something about a housewife I have to detest
Much like a cockroach or a termite in a much nicer dress
Ask me, they should be working on menial tasks
Like something where no thing of the brain is ever asked
If I owned the planet and the leader was me
I’d lock you up in your doll houses throw away the tiny key
As God created man in his own image I am sure
You can go back to the streets
Go back to being a whore.

CHASTE
(speaks)
I don’t know the first thing about whoring!

BEAGLE
Just be yourself!

Pastor Beagle sings Bridge, dances with Mrs. Chaste.

All those years when he
Complained incessantly
That he hated your guts, that he hated your skills
And your cooking made his life completely green at the gills
How can you ask for dough?
When in your heart you know
In his life you were a germ, you just used him for his sperm
In the apple that you gave him lived a nasty little worm!

Lawyers are so sexy, mean and handsome and so legal
I was his most important thing his widdle puppy Pastor Beagle
I’m happy that I knew him, that he loved me and what’s more
Utterly thrilled to say to your face… go back to being… go back to being
Go back to being (howls like a coyote) a whore! (You always were…)

Music ends. Mrs. Chaste fumbles to quickly take one of her anti-depressants.

CHASTE
(musters)
Go to hell!

BEAGLE
I’m a clean slate, you are yucky pink chalk, what you write on me, wipes away when you talk!

CHASTE
Have you always been such an imbecile?

BEAGLE

Your husband didn’t think so!

Mrs. Chaste exits.