

**VIOLET**

Oh, it's no use, we might as well come clean; he's going to get us anyway. But before we get arrested and spend the next thirty years in prison, making pen pals in Nebraska, I want to say a few things: This place was hell until we fixed it.

*(beat, she looks at HART, quietly furious and growing stronger and more certain)*

We all do the work of keeping things running around here as best we can, Mister Tinsworthy, not him. He plays golf and drinks scotch and takes the credit. And why? Cause he's "The Guy."

**HART**

Wait a minute!

**VIOLET**

No you wait a minute! I've been waiting my whole life! —See, we're not The Guy. We're just the "Little Guy." The little guy doesn't play golf ... he plays catch up. The little guy is late picking the kids up from school cause of work — and late getting to work cause of kids. The little guy cooks and coaches ball and balances budgets and squeezes a dollar as far as it can go, and works her ass off, and if that doesn't qualify her to be heard and seen and respected well WHAT DOES??

*(beat)*

And so yeah, we kidnapped Mr. Hart and threw him in the back of my Buick ...

**DORALEE**

*(stepping forward)*

... tied him up like a little pig at the state fair ...

**JUDY**

*(joins the other two)*

... strung him up with a garage door opener ...

**VIOLET**

We tried to make everything better, and now he's going to get all the credit and we're gonna get ten to life.

*(HART takes a step forward, VIOLET hands him the file. The girls have surrendered.)*

**TINSWORTHY**

*(he starts to laugh)*

Hostage? Garage door opener? Little lady, you are one hell of a joker.

**HART**

No, they really ...