

WALTER

You gave up your season tickets?



GINGER

Along with three cars and most of my jewelry.

WALTER

I had no idea.

GINGER

It finally caught up with us -- the Timber Baron's kids. We all assumed that the money none of us made would never run out -- then the investments went bad, the trust funds got emptied, and the bills came due.

WALTER

I'm so sorry ---

GINGER

No -- please -- the last thing we deserve is sympathy. The fact is: after a hundred years of being pampered and deferred to, *none of us know how to do a fucking thing.* Oh, sure, we know how to stay *busy* -- we're all the time telling each other how *busy* we are -- but if we had to walk out the door tomorrow and do something practical, something *useful* -- something other than dressing up, attending a function and eating with the proper fork: we wouldn't have a *clue*.

WALTER

Ginger ---

GINGER

If our great-Grandpa -- the Timber Baron -- came back and saw what *soft little spoiled ninnies* we've become, he'd kick our ass to hell and back.

And here I am: the woman who kept putting off getting married -- putting it off till the last minute and *beyond* -- and I could do that, you see, because I always had this safety net. I had my *money*. And I knew that even when my looks were long gone, I'd still have my inheritance ... and maybe some man would want *that* ... even if he didn't really want *me*.

*KENNI appears.*

KENNI

I found the chef. Dinner's being served.

GINGER

Wonderful. I'm starved.