

Betsy sits at the table with another nurse, Dolly, and holds her lunch break. The two have been spider enemies since day one. Mildred opens the refrigerator, looks in, pauses, turns and looks at Betsy, who is fervently rubbing a peach clean on her uniform.

RATCHED

Excuse me.  
You're eating my peach.

BETSY

I haven't eaten anything.

RATCHED

All right, you're holding my peach.

BETSY

So?

RATCHED

So it's mine. The peach in your hand.

BETSY

I don't see your name on it.

RATCHED

And who would do that?

BETSY

Do what?

RATCHED

Put their name on a peach?

BETSY

Somebody who really wanted it.

RATCHED

And how would one go about such a thing?

BETSY

I don't know. Felt-tip?

RATCHED

No one has ever put their name on a peach with a felt-tip.

BETSY

I've seen it done.

RATCHED

No, you haven't.

BETSY

You could gouge your name into it with a pen.

RATCHED

That's my peach. I brought it here.

BETSY

And I brought it *here*.

RATCHED

I paid for it.

BETSY

Maybe you stole it.

RATCHED

Maybe I didn't.

BETSY

Well, what if you did?  
Then whose peach is it?

RATCHED

It's still mine.

BETSY

No, it's my peach in my mouth.  
Sorry.

RATCHED

You are not sorry.  
But you will be.

BETSY

Oh, really?  
(silence)  
What? What are you gonna do about it?  
(silence)  
What are you, deaf?

RATCHED

No.  
I'm just thinking of all the things I'm going to do about it.