

RS#3 Sugar Lee, Bobby, Dwayne

Start



BOBBY DWAYNE. Got the gasket. I'll be finished in no time.

SUGAR LEE. Good. You're about a week behind as it is. *(Bobby Dwayne drops the gasket.)*

BOBBY DWAYNE. Great. *(Bends over to pick it up. Unable to stop herself, Sugar Lee admires his backside. He turns and catches her. Sugar Lee quickly looks away.)* Were you just...checking me out?

SUGAR LEE. *(Completely flustered.)* What?! No! Me?! Are you crazy?

BOBBY DWAYNE. *(Teases.)* Yes you were. You were sizing up the merchandise and admiring the view.

SUGAR LEE. I was not! I just glanced over when you dropped the engagement ring...uh... I mean, the gasket.

BOBBY DWAYNE. *(Cocky.)* Well, look at that. You're blushing. Just like you did when I put ice down your back at the junior-senior prom, remember?

SUGAR LEE. *(Shuts him down.)* I told you I don't talk about the past. And don't you have a job to finish?

BOBBY DWAYNE. *(The confrontation can't be avoided.)* Oh, that's right. You don't talk about the past. Well, I won't either. And you know why I won't? Because *if* I tried to talk to you about the past—the way I screwed up because I was just a stupid kid—you'd ignore me, like you have for the last two months. *(The fight progresses, fast and furious, all the way to the end.)*

SUGAR LEE. Listen, there's nothing you've got to say that I want to hear.

BOBBY DWAYNE. *(His anger flares.)* How would you know? We've *never* talked about what happened. Not once in thirty years. Granted, you caught me at Madelyn's house, but—

SUGAR LEE. *(Fires back.)* I caught you in Madelyn's bed.

BOBBY DWAYNE. I was fully clothed!

SUGAR LEE. Wearing gym socks hardly counts as “fully clothed.” You wouldn’t have been there if you’d really loved me.

BOBBY DWAYNE. Really loved you?! I wanted to marry you.

SUGAR LEE. And I wanted a pet monkey, but I never got one. You don’t see me still crying in my beer over that, do you?

BOBBY DWAYNE. (*The fight escalates.*) You know what your problem is? You’ve held on to this for so long, now it’s part of your DNA. If we actually talked it out you might see my side, goodbye grudge, then who would you be? Scary stuff, huh?

SUGAR LEE. And you wanna know what *your* problem is? You flirt with every woman who comes within fifty feet of you and you always have.

BOBBY DWAYNE. It’s all in good fun. Besides, women love it.

SUGAR LEE. They feel sorry for you! If you held out a little tin cup, they’d probably pitch in pennies so you’d go away.

BOBBY DWAYNE. (*Sarcastic.*) Why the hell didn’t you tell me that years ago? I could’ve paid off my house by now!

SUGAR LEE. It makes you crazy that you’ve never been able to charm me into saying “Oh, I forgive you, Bobby Dwayne.” And that’ll never happen. When you crawled into Madelyn’s bed, you ruined all my dreams for our future.

BOBBY DWAYNE. You never gave me a chance! You never let me apologize; you never let me make it up to you. I had dreams for us, too, you know. (*During this, Bunny enters the downstage left door, unseen. She happily eavesdrops.*) God, this makes me so mad! I knew I shouldn’t have taken this job, I should’ve listened to that little voice inside me saying “don’t do this!” Just like I should’ve listened when it told me not to invest in that truckload of do-it-yourself tattoo removal kits.

SUGAR LEE. Is it the same little voice that convinced you to wear hot pants in December?

BOBBY DWAYNE. There’s just no communicating with you, is there? I’ve worked my butt off these last two months, have you said “thank you”? N-o-o-o. I’ve tried to tell you about the problems in the

cellar but are you interested? N-o-o-o. Do I ever plan on speaking to you again after this? Hell, no! But I *am* going to get one last thing off my conscience: (*Carlene enters the upstage right door in her robe and spots Bunny eavesdropping.*) The foundation of this building is laid on top of an old cellar and it’s falling apart! You *have* to get it fixed or the entire structure’s gonna collapse! And my name’s not gonna be attached to this disaster-waiting-to-happen, ‘cause a building inspector sees it, he’s gonna condemn the place!

← End