

SIDE 10 - Sybil

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THE COVER OF LIFE

THE C

Scene Ten

(SYBIL is sitting on the grass in the McGoughs' field. She has a bottle of bourbon and a champagne glass. She takes out a picture of JOHNNY.)

START

SYBIL. Hey, Baby. (*Modeling sundress*) See this? Your mamma made it for the picture. For the cover of *Life* magazine! It's got a jacket to it, but when I wear the jacket, you can't see my titties. I wanted you to see my titties. (*Pours drink. Languidly, pondering*) Let me see. This drink is to the day I met you. (*Drinks it down, like a shot*) The first day of my life. You walked across that old wood floor at the Bayou Room Lounge and just come right up to me and said - you remember what you said? I do. I remember every word you ever said to me. You said, "Well, if you ain't the most woman I ever laid eyes on." You did. And right at that moment I knew it was true. And since then I poured my heart and soul into being the most woman you ever laid eyes on. (*Pours another drink*) This one is to the way you throw your head back and squeal when I let my slip shimmy down my legs. (*Laughs, then suddenly quiet and desperate*) Oh, Johnny. I'm so lonesome. (*Lightens up, smiles*) I wish my head was layin' in the small of your back. I am goin' crazy for some kind of life around here. I go down to the Blue Front just to keep my sanity. And believe me, people talk. (*To herself*) People talk. But we ain't like the rest of 'em, right Baby? We are modern. And this one (*Poises as if to pour another drink*) is because I want to get drunk. (*Swigs from bottle instead*) 'Cause I can't stand it any more without you.

(*Begins to dance slowly as LIGHTS fade.*)

END

(TOOD is at washtub, washing iced tea.)

KATE. Mmmmm. T down my father. (TOOD s have taken in more wash laundry?

TOOD. If I thought it outta here, I'd keep this wh I ain't got no choice. In M the paper mill, but I ain't ir chance. Anyways, I might t

KATE. My goodness.

TOOD. Don't be. Haro

KATE. Is it that impor

TOOD. It ain't gettin'

KATE. It's just ... wha

TOOD. (*Smiles*) Is eve magazine?

KATE. 'Course not. E things.

TOOD. You know, K married at my mamma's ho the sunshine.

KATE. Aren't you still

TOOD. Well, now I c comes back here and we Donaldson Street - it ain't g them will be raisin' our (Meaningfully) makin' our York advice?