

SIDE 12 - Weetsie, Sybil

THE COVER OF LIFE

postal clerk, typist - so you see, I don't have anything better to do.

ADDIE MAE. Well, imagine how it tickles me to help! *(Pointedly)* Now, y'all can't hog her for her entire stay. *(To KATE)* You got to spend some time with me and Sonny.

(SYBIL exits.)

WEETSIE. *(Sheepishly)* Did you write up the real story on the Cliffter family that first day when me and Sybil come in here like we was harpies? I ain't never been so embarrassed in my life!

KATE. It was fine.

WEETSIE. Did you squabble with your brothers and sisters?

KATE. Didn't have any. Just my mother and me.

WEETSIE. Oh, Mrs. Miller, it don't mean you ain't gonna put us on the cover of *Life* does it?

KATE. Not at all.

(SYBIL re-emerges in the dress JOHNNY bought her in New Orleans. A tight-fitting, but pretty summer dress.)

SYBIL. Tah-daah!

KATE. Lovely.

ADDIE MAE. Right out of Harper's Bazaar!

(Photo session continues with KATE and ADDIE MAE taking candid and posed shots through next section.)

~~START~~
WEETSIE. *(To SYBIL)* How come you can keep so skinny and eat everything that'll go through your shoulderblades?!

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SYBIL. I don't sneak Aunt Ola's apple turnovers.

WEETSIE. *(Defiantly)* I ain't sneakin' nothin'. I just eat 'em outright.

SYBIL. Shameful.

WEETSIE. *(Pointedly)* I'd walk clear of me today, if I was you, Sybil. *(Proudly)* I ain't on no diet. I'm probably on my way to being the size of a barn, but I do not care. Repeat, do not.

SYBIL. What about your honey?

WEETSIE. It's my honey. And he loves me just the way I am.

SYBIL. Oh, come on, you 'spect he's dreamin' about comin' home to that? You ain't too smart.

WEETSIE. Sybil, I am smart enough to know Southern boys wants to marry their mamas.

SYBIL. *(Mockingly, to KATE)* Chubby and warm like a chenille bathrobe.

WEETSIE. Yeah. *(Takes control, fires off the next in a steady, confident stream)* That can cook collard greens and fry chicken and hang clothes out on the line while holdin' one youngun on one hip and lettin' the other suck a tit, keep a house so clean his *mamma* would eat off the floor, know the Bible backwards and forwards, know her place on the front porch and in the back room, gets to sit in the front seat on Sunday and by the telephone on Saturday night, wonderin' where he is and when he is gonna come home. But home he will come. Time after time. Now you might think I'm not so smart as somebody as sophisticated as you Sybil Louise Harrist with a "u", but the last I looked, I ain't received no Dear Sybil letter like some folks I know.

~~END~~
(SYBIL slaps WEETSIE hard across the face.)