

SIDE 5

AUNT OLA. He always does. He just didn't this time.  
SYBIL. Little Weetsie Baby didn't get no li'l old heart again? Again?

AUNT OLA. Sybil, why do you wear hateful like you wear your mascara - too much. Now are you finished?

SYBIL. Finished with what Aunt Ola? *(Overdoing her humility)* Aunt Ola, ma'am. Excuse me. Excuse me. I don't know how to act when I'm in the big house. Sittin' at the big table. *(Sarcastic irony)* Eatin' blackeyed peas and cornbread. *(Steely)* Yes indeed, Madam Cliffter! I wonder what the poor folks is doin' tonight!

AUNT OLA. Sweetheart, you can pack your bags anytime. Ain't no law says you got to stay here.

SYBIL. Oh yes there is. Why it would just break my baby's heart if his little honey didn't stay right by the side of his dear, old, martyred mamma.

AUNT OLA. *(Furious Clears the table)* You stay or you go. It don't matter to me. But let me tell you one thing. This is my house and this is my table and I don't give a damn if you was my own mamma, you ain't gonna act like you doin'.

*(AUNT OLA exits)*

SYBIL. *(To TOOD)* Teat is such a sucker. That's why he's called Teat.

*(LIGHTS fade slowly.)*

Scene Four

*(SYBIL, WEETSIE and TOOD are in different parts of the stage, writing letters to "the boys." They each hold their*

Tood, Sybil, Weetsie

*pen, thinking, looking at their mate in their mind's eye. They think their private thoughts for some time before they speak.)*

START

TOOD, SYBIL & WEETSIE. *(Gently overlapping)* Dear Baby. I miss you. With all my heart.

SYBIL. *(Aggressively sexy)* Hey, Baby. Be sure to look at the moon tonight. I'll look at the moon every night, just so I know I'll be lookin' at the moon at the same time as you.

WEETSIE. Tood said she thinks she felt the baby move. I almost started squallin, wishin' it was me. That's our first order of business when you come home.

TOOD. I know that one of these days I'll look down this front walk and on down Donaldson Street and I'll just see the dust movin' under your feet. Just the dust. And I'll know. The dust gets stirred up down there every day, but I'll know when it's you.

SYBIL. *(Annoyed, pouty)* Oh hell, I just remembered something. Your time is different there. What will I do if it's always daylight there when the moon is out here?

WEETSIE. I do my best to keep Tood and Sybil off'n each other. It just worries me and Aunt Ola sick. Blessed are the peacemakers, that's what I always say. Me and Aunt Ola.

SYBIL. You know, every now and then I get me a little bottle of something down at C. Domino's liquor store and I go down to the McGough's field - Well, I sit there and look at the moon and think of you. *(Caresses herself suggestively.)*

TOOD: I think it is a miracle that the Good Lord put us on the Earth close enough that we could find each other. Two people with the same hopes and dreams. We do have the same hopes and dreams, don't we? *(Crumple up paper.)*

WEETSIE. Don't you worry Baby. Me and your sweet mamma keeps things under control. Me and her makes a good

team. So it don't matter if you write her or me. It's all the same. Ain't it?

SYBIL. And sometimes, Baby, I pretend you're right there beside me and I pretend your hands are on me.

TOOD. Oh, Tommy, I have such dreams.

WEETSIE. Tood is still always hollerin' about Lloyd.

SYBIL. Hey Baby, I got a tickle right where I need you to scratch. Ain't nobody can scratch me the way you do, Baby.

WEETSIE. The five acres right next to the landin' on Irvine's Lake come available. Another blessin' from the Good Lord.

SYBIL. Well, anyway, I guess I'm gonna look pretty stupid doin' all that when the moon is up over you. What's it gonna be here, about two o'clock in the afternoon? I can just see old lady McGough comin' up on me in them fields, flat on my back, squirmin' and moanin' and callin' out your name. But I don't care. I'm gonna do it for you.

WEETSIE. Why does everybody want to change things?

I liked growin' up in my mamma's house.

SYBIL. God, I love being your woman.

WEETSIE. Tood don't know a good man when she sees one.

SYBIL. I ain't nothin' without you.

TOOD, WEETSIE & SYBIL. God, I wish this war was over.

WEETSIE. I wish you was home and I was in my own house down the road from my mamma and I was sittin' in a rockin' chair, rockin' my baby and Jerry Don, you was layin' on the couch readin' a newspaper or Police Gazette or something. Just plain stuff. Just ordinary. I wish it was just life again. Just plain life. *(Overlapping with SYBIL)* Love, your Baby.

SYBIL. *(Also overlapping)* Your sexy Baby.

*EVD*

*(SYBIL and WEETSIE exit leaving TOOD alone on stage.)*

TOOD. Dear Baby. I come out on the porch to write this. I was foldin' clothes before. I did Mrs. Holcomb's wash again. That's another seventy-five cents. Three more dollars and I can buy a bond. The clothes smelled so good cause I used lots of Clorox in the white things and they dried in the sun. They smell clean, like just bathed babies with a fresh diaper on. And they feel like a new sheet of paper - you know like from the tablets they give you at school? Not the rough tablets for usin' pencil, but the slick tablets for writing with ink. God, I loved them tablets. The slick ones. They seemed glamorous to me. Special. I thought them slick tablets could take me places I never been. I wish I had one now and it could take me to you. Not just my words, but me. Over Aunt Ola's house, past the courthouse square and on toward Texas and California. I could look down at Hollywood as I headed out over the ocean to some place I can barely dream.

*(TOOD starts to dance as if she has a partner. She spins herself around etc. and as she turns one time with her arms outstretched, TOMMY appears in memory. She is swept away in a reverie, thrilling and sensuous. They both stand, looking out, remembering their last time together.)*

TOMMY. Hey, look, I'm a sailor now. Bell bottoms and all. How do I look?

TOOD. *(Smiles, moving into a memory of TOMMY)* Like a hero. My hero.