

Female 20s / 30s

LEMON SKY by Lanford Wilson

CAROL I know, it's late, I wasn't watching the time. Where's Doug? Is Doug here? He went on to work? (To herself) Went to work~ Well, of course, he went to work, Carol, what'd you think, he stayed here with his son? (To Ronnie) Damn, Ronnie, don't start. I know it's two o'clock. We've been sitting out in front for over an hour, didn't you hear us drive up, I thought I saw you at the window. Well, I don't care, either. He was so sweet. We talked— Sonny's dad has a ranch in Texas —over twenty thousand acres, which he says is small— That's probably larger than Rhode Island. And they raise Herefords and houses and oil and have about half the money in the country and investments everywhere. His mom and dad are paralyzed over what's going on in Cuba, apparently they own it. Oh, Ronnie, would you stop it! Just stop it, already! No he doesn't lay me, no, never, not once, look at my hands for God's sake! You think I can stand it? (Exposing her hands, which are bloody on the palms.)—Well, it isn't stigmata, you can count on that. Sonny is Catholic with a vengeance and I've never thought I could be in love with anyone. There it is! (Rather to the audience.) Carol's problem, never thought she could cut it and I am—very much in love with a Rich Texan Catholic and he has land, lots of land and principles that I never even knew were principles. And I used to take "downs," but pills are wrong, of course, so I promised him I wouldn't take them any more. No, we no longer live in a yellow submarine, we live on a Red Perch. And he makes out so damn beautifully and I can't ask him and I can't be "bad," his word, not mine, and I can't calm down with the pills and I claw my hands, the palms of my hands apart. (Totally breaking off —disgusted with herself.) Well, crap, Carol, there*s no sense in causing a war about it, I cut my nails down yesterday, I'll cut them off tonight. But that won*t help, because I'll bite my lip or something else if I can*t get a hold of something to take to calm my damned, frazzled—Ronnie, don*t make excuses for me for God*s sake, I know that if you see one pill, or tranquilizers, you'll report it. I know you worry about your kids taking something of mine by accident. You don*t have to tell me that. Do you think Sonny would stand for it? He*s a lot better police dog than— a LOT better police dog than you, believe me— I know! I heard about the two different cases in the last year of kids being poisoned by taking barbiturates left around the house. (Screaming.) You don*t have to tell anybody any goddamned thing! Because I PROMISED him, you know what that MEANS? (Regains her control, holding her hands.) That I didn*t need them. Yes, my hands hurt. Yes, they hurt like fire.