

SIDE# 6: FULL CAST

KIMBER Hello. Oh, hi Mrs. Uh, Ellie. Sure. She's right here.

(KIMBER hands CHERYL the phone, and takes a tea service from the cabinet. Both KIMBER and TAYLOR busy themselves while CHERYL talks.)

CHERYL Ma... Yeah. *(beat)* I can't talk about it anymore. I don't know. I don't know. No, I haven't talked to him yet.

TAYLOR Is everything o.k.?

(CHERYL moves to a corner, back to room.)

CHERYL I'm in the kitchen. *(beat)* With people. *(pause)* O.K.

KIMBER What do you think of Chai?

TAYLOR Highly overrated. I like the basics... Earl Grey, English Breakfast, Darjeeling...

KIMBER A fan of the colonialists are you...

CHERYL ...MA I HAVE TO GO!!!

(KENT and FLIP enter.)

KENT Just wanted to make sure you hadn't killed each other.

FLIP If you're gonna fight could you take off your shirts first?

CHERYL *(on phone)* Why do you keep pushing?

TAYLOR Ssshh, Cheryl's on the phone.

KIMBER Want tea honey?

FLIP I'm a man. Do I look like I want tea? *(beat)* Do we have Sleepy Time?

CHERYL STOP... STOP!!!!!! I CAN'T DO THIS!!!!!! *(CHERYL has hung up the phone...)*

KENT Cheryl?

TAYLOR Are you crying?

KENT What's wrong?

CHERYL I'm fine.

FLIP O.K. You know if we have Sleepy Time?

CHERYL You know what. I'm done. You can kiss my ass is what you can do with your tea.

TAYLOR Cheryl?

 (Taylor has gone to Cheryl... puts her hand on her shoulder.)

CHERYL Don't touch me. (Cheryl backs up....Kent approaches her, intending to comfort her)....Back off. Get. All of you. Back the fuck up. Oh my God. Oh my God.... I can't breathe. I can't....Oh my God. Oh my... Oh my God...

 (Cheryl is hyperventilating.... She puts her hands on her knees...

CHERYL (cont.) I can't.... Oh God.... What's happening to me?

FLIP: Taylor, get a paper bag.

KIMBER (to Flip) She's hyperventilating. *(she rubs CHERYL's back)* You're O.K. Cheryl. Breathe....Breathe...(TAYLOR rolls up the bag and helps CHERYL breathe into it.) It's going to be O.K. now. It is....

KENT Should I call 911?

FLIP No. No. She'll be O.K.

CHERYL Mama asked me to ask him... and I did...I went to Dr. LeVay and asked if he had something to say... and.... Oh God...

TAYLOR Just breathe... you don't have to...

CHERYL And Mrs. LeVay's steady calling...wants to talk to Dr. LeVay, and he won't.... It's crazy. And you two didn't know?

FLIP I still don't know what the hell's going on.

CHERYL Then you're slow.

(At that moment DAD enters from outside.)

DAD Boys...I need you to look at the storm windows... *(silence)* What's up?

CHERYL I know Dr. LeVay. I know everything.

DAD Maybe we should talk about this, alone.

CHERYL No! No! No!

(KIMBER starts to walk out of the kitchen...)

(To KIMBER) Stay here. *(to FLIP and KENT)* And how the hell didn't not one of you sorry mothafuckas not figure it out...because you don't think 'bout nothin' but yourselves and your damn socio-economic bantering, and bugs, and relationship dysfunction and shit.

KENT Is this about your Mom...

CHERYL No! Yes... and I don't know what the hell she's thinkin' sendin' me up here like this...

KENT Hey hey hey... slow down... start from the beginning...

CHERYL Shut up. Seriously the most self-involved bullshit people. *(beat)* Mrs. LeVay found out. She came home and told that man that she knew he was my Daddy. Then she kicked your ass out the house, didn't she Dr. LeVay. And he brings his sorry ass up here. So you knew and you looked me in the face and said, "You know how I like my sandwiches," or some shit like that...

FLIP Dad?

CHERYL That's right. DAD! O.K. O.K. *(long pause)* So, Two weeks ago...One of Mrs. LeVay's "friends" invites her to sit on the board at the high school where I'm supposed to be on scholarship, right. It's a big ole' lunch in some sort of fancy oak paneled room...This is how it got told to my mama anyway, you know there's a network of maids...they talk... So, The Ladies who Lunch are lunching, and this woman says, "Michelle, it's so generous what your husband has been doing for that girl all these years."

DAD Cheryl...

CHERYL Eighteen years...you can keep your mouth shut for five more minutes...Imagine it... you could smell the money, all those skinny rich bitches staring at her over their shrimp salads. "Four years now, right, Michelle?" Mrs. LeVay's been set up. Your daddy's been paying my tuition there since I started. Fought to have me

accepted, but insisted it remain on the D.L. (to KIMBER) That's down low. Twenty-Five-thousand a year. So, this is the thing that's the craziest. It wasn't that Mrs. LeVay was broken up about a kid who shares her own kids gene pool washing her crusty sheets, no, the tragedy was that it got out. She calls my mother, threatens to fire her...calls her all out of her name, after Ma's been so quiet about it all these years...and threatens to take us to court for libel. I'm supposed to have a daddy got shot in the Gulf...and you knew...how can you live with yourself?

END.