

## Sweet Delilah Swim Club - Monologue

Vernadette:

Alright - I'm gonna have to clarify something the tufo has obviously leached from your good sense. Biscuits are the ultimate comfort food, so fat and carbs do not count. They are what I ate when I was sick or lonely and when company came to dinner and after we opened our presents on Christmas morning. My mama made them and her mama before her and my great-grandmama before her and I bet the same can be said for every one of us in this room. *The New York Times* is not going to take away this Southern girl's biscuits!

You and your *Times*-reading, sprout-eatin' kind need to wake up! People who don't give a damn about our traditions or our way of life are paving over our farms and building suburbs and coffee bars and super centers that suck the life out of every main street in every small town. And they won't stop until they've made this country one big, homogenous, soulless blur. Well, I'm not going to be quiet about it anymore.

They can take away our beauty pageants, they can laugh at us for using the word "y'all", they can even bulldoze our magnolias. But as long as there is music in Memphis, as long as the peanut grows in Georgia, as long as I am alive and can remember the South of my childhood, there will be biscuits on my table. And the day I stop eatin' 'em will be the day they pry 'em out of my cold, dead, Southern hands!

### **Scene #1 - Sheree and Lexie**

*(Sheree is dancing by herself. Lexie enters UNSEEN by Sheree. She watches for a moment, then takes a picture) \*CLICK\**

SHEREE: Lexi! You can't sneak up and take a picture of someone when they think nobody is watching!

LEXIE: Yeah, that's what my second ex-husband said, but it was the look of surprise on his assistant's face that got me the big divorce settlement, wasn't it?

SHEREE: Oh, hush! *(they hug)* It's so good to see you.

LEXIE: You too, Sheree. Lord, I just live for these weekends.

SHEREE: What took you so long to get here? There wasn't any traffic coming from Raleigh.

LEXIE: Well, there was this very attractive young man selling blueberries at the stoplight. So, I rolled down my window and told him "If you can show me a cure tattoo, I'll buy a pint of blueberries.

SHEREE: Yeah, and ...?

LEXIE: Well, I am happy to tell you, it's surprising all the places you can put a tattoo! *(They laugh)* Hey, are we going to Col. Shad's Flounder Palace for supper tonight?

SHEREE: You mean the place they asked us to leave last year because every time the waiter leaned down you licked his ear??

LEXIE: Sheree, he'd recently arrived from Honduras. I was merely showing him how hospitable we North Carolinians can be. *(Sheree gives her a look)* Oh, don't worry. I no longer behave like that in public.

SHEREE: Today's tattooed blueberry boy notwithstanding.

LEXIE: Temporary lapse. Won't happen again.

## **Scene #2 - Dinah & Jeri Neal**

DINAH: 'You do realize that if you get this position, you'll have to work overtime.'

JERI NEAL: Well, I wasn't aware of that, but I guess I could.

DINAH - 'You guess? Miss McFeeley, if you want this job, it is either a 'Yes' or a 'No.'"

JERI NEAL: Do you really think they'll talk to me like that?

DINAH: Jeri Neal, you asked me to help you rehearse for job interviews. You've got to stay focused.

JERI NEAL: Oh, let's be honest, nobody's going to hire me. I don't have any skills. All I've done in the last 25 years is cook for a bunch of nuns, take care of a baby, and read Mr. Popper's Penguins in silly voices.

DINAH: Look, there's bound to be a good job out there for you.

JERI NEAL: If there is, it can't be any harder than motherhood. I mean, chasing after a 5 year old boy is like trying to put socks on an octopus.

DINAH: I have wondered how you've been handling it.

JERI NEAL: Well, I try to take it one day at a time, but honestly, every now and then, several days sneak up and attack me all at once. Did you ever want a kid?

DINAH: Not as much as I wanted a Mercedes. I never had the maternal instinct. Everytime I got a doll for Christmas, I'd sell it to the highest bidder for cash.

JERI NEAL: You know, I'm not so sure I'll need you to baby sit for Kenny any time soon ... or ever, really. Ooh, I'm parched! I just need a little sip ... *(she takes Dinah's drink and sips)* Oh! That's not orange juice!

DINAH: Well, technically, there is some orange juice in it.

JERI NEAL: It's only 9:30! How can you drink in the morning?

DINAH: You're a 49 year old former nun who's the unemployed mother of a hyperactive pre-schooler. How can you not?

**Group Scene (all)**

LEXIE: Vernadette, I suppose the girls have already told you my news.

VERNADETTE: Yeah, I hear another marriage bit the dust.

LEXI: I just finally got tired of Leonard's negative attitude and his insults. He had the nerve to tell me our relationship wasn't working because we were both in love with the same person: Me!

DINAH: Then you were right to leave him. Obviously he was too honest to be trusted.

JERI NEAL: Well, just give yourself time and you'll find closure.

LEXI: Oh, I've found my closure. He is 6'3 and thinks I am the cutest thing on two wheels. I'm going to have dinner with him tonight.

SHEREE: Oh, no you're not. We only get to be here together once a year and you are not skipping out now that you've found some new heartthrob in flip flops. Our friendship deserves better than that.

LEXI: You're one to talk. You've been distant, acting all preoccupied since we got here. I don't know why you have to take your bad mood out on me.

SHEREE: And I don't understand why you're surprised your marriage ended. Leonard looked like hell at my party and told me he'd been miserable for a long time.

JERI NEAL: What party?

LEXI: So, that's what this is about. You're still mad about what happened at your birthday party.

JERI NEAL: Sheree had a birthday party?

SHEREE: Well, yes, I am. Now that you've stopped talking about yourself long enough to mention it. You almost ruined the entire evening.

JERI NEAL: Have you had other birthday parties I haven't known about?

SHEREE: Lexi, you were completely out of line and you are lying to yourself if you don't admit it. You were falling out of your dress and flirting with every man at the party - including my husband, Carl!

VERNADETTE: Wow! This is more trash than we've had in years! Let's burn some trash girls! Dinah, you got any more of those screwdrivers?

DINAH: Coming up.

JERI NEAL: Let me get this straight: you've been having birthday parties all these years, and everyone's been invited, but me?

SHEREE: Jeri Neal, this is not the important issue here ...

LEXI: For your information, Sheree, I was neither falling out of my dress nor was I flirting! Everybody knows that's just the way I communicate with men.

SHEREE: You licked my husband's ear, which we all know has historically been one of your favorite tricks. In fact, Randall told Dinah that's exactly the same stunt that broke up your marriage to him 20 years ago!

LEXI: Randall? *(to Dinah)* My Randall told you that? When exactly did you see my Randall?

DINAH: *(to Sheree)* Well, thanks for keeping that confidence. *(to Lexie)* the Truth: I've been spending quite a bit of time with Randall since he moved back to Atlanta. Weren't you the one who, years ago, told me to go out there and find myself a man?

LEXI: Yes, but I didn't mean my man.

DINAH: Oh please. Randall was your man, two men ago!

LEXI: Ah ha! This was exactly the same thing you did our senior year of college. When I broke up with Richie Walker, it wasn't a week before you were throwing yourself at him.

DINAH: If all of your exes were off-limits, there wouldn't be a man left in the South to date!