

Last Night of Ballyhoo - Adolph, Joe and Sunny (p.58-61)

ADOLPH. That's good because I can't. Look, I told you—forget about it.

SUNNY. Aunt Boo just over dramatizes sometimes.

ADOLPH. Sometimes? She's the Jewish Tallulah Bankhead.

SUNNY. You better hush before she comes down here and really lays into you.

REBA. (*Offstage.*) Sunny, come up here and see what you think.

SUNNY. Okay, Mama. (*She goes upstairs.*)

JOE. Your sister doesn't like me much, hunh?

ADOLPH. Nope. She don't like anybody very much, if that's any comfort.

JOE. But me especially.

ADOLPH. Oh yah? What makes you say that?

JOE. I'm too Jewish.

ADOLPH. You are?

JOE. Come on, Mr. A. You know damn well that's the reason.

ADOLPH. I'm not my sister's keeper. Well, I guess I am my sister's keeper, but I'm not responsible for what she thinks.

JOE. You know, back up in my neighborhood who judges? Who cares? They're just Jews.

ADOLPH. Makes sense.

JOE. They like it. They're proud of it. And they're always trying to claim everybody.

ADOLPH. What do you mean?

JOE. You know, ball players, movie stars. Half the discussions around our dinner table were about who is and who's part. My Great-Aunt Gussie swears that Franklin Roosevelt's real family name is Rosenfeld.

ADOLPH. Sounds like a good healthy attitude.

JOE. Listen, Mr. A, I gotta talk to you.

ADOLPH. Fine.

JOE. About this Ballyhoo business.

ADOLPH. Is there a problem?

JOE. Yeah. The tickets.

ADOLPH. I gave them to Sunny.

JOE. That's the problem.

ADOLPH. Why?

JOE. I want to pay for them.

ADOLPH. No.

JOE. Then I don't go.

ADOLPH. You don't understand. They were complimentary.

JOE. Yeah, sure.

ADOLPH. Really, they were.

JOE. Why's that?

ADOLPH. I'm a past president of the Club. They send me free tickets to everything that goes on there.

JOE. The club?

ADOLPH. Standard Club.

JOE. Country club, right?

ADOLPH. Well, it would be if it was in the country. Right now it's a town club with delusions of grandeur.

JOE. Sounds pretty spiffy.

ADOLPH. I wouldn't say that.

JOE. Jews only?

ADOLPH. You bet.

JOE. No Christians allowed?

ADOLPH. Technically, but the truth is none of 'em would wanna come anyway. They've got clubs of their own, which they won't let us near.

JOE. So this is where all the Jews go.

ADOLPH. Oh no. We're restricted too.

JOE. What do you mean? (*Adolph looks uncomfortable.*)

ADOLPH. Um, I mean membership is restricted to the well padded. As you can clearly see by the girth of the ex-president. Also well padded in the monetary sense, of course.

START
HERE

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JOE. I guess I'm a long way from joining, hunh?
ADOLPH. Who knows?
JOE. Still I pay my way to this dance or I don't go.
ADOLPH. I have no idea what the tickets are worth. *(Joe takes out his wallet, hands two bills to Adolph.)*
JOE. This oughta' cover it.
ADOLPH. And then some. I must be giving you too much salary. *(Sunny, coming down the steps, sees the money exchange.)*
SUNNY. Uncle Adolph, are you bribing him to take me out?
ADOLPH. Other way around. He insists on paying for Ballyhoo. How's the great ball gown tragedy?
SUNNY. All better. Mama saved the day.
JOE. Tell your cousin I'm really sorry.
SUNNY. I did. She forgives you.
JOE. I'm such a klutz!
SUNNY. A what?
JOE. You don't know what a klutz is?
SUNNY. Sorry.
ADOLPH. Means clumsy, don't it?
SUNNY. Is that Yiddish?
JOE. It's not Norwegian.
SUNNY. Uncle Adolph, I'm impressed! I didn't know you spoke Yiddish.
ADOLPH. About five words.
SUNNY. That's five more than me.
JOE. Well, I guess I caused enough trouble around here for one night. I better go. Gotta put in a decent day's work tomorrow.
SUNNY. *(To Adolph.)* Are you making him work on Christmas Eve?
ADOLPH. You bet.
SUNNY. Scrooge!
JOE. G'night, Mr. A.

ADOLPH. Ya. *(Joe touches Sunny's face lightly.)*
JOE. 'Night, Sunshine.
SUNNY. Good night. *(Joe exits.)*
ADOLPH. Sunshine?
SUNNY. Yes.
ADOLPH. People call you that?
SUNNY. No. He made it up. He's very imaginative.
ADOLPH. Must be.
SUNNY. And he's such a good dancer!
ADOLPH. I noticed.
END SUNNY. And he has such beautiful hands.
HERE ADOLPH. Now that I didn't notice.

SUNNY. So graceful! And so strong! And he's very bright, I mean, don't you think? For someone who didn't even go to college.
ADOLPH. You don't have to sell him to me, Sunshine. I was sold before you were.
SUNNY. Good.
ADOLPH. I probably shouldn't say this. In fact, I know I shouldn't say this, because you're very young and it's basically none of my business, and also it would send your Aunt Beulah to Piedmont Hospital, but I really think you should hold on to this boy. I don't think they come along any finer.
SUNNY. I don't think so either.
ADOLPH. I know Simon would approve.
SUNNY. I do, too. *(A beat.)* Uncle Adolph?
ADOLPH. Yes?
SUNNY. Can I ask you something?
ADOLPH. Of course.
SUNNY. Were you ever in love?
ADOLPH. Oh yes.
SUNNY. What was her name?
ADOLPH. I never found that out.