

Last Night of Ballyhoo - Lala and Peachy (p.66-68)

BOO. Pecans. Why?

PEACHY. I'm allergic to nuts. I would die if I ate a pecan.

BOO. Oh, no!

ADOLPH. Well, I wouldn't. *(He goes into the dining room and hacks himself a hefty piece of the kuchen, which he proceeds to eat standing up at the table.)*

BOO. Well, you're gonna hafta' excuse us. We have a mountain of work to do. Our maid up and quit on us. At this time of the year, too. Did you ever hear of such a thing? *(She pokes Reba.)*

REBA. Oh, yes! Excuse us!

BOO. I'm so sorry about the pecans! I had no idea!

PEACHY. Don't give it a second thought. *(They go into the dining room, pulling closed the sliding doors. Lala and Peachy are alone.)*

LALA. Would you really? I mean, die?

PEACHY. What do you think? *(He looks at her, straight faced, and then he smirks. She laughs.)*

START
HERE

LALA. Why did you say that?

PEACHY. Just came out of my mouth. I know. I'm terrible.

LALA. You really are.

PEACHY. My sophomore year roommate really did.

LALA. Did what?

PEACHY. Have a nut allergy. And somebody put peanut butter in a chocolate cake and didn't tell him.

LALA. What happened?

PEACHY. He died right at the dinner table.

LALA. Oh no! Really?

PEACHY. What do you think?

LALA. Go home! Go home right this minute!

PEACHY. I can't.

LALA. Why?

PEACHY. I have to tell you something. That's why I came over.

LALA. Tell me what?

PEACHY. I can't take you to Ballyhoo tomorrow night.

LALA. What?

PEACHY. I can't take you to Ballyhoo.

LALA. Why?

PEACHY. I have to take somebody else.

LALA. Who?

PEACHY. My cousin Sally Myers—from Columbus.

LALA. Oh. *(A last hope.)* Are you making this up, Peachy?

PEACHY. I wish I was. I feel terrible. But there's nothing I can do. They're forcing me?

LALA. Forcing you?

PEACHY. Dad, Uncle Ike, all of them. Sally doesn't know anybody in Atlanta and she's dying to go.

LALA. Can't somebody else take her?

PEACHY. There aren't any other single men in the family. Mother said she was sure you'd understand.

LALA. Did she?

PEACHY. I guess it won't be so bad. Sally's a nifty little dancer.

LALA. Good.

PEACHY. You do understand, don't you?

LALA. I guess.

PEACHY. Good girl. You all right?

LALA. Of course. I'm fine.

PEACHY. Listen, I hate to do this, but I have to ask you something, okay? I don't know anybody else to ask.

LALA. All right.

PEACHY. Should I buy her a white orchid or a purple orchid?

LALA. What color is her dress?

PEACHY. How the hell would I know?

LALA. Then I guess white.

PEACHY. White. Thanks.

LALA. Unless she's wearing black. Then purple.

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PEACHY. Oh, I'm pretty sure she won't be wearing black.
LALA. Why?
PEACHY. She's nine years old.
LALA. What?
PEACHY. I swear. My cousin Sally is nine years old.
LALA. Your family is making you take a nine year old to Ballyhoo?
PEACHY. What do you think?
LALA. I—I—
PEACHY. Hah hah!
LALA. You're terrible!
PEACHY. Be ready at nine tomorrow night.
LALA. Nine?
PEACHY. Because I'll be here at ten. *(He starts to leave.)* What color you wearing?
LALA. Not black.
PEACHY. Then I'll be sure to get purple.
LALA. You're terrible!
PEACHY. You said it! Bye, sassysass. *(He goes out the front door. Boo enters from the kitchen with a piece of chocolate cake.)*
BOO. *(In her musical voice.)* Sylvan, I was wondering if I could offer you a piece of—Well, where is he?
LALA. He's gone.
BOO. Oh no! What happened?
LALA. Nothing. It's all right. He's taking me to Ballyhoo.
BOO. Well now, you see? And I don't know what you were talking about. He's a lovely boy!

END HERE

End Scene

Scene 4

The next night.

Peachy and Joe sit side by side on the sofa. Peachy is wearing a tuxedo, holds an orchid corsage in a see-through box. Joe has on a dark suit, no flowers.

Adolph is sitting in his customary chair, reading the evening paper. Silence. Joe breaks it.

JOE. Howza' war news, Mr. A?
ADOLPH. Not good.
JOE. Yeah. I got relatives over there.
ADOLPH. Poland?
JOE. Unh-hunh. And Russia.
ADOLPH. Well, let's hope for the best.
JOE. Yep.
PEACHY. Let's hope they can dodge bullets.
JOE. Excuse me?
PEACHY. Hey! Easy there, Bud! None of this mess is my fault. It ain't even my problem.
JOE. That right?
PEACHY. You bet. It's Europe's problem and they gotta solve it on their own. Right, Adolph?
ADOLPH. I'd say that depends on where your family is.
PEACHY. Well, mine's been in Louisiana for a hundred-and-fifty years. *(Reba hurries down the stairs.)*
REBA. She's ready.
PEACHY. Which one?
JOE. Mine. *(He goes out into the hall as Sunny comes down the stairs. She is dressed simply, but well. She looks great. Pleased.)* Hi there.
SUNNY. Hi.
JOE. Terrific.