

# SCENE SIX

## TIM & DELLA

DELLA. She's getting married!

TIM. That is wonderful news! Who's the lucky guy?

DELLA. The lucky guy is. It is a woman.

TIM. ...What?

DELLA. Don't say "what" when I know you heard me, we are both sittin' right here.

It's a woman, a very beautiful black woman.

Not that I have a problem with that, you know I don't see color.

TIM. I don't care if she's blue with green spots, Little, since when is Jenny – didn't she have that boyfriend in college? That short – he was a nice short fella. He was from, where was he from, he was from India or Indiana –

DELLA. Yeah, she did.

TIM. Well then how is it that she's marryin' a girl?

DELLA. Well I don't know, Tim, I didn't start liking olives 'til just last year, and my whole life before it I thought they were like eyes. But now I cannot get enough. She was – all lit up. From the inside. They both were.

TIM. Well, good for them. They can take themselves to California.

DELLA. It's legal here, too. They passed a *law*, Tim, where've you been?

TIM. I have been at *work*, payin' my taxes! I got four yards drowning from busted septic tanks, I got a broken Speedrooter and six guys on my payroll with families to feed.

DELLA. They want me to make their wedding cake.

*TIM scoffs.*

What's funny?

TIM. It is unfair'a Jenny to put you in that situation.

DELLA. She's Jen, now.

TIM. Is that a lesbian thing?

DELLA. I think it's just her name.

TIM. Well, you had every right to tell 'em no.

*Beat.*

DELLA. I didn't tell you I told them no.

TIM. Didn't you?

DELLA. I told 'em I had a full month already.

And I do. I *do* have a full month. I got two christening cakes and I do like to take my time on those, plus Halloween so I do my pumpkins.

I *do* have a lot.

TIM. Sweetie. You don't have to justify your decision to me. I'm on your side, here.

DELLA. You shoulda seen her face. It was the worst face I ever seen.

TIM. We know we can't pick and choose the bible, honey. That's when the edges start to blur.

Fabric starts to fray. We can be sad for her, though. We can love her, still.

DELLA. So I can make her cake?

TIM. That's not what I said.

*TIM kisses DELLA's doughy cheek.*

Love ya.

*He settles into his pillow.*

*Turns out the light.*

*The kiss stays fresh on DELLA.*

*She sits there doing the mental math of marriage. When did they last have sex? She lets this pass.*

DELLA. It's not like I've never known a gay person before, I know plenty.

TIM. Who?

DELLA. Well geez, there's the nice boy with the purple hair who makes my frappuccino. There's Robert –

TIM. Who is Robert?

DELLA. Robert! That realtor we used when we tried to sell the house! He was always wearing those bow ties!

TIM. Fifteen years ago. You do not "know" Robert.

DELLA. Yeah. I guess I've just – never known any very *well*. Not on purpose.

*Then:*

Or, maybe on purpose?

TIM. I'm turnin' in, here –

DELLA. I'm trying to ask you a *question*.

TIM. What's your question?

*Beat.*

DELLA. I don't know yet.

*Beat.*

They seem so happy together. The way Jenny smiled – how her – Macy, is her name, how Macy was looking at her –

TIM. Please spare me the details.

DELLA. I am just telling you what I observed.

TIM. And I am telling you I don't wanna think about it.

*Beat.*

DELLA. Why not?