

# SCENE TWO

## MACY & DELLA

**MACY.** She's warm and she's giving and she won't ever think of herself first. Sometimes I just want to shake her, *think of yourself, it comes so naturally to everyone else*, but she won't eat until everyone is fed. When I get a cold she makes me garlic tea even though she hates garlic, it makes her gag. When her mom was sick she dropped everything and moved back down here.

**DELLA.** I know she did.

**MACY.** She has nightmares she's falling into flames. Because of people like you.

*DELLA tries to stay strong. Stick to the party line.*

**DELLA.** It is not my job to pass judgment on / you -

**MACY.** Really? Because I feel kinda judged.

**DELLA.** I just want what's best for Jenny.

**MACY.** Jen.

**DELLA.** Jen.

She has been like a daughter to me.

**MACY.** But you don't even know her anymore.

**DELLA.** I know her just fine.

**MACY.** Do you know what she likes to read, how she takes her coffee, how she likes to fuck?

*The word stabs at DELLA.*

**DELLA.** Excuse me! I know her *heart*.

**MACY.** So do I. And I love her. And we wanna spend the rest of our lives together. How is that not what's "best" for her?

**DELLA.** It's - it's not what God intended -

**MACY.** Stop saying words an old white man yelled at you.

**DELLA.** My pastor, he is Filipino, from the Philippines!

**MACY.** That's not even my point.

**DELLA.** (*Staying strong.*) It's what I believe.

**MACY.** So you're not even gonna try and understand where she's coming from?

**DELLA.** Well, you're not tryin' with me, either.

**MACY.** It's not the same.

*Beat.*

**DELLA.** I know what it's like. To feel different.

When I was young I was - bigger than I shoulda been. And I got teased for that. And that has hurt at times -

**MACY.** When I was twelve, I weighed almost two hundred pounds.

I would get crushes on girls that I couldn't understand so I'd eat Swiss cake rolls instead.

My mom thought I'd get less shit at a private school than at public, so she saved up and sent me to the suburbs. Where I was one of two black kids. Where they called me "Meatball." Where no one would sit with me. Where I got a crush on a girl named Margaret and she kissed me with her tongue in the back of the movie theater but when her friends found out she wrote "dyke" on my locker in permanent pen. And when my dad found out, he threw his bible at my head. It left a mark on the wall.

*Beat.*

**DELLA.** He shouldn't'a done that, sweetie -

**MACY.** Yeah, well, it's good to know where you stand with people.

*DELLA is thrown. Tries to find her words again.*

**DELLA.** (*So gently.*) It's just that the way I see it - and I am just trying to explain - if God intended everybody to love on everybody, there would be means - for a man and a man, to -

**MACY.** Did you procreate?

**DELLA.** That's not -

**MACY.** So you didn't.

**DELLA.** We tried.

But it didn't.

**MACY.** So what is YOUR marriage for?

*DELLA sees. She does kind of see. She doesn't know what to say. Thoughts and history swirling, opinions forming.*

**MACY.** Is it just for sex?

*DELLA gets uncomfortable at the word.*

**DELLA.** The bible made it / very clear -

**MACY.** Oh, the bible that has been refuted by scholars?

**DELLA.** It's God's WORD. I don't know about that.

**MACY.** Well. You *should* know about it. If you're going to form your belief system on it, you really should.

**DELLA.** (*Firm.*) It is God's WORD. He says so, in Romans 1:26.

**MACY.** Okay so, you preach love, but then you go and elect a hateful, misogynistic *baby* -

**DELLA.** Now, hold on / I didn't -

**MACY.** Jesus, I am so tired of tolerating this. I am so tired of being nice.

**DELLA.** This is your nice?

**MACY.** Why do you hate me?!

*She starts to tear up.*

*Why.*

*Why.*