

ACT ONE

Scene One

(New Mexico, between Santa Fe and Albuquerque where the land turns from pine forest to desert. The sun is setting in the background behind a volcano to the west of interstate 25. A simple clothesline is located upstage. Two aluminum garden chairs are located down stage. A blue neon sign that reads vacancy hangs over the stage. UNCLE JIMMY, dressed in a used black leather jacket, sits on the ground in front of the chairs. His right foot has no shoe and is covered in a bloody bath towel. The sound of attack helicopters roar over the scene. NAOMI enters. She has a basket of laundry. She drops the basket into one of the empty aluminum chairs.)

NAOMI

I see you haven't been to a doctor yet.

UNCLE JIMMY

It's no big deal. I zigged when I should have zagged.

NAOMI

It looks bad this time.

UNCLE JIMMY

I'm sure I'll live.

NAOMI

I cleaned the bathtub. And the showerhead. And the sink. Either stay outside or at the very least make an effort to hit the toilet. Speaking of toilets, Mr. Ash, in 3B...have you fixed his toilet handle yet? I'm wasting time by not doing it myself.

UNCLE JIMMY

I fixed it this afternoon.

NAOMI

And what about the screen door you kicked in three nights back?

UNCLE JIMMY

I don't have to take your mouth, I earn my keep here.

NAOMI

Yes. Cleaning the sinks. And gutters. And changing the locks when someone forgets to turn in a key. Smuggling tequila across the boarder is hardly earning a "keep." Have you even fixed my radio yet? You "promised" you would.

UNCLE JIMMY

I put food in the kid's mouth, I put books in her hands, I put shoes on her feet, I paid for her jean jacket...

NAOMI

(Interrupting) You kicked a hole in my screen door, you don't bring home food. You bring home burnt tortillas, tortillas you steal from Mark Miller...

UNCLE JIMMY

I do not steal those tortillas. I have told you a dozen fucking times, Mark Miller gives those tortillas away when he closes every night. He can't use them the next day. They go stale.

NAOMI

Yes. They go stale in my kitchen. So the cockroaches have something else to eat.

UNCLE JIMMY

Blah, blah, blah.

NAOMI

Go! Go to town and get smashed, get hammered, destroy yourself. Just go, but don't you dare come back here tonight and throw up all over the bathroom, like you have every night since you came back.

UNCLE JIMMY

I saw this comin' a mile away. You know, it's none of your business where I go, what I do, who I fuck.

NAOMI

Jim, it is my business when you are living under my roof.

UNCLE JIMMY

I don't live under your roof. I live under your porch, I sleep by your mailbox. My bed is by the road. I do not live under your roof. I make a roof on a nightly basis. If you would give me one of those vacant rooms we always have, then I would be living under your roof. It's not like anybody's usin' half of those rooms. It ain't like you can't spare the space.

NAOMI

I'm not walking into one of my motel rooms every morning and cleaning up your vomit and blood and piss.

UNCLE JIMMY

I'm not sayin' that. I'm not sayin' that, you're not listening to me. A room of my own. A place where I can put my baseball cards. I will clean it. Every Sunday. I'll get a vacuum sweeper and a feather duster and all the chemicals. I will be the one who cleans it because it is my space. I'll even pay rent.

NAOMI

With your dirty money.

UNCLE JIMMY

It's still money. It's more than you got. Give me a room. I can help with the bank. I'll be thirty feet away from the trailer. You and the kid can come over for dinner every Tuesday night or Wednesday or whenever, because it will be my place and I will clean it myself and you never have to see my face unless you want to.

NAOMI

I'll believe it when I see it.

UNCLE JIMMY

My point! You have just made my point! You have just made my point!

NAOMI

You make luck look easy, the way you talk. No. No, you can't have one of my rooms.

UNCLE JIMMY

Fine.

NAOMI

You're just gonna lay in bed, and drink, and watch cartoon network all day. Rope in an eager college coed that you've sweet-talked with traveling stories, or bullshit, or whatever lies you tell all the sorority girls to get their panties around their ankles. Just go. Go drink yourself into the dirt.

UNCLE JIMMY

Why do you think I'm gonna drink?

NAOMI

Because you always do.

UNCLE JIMMY

You know that's not why I came back.

NAOMI

No. You came back to show my daughter how embarrassing her uncle is.

UNCLE JIMMY

I'm going to Arby's. I'm going to Arby's, and I'm, going to get myself a roast beef sandwich and some curly fries, and I'm not going to eat dinner with you and the kid tonight.

NAOMI

Well, I am impressed you're eating. You do it oh-so-much. Perhaps a little cuervo to wash it all down and make the evening complete?

UNCLE JIMMY

I'm going to town to get a nice, lean, roast beef sandwich and some curly fries and to get away from you. I am going to town to get away from you. Just like the way Mack used to go to town to get a sandwich. You know you used to be a blast. You used to go dancing and talk trash and drink like a demon. I miss that girl. I miss that sister. The kind of girl you are now, no wonder Mack left your sorry ass.

NAOMI

Watch your mouth.

UNCLE JIMMY

Oh, you know it's true. You're just an impossible bitch. (Silence.) I didn't mean that.

NAOMI

You need to leave.

UNCLE JIMMY

No. I'm sorry, that was wrong of me. I didn't mean that. Why don't I stay here tonight?

NAOMI

You need to go now. You need to go.

UNCLE JIMMY

Wait.

NAOMI

Go get drunk. I have rules. I have rules and you, you need to go now. I have rules here.

UNCLE JIMMY

Naw, I'll stay in tonight. I'll cook. I'll cook somethin' for you and the kid. We haven't done that in awhile. I'll make pizza. Remember, remember when you and me used to make pizza when mom and dad would leave all day, when we were kids, and we'd make the Chef Boyardee pizza in a box. And sword fight with cardboard wrapping paper tubes. You could take the night off and we could talk.

NAOMI

I said, you should go. And get your roast beef sandwich. And your french fries.

UNCLE JIMMY

Tell me what to say. Please.

NAOMI

You're foot stinks. You need to see a doctor.

UNCLE JIMMY

I don't want to see a doctor.

NAOMI

Just go away.

(JELLY BEAN enters. She has a backpack and a bag of groceries.)

JELLY BEAN

Jimmy...you didn't go to the doctor today. You said you would.

NAOMI

Your uncle was just leaving.

UNCLE JIMMY

I was just going to hang the wash up.

NAOMI

That would be nice.

JELLY BEAN

I'll help.

NAOMI

Do you have homework?

JELLY BEAN

It's Friday.

NAOMI

Answer me.

JELLY BEAN

It's Zozobra weekend. I don't even have school on Monday.

NAOMI

Fine.

(NAOMI exits. JELLY BEAN starts to hang the wash to dry UNCLE JIMMY lays in the dirt.)

JELLY BEAN

What's her problem?

UNCLE JIMMY

Where are my smokes?

JELLY BEAN

I didn't have enough money for cigarettes.

UNCLE JIMMY

Not enough money? I gave you eighteen dollars, that's enough to get casserole stuff and smokes.

JELLY BEAN

The store was out of the blue pack.

UNCLE JIMMY

Then why didn't you get the yellows?

JELLY BEAN

You told me you can't taste the yellows, that's why you get blues.

UNCLE JIMMY

I get the blues because it's a fine cigarettes. No, you can't taste the yellows the way you taste the blues, but you can still taste the yellows.

I'm sorry.

JELLY BEAN

It's nothin'. I need to quit anyways.

UNCLE JIMMY

What happened with you and mom?

JELLY BEAN

Nothin'.

UNCLE JIMMY

Your foot smells like cheese.

JELLY BEAN

I'm fine. It's a little numb. You look nice today. How was school?

UNCLE JIMMY

Fine. Are you going to town tonight?

JELLY BEAN

I don't know. Probably.

UNCLE JIMMY

That guy from Georgia, in 3B, he asked me out. He's going to Santa Fe tonight

JELLY BEAN

Really?

UNCLE JIMMY

Get to ride in his big white Cadillac. He thinks I'm eighteen.

JELLY BEAN

UNCLE JIMMY

You're not.

JELLY BEAN

I told him I have to ask my uncle.

UNCLE JIMMY

Are you asking me? He's twice your age. Hell, he could be twice my age for all I know.

JELLY BEAN

You sound like mom.

UNCLE JIMMY

Fuck you.

JELLY BEAN

Don't curse at me.

UNCLE JIMMY

What'd you get at the store if you didn't get my smokes?

JELLY BEAN

Corn, cheese, milk.

UNCLE JIMMY

Put that stuff in the fridge before it starts stinkin'.

JELLY BEAN

I got a packet of Lipton noodles. Mom said you liked those. Sour cream and cheddar. I was thinking I could cook dinner and we could watch the sun go down. We could have a picnic right here, and you can tell me stories about Europe. The noodles are ready to eat in eight minutes.

UNCLE JIMMY

Yeah, sure. You know, I don't eat that much.

JELLY BEAN

I've noticed. I don't like it.

UNCLE JIMMY

Now you're starting to sound like your mother.

JELLY BEAN

Fuck you.

UNCLE JIMMY

Watch your language.

JELLY BEAN

Who was that girl you brought home last night?

UNCLE JIMMY

Nobody, just a girl I know. I'll stay here tonight.

JELLY BEAN

Have you had any food today?

UNCLE JIMMY

Do you have any change left from that cash I gave you?

JELLY BEAN

I thought I could keep the change.

UNCLE JIMMY

How much?

JELLY BEAN

Thirty seven cents.

UNCLE JIMMY

Thirty seven cents? You blew twenty bucks on casserole fixin's, but no smokes.

JELLY BEAN

I got the noodles. Remember? I got the noodles for you.

UNCLE JIMMY

Give me my, no, forget it! Just forget it. Piggy bank the change, you'll be a millionaire before you hit forty.

JELLY BEAN

Why are you mad at me?

UNCLE JIMMY

I'm not mad at you.

JELLY BEAN

Yes you are. Do we have a date? Will you stay home with me tonight?

UNCLE JIMMY

I thought you were going to town with the pervert.

JELLY BEAN

I thought you said I was too young.

UNCLE JIMMY

You are.

JELLY BEAN

Do we have a date then?

UNCLE JIMMY

You gonna shave your arm pits.

JELLY BEAN

I shaved this morning.

UNCLE JIMMY

When? The bathtub was filled with vomit this morning

JELLY BEAN

I noticed. What were you eating last night?

UNCLE JIMMY

Just tortillas. The salesman is too old.

JELLY BEAN

I know. I was just playing with you. Oh, and I got you your smokes.

(JELLY BEAN *throws a pack of cigarettes to Uncle Jimmy.*)

JELLY BEAN

So, it's a date? Tonight? Me and you?

UNCLE JIMMY

Yeah. Fine. It's a date. I won't forget.

JELLY BEAN

And you'll eat.

UNCLE JIMMY

Yeah.

JELLY BEAN

Hey. You should have your foot looked at.

(The roar of attack helicopters over takes the scene.)

Scene Two

(In darkness.)

MR. ASH

Fore!

(Lights up on MR. ASH and UNCLE JIMMY. Mr. Ash shoots golf balls into the audience with a driving club. Uncle Jimmy, in noticeable pain, smokes and utilizes the seven wedge as a cane. His foot is still rancid.)

MR. ASH

Outstanding. The ball really flies out here.

UNCLE JIMMY

You're a mile above sea level. The air's thinner.

MR. ASH

Those helicopters always fly overhead?

UNCLE JIMMY

Like clockwork. Fort Ben is a few miles south. They're on maneuvers. You had these clubs long?

MR. ASH

Brand new. I bought 'em off a sweet little number in purple leather pants at a Big 5 Sports when I was driving through Amarillo. Wore that Victoria's Secret perfume exotic dancers put on. It makes me howl like a bulldog.

UNCLE JIMMY

Does it?

MR. ASH

Mind if I make a personal inquiry? I noticed your foot, friend...

UNCLE JIMMY

I ziggled when I should have zagged.

MR. ASH

Has a professional looked at that? You best get a podiatrist to take a gander at that puppy before it goes south.

UNCLE JIMMY

I don't like doctors.

MR. ASH

Smells like that foot's infected.

UNCLE JIMMY

Is that your bulldog sense of smell talkin' ...friend?

MR. ASH

I've had infections before. Trust me, you want a professional looking at that 'fore toes need to be cut off.

UNCLE JIMMY

Is that what happened to your thumb?

MR. ASH

My thumb? No. Sassy Liebermann. Prom date my senior year of High School. We were waltzing in the back seat of my Plymouth and she bit my thumb off, if you know what I mean and I bet you do.

UNCLE JIMMY

No. I don't know what you mean. You make a lot of shit up, don't you? Friend.

MR. ASH

Fourth of July. I was sixteen. My brother and I were throwin' firecrackers at one another. Back and forth, back forth...boom! He threw a cherry bomb at my head. I tried to swat it away like a bug. Boom. No more thumb.

UNCLE JIMMY

Where you drinkin'?

MR.ASH

Fore! What makes you say that?

UNCLE JIMMY

Just asking.

MR.ASH

I did act crazy when I drank, until self control got the better of me. Ride on top of cars, steal stop signs. But I'm mature now.

UNCLE JIMMY

That's Bush League. Scaling' buildings. Gettin' into fights. Spittin' jawbreakers. You ever spit jawbreakers?

MR. ASH

I've no clue what your talkin' about.

UNCLE JIMMY

Me and my sister used to do it. Spittin' jawbreakers. You stand about two feet from each other and spit a jawbreaker into the mouth of your partner. Then, you both take a step back and do it again, and again, and again takin' a step back from each other every time you spit.

MR. ASH

Outstanding. You two always lived in the desert, James?

UNCLE JIMMY

Woke up here one day, and stop callin' me James. What are you doing here?

MR. ASH

Gettin' relaxed. I have what is known as tension. I used to play drinkin' games in High School, in the kitchen of this orange trailer a friend of mine lived in. He had bad intestinal problems. Thus, his parents bought him his own trailer 'cause they got tired of smellin' him the whole day. We used to play this card game, lay all the cards out on the coffee table like in a pyramid shape, but I don't recall the rules. Fore!

UNCLE JIMMY

I know that game.

MR. ASH

What's it called?

UNCLE JIMMY

I don't remember. You'll do a lot of drinking this weekend. Even the Christies drink during the Zozobra. Everybody screams "burn him" and all your sins will be extinguished. It's a big deal. My sister will break out the good china and serve tea. If she likes you.

MR. ASH

Is that why you came back?

UNCLE JIMMY

What makes you think I was gone?

MR. ASH

Your niece told me you returned a day or two before I came. Said you were in Ireland.

UNCLE JIMMY

My niece talks a lot.

MR. ASH

She told me you were over seas for eight years. Playin' and havin' yourself a good time. Fore!

UNCLE JIMMY

Well, that's her interpretation of what I was doing.

MR. ASH

What were you doing?

UNCLE JIMMY

Self imposed exile. I had too much tension.

MR. ASH

What lead to that?

UNCLE JIMMY

I just needed to work on my golf game.

MR. ASH

Doesn't look like you worked all that hard.

UNCLE JIMMY

No. I guess I didn't.

MR. ASH

Remember the first time you had a drink, James? It was my sixteenth birthday for me. Same year I lost the thumb. My brother had a girl of his get a bottle of Strawberry Boones Farm country style wine.

UNCLE JIMMY

With the twist top.

MR. ASH

The only wine with the aromatic fizz. \$2.99 at Seven-Eleven. You know, they got themselves that cooler door that rings like Hell when you open it, so all the clerks know you got your fingers on the booze. Boones Farm Strawberry, Peach, Snow Creek flavors.

UNCLE JIMMY

Mad Dog 20/20.

MR. ASH

All the flavors in the rainbow.

UNCLE JIMMY

Blue, Purple, Orange. My sister used to call it “Dorothy’s brew.” And Wild Irish Rose.

MR. ASH

Tastes like wood varnish. Used to drink it every Friday night after home football games. That swill doesn’t do it for me anymore.

UNCLE JIMMY

Too weak.

MR. ASH

That’s right, friend. When I was seventeen I migrated to Michelob.

UNCLE JIMMY

Miller. Miller Genuine Draft. Miller High Life.

MR. ASH

Coors.

UNCLE JIMMY

Rolling Rock. Coors tastes like piss.

MR. ASH

There’s a bungalow in Pennsylvania...you ever been to Pennsylvania, James?

UNCLE JIMMY

Once. I didn’t like it.

MR. ASH

Well, there’s an establishment, it’s really a shack to be truthful, outside Happy Valley were you can order six long necks of Rolling Rocks in a metal bucket with ice for seven

(MR. ASH *cont.*)

dollars. By the time you drink the six , the ice has melted so you can vomit in the bucket, and the water covers the smell for sake of the other patrons. Outstanding. Fore!

UNCLE JIMMY

Beer doesn't do anything for me anymore.

MR. ASH

That's the truth.

UNCLE JIMMY

I jumped to hard liquor when I was about twenty.

MR. ASH

Vodka.

UNCLE JIMMY

No. Bourbon. First with coke, then without.

(UNCLE JIMMY *produces a flask. The two men pass it between themselves.*)

MR. ASH

I still go back to Wild Irish Rose for nostalgic purposes. I surrendered my virginity on Wild Irish Rose. You know, y'all should get your vacancy sign repaired.

UNCLE JIMMY

That vacancy sign isn't broken. All the letters work.

MR.ASH

There's no "no" to light up.

UNCLE JIMMY

We're never full. Anyways, it's not my sign.

MR. ASH

Your sister owns the place?

UNCLE JIMMY

No. The bank does. She just pays the bills.

MR. ASH

She got herself a man? To help with the bills?

UNCLE JIMMY

My sister is a widow.

MR. ASH

She seems awful young to be a widow.

UNCLE JIMMY

She is awful young. She just acts old.

MR. ASH

What's your age range, if you don't mind me asking? You don't look as youthful as your sister.

UNCLE JIMMY

You don't look that young yourself, friend.

MR. ASH

You have a sharp tongue, friend.

UNCLE JIMMY

I'm ten months younger than my sister. I'd say your about ten years older than me.

MR. ASH

Fore! Close, but not exactly. What happened to her fellah? Your brother-in-law.

UNCLE JIMMY

Mack? He drowned.

MR. ASH

This would be your niece's father?

UNCLE JIMMY

Maybe.

MR. ASH

Your sister seems awful young to have a daughter of that age.

UNCLE JIMMY

She is awfully young to have a kid that age. Fore! Anyways, compared to kids in this day and age, it's a fuckin' miracle my sister's not a grandmother. Why are you here, friend?

MR. ASH

On my way west. Thought I'd take a pit stop to the famous Festival de Santa Fe.

UNCLE JIMMY

Not many gringos know about the festival. It's a rather well kept secret. The locals keep it hush-hush on the purpose to keep tourists like you out.

MR. ASH

I hope I'm still welcome.

UNCLE JIMMY

A man who drives a white caddy is always welcome. After all, you are paying in cash. Why are you here?

MR. ASH

Your sister's too old for my tastes, if that is what you are thinking.

UNCLE JIMMY

I'm not.

MR. ASH

I'm just trying to get my sins forgiven...and release a little tension. I would get a professional to look at that foot if I was you. Before it makes you mad-crazy.

UNCLE JIMMY

I'll keep that in mind. My niece says your headed to town tonight. Have yourself a good time. Go to the Coyote Cafe. Tell 'em Uncle Jimmy sent you. The bartender's name is Daisy. You'll like her. She gives good happy hour.

MR. ASH

I'll keep that in mind.

UNCLE JIMMY

And don't drink the white agave around here. It'll make you crooked as a corkscrew.

MR. ASH

James, mind if I ask you a personal enquiry?

UNCLE JIMMY

Why stop now, friend?

MR.ASH

You drink every night. Party every night, or so it seems.

UNCLE JIMMY

What of it?

MR. ASH

How do you pay for it? Your sister clearly has no money to spare.

UNCLE JIMMY

I supply the locals with affordable Mexican tequila. What do you do to pay for that caddy?

I'm an investor.

MR. ASH

What do you invest in?

UNCLE JIMMY

Happiness. Fore!

MR. ASH

(The roar of military helicopters take over the scene. Blackout.)

Scene Three

(JELLY BEAN and NAOMI take the laundry down from the hang wire.)

Do you have plans this weekend?

JELLY BEAN

Watching the motel. Have you done your homework?

NAOMI

It's Friday. We talked about this before.

JELLY BEAN

When will you do your homework?

NAOMI

I'll do it tomorrow.

JELLY BEAN

When tomorrow?

NAOMI

JELLY BEAN

Tomorrow, tomorrow.

NAOMI

I don't care for that kind of tone.

JELLY BEAN

I have a date tonight.

NAOMI

A date? With whom do you have a "date" with?

JELLY BEAN

Uncle Jimmy.

NAOMI

You're too young to be going on dates.

JELLY BEAN

No I'm not.

NAOMI

Is your uncle taking you to Santa Fe?

JELLY BEAN

Why do you care?

NAOMI

Because I'm your mother, young lady.

JELLY BEAN

We're having a picnic. Here. I'm going to cook for him.

NAOMI

Good. Maybe he'll eat something for once.

JELLY BEAN

Then we're going to do shots and he's going to show me how to role a joint like the Dublin girls do. You know, over a dollar bill to make it nice and tight.

NAOMI

You're not funny.

JELLY BEAN

And then he's going to take me to Juarez, and get me a job at the donkey show. I'm just trying to get a rise out of you.

NAOMI

You've been doing a lot of that recently. Anyways...you role a joint inside a dollar bill, not over it. That's bush league. When I was your age, my mother made me clean the entire house. When I got to my parents room, cleaning out the trash can, I asked my mother what that fried fish smell was, and she said "Naomi. That is a condom. And if you do not use a condom that is what you will smell like." So remember, if you run away to Mexico and do the donkey show, you will smell like a fish sandwich.

JELLY BEAN

Because donkeys don't use condom?

NAOMI

When are you going to do your homework?

JELLY BEAN

How old were you...

NAOMI

Don't ask. I knew the day would come when you would ask, and I'm not telling you. How old are you?

JELLY BEAN

Almost sixteen.

NAOMI

Which means your fifteen. And how old am I?

JELLY BEAN

Almost thirty two.

NAOMI

Thirty one, thank you. Do the math, and when you're finished with our arithmetic problem, take these clean sheets over to 3B and say hello to Mr. Ash.

JELLY BEAN

Why don't you do it.

NAOMI

Because I pay you an allowance, and I'm your mother and I told you to. Just because your worthless uncle's come back doesn't mean you have start acting like him.

JELLY BEAN

He's not worthless.

NAOMI

That's a question which will be debated for many years. Now go.

JELLY BEAN

By the way, I quit.

NAOMI

What do you mean "you quit."

JELLY BEAN

I'm not working for you anymore. You pay me twenty dollars a week. Minimum wage is six dollars and twenty five cents.

NAOMI

You can't quit.

JELLY BEAN

You want me to work in this shit hole you have to pay me more.

NAOMI

Sh..? Spell it. Spell it backwards. Spell it or your grounded.

JELLY BEAN

T-I-H-S.

NAOMI

I'll give you thirty dollars a week.

JELLY BEAN

Forty.

NAOMI

Thirty.

JELLY BEAN

Thirty five.

NAOMI

Thirty.

JELLY BEAN

You're impossible.

NAOMI

You're easy. Did you get the mail today?

JELLY BEAN

Yes. I put it on your bed.

NAOMI

Any bills?

JELLY BEAN

A white envelop from the power company. It says “final notice” in red letters across the front.

NAOMI

When is your “date” with your uncle?

JELLY BEAN

In an hour.

NAOMI

If your lucky. What are you cooking for him?

JELLY BEAN

Noodles. Sour cream and cheddar.

NAOMI

He likes those.

JELLY BEAN

I know.

NAOMI

No booze.

JELLY BEAN

I know.

NAOMI

Say hi to your uncle for me.

JELLY BEAN

I will.

(End of scene.)

Scene Four

(The sun has gone down and the moon is rising over the volcano in the distance. JELLY BEAN sits dressed to the nines at a picnic setting she has created herself. She is alone. MR. ASH slowly sneaks up on her.)

MR.ASH

Did you here Mattel's comin' out with a new line of Barbie dolls? They call it divorced Barbie. She comes with Ken's house, Ken's car, and half of his record collection. Having a picnic?

JELLY BEAN

Sort of.

MR. ASH

You smell nice. Are you wearing perfume?

JELLY BEAN

Yes.

MR. ASH

Victoria's Secret.

JELLY BEAN

How did you know?

MR. ASH

I'm familiar with the sent.

JELLY BEAN

I told mom I had to stay after school last Wednesday to work on an agriculture project for my science class. I lied. I hitch hiked to the mall and got perfume at Victoria's Secret.

MR. ASH

Lying to your mother. Tisk-tisk.

JELLY BEAN

I got this bottle of wine, too. It's a merlot. I bought it, and they didn't even card me.

MR. ASH

Outstanding. You look awful pretty tonight.

JELLY BEAN

I washed my hair.

MR. ASH

You can tell. It shimmers in the moonlight. Where'd you learn how to cook?

JELLY BEAN

I taught myself.

MR. ASH

You waitin' for someone?

JELLY BEAN

Yes.

MR. ASH

Waiting for a certain someone?

JELLY BEAN
Maybe.

MR. ASH
Nervous?

JELLY BEAN
Why?

MR. ASH
You look nervous.

JELLY BEAN
Have you been drinking, Mr. Ash?

MR. ASH
Maybe. He's late, isn't he? Have you been drinking?

JELLY BEAN
Maybe.

MR. ASH
How'd a girl like you get a name like Jelly Bean?

JELLY BEAN
My father gave it to me. He got it from a book about cowgirls.

MR. ASH
Ha! I'll tell you one truth to life, Jelly Bean, never fall in love with a firemen, musicians, or cowboys. They all come from the same mindset and they are all assholes.

JELLY BEAN
What kind of asshole are you?

MR. ASH

I'm a cowboy.

JELLY BEAN

No you're not. You just think you are.

MR. ASH

And what are you ? What kind of little girl are you?

JELLY BEAN

I'm not a little girl.

MR. ASH

Forgive me. You're a lady. All dressed up with your perfume. My mother was a lady. She murdered my father.

JELLY BEAN

Get out.

MR. ASH

Well, she killed him. I still question the term "murdered." When I was growing up we used to live in a trailer park by a wishing well. The trailer was small and had two bedrooms. One for me and my mother. And one for my father. Every time they would fight, my mother would throw her shoes at him, usually missed and hit the plastic wood grain walls, knockin' pictures down and brakin' Civil War commemorative plates. One time she knocked down a ckoo-ckoo clock my aunt brought me from Disneyland, and the clock hit the father clean on the exact point of his head to kill him.

JELLY BEAN

You're lying.

MR. ASH

It's the truth.

JELLY BEAN

You're lying. I can see it in your eyes.

MR. ASH

God as my witness. Ckoo-ckoo clocks have sharp edges.

JELLY BEAN

What happened to your mother?

MR. ASH

Six months probation. Then she became a housemother at Duke University.

JELLY BEAN

What did your father do for a living?

MR. ASH

He was a penny horrible novelist. You know what that is?

JELLY BEAN

No.

MR. ASH

His books were horrible and they cost a penny. What did your father do for a living?

JELLY BEAN

I don't know.

(The sound of a car can be heard pulling up to the motel followed by laughing and the sounds of reckless behavior. UNCLE JIMMY enters with DAISY on his arm. He has a half consumed bottle of fine tequila in one hand and his golf club in the other to help him walk.)

UNCLE JIMMY

So the girl to my left is thumbin' through a bible the size of a cinder block, tellin' me I reminder her of saint somethin'-somethin', and a woman out of nowhere crashes down in the empty seat next to us, and this crazy bitch starts screamin' for the stewardess, like she can't find the yellow call button over her head, and I look close at this woman and she is

(UNCLE JIMMY *cont.*)

tanked to the gills, I mean David Crosby drunk, and she is wearing so much facial make up her bangs are sticking to her forehead like a spider web, and we're two hours from London, and I'm thinkin' I haven't had a drink all day...hi.

JELLY BEAN

Hi. Who's that?

UNCLE JIMMY

This is Ms. Daisy. Ms. Daisy Bair.

DAISY

Call me Daisy.

JELLY BEAN

You're late.

DAISY

I didn't know we were coming.

UNCLE JIMMY

Ms. Daisy, this is my niece Jelly Bean.

DAISY

Jelly Bean, that's so cute. I had a friend in high school named Gummy Bear, her real name was Peggy Jean but everybody called her Gummy bear because she was the catcher on the women's softball team and when she would squat down in front of home plate she looked like a gummy bear with a pot holder in her hand. Gummy was of "good size" for a lady.

JELLY BEAN

You haven't been to the doctor yet, have you?

UNCLE JIMMY

I haven't had time.

DAISY

I was tryin' to get him to go, but he's just as stubborn as a mule. You never told me what happened.

UNCLE JIMMY

I zigged when I should've zagged.

DAISY

You keep sayin' that. What does that mean?

JELLY BEAN

He kicked in the screen door of our house.

UNCLE JIMMY

Your mother's trailer.

MR. ASH

I don't believe we've been introduced, Ms. Daisy Bair. Mr. Ash, occupant of room 3B

DAISY

It's a pleasure, occupant of room 3B.

MR. ASH

You have a twang in your voice, Ms. Daisy Bair, are you a southerner?

DAISY

South Georgia, Northern Florida.

MR. ASH

Well, I'm from Georgia.

DAISY

Get out of town!

MR. ASH

Mackon.

DAISY

Get yourself out of town! Do you know Bob?

MR. ASH

I know a Bob.

DAISY

This Bob is real tall and looks like an early eight's Tom Selick, like from Magnum P.I. I have an excellent memory. I can remember anything. It's a talent, it really is. I know people, boys, that can't even remember my phone number.

MR. ASH

Those poor fools. They should write it down.

DAISY

That's what I keep saying. Write it down. With a pen.

UNCLE JIMMY

Words to live by.

DAISY

Is that your Cadillac with the Georgia plates, occupant of room 3B? I've never ridin' in a Cadillac. It looks just dreamy.

MR. ASH

You should see the inside

DAISY

Is it a company car, or a privately own Cadillac?

MR.ASH

It's all mine.

DAISY

You must be a wealthy man, occupant of room 3B.

UNCLE JIMMY

He sells happiness.

MR. ASH

Would you like to go for a ride, Ms. Daisy Bair?

DAISY

I don't know if I should.

MR. ASH

I won't bite.

DAISY

Jimmy, can I go for a ride with Mr. Occupant of Room 3B?

UNCLE JIMMY

I'm ain't the boss of you.

DAISY

You're cute, Jimmy.

MR. ASH

Shall we, Ms. Daisy Bair?

DAISY

Call me Peaches. I want to drive.

MR. ASH

Have you been drinking?

DAISY
Have you?

MR. ASH
Maybe.

DAISY
I best be behind the wheel, Mr. Occupant of Room 3B.

MR. ASH
Are you certain?

DAISY
I'm a very good driver.

MR. ASH
I don't doubt it for a minute.

DAISY
Let's go. See you later, Alligator.

UNCLE JIMMY
After while, crocodile.

MR. ASH
Have you heard the one about the nude man, wrapped in waxpaper? He walks into a mental ward, and a psychiatrist says "I can clearly see your nuts."

DAISY
Ha! You're cute.

(MR. ASH and DAISY exit.)

You look nice tonight.

UNCLE JIMMY

Thank you for noticing.

JELLY BEAN

Where's your mother?

UNCLE JIMMY

Watching the front desk. Are you hungry? I can reheat the pasta. It won't take long.

JELLY BEAN

Kid-o, I'm not hungry. You know, they changed the name of the I.H.O.P. to Casa de Pancake?

UNCLE JIMMY

I got us a bottle of wine. If you're thirsty. It's red. Sit down, I've only had a little.

JELLY BEAN

Where'd you get wine?

UNCLE JIMMY

I have my resources. Sit down.

JELLY BEAN

We had a date, didn't we?

UNCLE JIMMY

I should have reminded you.

JELLY BEAN

No. I'm sorry.

UNCLE JIMMY

JELLY BEAN

It's fine. Sit down.

UNCLE JIMMY

That dress looks familiar. That's your mother's dress, isn't it?

JELLY BEAN

It's my dress now.

UNCLE JIMMY

I looks good on you. You shouldn't be drinking wine, but I'll let it slide because I was an asshole

JELLY BEAN

It's only wine.

UNCLE JIMMY

It's still's drinking.

JELLY BEAN

Don't act like mom. Please. Not tonight.

UNCLE JIMMY

Your father and I gave your mother that dress, well, actually more your father than me. He and I used to sneak out in the middle of the night when you were first born. Take late night trips to Juarez just to piss off your mother.

JELLY BEAN

I know.

UNCLE JIMMY

Actually, she never got angry, we just wanted to see how far we could push her buttons. Your father brought back that dress on one of our little Mexican escapades to appease her, or she probably would have cut our toes off. She saw threw it all, I know she did, but she still loved it. I bet that dress still fits her like a glove. But it looks nice on you. Give your father credit, he wrote down your mothers dress size, shoe size all that stuff on a

(UNCLE JIMMY *cont.*)

card he carried in his wallet so if it he had it in him, he could surprise your mother with a gift that wasn't a bottle of tequila.

JELLY BEAN

Can we please stop talking about mom? May I have a cigarette?

UNCLE JIMMY

Just one. But only 'cause I was late.

JELLY BEAN

Would you ever try to piss me off? Go to Mexico in the middle of the night just to push my buttons.

UNCLE JIMMY

Naw, I would never try to piss you off on purpose. I'm sorry I forgot about tonight.

JELLY BEAN

It's o.k. It's kind of sweet. What do you want to do?

UNCLE JIMMY

What do you want to do?

JELLY BEAN

What did you used to do with my dad on Friday nights?

UNCLE JIMMY

Well, that was a long time ago. Mack, and me, and your mother used to do shots of wood varnish. Play hide-and-seek. Your mother would go hide, and we go find her.

JELLY BEAN

Let's do shots. Then I'll go hide.

UNCLE JIMMY

Yeah, right.

JELLY BEAN

No. I mean it. We will do shots. And I'll throw up and start to cry about my dad, and then you'll tell me about the time you broke your wrist. When you punched him...when he left for California and you knew he wasn't coming back. And you'll sing me songs from Guys and Dolls to make me smile, then put me to bed. Then you'll go back outside, finish the bottle of Jim Beam, or Jack Daniel's, or Cuervo, it's Cuervo tonight. Isn't it? And then you'll pass out under the vacancy sign. And you'll wake up the next day with bruises on your arms and knees, and you won't remember how they got there. And in the morning we'll pretend the whole thing never happened. Just like you and mom.

UNCLE JIMMY

Is that what you think happens?

JELLY BEAN

I've seen you.

UNCLE JIMMY

Have you ever had tequila?

JELLY BEAN

No.

UNCLE JIMMY

It's like gasoline.

JELLY BEAN

I wanna do shots. And you can teach me how to role joints. I have some pot in my jewelry box, under the earrings you mailed me for my birthday last year.

(They take swigs from the bottle of tequila.)

UNCLE JIMMY

After Mack took off, he'd write your mother about once a week. Your mother would take

(UNCLE JIMMY *cont.*)

his letters and wrap them in plastic so they wouldn't get damaged, and carry them around in her purse and read them over and over again. At stoplights, and the check out line at the grocery store.

JELLY BEAN

She never told me that.

UNCLE JIMMY

I think she's still got 'em. She probably reads them at night. When she's alone.

JELLY BEAN

I don't want to hear this. Tell me something crazy you did. Tell me about Europe. Or Mexico. Is it true my father got stabbed in the kneecap?

UNCLE JIMMY

No, that wasn't him. That was me.

JELLY BEAN

Really.

UNCLE JIMMY

I was flirting with a midget's girlfriend. I don't have enough liquor to tell that story.

JELLY BEAN

I bet mom was pissed.

UNCLE JIMMY

Yeah. She kissed my kneecap, right over the stitches

JELLY BEAN

Can I see the scare?

(UNCLE JIMMY *pulls up his pant leg*. JELLY BEAN *kisses the scare on his knee.*)

JELLY BEAN

Why don't you have a girlfriend? Mom thinks you'd be happier if you had a girlfriend.

UNCLE JIMMY

Your mother thinks a lot of crazy shit.

JELLY BEAN

That's because she's a Scorpio.

UNCLE JIMMY

All Scorpions are fucked up, and she's a Catholic Scorpio, which is nothin' but trouble. I'm amazed she hasn't come at me with a butcher knife.

JELLY BEAN

When's your birthday?

UNCLE JIMMY

It's in April. I was tellin' stories about Mack.

JELLY BEAN

You're an Aries?

UNCLE JIMMY

Yeah, so.

JELLY BEAN

Aries are tough.

UNCLE JIMMY

I thought you wanted to hear stories about your father?

JELLY BEAN

I remember my father.

UNCLE JIMMY

How could you, the son of a bitch was never around when he was around.

JELLY BEAN

Would you like noodles? I could still warm them up.

UNCLE JIMMY

I'm really not all that hungry right now.

JELLY BEAN

Do you remember you would read to me every night and tuck me into bed, and give me a kiss on the cheek.

UNCLE JIMMY

That was when you were a squirt. I remember I hitchhiked across the country to see The Clash open for The Who at Shea stadium. I brought you back a t-shirt. You used to wear it to bed.

JELLY BEAN

I still do.

UNCLE JIMMY

Well, I haven't put you to bed in a long time.

JELLY BEAN

I know.

NAOMI

(Offstage.) Jelly Bean! Jelly Bean!

JELLY BEAN

God damn her.

(NAOMI enters.)

NAOMI

Can you cover the front desk for a minute, I need to use the bathroom.

JELLY BEAN

Why can't you leave me alone? I said I had a date tonight with Jim.

NAOMI

Jim? Jim?

JELLY BEAN

Yes! I said Jim!

NAOMI

And I said no booze.

JELLY BEAN

All I'm asking for is one night. One night alone with Jim, and you have to ruin that the way you ruin everything. One night with out your shit.

NAOMI

Watch your language.

JELLY BEAN

No. I'm not going to watch my language.

NAOMI

She never talked like this until you came back. And now you've gotten my daughter drunk.

JELLY BEAN

He didn't get me drunk!

NAOMI

What other plans did you have for your niece this evening, Jimmy? You gonna teach her how to steal hub caps? How to turn lighters into flamethrowers? How to give blowjobs?

JELLY BEAN

I know how to give blowjobs, mother!

NAOMI

Well, this is fantastic. My fifteen year old daughter knows how to perform oral sex.

JELLY BEAN

What do you know about sex? Every man you've ever had ran off!

NAOMI

Is that what you've been telling her? That I'm the bad guy? Have you told her about the time you were in the hospital after scaling the zoo walls? Or the time I bailed her father out of jail because you two just had take that BMW for a joyride. Have you told her somebody has to be responsible? So doesn't grow up in a foster home. Have you told her the real reason her father left us when she was only five?

UNCLE JIMMY

You don't even know the real reason Mack left, and don't take it out on the kid!

(MR. ASH and DAISY return. They are laughing loudly and acting reckless.)

NAOMI

Well, now the evening is complete, Jimmy. Your whore's just pulled up in a white Cadillac.

UNCLE JIMMY

Hey! Mr. Occupant Of Room 3B! Did I tell you the story about Jelly Bean's father leaving.

MR. ASH

You said your sister's a widow.

UNCLE JIMMY

Yeah. Her husband drowned...in a bottle of Wild Turkey. Mack didn't drown, Mr. Occupant of Room 3B. In fact the man's alive. Alive and well.

NAOMI

He went to California on a job opportunity.

UNCLE JIMMY

He went to California to get away.

NAOMI

He didn't go with another woman, if that's what you are saying.

UNCLE JIMMY

No, no he left with his dog, Pepe. Beautiful Navajo reservation mutt. We had that pup trained but good. Right across the bored.

NAOMI

Fact is, my husband left for various reasons, Mr. Ash.

UNCLE JIMMY

Fact is, he wasn't my sister's husband. Fact is...Mack, the father of my niece, left for California by himself. Because he was tired of my sister. He just got tired of hearing her mouth.

NAOMI

That's not true.

UNCLE JIMMY

Fact is, my niece's father told Naomi that he was going to California to make money. And send it back to support the kid, and the hotel, and this worthless hole they had just bought together. But the truth is he didn't love my sister anymore. He didn't love my sister.

NAOMI

Fuck you!

UNCLE JIMMY

I punched him when he left with this hand because I knew, unlike my sister, I knew he was never coming back.

NAOMI

Fuck you, Jim.

UNCLE JIMMY

Yeah.

(NAOMI *exits.*)

UNCLE JIMMY

Shit.

JELLY BEAN

Is that true?

UNCLE JIMMY

Maybe.

JELLY BEAN

Is that true?

UNCLE JIMMY

Shut up.

MR. ASH

Don't speak to the girl that way.

UNCLE JIMMY

What are you gonna do about it, meathead?

MR. ASH

I'm going to take you to the hospital. Have them look at your foot. Or whatever damage you might have.

UNCLE JIMMY

Oh, fuck you. This, this whole thing is between me my sister and has not a fuckin' thing to do with you, or Daisy, or the kid. Just get in your fancy white car and drive. What are you looking at? Show's over.

(UNCLE JIMMY vomits then drops to the ground holding his bandaged foot.)

DAISY

Jimmy, you don't look so good.

UNCLE JIMMY

Mr. Ash, would you be a gentleman and take Daisy home.

MR. ASH

I think that can wait.

UNCLE JIMMY

Mr. Ash, would you please be a gentleman and take Daisy home.

MR. ASH

I don't think...

UNCLE JIMMY

GET OUT OF HERE!

MR. ASH

Let's go. Come on, let's go.

JELLY BEAN

I'll drive you to town.

UNCLE JIMMY

No. It's too late. Just give me my wire cutters, and go inside.

JELLY BEAN

I'll stay.

UNCLE JIMMY

No. Go inside.

JELLY BEAN

I want to stay.

UNCLE JIMMY

Go to your room. Do it now.

(JELLY BEAN exits UNCLE JIMMY takes a strong hit off the bottle of tequila, then cuts off two of his toes. He takes another strong hit. Then cuts off two more with the wire cutters. The sounds of attack helicopters roar overhead. Lights fade to black. All that can be seen is the blue neon vacancy sign.)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Scene One

(The next day. It's morning. Large white sheets are hung to dry on the cloths line, concealing a portion of the stage. NAOMI is removing the hanging wash as JELLY BEAN sits in one of the lawn chairs.)

NAOMI

Have you done your chores?

JELLY BEAN

No.

NAOMI

When are you going to do them?

JELLY BEAN

When I do them.

NAOMI

Which will be...

JELLY BEAN

In a little while.

(As NAOMI removes the laundry sheets from the cloths line, the body of Uncle Jimmy is reveled. He is on the ground face down, his foot bandaged and his black leather jacket is covering his head. An empty bottle of tequila is by his head. A golf club lays next to his body.)

NAOMI

Has your Uncle taken his antibiotics today?

JELLY BEAN

He took them last night.

NAOMI

When we brought him back from the hospital? He has to take them every six hours. Where did he get the bottle of liquor?

JELLY BEAN

When did you start caring?

NAOMI

Excuse me?

JELLY BEAN

You heard me. Ever since he came back you've treated him like a criminal.

NAOMI

Ever since he decided to include us in his life he's been acting like one.

JELLY BEAN

Us? You mean you. I've always been in his life. He wrote me postcards.

NAOMI

Oh, please?

JELLY BEAN

I have them hidden under my mattress in a plastic zip lock bag. It's true. Ireland. Belgium. France. He used to mail them to me and sign them "love, Jimmy." You wouldn't know. I'm the one who gets the mail everyday. How many times has he sent you a postcard in the last ten years?

NAOMI

He's my brother, not yours. Why didn't you tell me he was sending you letters?

JELLY BEAN

Because they are mine letters. He sent them to me, not you. He came back to see me, spend time with me, and you treat him like a bum who can't pay rent. He's going to need a cane to walk again. Are you happy?

NAOMI

I'm not the one who cut off his toes.

JELLY BEAN

You're such a self-righteous bitch.

NAOMI

What did you call me?

JELLY BEAN

You think he came back here for you. I can see it. I know, I pay attention. I see you looking at him through your bedroom drapes. He didn't come back here for you, he came back to have a home again. You make me sick.

NAOMI

He's been back for two weeks now.

JELLY BEAN

Eleven days.

NAOMI

Eleven days. And how much time has he spent with you. Huh? You clearly have all the answers. A few words in the morning. A few words before he goes to town. An evening that ends in amputation. He brings home a drunken blonde floozy, so he can make love to her in the sand under your window.

JELLY BEAN

Be quite.

NAOMI

I can truly see why you think he wants to spend his life with you. Hurts. Doesn't it. After all, the first thing he did when he walked up that road was call his old "buddies" so he could smuggle liquor to pay his bar tab.

JELLY BEAN

And pay for your bills.

NAOMI

Oh, yes. I haven't seen any of that money yet, mind you I have a new medical bill sitting on the kitchen table.

JELLY BEAN

How much are we in debt? Are we going to be evicted?

NAOMI

Maybe.

JELLY BEAN

How much would it coast to buy the motel from you?

NAOMI

Why?

JELLY BEAN

How much? One hundred thousand? Two hundred thousand? I'll raise the money. I'll buy this place from you. And then I'll throw you out, and treat Jim the way you can't.

NAOMI

You really think you can do that?

JELLY BEAN

Yes.

NAOMI

Then your welcome to try, young lady.

JELLY BEAN

I'll do it. You'll see. I'm not a kid.

NAOMI

I never said you were. You know, your father never wanted to grow up. That is why he left. He never wanted to be a man. He never wanted to take responsibility. To have something more than a hangover.

JELLY BEAN

Neither does Uncle Jimmy.

NAOMI

That's not true. Your uncle would love to be a man. He's just afraid.

JELLY BEAN

How do you know?

NAOMI

How do I know he's afraid?

JELLY BEAN

How do you know?

NAOMI

You can see it in him. When he drinks. He wouldn't have attacked your father if he didn't want to grow up.

JELLY BEAN

Is that why you think he left?

NAOMI

Your father was already leaving.

JELLY BEAN

No. Uncle Jimmy. Is that why he ran away? Because he hit dad.

NAOMI

No.

JELLY BEAN

Why? Since you have all the answers.

NAOMI

Your uncle got tired of me begging him to be your father.

JELLY BEAN

You're just trying to get back at me. I don't believe you.

NAOMI

I have a feeling your going to believe whatever you want to believe.

JELLY BEAN

Fuck You. Jim loves me.

NAOMI

Jelly Bean, get used to the phrase "I love you, but I'm not in love with you."

JELLY BEAN

Uncle Jimmy had a fiancé. I know. I've heard you talk about her. Isn't that why he really ran away?

NAOMI

No. She was just a girl. Not his fiancé. Your uncle never really wanted to get married.

JELLY BEAN

But she did.

NAOMI

I really don't care.

JELLY BEAN

She's the reason he drinks the way he drinks. That's what you want to believe.

NAOMI

Your uncle drinks because he hates himself. You and I only have to spend a few hours with him at a time. He has to spend twenty four/seven with himself. From his point of view, he's earned the right to be a drunk.

JELLY BEAN

Don't call him a drunk. *(Pause)* I hate you.

NAOMI

I know.

(End of scene.)

Scene Two

(JELLY BEAN and MR. ASH shoot golf balls into the audience. UNCLE JIMMY still lays on the ground.)

JELLY BEAN

FORE! Damn.

MR. ASH

Even the professionals miss the ball. Keep your hips low and separate your legs a touch.

JELLY BEAN

Like this?

MR. ASH

Close.

(MR. ASH takes Jelly Bean and motions her threw the golf swing.)

MR. ASH

Keep your hips low, your legs shoulder width apart. Bend your knees. Chin down keep your eye on the ball. Clutch the club with both hands. Pinky finger under your index. Now slide your hips.

(JELLY BEAN *hits the golf ball.*)

MR. ASH

Not bad.

JELLY BEAN

It's still going!

MR. ASH

The ball can fly out here. It's the altitude.

JELLY BEAN

Mr. Ash, may I ask a personal question? Your thumb? What happened to it.

MR. ASH

This? When I was young, my mother was making a strawberry cake, Betty Crocker pink cake. She purchased a brand spankin' new G.E. electric egg beater. Stuck my thumb in to the bowl, and the eggbeater tore this poor little thumb clean off.

JELLY BEAN

You're lying. I can see it in your eyes.

MR. ASH

God as my witness.

JELLY BEAN

Why are you lying to me?

MR. ASH

I'm not lying.

JELLY BEAN

Why are you still here? After what happened last night.

MR. ASH

Would you care for me to leave?

JELLY BEAN

I didn't say that.

MR. ASH

What are you saying?

JELLY BEAN

Didn't that bother you? He's still laying in the dirt.

MR. ASH

Of course it bothered me.

JELLY BEAN

Why don't you go some place else? I know you have money.

MR. ASH

Why do you say that?

JELLY BEAN

You can tell. The way you talk, the way you dress. Your white Cadillac.

MR. ASH

I like the view here. And the bed is soft. And your uncle is holding my seven iron. Fore!

JELLY BEAN

Do you have a job?

Don't need one.

MR. ASH

How do you make money?

JELLY BEAN

I invest.

MR. ASH

What do you invest in?

JELLY BEAN

Business opportunities.

MR. ASH

Will you show me how to invest?

JELLY BEAN

What's in it for me?

MR. ASH

What would you like?

JELLY BEAN

I don't believe I have to answer that question.

MR. ASH

I want to buy the motel from my mother.

JELLY BEAN

I didn't know it was for sale.

MR. ASH

It is now. I want this place to be mine.

JELLY BEAN

Why?
MR. ASH

JELLY BEAN
I don't believe I have to answer that question.

MR. ASH
I like you.

JELLY BEAN
Will you show me how to invest?

MR. ASH
What would you do if you owned this motel?

JELLY BEAN
I'd serve breakfast in bed. We used to try that, but mom stopped. I'd have a library at the check in, where people can borrow books. And I will have a map of the world on the wall by the postcard rack, and everybody who stays will put a gold push pin in the town they are from. I want to have a bar, so if you want a drink, you don't have to go to town. You can stay right here all night long.

MR. ASH
Outstanding.

JELLY BEAN
So, what do you want?

MR. ASH
I'm not looking for motel investments.

JELLY BEAN
I'm not looking for a partner. Show me how to invest.

MR. ASH
Are you wearing perfume?

JELLY BEAN
Maybe. Fore!

(End of Scene.)

Scene Three

(Later the same day. Uncle Jimmy lays in the dirt just as he has in the two previous scenes. NAOMI beats the dust out rugs with a broom. MR. ASH enters. He sits to polish his shoes.)

NAOMI
Those look fancy.

MR. ASH
Moroccan.

NAOMI
Nice.

MR. ASH
I reckon if you're goin' to the finest party of the year, you might as well dress like it.
What are you wearing?

NAOMI
To the Zozobra? No, I'm not going.

MR. ASH
Why not?

NAOMI

I'm getting too old for that kind of silliness.

MR. ASH

Old? You don't look a day past sixteen.

NAOMI

You lie like a school boy.

MR. ASH

In fact, if I didn't know better, I would mistaken you to be your daughters sister.

NAOMI

You're cute. I think. I have nothing to wear. Besides, someone needs to watch the front desk in case the drinkers can't make it home.

MR. ASH

Are you usually busy this time of year?

NAOMI

Last year we rented every room I have, but one. Mostly to people who were too drunk to make it back to Albuquerque. A lot of college kids.

MR. ASH

You go to school?

NAOMI

No. Wanted to, but no. You?

MR. ASH

Took a few classes at a community college, but schoolin' never was my thing.

NAOMI

You sound like Jelly Bean's uncle. He went to school for awhile...

MR. ASH

In Sante Fe?

NAOMI

No. He had a scholarship to Western Michigan College, in Michigan. Got kicked out after two semesters for causing trouble, or at least that is what he calls it.

MR. ASH

What kind of trouble?

NAOMI

He beat a man with the leg of a lounge sofa. Jimmy...Jimmy ripped the leg off with his hands and broke the a mans ribs, 'cause he said somethin' Jimmy didn't care for. That man walks with a cane now.

MR. ASH

What did he say?

NAOMI

Jimmy's never told.

MR. ASH

Your brother has a temper.

NAOMI

No. Actually, he doesn't.

MR. ASH

You consider this to be acceptable behavior?

NAOMI

No. I don't. Anyways, that was a long time ago, Mr. Ash.

MR. ASH

However, you still allow your brother to live under the same ceiling as your daughter.

NAOMI

Mr. Ash, my brother is allowed to be on my property, but he is not allowed in my trailer. Do you have enough clean towels in your room?

MR. ASH

I believe so. I must admit, I am disappointed to discover a lady like you have nothing to wear. Barrow something.

NAOMI

From who?

MR. ASH

Your daughter.

NAOMI

My daughter? You, you are very kind, Mr. Ash. You are a liar, but you are very kind.

MR. ASH

Well.

NAOMI

I don't mean to be insulting.

MR. ASH

I've been called worse, by better. Forgive me. I'm don't intend to be insulting.

NAOMI

You're not.

MR. ASH

I'm still curious as to why you won't be making an appearance at the festival.

NAOMI

With honesty, I wouldn't mind going. But I'm happy staying in for the evening, make something nice for dinner. Something traditional like rellenos, or some blue corn tamales. I can see the fire from here, or at least the glow in the sky.

MR. ASH

You have no sins to burn?

NAOMI

I wouldn't say that. It just feels safer here.

MR. ASH

Are you a religious woman?

NAOMI

Try to be. It's difficult to get to church on a Sunday morning. I have to do the wash. It's a good day to do the bills. It's quite.

MR. ASH

Is that why you are without a "no" on your vacancy sign?

NAOMI

I suppose. It's true. It's usually quite on the weekends. But you never know. Honey Mooners that lost there reservations, or collage kids from Albuquerque or Los Cruises come up for a weekend...to get drunk and act like zoo animals. I want to be prepared when they come. And they will. Do you go to church, Mr. Ash?

MR. ASH

On occasion.

NAOMI

Do you believe in God?

MR. ASH

I believe in myself.

NAOMI

You sound like my brother.

MR. ASH

I'm sorry.

NAOMI

That's all right. I kind of like it. Where you raised Christian?

MR. ASH

I ain't certain.

NAOMI

Well, you have to be religious after what you saw last night.

MR. ASH

My mother would take me to church, when I was a boy, but I got bored. Crackers and kool-aid were the only positives. I suppose churchin' wasn't quite the proper thing for a fellah like me. Too many sins to keep track of.

NAOMI

But, you do believe in God.

MR. ASH

How can you not? I don't believe in bible talk. Heaven and Hell, Adam and Eve. An individual needs to write their own bible. You must reason what is right and wrong in your perception?

NAOMI

What's right and wrong in your perception, Mr. Ash?

MR. ASH

I don't know what's right.

NAOMI

Then what's wrong?

MR. ASH

(Long pause.) Lying to yourself.

NAOMI

Why do you say that?

MR. ASH

Because, it seems right. Why aren't you going to the Zozobra?

NAOMI

Because I can't.

MR. ASH

Why don't you have your daughter guard the kingdom?

NAOMI

Jelly Bean?

MR. ASH

She appears to be big girl.

NAOMI

Oh, I feel a nightmare coming on.

MR. ASH

I've talked with her. She's got a good head on her body.

NAOMI

Jelly Bean's a big girl, but she's not as big as she thinks she is.

MR. ASH

No one is. Would you like me to talk to her?

NAOMI

Why do you say that?

MR. ASH

She talks to me. I could always talk to her. What's her problem with the dog?

NAOMI

We don't have a dog.

MR. ASH

The dog down the road. The one that guards the chicken coup by the creek.

NAOMI

The chocolate lab? Jelly loves that dog.

MR. ASH

The black one that lays in the shade of the pine tree across the road from the salmon painted house.

NAOMI

The dog with the crooked smile.

MR. ASH

When your daughter walks to the bus stop in the morning, she crosses to the other side of the road when she sees that dog. It barks at her.

NAOMI

I'm sure the dog barks at everything.

MR. ASH

That dog doesn't bark at me.

NAOMI

The animal must like the way you smell, Mr. Ash.

MR. ASH

Do you like the way I smell?

NAOMI

I'm afraid I've never smelled you, Mr. Ash.

MR. ASH

But, you wash my linen everyday.

NAOMI

Why? Do you wear cologne?

MR. ASH

Never.

NAOMI

I would say your bed sheets smell like cherries, but that would be a lie.

MR. ASH

Then why would you say it?

NAOMI

I have to go now, Mr. Ash.

MR. ASH

Of course you do.

NAOMI

Jelly Bean would play in our neighbor's chicken coup when she was young. We would go over to visit, when we first got the motel. We would stay late, watch Johnny Carson then David Letterman. They have a satellite dish so we could get east coast T.V. times. Jelly Bean played with the chickens all night.

MR. ASH

And the dog.

NAOMI

She stayed away from the dog.

MR. ASH

Did the dog bite her?

NAOMI

No. It tried, but it didn't. It was my job to distract our neighbors while Jelly played with the chickens. Is that what you wanted to hear?

MR. ASH

No.

NAOMI

The motel cost more than it seems, Mr. Ash. We needed to eat. I would distract the owners of that house, while Jelly would take the eggs. Her hands were small and fit in the coup easily.

MR. ASH

She would steal eggs while you watched television.

NAOMI

Jelly Bean didn't "steal" the eggs. We needed to eat.

MR. ASH

I lost my thumb trying to feed my mother. My family didn't have much in the way of money when I was young either. I mowed the lawn of a local insurance salesman once a week after school when I was thirteen years old. He couldn't pay me, but he gave me cans of old soup in return. Last time I mowed his lawn, a slice of hornets nest got tangled under the motor blades, and like a fool I reached under the blades. My father abandoned us when I was four, so I understand.

NAOMI

I didn't ask to be a mother at fifteen. It was her father who named her Jelly Bean.

MR. ASH

I thought you had her at sixteen.

NAOMI

No, it was fifteen. I couldn't drive yet. The neighbors had to drive me to the hospital when I had her. My daughter thinks she's better than me.

MR. ASH

Why do you say that?

NAOMI

It's true. I thought I was better than my mother when I was here age, and Jelly Bean thinks she is better than me.

MR. ASH

She hasn't had the strongest of male influences.

NAOMI

No.

MR. ASH

The Albuquerque Dukes are playing Colorado Springs this evening. The Dodgers just sent down a young Japanese pitcher, I hear he's got a one hundred a twenty mile an hour fastball. I was planning to go alone, but why don't I bring Jelly Bean with me, if y'all don't mind that is.

NAOMI

My daughter's young for you, Mr. Ash.

MR. ASH

Not a date. I'm talking about a baseball game.

NAOMI

Why should I let my daughter go with you to a baseball game?

MR. ASH

You don't want her to get jealous.

NAOMI

Why would my daughter get jealous?

MR. ASH

Because I'd like for you to be my date tomorrow night. To the dance marathon at the festival.

NAOMI

You're asking me on a date, Mr. Ash?

MR. ASH

Have I crossed a boundary?

NAOMI

No.

MR. ASH

Say yes.

NAOMI

No.

MR. ASH

Say yes.

NAOMI

Why?

MR. ASH

Because. You are not easy.

NAOMI

I don't even know your first name.

MR. ASH

I don't know your last name. We are on even ground.

NAOMI

What is your first name?

MR. ASH

Sweet Tart.

NAOMI

No, Really. What is your first name, Mr. Ash?

MR. ASH

I'll tell you tomorrow, if you let me.

NAOMI

My daughter's curfew is ten thirty. I'll make it eleven tonight. But if she's not in bed at eleven 'o one, I'll hurt you.

MR. ASH

I don't doubt it.

NAOMI

No. I will hurt you. What happened to your thumb?

MR. ASH

I already told you.

NAOMI

Are you lying to me?

MR. ASH

No. I like you.

NAOMI

I like you, too. I think.

MR. ASH

It's odd, I've noticed everybody here seems to be from someplace else.

NAOMI

Nobody is from New Mexico, Mr. Ash. This place is just a gas station on the way to California. Can I ask you a question? What should I wear tomorrow night?

MR. ASH

What ever you want.

(End of scene.)

Scene Four

(Nighttime. UNCLE JIMMY sits in one of the lawn chairs. He drinks and attempts to fix a radio. NAOMI enters.)

NAOMI

How's your foot?

UNCLE JIMMY

Numb.

NAOMI

You shouldn't mix demurral with whiskey.

UNCLE JIMMY

I know.

NAOMI

You shouldn't mix antibiotics with booze, either.

UNCLE JIMMY

Thank you.

NAOMI

Do you have plans tonight?

UNCLE JIMMY

You're looking at it.

NAOMI

What a surprise?

UNCLE JIMMY

Are you objecting?

NAOMI

No.

UNCLE JIMMY

You were wearing' a skirt earlier.

NAOMI

Why do you say that?

UNCLE JIMMY

I saw you in the trailer.

NAOMI

You were looking at me?

UNCLE JIMMY

I noticed you.

NAOMI

Just cleaning out my closet.

UNCLE JIMMY

No you weren't.

NAOMI

What makes you say that? I was trying on some old cloths. Going to take some stuff to the Salvation Army.

UNCLE JIMMY

You don't take skirts to the Salvation Army. You take Jean Jackets and overalls to the Salvation Army. You don't take dress up cloths. That pinhead asked you out, didn't he?

NAOMI

Please don't call him a pinhead.

UNCLE JIMMY

You love him?

NAOMI

No. Maybe. He's charming.

UNCLE JIMMY

That's nice.

NAOMI

What's the problem, Jimmy?

UNCLE JIMMY

I know this kind of beast. He's just a bad piece of business. I can't believe you let him take the kid to the city! To see a baseball game! I mean, you don't know his first fuckin' name. He pays for his room in cash every morning. He's got no fucking thumb!

NAOMI

He likes a certain kind of privacy. Like you.

UNCLE JIMMY

Yeah, he reminds me of me too, that's why I got a problem with him.

NAOMI

He reminds me of the way you used to be. The way you used to read to me. Like before...

UNCLE JIMMY

Before I got medicated?

NAOMI

I wasn't going to say that.

UNCLE JIMMY

Yes you were. I would have said it. And I'm sure you want to cook something for me. And watch me eat it. Using me as a replacement until Mack comes walking in the door.

NAOMI

I think it's clear, I'm not the one that's waiting. It doesn't have to be this way.

UNCLE JIMMY

What way?

NAOMI

This! This! Cutting off your toes. So drunk you yell at my mailbox while I'm asleep. Running away to Europe.

UNCLE JIMMY

I know you want me to believe you.

NAOMI

You should.

UNCLE JIMMY

All of this is a pain in the ass and a waste of my time. I'm leaving.

NAOMI

No your not. Where are you going to go?

UNCLE JIMMY

I'm goin' back to Ireland. It was green in Ireland. There's nothing but dust here.

NAOMI

Do you really want to do that?

UNCLE JIMMY

No. Not really.

NAOMI

Did you really want to go the first time you left?

UNCLE JIMMY

No. You know that. You know what the best times were? When we used to sit around and do nothing. Just nothing. You. Me. Mack. When the kid was just getting old enough to mimic everything we said. So we had to watch our language. Those were my favorite times.

NAOMI

I remember you used to bring home high school girls and sweet talk them all night long. The things you used to say, we had to cover Jelly's ears.

UNCLE JIMMY

I never brought home any girls

NAOMI

Yes you did. They were all young and perfect and laugh at all your stories.

UNCLE JIMMY

I never brought home girls when you were around.

NAOMI

Yes you did, Jim. Do you love me?

UNCLE JIMMY

You know, Mack was a real S.O.B.

NAOMI

This isn't about him. Do you love me?

(Silence.)

UNCLE JIMMY

If you go to town tonight, get me another bottle of Jim Beam.

NAOMI

I'm not going to town tonight.

UNCLE JIMMY

Then go anyway.

NAOMI

No.

UNCLE JIMMY

It doesn't matter. I've got another bottle under the sink. By the drain-o. I'm sure I'll survive. I saw that you got another letter from the bank. That's twice in one week.

NAOMI

There gonna give me 'til Monday, then they will foreclose.

UNCLE JIMMY

I have money.

NAOMI

I don't want your smuggling money.

UNCLE JIMMY

Let me help.

NAOMI

No.

(DAISY *enters.*)

DAISY

Hi.

NAOMI

Hello, Daisy.

DAISY

Hi. I brought you something, Jimmy. They're teeth on feet. You turn this tiny white knob and they jump. I thought it might make you smile.

UNCLE JIMMY

It makes me smile, Daisy.

DAISY

I knew they would. We miss you down at the bar.

UNCLE JIMMY

I've only been gone for two days.

DAISY

It feels like two weeks to me. I brought you some tortillas from work. Mark wanted you to have them. I had the cooks make something special for you It's spinach queso. Just take the lid off the bowl and put it in the microwave for 60 seconds on the regular setting.

UNCLE JIMMY

I don't have a microwave.

DAISY

Oh. It's good cold, too. I had them make it special just for you. Hi, Gummy Bear.

NAOMI

Jelly Bean? You mean...I'm Naomi. Jelly Bean's my daughter. I'm Jim's sister.

DAISY

Oh. Sorry. We miss you down at the watering hole, Jimmy. I said that, didn't I?

NAOMI

Yes, you did.

DAISY

Jimmy, seein' how you're havin' a bad spell, gettin' around and all, I was wondering if you and me were still on to see the Zozobra tomorrow night. That is, I figure because, you know, you're takin' a lot on right now, with your foot and all the pills you gotta be eatin'.

UNCLE JIMMY

Are you wearing Victoria's Secret perfume?

DAISY

You always know what I'm wearing. Do you like my jumping teeth? You know, I just figured, you look like your gonna need to spend some healing time, and you could use some cheering up, or something, you know. Watch teeth jump around. Because your takin' so many pills and all.

UNCLE JIMMY

I am takin' a load of pills. Hey. Why don't...you know, you probably wanna dance, don't you? Tomorrow.

DAISY

We don't have to.

UNCLE JIMMY

You know, a girl who wears Victoria's Secret perfume wants to dance. Do you think you could find another date? On short notice.

DAISY

But, don't you need a date?

UNCLE JIMMY

I'm fine. I'm Jim Dandy. I'm gonna stay here and listen to the radio.

DAISY

No. You shouldn't be alone.

UNCLE JIMMY

I always got my good friend, Mr. Beam, to keep me company. And these teeth. Look at these wacky teeth! How could anybody feel down with these teeth around.

DAISY

That rhymed!

UNCLE JIMMY

Yeah! It just did, didn't it? Do you think you can you find a fellah at the last minute?

DAISY

Pete Wilson asked me this afternoon, but I told him I was going with you.

UNCLE JIMMY

Well, well, well....I'm sure you can persuade him to court you again, Daisy Bair.

DAISY

Are you sure? I'm your date, if you want me?

UNCLE JIMMY

Why don't you tell Pete Wilson I'm fellin' low. I think you should go with him.

DAISY

You look good, Jimmy. Thin. You look like you lost weight.

NAOMI

His medication will do that.

UNCLE JIMMY

No it won't.

DAISY

You still look like you've lost weight.

UNCLE JIMMY

You saw me two days ago.

DAISY

Yeah. But it feels like two weeks. You be takin' care of yourself, Uncle Jimmy.

UNCLE JIMMY

Thanks for the teeth, Daisy Bair.

DAISY

You really like them?

UNCLE JIMMY

They're real special. Tell the guys at the bar...tell them I doin' fine.

DAISY

See you later alligator.

UNCLE JIMMY

See you later alligator.

(DAISY *exits.*)

NAOMI

That radio is still broken.

UNCLE JIMMY

Yeah.

NAOMI

Why don't you sleep in one of the vacant rooms tonight? You can watch HBO and take a bath.

UNCLE JIMMY

No. Weather's nice. I'll just sleep in the sand.

(*End of scene.*)

Scene Five

(*The next morning. JELLY BEAN and UNCLE JIMMY play catch with a baseball and two mitts.*)

UNCLE JIMMY

I saw that list you made. Top ten things you would do if you owned the motel.

JELLY BEAN

You saw it?

UNCLE JIMMY

You left it out on the kitchen table. You know, your mother doesn't own the joint, the bank does.

JELLY BEAN

I know.

UNCLE JIMMY

Those kind of lists don't make it easier on your mother.

JELLY BEAN

I don't care.

UNCLE JIMMY

Your notion of keeping a tropical fish tank in the lobby is awful cute.

JELLY BEAN

You like it?

UNCLE JIMMY

Sort of. Fish can be expensive. Especially in the desert.

JELLY BEAN

I like number three the most. Keeping a bowl of mints by each bed.

UNCLE JIMMY

Most of them were good, except one. You're mother doesn't give me a room for a reason.

JELLY BEAN

No she doesn't. She just does it to be mean.

UNCLE JIMMY

She doesn't give me a room in case we need it.

JELLY BEAN

We never need it.

UNCLE JIMMY

What if we were?

JELLY BEAN

But we never are. And if we ever are, you can move out of the room for a night and stay with me.

UNCLE JIMMY

I don't think it's that easy.

JELLY BEAN

I do.

UNCLE JIMMY

I'm a guy. Guys are messy. We don't clean the way girls do. I'd ruin the wallpaper with my cigarette smoke.

JELLY BEAN

She doesn't let you sleep in a room because she wants you to sleep with her.

(The two stop playing catch.)

UNCLE JIMMY

Why do you say that?

JELLY BEAN

Mom leaves her bedroom door open when she sleeps. She never did that 'til you came back. I know. I can hear the door hinges creak when there's a draft. She's waiting for you to in. Why did you really come back?

UNCLE JIMMY

I got tired of living by the water. The ocean is a horrifying thing. It's constantly changing.

(They start playing catch once again.)

UNCLE JIMMY

You left that list on the kitchen table to hurt your mother.

JELLY BEAN

So. That's my business. I'd do it again, too.

UNCLE JIMMY

Well, that is were you and I are different. Did you enjoy the game last night?

JELLY BEAN

It was the best night of my life. I want to cook you dinner tonight. A real dinner, not just noodles. And you're going to eat this time.

UNCLE JIMMY

What are you gonna cook?

JELLY BEAN

Anything you want.

(The two play catch in silence. End of scene.)

Scene Six

(JELLY BEAN removes laundry from the cloths line. UNCLE JIMMY hits golf balls into the audience with the club he has been using as a cane. MR. ASH enters. He is dressed well.)

MR. ASH

Fore. It's courteous to warn before you swing.

UNCLE JIMMY

I'll keep that in mind.

MR. ASH

How's that foot?

UNCLE JIMMY

How do you think it is? You look awful dapper there, amigo. Goin' to a brothel.

MR. ASH

You're speakin' with a sharp tongue there, friend.

UNCLE JIMMY

Is that Victoria's Secret perfume you wearin'? I swear to Christ, I can smell you from here.

MR. ASH

One could say the same of you, friend. But that wouldn't be gentlemen like. Would it now?

UNCLE JIMMY

There is a lot of space out here. I heard on the news, a man was handcuffed to a post out by Elephant Butte. There's so much space out here, the poor S.O.B. Burned away in the sun before the authorities found him. That's gotta be a miserable way to but go, don't it?

MR.ASH

What are you saying?

UNCLE JIMMY

I'm not saying anything. I'm just saying that must be a miserable way to go. You know who chained him up? You know why? Take a guess. Go on, amigo, take a big fat stab at it.

MR. ASH

I haven't the faintest.

UNCLE JIMMY

Yeah. Neither do I. But it sure as Hell is somethin' to think about. Why do you smell like perfume, Mr. Ash?

MR. ASH

That's cologne you smell, friend.

UNCLE JIMMY

Oh, is that what that is? That's "Outstanding." Isn't it?

MR. ASH

I hear you're staying here tonight.

UNCLE JIMMY

What of it?

MR. ASH

Allow me to buy you supper.

UNCLE JIMMY

My niece is making me dinner.

MR. ASH

I insist.

UNCLE JIMMY

I said no.

(NAOMI enters. For the first time in the play she is costumed in colors. She wears a magnificent flamenco dress. Not a sound can be heard.)

What? You don't like me?
NAOMI

You look wonderful. It still fits you.
UNCLE JIMMY

I can wear something else.
NAOMI

Don't.
MR. ASH

Are these shoes o.k. ?
NAOMI

Yes.
MR. ASH

I made reservations for two. At the Coyote Cafe. It's really nice. I've always wanted to go there. Is that o.k.?
NAOMI

Yes.
MR.ASH

And we're going to ride in your Cadillac?
NAOMI

Of course.
MR. ASH

You look nice, tonight.
NAOMI

MR. ASH

So do you. I'll get the car.

(MR. ASH *exit.*)

NAOMI

Are you going to do anything? Or are you just gonna let me go. (*Pause.*) I thought so.

(NAOMI *exits.*)

JELLY BEAN

Do you want me to dress up tonight? Do you want me to dress like that?

UNCLE JIMMY

No.

(Lights fade. For the first time during the performance, the sound of a single coyote howling can be heard.)

Scene Seven

(The sound of a chanting crowd screaming " Burn him! Burn him!" can be heard as the glow of the forty foot tall burning Zozobra can be seen in the distance. Suddenly, Mariachi music begins to play. Confetti falls from the sky on to the audience. Streamers and piñatas drop and hang from the ceiling. NAOMI and MR. ASH enter, dancing. They wear signs that read #12 and #13.)

NAOMI

DON'T STOP MOVING!

MR. ASH

WHAT?

NAOMI

KEEP MOVING! As soon as you stop, the judge will disqualified us!

MR. ASH
WHAT?

NAOMI
Put your hands around my hips!

(He does so. She puts her hands on his shoulders.)

NAOMI
(Count.) We can put our weight on each other! It will give us a better chance to win!

MR. ASH
Have you done this before?

NAOMI
Along time ago. I think I'm drunk!

MR. ASH
Good.

NAOMI
What?

MR. ASH
Good! Good for you!

NAOMI
Do you want to know a secret?

MR. ASH
Do you want to tell me one?

(NAOMI whispers in his ear.)

MR. ASH
What?

NAOMI
I said the last time I was here, I got pregnant! Can you believe that? Tell me your name!

MR. ASH
You know my name!

NAOMI
LIAR! What's your first name?

(MR. ASH whispers in hear ear. NAOMI starts laughing.)

NAOMI
No, it's not!

MR. ASH
Yes, it is!

NAOMI
No, it is not!

MR. ASH
Yes it is!

NAOMI
Stop it! You are trouble! I want you to kiss me!

MR. ASH
What?

NAOMI

I said, I want you to kiss me!

(The two kiss, and continue to dance. JELLY BEAN and UNCLE JIMMY enter. This creates a split scene between the festival and the motel. Uncle Jimmy and Jelly Bean sit in lawn chairs drinking marguerites. Jelly Bean holds a baseball in her hand.)

JELLY BEAN

We sat in his Cadillac all night.

UNCLE JIMMY

Give me the pliers.

JELLY BEAN

People park their cars on a cliff that hangs over the outfield for three dollars. You can watch the game from your car.

UNCLE JIMMY

That's nice.

JELLY BEAN

It's private.

UNCLE JIMMY

I'm sure it is.

JELLY BEAN

Would you like a drink?

UNCLE JIMMY

I would like for this fuckin' radio thing to work. Where'd you get that booze?

JELLY BEAN

Don't talk to me like that. I bought this for you and me to share.

UNCLE JIMMY

That's a thirty dollar bottle of tequila. Where'd you get the cash?

JELLY BEAN

That's my business. Don't talk to me that way. I don't see why mom doesn't buy a new radio.

UNCLE JIMMY

Your father gave your mother this radio.

JELLY BEAN

That's sad. The expression on your face, you look like my dad.

UNCLE JIMMY

You remember what your old man looks like?

JELLY BEAN

I've seen pictures of him. Mom keeps them in a photo album by the reservation book in the lobby. She has pictures of you too.

UNCLE JIMMY

What pictures?

JELLY BEAN

She has them labeled with white tape. "St. Patrick's Day." "Labor Day With The Gold Fish."

UNCLE JIMMY

Oh, my. Is your mother wearing a mens dress shirt in that one?

JELLY BEAN

She's not in the picture.

UNCLE JIMMY

Oh course not. Your father swallowed a yellow carnival fish that time. Threw the fish up all over your mothers black leather pants. Your old man was carefree. One time your mother called him “stupid”, so he memorized the capitals of all fifty states in alphabetical order just to show her.

JELLY BEAN

Did you kill my father? When he left us?

UNCLE JIMMY

What makes you say that?

JELLY BEAN

Did you?

UNCLE JIMMY

No. I wanted to, but I didn't.

JELLY BEAN

Why? I remember seeing you hit him. I saw you through my bedroom window. He hit the ground and I covered my ears with my Winnie The Poo doll. Mom slammed the door to her room. I heard her take off her shoes, and throw them against her dresser. You hit him.

UNCLE JIMMY

I zigged when I should have zagged. Is that all you remember?

JELLY BEAN

Yes. Do you know where he is now?

UNCLE JIMMY

Yes. Your father lives in a small town called Oceanside. In California.

JELLY BEAN

You saw him?

No, just talked to him.

UNCLE JIMMY

When?

JELLY BEAN

A month ago. He wired money to Ireland. So I could come back home.

UNCLE JIMMY

Can I see him?

JELLY BEAN

No.

UNCLE JIMMY

Why not?

JELLY BEAN

Because that's the way it is.

UNCLE JIMMY

He doesn't want to see me?

JELLY BEAN

I didn't say that. Mack has a new life now. The, ha, the son of a bitch is the manager of an Orange Julius. And he's married.

UNCLE JIMMY

How long?

JELLY BEAN

I don't know.

UNCLE JIMMY

JELLY BEAN

What's her name?

UNCLE JIMMY

I didn't ask. Don't let your mother know.

JELLY BEAN

I won't. Did he ask about me?

UNCLE JIMMY

Hand me the phillips head.

JELLY BEAN

Answer me.

UNCLE JIMMY

Yes.

JELLY BEAN

What did he ask? Tell me.

UNCLE JIMMY

He wanted to know if you were like your mother. And he wanted to know if I love you, the way I love your mother.

JELLY BEAN

What did you tell him?

(UNCLE JIMMY works on the radio. The radio lights up and begins to play "The Tennessee Waltz." in mid song.)

UNCLE JIMMY

Wait.

JELLY BEAN

I don't see how you told him anything about me. You talked to him before you saw me.

UNCLE JIMMY

Listen.

JELLY BEAN

I'm learning how to invest money. I'll make enough to buy the motel, and you can stay here.

UNCLE JIMMY

Just a minute.

JELLY BEAN

You can have any room you want, and I will let Daisy come over every night.

UNCLE JIMMY

Your mother hasn't changed the radio station.

(The song "Llorando." begins to play. The two begin to dance.)

UNCLE JIMMY

We could have a fish tank in the lobby. And put a mint on each pillow in the morning. That was on your list, wasn't it?

JELLY BEAN

I want sea shell lamp shades. And carpet in all the bathrooms. Will you take me to Europe?

UNCLE JIMMY

I'll take you and your mother. We'll stay with my friends and sleep on clean sheets every night.

(MR. ASH and NAOMI come downstage still slow dancing as the stage is split in half.)

Why do you say that.

MR. ASH

Because I want to.

NAOMI

You're a good dancer.

JELLY BEAN

Jelly Bean's father showed me how.

NAOMI

Why don't you go more?

MR. ASH

I go out too much.

UNCLE JIMMY

Tell me again. About the last time you saw him.

JELLY BEAN

I don't remember his face anymore. Just a person in a photograph, with a blue t-shirt and tan cowboy boots.

NAOMI

What would you say to him? If you got the chance.

MR. ASH

I love you.

NAOMI

I'm sorry.

UNCLE JIMMY

I'm certain he knows that.

MR. ASH

Are you leaving anytime soon.

NAOMI

I don't know.

MR. ASH

Please stay.

JELLY BEAN

I don't think it's right.

UNCLE JIMMY

When El Diablo set the fire...

MR. ASH

To the Zozobra...

JELLY BEAN

When you heard his voice...was your sin forgiven?

MR. ASH

I hope so.

NAOMI

I don't know.

UNCLE JIMMY

Your hair looks nice.

JELLY BEAN

MR. ASH

It glimmers in the lamp light like silver.

JELLY BEAN

Like it was washed just yesterday.

UNCLE JIMMY

Your old man used to listen to music like this.

NAOMI

I love this song.

JELLY BEAN

I love it too.

NAOMI

Take me home.

MR. ASH

You're already there.

NAOMI

You fixed the radio.

(UNCLE JIMMY *turns off the radio*)

UNCLE JIMMY

You're back early.

NAOMI

I got homesick.

JELLY BEAN

You're sun burned.

NAOMI

We got close to the fire. We won a trophy. It's in the Cadillac.

UNCLE JIMMY

You've been driving?

MR. ASH

Possibly.

UNCLE JIMMY

In your condition? With my sister?

NAOMI

Don't. Please don't. Jimmy, please don't.

UNCLE JIMMY

I'm thinking about sleeping in one of the rooms tonight. If that's all right?

NAOMI

Take whatever one you want. Just tell me which one you are in. So I can find you. I'm going to make tea. Would you like a cup?

UNCLE JIMMY

Yeah. I'd like that.

NAOMI

Jim...

UNCLE JIMMY

Yes...

NAOMI

Nothing. I have a box of chamomile I bought from the Boy Scouts for a Christmas fundraiser. And I have little cookies from Europe in a tin box.

MR. ASH

What kind?

NAOMI

I can't remember right now. Does that sound nice?

UNCLE JIMMY

Yes.

NAOMI

Stay here.

(NAOMI *exits.*)

JELLY BEAN

Did you have fun?

MR. ASH

What?

JELLY BEAN

Did you have fun?

MR. ASH

Sure.

JELLY BEAN

We had a good time. We could see the fire from here. The glow reflected off the clouds in the sky, and you could here the music and the people screaming. I made marguerites on the rocks, with salt. You should have been here.

MR. ASH

Maybe next time, Jelly Bean girl.

JELLY BEAN

I bought a map today, with the money you gave me last night. I walked down to the gas station by the Holiday Inn, they have one just like it in their lobby. It folds out, and has the whole world on it. Ireland, Europe. It doesn't have Georgia, just the United States, but it has Atlanta on it. Do you want to see?

MR. ASH

Well, your mother is making tea right now.

JELLY BEAN

You could look at it in the morning. It's a good map.

MR. ASH

Girl, as soon as the sun comes up, I'll be on the road.

JELLY BEAN

You're leaving?

MR. ASH

Tomorrow in the a.m.

JELLY BEAN

Where are you going? You're not going to the Holiday Inn, are you.

MR. ASH

I'm going to California.

JELLY BEAN

California? Why?

MR. ASH

I saw the Zozobra. My sins are forgiven.

JELLY BEAN

What about my money?

MR. ASH

What about it?

JELLY BEAN

The money you said you would give to me, for yesterday.

MR. ASH

Sugar, there ain't no money.

JELLY BEAN

No. You have money. You drive a Cadillac.

MR. ASH

That don't mean I got money. Why do you think I'm stayin' here?

JELLY BEAN

No. No! You said you were giving me money! I went to the baseball game. And sat in your Cadillac. And what we did. The things you said. About the way I smell...my perfume.

MR. ASH

I don't have money. I just like making little girls smile. *(He takes a moment.)* Hey. What's the best and worst thing of havin' a girl's virginity? Best part, you get to hear the moan. Worst part, you get blood all over your church cloths. I guess you don't find that joke as funny as I do. Now, I want you to stay here, and suck your thumb, like a little girl. I'm going to go play with your mommy.

(MR. ASH stumbles off stage. The sounds of attack helicopters roar over the scene. UNCLE JIMMY exits, going after Mr. Ash with his golf. The sound of the helicopters fade. UNCLE JIMMY returns to the stage, the golf club is dripping with blood.)

UNCLE JIMMY

I don't give a good God damn where he goes, he's just goin' and he's goin' tonight.

(MR. ASH returns to the stage , crawling on his stoMackh. He is bleeding.)

UNCLE JIMMY

You hear me you cock sucking fucking. I don't give a good God damn where you go, just go. Now!

(NAOMI returns with tea set. She sees Mr. Ash. She sees the Bloody golf club. One by one, she takes a piece of the tea set and throws it at Uncle Jimmy. UNCLE JIMMY stands and takes his punishment. NAOMI throws half of the tea set at her brother, then in a fit of rage, takes one of the chairs, destroying the rest of the tea set. When she is done, Mr. Ash is no place to be seen. He has slithered away. Naomi and Uncle Jimmy stand and look at each other. Then, NAOMI storms off stage. UNCLE JIMMY opens his wallet, pulls out a great deal of money, and a piece of well used paper.)

UNCLE JIMMY

I want you to go to town tomorrow morning. Buy your mother new china. Buy the real fancy stuff. And I want you to buy her a new dress. The nicest the stores got. Here's her size. Get her some shoes, too. And I want you to buy a dress for you, too. Give the rest to your mother to pay the bank.

JELLY BEAN

Don't.

UNCLE JIMMY

Tell your mother...tell your mother whatever you want.

(UNCLE JIMMY drops the golf club to the ground. He exits. End of scene.)

Scene Nine

(NAOMI removes laundry from the cloths line. JELLY BEAN is repairing the destroyed lawn chair with Uncle Jimmy's toolbox.)

Did you get the mail today?
NAOMI

Yes.
JELLY NEAN

Did the dog bark at you?
NAOMI

I didn't notice. You got mail.
JELLY BEAN

Bills?
NAOMI

No.
JELLY BEAN

What then?
NAOMI

JELLY BEAN
It's blank. It's just a blank postcard with a picture of Ireland on the front. Nothing's on it.
Just our address. I put it on the edge of your bed. In a plastic bag.

What makes you think it's for me.
NAOMI

JELLY BEAN
Because. It's his handwriting. Mom, I wanna to sleep outside tonight.

Again?
NAOMI

JELLY BEAN

Yes.

NAOMI

Finish your homework first.

(NAOMI exits. JELLY BEAN sits in the chair. She turns on the radio. The lights fade. All that can be seen is the glowing blue neon of the vacancy sign.)

END OF PLAY