

SCENE 2

(SYLVIA'S HONKY-TONK)

(The bar is segregated - whites on one side, African-Americans on other. It is a dreary bar full of dreary people. SYLVIA tends bar as her daughter lounges)

SYLVIA

C'mon, Lorraine, quit goofin' off, we got customers.

LORRAINE

Oh, Mother, it's the same old drunks every day.

SYLVIA

How many times have I told you? They're not drunks. They're alcohol enthusiasts.

(NATALIE, wearing her greasy mechanics uniform, enters)

NATALIE

Hey, Lorraine -

LORRAINE

Hi, Natalie. How're things at the gas station today?

NATALIE

Dead as ever. Have you seen my dad?

LORRAINE

Not yet.

(DENNIS enters)

DENNIS

Natalie! Natalie, thank goodness you're here! Look what came in the mail this morning.

(Holds up a letter)

I'm shipping out in a couple of weeks!

NATALIE

The army?

DENNIS

Dental school.

NATALIE

What?

LORRAINE

Nothin'.

(NATALIE turns away)

Gosh, I wish someone was secretly in love with me.

SYLVIA

You're too young.

LORRAINE

I'm not too young to be in love, Mother, I'm 16 years old.

SYLVIA

Yeah, well I fell in love when I was 16, and looked what happened.

LORRAINE

What?

SYLVIA

You. Now back to work.

(NATALIE crosses to DENNIS)

NATALIE

You know, Dennis, I wish I was coming with you.

DENNIS

You do? You really do?!

NATALIE

Yeah. Maybe I'd meet a fella there.

LORRAINE

Well, what if there was a guy for you right in this town?

NATALIE

Yeah, I wish.

LORRAINE

But what would he be like? Would he be real brainy?

NATALIE

No, he'd have to be real different, have a real sense of adventure, probably ride a motorbike -