

**An excerpt from Candy Apples by Andy Accioli**

**Act 1, Scene 5  
The Apple Living Room  
After Dinner?**

Laughter offstage R.

LYNN (*offstage R drunk*)

Brenda was always the goody two shoes, Chuck.

BRENDA (*offstage R*)

I was not.

JESSIE (*offstage R*)

Oh, yes you were. You know you were, Bren. Growing up, daddy would tell each one of us, you be in by 11.

LYNN (*offstage R / drunk*)

My night didn't start 'til midnight.

BRENDA (*offstage R*)

Why don't you all go in the living room and relax while I clear the table. We can do the dishes later.

LYNN (*offstage R*)

No. You made dinner. The roast was delicious wasn't it, Chuck? Brenda's one hell of a cook. You are, Bren. You, Chuck and momma out there. We'll clean up. Right, Jess?

BRENDA (*offstage R*)

Come on, mother.

BRENDA and LUCY enter, followed by  
CHUCK.

LYNN (*pokes her head in*)

Hey, no story telling or DRINKING until I get here.

CHUCK

I promise.

LUCY

There's no sun today.

CHUCK

It's nighttime, Mrs. Apple.

LUCY

No sun.

BRENDA

How about some brandy?

CHUCK

Sounds good.

Offstage R we hear a platter dropping. Then LYNN's laughter.

LYNN (*offstage R, laughing*)

There goes part of our inheritance. Jesus, Jess, by the time you get through cleaning off the god damn table, we'll be left with nothing.

BRENDA

I'm sorry. Lynn shouldn't be drinking.

LYNN enters.

CHUCK

That's okay. I remember Lynn growing up. She would always light up our weekends.

BRENDA

She'd light things up around here too. Much to mother and dad's dismay.

LYNN

No one was dismayed, Brenda. Except maybe you. I was daddy's little girl, Chuck. Brenda was always jealous.

BRENDA

I was not.

LYNN (*calls off to Jessie*)

Jess, tell Brenda. Wasn't she jealous of me growing up. Wasn't I daddy's little girl.

LUCY (*sings*)

Take me out to the ball game,  
Take me out with the crowd.  
Buy me some peanuts—

LYNN: Stop it.

LYNN

Stop it. Stop it. Stop it.

BRENDA

Leave her, Lynn. She doesn't know what she's doing.

LYNN

What she's doing is driving me fucking insane with that song. She won't stop. It's so annoying.

JESSIE who hears the commotion,  
Comes in.

JESSIE

Lynn, stop.

LYNN

Well aren't you two the sweetest, the best candy apples on the shelf. *(to Chuck)* You know, Chuckie, that's what I always called my sisters the candy apples. . My candy ass sisters would always be critical of everything I did. After my husband did his residency in Philadelphia, we moved to Florida...there were my sisters criticizing me for not moving back to Rhode Island.

BRENDA

I did not.

LYNN

You said it would kill mom and dad if we didn't come back here. *(points to mother)* Look at her, she's doing fine. Sort of.

JESSIE

I could care less where you moved to. I moved away, didn't I?

LYNN

What about when I decided to quit college, Brenda. You were preaching to me as the almighty educator – from your 5<sup>th</sup> grade pedestal, I might add - how wrong it was and how I'd regret it. You knew I had to leave school to support us while Harold was in medical school. You said how I'd always end up in dead end jobs. Well, dear older sister, now my only job in life is to spend Harold's money. Believe me, he's got lots. And as long as those rich Boca bitches need their tummy tucks, tits enlarged, or whatever, there's more money pouring in then we can ever spend.

JESSIE

Well, I guess you've made it to the top, Lynn.

LYNN

Right to the god damn top of the money tree.

BRENDA *(to Chuck)*

I'm sorry for this.

LYNN

For what? You're sorry you got one successful sister? No offense, Jess, but I wouldn't consider emptying bed pans a success story.

JESSIE

It's fulfilling.

LYNN

That's just horse shit. You and Brenda had the brains. You both could have accomplished so much more. You could've been a researcher, Jess. Discovered a cure for, for momma's Alzheimer's for Christ sakes. And, it would've made you a ton of money too.

JESSIE

I'm happy doing exactly what I'm doing.

BRENDA

Leave her alone, Lynn. Go find a pole and dance the night away.

LYNN

See how my big sister makes fun of me, Chuckie. I should never have told her but yes I took an aerobic class that was a strip tease aerobic class. And, yes, I learned how to pole dance with a bunch of my neighbors.

CHUCK

I'd like to get a 9-1-1 from your neighborhood.

LYNN

Trust me, Chuckie. You couldn't handle 'em. They're too wild, they'd kill you.

JESSIE

Not like Lynn the kitty-kat?

LUCY (*sings*)

Take me out to the ball game,

Take me out with the crowd.

Buy me--

LYNN: Stop it.

LYNN

Stop it. Brenda, get her to stop.

BRENDA (*to LUCY*)

Mother, let's get you changed and to bed.

JESSIE

Here, let me do it. You stay here, give Chuck some protection.

JESSIE and LUCY exit DSL.

BRENDA

Thanks.

LYNN

Let me tell you something about the way it is around here, Chuck. It was always my father who ruled the roost. Then after he died, Brenda wore the pants in this family.

BRENDA

That's not true.

LYNN

It's the fucking truth, Chuckie. No one in this family made a move without first asking for daddy's opinion and his permission. Now it's Brenda.

BRENDA *(to Chuck)*

It's the liquor talking.

CHUCK

I know, I know.

LYNN

It's not the god damn liquor talking. It's me, Lynn Apple Taylor talking. And I'm telling you like it is, Miss 5<sup>th</sup> Grade teacher.

BRENDA

Retired.

LYNN

Excuse me, Miss Retired 5<sup>th</sup> Grade Teacher. Notice, Chuck, I said Miss. Ever wonder why my sister never got married?

CHUCK *(starting to get uncomfortable)*

It's getting late, I'd better go.

LYNN

Sit down, sit down. So, ever wonder why Miss Brenda Apple, 5<sup>th</sup> grade teacher...no, retired 5<sup>th</sup> grade teacher, never got married? No? I did. It use to bother me all the time. Then I thought maybe my sister's friend Bev Nelson --

CHUCK

I know Bev.

LYNN

Can you spell lesbians?

BRENDA

LYNN.

LYNN

It was only what I was thinking, Brenda. How you two would take trips together. You've been all over god damn Europe with Bev...and a couple of cruises that I know of.

BRENDA

Bev's a good friend. Still is.

LYNN

All I'm saying, Brenda, is that I thought you two were a couple of lesbos.

BRENDA

LYNN. Stop it. I can't listen to this.

LYNN

Then after I found out that Bev married Mr. Grenier after his wife died, I thought maybe Brenda and Bev were just good friends.

Pause.

*(to Brenda)* Or were they?

LYNN

Chuck, can I freshen that for you?

CHUCK

I'm good.

LYNN

How 'bout you, Chuckie?

CHUCK

What about me?

LYNN

What's your latest romantic adventure?

BRENDA

None of your business, Lynn.

CHUCK

Working full time, taking care of my mom and running the house. I don't have much time for adventure.

LYNN

That's right. I forgot, you're still living at home. With mom. You've been at that same address all your life.

CHUCK

53 Mayfield Avenue.

LYNN

You and Brenda make quite a pair. She's been in this house all her life. The way I see it, the only way she'll move out of here is when they cart her off to plant her in the ground. Unless of course, she wants to get buried in the backyard. Right alongside Sprite.

BRENDA (*explains to Chuck*)

Sprite was our cat.

LYNN

Sprite was the best cat ever. She loved me. When I called her, she'd come running to wherever I was. Brenda or Jess could call her, she'd completely ignore them. Brenda, remember when daddy drove all of us to get her.

BRENDA

On the way we were talking about what we should call the cat.

LYNN

Jess said, let's call the cat Auntie Ida.

BRENDA

She was five at the time, wasn't she?

LYNN

Momma said, "Jessica we can't call the cat Auntie Ida". Then Jess said, "Fine, we'll call the cat, Auntie Lennie."

BRENDA

Then Jess came up with the name Sprite.

LYNN

To be fair to the fucking beverage industry, a few years after that we got our first dog. Pepsi, remember him?

CHUCK

I loved that dog. And I don't take much to animals.

BRENDA

How can you not like animals?

CHUCK

It's not that I don't like them. I get so attached to them, when they die, for me it's like a real person dying.

JESSIE enters.

LYNN

Pepsi was a riot around here. Remember as a pup, he'd drag the comforter off dad and momma's bed? *(to Chuck)* You'd see this tiny pup dragging this king sized comforter all over the house.

BRENDA *(to JESSIE)*

She okay?

JESSIE

Fine...Remember when Pepsi ate all of the eyes off our stuffed animals?

CHUCK

The what?

JESSIE

You know how the eyes of a stuffed animal are made out of, I don't know, shiny buttons or something. We left him home alone one day, he went into our bedrooms and ate the eyes right off each stuffed animal.

BRENDA

Even your cabbage patch dolls.

JESSIE

Yeah, those too.

LYNN

And the god damn vet said it was separation anxiety. He wanted us to be sure Pepsi passed all of the eyes he'd eaten. Wanted us to go around and collect Pepsi's poops then rinse out the buttons to be sure we found them all.

CHUCK

You're kidding.

LYNN

Brenda wouldn't do it. I sure as hell wouldn't do it. We did get Jess to do it.

CHUCK

They didn't.

JESSIE

Only a couple of times.

LYNN

If the truth be told, Chuckie, I think she liked doing it so much that's why she empties bed pans for a living today.

BRENDA

This is too gross even for you, Lynn.

JESSIE

What about when Sprite knocked over my goldfish bowl then ate them.

BRENDA

She brought one of the dead ones to Lynn. You were sitting right here in the living room with Stan Mason and Sprite hopped up with one of Jess' dead goldfish in her mouth.

LYNN

Stan took off. Whatever happened to Stan, anyway?

CHUCK

He's a lawyer, right here in Warwick. Has a boatload of kids. Even some grandkids.

LYNN

What a fertile fuck he turned out to be, eh?

JESSIE (*gets up*)

Let me get back to the kitchen. All of you stay put.

LYNN

Sit down, Jess. When was the last time we all got together?

CHUCK

I'd better go. It's getting late. I want to be sure everything's okay at home.

LYNN

Relax, Chuckie, mommy can take care of herself. What is she now, like 80?

CHUCK

83 last month. I have to go. Brenda, thanks for dinner. It was delicious.

BRENDA

Anytime.

LYNN

And she means ANY TIME. Don't you, Bren?

CHUCK (*to Jessie*)

Stay out of those speed traps, Jess.

JESSIE

I don't sweat them, I've got a friend in the business.

CHUCK

Night.

LYNN: See ya.

BRENDA: Good night.

CHUCK leaves.

BRENDA (*to Lynn*)

You managed to make an ass of yourself.

LYNN

Piece of cake with this crowd.

JESSIE

Lynn, why don't you turn in? You'll feel better in the morning.

LYNN

I'm feeling fine right now.

BRENDA

I'm going to go settle the kitchen.

LYNN

Sit down, for Christ's sake. What the fuck difference does it make if we clean the dishes tonight or tomorrow? You've got your sisters here, Bren. Enjoy us while it lasts.

BRENDA

Been a real hoot so far, right Jess?

JESSIE

You bet.

LYNN

Hey, Jess, remember that game we always use to play as kids.

JESSIE

We played lots of games, Lynn.

LYNN

No, no, no. The one we'd have to tell the truth or we'd never grow tits.

BRENDA

Obviously both of you always told the truth.

LYNN

What the hell did we call it?