

# SHUG / CELIE

SHUG

*jerks her hand away*

Turn loose my hand! I don't need no weak little boy can't say no to his Daddy hangin' on me. I need a man. A man!

*Celie enters, standing in the doorway with a tray. Mister exits and takes out his pipe.*

SHUG

And I don't want to smell no stinkin' pipe, neither. You hear me, Albert?

*Mister stands outside the bedroom door.*

SHUG

What you lookin' at. You never seen a naked woman before?

CELIE

I ain't know Mister's name was Albert.

SHUG

Well it is. Who you got livin' here with you? You got any kids?

CELIE

Yes ma'am.

SHUG

How many, and don't you *yes ma'am* me, I ain't that old.

CELIE

Two. I don't know where they are now. My Pa give 'em away soon's they born. I got a sister though. She promised to write me but she don't. Maybe she dead. You got any kids?

SHUG

They with they Grandma.

CELIE

You miss em?

SHUG

I don't miss nothin'.

*then quickly*

Can't you hurry none?

**CELIE**

You got the knottiest, shortest, kinkiest hair I ever seen. You so tender-headed, I got to take my time. Otherwise you be tryin' to slap me for hurtin' you.

*Shug laughs.*

**CELIE**

I'm gonna work on your head like you were my own little girl, Olivia.

*Shug leans back on Celie's legs. She sighs with pleasure, then-*

**SHUG**

The other day you say you think your sister dead. Why?

**CELIE**

If she alive, she write me, that's why.

**SHUG**

What if she been writin' you, and her letters got lost in the mail?

**CELIE**

I thought about that. But people get the wrong mail, they send it back to the post office, they don't keep it. And it ain't like people don't know where I live. I get mail from the church.

*Shug clearly has something in mind with these questions, but decides not to go any further at this point.*

**SHUG**

My Daddy the damn preacher. Don't say church to me.

**CELIE**

I'm sorry. I pullin' too hard?

**SHUG**

No. That feel just right. Feel like my Grandma used to do.

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