

Ricky and Ronda 1/4

Ronda
Do you always drink like this?

Ricky
Like what?

Ronda
Into an alcoholic stupor.

Ricky
Whenever I get the chance.

Ronda
Charming.

Ricky
Jesus, you always gotta be such a hardass all the time?

Ronda
Have another one, little fella. You're still coherent.

Ricky
Don't you worry about my drinking, angel-drawers. I've drunk more beer than you ever saw.

Ronda
I'm sure you have.

Ricky
I've drunk more beer than you ever *heard* of.

Ronda
Land sakes.

Ricky
I can drink four quarts in one sitting – five!

Ronda
That must be quite a sight. You and Paul Newman in a chugging contest.

Ricky
Aw, just shut the hell up about Paul Newman, okay?

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Ronda

Oh, I'm sorry. You probably thought we *believed* all that crap.

Ricky

(*pause*) I knew you didn't believe it. That was all part of the plan.

Ronda

Oh, I see.

Ricky

Chicks don't mind whether you're somebody important, long as you act like you are. Either get 'em impressed or get 'em feeling sorry for you. Either way is good.

Ronda

Just make up some lie?

Ricky

Sure. The bigger the better. I once told this one chick I was about to become a priest, and she owed it to Jesus to test my spiritual purity one last time, see was I *worthy* or something.

Ronda

Sad to say, you flunked her test.

Ricky

Sad to say. But that's always a good one with dago chicks, if you spot a crucifix or something. Or make it really outrageous. Like you were secretly in this three-car-pile-up in the last lap of the Monaco Grand Prix and you've been paralyzed from the waist down for three months. You've just now got out of intensive care and you're starting to wonder whether you can still be a real man, only you haven't met a chick you thought would really understand and not laugh at you.

Ronda

Up til now, that is.

Ricky

See, you're catching on!

Ronda

And they actually believe this nonsense?

Ricky

Believe, what's to believe? Let me tell you something and you hang on to this as you go through life, because it's God's truth. People will believe what they want to believe, and chicks are no different.

Ronda

But what happens when they don't see any scars on your body?

Ricky

They'll imagine them. Whatever! They *want* to believe it, that's the point. If they don't, they're still impressed you'd go to all that trouble to bullshit them. Makes them feel really wanted. You know, bullshit is the sincerest form of flattery.

Ronda

Aren't you a little worried about admitting all these top secrets to the Enemy?

Ricky

What, to you? What difference does it make?

Ronda

(pause) You've really done all this stuff?

Ricky

Plenty of times.

Ronda

You're lying.

Ricky

I have!

Ronda

I don't believe you.

Ricky

So don't believe me. What the hey.

Ronda

I think you talk big.

Ricky

Screw you.

Ronda
I think you're scared.

Ricky
Of you?

Ronda
Of women.

Ricky
Scared of women?

Ronda
Yeah!

Ricky
No way. Absolutely no way. That's the theory that's convenient for women to believe, a certain type of woman, but you got no case. I like women. I idolize women – my whole life is built around women! And women have always liked me too, and that's no bullshit. Let me tell you something, one thing I am definitely **not**- is *scared* of women. (*pause*) Confused a little sometimes, maybe. Pissed off a little, okay.

Ronda
And- I think scared.

Ricky
Well, I think you're the one who's scared, sugartits. What do you say to that?

Ronda
Scared little boy. You live on big schemes and wet dreams.

Ricky
(*pause*) What about you, sister? What do you live on?