

## The Talented Tenth Scene 3

*Bernard, alone, wearing a sweat suit, seated in front of a TV set.*

**Bernard:** Strike?! That ball was outside! Damn!

**Tanya:** Thought you were coming back inside.

**Bernard:** Yea...I was...but, I flipped on the TV to get the score and...

**Tanya:** Yes, I know; the rest is history.

*(She kisses him. He responds, but not with much enthusiasm and immediately gets back into the game)*

**Tanya:** Baby, you've got some gray hair.

**Bernard:** That's not gray. It's lint.

**Tanya:** This is gray hair.

**Bernard:** Stress. You're wearin' me out, baby.

**Tanya:** Then, why don't you come back inside and drink from my fountain of youth? You know you haven't said anything about your trip to Jamaica. Not that I really care.

**Bernard:** The trip was alright.

**Tanya:** Nothing happened down there, did it?

**Bernard:** No.

**Tanya:** Too bad. So when are you going to take me somewhere?

**Bernard:** When I get time.

**Tanya:** You never seem to have any time.

**Bernard:** I do the best I can, Tanya.

**Tanya:** You always have time for Pam.

**Bernard:** She's my wife.

**Tanya:** Hmph.

**Bernard (to the TV):** Come on, lay off the junk stuff and make him throw strikes.

**Tanya:** You know, I haven't seen you for two weeks. The least you could do is talk to me.

**Bernard:** We talked earlier. I want to watch the game. Okay?

**Tanya:** You can watch the game with your wife.

**Bernard:** Pam doesn't like baseball.

**Tanya:** So, you come here to take up MY time.

**Bernard:** Well, the hell with it, then!

**Tanya** (*soothingly*): Come on, Bernard. I'm only teasin'.

**Bernard:** Look, I'm tryin' to relax. Okay? It's been a long day. I like to watch the game.

**Tanya:** Well, I was hoping we could TALK.

**Bernard:** We've BEEN talking, baby.

**Tanya:** I mean, without interruptions.

**Bernard:** Tanya, this is a good game.

(*Tanya goes to the TV*)

**Tanya:** Uh-uh. No way. Forget it.

(*She shuts off the TV*)

**Bernard:** Hey! What are you doing?!

**Tanya:** Later for the game. Touch MY bases.

**Bernard:** Come on, baby.

**Tanya** (*continuing to block to TV*): No.

**Bernard:** But, the game..... (*she kisses him*) that's what I've always liked about you, baby. You know how to put things in their proper perspective.

(*They caress and embrace each other*)

**Tanya:** Yep, now all I need is a ring.

**Bernard:** Uh....er....what time is it?

**Tanya:** About 10:30.

**Bernard:** Time for me to get up from here.

**Tanya:** Will I see you tomorrow?

**Bernard:** I don't know.

**Tanya:** Why don't you and Pam get a divorce?

**Bernard:** Because I love her.

**Tanya:** Then, why are you here with me?

**Bernard:** Because I love YOU.

**Tanya:** That's immature.

**Bernard:** I gotta go pee.

**Tanya:** Bernard, the game's still on.

End of Scene 3