Lemon Sky

By Lanford Wilson

ALAN: San Diego is just like all the other towns just under a thousand population. And California. Californians. They’re insane – well you’ve seen the movies they make out there, they have no idea at all what people are like – well, it’s not their fault; they’ve got nothing to go on – they’re working in the dark. They’re mad. They are. The shoes they wear, when they wear shoes, the clothes they wear when they wear clothes. This place is impossible. Nobody walks. Nobody walks. Anywhere. Two blocks – if the old man has the car you don’t go. You drive to a movie and they’re all drive-ins, the food is all drive-ins; mini- hamburgers and cherry malts. The traffics is seventy miles an hour bumper to bumper going into town, six lanes at least. The supermarkets. They’re mad. They take up blocks. They’re open 24 hours and they’re packed jammed full with – four in the morning, they’re buying watermelon and lettuce and a ham and a gallon of Gallo port and they’ve got the kids and the babies and the shopping cart and the portable radio and the whole family – the sandals flopping. They’re nuts! They live on the beach. They all cook outside and eat outside and sleep outside – and of course it’s a beautiful outside to do it in. The downtown San Diego is covered with sailors and those big fluffy moths and seagulls and pigeons and sand and I’ve finally seen the ocean. All of us, we had to beg dad to take a picture of us. He’s not taken a picture of the kids in almost two years.