

Letter Writer 1/3

(It is late in the evening, the house is quiet. SUGAR comes down the stairs, holding two books. She has just put her children to bed and is tired. She passes a basket of laundry on the couch, turns off a lamp, gathers dirty plates and cups, takes them to the kitchen. While doing dishes, she checks email.)

(Ding of an incoming email.)

(LETTER WRITER #1 enters. SUGAR does not see him as she reads his email.)

LETTER WRITER #1. Hi, it's been a while since we met at that writers' conference; I hope you're doing well and writing. For the last year I have been hiding behind a computer screen anonymously giving out advice in the online column called "Dear Sugar." I know you read the column because it's received exactly one fan letter: yours. To be honest, I don't have a passion for the gig and as you know I admire your work, so I'm brazenly emailing you with a job offer: do you want to take over the column, I mean, do you want to be Sugar? As you know it's anonymous, so there's no credit and the bonus is, there's no pay. So, you in?

(LETTER WRITER #1 takes out a cell phone to check email and looks at it, waiting for a response.)

(SUGAR types the first line of her response as she says it.)

SUGAR. Hello and thank you for your strange offer.

(She stops typing but continues to speak as if she is composing an email.)

#1 MY BEAUTIFUL THINGS

SUGAR. I'm trying to finish a book. My husband is an artist, we have two kids and ten mountains of debt. I can't take on...

Yeah, I'm in.

(She presses Send.)

LETTER WRITER #1. That's great! I'll forward you the letters.

(LETTER WRITER #1 sends the email from his phone, exits.)

(Multiple dinges of rapidly incoming emails.)

(SUGAR abandons the dishes, takes her computer to the table, sits, and reads.)

(LETTER WRITER #2 enters. SUGAR is reading from the computer screen and hears but does not see LETTER WRITER #2.)

Sexy Santa

LETTER WRITER #1. Dear Sugar,

Kind of crazy, but my girlfriend is seriously turned on by Santa Claus. The old dude, big belly, white beard, his power to find out if you're naughty or nice. The whole thing just gets her going. It's our first Christmas together. She told me about the fantasy when Santa started to pop up all over the place. She gets especially turned on when she sees an actual Santa, which starts her thinking about sitting in his lap and what could happen next. You get the picture.

So here's my question. My sister has two young sons. A few years ago, she bought a Santa suit and I've been dressing up in it and going over to her place to give my nephews a thrill on Christmas Eve.

Anyway...it occurred to me that if I keep the suit for a bit I can give my girlfriend a thrill too. Creepy? Good idea? Bad idea? What do you make of this plan?

Thanks.

Sexy Santa

SUGAR. Dear Sexy Santa...

Your giving spirit is genuinely what the holiday season is all about! I say, stuff that woman's stocking the way only Santa knows how.

Yours,

Sugar

Letter
writer

TINY BEAUTIFUL THINGS

Like An Iron Bell

1/3

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LETTER WRITER #3 & SUGAR. Dear Sugar,
LETTER WRITER #3. My question is about love.

(SUGAR *now sees* LETTER WRITER #3.)

I'm at the age when most of my friends are married. The closest I've been to the altar was when I was the best man. I've had three relationships. One casual, one serious and one current. There was no issue with the casual one: I was up front about not wanting to settle down. The second one started out casual and I broke it off when she got serious, so I lost both a lover and a friend.

For about four months now, I've been dating another woman. She seems like she's falling in love with me. I avoid that word "love." I don't want to say that word out loud because it comes loaded with promises that are fragile and easily broken. My question is, when do I have to take that big step and say, "I love you"? And, what is this love thing all about, anyway?

Signed,
Confused

SUGAR. Dear Confused...

I agree, that word "love" is highly loaded with - Ah, I agree with you, well that's helpful advice -

Dear Confused...

You certainly must be confused if you're confused - Oh, that's good writing, I will just repeat your word back to you.

Please don't let the timetable by which others live their lives affect yours. No...

Dear Confused,

The last word my mother ever said to me was love. She was forty-five, and so sick and weak she couldn't muster the "I" or the "you," but it didn't matter. That puny word has the power to stand on its own.

Letter Writer '13 #4

A Motorcycle With No One On It

(LETTER WRITER #1 approaches SUGAR.)

LETTER WRITER #1. Dear Sugar,

I'm middle-aged, married and crushing on a friend. And it's full-blown, just like in high school, sweaty palms, distracted, giddy, the whole shebang. If we'd met at a different time we'd probably be together.

We spend hours talking. We're never bored. We can't stop smiling around each other. We really like each other. So far it has gone no farther than flirting. We've never kissed. We've never crossed a physical boundary. But we *really* like each other.

My question isn't what should I do - I'm pretty clear I should behave and I want to behave, I really want to - but what should I do?

Signed,
Crushed

SUGAR. Dear Crushed,

That's...basically every middle-aged married person. X is married to Y but wants to fuck Z.

Because Z is new and is never going to bitch at you for forgetting to take out the trash. Z doesn't even care that you were late, 'cause Z doesn't wear a watch.

Z is like a motorcycle with no one on it. Dazzling. Going nowhere.

Signed,
Sugar