SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an *excerpt* from a Samuel French title.

This sample is for perusal only and may not be used for performance purposes.

You may not download, print, or distribute this excerpt.

We highly recommend purchasing a copy of the title before considering for performance.

For more information about licensing or about purchasing a play or musical, please visit our website.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

SF PERUSALS

Cheatin'

by Del Shores

A Samuel French Acting Edition



SAMUEL FRENCH
FOUNDED 1830
New York Hollywood London Toronto
SAMUELFRENCH.COM

Copyright © 1984 as "A Little Love, a Little Cheatin' & A Whole Lotta Somethin' Goin' On" by Del Shores
Copyright © 1991 as "Cheatin'" by Del Shores

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that *CHEATIN'* is subject to a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. In its present form the play is dedicated to the reading public only.

The amateur live stage performance rights to *CHEATIN'* are controlled exclusively by Samuel French, Inc., and royalty arrangements and licenses must be secured well in advance of presentation. PLEASE NOTE that amateur royalty fees are set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. When applying for a royalty quotation and license please give us the number of performances intended, dates of production, your seating capacity and admission fee. Royalties are payable one week before the opening performance of the play to Samuel French, Inc., at 45 W. 25th Street, New York, NY 10010.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid whether the play is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged.

Stock royalty quoted upon application to Samuel French, Inc.

For all other rights than those stipulated above, apply to: Samuel French, Inc.

Particular emphasis is laid on the question of amateur or professional readings, permission and terms for which must be secured in writing from Samuel French, Inc.

Copying from this book in whole or in part is strictly forbidden by law, and the right of performance is not transferable.

Whenever the play is produced the following notice must appear on all programs, printing and advertising for the play: "Produced by special arrangement with Samuel French, Inc."

Due authorship credit must be given on all programs, printing and advertising for the play.

No one shall commit or authorize any act or omission by which the copyright of, or the right to copyright, this play may be impaired.
No one shall make any changes in this play for the purpose of production.
Publication of this play does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised in their own interests to apply to Samuel French, Inc., for written permission before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre.
No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

ISBN 978-0-573-69302-1 Printed in U.S.A. **#5587**

For my Mom, Loraine

No one shall commit or authorize any act or omission by which the copyright of, or the right to copyright, this play may be impaired

No one shall make any changes in this play for the purpose of production

Publication of this play does not imply availability for performance Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are *strongly* advised in their own interests to apply to Samuel French, Inc , for written permission before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre

No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

All producers of CHEATIN' *must* give credit to the Author of the Play in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production The name of the Author *must* also appear on a separate line, on which no other name appears, immediately following the title, and *must* appear in size of type not less than fifty percent the size of the title type.

Cheatin' was originally produced by Rex Knowles for the Main Stage Theatre in North Hollywood, California October 18, 1984. The show then moved to the McCadden Place Theatre in Hollywood, CA to complete its run. It was directed by Sherry Landrum; the set was by William Maynard; the lights by Rex Knowles. The production stage managers were Addison Morgan and Kelley Alexander. The cast, in order of appearance, was as follows:

SID CRANFORD .....Newell Alexander

BO BOB JASPER..... .....Earl Bullock

CLARENCE HOPKINS.....Del Shores

SARA LEE TURNOVER .....Gwen Harris

OVELLA PARSONS-WILKS .....Lana Schwab

TEDDY JOE WILKS .....Maxwell Morrow

MAYBELLINE CARTWRIGHT.....Patrika Darbo

Also appearing in various roles during the long run were: Addison Morgan, Noreen Reardon, Ernie Lively, Clark Nederjohn, Terry Brannon, Marilyn Hickey, Rosemary Alexander, and Sherry Landrum.

Cheatin' was originally produced in an Equity production by Richard Carrothers and Dennis D. Hennessy for Tiffany's Attic in Kansas City, Missouri. It was directed by James Assad; the scenic design was by Terry O'Reagan; lighting design was by Ruth Cain; costume design was by Willamina McCallum, sound design by Charlene Taylor; set contructions by James Design; set dressing by Ronald S. Freeby. The production stage manager was Kathy Stengel. The cast, in order of appearance, was as follows:

SID CRANFORD.....Dan Putman

BO BOB JASPER .....Leslie Jordan

CLARENCE HOPKINS.....Del Shores

SARA LEE TURNOVER.....Janie Fopeano

OVELLA PARSONS-WILKS .....Starr Anderson

TEDDY JOE WILKS .....Craig Oldfather

MAYBELLINE CARTWRIGHT.....Vicki Oleson

Cover Artwork by: Newell Alexander

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Rev. & Mrs. W.D. Shores
James Bray

CHARACTERS

SID CRANFORD. The bar owner, psychic, storyteller. Older and wiser than the others.

BO BOB JASPER. The gullible, naive, dimwitted, postman.

CLARENCE HOPKINS. The smart-ass, womanizing mechanic.

SARA LEE TURNOVER. The confident, sassy, fun-loving beauty operator.

OVELLA PARSONS-WILKS. The town bitch.

TEDDY JOE WILKS. The handsome, athletic, cheated-on husband.

MAYBELLINE CARTWRIGHT. The overweight, love-hungry, gossipy waitress.

PRODUCTION NOTE

The production of *Cheatin'* at the Main Stage Theatre was staged in a manner where there were only two blackouts—one at the end of the first act and one at the end of the play. The scenes overlapped (as indicated in the script), so the play moved at a rapid pace. To facilitate the overlapping, the bed in the Lowake Inn was positioned with the headboard downstage, allowing the actors to enter the Lowake Inn without being seen by the audience when necessary. Also, the mirror in the Oui Coiffer was imaginary, facing the audience.

PROLOGUE

Bluebell's.
SID comes through the front door of Bluebell's, coffee in hand, begins to open up the bar, and addresses the audience.

SID. Well, howdy. My name's Sid. Sid Cranford. I wanna welcome yew to my bar and dinin' facility—Bluebell's. Bluebell's Bar—and Dinin' Facility. It's mostly a bar though. Even though we do serve up a damn good bowl o' chili. And the cornbread ain't bad. But it's mostly a bar. So sit right down. Relax. Take a load off. And enjoy. I know I'm goin' to. (*Picks up his guitar.*) I'm a sanger, and a songwriter, bar owner, and psychic. Some people sez I oughta be in the Grand Ol' Opery—but hell, I don't know. I'll let ya'll decide. Be kind now. Yew know what the Good Book sez. (*Sings* Cheatin' *[music at back of script], after clapping begins.*) Thank yew. Thank yew. (*Every bit the star.*) Yure so kind. Yure ever so kind. Wrote that 'un myself. I write a lotta songs. Jest take real life situations and put music to 'em. Jest like Willie and Waylon and the boys. That there song was inspired by a few of our more prominent citizens right here in the town of Lowake. Yew'd be surprised at what goes on here in Lowake. Yew wud. Them soap operys ain't got nothin' on these folks. And yew know, to the untrained eye, Lowake's jest a little borin', do-nuthin', one-horse town. Not many

folks visit Lowake either, unless they take a wrong turn—but now and then, we git 'em wanderin' in here jest lost as a whore in church. I love out-a-staters myself. All prissy-assed with their high-falutin' accents. They come in here and say, "Sir, where are we? We seem to have lost our way." And I always say, "Yure smack dab in the middle of Lowake, Texas." And they say, "Lowake? Where is that in relationship to a major city?" And I always say, "Well, it's jest North of Rowena, Southeast a Veribest, jest Northwest a Ballinger, in Concho County." (*Whoopin' it up.*) Shit—that always gits their goat. (*To himself.*) Major city, my ass. (*Thinking.*) Now where was I? Oh yeah, I was tellin' yew about the folks here in Lowake. (*Very sincere and hush-hush.*) Somethin' happened in our little town, and well, I jest don't want ta see enybody git hurt, that's all. 'Cause it ain't over yet. It all started on what seemed like jest a regular ol' day, jest like today. I opened Bluebell's here and jest like ever'day, our local mailman, Bo Bob Jasper, walked right through the door.

(BO BOB enters, takes his cap off and puts it on the hat stand and goes to the table to sit.)

BO BOB. Mornin', Sid, nice day, ain't it?
SID. An' that's where my story begins...

ACT I

Scene 1

Bluebell's
The scene continues.

SID. Mornin' Bo Bob. Yeah, real nice.

(BO BOB starts sorting his mail on the table while SID continues to the audience.)

SID. Bo Bob's our local mailman.

(BO BOB is having trouble deciding on which stacks to put each piece of mail.)

SID. He comes in here ever' mornin' to sort his mail. Bo Bob is the most moral, upright, human bein' in the whole state a Texas. He don't drank, he don't smoke, he don't cuss and he don't fool around—even though he ain't married. Accordin' to most folks, he also don't have a helluva lot o' fun either. And he's kinda dumb. He mostly jest comes in here to Bluebell's jest to jaw—and he always orders a root beer.

BO BOB. Can I have a root beer, Sid?

SID. Comin' right up, Bo Bob. (*HE gets a root beer, gives it to Bo Bob as HE continues to talk.*) If I 'member right, they kept 'im back onced in grade school. My mama

always sed that Bo Bob wasn't right bright. But sometimes, I thank he's got more on the ball than folks give 'im credit for. But I do admit—his porch light is flickerin' a bit.

(BO BOB has finished sorting his mail in neat piles, then knocks it all on the floor when HE goes for his root beer.)

SID. Knocks that mail off ever' damn day.

CLARENCE. (*Entering*) Mornin', Sid. Mornin', Bo Bob.

SID & BO BOB. Mornin', Clarence.

CLARENCE. (*Snickering*) Yew still havin' problems sortin' that mail are ya, Bo Bob?

BO BOB. Yeah, wanna give me a hand?

CLARENCE. Sure. (*Picks up one piece*) Gimme a Lone Star, Sid. I gotta git my daily dose a vitamins.

(SID complies, CLARENCE downs the beer)

SID. (*Continuing to audience, as BO BOB continues to pick up and sort the mail.*) Believe it or not, Clarence and Bo Bob there are best friends. Clarence runs Hopkins Brothers up the street. People sez that him and his brother Otis are the best mechanics in West Texas. Otis ain't in this story. People come as far as Ballinger, Winters, and San Angelo to have the Hopkins boys work on their cars.

(CLARENCE catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror behind the bar.)

SID. Now Clarence is what some folks would call a ladies' man. Myself—I just thank he's a perty good ol' boy who has been blessed with that certain somethin' that the women go for. He ain't a perty boy—but he shore has somethin'.

CLARENCE. (*As HE exits.*) I gotta git to work. Take it easy, Sid. Or take it eny way yew can git it. (*Slaps Bo Bob on the back, laughing at his own joke.*)

SID. See ya, Clarence.

(SARA LEE enters as CLARENCE exits and THEY ad-lib exchanges. THEY kiss passionately.)

SID. (*To audience.*) Now Clarence has been datin' Sara Lee Turnover since they was all kids.

(CLARENCE exits.)

SARA LEE. Gawd I love a man in a uniform. Mornin', Sid. Hey, Bo Bob. Is that my Cosmo?

BO BOB. (*Checking to make sure.*) Sure is.

SARA LEE. Hey, Sid, yew got eny a them fried pies? I got me a cravin' for a cherry 'un.

SID. Jest got in a new batch this mornin'. Help yureself. My waitress is late as usual. Jest leave a quarter on the counter.

(SARA LEE finds the pies and starts eating and reading her Cosmo.)

SID. Now, Sara Lee runs the beauty shop—the Oui Coiffer [pronounced co-eee-fer]—that sets across the street

from Bluebell's and right down from the Hopkins Brothers. Shoo-wee—it took ol' Sara Lee years to teach us how to pronounce the name of 'er damn ol' beauty shop. Some of 'em still ain't got it right. It's a French word, ya know.

(SARA LEE is now changing her hair style in the mirror over the bar, according to a Cosmo ad.)

SID. Now I've been told that Clarence and Sara Lee git it on nearly ever' day, on the linoleum of 'er shop, mind yew, during their lunch hour. Well, that's what I been told.

SARA LEE. (*Looking at watch and exiting.*) Ooh—I gotta go. That was a mighty fine fried pie.

SID. (*Looking after Sara Lee*) I'd love to sample 'em myself sometime. (*To audience.*) What a sweetie pie. I shore did envy that Clarence Hopkins. Ever' man in town did. And for the life a me, I never understood why he messed around on Sara Lee with Ovella Parsons—I mean, Wilks. He was jugglin' two women, one of 'em married and that Ovella is a bitch on wheels if I ever saw one.

OVELLA. (*Storms into Bluebells*) Sid, have yew seen that sorry, no count husband a mine?

SID. No I haven't—and good mornin' to yew too, Ovella.

OVELLA. (*Has found the fried pies.*) Are these fried pies fresh?

SID. Yes, ma'am. Help yureself. Jest got 'em in this mornin'.

(OVELLA proceeds to eat one bite, doesn't like it and throws is back into the container of fresh ones.)

SID. Ovella is still perty damn good lookin' and look at all that perty hair. (*Shakes head*) Hmph.

(OVELLA spots the mirror and begins primping.)

SID. She was head cheerleader, homecomin' queen and football sweetheart in high school. All the boys loved 'er. All the gals hated 'er guts. Especially Sara Lee Turnover.

SARA LEE. (*Reenters Bluebell's.*) Oh, Sid, I fergot to pay. (*SHE spots Ovella*) Mornin', Ovella.

OVELLA. Mornin', Sara Lee.

SARA LEE & OVELLA. (*Turning away from one another.*) Bitch.

SARA LEE. That sure was a good fried pie, Sid. Here's yure quarter.

SID. Thanks, sweetie.

(SARA LEE exits.)

OVELLA. I hope yew don't expect me to pay for these. Yew can git rocks free out in the parkin' lot.

(SHE exits and upon doing so, knocks Bo Bob's mail off, and picks it up, with her butt right in his face; BO BOB reacts.)

SID. Good to see yew too, Ovella. Now Ovella's husband is Teddy Joe Wilks. Ovella and Teddy Joe were in a few folks eyes Mr. and Mrs. Perfect Couple. In other words, they looked good together—'cause they fought like cats and dawgs.

TEDDY JOE. (*Enters and calls out after Ovella.)* Yeah, well, why don't yew plan on stayin' home tonight and cook me some supper? I'm as hungry as a big ol' bear. It's a wifely duty to fix her husband breakfast, yew know. (*HE jogs in wearing exercise clothes.)*

OVELLA. (*Offstage.*) Aw, stick it in the microwave.

TEDDY JOE. Mornin', Sid. Mornin', Bo Bob. Yew got enythang to eat, Sid? Ovella didn't fix no breakfast agin.

SID. Help yureself to one of them fresh fried pies.

TEDDY JOE. Thanks, could yew heat it up for me? And I'll take a Lone Star.

BO BOB. Mornin', Teddy Joe. Nice day, ain't it?

TEDDY JOE. Sure is.

BO BOB. (*Hands Teddy Joe a* Playboy Magazine.*)* Here's yure smut magazine ... and Orvella was lookin' for yew. (*Name is intentionally mispronounced.*)

TEDDY JOE. (*Opening* Playboy *to the centerfold.*) Yeah? Well, she can jest go to hell, Bo Bob. (*HE stretches some.*)

SID. Teddy Joe sells insurance down at Lloyds and keeps in shape. He runs three miles a day—at least that's what he claims. And he works out with weights in his garage to this very day. He was a perty good quarterback in high school.

(MAYBELLINE rushes in to Bluebell's with her hair in curlers.)

MAYBELLINE. Sorry I'm late agin, cousin Sid. I had car trouble and that Clarence Hopkins was givin' me a hard time. He shore is cute, though. (*SHE has already moved in on the fried pies and proceeds to eat one.*) Hi, Bo

Bob. Hey, Teddy Joe. How's yure lovely wife?

TEDDY JOE. Fine, jest fine, Maybelline.

BO BOB. (*A little shy.*) Hi, Maybelline.

SID. Them fried pies is fresh, Maybelline. Help yureself.

MAYBELLINE. (*Mouth full.*) Thanks, Sid.

SID. (*To audience.*) Maybelline's my first cousin on my mama's side. She's a Cartwright and she's Sara Lee's best friend. As yew've probably realized, she's my waitress here. Been workin' for me about three weeks. Longest she's ever held a job. Had to give it to 'er. Family pressures. She got fired ever' where else in town—the Dairy Queen, the bank, Lloyds, Rocket Gas ...

MAYBELLINE. Can I have a bag of Fritos, Sid? Didn't have time for breakfast. (*Not missing a beat, takes a bag and begins to eat.*) I giss ya'll heard about the Barnes. They're gettin' a divorce after twenty-four years a marriage. I jest cain't believe it. It's the biggest mess I ever seen in my life. I thought they was so happy together ... (*SHE exits shaking her head, into the back room, comes back still eating, with a broom and starts sweeping.*)

SID. Maybelline gits the dirt on ever'one in town 'cause she's a gossip. If yew want to know enythang about enybody in Concho County, then ask ol' Maybelline. Stickin' that nose into every'one else's bees wax. (*Sympathetic.*) Poor baby. Never had a date in her life.

(MAYBELLINE is staring at Bo Bob as SHE sweeps.)

SID. She has a weight problem. Truth is, she's jest flat out fat. But Maybelline figures pretty big, no pun intended, in this story. Well, thangs are about to happen ... wait a

second. (*Holds head.*) Before they do, I'm gittin' one of my psychic feelin's. (*Back to audience.*) Yew know, I git it from my grandmammy, Bertha Cranford. She was a psychic healer. She could stop bleedin' from five miles away. (*Holds his head again.*) Oh, yeah ... this is a big 'un. It's a prediction. (*Releases his head.*) I predict that the Dallas Cowboys are gonna kick the L.A. Rams' asses back to by gawd Disneyland where they belong. And remember, yew heard it from Sid. Sid Cranford.

TEDDY JOE. So, Bo Bob. What's cookin'?

BO BOB. (*Sniffs*) I don't know. I don't smell nothin'.

MAYBELLINE. Cousin Sid, can I have the day off so I can go over to Sara Lee's to git my hair combed out? She sed she could fit me in between Ovella Parsons—I mean Wilks—and Clara Bell Ivey. Please, can I, Sid?

SID. Okay, honey, but yure gonna have ta make it up by takin' inventory next week.

MAYBELLINE. I will, I promise. Thanks a million.

(SHE rushes out, SID shakes his head.)

TEDDY JOE. So, Bo Bob, what's cookin'?

BO BOB. Maybe it's them fried pies.

TEDDY JOE. I mean—what's going on, Bo Bob? What's happenin' in yure life?

BO BOB. Oh, I git it. It's like that Hank Williams song, "Hey good lookin', whatcha got cookin'?" For the longest time I used to thank that was a song about a girl invitin' a boy over for supper. Then Clarence explained it to me.

TEDDY JOE. Well, I'm glad that yew got that figured out so's that life can go on.

BO BOB. Well, yew know Clarence. Smart as a whip.

He can take an engine apart and put it back together blindfolded.

TEDDY JOE. I'm so jealous I cain't hardly stand it.

BO BOB. Me, too. But yew ain't got no reason to be jealous, Teddy Joe. Yew probably make more money than enybody in this town. A big successful insurance salesman wearin' a three-piece suit. Heck—I'm jealous of yew.

TEDDY JOE. Of me? Aw, come on, Bo Bob. Yew got a good job, too. And that uniform ain't so bad.

BO BOB. We're gettin' short britches this summer.

TEDDY JOE. See there.

BO BOB. Yeah—but yew and Clarence have somethin' special. It takes talent to do what yew two do. Enybody can deliver mail. (*Takes a card out of the bag and goes through the motions.*) All ya do is drop it in the box and go to the next 'un. And if there's a red flag up, yew take the out goin' mail and put it right here. (*Indicates.*) Or sometimes, yew go in a business and say, "Here's yure mail, Mr. or Mrs. so-an-so." (*HE hands the card he is demonstrating with to Teddy Joe.*) And that's it.

(TEDDY JOE reads the outside of the card and something is wrong.)

BO BOB. What's the matter, Teddy Joe?

TEDDY JOE. Where did yew git this card, Bo Bob?

BO BOB. At the post office. That's where I pick up all my mail.

TEDDY JOE. This card is addressed to Clarence Hopkins. Do yew know who it's from, Bo Bob?

BO BOB. (*Trying to take the letter, TEDDY JOE not letting him.*) Let me see it. Usually the person who sent it

puts their name and address in the corner up there ...

TEDDY JOE. I know letter writin' procedures, Bo Bob. This 'un dudn't have a return address though. (*Shows the letter at arms length.)* Do yew recognize that handwritin', Bo Bob?

BO BOB. (*Lying.*) Well, no, Teddy Joe. I cain't say that I do. It's real perty though.

TEDDY JOE. That's my wife's handwritin', Bo Bob. Now why would my wife be writing' to Clarence Hopkins?

BO BOB. Maybe she's havin' car trouble, Teddy Joe.

TEDDY JOE. The car's runnin' fine, Bo Bob. I thank yew know somethin' yew ain't tellin'. And I thank yew better start tellin'.

BO BOB. I don't know nuthin', Teddy Joe.

TEDDY JOE. Ain't that the truth. Yew ain't got the brains God gave a piss-ant.

BO BOB. That wadn't very nice, Teddy Joe.

TEDDY JOE. Naw, it wadn't, was it? Well, I'll tell yew what will be nice. It'll be nice to find out what this here card sez.

BO BOB. I cain't let yew do that, Teddy Joe. That's against the law.

TEDDY JOE. Oh, it is? Well, what are yew gonna do about it, Mr. Mailman, make a citizen's arrest?

BO BOB. I jest may have to do that, Teddy Joe.

TEDDY JOE. (*Opens the card, takes it out.*) Well, as yew can see, I'm scered shitless. (*HE reads it)*

BO BOB. Teddy Joe, yew shouldn'ta dun that.

TEDDY JOE. (*Pause*) I think yew may be right this time, Bo Bob. The Lowake Inn, huh?

(LIGHTS come up in the Lowake Inn OVELLA and

CLARENCE are laughing. CLARENCE lights a cigarette.)

TEDDY JOE. (*Reading.*) "Happy Anniversary to the man that makes me happy. P.S. And horny."

BO BOB. (*Puzzled.*) Horny?

TEDDY JOE. (*Still reading*) "See yew agin at ten o'clock on Monday at the Lowake Inn." (*Muttering*) Happy Anniversary? Must of been goin' on awhile. And I giss yew knew about this all along, Bo Bob? (*Yelling.*) Did yew, Bo Bob?

BO BOB. Well, no. I don't know. I jest ...

(TEDDY JOE grabs him by the collar.)

BO BOB. Yeah, I did!

TEDDY JOE. (*Looks at watch*) Well, it's ten-fifteen—I think I got some bizness to take care of at the Lowake Inn. (*To Bo Bob*) Some friend yew've turned out to be. (*HE storms out of Bluebell's*)

BO BOB. Well, Clarence is my friend, too. (*Frustrated*) Durn it all. I hate this. (*HE exits)*

(SID exits into his stock room as LIGHTS go down in Bluebell's.)

ACT I

Scene 2

The Lowake Inn
Full LIGHTS come up.
CLARENCE and OVELLA are in bed, having just made love.

CLARENCE. What say we go at it agin, Ovella?

OVELLA. Good Lord, Clarence. What are yew? Some kinda sex machine?

CLARENCE. Yew bet your little bohuncus I am. And as far as I've been able to tell, yew are, too.

OVELLA. Happy Anniversary, Clarence. (*Kissing him madly, passionately.*)

CLARENCE. Happy Anniversary, baby.

OVELLA. You make me a maniac, Clarence. The feelin's yew stir up within my soul are pert near out of this world.

(THEY continue dialogue as THEY kiss.)

CLARENCE. Heavenly?

OVELLA. In a sinful sort of way.

CLARENCE. Well, yew know what the song sez. "Heaven's jest a sin away."

OVELLA. (*Off key.*) "Wo, wo, just a sin away."

CLARENCE. Gawd, I love the way you sang.

OVELLA. Clarence?

CLARENCE. What?

OVELLA. Nuthin'. I was jest sayin' yure name as the

passion was a mountin'.

CLARENCE. Well, let it mount.

(THEY've finished kissing, SHE looks at the tattoo on his chest, a big eagle.)

OVELLA. God, I love that tattoo!

CLARENCE. Wanna' see it fly? (*HE moves his chest and arms to accommodate.*) They do 'em up right in the Navy, don't they?

OVELLA. (*Kissing the tattoo*) They shore do. Teddy Joe was in the Army, yew know. He never got a tattoo. But he was a hell of a quarterback in high school.

CLARENCE. Would that be the quarterback for the same team that got its butt kicked by ever' one in our district except the Ballinger B team?

OVELLA. The very. Oh, Clarence, yew are so funny. I jest love a man with a sense of humor.

CLARENCE. Well, I can crack a perty damn good joke.

OVELLA. Tell me one. (*Looking at watch*) But hurry up. I gotta git home and cook Teddy Joe's supper.

CLARENCE. Okay. Why don't Baptists make love standin' up?

OVELLA. (*Laughing*) Oh, I can tell this 'un's gonna be a good 'un. Why, Clarence, why?

CLARENCE. Because they're scered the Methodists will thank they're dancin'.

OVELLA. (*As THEY whoop it up.*) Oh, that is nasty, Clarence. Yew tell the best jokes. I swear yew do.

(An ENGINE roars outside.)

OVELLA. Did yew hear that?

CLARENCE. What? What was that? (*Continues kissing Ovella as the ENGINE roars louder.)*

OVELLA. Clarence, that's Teddy Joe's pickup!

CLARENCE. Well, it needs a tune-up.

OVELLA. Oh, my God! What are we gonna do? Git under the bed, Clarence! Hurry!

CLARENCE. I ain't gittin' under no dirty-ass bed. Jest calm down, Ovella. He'll probably go away. We mustn't panic.

OVELLA. We mustn't panic?!! My husband is out in the parkin' lot of the Lowake Inn, sportin' his big ol' arm muscles—I'm in here with the local mechanic, both of us in our underwear, and yew tell me not to panic?! (*Beat.*) God, Clarence, I wish yew'd start wearin' regular shorts, them ol' boxers are just gawd-awful. (*SHE moves to the window and peeks out.*)

CLARENCE. Well, Sara Lee happens to like 'em.

(LIGHTS start to come up in the Out Coiffer. SARA LEE enters.)

OVELLA. Oh my gawd, Clarence. Teddy Joe's takin' down that double-barrel shotgun from the gun rack behind the seat of his pick-up truck.

CLARENCE. (*Calmly*) Ovella. (*Hysterically*) Now we can panic!

(CLARENCE and OVELLA scramble for their clothes and exit into the bathroom as LIGHTS go down.)

ACT I

Scene 3

Oui Coiffer Salon

Full LIGHTS come up as SARA LEE sits down and reads her "Cosmo," then primps in the mirror a little, touches up her hair as MAYBELLINE rushes into the Oui Coiffer.

MAYBELLINE. Sorry I'm late, Sara Lee. I took the curlers out.

SARA LEE. Yure gonna be late to yure own funeral, honey. How are thangs down at Bluebell's?

MAYBELLINE. Fine. I thank I'm gonna git to keep this job.

SARA LEE. Yew'd better. Yure runnin' outta places to work. (*SHE starts spraying Maybelline's hair.*) And I don't need a manicurist.

MAYBELLINE. Watch it! Yure gettin' it in my eyes!

SARA LEE. Well, hold still and that won't happen. I am a highly trained professional, Maybelline.

MAYBELLINE. I realize that, Sara Lee, but yew do make mistakes occasionally, too, don't yew?

SARA LEE. Rarely. (*SHE finishes the spraying.*) Now, we'll let it set a spell and then I'll comb it out. (*Lighting a cigarette.*) You know, Maybelline—I think you ought to take up smokin'. Men really go for it, and Lord knows, it curbs the appetite.

MAYBELLINE. Men go for it? I didn't know that!

SARA LEE. Well, honey—Where do yew live? Podunk, Texas? Of course men go for it. Clarence loves me to smoke. That's why I took it up.

MAYBELLINE. Well, I don't want to get cancer. I jest don't know.

SARA LEE. Aw, hells bells, Maybelline. My grandpa Merck lived to be a hunderdt and three and he smoked four packs of cigarettes ever' day of his life. All that surgeon general stuff is a buncha hawg-wash. Now, give me that glass over there. (*MAYBELLINE does.*) This here's a martini. (*SHE takes a drag from the cigarette, then sips from the glass; SHE lowers her voice*) Well, hello there, care to join me for a drank?

MAYBELLINE. Oh, that is sexy, Sara Lee. Let me try it.

SARA LEE. Okay, here yew go. (*SHE hands her the cigarette.*)

MAYBELLINE. (*Strikes a pose, then takes a puff.*) Well, hello ... (*Coughs her head off.*) Oh, my gawd! I thank I'm gonna die. (*Gives her back the cigarette.*) Here, I don't want it.

SARA LEE. I'll teach yew to French inhale after I comb this out. Now yew work on drankin' that there martini while I comb yew out. (*MAYBELLINE does.*) Now hold yure little fanger out—that's right. Men love that. And Maybelline, don't ever agin order a beer in front of men—unless yew really know him, like me and Clarence.

MAYBELLINE. (*Looking at herself in the mirror as Sara Lee continues to do her hair.*) I jest don't know, Sara Lee. I jest don't know.

SARA LEE. And what is it, honey, that yew jest don't know this time?

MAYBELLINE. I jest don't know if this is gonna work.

SARA LEE. Maybelline, yew do know that yew are tryin' my patience. Now yew gotta trust me, sugar, or yure gonna get me all riled up and yure hair ain't gonna turn out worth a flyin' flit.

MAYBELLINE. Okay, Sara Lee, I trust yew. But if this don't get me a date, I'm gonna give up.

SARA LEE. Turn to page seventy-three in that magazine.

MAYBELLINE. (*Turns to the page*) Okay.

SARA LEE. Now what do you see?

MAYBELLINE. Some ol' homely girl. Ugly as homemade sin. Looks like Wilma Burns in high school. The child ain't got no eyebrows.

SARA LEE. Oh, Wilma Burns. Gawd she was ugly. She could bite a hawg through a picket fence. I wonder whatever happened to her?

MAYBELLINE. She got knocked up by Clement Barnes. They're livin' over in Abilene. Got three kids and one in the oven.

SARA LEE. I'd hate to see them kids.

SARA LEE & MAYBELLINE. (*Together.*) Uggglly!

SARA LEE. Buck teeth and no eyebrows. Now, do yew consider yureself pertier or uglier than that Wilma Burns look-a-like?

MAYBELLINE. With or without makeup?

SARA LEE. (*Losing patience*) Without I giss. It don't look like she's wearin' eny to me.

MAYBELLINE. (*Pondering.*) Well, she's skinny as an ol' bean-pole, Sara Lee, but other than that, I giss we're about even.

SARA LEE. Okay, flip the page.

MAYBELLINE. Well, help-me-Hanna! Is this the same girl?

SARA LEE. The very.

MAYBELLINE. This is unbelievable. Pure-dee unbelievable. Am I gonna look that good?

SARA LEE. Better. (*SHE finishes her hair. It is a wild, unruly looking style, like only the models in fashion magazines can get away with.*) Well, what do you thank?

MAYBELLINE. Yure through?

SARA LEE. Yeah, ain't it gorgeous?

MAYBELLINE. Well, I don't know, Sara Lee.

SARA LEE. What do yew mean, yew don't know?

MAYBELLINE. Oh, I don't know. I jest feel kinda silly.

SARA LEE. Maybelline, Cher wore this very doo on the Academy Awards two years ago.

MAYBELLINE. And it's still in style?

SARA LEE. It's jest now gettin' down here to Lowake. And now for your lashes.

MAYBELLINE. Now, don't overdo it. I don't want to look like some two-bit whore.

SARA LEE. Trust me, Maybelline, trust me. (*SARA LEE proceeds to give Maybelline the full make-up treatment, including false eyelashes.*)

MAYBELLINE. Okay. (*Pause.*) I shore do hate my name. Maybe if I changed my name, I'd get more dates.

SARA LEE. Well, quite frankly, I don't think that's the problem. I hate my name too, and as yew well know, I have no problem gittin' dates.

MAYBELLINE. What's wrong with yure name? I like yure name.

SARA LEE. Sara Lee. Shit. Mama thought it'd be so cute to have a little girl named Sara Lee Turnover. How'd yew like to be named after a fried pie?

MAYBELLINE. Well, it's better than Maybelline Cartwright. What about Mitzi—or Tiffany—or Crystal! Crystal Cartwright!

SARA LEE. Don't be so negative. That's why yew don't get eny dates. I bet that Bo Bob Jasper would ask yew out in a heartbeat if yew wadn't so negative.

MAYBELLINE. (*Sighs.*) Bo Bob Jasper would? (*Beat*) What about Clarence Hopkins?

SARA LEE. I'm ignorin' that comment, Miz Maybelline.

MAYBELLINE. (*Sinking in.*) Too negative, huh?

SARA LEE. That's right. Yure a damn pessimist. I, on the other hand, am a optimist—a positive thanker. (*SHE has finished the make-up and turns Maybelline to the mirror.*)

MAYBELLINE. (*Looks, then*) Well, there's one thang I am positive of ...

SARA LEE. And what's that, sugar?

MAYBELLINE. I do look like a two-bit whore.

(LIGHTS start to come up in the Lowake Inn as OVELLA comes out of the bathroom dressed.)

SARA LEE. Well, they git dates, don't they?

MAYBELLINE. Yes, I giss they do. (*All excited*) I gotta go. I gotta find me some clothes to go with this new doo. See ya, Sara Lee. And thanks.

SARA LEE. Good luck!

(MAYBELLINE exits out the front door and SARA LEE exits into the back of the Oui Coiffer as the LIGHTS go down.)

ACT I

Scene 4

The Lowake Inn.
Full LIGHTS come up.
Offstage TEDDY JOE is KNOCKING at the door. The KNOCKS become POUNDS. OVELLA frantically straightens up the room.

TEDDY JOE. (*Offstage.*) Open up, Ovella. I mean it!

(OVELLA opens the door as TEDDY JOE bursts in with his shotgun, SHE throws her arms around him.)

OVELLA. Hello, pumpkin bear. How's ...

TEDDY JOE. (*Pushing her aside.*) Where is that low-down, mangy hound dawg, Clarence Hopkins?

OVELLA. (*Prying the shotgun away from Teddy Joe.*) Oh, Teddy Joe, yew are so funny. I jest love a man with a sense of humor. (*SHE puts the shotgun behind her*)

TEDDY JOE. Ovella, quit playin' games with me. (*Looking around.*) Did he crawl out the winda?

OVELLA. (*Throwing her arms around Teddy Joe.*) Teddy Joe, honey—I don't know what yure so fired up about. I giss yew didn't git my note.

TEDDY JOE. (*Playing along.*) What note?

OVELLA. The note that told yew to meet me here. I left it on the kitchen table, pumpkin bear. Yew see ... the other day I was watchin' Dr. Ruth and her topic of the day was ... "How to Add a Spark to an Otherwise Dull Married Sex Life." And one idea was to meet yure spouse at a motel, watch dirty movies, and act like teenagers on the make agin. Well, the Lowake Inn don't have no dirty movies, but we'll make do. Yew did git the note, Teddy Joe?

TEDDY JOE. Ovella, yure lyin' to me.

OVELLA. Have I ever lied to my sweet pumpkin bear?

TEDDY JOE. Hell yeah, yew have.

OVELLA. Well, okay. So I've lied. But not a big whopper like this one ... I mean, like this one yure accusin' me of. (*Starts to cry*) I'm hurt, Teddy Joe. I thought there was more to our marriage than this. I thought yew trusted me.

TEDDY JOE. Well, what gave yew that idea?

OVELLA. What do I have to do, swear on Gideon's Bible? (*SHE puts her hand on the Bible.*)

TEDDY JOE. I wudn't do that if I was yew, Ovella. Now, where is that lousy son-of-a-... Where is he?

(OVELLA starts to panic, crying louder than ever in an effort to distract Teddy Joe from his search.)

TEDDY JOE. Now hush up, Ovella. That ain't gonna change my mind. I'm gonna find that buzzard, beat the shit outta him, then I'll deal with yew later.

OVELLA. I want a divorce, Teddy Joe! There's absolutely no use in us stayin' married if yew don't trust

me.

TEDDY JOE. Well, then, we've got us a little problem here. 'Cause I sure as hell don't trust yew, and I ain't givin' yew no divorce jest sos yew and Clarence can shack up.

OVELLA. Then how about a trial separation? It worked for Dave and Penny on "Search For Another World."

TEDDY JOE. This is real life, Ovella. Not some stupid-ass soap opery. Now, where is that sorry son-of-a ...

OVELLA. (*Taking the shotgun and her handbag as SHE starts to exit.*) Clarence is not here, Teddy Joe. And there is nothin' goin' on between the two of us. I don't know where yew got that idea, but obviously yure havin' a whale of a good time actin' like some kinda lunatic. This is it, Teddy Joe! I'm leavin' yew for good. Yure as crazy as Bo Bob Jasper.

(LIGHTS start to come up in the Out Coiffer as BO BOB enters.)

BO BOB. Mail deliv'ry.

OVELLA. (*Still gathering things to leave.*) They'll be shippin' yew off to Big Sprangs before the week is up. Goodbye! (*SHE storms out the door.*)

TEDDY JOE. (*À la Marlon Brando.*) Ovella! Ovella! (*HE knowingly exits in the bathroom to find CLARENCE as the LIGHTS go down.*)

ACT I

Scene 5

Oui Coiffer Salon.
Full LIGHTS come up, and ...
SARA LEE comes out of the back BO BOB is admiring himself in the mirror.

SARA LEE. Mornin', Bo Bob.

BO BOB. (*Almost jumping out of his skin.*) Mail Deliv'ry!

SARA LEE. Bo Bob, what a delight it is to see yew today.

BO BOB. It is?

SARA LEE. Why yes. It is. Yew always brighten up ol' Sara Lee's day with that great big grin of yures and all that important mail—and yew know how I jest love a man in uniform.

BO BOB. Well, good-niss, Sara Lee. I never knew. We're a gittin' new uniforms this summer. (*Laughs*) Git this—we even have the choice of wearin' short britches. Can yew believe it? Short britches on a U.S. of A. mailman.

SARA LEE. I thank that yew'd look kinda sexy in short britches, Bo Bob. I'm gettin' goose bumps jest imaginin' yew in short britches. (*Holds out her arm*) Feel.

BO BOB. (*HE does.*) Well, durn-it-all, yew shore are. Look at them little critters. I jest always had it in my mind that it'd kinda look sissified to wear short britches.

SARA LEE. Not true, Bo Bob. The very opposite. With those masculine legs of yures and that masculine body ...

(*Shivers.*) Oooooh! I cain't stand it. Change the subject, quick!

BO BOB. (*Without missing a beat.*) Mrs. Annie Sue Langford didn't get any mail today. She was real upset. Turned on me like a mother-in-law. Thought her Social Security check would come in. And come to think of it, it usually does come in on the first Monday of the month. Mr. Barnes, on the other hand, got his ...

SARA LEE. That's enough, Bo Bob. That did it. I done come down off a my enormous high. See ... no more goose bumps. Yew ladies' man, yew.

BO BOB. Aw, come on, Sara Lee. Yew know that ain't true.

SARA LEE. The hell it ain't. Listen, Bo Bob. I hear it ever' day. Yes sir, ever' day a different woman's tellin' me about her fantasies with Bo Bob Jasper, that sexy mailman. And some of 'em git perty durn raunchy.

BO BOB. Yure teasin' me, Sara Lee.

SARA LEE. I am not, Bo Bob. Just trust ol' Sara Lee, will yew? Yesterday, it was Clara Bell Ivey.

BO BOB. (*In disbelief.*) Clara Bell Ivey?

SARA LEE. Said that yew come to deliver her mail, bent over to pet ol' Sam, that ugly mutt of hers, and she got a hot flash jest lookin' at yure sexy bohind. (*SHE slaps him on the butt.*)

BO BOB. Sara Lee!

SARA LEE. I swear on my mama's grave, it's true. And today, a single young voluptuous woman was gettin' all gussied up jest in case she ran into you.

(LIGHTS start to come up in Bluebell's as MAYBELLINE enters wearing a mini dress, boa, high heels and can

barely walk. SHE goes and sits at the bar.)

BO BOB. Who?

SARA LEE. I ain't tellin'. I promised, and Sara Lee don't break her promises.

BO BOB. C'mon, Sara Lee. Tell me.

SARA LEE. Nuh-uh. I won't do it. But I will tell yew this. She's sittin' this very minute in Bluebell's drankin' a martini, jest waitin' for the right man to sweep her off her feet.

(One of Maybelline's lashes comes off SHE reacts and exits into the bathroom.)

BO BOB. Really?

SARA LEE. Really. So, why don't yew go down there and do some sweepin'?

BO BOB. I cain't Sara Lee. I just cain't.

SARA LEE. Cain't never did do enythang. Why not?

BO BOB. I don't know. I jest cain't. Yew know ...

SARA LEE. No, I do not know. And I ain't no good at suspense. Yew can trust ol' Sara Lee, Bo Bob.

BO BOB. Can yew keep a secret?

SARA LEE. Does ol' lady Barnes have varicose veins?

BO BOB. Promise?

SARA LEE. (*Doing all the motions.*) Cross my heart, hope to die, stick a needle in my eye.

BO BOB. Okay. I'm scered, Sara Lee. I'm scered to ask a woman out, 'cause I ain't never done it and I wudn't know what to do next. Yew know, the holdin' hands, kissin' and whatnot.

SARA LEE. My favorite part is the whatnot.

BO BOB. See there, yew don't take me serious.

SARA LEE. Oh no, honey—yew are wrong. Dead wrong. Let me show yew somethin'. (*SHE goes to the door. Looks out the window and locks the door.*)

BO BOB. What are yew doin'?

SARA LEE. Yew'll see. (*SHE dims the lights.*) Welcome to Sara Lee's School of Romance. I am Sara Lee Turnover, your instructor for today.

BO BOB. Yew are?

SARA LEE. I am. (*Approaching Bo Bob.*) Lesson number one is in the art of kissin'.

BO BOB. It is?

(SHE throws her arms around him and kisses him madly HE, at first, is in shock, then goes for it with gusto. THEY finally take a break.)

SARA LEE. Good-niss, Bo Bob. Yew better git on down to Bluebell's. Yure ready!

(BO BOB excitedly grabs his hat and mail bag and hurries out the door. SARA LEE congratulates herself in the mirror and exits into the back room of the salon as the LIGHTS go down)

ACT I

Scene 6

Lowake Inn, Bluebell's bar.
Full LIGHTS come up as ...

SID walks into Bluebell's, singing. HE cleans off the table, walks over to the bar to put the dirty dishes away. MAYBELLINE comes out of the bathroom, not wanting Sid to recognize her. SID sees her backside as SHE walks to the table. SHE sits away from him.

SID. May I help ya, miss?

MAYBELLINE. (*Disguises her voice.*) I'd like a martini on the rocks ... two olives, please.

SID. A martini, huh? Don't git many calls for them. (*Picks up a bar manual, blows dirt off it and looks through it.*) Mar ... mar ... martini. Let's see. Yeah, here it is. This 'un's gonna take some doin'.

(MAYBELLINE gets situated, HE makes the drink.)

SID. (*To audience.*) Must be one of them whores blowed in from Abilene.

(MAYBELLINE lights a cigarette, blows a couple of rings in the air)

SID. Yew from out of town, miss?

MAYBELLINE. Could be. What's it to ya?

SID. Not a whole hell of a lot. (*To audience*) Slut. (*HE gives her the drink*)

MAYBELLINE. Thank yew. Sidney.

SID. Sidney? What the ...

(MAYBELLINE turns to him, full face)

SID. Well, heavens-to-Betsy. Well, I'll be ... well,

lordy mercy ... well ...

MAYBELLINE. (*In her own voice.*) Well, whatdaya thank, cousin Sid?

SID. (*Walking away.*) I'm takin' the fifth.

MAYBELLINE. Well, be like that then. (*Concentrating on what she has learned.*) Let's see, a puff from the cigarette, then lift the martini to yure lips with the other hand, put yure little fanger out and ... (*SHE drinks and makes a face.*) Good Lord, this stuff tastes like horse piss. Sid, can I have a beer, please?

(OVELLA rushes in out-of-breath, carrying the shotgun. SHE has run all the way from the motel to escape Teddy Joe's wrath)

SID. Been duck huntin', Ovella?

OVELLA. (*Puts the gun down and approaches Maybelline.*) Excuse me, ma'am. Do yew thank yew could give me a lift home? Ya see, I'm havin' car trouble. I broke down up the street a bit, and I jest cain't seem to git it goin'. I jest live over on Elm Street.

MAYBELLINE. (*Disguises her voice.*) No. I'm, uh, sorry ma'am. But I walked here, and ...

OVELLA. Maybelline Cartwright, is that you?

MAYBELLINE. No, no ... it's somebody else. Yew must be mistaken.

OVELLA. (*Getting a better look*) Oh my gawd, it is yew! (*Laughing*) What the hell yew tryin' to prove, girl? (*Getting hysterical*) Was there a sale down at Woolworth on hairspray, bobby pins and cheap make-up?

MAYBELLINE. Fer yure information, Ovella Parsons...

OVELLA. Wilks.

MAYBELLINE. Wilks then. Fer yure information, Miz Wilks ... this is the doo, the very doo, that Cher wore to the Academy Awards two years ago.

OVELLA. Well, who gives a shit, Maybelline. Cher is a beautiful woman, thin as spaghetti, who can do jest about enythang with herself and git away with it. Put 'er in a toe sack and shave her bald and she'd still look good. (*Beat.*) Come to thank of it, the same effect might be an improvement fer yew.

MAYBELLINE. And who do yew thank yew are, Farah Fawcett?

OVELLA. We've been told we resemble.

MAYBELLINE. "We've been told?" I'm jest sure that someone's run up to Farah Fawcett sayin', "Do yew know yew look jest like Ovella Parsons? (*Hysterically laughing with SID.*) Sid, don't yew know that ol' Farah gits it all the time?

OVELLA. The name is Wilks ... yew stupid fat-ass retard.

SID. Whatch yure name-callin', Ovella. That's my cousin.

OVELLA. Yeah, well, that's yure problem.

MAYBELLINE. That's okay, Cousin Sid, but I can take care of myself. Retard? If yew'll remember Ovella, I was the one makin' all "A's" in Algebra II while some Farah Fawcett look-a-like was a flunkin' out of Basic Math number one with ol' lady Pritchard. Why even Bo Bob Jasper pulled a "B" in that 'un.

OVELLA. Well, maybe I was jest too busy to study with all my extracurricular activities. Somethin' yew wudn't know enythang about.

MAYBELLINE. The heck I wouldn't. The whole school knew about yure extracurricular activities. In fact, ever' football team in our district knew ya—Biblically!!

OVELLA. That's a flat-out lie and yew know it! Yew must have me confused with yure trampy girl friend, Sara Lee Turnover. I was always faithful to my then-to-be husband, Teddy Joe Wilks.

MAYBELLINE. Faithful? I didn't even know yew knew the meanin' of the word, Ovella. Come on, ever'body in Lowake knows yew been messin' around with Clarence Hopkins ever since day one in junior high school. Ever'body but poor ol' Teddy Joe. And from what I hear ... *it* has finally hit the fan.

OVELLA. What the hell are yew talkin' about?

MAYBELLINE. I jest come from Clara Bell's Dress Shop and she told me that Clement Barnes told her that Teddy Joe walked in on yew and Clarence in the Lowake Inn.

OVELLA. Well ... news travels fast.

MAYBELLINE. Oh my gawd, it's true! What happened? I want details!

OVELLA. Well, me and Clarence been meetin' at the Lowake Inn ever' Monday, and ...

MAYBELLINE. I already know that.

OVELLA. Yew do?

MAYBELLINE. Yeah, me an' the whole county.

SID. Cut the chit-chat and git on with the story.

OVELLA. Oh. Well, enyway, someone musta tipped Teddy Joe off 'cause he showed up mad as a hornet ... and I left him lookin' for Clarence in the motel room. And yew know what the Bible sez, Maybelline— "Seek and yew shall find." I have a feelin' Teddy Joe hath found.

FINISH READING THIS SCRIPT

Visit our website to purchase the full script or to explore other titles.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

To stay up to date on all that we are doing, follow us on social media:



*Titles for licensing are subject to availability depending on your territory.

SF PERUSALS