

HONEY RAYE. No, Johnny Ralph and I had a little —

G.J. Aunt Honey, this might be easier if we focus on men you *haven't* had a little flirtation with.

HONEY RAYE. Then I'm going to need time to come up with somebody. Meanwhile, I've got a request: I want you to be Mary.

G.J. Oh, I am. I'm a very happy person.

HONEY RAYE. Umm ... not "merry" as in "Merry Christmas." I mean "Mary" as in the Virgin Mary. You're perfect.

G.J. Oh, no. No, no, no! No, ma'am. I'm not good in front of crowds.

HONEY RAYE. Now, you don't know that.

G.J. Yes, I do! When they asked me to give that demonstration last month at the Bi-Annual Cow Insemination Workshop, why, halfway through my demonstration I just froze. I didn't know which end was up. Even the cow felt sorry for me. I could tell by the look on her face when she turned around to see what was happening.

HONEY RAYE. Shug, just forget your inseminating nightmare. I'm counting on you, G.J. And I know you'll want to be a part of it when you hear the name I came up with for the Christmas Program.

G.J. What is it?

HONEY RAYE. *Honey Raye Futrelle and Company proudly present ... Bethlehem-A-Palooza! (Blackout.)*

Scene 3

Lights come up on John Curtis Buntner, 40s, Deputy Sheriff. He sits at a desk. On it is an open toolbox. He eats fries from a "Dairy Dog" bag.

JOHN CURTIS. As I perceive it this is a class-A Southern tragedy. Not to infer I'm condoning what you did, Twink Futrelle. No, I am not. But it is my position you come by it naturally.

TWINK. (*Offstage.*) And just how do you figure that, John Curtis?

JOHN CURTIS. With the clear and unclouded eye of legal detection.

Factoid A: It is common knowledge amongst the populace of Fayro, Texas, that the Futrelles *are* women of passion. If Wiley Hicks had more than the I.Q. of a Milk Dud, he would have known that and you would not be in the situation you are today. (*Twink Futrelle, 40s, enters wearing an orange jumpsuit with "McTwayne County Jail" printed on it. She carries a large wrench which she puts into the tool box.*)

TWINK. I had no idea you'd put so much thought into this.

JOHN CURTIS. Simply the machinations of a peace officer's mind. Factoid B: Even the most superficial observation reveals that Wiley Hicks took advantage of you. I mean, you dated him for sixteen and a half years. Everybody in Fayro agrees the man should've married you out of pure pity if for no other reason.

TWINK. I can't tell you what a comfort it is knowing y'all were pulling for me.

JOHN CURTIS. Well, we were. That's why when Wiley got a snoot full and ran off with Maryjack MacLemore everyone was shocked.

TWINK. Some of us more than others. Now, I'd better get back in there and spackle up that hole. I had to drill out a little more wall-board than I'd counted on to replace that pipe.

JOHN CURTIS. Good gosh, Twink, you already patched the linoleum in the men's room and reorganized the computer files, alphabetically according to crime. You are by far, the most outstanding female prisoner to ever grace McTwayne County jail. I'm just sorry I was the one who had to arrest you that day.

TWINK. *I'm* just sorry you stopped me before Wiley Hicks got what was coming to him. Dragging all his NASCAR collectibles outside and setting 'em on fire was only the *start* of what I had planned.

JOHN CURTIS. But Twink, what everybody in Fayro wants to know is ... why the Dale Earnhardt memorabilia? Even from a woman bent on revenge, that was low.

TWINK. Preserving Dale's memory was the furthest thing from my mind. I just wanted to hurt Wiley the way he'd hurt me.

JOHN CURTIS. I do see your side. But I just wish you hadn't picked such a windy day.

TWINK. I never thought the embers would make it across the road to Tug Moody's Mobile Home Paradise. I guess I would've pressed charges, too, if a fire had taken out nine of my doublewides and my brand new hen house.

JOHN CURTIS. Yeah, that was a pity. 'Course, on the positive side, the whole town did smell like fried chicken for a week. (*Blackout.*)

Scene 4

Lights come up on Dub Dubberly, 40s, wearing work clothes and a camo cap. He digs through a pile of laundry, shakes out a Santa suit and calls offstage.

DUB. Frankie! I can't find my stomach! (*Frankie Futrelle Dubberly, 40s, enormously pregnant, waddles in carrying what looks to be a pillow.*)

FRANKIE. Do you really think it's wise to say that to a woman who hasn't seen her own toes since last summer?

DUB. What I meant was: Love you, Puddin'. Now, let your sympathetic and supportive husband have his pillow, okay? (*He gingerly takes it from her.*) Hang in there, Precious. We're just this side of the finish line. Maybe mommy just needs a little nappy-poo.

FRANKIE. What "mommy" needs is to get these babies born so she can be a normal-sized human being again. Yesterday I was at the store and a woman asked if I knew where the Petite Department was. I said, "Do I look like I know where the *Petite Department* is?" (*She seizes Dub by the collar.*) Dub Dubberly, I am sick of being super-sized! You hear me?! Sick of it!

DUB. (*He gently pulls her hands off his collar and eases her onto a chair.*) You know, maybe we should talk about something else. Why don't you tell Santa what you want for Christmas.

FRANKIE. Fine. I want Santa to get a vasectomy.

DUB. A what?! Oh, no. No, no, no, no, no. Hell, no. There's not enough milk and cookies in the world to make Santa ever consider that.