

SOUTHERN SIRENS

by Alicia Lane Dutton

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SYNOPSIS: Every year without fail, middle aged ladies, Grace, Lilah, Celia, Kristin, and Bridget, have an all girls beach getaway. They discover Grace's husband is targeted by Dixie Lynn Lee, "the local homewrecker". They lure Dixie to the seedy Rendezvous Motel, disguised in Mardi Gras masks and Dolly Parton costumes. There, they "playfully torture" her to teach a lesson about family sacrifices. A hilarious tale of friendship, revenge, and unexpected transformation ensues!

DURATION: 120 minutes.

TIME: Present day.

PLACE: Two hotel living rooms.

CAST OF CHARACTERS*(7-8 females)*

LILAH BLAYLOCK (f) (30–45), successful part time attorney. *(146 lines)*

CELIA MADISON (f) (30–45), former Macy's cosmetics consultant. *(130 lines)*

GRACE CALLAHAN (f) (30–45), wealthy do-gooder. *(131 lines)*

KRISTIN HARCOURT (f) (30–45), former nurse and yoga enthusiast. *(138 lines)*

BRIDGET VANDIVER (f) (30–45), mother of four, smart. *(163 lines)*

DIXIE LYNN LEE (f) (20–25), young homewrecker. *(61 lines)*

TRISHA (f) (30–70), trashy motel desk clerk. *(7 lines)*

HOUSEKEEPER (f) Offstage voice. *(4 lines)*

OPTIONAL DOUBLING

HOUSEKEEPER and TRISHA may be double cast.

SETTING

ACT ONE: Living room of the outrageously modern Atlantis Beach House

ACT TWO: Desk for Motel Clerk, Living room of the outrageously hideous Rendezvous Motel Room

SET REQUIREMENTS

The play calls for one stationary set decorated in two different ways.

ACT ONE: Ultra-modern beach house w/bar area w/ barstools, one couch, two chairs, coffee table.

ACT TWO: Cheesy Rendezvous motel room w/card table with chairs, couch, one chair, bar/barstools.

Desk for motel office scene.

COSTUMES

GRACE – 2 beachy outfits, hat, sunglasses, pajamas

LILAH – 2 beachy outfits, sunglasses, pajamas

CELIA – 2 beachy outfits, pajamas

BRIDGET – 2 beachy outfits, robe

KRISTIN – 2 yoga outfits, robe

TRISHA – Robe, Fluffy house shoes, pink sponge rollers, cigarette

DIXIE – short trench coat, bustier, short shorts, large ugly house dress

AUTHOR NOTES

Please note for more conservative audiences, directors may substitute the word Bitty or Beyatch for the word Bitch.

PROPS

- ☐ 6 small suitcases
- ☐ Margarita glasses and pitcher
- ☐ Tube of food coloring
- ☐ 2 cell phones
- ☐ Guest book
- ☐ Baby doll
- ☐ Bottle of ipecac (vanilla flavoring bottle works well)
- ☐ Buttermilk
- ☐ Pair of small pumps
- ☐ Baby powder
- ☐ Eyeliner pencil
- ☐ 50 lb. bag of horse feed
- ☐ bags of toilet paper and paper towels
- ☐ A few bags of "groceries"
- ☐ 2 wine glasses
- ☐ Scrabble game
- ☐ Playing cards
- ☐ Dolly disguise (wig, sunglasses, large shirt, balloons)
- ☐ Tube of lotion
- ☐ Small pieces of paper and pencils
- ☐ 5 Mardi Gras masks
- ☐ Folded letter
- ☐ Shopping bags from upscale stores
- ☐ Gaudy jewelry with big clear crystals
- ☐ Clipboard or notebook for "memoirs"
- ☐ Pillow and bungee cord for "pregnant belly"
- ☐ Magazines

PREMIERE PRODUCTION

SOUTHERN SIRENS premiered at the Baldwin County Community Theater in Gulf Shores, Alabama. The production was directed by Jennifer Dawson and the assistant director was Tom Meador. The cast was as follows:

LILAH BLAYLOCK.....	Trish Scarpuzzi
GRACE CALLAHAN.....	Julie Wessler
BRIDGET VANDIVER.....	Cayla McClellen McHugh
CELIA MADISON	Meg Reed
KRISTIN HARCOURT.....	Lauren Sullivan
DIXIE LYNN LEE	Brooklyn Atkins
TRISHA.....	Tammi Scales
HOUSEKEEPER (Voice)	Tom Meador

The stage manager was Tom Meador.

Set design by Jennifer and Tom Meador.

The first reading of *SOUTHERN SIRENS* was staged at the Levee Theater, Albany, Georgia by Milli Sample, Miranda Worseley, DeeDee Overstreet, Amanda Salter Piercey, Melinda Jean Anderson, Millie Page and Alicia Croxton Dutton.

ACT ONE, SCENE 1

AT START: *An extremely avant-garde decorated living room of a beach house. BRIDGET and LILAH enter.*

BRIDGET: I hope this place is better than last year's.

LILAH: Anything would be better than last year's fiasco.

BRIDGET: Oooooooooooooo except THIS year's fiasco!

LILAH: This is not happening! *(Makes a call.)* Kristin! When you talked to the realtor about this year's beach house, what specifications did you give to her? ... That you wanted to feel like you were in another world.

BRIDGET: Are you trying to make contact with our world?

LILAH: OK. See you in a little while!

BRIDGET: Why aren't they here yet? It's Grace isn't it.

LILAH: It's not important!

BRIDGET: Spill it Lilah!

LILAH: Fine! They stopped at a little day spa to get a sea salt scrub because Grace said her feet would be nicely sloughed from walking in the sand and she would feel uneven if the rest of her body wasn't ...sloughed.

BRIDGET: I knew it!

LILAH: There's nothing wrong with a little self-indulgence every now and then. You should try it.

BRIDGET: Unless they're going to slough every layer off and start over again, no thanks!

LILAH: *(Looks in bedroom startled.)* Since Kristin wanted to feel like she was in another world, she can have the bedroom with this crazy mural. It's a spaceship hovering over the ocean depositing... what appears to be Atlantians into their underwater dome.

BRIDGET: I'm not sleeping in there.

LILAH: *(Looks into second bedroom.)* I might have been a little hasty since... I don't know... I might call this mural, Orgy of the Atlantians. The really classy part is that it's painted right on the ceiling over the bed.

BRIDGET: We'll take door #1 Monty! We might as well bunk together since we'll both be shamefully unevenly sloughed! What's in the bag?

LILAH: Oh, toilet paper and paper towels. Remember that French Provincial beach house that Grace rented that time and all it had was a bidet and no toilet paper! ... Look at me. Always Miss Practical. (*Pointing a roll of toilet paper at BRIDGET.*) We both need a serious attitude adjustment. While the good time girls are at a spa, we're dragging around toilet paper.

BRIDGET: True.

LILAH: That's it! We are going to start taking lessons from the glamour girls who are taking a spa break on the way to the beach! How ridiculous is that?

BRIDGET: Now there's a lesson in self-indulgence!

LILAH: Things look pretty sparse here. We may as well make the first grocery run.

BRIDGET: The grocery store? Ugh! I'd rather be shot! What happened to taking lessons from the glamour girls? ... A hah! I need to make a call. Yes, is this Lloyd's limo? I need a ride from the Atlantis beach house on Flamingo drive. ... Where to? ... The Winn Dixie. ... Yes! The Winn Dixie... thank you.

LILAH: Surely you jest!

BRIDGET: Come on! Let's live a little.

BRIDGET and LILAH exit. KRISTIN, CELIA, and GRACE enter.

KRISTIN: Oh my gosh!! Nirvana!

CELIA: It's sooo... QUIET!

KRISTIN: Quiet? Is that the only thing you could come up with? Since when have you been at a loss for words Celia? This place is modern, interesting, and unique.

CELIA: Remember when our mothers taught us that if we couldn't say anything nice about something then don't say anything at all. Well instead of saying nothing, I chose to mention that it is quiet. Although Kristin, I can see how you would think this was cutting edge architecture. So there. I said something.

GRACE: You have heard that there is a fine line between cutting edge and tacky? This is definitely over the edge, straight down into tacky valley. I guess I didn't listen to my mother very closely.

KRISTIN: (*Opens bedroom door.*) Uh Oh! Grace, you know that Make Peace With Your Surroundings Meditation Class I teach at the Y?

GRACE: Yes.

KRISTIN: I'll be needing to give you a crash course. Let's start in tree.

GRACE: I'm not quite the prude you girls might think I am. I'm sure I can make peace with my surroundings on my own. (*Looks into bedroom.*) What the Hell is that?

KRISTIN: I'm not really sure. I think it's a Treky's attempt at pornography. I checked out their body parts since they ARE nude. I couldn't help notice they're not LIKE US if you know what I mean. (*Pointing to her crotch.*)

GRACE: I certainly can make peace with my surroundings but I refuse to make peace with surroundings involving sci-fi pornographic trompe l'oeil painted directly over my bed!

KRISTIN: Well, from the looks of things Lilah and Bridget have abandoned the Ritz de Ur-anus.

CELIA: They're probably trying to negotiate another rental property.

GRACE: Knowing them they went to the store to buy things like extra paper towels and toilet paper. Just in case!

LILAH and BRIDGET enter with a few grocery bags and martini glasses, giggling.

GRACE: Where have you girls been?

BRIDGET: We got a few things to get this party started.

LILAH: Actually, I'm afraid we started the party already... in the Limo!!!! (*BRIDGET and LILAH high five.*)

BRIDGET: You get a whole new perspective on grocery shopping when you do it in a limousine.

LILAH: There is just nothing like a car with a bar!!

GRACE: What's gotten into you two?

BRIDGET: A new attitude Grace! We're learning to be more self-indulgent. Maybe the connoisseur of all the finer things in life could help us out on this trip.

CELIA: Self-indulgence without the guilt! You seem to have that down pat!

LILAH: I swear if I didn't do this beach trip once a year I would go absolutely crazy!

GRACE: The only thing you need is the latest prescription from a good doctor. You just need a chill pill.

LILAH: The only drug that would help me would get you five to ten in the pen.

BRIDGET: How about I fix us all a welcome to the beach margarita?

GRACE: I brought food coloring to color the salt!

BRIDGET: Of course, Grace. Only you could go from someone's serious mental dilemma to the pleasures of a designer salted margarita glass!

GRACE: I am over the mental dilemmas in my life. I got through with that early on. I deserve to focus on superficial things for a while.

BRIDGET: We're listening. Poor Grace.... Will you tell your tale of the woes of DAR research in the ill-equipped local library? Or your dilemma of choosing white or candlelight for your designer wedding gown, or maybe of the time you couldn't decide if you wanted raspberry or peach flavoring in your tea at our weekly Applebee's Soirée?

GRACE: There'll be plenty of time for soul searching later. I can't imagine a finer group of ladies I would want to bear my soul to so that y'all can blackmail me later.

BRIDGET: Isn't that what our sororities did? Held our initiation secret over our heads in case we didn't pay our dues?

CELIA: Those were the days though. Bodies unadulterated by gravity. I think our sororities helped make us who we are today.

BRIDGET: And exactly who are we now Celia? I feel like I'm a nameless, faceless warm body who has experienced Placenta Dementia four times over. At least I WAS a political science major, and an award-winning member of the debate team.

CELIA: I can't help but wonder what those pledges were made to endure under Sister Bridget.

KRISTIN: We all endured things.

CELIA: With all that meditating I bet you endured it more gracefully than some of us, especially initiation.

KRISTIN: I don't know about that, but I must admit, I am curious at what secrets y'all gave during initiation. We are all of the PanHellenic nature here in this room aren't we?

LILAH: You ladies have to count me out on this one. I did not pledge nor was I pursued by the Greeks on campus.

GRACE: I can't imagine! Their loss!

KRISTIN: That doesn't excuse the rest of you ladies from telling all your secrets!

BRIDGET: My hideous confession was that the reason I made such a high score on the SAT was that I chose one letter, my letter being C, to mark anytime I didn't know the answer. I think I even managed a tear in there somewhere.

CELIA: What?!!

BRIDGET: The sisters thought it was cheating. They thought they could hold this over my head. Those girls weren't exactly a brain trust.

LILAH: Alright Kristin, since you instigated this. I think it should be your turn

KRISTIN: I told them that I had carried on with my scuba class instructor, and let me tell you, he was a heartthrob. I never had his class. I can't even swim!

GRACE: Kristin Harcourt! If you can lie that well, you should have been some kind of politician or something.

KRISTIN: Well, I wasn't a habitual liar! That was the one big whopper of my life and it was concocted in several days after my first cousin told me about the "big secret" night! I had a cousin who was blackballed from Chi O after she danced on a bar at the University of Alabama and she didn't give a damn about giving away ALL of her sorority's secrets!

BRIDGET: OK Celia, it's time to fess up!

CELIA: I actually had a secret! It happened on a high school graduation trip to New Orleans where I let a local bohemian artist paint my bare breasts.

LILAH: What in the world did you let him paint on them?

CELIA: They read... (*Pointing to breasts on each O.*) Cinc-O de May-O! Then I flashed them on Bourbon Street.

KRISTIN: And you actually told this to your sorority sisters on the big night? That you were some kind of exhibitionist?!!!

CELIA: I call it the southern lady-like version of the truth. I told them I just got a little giddy and when some young man kept on at us to flash our breasts... (*Fake sob.*) I just don't know what happened (*Fake sob.*) ... I did.

BRIDGET: Cinco de Mayo will have new meaning for me now, not that it ever had any meaning in the first place except that's the day we all get blitzed on margaritas and sing *La Cucaracha* at karaoke.

BRIDGET begins singing "La Cucaracha". The other ladies join in but no one knows the actual words. Lots of jibber jabber.

CELIA: So Lilah, what were you like in college?

LILAH: I was the kind of girl you either loved or hated. Some people loved to hate me.

KRISTIN: That's just because they were jealous. You had beauty and brains.

CELIA: Red Hot Angel!

LILAH: What?

CELIA: Red Hot Angel. I have a thing about tagging everyone with the name of a Lady Luverne Lipstick shade. Your shade has been designated by the makeup artiste Celia herself. Red Hot Angel. The girl you love to hate!

BRIDGET: I have a Lady Luverne lipstick with me at all times. For years, I spent a small fortune buying lipsticks that looked just fine in the department store, but when I would get them home, they made my lips look like a small animal had attached itself to my face.

LILAH: OK Bridget, let's hear your designated shade.

BRIDGET: Back off Bitch. (*Bitty.*)

LILAH: What?

BRIDGET: Back off Bitch. (*Bitty.*)

LILAH: That's the name of the color?!

CELIA: Yes, for the lady who wants a vibrant color without the look of a small animal attached to her face. I was truly a master of the Lady Luverne color wheel!

BRIDGET: Yes, and I never dread buying a new tube because of the adrenaline rush I get asking the makeup counter girl for it after she ever so politely asks if she can be absolutely ANY help to me, and then I say... Back off Bitch. (*Bitty.*)

KRISTIN: You do get some sort of sick pleasure out of this don't you Bridget? You need to get out more.

BRIDGET: Well, it separates the pros from the rookies that's for sure. The pros never bat an eye and march right over to that Lady

Luverne counter and get my tube. Those little rookies look like you just told them you had three boobs or something.

KRISTIN: Just think Celia. If you would have had three boobs there's no telling what that New Orleans artist could have done for you. Or better than that. That could have been a great Dark Secret to share with your sorority sisters!

BRIDGET: Grace, we're all waiting with bated breath for your dark secret story.

GRACE: That's it. I have three boobs.

CELIA: Oh Grace!

GRACE: I'm kidding Celia. I don't even remember the secret I told that night. I guess compared to my STILL secret past anything else would seem kind of tame and unmemorable.

KRISTIN: Why Grace Callahan, I feel like I know you about better than anyone else here and I cannot imagine that you could ever have any shadowy secret lurking in your past!

GRACE: Well, I actually had considered divulging a few things on this trip but now I just don't know.

BRIDGET: Grace, you don't have to tell anything that you don't want to because we love you just the way you are. *(Everyone raises their margarita glasses.)*

SCENE 2

Lights on in beach house with KRISTIN sitting in a yoga position. CELIA is sitting, thumbing through a magazine and BRIDGET is lying on the couch.

CELIA: Bridget, while you're lying there, you should let me give you one of my famous Lady Luverne makeovers.

BRIDGET: Celia, my idea of a makeover is changing my underwear every day!

KRISTIN: You don't even need it, you were born with glorious skin. Others of us invest hundreds of dollars on toners, tighteners, and moisturizers just to get us ready to add the ACTUAL makeup to our faces!

BRIDGET: Were you ever bored working at Macy's after getting a Master's in Psychology?

CELIA: No, my job was actually pretty entertaining. Some of the clients were very interesting.

BRIDGET: Someone comes in, sits still, gets makeup applied and leaves. I can't imagine that would be too exciting.

CELIA: You're wrong Bridget. It was very exciting. That's why I never quit after I got out of college.

BRIDGET: Give me one example of an enthralling moment at the makeup counter.

CELIA: Well, Sister Saucylito was my best client. When she came in it was always exciting.

BRIDGET: (*Sits up.*) Nuns can wear makeup?

CELIA: Sister SAUCYLito! She was an aging Drag Queen.

KRISTIN: Who would have thought your most memorable Macy's makeover experience would have involved a man.

BRIDGET: I'm sure Sister SAUCYLito had some good juicy stories.

CELIA: (*Pausing.*) You are BRILLIANT Bridget!

BRIDGET: True! But what does that have to do with anything?

CELIA: I've been looking for some inspiration! And you've just pointed me in the right direction!

BRIDGET: OK, so now we've determined that I am brilliant AND inspirational, which of course I already knew, but what exactly have I inspired you to do?

CELIA: I've always wanted to try my hand at writing and that's IT. I can compile all the stories I was told at the makeup counter! Tantalizing tales of a Macy's makeup maestro!

BRIDGET: I know I bare my soul to my hairdresser. The stories she could tell just from a highlighting alone.

KRISTIN: I like Macy's makeup maharani.

CELIA: Maharani? That's a little too Eastern religionish for your average Macy's shopper I'm afraid.

KRISTIN: OK, Macy's makeup majesty. The drag queens would love it.

CELIA: Again, I don't think dress wearing men are the majority of Macy's clientele either Kristin.

KRISTIN: Macy's makeup mistress!

BRIDGET: Not prostitutes either.

KRISTIN: Makeup counter contessa, Macy's cosmetic connoisseur,
Greasepaint Goddess!

CELIA: OK. Again! Makeup maestro it is!

BRIDGET: You're going to create an entire collection of Macy's
cosmetic counter chronicles? Try saying that after three margaritas!

KRISTIN: You were probably able to say that BECAUSE you had three
margaritas!

CELIA: I've got to start writing!

CELIA exits to the bedroom.

KRISTIN: Good Luck! Makeup Memoirist!

BRIDGET: Is that a word?

KRISTIN: Yes Bridget. It's time for my afternoon snack. Would you like
a Tofu shake?

BRIDGET: Yes, but hold the Tofu. I hope she does write that book. Can
you imagine having a novelist among us?

KRISTIN: Well, they say everyone has a book inside them just waiting
to come out.

BRIDGET: That does sound familiar but only in reference to my first
experience with childbirth.

KRISTIN: I wish I had known you then Bridget. It's all about focus.

BRIDGET: I was very focused. Focused on the fact that I may as well
have tried to give birth to Hoss on Bonanza. Ransom did weigh in
at 11 lbs. 3 oz.

KRISTIN: Ransom... You know I have always loved his name. How did
you and Howard come across it anyway?

BRIDGET: If my midwife were going to compile HER memoirs, my
experience would be entitled, nurse held captive, patient gives birth
to Ransom!

KRISTIN: You held a nurse captive?

BRIDGET: She was just a student nurse. I was seven centimeters and
had (*Fingers in quotes.*) "stopped progressing." I then came to my
senses and gave up natural childbirth and demanded relief. The
nurse smiled and said, "Too Late!"

KRISTIN: Too late for what? The Demerol Ball?

BRIDGET: The epidural! I missed the “window!” I screamed, “forget the window and give me the damn door!” And I proceeded to grab that little nurse by her hemp necklace.

KRISTIN: Did you say hemp?

BRIDGET: Yes hemp!

KRISTIN: Hemp necklace? A nurse was wearing a necklace made from pot?

BRIDGET: I said she was a STUDENT nurse. And hemp is as strong as they say it is. That necklace held tight around her skinny little throat and I demanded that epidural, window or no window.

KRISTIN: Bridget, you ARE woman. Hear you roar AND take a hostage.

BRIDGET: Evidently word got out about the hemp noose I made for her and that anesthesiologist was there in seconds! I progressed just fine after that.

KRISTIN: Fascinating, but I hate to tell you, if I had delivered an eleven pounder I might have also demanded a diamond watch or something.

BRIDGET: Why did I not think of that? After four kids I could look like a Cartier advertisement! I guess I missed THAT window!

KRISTIN: Then my suggestion is break down the door! There's a Cartier just down the beach in that great big outlet mall.

BRIDGET: Thank goodness some developer was thinking of us ladies in case of rain or sunburn.

KRISTIN: Or jewels owed to us by a particularly harrowing childbirth experience.

BRIDGET and KRISTIN exit. LILAH enters from the bedroom in robe/pj's, plops down on the couch, and peruses a magazine. Next GRACE enters from the other bedroom in a robe/pj's carrying a tube of lotion.

LILAH: Isn't it funny how all these models rail against a tan, but when is the last time you saw a pasty white Cosmo girl?

GRACE: Of course, they don't risk their skin to the sun, and neither do I. (*Applying lotion to legs, arms, etc.*)

LILAH: Grace, I just spent two hours with you basking in the sun like an iguana on a rock. You're as tan as I am.

GRACE: I had on sunstopper 75.

LILAH: Then how are you so tan?

GRACE: I RUB it on. Celia sold me on it years ago. It's Lady Luverne's Luminosity Lover's Simulated Sunshine. Tan in a tube for short.

LILAH: Tan in a tube huh? Between my legal life and my family life, I guess I don't have much time to focus on things like simulated sunshine.

CELIA enters with a notebook and pen.

GRACE: It seems we haven't been completely abandoned. Celia, tell Lilah what you're up to.

CELIA: I'm writing my memoirs.

LILAH: And what part of your fascinating existence are you focused on?

CELIA: I'm on the part about Sister Saucyllito, the drag queen years.

GRACE: Don't even try to tell me that you used to be a man.

CELIA: You won't be laughing when my cosmetic counter chronicles is a best seller!

GRACE: I think it's a great idea.

CELIA: Time to get back to writing. *(Exits.)*

GRACE: I wish I could write my memoirs one day.

LILAH: Well, you can't because you would be forced to reveal your big secret! Lord knows I've been harboring quite a big secret myself so I'm not one to talk.

GRACE: Lilah, I tell you what. Tonight, we'll have some Margarita madness and have a little ceremony where we will both divulge our big secrets.

LILAH: Hmm.

SCENE 3

LILAH and GRACE are sitting around margarita pitchers and glasses in pajamas/robes. BRIDGET and KRISTIN enter carrying shopping bags. BRIDGET is wearing gaudy rhinestone jewelry.

GRACE: Looks like you ladies don't really need me after all to coach you in the self-indulgent category.

KRISTIN: Oh no, this isn't self-indulgence. This is PAYBACK! Have you ever heard the story of how Ransom got his name? I didn't know a person could even survive birthing a baby that big.

LILAH: You've never heard the Ransom story? She told all of us when we took that Disney cruise a couple of years ago. Never again! The next day I had a hangover, was sea sick, and I was surrounded by Giant Vermin!

KRISTIN: I cannot believe you chickened out at Cartier. What happened to I deserve it and breaking down the door?

BRIDGET: I just kept thinking about what all I could buy my kids with that much money.

GRACE: You're too good Bridget. If an eleven-pound baby had sprung forth from these loins I'd be wearing a damn diamond tiara. No, I'd be DEAD!

KRISTIN: Those Austrian crystals look almost as good anyway!

BRIDGET exits to bedroom and KRISTIN exits to other bedroom and they put on robes. CELIA enters from bedroom in pajamas/robe.

CELIA: I'm taking a break from my memoirs, I need some libation!

GRACE: Not as much as Lilah and I'll be needing tonight! We've decided to let you girls in on our deep dark secrets. So be gentle.

CELIA: Would we be anything else?

GRACE: Hmmm...

LILAH: Grace is right about the libation. She doesn't know it but I got a little head start.

GRACE: You mean you got started before this pitcher?

LILAH: Yes, and with this little extra courage, I've decided that I'm going first.

GRACE: Should someone do some kind of drum roll or something?

LILAH: Oh no, that won't be necessary. I've had enough of those already.

BRIDGET and KRISTIN enter.

CELIA: Have a seat ladies. Lilah has consumed a little liquid courage and is ready to tell us all about her secret and then it will be Grace's turn.

LILAH: I've decided to tell my secret through a series of clues. The first clue is money or lack thereof... *(Big pause.)*

KRISTIN: So Easy! Your secret is that you robbed a bank, but you were a juvenile and only got a couple of years for it! You were young. We understand!

BRIDGET: Criminal to attorney. It probably really prepared you for being a lawyer!

LILAH: My secret does not involve anything illegal. Second clue! Harvard Law School. *(Big pause.)*

BRIDGET: You cheated on your entrance exam somehow! Which is OK! That little infraction was a clear indicator that you would be a fine attorney!

LILAH: So ladies, we have thus far, NO money and acceptance to Harvard's Law School.

ALL: *(Nod slowly.)* Yeeeeees.

CELIA: I've got it! You had no money to pay for law school, so you convinced them you were Native American and that your birth name was something like Legal Eagle and you got a minority scholarship on false information.

LILAH: *(Takes a gulp from the margarita.)* Third clue. Heeeeeeeeeeeeeere's Ambrosia! *(Big pause.)*

KRISTIN: You held bake sales to get through law school?

CELIA: That doesn't seem right. Ambrosia isn't baked. I'm pretty sure it's a cold dessert.

LILAH: I thought somehow it would be easier telling this through clues, but it's not exactly going as planned.

CELIA: I definitely got lost in the fruit and coconut dessert somewhere.

LILAH: No Celia, I WAS Ambrosia.

CELIA: You were a fruit and coconut dessert?

LILAH: No, I became an exotic dancer and my stage name was Ambrosia!

Long pause. All except LILAH break out in laughter.

BRIDGET: Lilah! This adds a whole new dimension to the suit-wearing-conservative I know and love. Who knew under that Kasper suit was a coconut dessert clad only in a G-String!

GRACE: I'm just thinking about all the Thanksgivings your family has spent with us. There I am in the kitchen yelling, it's time for Ambroooooooooosia!

CELIA: And you paid for Harvard Law doing this?

LILAH: No loans, no debt, dancing three days a week on the stage at the Dancing Dollhouse!

CELIA: And that's the secret? And to think I paraded my Cinco de Mayos up and down Bourbon Street for free!

KRISTIN: Cheers to the only person without a trust fund who ever graduated Harvard Law with no debt. Innovative Business Woman of the Year... Ambrosia!

ALL: Cheers!

LILAH: That's a relief. I knew I could trust my friends not to judge me too harshly!

BRIDGET: Oh, everyone's got a past. Some are just more colorful than others. Most are just vanilla bean while yours is rainbow sherbet.

LILAH: See Grace, I told you that your secret would be nothing compared to mine!

GRACE: Well, I'm not so sure.

BRIDGET: Lilah's right. Unless you try to tell us your name used to be Bruce or something, I don't think it's going to hold a candle to the Dancing Queen over there.

GRACE: Yes, I'm sure you're quite a hard ACT to follow.

LILAH: That's OK. I expect some wise cracks out of you guys.

GRACE: I'll make a deal with you. I won't call you Ambrosia if you don't call me Mrs. Rogers.

LILAH: Mrs. Rogers? What do you mean?

GRACE: That's my secret. I am the former Mrs. Rogers.

KRISTIN: MRS. Rogers. Whoa! You were married to Mr. Rogers? How did you even get to meet him? What a huge age difference! And what is with that cardigan? Off. On. Off. On.

GRACE: Yes Kristin, I was married to Mr. Rogers, but not Fred Rogers in the Land of Make Believe, but Billy Ray Rogers of Ozark, Alabama.

KRISTIN: I thought you and Preston had been married forever.

GRACE: Well, Preston and I weren't married when I was seventeen which is the year I married Billy Ray.

CELIA: Grace, by today's standards that's practically a child bride!

KRISTIN: Not as much as if she would have married Mr. Rogers though.

LILAH: I never knew that Preston was your second husband.

GRACE: No one else did either except for a handful of people and now my best friends.

KRISTIN: I'm mixing another pitcher!

BRIDGET: This might possibly be a two pitcher story. One for each husband!

KRISTIN: Grace, we've just got to hear about this torrid romance with one Billy Ray Rogers that culminated in a pre-graduation wedding. Since it couldn't wait until June, he must have been quite a fellow.

GRACE: Quite a fellow he was. And if we HAD waited until June, I wouldn't have suffered the humiliation of knowing that it was my dear husband who funneled the most beer at our graduation party and was left nude in the stadium by his buddies.

CELIA: Sounds like quite a guy!

GRACE: It might not have been so bad if it had been AFTER the ceremony, but unfortunately my classmates and I all funneled ourselves into the stadium with my better half's naked buttocks staring us right in the face.

BRIDGET: Did they let him graduate?

GRACE: He was never even a candidate for graduation. He'd dropped out the year before.

BRIDGET: How in the world did you two hook up?

GRACE: I met Billy Ray at band practice.

KRISTIN: You were in the band?

GRACE: I was a majorette, but those band guys never paid this skinny girl very much attention.

CELIA: Honey, that's because they were all gay.

GRACE: Y'all are all wrong about band guys. I grant you, the flag twirler Eric is probably in Atlanta with a big feather boa wrapped around his neck. But the band guys were hot property!

LILAH: You know, now that I think about it, most of the band guys DID have girlfriends.

GRACE: Exactly! They always had these steady girlfriends who totally gave it up to them. They were getting more action than the whole football team put together.

BRIDGET: Can we get back to Billy Ray Rogers and his child bride?

GRACE: Anyway, Billy Ray would come to band practice to watch me. He was so sexy sitting in the bleachers, wearing his leather jacket, smoking Camels.

KRISTIN: Well, that twirling must have gone to your head! A smoker and Grace Callahan. You get all sneezy when I'm just burning a little incense!

BRIDGET: I know that stuff is supposed to be relaxing and all that but some of it just STINKS!

GRACE: Well, I should have known better than to get involved with Billy Ray. My mother always said, "Honey if a boy is not involved in any extracurricular activities then there has to be something wrong with him." Billy Ray was involved in extracurricular activities but not the kind a mother would approve of.

BRIDGET: First rule in life. Always listen to your momma.

GRACE: I should have known she was right. We slipped off and got married and I had to get a job at the Piggly Wiggly. He spent all the money I made on cigarettes and beer.

KRISTIN: This is so non-Grace! Lilah, your dancing days are not quite as shocking now.

LILAH: Watch out Grace, if I'm rainbow sherbet, I'm not sure what that makes you!

BRIDGET: Yeah, if this gets much seedier you'll be like all the flavors mixed, like an ice cream suicide.

GRACE: Haha! Well get to mixing because it gets worse. I came home from the Pig one night and what did I find in our single wide? Billy Ray had found himself a new majorette, Stella Anderson, the reigning Queen of the Miss Chicken Plucker Pageant.

Everyone but GRACE laughs.

GRACE: Oh! There were a lot of pretty girls in that pageant. The local chicken plant sponsored it. First prize was eggs for life.

CELIA: And everyone was talking about us cheerleaders. Ahuh!

GRACE: Anyway, I came to my senses, and started Clemson that fall.

BRIDGET: What ever happened to Billy Ray?

GRACE: He ended up with Stella Anderson living in a trailer. Not even the single or double wide kind but that little silver bullet kind you pull behind a truck or something. Billy Ray never did have much get up and go.

CELIA: And what about Miss Anderson, chicken pageant queen?

GRACE: She dropped out of school and ended up working in the chicken factory.

KRISTIN: She became a true to life miss chicken plucker minus the crown.

GRACE: She lost all her beauty in there though. I guess because of all that sulfurous air in the place. You do have to wonder. Do you pluck that chicken while it's still kicking? Or does it come down that conveyer belt already dead OR do you, God forbid, have to kill that chicken yourself?

LILAH: Sweetie, that's only for Stella Anderson, champion chicken plucker to know and Grace Callahan to never find out!

SCENE 4

KRISTIN is sitting on the floor practicing yoga. She does several positions and then starts to chant. BRIDGET is on the couch.

KRISTIN: Jai guru dayva... Jai guru dayva... aaaaahhhmmmm

BRIDGET: Hey, if I just sit and say that over and over and over what are the chances it will transform my body without doing all those pretzel shapes you do?

KRISTIN: Well, I guess if you're a firm believer in the power of positive thinking then maybe, there's a chance.

BRIDGET: Yeah, but then again exactly how many calories can you burn just thinking. Why do you keep saying that anyway? Why don't you just twist around without saying anything?

CELIA enters with notebook and pen.

KRISTIN: It's my mantra. It helps me relax.

CELIA: A mantra? Isn't she one of those long skinny bugs that eats the male after they've had sex?

BRIDGET: Celia that's a mantis. A praying mantis.

KRISTIN: Mantis! (*KRISTIN concurrently strikes the mantis yoga pose.*)

CELIA: Yeah, she'd better be praying. Any animal that eats her mate can't be getting a lot of action. It would suck to be a bug.

KRISTIN: And what makes you say that Celia? Bugs have their place on this earth.

CELIA: Well, besides the obvious downfall of having your mate consume you directly after an intimate moment, I don't know. Let me think. ... Some bugs only have a twenty-four hour life span.

BRIDGET: Yeah, twenty-four hours isn't a long time to relax or develop a hobby that's for sure. It's pretty much just grow up, eat, have baby bugs and die.

ALL: No kidding, definitely (*Etc.*)

BRIDGET: Hey wait a minute. My life doesn't seem to deviate from a bug's life much when it comes right down to it. It does suck to be a bug!

KRISTIN: Please Bridget, you've got a better life than an insect! You have hobbies and interests!

BRIDGET: Well, if you really think so Kristin, then refresh my memory because I'm having a hard time remembering what they are if I indeed possess them.

KRISTIN: Let's see. I'm thinking! You're always doing something with soccer.

BRIDGET: Yes I am. Providing the players with drinks and snacks. I'm not actually playing! I'm the team mother. As if four kids of my own weren't enough, I decided to take on an entire team!

CELIA: Oh come on Bridget. Surely you enjoy doing something in your spare time.

BRIDGET: Well, I think we've discovered the dilemma. Spare time for me is nonexistent.

CELIA: I used to have the same problem until one day I realized if it didn't have a clown on it, I didn't eat it. If it wasn't written by Dr. Seuss, I didn't read it, and if it had more than three or four letters, I didn't say it. I did nothing for me.

KRISTIN: What did you do that remedied your situation?

CELIA: I learned to say NO! It had two letters, not beyond my realm at the time. Just N-O.

BRIDGET: Easier said than done!

KRISTIN: Now Bridget, anyone who derives pleasure from saying Back Off Bitch at the Lady Luverne cosmetics counter can surely muster up enough gumption to say a simple NO.

CELIA: Kristin's right. When asked to bake one more cake for the cakewalk, just say no. No is a complete sentence.

KRISTIN: Maybe NO could be your new mantra, Bridget.

CELIA: Everyone should take note. I eat at a restaurant which bars children once a week and I read two trashy novels a month. Sometimes three. Taboo but true.

KRISTIN: Speaking of taboo, what do you ladies think of Grace's and Lilah's revelations?

CELIA: All I have to say is what a shame they didn't reveal all that stuff at the Lady Luverne counter while I was giving them a makeover. Those stories alone would have added two complete chapters to my memoirs!

KRISTIN: How are those memoirs coming along?

CELIA: I really think my book is going to be great, especially among all the grits out there!

BRIDGET: Grits? Are you going to turn your Lady Luverne Memoirs into a Lady Luverne cookbook?

KRISTIN: Oh yeah, a themed cookbook. Those are really popular right now. You could have Red Hot Angel ribs with Back off Bitch (*Bitty*) Bar-B-Q sauce.

CELIA: No ladies. Grits. G-R-I-T-S. Girls raised in the South. Grits just love books like mine. You guys remember the craze over the Sweet Potato Queens?! Memoirs of a Lady Luverne Consultant is sure to pique their interest.

BRIDGET: Well, I guess that makes me a grit. I'll preorder ten copies for my friends and family.

CELIA: My first order! I'd better get back to writing! (*Exits.*)

BRIDGET: Well, Kristin, what do you think of the Big Secret revelations?

KRISTIN: Water under the bridge. Like you said, we all have a past. I know Cinc-O de May-O will always have extra special meaning from now on. (*Yelled toward bedroom.*) Celia!

SCENE 5

BRIDGET and KRISTIN are sitting across from each other playing Scrabble.

KRISTIN: (*Placing the tiles on the board.*) I will use your A in “and” and form zapophile. I believe that makes me the winner.

BRIDGET: It would if I believed zapophile were actually a word.

KRISTIN: It is a word. It’s one of those people who can’t leave the television on one channel for more than a few seconds. They just keep zap, zap zapping the TV.

GRACE enters from the bedroom slowly, looking disturbed and holding a wad of clothes and folded letter.

BRIDGET: Grace, is everything alright? Honey we promise we won’t call you Mrs. Rogers anymore.

GRACE: I’m not worried about that. I’m worried about this. (*Holds out a folded piece of paper.*)

KRISTIN: What is it, Grace?

GRACE: It appears that a pair of Preston’s pants got wrapped up in my sarong.

BRIDGET: And HOW did that happen?

GRACE: A little role playing thing... I was a hula girl and OH—that’s not important. Anyway, I found this in the pocket. All I can see on the side is Love, Dixie Lynn.

BRIDGET: I’m sure it’s completely innocent whatever it is.

GRACE: This is serious! Dixie Lynn is one of Preston’s young office assistants.

KRISTIN: Dixie Lynn Lee? She’s that twenty-year-old slut that had an affair with Les Carter. She helped end a twenty-year marriage!

GRACE: I don’t have the nerve to read it. I’m too scared.

BRIDGET: Kristin, give that to me and go get Lilah and Celia.

KRISTIN exits.

BRIDGET: Grace, you're right where you need to be.

GRACE: I can't read it Bridget. You read it to me.

KRISTIN, CELIA and LILAH enter. CELIA has her notebook. EVERYONE gathers around.

BRIDGET: "Dearest Preston..." Grace, are you sure about this?

GRACE: Go ahead.

BRIDGET: "Dearest Preston, Oh, how you make me wait. You rascal."

Grace, if it's any consolation, rascal is spelled with a U.

LILAH: Slutty AND Brilliant.

BRIDGET: "You rasCUL. I am still waiting for an answer to my little proposition. It is so cool you are an internist. I'll be your intern anytime! Love, Dixie Lynn."

LILAH: It's OK Grace. It appears nothing has happened yet.

GRACE: Yet?!

LILAH: If I ever get my hands on her she will regret ever having looked at a married man.

BRIDGET: That's it! We need to get our hands on her and educate her twenty-year-old butt. *(Fist hits hand.)*

KRISTIN: Now wait a minute. Let's not get crazy. We need a plan.

CELIA: I've got a plan! Writing my memoirs has gotten my creative juices flowing.

GRACE: I'm willing to listen.

CELIA: Dixie knows that Preston is skiing in the Rockies with his buddies. Right?

GRACE: Right. Spring at the beach for the girls. Spring on the slopes for the boys!

CELIA: Bridget's right. We have to teach her a lesson, but first we need to have her here so that we CAN teach her a lesson. This is the plan. We send Dixie a message. It reads, "Dear Dixie, I'm ready to take you up on that proposition of yours. I'm tired of the cold. Let's meet at the beach! Yours forever and always, Preston."

KRISTIN: I am totally following this. I have the perfect place to capture a little floozy. Just a few doors down from here is a motel called "The Rendezvous."

BRIDGET: How appropriate!

ACT TWO, SCENE 1

LILAH, CELIA, BRIDGET, KRISTIN, and GRACE are down right. There is a motel desk down left. TRISHA is standing behind the desk in pink sponge rollers.

LILAH: We have the cash. Now we need a fake name to register under.

CELIA: How about Joan of Arc. She was a bad ass.

KRISTIN: Yeah. That's not suspicious at all. Just tell the desk clerk your middle name is OF.

LILAH: We need something normal like Jane Smith.

BRIDGET: They can see through that a mile away. I'm going in.

GRACE, LILAH, KRISTIN, and CELIA: No!

LILAH and GRACE approach the desk. GRACE clears her throat but TRISHA doesn't move. GRACE does it again. TRISHA doesn't move. TRISHA points to the RING BEL sign. GRACE rings bell.*

TRISHA: Can I help you?

LILAH: We'd like a room, please.

TRISHA looks back and forth between LILAH and GRACE assuming they are "together."

TRISHA: You want the special?

GRACE: The special?

TRISHA: Two hours. Ten dollars.

GRACE and LILAH look confused then LILAH understands.

LILAH: Oh, heavens no.

TRISHA: Hey, I gotta ask. We don't discriminate against life partners or afternoon partners for that matter.

GRACE: We're not partners of any sort.

LILAH: *(Under her breath.)* Except partners in crime.

GRACE: We just need a room for two nights. *(To LILAH.)* That should do it.

TRISHA: Name? (*GRACE panics. She stares wide eyed at TRISHA.*)

Name?

GRACE: Uh... Joan.

TRISHA: Joan...

GRACE: O... Arc.

TRISHA: (*Clueless, TRISHA writes on motel register.*) Joan... O... Arc.

ACT TWO, SCENE 2

The girls are dressed in Mardi Gras type masks in a cheesy motel room. BRIDGET, CELIA, and KRISTIN are playing cards at the table. LILAH is pacing and GRACE is sitting on the couch.

BRIDGET: This has to be the ugliest room I have ever, ever, been in, much less actually spent good money on.

LILAH: Just know that your five dollar share is going to a greater purpose.

KRISTIN: I almost fainted when I heard the total was twenty-five dollars! Talk about a cheap motel!

GRACE: Well, I almost fainted when she asked if we wanted the "special."

BRIDGET: What special might that be? I knew I should have gone in there with y'all.

LILAH: The special to which she refers was just ten dollars for two hours!

BRIDGET: Well what in the world could you do in just two hours?

Big pause.

LILAH: And this is the woman who has more children than the rest of us put together almost.

GRACE: Are you still wondering why we didn't take you in?

LILAH: Can you imagine what kind of answer the lady would have given when you asked, "What the heck can you do in just two hours?" I bet you would have found out 101 things you can do in two hours, 100 of which we can't mention in mixed company!

GRACE: The thing that really should have clued us in on the sheer tawdriness of this place was the desk clerk who was wearing pink sponge rollers and polyester pants.

CELIA: Polyester at the beach. What was she thinking?

LILAH: It's a twenty-five dollar a night no tell motel Celia. It's not like they were expecting the concierge from the Waldorf.

GRACE: My mother always said, "Some people live in mirrorless houses and it is quite evident who those people are."

KRISTIN: She doesn't live in a mirrorless house Grace... there are lots of mirrors. They're just on the ceiling.

CELIA: The Rendezvous's special is like the special for those little motorscooters you rent at the surf shop. You can ride them two hours for ten dollars too. That's really what should have clued us in on the caliber of the accommodations.

BRIDGET: Well, technically, this is Dixie Lynn's room so it would seem the accommodations are the APPROPRIATE caliber.

KRISTIN: Yeah, Dixie Lynn would have gotten all excited over the "special." (*Hands in Quotes. LILAH walks downstage to the "window."*)

LILAH: Speaking of motorscooters has anyone noticed how many there are in the parking lot?

CELIA: Well, isn't that lovely.

KRISTIN: They could change the name of the Rendezvous to the Hot Rod Rendezvous. SCOOT IN AND SCOOT OUT. Enjoy your rendezvous!

CELIA: You know, Red Hot Rendezvous would make a wonderful Lady Luverne shade.

LILAH: Celia, after you write your memoirs, which will I'm sure be a huge success, you should start your own cosmetics line.

CELIA: Well, I guess I never thought about that. Red Hot Rendezvous could be my first shade name. Now I don't know whether to focus my energies on my Tantalizing Tales or my own line of cosmetics. I have to think of a good name!

KRISTIN: I've got it!

BRIDGET: Here we go again.

KRISTIN: Celia's self-applied shimmer shade sensations.

CELIA: I love it!

BRIDGET: I'm not trying to change the subject from Celia's latest venture but shouldn't we wait until Trixie Dixie gets here before we actually wear the masks?

KRISTIN: Yeah. It's not like we're trying to hide from each other or anything.

LADIES take off the masks.

GRACE: Speak for yourself. I'm humiliated that we're even doing this at all.

LILAH: Someone has to teach this little floozy a lesson once and for all and who better to do it than us.

CELIA: Lilah, I must say that I am, for one, surprised at your involvement in all this. Usually you're so.... I don't know... straight laced.

BRIDGET: Are you referring to the Dancing Queen? Remember Celia, this beach trip has revealed all kinds of things about us Miss Cinc-O de May-O.

KRISTIN: If anyone can teach that little tramp a lesson it's us. We're like sirens from the South singing to our prey. And as soon as Dixie Lynn walks thru that door...

Knock, knock, knock. EVERYONE freezes.

LILAH: Don't just sit there. Get your masks on ladies! (*EVERYONE puts their masks on except for GRACE, looking unsure.*)

DIXIE: (*Offstage.*) Preeeeeeeeeeeston! It's Dixie! I've come all the way from South Carolina to warm you up!

Defiantly GRACE puts on her mask. LILAH opens the door and yanks DIXIE LYNN who is holding an overnight bag into the room by the wrist and LILAH slams the door.

BRIDGET: Come on in! You must be Dixie Lynn!

DIXIE: The one and only!

GRACE: The world can now breathe a collective sigh of relief.

DIXIE: I'm not sure how you know my name, but I'm pretty sure I have the wrong room. (*DIXIE tries to leave. LILAH steps in front of door.*)

LILAH: You have the right room... Preston will be right out.

DIXIE: You know Preston? Does he know y'all are here?

LILAH: Oh yes. You see Preston has a little surprise for you.

DIXIE walks around looking each lady up and down and begins to smile.

DIXIE: Preeeeeeston! You come out here you sly devil and let me know what you have in mind with this ... carnival like atmosphere.

CELIA: Yes, we're a regular cirque de soleil!

BRIDGET: Later I'm going to do things with my body that have never been attempted in the free world.

DIXIE: *(Sarcastically.)* Oh my. I can't wait for that!

KRISTIN: Oh there's going to be a carnival alright, and Dixie, little do you know, YOU are the main attraction!

DIXIE: Really?!!! *(She draws out the word.)*

KRISTIN: *(Mocking DIXIE.)* Really!!!

DIXIE: Oh Preeeeeeston! The main attraction is here. I don't have a mask, but I have a costume! *(Drops off coat revealing outrageous boudoir attire.)*

ALL: *(Gasp.)*

DIXIE: I don't know what's going on here, but where is Preston and why are y'all still here? ... *(Has an epiphany. She walks around, surveying the ladies.)* Preston, you naughty boy!!! Are you all strippers?

CELIA: Well, one of us is a FORMER stripper. *(BRIDGET pops CELIA.)*

LILAH: Why, YES Dixie. We ARE strippers! Yes, we're ahh from the Dancing Dollhouse just down the road and Preston told us to keep you company for a while until he gets back. He's actually gone to get you a surprise. He'll be back soon.

DIXIE: Y'all look a little old to be strippers.

CELIA: Well, I don't know about the rest of you but I prefer to be called exotic dancer. *(Does a little shake move as if she's starting to believe it.)*

KRISTIN: Miss Dixie, it might be hard to believe this, but some men find older women attractive and refined.

DIXIE: Well, I don't. Preston's wife is old. She's like thirty-five or something. He needs to trade her in on a new model and that newer, more improved model is ME!

BRIDGET: Dixie, are you familiar with an Edsel?

DIXIE: No, I don't believe I am. Is that some kind of new, you know, device?

BRIDGET: *(Pauses then gasps.)* What? OOOOOHHH!!! Nothing like that.

DIXIE: I just couldn't believe it when I got Preston's message. I thought he'd never come around.

BRIDGET: Well, you know men and from what we understand you REALLY KNOW men. Sometimes they just need some prodding.

DIXIE: Like with an Edsel?!

BRIDGET: Yes, like with an Edsel.

DIXIE: Why do y'all have those funny masks on right now? Surely you don't have to wear those until Preston gets back and you guys do... whatever it is you're here to do.

CELIA: No, no. Preston requested that we wear these. You know how mysterious Preston can be.

DIXIE: Yeah, it's a mystery to me why he's waited this long to experience "The Dixie."

CELIA: Oh my. We want you to know he's come to his senses now and he's ready to I don't know... visit Dixieland.

DIXIE: Did he SAY that?!!!!

CELIA: He sure did! Actually he sang it *(Singing.)* "Away, away, away down sooooouuuuutthhhh! *(Her hand runs down her chest to her crotch.)*

LILAH: *(Interrupting.)* Oh Preston is a real prize. Anyone can see that!

DIXIE: Did you know he's an internist?

LILAH: NO! An internist?! Well, that's impressive!

DIXIE: Yes it is impressive! At first I thought he could only treat interns, you know like Monica Lewinsky, but pretty much he can treat any sick person out there... including Monica Lewinsky!

GRACE: Is that right? So I have to conclude from all this that he could treat you too if need be?

DIXIE: Yes indeedy! Preston could intern me anytime... inside or out.

BRIDGET: *(Aside to KRISTIN.)* We should INTERN her. *(Then loudly to DIXIE.)* I hear the Gulags are nice this time of year!

CELIA: Do you mean the islands with all those strange, weird animals?

BRIDGET: Celia, that's the Galapagos Islands.

CELIA: Well, excuse me.

DIXIE: Did you say the Gulags are nice this time of year? I know what's going on. Preston is taking me on a trip. Are y'all travel agents? This must be some trip.

BRIDGET: It's a TRIP alright.

DIXIE: I want everything to be perfect! Even though I LOVE it here. (*Looking around the room.*) And by the way did you see you can rent this place by the hour?

LILAH: NO!

DIXIE: YES! I love that!

GRACE: Preston thought you might!

DIXIE: Well, anyway, I want everything to be perfect with Preston the... FIRST TIME. If the Gulags are really nice, then maybe Preston and I could go there from here!

GRACE: Splendid idea!

LILAH: Oh no. I'm afraid that won't be possible.

DIXIE: Well, why won't it be possible? My Preston can afford it. That's for sure.

LILAH: (*Clearly making it up as she goes along.*) The reason you can't go to the Gulags is BECAUSE ... Castro is just never going to die.

GRACE: Castro?

LILAH: (*To GRACE.*) Shhh.

DIXIE: Who's Castro and what does whether he's dead or alive have to do with anything?

LILAH: You see Dixie, technically, the Gulags, as beautiful and scenic as they may be, are owned unfortunately... by Cuba.

DIXIE: I knew they were close to Cuba!

BRIDGET: In just this short time we've had with you Dixie Lynn, it has become quite apparent that nothing gets by you!

GRACE: Certainly no MEN do.

LILAH: Anyway! American policy strictly forbids us from visiting Cuba.

DIXIE: Or the Gulags?

LILAH: Yes, Dixie, or the Gulags. I rest my case.

DIXIE: You know you sound more like a lawyer than a dancer.

CELIA: Do you really think so? Because that is so ironic. You see—

DIXIE: Well, you should be glad you're a stripper and NOT a lawyer because my daddy says that lawyer is just another word for liar.

KRISTIN: Well, I know being the red-blooded exotic dancer that I am, you will never find a more honest lot than us.

BRIDGET: Yes, honest exotic entertainers. That's us.

CELIA: Just like Honest Abe.

DIXIE: Is he a rapper?

BRIDGET: Have you ever heard of the Gettysburg Address?

DIXIE: No.... Did you say GHETTOsburg or Gettysburg?

BRIDGET: Gettysburg. I'm surprised you haven't heard of it. It's one of his biggest hits. Have you ever heard of the Constitution? It's been out a little longer.

LILAH: Yes, I actually have a little routine I perform to it... Honest!

DIXIE: Well, I'll have to check that out! Look, I've really had fun hanging out with y'all, but now that I've kind of gotten to know y'all, it would be kind of weird for me if Preston came back and wanted me to DO SOMETHING with y'all. *(There is a pause.)*

ALL: Oh yes, we agree. *(Etc.)*

GRACE: I assure you Dixie Lynn, not half as weird as it would be for us.

DIXIE: Where is Preston? Maybe he's out buying something real nice or planning our romantic getaway.

GRACE: I wouldn't hold my breath if I were you.

DIXIE: Well, IRREGARDLESS, I'm going to tidy up.

CELIA: I'll show you around.

DIXIE takes her bag and exits into bedroom.

BRIDGET: That would seem somewhat IRREDUNDANT, showing Dixie Lynn around the bedroom don't you think?

CELIA: Maybe I can find something to entertain her for a little while. *(CELIA exits into bedroom.)*

BRIDGET: Why would that be a challenge since technically we are all professional ENTERTAINERS here?

KRISTIN: OK Lilah, miss mastermind, how do you suppose we are going to teach this little lady of the night a lesson?

DIXIE: *(Yelling from offstage.)* There's a slot for a quarter! Well, nirvana! A vibrating bed!

KRISTIN: For heaven's sake, we'd better teach her a lesson quick or that vibrating bed might not survive for the next rendezvousers!

LILAH: Let's think about this. How do we all think Dixie Lynn should be dealt with?

BRIDGET: Well, my idea won't work, they outlawed the guillotine years ago.

GRACE: The guillotine is a little too quick in my opinion. I vote torture.

BRIDGET: Torture is good. She definitely needs to suffer for trying to steal Preston.

GRACE: I've suffered for that man! When I was pregnant, I gained fifty pounds and had to suffer through a summer in the 100's with no air conditioning. We were poor as dirt while Preston was in medical school.

LILAH: That's it!

GRACE: What's it, Lord of the Dance? While you were at the Dancing Dollhouse, I looked like a bloated melon, one of those that sprays out its insides like a geyser when it rots.

KRISTIN: Yuck, Grace!

GRACE: Well, imagine how I felt, much less how I looked!

LILAH: Selective torture may be just the thing we're looking for.

GRACE: What are you getting at?

LILAH: I'm just saying a little empathy, albeit forced might be good for Miss Dixie.

CELIA enters from bedroom.

CELIA: Quick! Everyone give me all your quarters. The bed has seven different programs. It should keep her occupied for a while. She's trying to rate them all before Preston gets back.

KRISTIN: In case you don't recall Celia, Preston is not coming back, especially since he was never even here!

CELIA: Have y'all come up with a plan?

LILAH: Yes, it involves making Dixie Lynn suffer through some of the same things we've suffered through.

GRACE: A nicer way to say torture her.

BRIDGET: Too bad we can't recreate child birth!

KRISTIN: We are so going to jail.

DIXIE enters.

DIXIE: Did you get the quarters?

CELIA: Ahm No, but ah, we just got a call from Preston and he requested that we tie you up so he can come in and pretend you're a damsel in distress.

DIXIE: REALLY?! I knew he was a romantic!!! Well, get to tying. No, wait. You should tie me to the bed!

GRACE: That's a brilliant idea! (*CELIA and DIXIE exit to the bedroom.*)

SCENE 3

KRISTIN, BRIDGET, and CELIA are playing cards at the table. LILAH is leaning against the bedroom door and GRACE is on the couch. ALL have margaritas that are almost empty.

KRISTIN: Well, I never thought I'd say my husband was right but he was!

BRIDGET: What was he so right about?

KRISTIN: He used to say, (*In a deep, crazy voice.*) "One day you girls are going to end up in a heap of trouble Kristin!"

LILAH: Have you ever noticed when any of us tries to relate something our husband has said we give them this crazy voice for some reason?

CELIA: We all do it. It's just one of those things women do.

KRISTIN: Well Celia, I'll tell you what women don't do! They don't sit around sipping margaritas while they try to decide what to do with their hostage!

CELIA: Well since we're not asking for a ransom then she's more like a prisoner instead of a hostage. Isn't that right Bridget?

BRIDGET: That's right. We could say prisoner, captive or even detainee, but not hostage.

KRISTIN: Well thank goodness we got that cleared up. I feel so much better now about our prisoner!!!!

LILAH: Kristin, what is that old Native American legend you're always saying?

KRISTIN: Ahhmmmm... Question authority, for a chief may have many feathers but so does a turkey?

LILAH: No, it involves moons and shoes.

KRISTIN: I think I'm being a bit distracted by the whole kidnapping thing. I have a lot on my mind right now... like the hostage.

CELIA: I think we've been over this, technically she's a prisoner.

KRISTIN: Hostage, prisoner, whatever!!!! The fact is we have another human being tied up in the bedroom, so technically we're kidnappers, criminals, felons!

LILAH: Celia, we'll be needing another round don't you think? Make Kristin's a double.

BRIDGET: It sure was easy convincing Dixie Lynn that we needed to tie her up because Preston wanted to pretend she was a damsel in distress.

LILAH: I've never seen anyone so eager to be detained.

GRACE: I can see her right now tied up with a smile on her face a mile wide.

BRIDGET: I don't know Grace. It has been a while. Surely, she's suspicious by now.

GRACE: Bridget, this is "The Dixie" we're talking about. (*Mocking DIXIE'S shrill voice.*) "Oh, Preeeeeston! How you make me wait!"

BRIDGET: So true.

KRISTIN: I remember! That Native American legend is, don't judge another person until you've walked many moons in his moccasins.

LILAH: That's it! I would like to know who here, if they were in Grace's shoes and Dixie Lynn was hot after your husband, who would not want to do something about it? After her rendezvous with Les Carter, it's too late for his wife, but any of us could potentially become Les Carter's wife with Dixie Lynn on the prowl.

CELIA: Becoming Mildred Lou Carter is really hard for me to visualize. She has a real problem with facial hair. You could practically braid that stuff.

LILAH: Anyway! The point is we need to stop Dixie Lynn right now, and put an end to her antics. She could do this to any of us, not just Grace, or Mildred Carter. We have to seize the opportunity! Yes, we may have taken her freedom, TEMPORARILY, but she will NEVER take our peachy little lives! (*Very William Wallace-esque.*)

BRIDGET: I'm in!

KRISTIN: After that counselor, how could I NOT be in?

GRACE nods indicating that she is in.

CELIA: Not only am I in, but I have a plan! The first order of business is getting a new disguise!

GRACE: This disguise better be good! I would die of humiliation if Preston found out I was doing this!

BRIDGET: Well, Mrs. Rogers, don't get too upset about it. I'm sure if Preston knows about Life with Billy Ray the Teen Years, he wouldn't let a silly kidnapping of a female rival upset him.

GRACE: Oh thank you Bridget. Now that you've put everything in perspective for me I feel like all of this is validated!

BRIDGET: Well in my eyes it IS a validated kidnapping!

CELIA: I agree. It's practically the MANSLAUGHTER of kidnapping. I bet the sentence probably wouldn't be that bad even if we did get caught.

BRIDGET: I'd be a lot more scared if we got blackballed from the country club for being felons.

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