

AUBREY, ENNIS
JIMMY WY p. 36

PEACHES. (*Snaps out of it.*) Hold on! Speaking of jail, how'd you get out?! Why are you here?! And where's Grover?

JIMMIE WYVETTE. (*Feigns innocence.*) Oh, I'm sure he's out there ... somewhere ... ridin' herd over the criminal element.

PEACHES. Wait a minute! (*Re: handcuffs.*) What do you call *that*!?

JIMMIE WYVETTE. Uh ... bracelet shaped like handcuffs. Everyone's wearin' 'em. Now, stop fixatin' on me and get them cloths on the tables and make it quick! (*Peaches exits through the stage right door. Calls after her.*) We've got bigger things to worry about than that! (*Aubrey hurries in from the stage left door.*)

AUBREY. I did it! I pulled it off! I knew I could and I did! Yep, I hesitate to use the word "genius," but I won't protest if *others* do!

JIMMIE WYVETTE. What are you carryin' on about, Uncle Aubrey?

AUBREY. I have just struck a blow for super seniors everywhere! Just 'cause a guy's over ninety doesn't mean there ain't still some gas in the tank! I've just proved how powerful *my* sex appeal really is! (*Ennis shuffles in as fast as she can, her large purse in hand.*)

ENNIS. Okay, you wore me down, Handsome! Any feller who brings a gal a bucket of fresh collards by eight in the morning is one macho hombre in my book! (*To Jimmie Wyvette.*) Even a fine, strong Texas woman such as myself needs a little T.L.C. every half-century or so.

AUBREY. Yeah, I figured those collards would finally get to you. Come here, Luscious. (*Starts toward her, his arms out for a hug.*)

ENNIS. Hold on, Animal! (*Pulls spray disinfectant and a cloth from her purse, sprays the cloth, and quickly wipes his arms down.*) Alright, lay one on me. (*He gives her a hug and she pulls away.*) Okay, that's enough! Now listen, Della's got her a bad jealous streak. She's liable to turn green with envy and die if she finds out about us. So this here doesn't leave the room.

AUBREY. Anything you say, Honey Bun.

ENNIS. Good. And should it slip your mind that I'm your *only* girl ... (*Squeezes his oxygen tube, cutting off his air.*) this oxygen tank of yours might roll away one mornin' when you're not lookin'. (*Lets go of the tube.*)

AUBREY. (*Turned on.*) Ooh, I do love me a forceful woman! (*Pinches her butt and she yelps. He shuffles as fast as he can to the stage left door and slaps his own butt.*) Come and get it, Sugar Lips! (*Cackles and exits, with Ennis on his heels.*)

ENNIS. Oh, I'm gonna get it, alright, Feisty Britches! (*Exits.*)

STOP