

OBEDIAH. You're too far in now! You got no choice! (*"Pulls" Dewey rapidly out the stage right door. Dewey sticks his head back in.*)
DEWEY. Hey, Peaches, it was real nice to see — (*Obediah reaches in and "yanks" Dewey's head back out the door. Beat.*)
PEACHES. You know, all this makes working with dead people so much more appealing. (*Blackout.*)

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Scene 3

It's seven-thirty that night. In the black, we hear a high school band finishing a high school fight song, applause, laughter, and happy party noises. Then:

CEE CEE. (*Voiceover.*) Hi, everybody! This is Cee Cee Windham, coming to you in a *live* simulcast on cable access *and* radio from the bandstand on Main Street, where the final reunion of all graduating classes of Sweetgum High is in full swing! With me is Tanzie Lockhart, the picture of elegance, who will be honored as our distinguished alumna. And accompanying her is none other than the governor of the state of Texas! So tickled to have you here, Governor. Would you like to say a few words to our audience?

MAN. (*Voiceover. Garbled, unintelligible.*) Blurblah, blug, plug!

CEE CEE. (*Voiceover.*) Well, looks like the governor is enjoying our famous guacamole, so maybe we'll get those words of wisdom once he's swallowed some of that down. After we hear from tonight's sponsor, Ponder's Bible and Tire Outlet, we'll go to Harley and his Reunion Cam so you can enjoy the sights and sounds of the festivities. And later, I'll be here to emcee tonight's Special Presentations. In the meantime, *Go, Buccaneers!* (*Two hours later. We hear the final strain of the high school fight song as lights come up. Wide Bride is neat and clean. Laughter and music filter in from the party. Cee Cee, in her graduation cap and gown, enters from the stage right door, calling to someone on the street.*)

CEE CEE. ... Yeah, it's a great turnout, Zelma! You and the girls better hurry down to Dilbeck's Hardware, they're taking class pictures! ... You bet! This is fun, fun, fun! (*Shuts the door, drops the enthusiasm, and races to the stage left door.*) Oh, this is bad, bad, bad.