

Dewey (his puppet  
Obediah)  
Peaches

P39-40

(Dewey enters from the stage right door quietly, with his right hand concealed inside his jacket. He tiptoes up behind Peaches.)

DEWEY. (Low.) Hi! (Peaches jumps, startled.) Oh, sorry. You wanted to see me?

PEACHES. (Collects herself.) Uh ... yeah. We *are* alone, right?

DEWEY. (Low.) Technically. Obediah's taking his afternoon nap. As long as we keep it down, we should be alright.

PEACHES. (Deep breath. Low.) O-kay. Dewey, when you first came in here, you were just so handsome and so nice and had all that hair and ... well, I let that sidetrack me. The reality is, this party is very important for my cousins and me, and I've got to be totally focused on our work. (Without drawing their attention, Obediah slowly rises up out of Dewey's coat.) It was selfish of me to make a date for tonight, so I think it would be best if, umm, we all go separately to the party ... separately.

DEWEY. (Disappointed.) Oh. Well, if that's how you feel, then —

OBEDIAH. (Explodes.) I knew it! I knew she'd do this! (Peaches recoils.)

DEWEY. You've got it all wrong, Obediah. Peaches just wants to —

OBEDIAH. Chicks always mean trouble. Especially drop-dead gorgeous ones like *her* who've got big, beautiful eyes, ruby-red lips, curves in the right places, legs that go all the way up to —

DEWEY. Stop it, Obediah! Don't say that!

PEACHES. (Flattered.) Wait! Maybe we *should* let the puppet talk.

OBEDIAH. Don't you get it?! If *she* won't give you another chance, *no one* in this town is gonna. I knew we shouldn't come to this reunion! But nooo, you had to come back for one more kick in the teeth. You wanted to show people we made something of ourselves. But guess what? *They don't care!*

DEWEY. Just calm down, Buddy.

OBEDIAH. They laughed at us, booed us off the stage at the talent show, remember?! (Snarls.) People in this town never took us seriously. Well, after tonight, *they'll have to!*

PEACHES. What are you talking about?

OBEDIAH. You'll see! I knew it would turn out like this. So I've got a little entertainment I've been planning for months! C'mon, Davenport, we've got scores to settle. ("Pulls" Dewey toward the stage right door.)

DEWEY. (Grabs Obediah with his other hand.) No! I'm not going to be part of this! ("Pulls" Obediah back toward center stage. Obediah "stops him.")

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.*)

CEE CEE p 40

### 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.