

PEACHES, p 17

ENNIS
DELLA } p 17-18
AUBREY

Scene 5

Four days later. Lights come up on the Verdeens' wedding boutique. An attractive sign reading "Wide Bride" is on the upstage wall, above a door to a dressing/storage room. A door to the alley is on the stage left wall, and the front door to Main Street is on the stage right wall. A large work-table sits upstage center, with bolts of fabric and a wooden yardstick on it, along with an artificial prototype of a wedding cake. Stage left of the work-table is a mannequin that wears one of Jimmie Wyvette's custom plus-size bridal creations. Downstage right is a work-station, with a phone and two chairs. Downstage left is a two-seater couch, an upholstered chair, and a side table. The phone rings again and again as Peaches runs in from the upstage door, a wedding veil in her hands.

PEACHES. *(Drops veil on work-table, calls.)* I'm coming! Hold your water! Hold — *(Grabs the receiver. Then, sweetly.)* This is Wide Bride, your source for big gowns for big girls on their big, beautiful day ... *(Flirty.)* Hey there, DeVurl! I sure am lookin' forward to going to the reunion with you Friday night, you handsome devil, you ... *(Surprised.)* What do you mean?! ... *(Anger rises.)* You cannot do this to me, DeVurl McSpadden! Today is Tuesday! How am I supposed to find another date in three days?! ... *(Furious.)* Well, you've *always* known that I'm a mortuarial cosmetologist and I only do it part-time now that I'm workin' here with my cousins ... *(Seethes.)* It *offends your finer sensibilities*?! Know what, DeVurl? That's a steamin' pile! You're just not man enough to go out with a woman who can stare death in the face and put lipstick on it! I won't forget this, so don't come whining to me next time a dog-faced McSpadden needs to be torted up for roll-call at the Pearly Gates! *(Slams down the phone. Frazzled.)* Am I the only woman in McTwayne County with man problems?! *(Ennis Crowder Puckett, blunt and no-nonsense, carrying a large purse, enters from the stage right door with her sister, Della Crowder, a feisty, sweet-faced little old lady, who carries a sewing bag filled with knitting and needles.)*

ENNIS. Alright, Peaches, where's that lust-crazed uncle of yours?

DELLA. See, there's a little matter we need to set him straight on ... before Ennis does something to him that we'll both be sorry for.

PEACHES. Oh. Well, I'm sorry, Miss Ennis, Miss Della, he hasn't dropped by this morning. But you're welcome to wait for him ... unless there's the chance violence might break out.

ENNIS. We'll wait, but no promises. *(Goes to the downstage right table, pulls spray disinfectant and a cloth from her purse, cleans the chair's seat, and sits. Della starts to sit.)* Hold it, Della! You never know what kind of filth folks drag into a public place. *(Sprays and wipes Della's chair.)* Sit!

DELLA. *(Sits, pulls out needles and yarn and knits. Sweetly.)* My, what a lovely bridal boutique. If I was a porker in love, you'd certainly have my business! *(Aubrey enters from the stage right door.)*

AUBREY. *(Delighted.)* Well, looka here at this room full of gorgeous! Must be my lucky day! Not *one* Crowder sister, but *two*! Welcome to —

ENNIS. Save it, Gigolo!

DELLA. We got your note asking us to be your double date to the reunion and, although it's flattering and all, we've come to tell you —

ENNIS. To hit the cold shower, Buster. Once we heard Mama Doll Hargis dumped you, we *figured* you'd come rootin' around. But we're not interested, never will be! You've been a hound-dog skirt-chaser ever since high school and you haven't changed a bit.

DELLA. And since you were an upperclassman, it's with all due respect that we want to make it clear you're not gettin' anywhere near *our* goodies.

AUBREY. Ladies, I meant no harm. *(Bows low.)* I beg your pardon. *(Beat.)* And now I also beg one of you to help me stand back up.

ENNIS. Nothin' doin'. *(Starts for the stage right door.)* There's not enough disinfectant in the world that could get me to touch you, Lover Boy. Come on, Sister! *(Exits the stage right door. Della follows.)*

PEACHES. *(Helps Aubrey up.)* Well, I guess it's good to know where you stand with them.

AUBREY. It sure is! *(Delighted.)* And how I *love* a challenge!

PEACHES. You've got to be kidding! Those two are serious, Uncle Aubrey. It could be dangerous to chase either one of those women!

AUBREY. It might've been in the old days, but once I hit ninety, I threw caution to the wind. That's why I eat enchiladas after seven P.M., drink Ensure with a bourbon chaser, and go all the way on the first date ... 'cause at my age, there may not be a second one. Carpe diem, Baby!