

GIRLS

38 BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS

Incl. Shy
Angel
Jewel

(Beat. MISS MONA appears at the edge of the lighted area. ANGEL notices her presence.)

ANGEL. (Continued.) Okay, hunny. I got to ring off now. Mommy loves you. 'Bye, 'bye.

(ANGEL is near tears as SHE hangs up. MISS MONA comes to her now.)

MISS MONA. We'll see if we can't work it so you get the curse around Christmas Eve, all right?

ACT ONE

SCENE 6

START

Lights come up on Parlor. DAWN, wearing an outrageous outfit, enters followed by BEATRICE.

DAWN. I just hope them Aggies don't win that ol' football game.

BEATRICE. How come?

DAWN. Aw, they're always sayin' howdy and goin' Yee Haw. It just sounds so country.

BEATRICE. Not near as country as you look in that Frederick's of Hollywood outfit.

(SHY has entered, CENTER, wearing a 1950's ballgown and GINGER is fitting it for her.

LINDA LOU rolls on in MISS MONA's wheelchair.)

LINDA LOU. (Teasing.) Hey, Shy, how was that ol' boy last night?

SHY. Aw, he was all right.

(The OTHER GIRLS join in the teasing.)

DAWN. Yeah, what kind of date did he want?

BEATRICE. He looked to me like the eight dollar Tuesday night special type.

(The GIRLS all laugh.)

SHY. Naw, naw—He gave me fifteen dollars.

BEATRICE. Fifteen, huh?

LINDA LOU. Well, hello Mrs. Rockefeller!

(GIRLS all laugh. SHY isn't sure how to take it.)

GINGER. Ya'll just stop pickin' on her. I know how she feels. I still tell my Mama that I work in the Five and Dime.

LINDA LOU. Well, Hunny, you ain't lyin'.

(MONA enters with ANGEL)

MONA. All right now, Girls, you better get your behinds to work 'cause Jewel ain't gonna be here to help you all out.

LINDA LOU. I ain't movin'. The only rest I get around here is when I faint!

GIRLS. Awwww!

ANGEL. What's all the decorations for?

MISS MONA. The football players.

GINGER. Miss Mona, do we have to wear them ball gowns again?

MISS MONA. Yes you do and I don't want to hear any bitchin' about it this year either. Now you see hunny I try to create a homecoming dance kinda atmosphere.

ANGEL. It's gonna take me 20 minutes just to get in and out of the thing.

MISS MONA. Not these. Show her, Ginger.

(GINGER grasps SHY's dress and tears it off with one swift jerk.)

GINGER. Velcro!

(JEWEL enters.)

BEATRICE. Wow! Look at you!

LINDA LOU. Hey, Jewel, what're you sellin' today.

JEWEL. Hunny, I'm goin' to town with my man, and what I been watchin' you girls sell all week? Well, your Mama's gonna give it away tonight. And I'm gonna have one hell of a time doin' it, too. 'Cause when you only got twenty four hours off, you

gotta make every minute count.

END