

JOANNE. Oklahoma City... a couple years back.

SISSY. Oklahoma City?! (*Laughs.*) How the hell could he be in Oklahoma City when...

JOANNE. It's true.

SISSY. Prove it!

JOANNE. (*Directly to her.*) Sissy, let's just say I know... an' leave it at that, O.K.?

SISSY. No, you started this an' I wanna hear. I ain't afraid of your lies.

JOANNE. (*Gives in.*) Don't say I didn't warn you.

SISSY. O.K., I'm warned. What the hell were you doin' in Oklahoma City, anyhow?

JOANNE. Actually, I went there with the intention of seeing you... I had heard you were living there and thought I'd show up on your doorstep, and surprise you... but, somewhere around the city limits, I lost my courage and ended up in some downtown bar instead... I'd had one or two drinks and was up on this platform leaning on the juke-box singing along to some record that was playing... you remember, like we used to... The record plays and you move your mouth and pretend you're Eydie Gorme.

SISSY. You can move your mouth an' pretend all you want 'cause you don't know crap from Christmas.

JOANNE. We'll see. Anyhow, there I was, singing away to myself when I glanced out over the crowd and floating over a cloud of cigarette smoke was this face... a face from the past that jumped out to jar loose a whole lot of locked up memories. He sure was giving me the once-over. His eyes were glued to my boobs just like the first time we en-

countered each other. He smiled that big dumb smile of his and came on over to the juke-box... said he had to tell me how much he loved my singin'... that I sounded just like Eydie Gorme. He invited me to join him for a drink, which I did... bourbon and water, wasn't it, Sissy? (*SISSY turns away.*) Well, that one led to another, and another, and then he began to pour out the woeful tale of the wife he left behind him, the "Ex-Queen of the Dixie Roller Rink" from McCarthy, Texas who had boobs the size of watermelons. He really thought she was "something"... thought so since their high school days when they'd get together for "hanky-panky" in the old graveyard. He was crazy over them watermelons of hers... They really won him over... They got married eventually and were living happily-ever-after, until... one day the watermelons just disappeared... went away, and... so did... (*SHE stops suddenly with remorse.*) I'm sorry, Sissy... I went too far.

STELLA. Don't stop now, for Chrissake. I wanna know where the hell the watermelons went.

MONA. Sissy, I told you not to marry him... that he never really loved you.

SISSY. (*Sharply to her.*) He did too love me... he worshipped me. (*To JOANNE.*) He told you that, didn't he?... He told you he loved me?

JOANNE. (*Simply.*) Yes, he... did...

SISSY. (*Squeezing her arms to her body, SHE turns away.*) He said that it was repulsive to him... that it disgusted him. (*Lowering her head.*) Oh, God... I begged them not to take them, but they said