

JUANITA. (*Entering from the back room.*) What are you so all-fired up about, Sissy?

SISSY. (*Flashes the newspaper at her.*) You two are never gonna guess what's in today's "Odessa-American!"

JUANITA. News of a rain storm comin'?

SISSY. (*Smugly.*) Nope... the "Ice Capades."

JUANITA. The what?!

SISSY. The "Ice Capades"... They're comin' to the Ector County Coliseum for three whole days... and that's not all... (*SHE spreads the newspaper out over the table.*) Read... read what it says here in this article... They're goin' to hold tryouts to find new skaters to join up with 'em... My God, when I read that, my heart skipped four beats. It's my big chance... the chance of my lifetime!

JUANITA. (*Dumbly.*) To do what?

SISSY. What do you mean, to do what?... ice skate with 'em, that's what.

MONA. (*Laughing.*) You?

SISSY. Well, I ain't talkin' 'bout my Aunt Sally.

JUANITA. The only skatin' you know how to do is roller skatin', an' you ain't done none of that since the Dixie Roller Rink closed up nearly ten years ago.

SISSY. Skatin's, skatin'. I don't care if you do it on rollers, ice... or water, for Chrissake. It's all just a matter of balance an' form... an' God knows my form is well balanced. (*SHE throws out her chest to them.*)

MONA. Aren't you just a little late into life for somethin' like that?

SISSY. Late for you, maybe... but I'm just be-ginnin'. Hell, you'd think from the way you two are talkin' I was nearly over the hill, an' ready for a wheelchair.

JUANITA. You'd be less apt to break your neck wheelin' on ice, than skatin' on it.

(MONA joins her in a laugh.)

SISSY. You're gonna be laughin' outta the other side of your mouth... just wait an' see.

MONA. That sure is some fancy new dress you're wearin' there, Sissy. Did you get it special for to-night?

SISSY. Mimi Gonzolez made it up for me from a picture in a magazine. (*Models it.*) It's the cat's ass, ain't it?

JUANITA. It's too short, an' mind your language.

SISSY. I gotta keep up with the times, don't I?

JUANITA. The "times" is havin' trouble keepin' up with you, if you're askin' me.

SISSY. Well, I ain't.

MONA. It looks like one of them skatin' outfits you used to wear all the time.

SISSY. (*Laughs.*) Ya, it kinda does, don't it... Hey, remember how they'd all scream an' yell when I'd skate out onto that floor... glidin' an' twirlin' aroun' that roller rink like a... what?... what was it they used to call me?

JUANITA. Scandalous... that's what I called the way you always showed off... bouncin' yourself all over the place.

SISSY. Well, as the good Lord says... "if you got 'em... bounce 'em. (SHE discovers a stain on her dress.) Godamn that Luke Dempsey and his oily hands... Just look at the stain he left here on my dress... dammit all to hell!

JUANITA. (Unpacking the groceries.) You keep that kinda talk for the truck-stop, not... Sissy, you forgot the bread... how can ya make sandwiches without...

SISSY. Well, I got everythin' else didn't I! You got any stain remover aroun'?

JUANITA. (Starts for the door.) Out back.

SISSY. Out back, where?

JUANITA. Out back there on that shelf with the cleanin' stuff.

SISSY. Where you goin'?

JUANITA. To buy the bread you forgot. (SHE exits.)

SISSY. Jeezus, you'd think I'd committed a mortal sin or somethin'... hell, it's only bread. (SHE starts for the backroom.)

MONA. (Lost in memory.) Joe used to call you "Swanya Henie, the breasted bird on eight wheels." (Laughs and turns to SISSY.) Remember?

SISSY. Joe?!... Hell, I ain't thought about him in ages. What made you remember him all of a sudden? (SHE exits out of sight into the back room. MONA follows, but not out of sight. The lights start to cross fade to 1955.)

MONA. I don't know... he just sort of popped into mind, that's all. I was doin' a lot a thinkin' back there in Marfa... at Reata, and... He's still in my head I guess. (SHE sits on a crate losing herself again to the past.)

SISSY. (Off.) The three of us really had ourselves

one helluva good time back then, didn't we? That Joe Qualley was a real riot, wasn't he?

(SISSY (THEN) followed by MONA enter from the back room into the store. SHE has the same gigantic boobs forcing her thin sweater to its limit. SHE also wears a short skating skirt. MONA (THEN) is helping her carry boxes of cosmetics that they will hang from the display rack.)

SISSY (THEN). (Entering.) Me an' Joe was gonna get Stella May to take your place doin' the McGuire Sisters, but she wouldn't have been as good as you.

MONA (THEN). I don't think we should do that act anymore because of all that's happened. Juanita says it was that thing at the senior dance with Lester T. Callahan that started all the trouble.

SISSY (THEN). I thought it was a riot, a real riot. They all thought he was my cousin from Oklahoma City... especially Lester T.

MONA (THEN). He really does make a very pretty girl, doesn't he?

SISSY (THEN). Lester T. sure thought so, didn't he?... thought he was the cutest thing he'd ever seen. I would have given anythin' to see the expression on his face when he got Joe in the backseat of his car, reached in his dress, squeezed them balloons and strawberry jello exploded all over his rented white tuxedo. (Laughs.) Serves the bastard right for two-timin' me right in front of my face.

MONA (THEN). Joe should never have carried the joke so far. You think Lester T. will ever get even with him like he said?