

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 breastest 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?

SISSY (THEN). Shoot, I wouldn't put it past that goon-head.

MONA (THEN). It's been nearly three months. Maybe he's forgot.

SISSY (THEN). He ain't forgot...hell, it's the only thing outta twelve years of school he's remembered. (*Looks out the window.*) Thank God, that rain's finally gonna stop. I got me a date over at the graveyard tonight.

MONA (THEN). We've got a meetin' of the "Disciples," did you forget?

SISSY (THEN). The meetin' ain't gonna last all night is it? I just can't get over your bein' back... seems like I'm dreamin' or somethin'.

MONA (THEN). (*Excited.*) Oh, me too. (*They hug.*) I missed you so very much.

SISSY (THEN). And me, you.

MONA (THEN). I was so afraid for this summer to be over. Now it can stay summer forever, can't it?

SISSY (THEN). Shoot, I hope not. The heat's been so hot I think it's beginnin' to shrink my "bazooms." (*Throws out her chest.*) They look like they've shrunk any to you?

MONA (THEN). (*Inspecting.*) They both look the same to me.

SISSY (THEN). You think they might be as big as Marilyn Monroe's?

MONA (THEN). I think they might be bigger.

SISSY (THEN). (*Thrilled.*) You really mean it? Sidney said they were, but you know him.

MONA (THEN). He told you that?

SISSY (THEN). He's such a card...always pinchin' my bottom behin' one of the counters. Not where Juanita can see him though. She thinks he's as prim an' proper as a preacher. Boy, does he pull the wool over her eyes.

MONA (THEN). Where is he today, anyhow?... hung over again?

SISSY (THEN). Had some kinda meetin' over in Waco. (*SHE takes a lipsticck, eyebrow pencil, etc. from the rack and applies them.*)

MONA (THEN). I'll never forgive him for firin' Joe.

SISSY (THEN). Well, whattaya expect from the buttholes in this town?

MONA (THEN). I'm afraid he might leave town now he's got no job.

SISSY (THEN). Hey, you got a thing for him maybe?

MONA (THEN). No!

SISSY (THEN). You do! That's why you really came back, ain't it?

MONA (THEN). (*Quickly.*) It was my asthma... my asthma... we're friends, that's all... just like you an' me.

SISSY (THEN). O.K. . . . O.K. . . . Jeez, I was only kiddin'... Here try some of this new cheek blush that just come in. (*Starts to apply it on her.*) Hey, ain't you just bustin' for that movie to come out so's you can see yourself up there on the movie screen with James Dean? (*A squeal and a shiver.*) Ooh! He can drag me off to the graveyard any ol' night he wants... rainin' or not.