

*moved and is now part of the decor which includes a couch, downstage, "TY's" chair next to it, left of the couch. Center stage, left, a telephone table sits. A dining room table is further upstage, right. SISSY, mid 50's, is talking on the phone while cleaning up. She has one of those long telephone cords that she expertly tosses and pulls around as she scurries about. The dining table is full of covered dishes, all shapes and sizes.)*

SISSY. Three days now and I'm just about to die myself. Hold on. *(She pulls on a rubber band that she's wearing on her arm and pops herself with it.)* Ouch! *(Listens.)* Oh nothing. *(Pause.)* Well, if you must know, it's a little quit smokin' therapy that Roger over at the Beehive shared with me while he was backcombing my hair. He paid two thousand dollars at this clinic over in Snyder and they give him a rubber band. Told him to pop his arm with it ever' time he wanted a cigarette. Sat there for a week with a buncha other smokers, just talkin' about any ol' thang and watchin' the television while poppin' their arms. It's called Behavior Modifi... somethin' or 'nother. Roger can tell you the exact wordage. Anyway, it ain't workin'! *(Listens.)* Chorus girl kicks, huh?! This month's issue? Well, I've got it here somewhere. *(There is a knock at the door.)* Vera, I gotta go. Somebody else is at the door. *(Looks out window.)* Oh, Lord, it's Noleta Nethercott. I'll call you back. *(She hangs up and goes to the door.)* Woohoo.

NOLETA. *(O.S.)* Woohoo.

SISSY. Woohoo. *(Opens door.)* Hello, Noleta. Come on in.

*(NOLETA NETHERCOTT, pretty, overweight and distraught, hands SISSY a tuna casserole as she enters.)*

NOLETA. *(On the verge of tears.)* Hello, Sissy. I brung this. It's my mama's tuna casserole. You know, the one I always make with the Lays Potato Chips and the cream of mushroom soup.

SISSY. Well, thank you, Noleta. That was mighty nice of you given the circumstances and all. Are you all right?

NOLETA. I'm fine.

*(NOLETA then bursts into tears.)*

SISSY. Oh hon!

*(SISSY hugs NOLETA.)*

NOLETA. *(Between sobs.)* I just can't believe it. Ever'body's laughing at me, Sissy. G.W. has made a complete fool outta me. Can I bum a cigarette, please?

SISSY. Oh, Lord, hon. I quit. Three days ago. Threw 'em all away. Why don't you set down and I'll get you a nice glass of ice tea. Would you like a Valium?

NOLETA. Uh-huh.

*(SISSY exits for the tea as NOLETA moves to the food table and begins fixing herself a plate.)*

NOLETA. I mean, this has to be awkward for you, Sissy. My husband killed your sister with his, um... *(Crying.)* I threw him out. I threw his sorry ass out, Sissy. Threw all his stuff out on the front lawn. If he don't git it by tonight, I'm gonna have a yard sale! But what am I gonna do now?

SISSY. Aw, hon.