

## RS#2 Porter, Sugar Lee, Mavis, Carlene, Nita

### Start

→ PORTER. No, ma'am. I'm good-lookin' enough. (*Goes into a loud, horsey laugh.*) I came by 'cause I got a real good deal on a case of frozen chalupas. I thought y'all might like some, it being the holidays and all. (*Hands Mavis the box.*)

MAVIS. (*Tongue firmly in cheek.*) That's mighty generous of you, Porter, 'cause nothin' says Christmas quite like discount Mexican food.

CARLENE. Well, this is...something. I don't really know how to thank you.

PORTER. No need. I'm just pleased to do what I can for the Hallelujah Girls.

SUGAR LEE. Come again?

PORTER. Folks are calling y'all that 'cause you get together in this old church and have such a big time. (*Beat.*) Okay, I'm the one who calls you that but I think it's really startin' to catch on. (*Goes into his horsey laugh.*) Oh! One more thing. (*Pulls a small box from his pocket.*) Just a little pre-Christmas gift for you, Carlene.

CARLENE. (*Surprised.*) You shouldn't have. (*Opens the box.*) A putty knife?

NITA. (*Heartfelt.*) Oh, isn't that thoughtful?

MAVIS. (*Dry.*) A girl can't have too many pretty things.

PORTER. (*To Carlene.*) Feel how smooth that blade is, with a little bit of an edge. See? You can use it for a million different things. This side of shaving those pretty legs of yours, of course. (*Laughs again.*)

SUGAR LEE. Porter, you romantic fool. You must love dating Carlene.

PORTER. I won't fight you on that. She's a pistol, but she sure can be sweet. Besides, every date makes me feel like I'm cheatin' Death. And let me tell you, that's a real turn-on for a man, especially a thrill-seeker such as myself.

MAVIS. Funny, I'd never take you for a thrill-seeker.

PORTER. Don't be deceived by my looks. (*Pats his stomach.*) This isn't a beer gut, you know. It's protective covering for my sturdy heart and rock-hard abs. (*Laughs again.*) Well, sorry to spoil the fun, but I've got to pick Mama up from her tai chi class. Carlene, how about a Christmas kiss under the mistletoe?

CARLENE. We don't have any mistletoe.

PORTER. (*Pulls a sprig from his pocket.*) Emergency back-up! (*Holds it over her head. They kiss. Then.*) So, y'all take care and keep my little punkin' happy, you hear? (*Exits the downstage left door to general "good-byes."*)

MAVIS. So, spill it, *Punkin'*. You really like Porter?

CARLENE. I'm getting there.

SUGAR LEE. Carlene's got a boyfriend! And he's still alive and everything!

NITA. Oh, this reminds me of *Passion Be Not Proud*. The widow, Baroness Catherine VanStone, had been livin' alone in her chateau for years. She finally says she'll see Count Cristof, which means *date*, but she didn't think she'd like him, him being the reincarnated spirit of Eric the Red and all. When she gave into it, though, they fell madly in love and it was beautiful until she was struck by lightning while riding bareback on the cliffs above a fjord in Scandinavia. Isn't that romantic? (*Sugar Lee, Mavis and Carlene stare at her in disbelief. Then.*) ← **End**