

RAY-BUD. Well, here we are. You want to sit down for a minute?

RAYNELLE. No, let's have a look at him. *(They move slowly up to the casket and survey the body.)*

LUCILLE. Well, doesn't he look nice. You were so right about that blue suit. Makes him look so distinguished.

RAYNELLE. Yes, it does.

LUCILLE. I think Cecil did a wonderful job. He looks just like he's sleeping, doesn't he, Ray?

RAY-BUD. *(Horried.)* Yeah.

MARGUERITE. Looks kinda like "Miss Kitty" on *Gunsmoke* to me.

LUCILLE. Oh, I don't think so. I think he looks real natural. Don't you, Suzanne? *(Suzanne explodes into tears again. Everyone stares at her for a moment.)* Well, what do you think, Delightful? *(Delightful, who is blowing a huge bubble, shrugs her shoulders, then crosses and sits in the chair previously occupied by Suzanne.)*

RAYNELLE. It's fine. He looks fine.

RAY-BUD. What has he got on his feet?

LUCILLE. Oh yeah, Ray, I forgot to tell you. Cecil called this afternoon and said they had a little problem with the shoes we sent over.

RAY-BUD. Those were brand new shoes.

LUCILLE. Yes, I know, Ray. You remember how Daddy Bud always had that arthritis in his feet so bad? Well, they think that when he had his stroke, he sort of pointed his toes down and well ... they sorta stayed that way. So there was just no way to get him in those shoes, and it was so late and all. So they just did the best they could.

RAY-BUD. Lucille, my Daddy's wearing ballet shoes. *(Pause.)*

LUCILLE. Well, I think they make him look real graceful.

RAY-BUD. I'm gonna kill Cecil.

LUCILLE. Ray, we got people coming! We can't have him out here in his stocking feet. How would that look?

RAYNELLE. It's fine, Ray. We can bring his bedroom slippers tomorrow.

RAY-BUD. I'm gonna kill him.

MARGUERITE. I'll tell you who I'm gonna kill. Merline, if she don't get that air conditioning turned up. *(As she exits.)* Merline! Where are you? Bud's getting awful shiny out here!

LUCILLE. Well, I guess I oughta find Cecil and see about getting those food tables set up. *(Delicately.)* Suzanne, Honey, would you like to come with me? *(Suzanne, unable to speak, nods her head.)* Come on, Sugar. Maybe you oughta freshen up a little. You've just about cried all your Mabeline off. *(They exit with Suzanne bawling at the top of her lungs.)*

RAYNELLE. I had no idea Suzanne was so close to Bud.

RAY-BUD. Mama, can I get you anything? Would you like to sit down or something?

RAYNELLE. No, Ray. I'm fine. I just want to stand here for a minute. You go ahead if you want to.

RAY-BUD. No, that's alright. We'll just stand here for a minute. That's what we'll do. We'll just stand right here. *(Wiping his forehead.)* Whew! Sure is warm in here, ain't it? I sure hope Marguerite can get the air conditioning turned up. Whew! It's warm.

RAYNELLE. Are you alright, Ray?

RAY-BUD. Oh yeah, Mama. I'm fine. *(Junior comes running in carrying a Coke.)*

JUNIOR. I'm sorry, Honey! Mayfield's was closed and I couldn't find a place to park and ... *(He finds Delightful sitting where Suzanne had been. Approaching the others.)* Y'all seen Suzanne?

RAY-BUD. Lucille took her to the toilet. I think they're gonna be in there for a while.

JUNIOR. Well, shoot! I ran all the way down to.... Aw shoot! Here. *(He hands the Coke to Delightful, who has been eyeing it since his entrance. He notices the body for the first time.)* Wow! Would you look at that. *(He leans in for a better look.)* I mean he looks dead, doesn't he, Ray?

RAY-BUD. You expect him to be singing and dancing, Junior?

JUNIOR. No, but I didn't expect him to look so damn dead.

RAYNELLE. Come on, Delightful. Let's hit the ladies room