

quite a crowd so you better tell Cecil to pull out those extra folding chairs. Oh, I didn't know there was an extra charge for that. Well, I'm sure that won't be a problem. *(Ray-Bud clears his throat.)* Now there'll probably be quite a bit of food, so we'll be needing those long tables y'all had out for the Crenshaw funeral. Oh really? *(She glances over at Ray-Bud, then turns away and whispers into the phone.)* How much? *(Ray-Bud clears his throat again.)* Well, okay. Now, we're planning on having the service Friday about eleven and then head out for the cemetery around noon. Right now, I'm assuming Ray-Bud's mother and sister will probably be riding in the hearse with the body and we'll.... Oh, I see. Well, I just assumed.... Well what if one of us drove it? Ray-Bud's a real good driver. Oh, of course, your insurance and all.

RAY-BUD. *(Loudly.)* Tell her we'll just strap him on top of the Impala!

LUCILLE. *(Deeply embarrassed.)* Oh no, honey. That was ... that was just the T.V. *(Calling off.)* "Ray-Bud, turn down that T.V.! I'm trying to make your Daddy's funeral arrangements in here!" I'm so sorry, Merline. Now, where were we? Oh, of course, I understand. Yes, I know Cecil has to make a living. I'm sure he's a wonderful driver. Listen, honey, I've got to get going here. Ray-Bud hasn't even had breakfast yet. I'll see you this afternoon and we'll work out the rest of the details then. Okay ... okay ... okay. Thanks, Merline. *(She hangs up.)*

RAY-BUD. What the hell are you thanking her for? Damn thieves!

LUCILLE. Now, Ray-Bud.

RAY-BUD. Who ever thought up the word "grave-robber" must have had one of Cecil and Merline's calendars hanging on their wall.

LUCILLE. Now, Ray.

RAY-BUD. *(Nervously pacing.)* And what's my Daddy doing down at Depew's anyway. That's what I'd like to know? The Turpins have always gone to Patterson's.

LUCILLE. Well, I thought that was sort of strange too, but Depew's is what your Mama wanted.

RAY-BUD. Revenge! That's what it is, Lucille!

LUCILLE. What are you talking about?

RAY-BUD. Cold blooded revenge. After all these years he's got me. He's got me by the throat!

LUCILLE. Who's got you?

RAY-BUD. Cecil Depew! Don't you remember when Cecil peed his pants in the fourth grade! "P.U. HERE COME DEPEW!" I started it! I started it, and it followed him all the way through high school!

LUCILLE. Ray, you got to get ahold of yourself.

RAY-BUD. I should've known it! I should've seen it coming! When the rest of us was out shooting birds with B.B. guns, Cecil was running around burying 'em in shoe boxes. He's gonna nickel and dime me to death!

LUCILLE. (*Trying to get ahold of him.*) Ray!

RAY-BUD. He's gonna break me!

LUCILLE. Ray! Ray, you got to calm down. Now, listen to me, Honey. Depew's is your mama's choice and we just have to respect it. I know this is a hard time. I know how much you loved your Daddy. Why I loved him too. He and your mama were always so sweet to me. They never failed to send me a card after every one of my miscarriages. And I remember how Daddy Bud would always write the same sweet thing: "Better Luck Next Time."

RAY-BUD. I don't know how I'm gonna get through this, Lucille. I swear to God, I don't. I hate funerals. I hate everything about 'em.

LUCILLE. Now we're a family and we're all gonna hang together. And speaking of family, your Aunt Marguerite has volunteered to spend the night with your mama. And Junior, Suzanne, and the kids can stay here with us.

RAY-BUD. They're not staying here, Lucille.

LUCILLE. Ray-Bud! He's your brother!

RAY-BUD. They can shack up down at the Motel 6. I'm not having Junior and that mess in here.

LUCILLE. Ray, you know they can't afford a motel.

RAY-BUD. Is that my fault? Did I hold a gun to his head and tell him to mortgage his house and blow all his money on that pipe dream? Junior, a businessman? Junior couldn't

sell lemonade in Hell, Lucille.

LUCILLE. He tried so hard, Ray.

RAY-BUD. Face it, Lucille. He's an idiot, and I'm not having him in here. I'm not gonna sit here and listen to Suzanne running her mouth and I believe them children are demon possessed.

LUCILLE. They're sweet people, Ray. They've just had a little string of hard luck lately.

RAY-BUD. Demon possessed, Lucille. Mark my words.

LUCILLE. (*Handing him his sack lunch.*) We'll talk about it tonight. You're gonna be late. Clyde says they got three transmissions backed up there waiting for you. And don't forget you got to stop by the shoe store. Size 10-D.

RAY-BUD. I'll remember.

LUCILLE. And Ray.... We're not gonna have any "problems" are we?

RAY-BUD. No, Lucille, we're not gonna have any "problems." Just do me one favor. When I die, don't tell nobody. Just bury me in the backyard and tell everybody I left you.

BLACKOUT