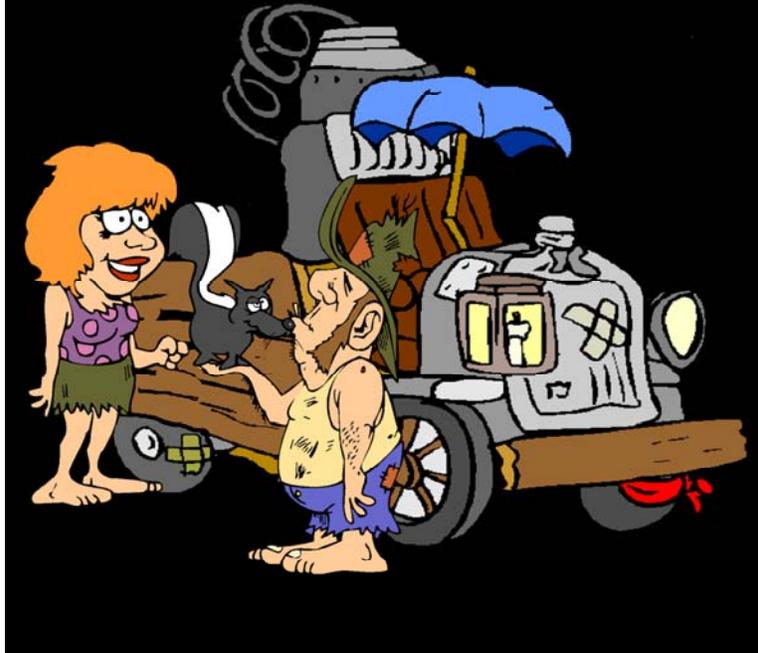


# the rednecks bite back



R. Eugene Jackson

BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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**BIG DOG PUBLISHING**

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## the rednecks bite back

**FARCE.** After winning the lottery, a redneck, Heyweed Throttlebottom, moves into a mansion and becomes an insufferable snob who speaks with a fake British accent. To protect himself from “undesirable” neighbors, Heyweed makes plans to purchase the wooded lot next door. But before he can do so, a family of rednecks arrive and park their beat-up house trailer on the land. With country music blaring, the truck engine revving, and a whole lot of duct tape, this family of Bubbas soon make themselves at home—and with everyone in the family named “Bubba,” there ain’t no mistakin’ they’re Bubbas! Determined to force the Bubbas off the land, Heyweed hires the Blubber Team, a bumbling paramilitary group, to capture the Bubbas and relocate them. But the Blubbers are no match for the Bubbas’ secret weapon—Bubba Cousin!

**Performance Time:** Approximately 90 minutes.

## characters

(3 M, 5 F, 9 flexible)

**HEYWEED THROTTLEBOTTOM:** 40s, carries a fancy cane and wears a crisp suit, tie, and hat; speaks with an affected British accent.

**BEVERLY THROTTLEBOTTOM:** 40s, Heyweed's wife; overly dressed and wears heels; speaks with an affected British accent.

**LILY THROTTLEBOTTOM, JR.:** 16, pretty, rebellious daughter; wears a perfect dress and heels.

**MILLY THROTTLEBOTTOM:** 9, daughter; tomboyish but wears a perfect semi-formal dress and heels. Note: May be played by someone older but dressed as a youngster.

**BUBBA MAN:** 40, head of the Bubba household; a true redneck; wears stereotypical redneck clothes; speaks in an exaggerated country accent including flat I's.

**BUBBA GAL:** Bubba Man's wife; wears stereotypical redneck clothes; speaks in an exaggerated country accent including flat I's.

**BUBBA BOY:** 18, redneck son; attractive but dirty and greasy; wears stereotypical redneck clothes; speaks in an exaggerated country accent including flat I's.

**BUBBA GIRL:** 6, redneck daughter; wears stereotypical redneck clothes; speaks in an exaggerated country accent including flat I's. Note: May be played by someone older but dressed as a youngster.

**BUBBA COUSIN:** Mutant redneck monster who lives in a box; dressed like a redneck except that his clothes are ragged and bloody; moves stiffly, stepping tall on one leg and dragging the other; has a grotesque head, vampire fangs, and massive deformed hand; flexible.

**ARDITH/ARNIE:** Real estate agent; flexible.

**MR./MS. LAWLESS:** Attorney; wears golf outfit; flexible.

**SHERIFF BOOTY:** Good ol' boy; wears a big star tacked to his chest; speaks in an exaggerated country accent including flat I's; flexible.

**DEPUTY PEWTREE:** Younger good ol' boy; speaks in an exaggerated country accent including flat I's; flexible.

**BLUBBER 1, 2, 3, 4:** Members of a military-like team; they are all dressed in forest camouflage and their faces are streaked with various shades of green; flexible.

**NOTE:** For flexible roles, alter the pronouns in the script accordingly.

## setting

West Virginia, or any state with a delightful redneck population. A wooded empty lot next to a wealthy suburban neighborhood.

## synopsis of scenes

**ACT I:** A beautiful, wooded, empty lot on a bright spring morning.

**ACT II:** Same empty lot, the next day.

## props

Fancy cane	Twig
Small CD player	Letter
Huge soft drink cup	Camouflage overalls, for Bubba
Large bandage	2 Stuffed skunks
Rear of a beat up and ugly house trailer (can be a 2- dimensional cutout)	Large truck or box (may have furniture rollers or coasters on the bottom)
Trees	Large padlock
Clothesline rope	Canister of self-defense spray
Rope	Key
duct tape	Massive deformed hand, for Bubba Cousin
Can of oil or large greasy tool	Fish
Assortment of tools	Rear end of a highly decorated and elegant double-wide house trailer (can be a 2-dimensional cutout)
Very large, gaudy female underwear	Legal book
Clothes basket	Christmas lights
Stack of papers	Chewing tobacco (gum or licorice)
Slingshot	Leaf
Stuffed hound dog	Business card
Check	Chewing gum
Golf club	Steering wheel or hubcap
2 Cell phones	Old tire
Belt, for Bubba Boy	Bloody, torn shirt, for Heyweed
Wallet, for Heyweed	Stuffed or rubber possum
Money	
Legal papers	
Sack large enough to cover half a person	
Rope with a noose at one end	
Large tree branch	

## sound effects

Birds chirping	Smoke
Classical violin music	Loud crash
Country music	Long guttural sound
Sound of a truck without a muffler	Crash
Truck revving its motor	Loud racket
	Sound of throwing up

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"i knowed some rich folks  
once-t upon a time."

-bubba

## act i

(AT RISE: A beautiful, wooded, empty lot on a bright spring morning. Birds are chirping. Heyweed Throttlebottom enters SL, carrying a fancy cane and wearing a crisp suit and hat. He has a smug look on his face. Classical violin music plays in the distance. He smiles, then turns left.)

HEYWEED: *(Calls out in an affected British accent.)* Beverly, my dear, dear, dear wife. And children. Do come here, please. I have a very important announcement to make. *(Pause.)* Beverly, please refrain from enjoying the colorful flora and fauna of this remote suburban landscape and come here. I wish to speak with you.

*(Beverly enters. She, too, is overly dressed and speaks in the same affected British accent. She carries a small CD player that is broadcasting the music.)*

BEVERLY: Of course, Heywood, my dear, dear, dear husband. *(As she faces him.)* I am at your side. What do you desire of me?

HEYWEED: My "side" is over here. *(He indicates his left side.)*

BEVERLY: Of course. *(She quickly moves to his left side.)*

HEYWEED: Or, since I have two sides, over here. *(He indicates his right side.)*

BEVERLY: Indeed, yes. *(She moves to his right side.)*

HEYWEED: So you may stand here at my left side.

BEVERLY: Left side. *(She moves to his left side.)*

HEYWEED: Or here at my right side.

BEVERLY: Right side. *(She moves to his right side.)*

HEYWEED: Either one is acceptable.

BEVERLY: Either one. Exactly. *(She moves toward his left and then back to his right side.)* Uh, dear, which "either" side do you prefer?

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II

HEYWEED: (*He growls.*) I don't care! Will you please stop moving around so? You are making me dizzy.

BEVERLY: *You're dizzy? I'm the one going around in circles.*

HEYWEED: Well, stop!

BEVERLY: Yes, dear. (*She holds up the CD player.*) May I turn off the music now, so that we might hear the wonderful buzzings, tootle-ings, and croakings of nature?

HEYWEED: I suppose so. If you must.

(*Beverly turns off the CD player.*)

BEVERLY: Ah, yes. The pleasant sounds and aromas of suburbia.

HEYWEED: Of wealthy suburbia.

BEVERLY: Yes.

HEYWEED: Of the wealthiest suburbia of all suburbias.

BEVERLY: Yes, of course.

BEYWEED: Now, where are the children?

BEVERLY: (*She calls off left.*) Lily, Milly, children, come! Your father wishes to speak with us.

HEYWEED: (*Cringes.*) "Father?" Do not call me "father." I am "Pater." Latin for "father."

BEVERLY: Yes, Pater. (*Calls off left.*) Your "pater" wishes to speak with us.

HEYWEED: (*Snobbishly.*) I will have none of this low-class, pedestrian speech. It is beneath us, Beverly. Do you understand?

BEVERLY: Of course, Heyweed. We must maintain our image.

HEYWEED: That is much better, thank you.

BEVERLY: (*Calls off left.*) Milly, quickly move away from that skunk!

MILLY: (*From off left.*) But, Mama, he's cute. I'm just going to pet him a little.

BEVERLY: Milly, skunks can put up an awful stink!

MILLY: *(From off left.)* Oh, Mama, not this cute little thing.  
*(Pause. She screams in shock.)* Awwwwww! *(Then she screams in fright.)* Ohhhhhh! *(Then in recognition.)* Oh, my! *(She enters SL, holding her nose with one hand. She is tomboyish but dressed in a perfect semi-formal dress and heels.)* Mama, something smells bad!

*(Heyweed backs away from Milly, pulling Beverly with him.)*

HEYWEED: My dear, unmindful daughter, the something that smells bad is you!

MILLY: Oh. No wonder it's so strong. *(She starts to move toward them, hobbling on her heels.)*

HEYWEED: No! Stay where you are. Don't come any closer. We do not wish to be contaminated with that odiferous...odor.

MILLY: Huh?

BEVERLY: We don't want to smell like you.

MILLY: What should I do?

BEVERLY: Honey, take off all your clothes and jump into the bath.

MILLY: Okay. *(She starts to unbutton her blouse.)*

BEVERLY: Not here, Milly. In the house.

HEYWEED: What? No. She cannot enter our pristine new mansion in that condition.

BEVERLY: Then what do you want her to do?

HEYWEED: Remain outside until the smell dissipates.

BEVERLY: But that could take weeks.

HEYWEED: We'll send her food by carrier pigeon.

BEVERLY: What about water?

HEYWEED: She can catch raindrops on her tongue.

MILLY: Dad!

HEYWEED: Who?

MILLY: *(She corrects herself.)* Father!

HEYWEED: Who?

MILLY: Pater.

HEYWEED: How many times must I tell you? *(Pause.)* All right. Where's Lily? I cannot impart this important bit of information until everyone is here.

BEVERLY: Should I call the TV stations and the press?

HEYWEED: Not *that* everybody, Beverly.

*(Lily enters SR. Like her sister, she wears a perfect dress and heels.)*

LILY: Here I am...Pater. I smelled something awful, so I went around it.

BEVERLY: That was your sister.

LILY: It smelled like a skunk.

BEVERLY: That skunk was your sister. She tried to pet one.

LILY: Leave it to Milly.

MILLY: I was just trying to be friendly.

HEYWEED: Milly, my aromatic one, this is a newly developed area into which we have moved, so the fauna are not used to humans.

MILLY: Huh?

BEVERLY: The animals hate us for moving into their neighborhood.

MILLY: Oh.

HEYWEED: So we must be aware of the dangers that may lurk in this habitat.

MILLY: What?

BEVERLY: Stay away from the animals.

MILLY: Oh, Dad...

HEYWEED: Who?

MILLY: Pater. Oh, Pater. *(She gives a sound of disgust.)*

LILY: What are we doing out here anyway? This is, like, the middle of the woods.

HEYWEED: Yes, well, let us all cast our gazes in that direction. *(He indicates off left.)* What do you see?

BEVERLY: A big blur. *(He looks at her.)* I didn't wear my glasses.

LILY: I see weeds.

MILLY: (*Excitedly.*) I see a raccoon. Can I pet him?

BEVERLY: (*Under her breath.*) Leave the raccoon alone, Milly.

HEYWEED: No, no. You don't see those things.

MILLY: Yes, I did. He's right there. (*She points off left.*)

HEYWEED: What you see is our new home. Forty-two thousand square feet. Thirty-two bathrooms...

BEVERLY: Four bedrooms.

HEYWEED: Each the size of a football field. A kitchen with all the modern conveniences, two swimming pools, an oversized cabana, a tennis court...

BEVERLY: A golf course.

LILY: In the living room.

HEYWEED: Yes. But, sadly, with only nine holes. A 10-car garage, each filled with the latest luxury vehicle...

MILLY: (*Proudly.*) Except for mine, which holds the latest 32-speed red racing bicycle with pinstripes and alloy wheels.

HEYWEED: Yes, we are truly fortunate to reside in this exclusive community with neighbors almost as wealthy as we. We are the true upper crust of society—the best, the richest, the elite-est. (*He sighs.*) Ahhhhh.

BEVERLY: Oh, Heyweed, we're just normal folks.

HEYWEED: Normal folks? Beverly, we are zillionaires. And zillionaires cannot be normal.

LILY: Can we go now? This place is, like, filled with stupid trees and stuff.

HEYWEED: In order to protect us from undesirable neighbors, I have decided to purchase... (*He turns to the right.*) ...this land as well! (*He smiles and applauds, but no one else responds.*) Ah, well, I thought you would be excited.

LILY: (*Without excitement.*) Oh, we are. Now can we, like, go? (*She starts toward SL.*)

HEYWEED: No, Lily. Wait, stop. Don't you understand? If we do not buy this land, someone else will. And that someone else might be poor and uneducated, and thus, lower our property values.

BEVERLY: Heyweed, dear, no one can lower our property values because only the super rich can afford this land.

HEYWEED: Precisely. But why take a chance? I'm meeting with the real estate agent shortly to finalize the deal.

LILY: Great. Are we dismissed?

*(Lily, Milly, and Beverly start to exit SL.)*

HEYWEED: One last thing. *(They stop.)* Let us take a final moment to admire our soon-to-be-acquired property before we adjourn to our noon repast. *(He indicates off right.)*

MILLY: What?

BEVERLY: Let's smell the skunks before we have lunch.

MILLY: *(Sarcastically.)* How very appetizing!

HEYWEED: Ahhh, the bliss, the radiance, the stillness and quiet.

BEVERLY: Yes. The stillness and quiet.

HEYWEED: It's simply glorious to be rich.

BEVERLY: True. But we were just as happy when we were middle-class. Maybe even happier.

HEYWEED: What? Happier?

BEVERLY: Well, there wasn't this stress of trying to maintain our snobbishness.

HEYWEED: "Stress?" My dear, being snobbish is worth a little stress. Especially when it comes with untold wealth. I am totally happy when I am spending a million here and a million there on worthless trinkets. Because that proves I have succeeded in life.

BEVERLY: No. It only proves that we won the lottery.

HEYWEED: Beverly, must you contradict everything I say?

BEVERLY: No, dear. Only when everything you say is wrong.

HEYWEED: Well, let it be understood that I have accepted our new wealth with dignity and greed, and I vow never to return to the lowly status of middle-class. Neither will I allow the middle-class to impose on us. We must remain

true to our station in life and deal only with those who can match our position in high society.

BEVERLY: High society?

HEYWEED: Well, we weren't born there, but we can surely buy our way into it. *(Pause.)* After all, my mater and pater are—I'm so ashamed to admit it—hillbilly rednecks! When I left home, I vowed never to live in the hills or have a red neck.

BEVERLY: How do you know they are rednecks?

HEYWEED: The local dogcatcher was on a first-name basis with all our pets.

BEVERLY: That doesn't mean anything.

HEYWEED: *And* my sister. Once we had to go down and bail her out of the pound.

BEVERLY: Oh, Heyweed!

HEYWEED: Fortunately, they had given her all her shots. *(Pause.)* Two of our dogs were heavy smokers.

BEVERLY: That's not so bad.

HEYWEED: Pa ran them out of the house when he caught them in his cigar box.

BEVERLY: Come on.

HEYWEED: They kept an Elvis Presley shrine in the living room.

BEVERLY: A lot of people like Elvis.

HEYWEED: Not my parents. The dogs.

BEVERLY: Oh.

HEYWEED: And my pa used to...burp...after every meal. And I don't mean he just burped. I mean...he *burped!* He burped so hard that twice the trailer fell off its foundation.

BEVERLY: Is that it?

HEYWEED: Ma used to cook with 10-W-60 motor oil.

BEVERLY: Oh, my!

HEYWEED: It made the collard greens a bit soggy. *(Pause.)* But they did slide down the throat easily.

LILY: If I don't eat soon, I'm, like, going to wither away to nothing.

BEVERLY: Forget your past, Heyweed.

HEYWEED: I'm trying to.

MILLY: *(She looks off left.)* There's a cute little snake. I'm going to play with it. *(She exits SL.)*

BEVERLY: Heyweed, we need to get back so I can start lunch.

HEYWEED: *(He fakes a chuckle.)* Oh, Beverly, my dear, dear, dear wife. You will never cook again. I hired a chef who does that quite well.

BEVERLY: But I like to cook.

HEYWEED: *(Angrily.)* So does the chef! That's why I pay him more in one week than I used to make in a year.

BEVERLY: Okay. No need to get upset. Let's go. *(She moves left and stops. She calls off left.)* Milly, put down that copperhead. Right now.

LILY: *(To Heyweed.)* So the chef has, like, fixed our lunch, and it will be waiting for us? That's cool.

HEYWEED: Oh, well, not exactly, Lily. I may have neglected to order our noontime meal.

LILY: *(Disgusted.)* Whatever.

HEYWEED: My mistake.

MILLY: *(Off left.)* Owwww! Momma, this snake bit me!

BEVERLY: Well, bring it with you. We may be eating it for lunch. *(She exits SL.)*

HEYWEED: A snake for lunch? *(He fakes another chuckle.)* Hee-hee, your mater can be quite humorous. *(He exits SL.)*

LILY: When it comes to food, like, nothing is humorous...Pater. *(She exits SL.)*

*(After a few seconds, loud country music is heard off right along with raucous redneck voices, and the noisy sound of a truck without a muffler revving its motor. The rednecks wear stereotypical redneck clothes and speak in an exaggerated country accent, including flat I's. Bubba enters, finishes a soft drink in a huge cup, tosses the cup aside, and burps. He wipes his dirty shirt sleeve or arm across his mouth, scratches himself here and there, turns right, and beckons to someone off right.)*

BUBBA: *(Yells over the music.)* All right, there, Bubba Girl.  
Back up that ole pickup an' park that there trailer right over  
cheer. Come on, now. Yew can do it.

GIRL: *(From off right.)* But I'm too little to see anythang, Pa.

*(Bubba's wife, Bubba Gal, enters SR. She limps and has a big wrap  
on one of her feet.)*

GAL: Oh, let me do it, Bubba. She's only six years old.

BUBBA: That don't matter, Bubba Gal. *(Calls off right.)* Jist  
put yer foot on that long thang on the floor an' press hard.

GIRL: *(From off right.)* Put my foot on my pet snake?

BUBBA: Not that long thang, Bubba Girl. The other long  
thang.

*(There is the sound of a racing motor. Smoke pours onstage from  
SR.)*

GAL: That ole truck's a-smokin' up somethin' awful, Bubba.

BUBBA: That ain't the truck, Bubba Gal. That's that big ole  
ceegar I left on the seat. Musta started a far *[fire]*. *(Calls off  
right.)* Okay, now. Jist turn the wheel a might in that there  
direction an' let 'er rip! *(The rear of a beat up and ugly house  
trailer slowly appears SR, presumably being pushed on by the  
truck. Note: The trailer may be a two dimensional cutout.)*

That's good, that's good. Keep on a-comin'.

GAL: It's gonna knock over that there tree.

BUBBA: No, it ain't.

*(The trailer hits a small tree and knocks it down. The music stops.)*

GAL: See? What'd I tell yew?

BUBBA: I ain't worried about that danged old tree. But whut  
happened to my country music?

GIRL: *(From off right.)* The radio fell outa the dashboard, Pa.

BUBBA: *(To Gal.)* We got us a e-mergency situation here,  
Bubba Gal. I gotta put Bubba Boy to fixin' that thang.

GAL: The tree?

BUBBA: No. The radio. I cain't be without my music.

GAL: *(Calls off right.)* Okay, Bubba Girl. That's good. Cut the  
engine now.

*(The engine stops and Bubba Girl enters SR carrying clothesline  
rope.)*

GIRL: How'd I do, Pa?

BUBBA: I couldn'tna done no better myself. Yew done great.  
Jist great.

GAL: Great? She run over that tree that I was gonna tie my  
clothesline up to—and squshed it flat.

GIRL: But I couldn't see out the winder, Ma.

BUBBA: They's plenty more trees where that one come from,  
Bubba Gal. She really knows how to handle that old pickup.

GAL: Yeah? Ever time she gits in it, she squshes somethin'.  
Last week, it was my foot. *(She shows the wrapped foot.)* The  
week afore that, it was Bubba Nephew's old hound dog.

BUBBA: Yeah, I was right sorry 'bout that old dog.

GAL: Whut 'bout my foot?

BUBBA: Well, yew got two of 'em, ain't chu? Use the other  
one. *(Pause. Proudly.)* I larnt Bubba Girl to do 80 miles an  
hour on the expressway—with her eyes closed.

GAL: If that truck even thought about doin' 80, it would fall  
apart right there in its tracks.

BUBBA: *(Ignoring her. To Girl.)* But yew gotta slow down to  
'bout 50 when yer in amonst these here trees. Dew yew  
know why?

GIRL: Yew jist funnin' me, Pa. There ain't no speed limit out  
cheer.

BUBBA: *(To Gal.)* Well, she's got me there, Bubba Gal. Smart  
girl.

GAL: If she's so dang smart, how come they wouldn't let her in first grade?

GIRL: Because I'm only six, Ma. Yew gotta be seven to be in school.

GAL: Yew coulda lied!

BUBBA: *(To Girl.)* She's right, Bubba Girl.

GIRL: Yew mean lyin's okay?

BUBBA: No, it ain't. Lyin' ain't okay. *(Pause.)* But a tee-nine-sy fib ain't gonna hurt nobody.

GAL: *(She points off right.)* I seen a crick back over yonder, so I'm takin' some o' my undies down there an' givin' 'em a good scrubbin'.

BUBBA: *(Indicates the clothes he is wearing.)* What about these here clothes?

GAL: Whut about 'em? You ain't wore 'em more'n six weeks er so.

BUBBA: Well, that's true. They ain't fallin' off me yet, so I guess they's okay.

*(Gal exits SR.)*

GIRL: Guess I'll string the clothesline fer Ma. *(She loops one end of the rope through an eye bolt, or something similar, about three feet high on the trailer. She does not tie it, but holds it instead.)* She'll be real surprised when she comes back an' sees whut I done.

BUBBA: Yep. When she opens her mouth in awe, I jist hope her false teeth don't fall out. Here. Gimme that end.

*(Bubba takes the other end of the rope and ties it loosely to a tree, also about three feet high to correspond to Girl's end. Bubba Boy enters SR. Several tools and a roll of duct tape hang from his belt, and he is carrying a can of oil or some large greasy tool.)*

BOY: Well, Pa, Bubba Girl nearly tore up the engine in that truck, but I got it a-purrin' like a kitten.

BUBBA: It's purrin', all right. That's because our house cat's been living under the hood fer a month.

BOY: Oh.

BUBBA: Besides, engines ain't supposed to sound like no kitten. They is supposed to sound like a engine—a squawking and a-squealing and a-knockin' yer ear drums off.

BOY: Oh.

BUBBA: If they ain't knockin' yer ear drums off, they ain't doin' their job.

BOY: Want me to pull the muffler off so it'll make more noise?

BUBBA: What muffler?

BOY: Oh.

BUBBA: But yew could repair that fender on the left front. It's about to fall off agin, don't chu know.

BOY: Pa, I don't know nuthin' 'bout fixin' no fenders.

BUBBA: Yew got yer duct tape, don't cha?

BOY: Well, shurr. *(He shows it.)*

BUBBA: Well, then, Son, tape it up.

BOY: Oh. *(He exits SR.)*

BUBBA: *(Calls after him.)* An' while yer at it, shove the radio back into the dashboard. *(To Girl.)* Dad burn kid don't know nuthin'. I got a good mind to send him to school.

GIRL: I wanna go to school.

BUBBA: Yer ma'll teach yew ever'thang yew need to know, Bubba Girl, until yew git old enough.

GIRL: *(Proudly.)* Well, the clothesline is all done. *(She releases her end and it falls to the ground.)* Oops! It come loose. *(She picks up the end of it and puts it through the eye bolt again. She releases it, and it falls again.)* Oops. It come loose agin. *(She does the same.)* Oops. *(She puts it through the eye bolt again.)*

BUBBA: *(He has been watching her closely.)* Hold on, there, Bubba Girl. That ain't gonna work.

GIRL: It ain't?

BUBBA: No! I think yew got the wrong end there. Let me try this end. *(He takes his end, runs it through her eye bolt, and ties*

it.) Oh, yeah. Fits nice and snug. Lookie there, Bubba Girl.  
How's that?

GIRL: What about the other end, Pa?

BUBBA: Whut other end?

GIRL: This other end. *(She shows her end of the rope.)*

BUBBA: Well, that must be a spare end—in case the first end  
don't work.

*(Bubba Gal enters SR with several pieces of very wet and gaudy female underwear in a clothes basket. She has heard the last of the conversation above. She drops the basket.)*

GAL: Well, give me that "spare end" and let me see if I can do  
somethin' with it. *(She takes it and ties it to a tree.)* I'll just tie  
it over here and...well, lookie there, Bubba Man...a real  
clothesline.

BUBBA: Well, it looks real. But it's gonna fall—cause yew  
done tied the wrong end to that there tree.

GAL: Well, let's see. I'll jist take these clean thangs cheer and  
toss 'em over the line. *(She takes some still heavily dripping  
things from her basket and throws them over the line.)* Well,  
looky there. Works just fine.

BUBBA: Well, dadgum if it don't.

GIRL: Hey, Ma, why do you always wash yer undies but not  
Pa's?

GAL: 'Cause yer pa don't wear no undies, Bubba Girl. Men  
prefer nature's way. *(She smiles and looks at Bubba.)* We  
really need to git this girl some larnin' afore she grows up all  
confused.

BUBBA: Maybe yew could home-school her.

GAL: And who's gonna home-school me first?

BUBBA: Well, I'm doin' real good home-schoolin' fer Bubba  
Boy.

*(Boy enters SR.)*

BOY: Hey, Pa, is that the left fender as yew look out from the cab over the hood, or the left fender as yer facin' the headlights?

GAL: *(To Bubba, sarcastically.)* Doin' a real good job, ain't chu?

BUBBA: *(Losing his patience.)* What difference does it make?

Tape the fender what's falling off there, Boy!

BOY: Oh. *(He starts to exit SR.)*

BUBBA: Hold on, Bubba Boy. Listen up, ever'body.

GIRL: Does that include me?

BUBBA: Yes, that includes yew. *(He clears his throat.)* I hope ya'll like this here campground, 'cause I figure this is where we gonna settle ourselves down.

GAL: *(Happily.)* Yew mean it?

BUBBA: I shurr do. *(Pause.)* Till I git a itch to move on.

GAL: *(As she looks around.)* Well, it's got lots of grass and a whole big forest of trees and a crick.

BUBBA: And good deer huntin', no doubt.

GAL: Oh, Bubba, yew already got so many deer heads on the wall in the trailer that we have to duck to stand up.

BOY: I like it, Pa.

GAL: Otherwise, it's nice, Bubba Man. Real nice.

GIRL: *(As she points off left.)* Except them neighbors is awful close.

BUBBA: *(He looks off left.)* Neighbors? Whut neighbors? I don't see no neighbors.

GAL: Well, put on yer spectacles, Bubba, 'cause I see 'em. A big old house. There must be a million people live in a place that big.

BUBBA: They's probably snobs.

GAL: Whut makes yew say that?

BUBBA: I knowed some rich folks once-t upon a time.

GAL: How'd yew know they was snobs?

BUBBA: They used this real funny way o' talking that weren't American.

GAL: Yew don't say?

BUBBA: Yeah, I do say. An' they would walk like kiss [*this*].  
(*He prances several steps.*) And stick their noses up in the air.  
(*He demonstrates.*)

GAL: Really?

BUBBA: One gal kept her nose so high, when a big storm  
come up, she plumb drowned.

GAL: What else do snobs do?

BUBBA: They wipe their mouths with these tiny little pieces  
of paper.

GAL: Yeah? Don't they know that's whut sleeves is fer?

BUBBA: An' when their fluffy little pet whut's too small to be  
a real dog goes potty, they sweep it up an' save it fer a rainy  
day.

GAL: No!

BUBBA: Yep. Bein' a snob ain't a purty pi'ture, even if they is  
rich.

BOY: S'ppose they got any girls in there?

BUBBA: (*To Gal, proudly.*) Okay, now, yew see? Who taught  
him 'bout girls? I did. I taught him ever'thang I knowed  
'bout 'em.

GAL: Well, that prob'bly took five minutes.

BUBBA: (*Proudly.*) Six er seven, at least.

GAL: Well, whut er we gonna do 'bout all them folks bein' so  
nearby?

BUBBA: We could shoot 'em, I guess. I'm right good with the  
shotgun.

GAL: Yeah. Like the time yew unclogged the sink by firin'  
down the drain.

BUBBA: Well, it worked, didn't it?

GAL: Well, it blew a hole in the floor near'bouts three foot  
wide.

BUBBA: But there weren't no more clog.

GAL: Right. And there also weren't no more sink!

GIRL: Maybe we could jist ask 'em to leave.

BOY: Unless they got some girls in there that're shaped like this. *(He outlines a curvy female with his hands and smiles broadly.)*

BUBBA: Bubba Girl's got a good idee there. I jist ask 'em real nice-like to pack up and move on. I tell 'em we seen this here property first, so it's finders-keepers. *(To Gal.)* What do yew thank?

GAL: I thank yew ain't got the good sense God gave turtles.

BUBBA: Turtles? They got good sense?

GAL: See whut I mean?

BUBBA: Bubba Boy, git me my shotgun.

GAL: I thought yew said yew was gonna talk to 'em.

BUBBA: I am. But I'm a lot more persuasive in my persuasion when I'm standin' behind my shotgun. Boy!

BOY: Yew can't use that shotgun, Pa.

BUBBA: Why not?

BOY: The barrel's all bent.

BUBBA: The barrel's all bent? How'd it git all bent?

BOY: When yew missed that squirrel last week, yew got real angry-like and wrapped that shotgun barrel 'round a tree trunk. Now it's got more curves than a sexy blonde. *(He again outlines a female form with his hands.)*

BUBBA: Boy! I don't want yew talkin' 'bout my gun like that. A girl is one thang, but a man's shotgun is...sacred!

BOY: Yes, Pa. Sorry, Pa.

BUBBA: Now whut else we got that'll shoot? I know. Yer rifle.

BOY: It's a BB gun.

BUBBA: It'll still scare 'em.

BOY: And I'm outta BB's.

BUBBA: Well, I don't care. Jist git me somethin' that shoots somethin'. Now, go on. *(To Gal.)* I won't ask 'em to leave; I'll tell 'em to leave.

*(Boy exits SR.)*

GIRL: Well, yew gonna git yer chance real soon, Pa, 'cause here they come. *(She exits SR.)*

BUBBA: Whut? I ain't ready yet. *(He calls off right.)* Bubba Boy, hurry up with that shootin' thang. *(Looking off left.)* Where they at? Where they at?

*(Heyweed enters SL with Ardith, his real estate agent. She carries a stack of papers. When Heyweed sees Bubba, he stops and stares at him. Bubba stares back.)*

HEYWEED: Oh, my God—it's a redneck! *(He looks at the others.)* A whole family of rednecks!

BUBBA: Well, bust my britches if I wasn't right from the beginnin'. It's a bunch of... *(Spells.)* ...s-n-o-b-b-s spells snobs! *(Indicates Heyweed.)* Look how he walks! *(He demonstrates.)*

HEYWEED: *(Trying to calm himself.)* I say, I believe you're trespassing here.

BUBBA: *(Defensively.)* I may be and I may not be.

HEYWEED: What?

BUBBA: I ain't go no idee whut yer talkin' 'bout.

HEYWEED: You are on my property.

ARDITH: Well, Mr. Throttlebottom, we haven't signed a contract, so this is not, technically speaking, your property. Yet.

BUBBA: An' it cain't never be, 'cause it's mine.

HEYWEED: Yours? Let me see your deed.

BUBBA: My whut?

HEYWEED: The legal papers that prove this is your land.

BUBBA: Well, I don't need no papers 'cause I'm parked on this here bunch of dirt next to these here trees. An' I ain't movin'. And that means it's mine.

HEYWEED: It's not yours. You don't belong in this upper-crust neighborhood. You are nothing but riff raff. Riff raff, riff raff, riff raff. That's what you are. *(Indicating the trailer.)* And you simply cannot leave that hunk of junk here.

BUBBA: Don't yew call my wife no "hunk o' junk." If I'd wanted a "hunk o' junk," I'd a married her sister.

HEYWEED: I was talking about that dirty broken-down trailer.

GAL: That's our home.

HEYWEED: It's an eyesore that most junkyards would disown.

BUBBA: I thank we're bein' insulted here.

HEYWEED: I can confirm that.

BUBBA: Why, yew... *(He calls off right.)* Boy, whar's that gun I sent yew fer?

*(Boy enters SR with a slingshot.)*

BOY: We ain't got no guns left, Pa.

BUBBA: Well, whut'd yew brang me?

*(Boy holds it out.)*

BOY: A slingshot.

BUBBA: A slingshot? I'm s'posed to scare him off with a slingshot?

HEYWEED: I wouldn't try that if I were you. I'm very good at fencing. *(He holds his cane in a fencing position.)*

BUBBA: Whut's a fence got to do with this?

ARDITH: Gentlemen, gentlemen, we should settle our little arguments like...gentlemen.

*(Bubba grabs the slingshot from Boy and aims it at Ardith.)*

BUBBA: I prefer to settle my arguments the old-fashioned way –by shootin' my way out of 'em.

*(Ardith quickly moves to the side.)*

ARDITH: Oh, my! Oh, my, oh, my!

*(Beverly, Milly, and Lily enter SL.)*

BEVERLY: Heyweed, my dear, dear, *dear* husband. Lunch is served.

HEYWEED: I cannot concern myself with food at this moment, my dear, for I am about to engage in a duel with this ruffian.

BEVERLY: A duel? Somebody usually dies in a duel.

HEYWEED: Oh, right. *(He steps back.)* And I wouldn't want that somebody to be me. I'm too rich to die. *(To Bubba.)* Sir, I lower my weapon. *(He lowers his cane.)*

BUBBA: That don't look much like no weapon to me.

BEVERLY: *(To the Bubbas, tries to be friendly.)* Hi. I'm Beverly Throttlebottom.

GAL: Sorry to hear that.

BEVERLY: And this is my husband, Heyweed Throttlebottom.

And these are our daughters, Milly –

MILLY: Hey. They got some real nice snakes in these woods.

BEVERLY: And Lily.

LILY: Like, hi, and who cares.

BOY: *(He is enraptured by Lily.)* Whoa!

BEVERLY: I beg your pardon?

BOY: Uh, I meant to say "hi." *(To Lily.)* So, hi.

*(Lily notices Boy for the first time and likes what she sees.)*

LILY: Oh. Hi.

HEYWEED: Lily, stop conversing with that filthy juvenile delinquent. He's below your station.

LILY: Yes, Pater. *(She smiles at Boy.)*

HEYWEED: And stop smiling!

LILY: Yes, Pater. *(She stops smiling.)*

BUBBA: Well, since we seem to be introducin' ever'body, I'm Bubba.

BEVERLY: Hello, uh, Mr. Bubba. I didn't know anyone was actually, really called Bubba.

BUBBA: Well, you ain't lived in [West Virginy] very long, have yew? [*Or substitute the name of a different state.*]

BEVERLY: No, we haven't. But it's such a...unique...name, I'm sure there aren't two Bubbas in the whole state.

BUBBA: Yeah? Well, this here's my wife, Bubba.

BEVERLY: Oh.

GAL: Nice to see yew.

BUBBA: That there's my son, Bubba. (*As Boy is about to wave and speak to the others, Bubba cuts him short. To Boy.*) Don't yew talk to them alien people, now. Yew hear?

BOY: Shurr, Pa.

(*Girl enters, carrying a hound dog [a stuffed animal].*)

BUBBA: And this is our little girl, Bubba. And that there dog she's a-holdin' is called Bubba.

HEYWEED: You named a dog "Bubba"?

BUBBA: Well, in actual actuality, he's called Bubba *Hound Dog*.

HEYWEED: I see. Well, Bubba?

ALL BUBBAS: Yeah?

HEYWEED: (*To Bubba Man.*) I mean this Bubba.

BUBBA: Man. Bubba Man.

HEYWEED: You see, at present this property is owned by the county. But I plan to purchase it. That's why I've brought along my real estate agent.

ARDITH: That's me. I'm Ardith.

HEYWEED: So she can draw up the proper papers for the transaction.

BUBBA: For the whut?

HEYWEED: We're buying this land.

BUBBA: Huh?

HEYWEED: So we can keep the trailer-trash out.

GAL: Well, I don't blame yew fer that. I'd wanna keep them kind of folks out, too.

ARDITH: *(To Bubba.)* He's already signed the papers, so as soon as he hands over a check for a million dollars, this land will be his land.

HEYWEED: And you—and your fellow Bubbas—will have to...shoo.

BUBBA: Yeah? Well, when yew plannin' on consumatin' the deal?

*(Hayweed pulls out a check from his pocket.)*

HEYWEED: Why, at this very moment. *(He hands the check to Ardith.)* Here you are. A check for one million dollars.

ARDITH: *(To Bubba.)* And, like I said, as of this moment, this land is his land.

HEYWEED: *(To Bubba.)* So...shoo.

GAL: Wait jist one dad-burn minute here. *(To Ardith.)* How do yew know that check's good?

ARDITH: I beg your pardon?

GAL: If that's a bad check—and I know a thang er two about bad checks—then he won't own this here place. Ain't that right?

ARDITH: Well, yes.

GAL: Then he cain't own this here place until that check is cashed. So we're stayin'.

BUBBA: Why that's real smart o' yew, Bubba.

GAL: Thank yew, Bubba.

BUBBA: I didn't know yew was smart. Where'd yew get them smarts?

GAL: *(Sarcastically.)* They was handin' 'em out at the check-out counter at Wal-Mart.

BUBBA: I'm tellin' yew, that Wal-Mart's got ever'thang.

HEYWEED: This is nonsense. That check is perfectly good.

GAL: There's only one way to prove it—and that's by cashin' it.

ARDITH: Well, Mr. Throttlebottom, technically speaking, she's right.

HEYWEED: What? But this is preposterous.

BEVERLY: Don't fret, Heyweed. She can take it to the bank right now.

ARDITH: Our banks aren't open on Saturday afternoons.

HEYWEED: What's today?

ARDITH: Saturday afternoon.

BEVERLY: Well, Monday, then.

ARDITH: Monday's a national holiday. Banks are closed then too.

HEYWEED: You mean, I won't own this land until Tuesday?

ARDITH: Tuesday's a *state* holiday.

HEYWEED: Until Wednesday?

ARDITH: Wednesday's a *county* holiday.

HEYWEED: (*Angrily.*) Thursday?

ARDITH: I'm leaving for vacation on Thursday.

HEYWEED: (*Very angrily.*) Do you want a commission on this sale or not?

ARDITH: (*Shyly.*) I guess I could postpone my departure until Friday.

BUBBA: It don't matter... 'cause we ain't leavin'. Thursdee er Friddee er any other day. We done decided we like it here, an' we're stayin' – ferever! Maybe even longer.

HEYWEED: Over my dead body!

BUBBA: All right! (*He aims his slingshot at Heyweed.*) Over yer dead body is fine with me.

BOY: Pa, the slingshot ain't loaded.

*(Bubba puts the slingshot away.)*

BUBBA: (*To Boy.*) Will yew shut up! I almost had him there.

*(To Heyweed.)* We ain't leavin'.

HEYWEED: You're leaving today! (*He pulls out his cell phone and speed dials.*) Lawless? This is Heyweed. I need you here right away. (*Pause.*) I cannot wait for you to finish 18 holes of golf. I said now! (*He hangs up the phone.*) My lawyer will be here shortly.

*(Lawless, his attorney, enters SL. He is wearing a golf outfit and carries a golf club.)*

LAWLESS: *(Panting hard.)* I got here as fast as I could.

HEYWEED: *(To Lawless.)* Well, you took your sweet time. *(To the Bubbas.)* My lawyer.

BUBBA: *(To Gal.)* Dang! That was a fast trip.

LAWLESS: I had a perfect putt going on the tenth green when you called. I didn't even wait to see it drop in.

HEYWEED: Some things are more important than golf.

LAWLESS: I had 10,000 dollars riding on that putt-putt.

HEYWEED: Well, tut-tut. You're moaning about trifles.

LAWLESS: Ten thousand dollars is a trifle?

BEVERLY: Heyweed, why don't we just let this drop. Surely we can wait until Thursday to resolve it.

HEYWEED: I'm not waiting until Thursday. I'm not even waiting until Saturday afternoon.

BEVERLY: It's already Saturday afternoon.

HEYWEED: I'm not waiting. Lawless, I gave Ardith a check for a million dollars for this property. But these...lowlife rednecks...won't leave until after the check is cashed.

LAWLESS: Don't worry, Mr. Throttlebottom. I can fix this. *(He steps toward Bubba.)* You must leave immediately.

BUBBA: We ain't leavin'.

*(Lawless steps back to Heyweed.)*

LAWLESS: This may be more difficult than I thought. *(To Bubba.)* He's already paid for it.

GAL: Yew cain't prove that.

LAWLESS: I'll get a court order.

ARDITH: The courts aren't open on Saturday afternoons.

LAWLESS: I'll get one on Monday.

ARDITH: Monday is a national holiday.

LAWLESS: Tuesday.

ARDITH: Tuesday is a state holiday.

LAWLESS: Wednesday?

HEYWEED: We've already been through all this. They refuse to budge.

LAWLESS: The sheriff. I'll get the sheriff. He's open on Saturday afternoons – for a small fee.

ARDITH: Unless he's at the county's annual possum shoot.

LAWLESS: In which case it will be a large fee. *(To Heyweed.)*  
I'll call him. He'll take care of this.

*(Lawless exits SL. Ardith follows. Heyweed glares at Bubba, who glares back.)*

BEVERLY: Heyweed, come on. Let's go back to the house to wait.

HEYWEED: House? You call our mansion a house? It's not a house. It's a...a...a mansion!

BEVERLY: Come on.

HEYWEED: Oh, all right. For now.

*(Reluctantly Heyweed follows Beverly off SL.)*

BUBBA: *(Calls after them, mocking them.)* Yeah, come on, Heyweed. Come on, boy.

GAL: We won that round, but whut are we gonna do if he brings the sheriff back?

BUBBA: *(Dramatically.)* They's always Bubba!

GAL: *(Concerned.)* Bubba who?

BUBBA: Bubba Cousin!

GAL: *(Shocked.)* Whut? No. Unh-unh. That man is creepy, whut with his maladies an' all that. Besides, he's dangerous. We ain't lettin' him outa his box, Bubba. We ain't that desperate.

BUBBA: But he's our secret weapon, Bubba Gal.

GAL: Yeah. So let's keep him a secret. He stays in the box. Argument over and done with. Come on, Bubba Man. *(She exits SR.)*

BUBBA: *(Mocking himself in different voices as he follows her off right.)* Come on, Bubba Man. Come on, Bubba Man. Come on, Bubba Man.

*(Girl skips over to Milly.)*

GIRL: Hey, little girl, do yew wanna play? *(She sniffs Milly.)*

Oh, pew! Oh, pew!

MILLY: I had a run-in with a skunk.

GIRL: I know that smell.

MILLY: Sorry.

GIRL: Don't be sorry. I like the smell o' skunks.

MILLY: You do?

GIRL: Yeah. Let's go see if we can find one fer me. Come on.

MILLY: Okay.

*(Girl skips off SR followed by Milly. Boy watches them leave and then turns to Lily. They are both very shy. Long pause. Boy smiles at Lily.)*

BOY: Well.

*(Pause.)*

LILY: Yeah. *(Pause.)* Well.

BOY: Yep.

LILY: Yes.

*(Pause.)*

BOY: I thank today's Saturdee.

LILY: I think so.

BOY: Most of the day anyways.

LILY: Yes.

BOY: And that would make tomorrow, uh, um...

LILY: Sunday.

BOY: Sundee, yep.

LILY: It's Saturday, then Sunday.

BOY: I like the way one day sorta follers the other. Yew know? Saturdee and then Sundee. One follerin' the other.

LILY: It's fun, yes.

BOY: 'Cause then yew know whut's comin' next. So it ain't unexpected er nuthin'.

LILY: *(Confused.)* Uh, right.

BOY: *(He can't think of anything else to say.)* Well, I guess I better git back to the truck. It needs some workin' on. *(He does not move.)* An' I have to do the workin'.

LILY: Okay.

BOY: Yew know. It's over there. *(He points off SR.)*

LILY: All right.

BOY: The truck is. On this Saturdee. That's gonna be follered by Sundee.

LILY: Got to repair that truck.

BOY: Repair it, yeah. Well. *(He turns and starts right.)*

LILY: Of course, you don't have to rush, do you?

BOY: No.

LILY: Well, then?

BOY: *(Noting her interest in him, he tries to think of something else to say.)* Wanna see my duct tape?

LILY: Oh, yes! I do.

*(Boy rushes to Lily and points out the duct tape, which is hanging on his belt.)*

BOY: There it is.

LILY: This?

BOY: Yeah. Wanna feel it?

LILY: May I?

BOY: Why, shurr.

*(He holds up the duct tape. She rubs it.)*

LILY: Nice.

BOY: Yeah.

LILY: Feels good.

BOY: Soft on the outside; sticky on the inside.

LILY: I'll bet it has a million uses.

BOY: At least. One time, I found this tree that had broke off and fell over. I straightened it up an' repaired it with my duct tape. Used practically a whole roll.

LILY: And you saved the tree! How heroic!

BOY: No. It died. *(Pause.)* But it died well-dressed.

LILY: *(She sniffs him.)* I love yer cologne. What do you call it?

BOY: Grease.

LILY: Very masculine.

BOY: I wear it all the time when I'm a-workin' on the truck.

LILY: How often do you work on the truck?

BOY: Ever day. That thang's got pieces dropping off it by the hour. Won't last much longer.

LILY: How sad.

BOY: Wanna watch the pieces fall off?

LILY: *(She smiles.)* Okay.

BOY: *(Excited.)* Okay? Well, good. I mean, good. Maybe I can even git the radio to play agin.

LILY: Let's go.

BOY: Right. Okay. Let's go.

*(Boy takes Lily's hand, and they move right. Before they have gone more than a few steps, Heyweed enters SL.)*

HEYWEED: Boy! *(They stop.)* Unhand that defenseless maiden this instant!

BOY: Defenseless whut?

LILY: But Daddy!

HEYWEED: Who?

LILY: I mean, Pater.

HEYWEED: The Throttlebottoms do not associate with redneck trailer-trash.

BOY: *(To Lily.)* Is he talkin' 'bout me? *(To Heyweed.)* I cain't be trailer-trash, mister, 'cause I don't live in no trailer. I live in a tent. Outside the trailer. 'Cause there ain't room in there fer ever'body.

HEYWEED: Tent trash is even worse than trailer-trash. Now let her go.

*(Boy looks at Lily and then reluctantly releases her hand.)*

BOY: Yes, sir.

LILY: Bubba Boy!

BOY: My daddy always taught me to respect my elders, Lily.

HEYWEED: Are you referring to me as "elderly"?

*(There is a loud crash off right.)*

LILY: What was that?

BOY: A piece just fell off the truck. Sounded like a big 'un. I better go. *(He exits SR.)*

LILY: *(To Heyweed.)* Did you, like, have to do that?

HEYWEED: I cannot allow you to get mixed up with a grease monkey, Lily. I have bigger and snobbier plans for your future.

LILY: *(Angrily.)* Yeah? Well, like, what about *my* plans for my future, Daddy?! *(She stalks off SL.)*

HEYWEED: *(Calls to her.)* Pater. Call me "Pater." *(To himself.)* Teenagers! I thought rich teenagers didn't have tempers. *(Sheriff Booty, Deputy Pewtree, Beverly, and Lawless enter SL.)* Ah, Sheriff. Glad you could get here so quickly.

SHERIFF: *(Speaks in the same manner as the Bubbas.)* I always come fast when there's som'un extr-ee in it fer me. *(He holds out his hand for money.)*

HEYWEED: Something extra?

SHERIFF: Yeah. Som'un extr-ee. *(He wiggles his fingers as in "Come on. Pay me.")*

HEYWEED: Oh. *(He takes out his wallet and pulls some bills from it.)* I didn't realize this was the local custom.

*(Heyweed hands the Sheriff some bills.)*

SHERIFF: Well, now yew know. *(He counts the money and wiggles his fingers for more.)*

HEYWEED: More?

SHERIFF: This here's Saturdee, Mr. Throttlebottom. My day off. Yew caught me in the middle of a possum shoot.

ARDITH: Yes. It's real big in this area. People come from all over.

PEWTREE: And Sheriff Booty has won that contest ever' year fer-ever.

SHERIFF: So my deputy Pewtree and me, we figure we're owed a little bonus. *(Pewtree holds out his hand for his share, but the Sheriff stuffs the money into his own pocket.)* Now what are we doin' here anyways?

*(Lawless hands the Sheriff some legal papers.)*

LAWLESS: These people have set up their junky trailer on county land now owned by Mr. Throttlebottom, and they refuse to move. The judge, the Honorable Miss Demeanor, signed these papers a few minutes ago requiring them to vacate the premises immediately. Your job is to enforce the ruling.

SHERIFF: Oh. Extricate 'em and relocate 'em.

PEWTREE: Should I git the shotguns outta the car, Sheriff – in case we need to use a little persuasion?

SHERIFF: Naw. I can handle this.

PEWTREE: *(Deflated.)* Awww.

*(Bubba and Gal, who carries her empty laundry basket, enter from SR. They don't see the others at first.)*

BUBBA: *(To Gal.)* I'll git some more wood fer the fire while yew git them drippy clothes off the line and —

*(Bubba and Gal see the Sheriff and stop in their tracks.)*

GAL: Uh-oh.

BUBBA: We ain't makin' no homebrew, Sheriff. In fact, we teetotalers. Always have been, always will be.

SHERIFF: *(A sign of recognition.)* Bubba? Is that yew? *(Referring to him and Gal.)* Bubba and Bubba?

BUBBA: *(He smiles.)* Why, if it ain't Bubba, the Sheriff o' this here county. I ain't seed yew in a ton of Sundees.

*(Bubba shakes hands with the Sheriff.)*

SHERIFF: And don't fergit my deputy, Pewtree.

*(Bubba shakes Pewtree's hand.)*

BUBBA: *(To the Sheriff.)* He ain't a Bubba?

SHERIFF: Naw. Most o' the Bubbas have taken up res-i-dence on the other side o' the law.

BUBBA: Carryin' on the tradition, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Guess so.

GAL: I cain't believe this. *(To Sheriff and Pewtree.)* Whatchu boys been up to?

*(She gives the Sheriff and Pewtree each a hug.)*

SHERIFF: Oh, the usual — huntin' an' fishin'.

BUBBA: Yeah. Huntin' fer patsies and fishin' fer dollars.

PEWTREE: How's Bubba?

GAL: Which one?

PEWTREE: The one with all the kids.

GAL: They've all got kids.

PEWTREE: Good, good. I'm glad to hear it.

SHERIFF: So whut's the beef here, Bubba?

BUBBA: We're jst doin' a little campin' an' tailgatin' on this here county land—all legal like—and this here feller keeps tellin' us he owns the place.

SHERIFF: Does he?

GAL: He ain't got no legal proof.

LAWLESS: Of course he does. Here's the deed. *(He hands it to the Sheriff.)*

SHERIFF: Why, this deed ain't been notarized or otherwise legalized yet.

LAWLESS: We'll be doing that on Thursday—when the proper offices are open again.

SHERIFF: Then call me on Thursday. As of right now, Bubba is within his rights.

LAWLESS: But, but, but...

PEWTREE: Sheriff, I thank if we hurry, maybe we can make the last hour of the possum hunt.

SHERIFF: Let's go. *(To Bubba.)* Bubba. *(To Gal.)* Bubba. Take care of yerselves. *(To Lawless and Heyweed.)* Yew done aggravated me by callin' me out on my day off, so I ain't so sure I'm gonna make it back here on Thursday. Or any other day.

HEYWEED: But what about the "something extra" I gave you?

SHERIFF: Oh, yeah. The "booty." *(He takes the money from his pocket and holds it out. Heyweed starts to take it, but the Sheriff pulls it back.)* Thank ye right kindly like. *(He exits SL.)*

HEYWEED: *(To Pewtree.)* But you're the law here. Who else can I turn to?

PEWTREE: I sometimes do evictions on the side—if yew know whut I mean.

*(Pewtree wiggles his fingers as if asking for money. Heyweed makes no effort to give him any. Angry, Pewtree curses under his breath and exits SL.)*

GAL: That Deputy Pewtree always was an underhanded kind of guy.

BUBBA: *(To Heyweed.)* Now, I'm warnin' yew to get offa my property afore I have to shoot yew. *(Under his breath.)* If I can find anything to shoot yew with. *(He exits SR.)*

HEYWEED: What is this world coming to when you can't buy a dirty sheriff?

LAWLESS: If you're really determined, Mr. Throttlebottom, I think I can help you.

HEYWEED: Anything. I'll do anything!

GAL: I'm jist gonna git my laundry here.

*(Gal pulls clothes off the line and puts them into her basket. Lawless pulls out his cell phone and speed dials.)*

LAWLESS: *(Into phone.)* Is this Bad Guys and Gals, Incorporated? *(Pause.)* Yeah? Well, a client of mine needs some help. *(Pause.)* Money is no object. *(Pause.)* Great. How fast can you get here? *(Pause.)* Good. Here's the address. *(He turns his back and gives the address.)*

BEVERLY: Heyweed, what's he up to?

HEYWEED: If the Sheriff won't enforce the law, then I will make my own law!

BEVERLY: Why don't we just let them stay? We're only talking about a week.

HEYWEED: *(Angrily.)* A week? A week is forever. No! I worked my way up to the highest social status, and I don't intend to be pulled back down by these shiftless hayseeds.

BEVERLY: Heywood! It's not like you to talk this way.

HEYWEED: I struggled to get where I am, Beverly.

BEVERLY: You did not. You won the stupid lottery.

HEYWEED: And I won't be pulled back down by them—or anyone like them. Whatever it takes, they will be off my property today! *(He stalks off SL.)*

LAWLESS: (*Following him.*) Everything's taken care of, Mr. Throttlebottom. They'll be gone in an hour – one way or the other.

BEVERLY: (*To herself.*) We become millionaires one day and forget our roots the next. I am so disappointed in us. (*She starts left.*)

GAL: (*To Beverly.*) I hope he ain't gonna be no trouble, ma'am. Bubba gits real mean when they's trouble.

BEVERLY: Are you folding those clothes while they're still dripping wet?

GAL: Yeah, well, this way Bubba can squeeze the wet out of 'em.

BEVERLY: No. See, you should leave them on the line until they're dry.

GAL: No. See, Bubba squeezes the wet out of 'em while I'm in 'em. (*She shivers in delight.*) Ewww! Sometimes Bubba has ideas that really work.

BEVERLY: Oh. Well, do you think there's going to be a battle over this land?

GAL: I shurr hope not. If Bubba lets Bubba Cousin outta his box, well, they's no tellin' whut might happen.

BEVERLY: Bubba Cousin? You keep this Bubba Cousin person in a box?

GAL: Padlocked an' ever'thang.

BEVERLY: Does he like being locked in a box?

GAL: No. But *we* like for him to be locked in a box. It's safer that way.

BEVERLY: But doesn't that make him angry?

GAL: Shurr does.

BEVERLY: And wild?

GAL: Real wild.

BEVERLY: And...and...

GAL: And mighty vicious.

(*Beverly moves left.*)

BEVERLY: I'd better warn Heyweed. *(She exits SL.)*

GAL: Yew do that. *(As she moves right.)* An' I better tell Bubba that we're 'bout to be set on by Bad Guys and Gals, Incorporated. Whatever that is.

*(Gal exits SR. Blubbers, one by one, poke their heads out from behind trees. They are all dressed in forest camouflage and their faces are streaked in various shades of green. Blubber 1 carries a rope with a noose at one end. Blubber 2 carries a sack large enough to cover half a person. Blubber 3 carries a large branch as a club. Blubber 4 carries a twig. Note: The pronouns "he," "his," and "him" have been used in all cases here but if one or more Blubbers are females, change the pronouns accordingly. Blubber 1 stands in front of a tree.)*

BLUBBER 1: Pssst! *(He gives a complicated series of hand signals and then waits. No one else moves. Angrily, he does it again. No one else moves. He puts his sleeve next to his mouth and speaks roughly as if into a hidden microphone.)* Blubber 1 to Blubber 2. Didn't you learn sign language in sabotage training school?

BLUBBER 2: Yeah.

BLUBBER 1: Then what did I say? Over.

BLUBBER 2: You said, "Two bananas and a monkey." Over.

BLUBBER 1: I did? Well, try this. *(He does another series of hand signals.)*

BLUBBER 2: "The pie crust is soggy?"

BLUBBER 1: Forget the sign language. Blubber 1, are you ready? Over.

BLUBBER 2: *(Into his sleeve.)* Blubber 1? That's you, Blubber 1. Over.

BLUBBER 1: Oh. Of course, it's me. I was just testing. Blubber 2, ready? Over.

BLUBBER 2: *(Into his sleeve.)* Blubber 2, ready. Over.

BLUBBER 1: Blubber 3, are you set? Over.

BLUBBER 3: *(Into his sleeve.)* Blubber 3, set. Over.

BLUBBER 1: Blubber 4, go! *(Pause.)* Blubber 4, go! I said, go!

BLUBBER 4: (*Out loud.*) You didn't say "Over." Over.

BLUBBER 1: Over!

BLUBBER 4: I'm going! (*He leaps into the center of area and prepares to hit someone with his twig. Pause.*) Where am I going?

(*Blubbers gather at CS. Blubber 1 opens a letter.*)

BLUBBER 1: Here is our mission should we choose to accept it. (*Reads.*) "Bad Guys and Gals, Incorporated, you are to force all the Bubbas off this property within the hour." Do we accept the mission?

BLUBBER 2, 3, 4: Yeah!

BLUBBER 1: Good. We find the main Bubba, we rope him, hogtie him, cover his head with this sack, and drag him into the next county.

BLUBBER 3: What about the rest of these Bubba people?

BLUBBER 1: If they refuse to leave, we swing them from one of these trees.

BLUBBER 4: Why would we want to build them a swing?

BLUBBER 1: Idiot. We don't build them a swing. We swing them...by their necks.

BLUBBER 4: Wouldn't that tend to cut off their breathing a little?

BLUBBER 1: No. It would cut off their breathing a lot. Totally. Got it?

BLUBBER 2, 3, 4: Yeah!

BLUBBER 1: Okay. (*He does some complicated hand movements.*)

BLUBBER 4: Will you repeat that?

(*Blubber 1 does the complicated hand movements again.*)

BLUBBER 2: You misspelled that last word. (*Blubber 1 erases thin air and repeats the last part of the sign language.*) "Eat my shoelaces?" What does that mean?

BLUBBER 1: Forget it. Spread out. Find our mark. Go!

BLUBBER 2, 3, 4: Yeah!

*(Blubbers quickly go in and out among the trees several times and then meet back at CS.)*

BLUBBER 1: Find him? *(Blubber 2, 3, 4 ad-lib, "No," "Unh-unh," "Not yet," etc.)* Then why are we meeting like this?  
Find him!

BLUBBER 2, 3, 4: Yeah!

*(Blubbers go in and out among the trees again. Blubber 1 returns with his rope around Blubber 3's neck.)*

BLUBBER 1: I got him. I got him!

BLUBBER 3: *(Choking.)* Arrgghhh!

*(Blubber 2 returns with the bag over Blubber 4's head.)*

BLUBBER 2: I got him. I got him!

BLUBBER 1: Something's wrong here.

BLUBBER 2: You've got Blubber 3.

*(Blubber 1 looks Blubber 3 in the face.)*

BLUBBER 1: So I do. *(To Blubber 3.)* How did you get in my noose?

BLUBBER 3: *(Choking and pointing to his throat.)* Arrgghhh!

BLUBBER 1: What?

BLUBBER 3: Arrgghhh!

BLUBBER 1: Oh, shut up. *(He releases Blubber 3, who gags and falls to the ground. To Blubber 2.)* Let's see him.

*(Blubber 2 removes the bag from Blubber 4's head.)*

BLUBBER 2: Ta-da!

BLUBBER 1: That's Blubber 4.

BLUBBER 2: Oops.

BLUBBER 4: I just had the strangest dream. *(He collapses.)*

BLUBBER 1: Is he dead?

*(Blubber 2 feels the bottom of Blubber 4's shoe like he is feeling for a pulse.)*

BLUBBER 2: Nope. He's alive.

BLUBBER 1: His pulse is at his neck. Why are you feeling the bottom of his shoe?

BLUBBER 2: I wasn't feeling for a pulse. I thought if he was dead, I'd take his boots.

BLUBBER 1: Leave his boots alone. Wake him up, and let's get back to the task at hand. Go!

BLUBBER 2: Yeah!

*(After Blubber 1 helps Blubber 3, and Blubber 2 helps Blubber 4 stand, they run again among the trees, this time for a briefer period. When they meet again at CS, there are now five of them. Bubba is the fifth and is dressed in camouflage overalls with lots of dirt on his face, but it is clear to the audience who he is.)*

BLUBBER 1: Maybe he's already left.

BLUBBER 2: His trailer is still here.

BLUBBER 3: I checked the trailer.

BLUBBER 4: And I checked the outhouse.

BLUBBER 1: *(To Blubber 4.)* And he wasn't there?

BLUBBER 4: I don't know. I was too busy in there to look.

BUBBA: *(In his normal voice.)* Well, I thank maybe he run off down to the crick an' over the bluff. Let's go git 'em. *(He starts right and stops.)* Don't'chu wanna go git 'em? He's over the bluff.

BLUBBER 2: I'm not going over any bluff.

BLUBBER 1: There's something funny here. Check off. *(He speaks into his sleeve again.)* Blubber 1, report. *(Pause.)* Blubber 1, report.

BLUBBER 2: That's you, Blubber 1.

BLUBBER 1: What? Oh. I know that. I was just reporting in.

Blubber 1 to Blubber 1. Present, sir. Blubber 1 to Blubber 2.

BLUBBER 2: *(Into his sleeve.)* Blubber 2, here, Blubber 1.

BLUBBER 1: Blubber 3.

BLUBBER 3: *(Into his sleeve.)* Blubber 3, present and accounted for.

BLUBBER 1: Blubber 4.

*(Pause.)*

BLUBBER 4: I'm still a bit woozie. *(He reels.)*

BUBBA: *(He speaks into his sleeve.)* Uh, I don't know why we're a-talkin' into our sleeves, but I'm Bubba 4.

BLUBBER 1: You're what?

BUBBA: Uh, *Blubber 4*, Blubber 4.

*(Blubber 1 points to Blubber 4.)*

BLUBBER 1: One extra. That means he's infiltrated our squad. Get him, Blubber Team!

*(With lots of vocal sounds, Blubber 1, 2, and 3 pounce on 4. Blubber 4 is struck by 3, lassoed by 1, and is about to have the bag put over his head by 2 when 2 stops.)*

BLUBBER 2: *(To Blubber 1, 3.)* Hold on. This is Blubber 4.

*(Blubber 1, 2, 3 turn toward Bubba.)*

BLUBBER 1: *(Indicating Bubba.)* Then who is *this* Blubber 4?

BUBBA: *(Defenseless.)* Uh, I'm a stranger that jist happened to be passin' by here when I noticed this game yew was a-playin', and I thought I'd join in.

BLUBBER 1: *(To Blubber 2, 3, 4.)* It's Bubba—our victim! Get him, get him!

*(With lots of vocal ad-libs, Bubba runs around as Blubber 1 tries to lasso him, 2 tries to slip the bag over his head, and 3 tries to whack him with his branch. After a brief chase, Bubba backs into the area toward Blubber 4. Blubber 1, 2, and 3 face Bubba and threaten him.)*

BUBBA: I'm thinkin' o' pullin' up stakes here and movin' on.  
That's whut yew want, ain't it? So, uh, put down yer  
weapons and let me git on with my movin'.

BLUBBER 1: Too late!

BUBBA: Too late? Yew mean I don't have to leave now?

BLUBBER 1: No. I mean we're going to bash your head in.

BUBBA: Well, as long as it don't hurt none.

BLUBBER 1: Ready to rush him. One, two...

BLUBBER 4: Three!

*(On three, Blubber 4 taps Bubba on the back with his tiny twig, and Bubba falls to the ground.)*

BUBBA: Ohhh!

BLUBBER 2: That was easy.

BLUBBER 1: Too easy. Blubber 3, give him a real whack to  
the head.

BLUBBER 3: Gladly. *(He raises his branch.)* Here goes!

*(Blubber 1 sniffs.)*

BLUBBER 1: What...what's that awful smell?! Ewww!

BLUBBER 2: Arrgghhh! I'm choking, I'm choking!

BLUBBER 3: I can't breathe! The stink is so bad!

*(Blubber 4 falls to his knees and starts crawling left.)*

BLUBBER 4: Ohhh, I think I'm going to heave.

*(Milly and Bubba Girl enter SR, skipping. Each carries a skunk [a stuffed animal] in her arms.)*

MILLY: Look what we've got.

GIRL: Skunks.

MILLY: Aren't they cute?

BLUBBER 1: Aeiii! *(He does some very quick hand movements.)*

BLUBBER 2: "Lipstick on horses?"

BLUBBER 1: Skunks! Skunks! Run for your lives!

*(Blubber 1, 2, 3, 4 scream and run or crawl off SL.)*

GIRL: Pa, what 'chu doin' on the ground like that?

*(Bubba sits up.)*

BUBBA: Playin' possum. But I thank yew jist saved my life.

MILLY: How do you like our new pets, Mister Pa?

BUBBA: Them's cute as a knee on a grasshopper's dinner.

MILLY: What?

*(Bubba stands.)*

BUBBA: Step aside, gals. Them Throttlebutts is playin' rough.  
So I'm thankin' it's about time Bubba brought out his secret  
weapon.

GIRL: Not...not...yew don't mean...?

BUBBA: Yes, I do, Bubba Girl...Bubba Cousin!

*(Bubba marches off SR. Gal enters as he exits, and they pass each other.)*

GAL: Bubba? *(To Girl.)* Whut is it? Whut's he so fired up  
about? *(She sniffs.)* Oh, no! Yew brought home another pet.

GIRL: Two of 'em, Ma.

MILLY: Yes. Pater—I mean, dad—won't let us have any pets  
in the mansion. So Bubba Girl has agreed to keep mine for  
me. *(She indicates Girl.)*

GIRL: *(Smiles.)* That's right.

GAL: How nice. Meanwhile, yew both stink worse than 10-day-old horse meat.

GIRL: Yeah. Neat, huh?

*(Bubba drags or pushes a large padlocked box or trunk onstage. Note: It may have furniture gliders or rollers on its bottom so it will slide easier.)*

GAL: *(In shock.)* Oh, no!

BUBBA: I'm ready fer him this time.

*(Heyweed enters SL, still dressed in a tie and jacket and carrying his cane.)*

HEYWEED: Are you, now? Just because you frightened away the bruisers from Bad Guys and Gals, Inc., that doesn't mean you've won this fight. Because I have a secret weapon.

BUBBA: Whut's that?

HEYWEED: This cane. It's made of the finest wood and is excellent for pounding someone's head in.

BUBBA: *(Mocking him.)* Ohhh! I'm really scared now.

HEYWEED: And if that doesn't work, this will. *(He holds up a canister about the size of a tube of lipstick.)*

GAL: Whut's that?

HEYWEED: Pepper spray. Only I didn't have any pepper, so it's Tabasco Sauce...a very powerful concoction.

BUBBA: I am shakin' in my boots.

HEYWEED: *(Smiles.)* I thought you would.

*(Beverly and Lily enter SL. Boy enters SR.)*

BEVERLY: Heyweed, don't.

HEYWEED: I've brought him to his knees, Beverly, and I plan to bury him right where he stands.

BEVERLY: Heyweed, please. This has gone way too far. Thursday's only a few days away.

HEYWEED: *(Cockily.)* I'm not waiting one minute longer. *(He takes a step toward Bubba and strikes a pose.)* En garde, monsieur!

GAL: *(To Heyweed.)* Oh, please, sir. Don't make him do this.

*(Hayweed stops.)*

HEYWEED: Do what?

GAL: Let his secret out of the box.

HEYWEED: Scaring me doesn't...scare me. I'm too smart for your trickery.

BUBBA: Here's the key. *(He holds up the key.)* Once I unlock this here padlock, there ain't no callin' 'em back.

HEYWEED: Calling who back?

GIRL: Bubba Cousin!

*(Girl screeches in fright and pulls Milly to the right.)*

BOY: Over here, Bubba Girl. *(Girl and Milly move toward him. He smells them.)* I mean, over there, over there. *(He holds his nose and points away from himself to the right.)*

LILY: Daddy, I'm scared for you.

HEYWEED: There is nothing to be frightened of. I can handle this quite comfortably.

BUBBA: Last chance, Throttlebutt.

HEYWEED: Stand where you are, Bubba. I'm coming for you. *(He takes a step forward as if to stab Bubba.)*

BUBBA: Don't, now. *(Heyweed takes another step forward.)* That's too close. *(Heyweed takes another step forward.)* I don't have no more choices. This is it.

*(Bubba unlocks the padlock and opens the top of the box. Nothing happens.)*

GAL: Bubba, thank about whut yer doin'.

HEYWEED: *(Laughs.)* What's the matter, Bubba? Have you lost your secret weapon?

*(Bubba glances into the box.)*

BUBBA: I don't thank so.

HEYWEED: Get ready to receive the thrashing of your life!

*(Heyweed steps toward Bubba, with the box separating the two of them. Heyweed laughs. Slowly, a massive deformed hand reaches out from the box along with a long guttural sound. Heyweed hesitates. Another hand appears, followed by a big grotesque head. Heyweed takes a step backward. Finally, Bubba Cousin stands up and growls, facing the audience so his large vampire-like fangs are evident. He is dressed like any redneck except that his clothes are ragged and bloody. He moves stiffly, stepping tall on one leg and dragging the other.)*

COUSIN: *(Snarling.)* Grrrrr!

BUBBA: *(To Cousin.)* Sic 'em, Bubba Cousin!

*(Bubba Cousin faces Heyweed.)*

COUSIN: Grrrrr!

HEYWEED: *(To Bubba.)* Perhaps negotiations are in order.

BUBBA: Too late. I done let the monster outta the box.

BEVERLY: Heyweed, come on. Let's go. Let's go!

*(Cousin begins to advance on Heyweed.)*

HEYWEED: *(Nervously.)* I...I don't seem to be able to get my feet to...to move. *(He screeches.)* I'm...I'm paralyzed!

BUBBA: Yew ain't no such of a thang. Yew jist scared stiff.

HEYWEED: That, too.

*(As the women scream, the growling Cousin grabs the frightened Heyweed and tosses him to the ground.)*

GAL: Bubba!

BUBBA: Cain't do nuthin' to stop 'im now, Bubba Gal.

*(Cousin easily picks up Heyweed. Heyweed strikes Cousin with his cane. Unhurt, Cousin reacts even more viciously by pounding Heyweed on the head. Heyweed falls to the ground again with a loud howl.)*

COUSIN: Grrr!

*(Cousin picks Heyweed up again.)*

BUBBA: Here comes the coupe day grass [*coup de grâce*].

*(Cousin snarls, shows his fangs, and bites Heyweed on the neck. Heyweed struggles and moans, but cannot break loose. Finally, blood drips from Heyweed's neck, and Cousin drops him to the ground, looks skyward, beats on his chest, and roars, "Arrryyyyy!")*

MILLY: Mom! Is he a vampire or something?

BEVERLY: I...I don't know, Milly. Oh, Heyweed! *(She rushes to her unconscious husband.)*

BUBBA: Okay, Bubba Cousin. Yew done yer part. Now back in the box.

COUSIN: *(Angrily.)* Arrryyy!

BUBBA: *(Firmly.)* Back in the box!

COUSIN: *(Whimpers.)* Oooohhh.

*(Bubba forces Cousin into the box and Cousin sits down in it. Bubba closes the top and padlocks it. At the same time, Beverly tries to revive Heyweed.)*

BEVERLY: Heyweed, my dear, dear, *dear* husband. Open your eyes. Breathe. Please don't be dead.

GAL: Oh, he ain't dead.

BEVERLY: He looks dead.

GIRL: He ain't dead. Bubba Cousin don't kill nobody.

BEVERLY: Then why the blood?

*(She wipes it off Heyweed's neck and shows it to them.)*

GAL: Cousin was jist a bit hungry.

BUBBA: Yeah. We ain't fed him in a long while.

BEVERLY: Heyweed? Heyweed, they say you're not dead.

*(Heyweed jerks into a sitting position.)*

HEYWEED: I'm not?

BUBBA: Not yet anyways.

HEYWEED: I feel like I am.

BEVERLY: *(Cautiously.)* Though you do seem a little different.

HEYWEED: Different? What do you mean different? *(He quickly stands in a stiff manner and speaks mechanically.)* I am alive!

GAL: Yew see there? He's good as new.

BUBBA: Better.

*(Beverly stands and looks at Heyweed.)*

BEVERLY: What do you mean "better"?

*(Heyweed takes a few stiff, unsteady steps.)*

HEYWEED: Better. I'm better. In fact... *(While still walking stiffly, his speech shifts from the British accent to a redneck one.)* I thank I'm a ding-dang sight better'n I was, don't chu...

*(Heyweed looks at Beverly. To Beverly.)* ...Bubba?

BEVERLY: Bubba? You just called me "Bubba."

*(Heyweed looks down at himself.)*

HEYWEED: Now, ya'll, why in tarnation am I wearin' these slick city dude duds? *(To Beverly.)* Babe, whar's my overalls? I hope yew didn't wash 'em. I like 'em dirty, all covered in grease an' oil and critter innards. By the way, I'm downright hungry. Wait. I know. I'll shoot us a nice armadill-er, and we can fry his gizzards fer supper. How's that sound?

LILY: Pater?

HEYWEED: Whut? Yew callin' me a tater? I ain't no po-tater. I'm yer pa, gal.

BEVERLY: Oh, my god! Oh, my god! *(To Bubba.)*  
You've...you've turned him into a...a *redneck!*

*(Country music blasts from off right.)*

BOY: *(From off right.)* I got the radio to workin', Pa!

BUBBA: I hear it!

*(Bubba dances to the music. Milly, Lily, and Beverly scream in shock. Curtain. Intermission.)*

**[END OF FREEVIEW]**