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BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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**BIG DOG PUBLISHING**

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## THE REDNECKS GIT HITCHED... AGIN

**FARCE.** When Bubba Man runs out of money and bets his wife Bubba Gal in a karaoke sangin' contest, he loses her to Billy John Jimmy Joe, who is so ugly the sheriff thinks he's a swamp devil. Even though Billy John Jimmy Joe bathes with swamp water and sprays Raid under his arms to kill "them little wiggly critters under thar," Bubba Gal divorces Billy John Jimmy Joe by noon and sets out to get engaged and re-hitched to Bubba Man by nightfall. But Bubba Gal and Bubba Man's weddin' plans are soon derailed when Gramps accidentally shoots out the tires of a passing RV, and the Moneybags, a family of rich snobs, find themselves stranded at the Bubbas' Skum Lake Trailer Camp. Then to make matters worse, Gramps unleashes Marryin' Mama, who marries everyone in the trailer camp in a redneck shotgun weddin'. Bubba Man finds himself married to Bubba Gal's goofy-lookin', snaggly toothed cousin Noreen. Bubba Gal is married to Cleetis, who is so fat he had to cut a large hole in his bib overalls to make room for his belly. And then when the men folk run out, Marryin' Mama marries snobby Evelyn Moneybags to Bubba Gal's redneck cousin Maureen. But even if Bubba Man and Bubba Gal can get rid of their new spouses, they have to answer some big questions afore they can git married agin like "What's so special 'bout teeth?"; "Should you wash yer stinky feet afore a weddin'?"; and "Should you wait till yer married afore yew launch into a marital spat?"

**Performance Time:** Approximately 90 minutes.

For more hilarious Redneck adventures, check out "The Rednecks Bite Back" and "The Rednecks Un-do Christmas."

## CHARACTERS

(6 M, 8 F, 6 flexible, opt. extras)

**BUBBA MAN:** Scruffy, unshaven Redneck and proud resident of the Skum Lake Trailer Camp; wears patched clothes and a torn and dirty white T-shirt under a ragged shirt.

**BUBBA GAL:** Bubba Man's wife; scruffy and wears a typical redneck outfit.

**LAUREEN:** Bubba Gal's redneck cousin; she is so fat that she has cut a large hole the front of her dress or shirt so that her bare belly can hang out; wears a fat suit.

**MAUREEN:** Bubba Gal's thin cousin.

**NOREEN:** Bubba Gal's goofy-looking cousin; barefooted and missing several teeth.

**GRANNY:** Bossy, grouchy old lady who carries a rolling pin; wears a redneck granny dress.

**BILLY JOHN JIMMY JOE:** Redneck bachelor; extraordinarily ugly and missing several teeth.

**ENOS:** Redneck bachelor who works as a mechanic; carries a big wrench, wears mechanic's overalls, and is covered in black grease.

**CLEETIS:** Redneck bachelor; carries a big turkey drumstick or oversized sandwich in each hand and is so fat that he has cut a large hole in the front of his bibbed overalls so that his bare belly can hang out; wears a fat suit.

**GRAMPS:** Grumpy old redneck who is hard of hearing; has a long beard, carries a shotgun, chews on a piece of hay at all times, and speaks loudly.

**BUBBA GIRL:** Bubba Man and Bubba Gal's teenage daughter.

**BUBBA DOG GIRL/DOG BOY:** Barks like a dog and has long dog ears; flexible.

**MARRYIN' MAMA:** Hideous redneck woman who looks like a swamp hag and lives in a large padlocked box; she is

covered in swamp moss and mud and is missing several teeth.

**THORNTON P. MONEYBAGS:** Rich snob; well-dressed but his clothes are covered in soot; wears a hat and glasses.

**EVELYN P. MONEYBAGS:** Thornton's rich, snobbish wife; well-dressed but her clothes are filthy and ragged and carries a ripped tote.

**TRICK MONEYBAGS:** Thornton and Evelyn's teenage daughter/son; smartly dressed but clothing is disheveled and sooty; flexible.

**TREAT MONEYBAGS:** Thornton and Evelyn's young daughter/son; smartly dressed and perfectly clean; flexible.

**MR./MS. LYNCHUM:** Attorney in desperate need of heart surgery; flexible.

**NURSE GRACE/GRANT:** Lynchum's nurse; wears a nurse uniform; flexible.

**NURSE MERCY/MACK:** Lynchum's nurse; wears a nurse uniform; flexible.

**EXTRAS (optional):** As additional redneck Weddin' Guests.

**NOTE:** For flexible roles, change names and pronouns accordingly.

## **SETTING**

Skum Lake Trailer Camp, a rundown trailer park in Southern Alabama (or any state with a delightful redneck population).

## **SET**

**Skum Lake Trailer Camp.** The profile of a dilapidated trailer home covered with strips of duct tape is SR. There are some equally dilapidated chairs or other seating arrangements in front of it at right center, and there are entrances downstage and upstage of it. A wheelbarrow or child's wagon filled with ice and cans of root beer sits in the area and there are empty cans cluttering the ground. At SL is an outhouse or portable potty. Its door must open out and swing upstage. At CS is a small stage with a karaoke machine and a primitive chair next to it. Many trees are evident. There is a sign on one tree (or in another location) that reads "Skum Lake Trailer Camp" with some letters printed backward.

## **SYNOPSIS OF SCENES**

**ACT I:** Skum Lake Trailer Camp.

### **Intermission**

**ACTII:** Skum Lake Trailer Camp, a few hours later.

## PROPS

Cans of root beer	contain two people and should have an escape hatch so that the actors are not actually locked inside)
Large, heavy gift-wrapped unidentifiable gift	
Old torn tote	
Papers	
2 dilapidated chairs (or objects that could be used as chairs)	Several strips of duct tape
Item that may be used as a footstool	2 Armloads of duct tape
Wheelbarrow or child's wagon filled with ice and cans of root beer	Tooth
Karaoke machine (or its facsimile)	2 Squashed pieces of cake with a lot of icing
Microphone	Hospital gurney (or a wheelchair)
Rolling pin	Several medical wires and hoses
Big wrench	Machine with a dial on it and an electrical wire
2 Large turkey drumsticks (or 2 oversized sandwiches)	Medicines
Shotgun	Hoses
Piece of hay	Plastic heart (gooey, gruesome) with a hose running from it
Broken RV or truck steering wheel	Yellow legal pad
Piece of an RV	Pen
Stick for Dog Girl to fetch	Padlock
Cell phone	Key
Old bucket	Checkbook
Paintbrush	Camouflage outfits, for Billy
Large wooden box or trunk on rollers (Box can be vertical or horizontal but must be large enough to	Camouflage outfit covered in black grease, for Enos
	Camouflage outfit with belly cut out, for Cleetis
	Camouflage outfit with bright orange armless

jacket or vest, for Preacher	Camouflage bridesmaid dress with belly cut out, for Laureen
Hitching post (Similar to a horse hitching post as seen in old movies – self- supported horizontal post supported with two legs at either end with lots of empty root beer cans and three full and unopened root beer cans hanging on it as decorations.)	Camouflage caps or hats, for Laureen, Maureen, and Noreen
Bible	Cute flower girl dresses, for Treat and Dog Girl
Camouflage pants and hat, for Man	2 Baskets with handles
Sleeveless tailcoat, for Man	Flower petals
Bowtie, for Man	Lovely long white dress, for Gal
Oversized boots, for Man, Billy, Enos, Cleetis, Preacher, Gal, Maureen, and Laureen	Bouquet of twigs and leaves duct-taped together
Camouflage bridesmaid dresses, for Maureen and Noreen	Camouflage hat with see- through white veil, for Gal
	Piece of paper (1" x 1")
	Large gift-wrapped bone
	Chopped turnip greens or collard greens

## **SPECIAL EFFECTS**

Gunshot (Google "sound effects shotgun" for free download)  
Screeching tires  
RV crashing (Google "sound effects truck crash" for free download)  
Lightning  
Thunder (Google "sound effects thunder" for free download)  
Collapsing trailer (Google "sound effects collapsing house" for free download)  
Cloud of smoke  
Loud sucking sound (Google "sound effects sucking" for free download)  
Romantic music  
Triumphal tune  
2 Karaoke songs (instrumental music) for Gal and Laureen to sing to  
Thornton's hat knocked off by a shotgun blast: When Thornton enters SL, a thin fishing line is attached to his hat. When Gramps "fires" his shotgun, someone backstage yanks the line, and the hat flies off and into the SL wings.

**"IT WAS LOVE  
AT FURST BURP."**

**—BUBBA GAL**

**ACT I**

(AT RISE: Skum Lake Trailer Camp, a rundown trailer park. Bubba Man, scruffy and unshaven, sits SR holding a can of root beer and snoring loudly. He is wearing patched redneck clothes and a torn and dirty white T-shirt under a ragged shirt. Bubba Gal, scruffy and wearing a typical redneck outfit, enters SL. She is carrying a big heavy gift-wrapped package and an old torn tote. Redneck cousins Laureen, Maureen, and Noreen enter behind Bubba Gal. Gal looks at Man, gives a deep sigh, and smiles broadly.)

GAL: (To Cousins, indicating Man.) Ain't he purty!

LAUREEN: (Smiles.) He's purty aw-right. Look at that thar face. All whiskery an' so forth.

GAL: Yeah.

MAUREEN: (In awe of Man.) An' git a gander at that thar shirt he's almost a-wearin'.

GAL: Sexy, ain't it?

NOREEN: (Snarls.) Well, he's all conked out thar 'cause he's been a-drinkin' all them beers, yew know.

GAL: Root beers, Cousin Noreen. Bubba Man don't drink nuthin' stronger'n root beer. I see to that. (Pause.) 'Course he thanks it's beer. Thanks I have real beer poured into them root beer cans so's nobody knows whut he's a-drinkin'. That thar's why he falls asleep after drankin' a case 'er so of 'em.

NOREEN: Yeah, he sleeps more'n my old hound dog on a hot summer night. (Man scratches himself.) An' he's got more fleas, too.

MAUREEN: Why don't he git rid of 'em?

GAL: 'Cause my baby wouldn't hurt a flea. (Still smiling.) Yeah. That's part o' his charm. An' jist listen to him snorin'...it's like a beautiful mel-o-dy.

NOREEN: Sounds more like a screamin' alley cat to me.

MAUREEN: Sounds a lot better'n that karaoke thang he done last night, that's fer shore.

LAUREEN: Yew goin' take him back, Cousin Bubba Gal—  
after whut he done to yew?  
GAL: Naw. I ain't goin' take him back, Cousin Laureen.  
LAUREEN: *(Smiles.)* Oh, good. Then I can have a shot at 'im.  
GAL: He's goin' take me back.  
LAUREEN: *(Under her breath.)* Oh, grimy grits!  
MAUREEN: *(To Gal.)* How yew goin' arrange that? He don't  
look like he's too upset 'bout losin' yew.  
GAL: Well, Cousin Maureen, he jist don't show it.  
NOREEN: He don't show it 'cause he ain't sorry 'bout it.  
MAUREEN: How long yew two been together anyways?  
GAL: Since I was thirteen.  
MAUREEN: Thirteen years old? Well, that ain't so long.  
GAL: Thirteen months. It was love at furst burp. *(Pause.)*  
Course, we didn't git hitched up with a weddin' an' all till  
later.  
NOREEN: An' then the big dee-voice last night. *(Angrily.)*  
An' then yew married Billy John Jimmy Joe this  
mornin'—who I was gonna wed.  
LAUREEN: *(To Noreen.)* Billy John Jimmy Joe ain't never  
asked yew to marry 'im, Cousin Noreen.  
NOREEN: Naw, but he was gonna.  
LAUREEN: When?  
NOREEN: Soon's I busted him over the head with a skillet,  
that's when. But when Bubba Gal went an' wedded him this  
mornin', Bubba Man over thar showed some int' rest in me.  
MAUREEN: All he done was to ask yew fer some o' yer  
collard greens an' ham.  
NOREEN: He was flirtin'.  
MAUREEN: He was hungry!  
LAUREEN: It don't matter none, Cousin Maureen, 'cause  
Cousin Bubba Gal hyer is goin' back to 'im.  
NOREEN: How can she go back to 'im when she's hitched to  
my Billy John Jimmy Joe?  
GAL: Oh, I un-hitched him right after lunch.  
NOREEN: Well, that was a short marriage. Six hours?

GAL: Six an' a half.

NOREEN: (*Brightens.*) So I can have 'im back?

LAUREEN: Yew ain't never had 'im in the furst place, Cousin Noreen.

NOREEN: After I bust him over the head with my skillet, Cousin Laureen, then I'm a-comin' after yew!

LAUREEN: Watch it. I'm bigger'n yew.

NOREEN: Yeah, an' yew jiggle a lot more too, but that won't help yew none.

GAL: Hold on, now, gals. Yew can kill each other later. Right now, I'm makin' plans fer gettin' Bubba Man back.

MAUREEN: How yew goin' do that, Bubba Gal?

GAL: Well, let me check my list of [ideas]. [*Ideas*] (*She pulls some slips of paper from her tote.* Furst... (*Reads.*) ..."Git Bubba Man a fresh root beer." Okay, good. Second... (*Reads.*) ..."Prop up Bubba Man's feet so's his blood don't run downhill all day." I can do that. Third. Oh, hyer it is. (*Reads.*) "Trick Bubba Man inta marryin' me today."

MAUREEN: Today? He's goin' marry yew today?

GAL: Yep.

LAUREEN: Does he know that?

GAL: Not yet, Cousin Laureen. I jist made up this hyer list a few minutes ago. But that's whut it says I'm goin' do, so I guess he'll find out soon enuff.

NOREEN: Does that thar mean Billy John Jimmy Joe is mine agin?

LAUREEN: Yew ain't gotta worry none 'bout him.

NOREEN: Why not?

LAUREEN: 'Cause ain't nobody else wants him. He's too blamed ugly.

NOREEN: Yeah, but he's cute ugly.

LAUREEN/MAUREEN: Eeewww!

GAL: Okay, hyer I go. Jist yew watch.

LAUREEN: Don't worry. We ain't plannin' to miss none of it.

(*Simultaneously, the Cousins exaggeratedly stare at Man.*)

GAL: Not like that. *(Cousins compose themselves.)* From behind the latrine, if yew don't mind. Go on, now. Go on. *(Cousins rush behind the outhouse. After two seconds, their heads pop out and they stare at Man.)* That thar's better. *(She turns toward Man and clears her throat.)* Ahem. Jist watch a expert at work. *(She tosses the heavy gift over her shoulder and nearly falls over from the weight.)* Ohhh!

LAUREEN: That ain't no good start.

MAUREEN: Bad start, bad start.

NOREEN: Some expert.

GAL: Ya'll jist hesh up, now. *(Cousins simultaneously put a hand over their mouths.)* Well, hyer goes. *(Under the weight of the gift, Gal stumbles toward Man. Gasping for breath, she puts the gift down, gets a cold root beer from the wheelbarrow, takes the empty can from Man's hand, tosses it onto the ground, and replaces it with the fresh drink. She lifts his feet to place them on anything that might serve as a footstool but is overcome by their smell.)* Ewwww!

*(Gal coughs, drops Man's feet, recovers from the smell, and steps beside him. She glances over at the Cousins.)*

NOREEN: Stinky feet. I wouldn't want no man with stinky feet. How could I suck the toes of stinky feet?

LAUREEN: *(Gestures for Gal to proceed. To Gal.)* Go on, go on. Do it.

GAL: *(Clears her throat. To Man.)* Ahem. Bubba Man? *(He snores loudly.)* Bubba Man? *(He snores louder.)* Hey, Bubba Man!

*(Since Man does not respond, she kicks his "chair" so that it collapses or he falls out of it. Man manages to hold onto his can of root beer.)*

MAN: Ohhhh! *(From the ground.)* Huh? Whut? Whut's goin' on hyer?

GAL: I'm talkin' to yew.

MAN: Whut?

GAL: And when I'm talkin' to yew, I s'pect yew to pay attention.

MAN: Well, I cain't pay no attention if'n I'm layin' hyer on the ground a-wounded and a-hurtin'.

GAL: Oh, yew ain't a-wounded.

MAN: No, but I'm a-hurtin'. *(Pause.)* Now whut yew want, Bubba Gal?

GAL: *(Smiles.)* Well, why don't yew sit up hyer in this nice, comfy pile o' old tars *[tires]*. *[Or whatever he might be using for a seat.]*

MAN: That's whut I was a doin' afore yew jist kicked me out of it.

GAL: Come on, now.

MAN: Well, aw-right. *(He cautiously gets up and sits on the "chair.")* Now, whut's this all about? An' hurry up with it 'cause I'm a-missin' out on my mornin' snooze.

GAL: Bubba Man, it's afternoon now.

MAN: Well, then, I'm a-missin' out on my afternoon snooze.

GAL: Okay, hyer. *(She tosses the heavy package onto his lap.)*

MAN: *(Winces in pain.)* Owwww! Owwww! Ohhh! That hurt.

GAL: *(Ignores him.)* It's a present. From me.

MAN: Well, I figured it was from yew—since yew's the onliest person hyer.

GAL: Open it.

MAN: Whut is it?

GAL: *(Impatiently.)* Well, if'n yew'd open it, maybe yew'd find out.

MAN: Well, that makes sense. I guess. *(He opens it and pulls out a huge and heavy indescribable and unrecognizable object.)* Well, well!

GAL: Yew like it? I got it down to the Home Dee-pot.

MAN: Bubba Gal, yew always know jist whut to git me.

GAL: I'm glad yew like it.

MAN: Whut is it?

GAL: It's a big...tool.

MAN: Well, I can see that, dad burn it. I mean, whut's it fer?

GAL: Well, how should I know whut it's fer? I thought yew'd know.

MAN: I don't know.

GAL: Yew use it to, yew know, to do thangs.

MAN: To do whut thangs?

GAL: I don't know whut thangs, Bubba Man. Thangs! Yew know...thangs!

MAN: Oh...thangs.

GAL: Yeah. That's it.

MAN: Yeah. I see now. I can do thangs with it.

GAL: That's right.

MAN: Thangs.

GAL: Shore.

MAN: I tell yew whut. I'll jist hang it on the dinin' room wall with all them other thangs yew done bought me.

GAL: *(Smiles.)* Yew so smart, Bubba Man. I figured yew'd know whut to do with it.

MAN: Yeah. I'm purty big in the brains de-part-ment. Now, if'n yew'll 'scuse me, I got some more snoozin' to do.

*(Man leans back and immediately begins to snore. She kicks the "chair" so hard he again falls out of it.)*

GAL: Bubba Man!

MAN: Ouch! Owww! Now, yew done gone an' hurt me agin.

GAL: I give yew that present fer a reason.

MAN: I know that. I ain't dumb. *(Pause. Thinks.)* Whut reason?

*(Gal gets down on one knee.)*

GAL: Bubba Man, that's a engage-ment present.

MAN: Whut? Yew cain't git engaged to nobody. Yer already wedded an' all...to whut's his name.

GAL: Billy John Jimmy Joe.

MAN: Yeah.

GAL: 'Cept I ain't wedded to him no more.

MAN: How come?

GAL: I done dee-vorced from him.

MAN: But yew jist married him this mornin'.

GAL: And dee-vorced him after lunch.

MAN: How come yew done that?

GAL: Yew said I had to marry him. Yew didn't say how long  
I had to stay married to him.

MAN: Oh. I'm plumb sorry 'bout that karaoke thang, Bubba  
Gal.

GAL: I fergive yew, Bubba Man. Sorta.

MAN: But I didn't have no more money to bet...

GAL: So yew bet me—yer own wife and mama.

MAN: Mama? Yew ain't my mama.

GAL: No. I'm the mama of yer children. An' yew don't bet  
yer own wife an' the mama of yer younguns on a karaoke  
sangin' contest.

MAN: But it was a shore bet. I couldn't lose. *(He goes to the  
karaoke machine and picks up the microphone.)*

GAL: But yew did. Yew sung terrible-like.

MAN: I was in fine voice.

GAL: Then how come yew lost?

MAN: The contest was fixed.

GAL: Yeah, but yew the one whut fixed it.

MAN: Somethin' went wrong.

GAL: Whut went wrong is yew opened yer mouth. Yew  
should-a hear-ed yerself.

MAN: *(He improvises a terrible melody for these lyrics and sings off  
pitch into the microphone.)*

I luve yew, my honey

Almost as much as my old hound dog

Whut got eaten up by a big wild hog

Last week.

An' now I'm bee-reft

'Cause yer the only thang I got left.

*(Off the microphone, spoken.)* Other than my trailer house.

GAL: Them's nice sent-ee-ments, Bubba Man, but they won't win yew no contests.

MAN: I made it up myself.

GAL: I could tell.

MAN: I thought Billy Joe Jimmy John sung wurse than me.

GAL: Bubba Man, ain't no man's sangin' wurse than yers.

*(Pause.)* An' it weren't Billy Joe Jimmy John. It was Billy John Jimmy Joe.

MAN: I said I was sorry.

GAL: Well, I'll jist have to git yew back later. An' then we'll be even.

MAN: Okay. So who yew gettin' engaged to now? Anybody I know?

GAL: Yep. Bubba Man.

MAN: Oh...Bubba Man. Good choice.

GAL: That's yew, Bubba Man.

MAN: Me?

GAL: Yeah, yew.

MAN: Oh, hey, yeah. Wait. Wait jist one dad burn minute hyer. I thank I might have somethin' to say 'bout this.

GAL: Well, aw-right. Whut is it?

*(Man thinks briefly.)*

MAN: Well, I don't know whut to say.

GAL: Then I'll say it fer yew. *(She gets onto one knee and pretends she is Bubba Man.)* Bubba Gal, will yew marry me? *(As herself.)* Well, I don't know, Bubba Man. Whut yew got to offer me? *(As Man.)* Well, Bubba Gal, I luv yew a lot. *(As herself.)* An' I luv yew, too, Bubba Man. *(As Man.)* Well, then, it's settled.

MAN: Whut's settled?

GAL: We're gittin' hitched.

MAN: Hitched?

GAL: Married. All formal-like.

MAN: Agin?

GAL: Agin.

MAN: But we only been dee-vorced one day.

GAL: More like half a day.

MAN: Aw-right, okay. When?

GAL: Today.

MAN: I thought yew said we was gettin' engaged today.

GAL: Engaged...and hitched.

MAN: Dang it, woman!

GAL: Dang it, man!

MAN: *(He becomes a soft puppy.)* Well, since yew asked so nice-like. Let's shake on it...man to man.

GAL: Oh, Bubba Sweetie Man, I prefer to kiss on it...man to woman.

MAN: Oh, well....

*(Gal kisses Man.)*

GAL: Now, go take a bath—and wash them feet o' yern.

MAN: Whut?! I cain't do that.

GAL: Yes, yew can.

MAN: But this ain't Saturdee night.

GAL: No. It's yer weddin' night.

MAN: Oh, Bubba Gal...the thangs I let yew git me into.

GAL: Go on, now.

*(Gal pushes him SR. Man tries to take a swig of his root beer but nothing will come out.)*

MAN: Dang it, woman. Whut'd yew do to my beer? Won't none of it come out.

GAL: Let me have that. *(She takes the can from him.)* Yew cain't do nuthin' without me. *(She pulls the tab off and hands it back to him.)* Thar.

*(Man looks at can.)*

MAN: That didn't do nuthin'. It still ain't comin' out none.  
GAL: Well, look closer.

*(Man lifts the can up high and tilts it toward him so he can look into it. The root beer pours out on him.)*

MAN: Ohhh! Now the dang can is a-leakin'.  
GAL: Jist go on now with yer bath.  
MAN: Whut 'bout this hyer tool?  
GAL: Yew can hang it later.

*(Gal pushes Man off up right. Cousins emerge from behind the outhouse. Laureen and Maureen giggle and cheer while Noreen snarls.)*

LAUREEN: *(To Gal.)* Yew done it! Yew done it, Gal!  
MAUREEN: Yew was so good at that. When I git up the nerve to propose to my man, I'm gonna let yew do it fer me.  
GAL: An' who's yer man?  
MAUREEN: Billy Jimmy John Joe.  
GAL: Any relation to Billy John Jimmy Joe?  
MAUREEN: Naw. But he's Billy Joe John Jimmy's cousin—three er four times removed.  
LAUREEN: I want a man jist like yer man, Bubba Gal.  
GAL: Hands off him, Cousin Laureen.  
LAUREEN: He's so gorgeous and so forth. *(Man gives a loud burp offstage right.)* Even his burps er gorgeous.  
NOREEN: And Billy John Jimmy Joe is all mine agin!  
MAUREEN: A weddin', a weddin'! We gotta plan fer Bubba Gal's big weddin'!

*(Cousins dance about happily but are unsure of what to do next.)*

LAUREEN: Yeah. We'll need lots of stuff.

MAUREEN: Lots an' lots of stuff...fer this an' that.

LAUREEN: Wait. Whut kind o' stuff er we gonna need lots  
an' lots of fer this hyer weddin'?

MAUREEN: Weddin' stuff.

LAUREEN: Oh, okay.

GAL: An' tonight, I'll agin be mama to my own younguns—  
Bubba Girl, Bubba Boy, and Dog Girl.

NOREEN: Only Dog Girl is more like a pet, ain't she?

GAL: Cousin Noreen! Don't yew go callin' her no pet.  
(Pause.) Although, she does like to be scratched behind the  
ears.

LAUREEN: (Giddily.) Don't we all?

(Granny enters SL, carrying her ever-present rolling pin. She is  
wearing a redneck granny dress.)

GRANNY: (Angrily.) Weddin'? Did I hyer somebody say  
"weddin'"? Who's doin' the weddin'?

LAUREEN/NOREEN/MAUREEN: (Simultaneously point to  
Gal.) She is.

GRANNY: Bubba Gal?

GAL: (Meekly.) Uh, hey, Granny.

GRANNY: Don't "Hey, Granny" me. Who yew plannin' on  
weddin'? Not that good-fer-nuthin', no-count, root beer-  
guzzlin', lazy, smelly feet and stinky underarms man, I  
hope.

GAL: Why, I don't know who yew mean, Granny.

GRANNY: Oh, yes, yew do, Bubba Gal. I'm referrin' to that  
man what stinks worse than a skunk 'cause he don't never  
bathe.

GAL: Oh, him.

GRANNY: Yes, him.

GAL: Well, he bathes on Saturdees.

GRANNY: No, he don't. He lets a little root beer trickle down  
his ugly chin onto his chest, an' he calls that a bath.

GAL: Well, it's close.

GRANNY: Bubba Gal, have yew lost all yer senses?  
GAL: (*Giddily.*) I have, Granny. I've lost 'em all.  
LAUREEN: Yew tell 'er, Cousin Bubba Gal.  
GRANNY: (*To Laureen.*) Yew keep yer gabby mouth shut, gal!  
LAUREEN: Yes, Granny.  
GRANNY: Whut did I jist tell yew?  
LAUREEN: Oh. Sorry, Granny.  
MAUREEN: But, Granny, Bubba Gal's already been hitched to 'im afore.  
GRANNY: (*Incredulous.*) An' now she's goin' make the same mis-take twicet?!  
NOREEN: Well, they's gettin' re-hitched.  
GRANNY: No, they ain't.  
GAL: But why not?  
GRANNY: 'Cause I said not. Now if'n yer wantin' to git hitched so dern bad, whut 'bout Billy John Jimmy Joe? He's a nice enuff feller.  
NOREEN: Unh-unh!  
LAUREEN/MAUREEN: Eeew!  
LAUREEN: He's so ugly...  
MAUREEN: How ugly is he, Cousin Laureen?  
LAUREEN: He's so ugly, his own mama won't let him in the house. She puts his food in a dog dish on the back porch an' makes him sleep in the barn— with the hooty owls an' all.  
NOREEN: Oh, now, Cousin Laureen!  
LAUREEN: He's so ugly, even the SPCA won't pro-tect him.  
NOREEN: Laureen, stop it!  
LAUREEN: He's so ugly, the sheriff thought he was a swamp devil an' called out Homeland Security.  
NOREEN: Yer talkin' 'bout my be-lov-ed!

(*Granny looks at Noreen for at a few seconds.*)

GRANNY: Yew two deserve each other.  
GAL: Besides, I jist dee-vorced him a hour ago.  
GRANNY: Aw-right. Whut about Enos, the tractor mechanic?

*(Cousins cough a lot. Gal shakes her head.)*

MAUREEN: Yew ever seen him down to the ca-fay? He's so greasy, he keeps slipping off the stool. One time he slid clean out the back door an' into the ba-yew [bayou].

GRANNY: Big baby man.

*(Cousins pretend to cry like a baby. Gal shakes her head.)*

NOREEN: How can yew kiss a man whut's always suckin' on a bottle of milk?

GRANNY: Well, that keeps 'im healthy.

LAUREEN: An' wears a baby bonnet—an' little booties on each fanger?

GRANNY: Well, Cleetis. Whut about Cleetis? He's a lot o' man to luv.

MAUREEN: He's a lot o' man to feed, too, Granny. Why, he must weight six hunnert pounds.

LAUREEN: Nearly as much as me. *(She laughs and jiggles her belly.)*

GRANNY: Aw right. The best man in this hyer neck o' the woods is Jimmy Billy Joe John.

NOREEN: That's my man!

GAL: No, Cousin Noreen. Yer man is Billy John Jimmy Joe.

NOREEN: Oh. Well, sometimes I git 'em mixed up.

GRANNY: Whut about his cousin John Joe Jimmy Billy? 'Er Jommy Jin Willy Bo? They's good men.

NOREEN: I didn't know Billy John Jimmy Joe had so many relatives.

GRANNY: *(To Gal.)* Now, who's it goin' be?

GAL: Granny, I love Bubba Man, an' I wanna git hitched up to 'im—agin.

GRANNY: Well, any man whut'd bet his wife on karaoke gamblin' ain't worthy o' no woman. Besides, yew ain't goin' wed no lazy, shiftless, stinkin' skunk like him as long as I'm yer granny.

GAL: But, Granny, yew ain't my granny. Yer Cousin Laureen's granny.

LAUREEN: She ain't my granny.

GAL: Well, then, Cousin Maureen's granny.

MAUREEN: Unh-unh. Not mine.

GAL: *(It's now a question.)* Cousin Noreen's granny?

NOREEN: All my grannies er in the ground, Cousin Bubba Gal.

MAUREEN: Well, maybe Granny hyer dug her way out.

GRANNY: *(She waves her rolling pin at Maureen.)* Cain't nobody be as stupid as yew, Maureen.

MAUREEN: Stupid? But I went to grammar school.

NOREEN: Till they thowed yew out fer eatin' the specimens in biology class.

MAUREEN: But I waited till the 'speriments was over.

GAL: *(To Granny.)* If'n yew ain't nobody's granny, then who are yew?

GRANNY: Don't matter none. Yew ain't gettin' hitched to Bubba Man! *(She starts off but stops and turns back.)* Granny has spoke, an' yew ain't gettin' no preacher man to hitch yew up without me sayin' so.

*(Granny exits SL. Gal looks at the Cousins and then off toward Granny.)*

GAL: But, Granny...! *(Exits after Granny.)*

LAUREEN: But, Granny...! *(Exits after Gal.)*

MAUREEN: But, Granny...! *(Exits after Laureen.)*

*(Noreen quickly counts on her fingers.)*

NOREEN: I guess she could be Cousin Penelope's mama's uncle's granny on her pappy's side. *(Thinks.)* Naw. She sank outta sight in a peat bog last year. Maybe she's Uncle Deter's mama's great niece on—. I am so mixed up. *(Exasperated.)* But, Granny...! *(Exits after Maureen.)*

*(After a brief pause, Bubba Man enters SR, followed by Billy John Jimmy Joe.)*

BILLY: *(To Man.)* She never took a-likin' to me, Bubba Man. Even at our weddin', Bubba Gal wouldn't let me kiss 'er.

MAN: Well, that's a good thang, Billy John Jimmy Joe, 'cause if'n yew'd a-kissed 'er, I would-a had to kill yew.

BILLY: *(Ignoring him.)* I'm a good catch. I'm a good-lookin' guy. *(He smiles, showing his missing teeth.)* I'm strong enuff to open my own beer cans. An' ever time I take a bath—if'n I dee-side to take a bath—I use good swamp water...and I spray Raid under my arms. That oughta take care of them little wiggly critters under thar, don't yew thank?

MAN: I guess.

BILLY: Best of all, I'm a right good sanger. I mean, I beat yew, didn't I?

MAN: I would-a won, 'cept I had a...uh...a heart a-ttack jist afore I commenced to sangin'. Thowed me off a bit.

BILLY: Thowed yew off a lot.

MAN: Well, now, Bubba Gal's a-wantin' to git hitched up to me agin.

BILLY: Whut? Has she gone plumb loco? She dee-vores me to wed yew?

MAN: *(Angrily.)* An' whut's wrong with that?!

BILLY: Oh. Well, nuthin', Bubba Man. Nuthin'. She jist had a better deal with me, that's all.

MAN: *(Physically threatens him.)* Billy Joe Jimmy John, yew —!

*(Man is interrupted by the entrance of Enos SR, who carries a big wrench, wears mechanic's clothes, and is covered in black grease. He is followed by Cleetis, who carries a big turkey drumstick or oversized sandwich in each hand and is so fat that he has cut the front out of his bibbed overalls to make room for his [fake] bare belly to hang out.)*

BILLY: Oh, hey thar, Enos, Cleetis.

ENOS: Hey, Billy John Jimmy Joe.

CLEETIS: (*Mouth is too full of food to speak clearly.*) Hey, gghrrtillyy...

MAN: (*To Enos and Cleetis.*) Did yew hyer the news? Bubba Gal an' me is gittin' hitched up agin. Tonight.

CLEETIS: (*Clears his mouth of food.*) Hold on, thar, Bubba Man. Yew mean yew an' her er hitchin' up yer trailer an' high-tailin' it outta hyer?

MAN: Not that thar kinda hitchin', Cleetis.

CLEETIS: Whut other kinda hitchin' is thar?

ENOS: Well, thar's hitchin' yer plow to yer John Deere.

BILLY: An' thar's hitchin yer horse to yer hitchin' post.

CLEETIS: (*To Man.*) Well, which kinda hitchin' yew talkin' 'bout, Bubba Man?

MAN: I'm talkin' 'bout gettin' wedded to her.

CLEETIS: I thought she was a-wedded to Billy Jimmy John Joe over hyer.

BILLY: I'm Billy John Jimmy Joe.

CLEETIS: Well, I cain't tell yew a-part.

ENOS: Cleetis is right, Bubba Man. Maybe yew's too drunk to notice last night, but yew lost her in a dad blamed karaoke contest.

CLEETIS: An' Jimmy John Joe Billy hyer married her after breakfast this mornin'.

BILLY: That's right.

MAN: And she dee-vorced him after lunch this hyer afternoon.

BILLY: I thank it was 'cause o' the grilled rattlesnake liver.

MAN: She ate rattlesnake liver?

BILLY: No. I did. Then I thowed it up on her.

CLEETIS: That would do it.

ENOS: An' so she's marryin' yew after supper tonight?

MAN: Yep.

ENOS: Well, that calls fer a celebration.

CLEETIS: Er a funeral. If'n some gal was a-chasin' me, I thank I'd jist hang myself.

ENOS: Wouldn't work. The rope'd break.

BILLY: Well, he could jist run away.

CLEETIS: Billy Jimmy John Joe, I couldn't run nowadays if'n a hungry gator was a-chompin' at my butt.

BILLY: Yew could waddle.

*(Pause.)*

CLEETIS: *(To Billy.)* If'n yew don't shut up that thar ugly mouth o' yers, Jimmy Billy John Joe, I'm goin' bash in yer brains with these hyer drumsticks.

ENOS: Whut brains? Go ahead an' bash 'im, Cleetis. He couldn't be no stupid-er than he is now.

MAN: So I figured we'd have us a little whoop-tee-doo, yew know, afore the big ee-vent.

CLEETIS: Whut 'er yew servin'?

MAN: Beer.

CLEETIS: I mean, food-wise.

MAN: Beer.

CLEETIS: Okay. I'll brang a cake. A big cake. An' if'n any of yew fellers want some, I'll brang two. *(Pause.)* Make that three.

BILLY: An' we'll have lots of gals?

MAN: No, Billy John Jimmy Joe. No gals. It'll be a stag party.

BILLY: "Stag" party? Yer gonna have deers...with antlers and ever'thang?

MAN: No, we ain't gonna have no deers. It'll jist be us guys.

BILLY: Guys? Whut kinda party can yew have without gals?

ENOS: If the gals knowed yew's a-comin', they wouldn't show up nowadays.

BILLY: Well, yew jist keep yer greasy hands off the cake.

CLEETIS: Enos, yew jist keep yer hands off-a ever'thang. I don't wanna be eatin' no greasy peanuts and gator-dogs. Grease ain't good fer yer in-di-gestion.

MAN: *(To guys.)* So we'll meet up in a hour er so an'—

ENOS: We're already hyer. Why don't we jist party now?

MAN: Well, Enos, I kinda like that thar idée. *(He reaches into the wheelbarrow, pulls out several cans of drinks, and tosses them to the Guys.)* Hyer yew go...beers fer ever'body.

BILLY: *(Looking at his can of root beer.)* Jist a dang hold-oh hyer. This ain't beer. This hyer's root beer.

MAN: Naw, it ain't. Bubba Gal buys these hyer fer me. She says they put real beer inta these hyer root beer cans.

BILLY: Oh, yeah? *(Takes a drink.)*

MAN: Well?

*(Pause.)*

BILLY: Great beer.

*(Gramps enters from up right. He is an old redneck with a long beard who carries a shotgun at all times, chews on a piece of hay, and is hard of hearing. He always speaks loudly as if the others are hard of hearing.)*

GRAMPS: Bubba Man, I done hear-ed yew ain't married no more.

MAN: Well, Gramps, I done lost Bubba Gal once, but I'm goin' marry up with her agin in jist a little while.

GRAMPS: Well, it ain't right fer a man o' yer years to be a widow-er.

MAN: I ain't no widow-er, Gramps.

GRAMPS: So I'm seein' to it that yew git yerself a new gal.

MAN: I don't need no new gal, Gramps. I'm goin' back to my old gal.

ENOS: It prob'ly ain't smart to refer to Bubba Gal as yer "old gal," Bubba Man, 'less yew got a hankerin' fer a early deemize.

GRAMPS: *(Ignoring them, to Man.)* So I figure Laureen might be fittin' fer yew. She's real good at cookin' chitlin's an' thangs.

ENOS: An' she's good-lookin', too.

CLEETIS: Good-lookin'? She's got a belly hangin' out to hyer.  
(*Indicates the size with his hand.*)

ENOS: It ain't nearly as big as yer belly.

CLEETIS: (*Smiles.*) Why, thank yew, Enos. She thanks hers is bigger, but I know'd mine was — 'cause I work at it real hard.  
(*He takes a bite from each turkey leg.*)

MAN: (*To Gramps.*) I don't need Laureen when I got Bubba Gal.

GRAMPS: Maureen would be a fine catch. She can bait a hook real good.

MAN: If'n I was goin' fishin', which I ain't.

GRAMPS: I'd say Noreen, but she ain't got enuff teeth whut to give yew a nip on the neck er nuthin'.

BILLY: Ain't nuthin' wrong with missin' a few teeth, Gramps.  
(*He smiles toward the audience, showing his missing teeth again.*)  
Don't need a whole mouthful o' them thangs noways. They jist git in the way.

GRAMPS: (*To Man.*) So which is it? Laureen, Maureen, er Noreen?

MAN: (*Loudly.*) It's Bubba Gal, Gramps. She's comin' back.

GRAMPS: I don't want no backsassin' o' me, Bubba Man. We got us all these hyer ugly un-a-ttached gals hankerin' fer a ugly un-a-ttached man, and yer 'bout the ugliest un-a-ttached-est man in this hyer trailer park.

ENOS: I thank Billy Joe Johnny Jim has got 'im beat in that cat-a-gory, Gramps.

MAN: (*Loudly.*) But I'm a-gettin' re-a-ttached today.

GRAMPS: An' I say yer gettin' hitched today, one way er 'tuther. (*He lifts his shotgun.*) Now which way is it gonna be?

MAN: (*To Cleetis and Enos.*) Why won't the old coot listen to me?

CLEETIS: He's a-listenin', but he ain't a-hearin', Bubba Man.

ENOS: (*To Man.*) He lost his hearin' when he was 'bout ten years old. Stuck a few pennies in his ears.

MAN: How could that thar stop his hearin'?

ENOS: It didn't. It was when he stuck 'em up his nose that he lost his hearin'.

*(Gramps fires his shotgun toward SL. The Cleetis, Enos, Billy, and Man react in shock. There is a loud screech of tires off left and the sound of a big vehicle crash.)*

BILLY: Sounds like he got a big'un, whatever it is.

GRAMPS: *(Oblivious.)* An' if'n yew don't have no fear o' my shotgun hyer, maybe I'll intro-duce yew to...Marryin' Mama!

MAN: *(Great shock.)* Marryin' Mama?! Ain't no need to get crazy on us, Gramps.

BILLY: Who's Marryin' Mama?

CLEETIS: Yew don't wanna know!

BILLY: Is she anythang like a preacher man?

ENOS: *(Horried.)* Look, ya'll, I don't like this hyer talk 'bout Marryin' Mama an' all. I'm married to my tractors an' plows an' reapers, an' I ain't wantin' to git married to nuthin' er nobody else. *(Nervously moves SR.)* So I thank I'll jist move along hyer...an' git drunk on this hyer tasty beer.

*(Enos runs off SR. Cleetis nervously moves SR.)*

CLEETIS: Nobody wants to meet Marryin' Mama—'cept a ugly gal. I'm happily wedded...to my bachelor-hood. An' I don't want to meet her. I'm gone. *(Waddles several steps SR.)* Well, almost gone. *(Waddles some more.)* Tryin' to git gone. *(Exits and calls back.)* Gone!

BILLY: Downright scary.

MAN: Who? Marryin' Mama?

BILLY: No. Cleetis. He'll eat all the cake, an' I won't git none.

MAN: *(To Gramps.)* Yew need to leave Marryin' Mama in her box, Gramps. It's too dangerous to let her loose...even fer a minute er so.

BILLY: *(Shaking with fear.)* Whut does she do? Kill yew?

MAN: No, Billy John Jimmy Joe. She marries yew!

BILLY: Whut?

MAN: Even if'n yew don't wanna git married.

BILLY: She marries me? Unh-unh! I ain't marryin' no gal I ain't never seen. She might be ugly as a wart on a toady frog. *(Pause.)* 'Scuse me. I'm leavin'. *(He rushes into the outhouse and slams the door behind him. With no pause, he comes out.)* Uh, that ain't whar I was a-plannin' to go to. *(Runs off SR.)*

GRAMPS: *(To Man.)* Whut's it gonna be, Bubba Man?

*(Man turns to Gramps, who aims the shotgun at him. Slowly and angrily, Thornton P. Moneybags enters SL. He is well-dressed but his clothing is covered in soot and dirt. His hat is askew, his shirt ripped, his hair mussed, and his glasses are lopsided on his nose. He holds a broken steering wheel in his hands as if driving a car and has some remnant of a wrecked RV around his neck. His wife, Evelyn, enters. She is equally filthy and ragged and is carrying a ripped tote. Trick, their teenage daughter, enters, disheveled and sooty. Treat, the youngest daughter, enters, perfectly clean and smartly dressed.)*

THORNTON: *(Trembling and angry, he speaks in as controlled a voice as he can manage.)* Somebody. Shot. Out. My. Right. Front. Tire. Who...shot out my right front tire?

*(Gramps shoves the shotgun into Man's hands and scurries off SR.)*

MAN: Whut? Gramps? Whar're yew goin'? Gramps?

THORNTON: It was you, wasn't it? You are the one who shot out my right front tire.

EVELYN: And caused poor Thornton, here, to lose control of the vehicle and send us smashing into a ditch, where our very expensive RV flipped three times, throwing us through the windshield onto a pile of filthy decomposing leaves, illegally dumped trash, and rotting lizards...

TRICK: ...that made me throw up.

TREAT: (*Smiles.*) Hi. My name is Treat. I was wearing my seatbelt.

THORNTON: (*To Man.*) Was that you?

MAN: Uh, naw. T'weren't me.

EVELYN: And yet that shotgun you're holding is still smoking.

MAN: This ain't mine. It belongs to Gramps.

EVELYN: It is so cowardly to blame your inexcusable actions on an old man.

MAN: Uh, ex-cuuuuse me, but whut language er yew talkin' hyer? I cain't understand nuthin' yer a-sayin'.

THORNTON: Oh, my gosh, Evelyn! I believe we've run into an actual redneck.

MAN: Yew run into one o' my kin? I better call a am-bu-lance then. (*Yells off right.*) Am-bu-lance! Am-bu-lance!

EVELYN: I thought you were going to call an ambulance.

MAN: Well, whut do yew thank I'm a-doin' hyer? (*Yells off again.*) Am-bu-lance!

EVELYN: Wait. Stop. We didn't actually run into a person.

(*Bubba Girl and Bubba Dog Girl run on SR. Bubba Gal enters SL and moves to Man's side.*)

GAL: Whut is it, Bubba Man? Why yew callin' fer a am-bu-lance?

GIRL: (*To Man.*) Yew know the only am-bu-lance in the county broke down in 1988, Bubba Papa Man, an' ain't nobody never fixed it.

MAN: (*Remembers.*) That's right...they was takin' Cleetis to the hospital an' his weight broke the axle.

GAL: Both axles.

DOG: (*Barks.*) Ruff, ruff! (*Growls at the Snobs.*) Grrrrrr!

GAL: (*Points off SL.*) Bubba Man, did yew know thar was a big ol' house trailer layin' upside down in the ditch out thar? (*Points to the Snobs.*) And who er these hyer people?

THORNTON: I, madam, am Thornton P. Moneybags, a snob from Philadelphia. And that is—or was—our recreational vehicle “in the ditch out thar.” Some imbecile shot out one of the tires and caused us to run off the road and crash. And this is my lovely wife, Evelyn.

EVELYN: I’m Thornton’s lovely wife Evelyn. I realize I look very young, so you may confuse me with my daughter, Trick. But I’m Evelyn.

TRICK: I’m Trick.

TREAT: And I’m Treat.

GAL: You’re kidding.

TRICK: No. I’m Trick.

TREAT: And I’m Treat.

GAL: Well, happy Halloween to yew, too.

MAN: *(To Evelyn.)* How do we know yer a real snob?

EVELYN: Because I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth.

MAN: Well, that must-a been mighty painful.

EVELYN: *(To Man.)* How do we know you’re a real redneck?

MAN: ‘Cause I was born with my thumb in my mouth. If’n I wanted a spoon, I’d go on down to the Burger King an’ swipe me one of them plastic thangs. They work jist as well.

GAL: An’ they wash up real good, too. I got a whole drawer full of ‘em.

THORNTON: Well, I am so filthy rich, I pay someone to brush my teeth for me.

MAN: Well, I’m so filthy poor, I take my teeth out an’ clean ‘em with the toilet brush.

THORNTON: Well, I am so wealthy, I own 300 fast-food restaurants.

MAN: Well, I git my fast food when I hit a deer at 50 miles a hour.

EVELYN: I have so much money, I have my hair done every Saturday.

GAL: I had my hair done up real purty-like oncet, but the ceilin’ flat cut it right off.

THORNTON: Well, a real snob drives a 100,000-dollar RV.  
But I drive a million-dollar tripled-wide recreational vehicle.  
That makes me a super snob. It's so wide that cars have to  
drive in the ditch to get around me.

GAL: Well, Bubba Man, hyer, drives a hunnert an' fifty dollar  
pickup truck.

GIRL: If'n yew count the back bumper.

GAL: An' he has to drive in the ditch 'cause the sheriff done  
banned him from the roads. Guess that makes him a super  
redneck.

EVELYN: Uh, Thornton, our triple-wide is now battered and  
smashed with the wheels up in the air and the top mired in  
mud. (*Glances off left.*) In fact, it seems to be sinking into the  
muck.

THORNTON: Don't worry, Evelyn. We'll have it upright and  
in good working order by morning.

GAL: Not if'n yew leave it thar. This hyer's swampland, and  
that thar thang'll sink faster'n yew can say "Skum Lake  
Trailer Park."

TRICK: I've already used my super sonic satellite phone to  
call for assistance, mother, dear.

EVELYN: Well, that was very clever of you, Trick.

THORNTON: (*To Man.*) You still haven't proven that you're  
a redneck.

MAN: (*Shows them the back of his neck.*) Yew see this hyer  
neck? It's so red—

GAL: Tell 'im how red it is, Bubba Man.

MAN: It's so red the poh-lice use me fer a dang stop sign  
three days a week.

GIRL: Is that thar a whole fam'ly o' snobs, Bubba Papa Man?

MAN: Shore is, Bubba Girl.

TRICK: (*To Girl.*) I'm a real snob because I stay at home all  
day while my administrative assistant goes to school in my  
place and does all my homework for me.

GIRL: I ain't got no homework 'cause my school is closed fer  
huntin' season.

TRICK: When does it re-open?  
GIRL: Sometime after Confederate Day.

*(Treat marches over to Dog Girl.)*

TREAT: *(To Dog Girl.)* Why do you have such long ears?  
DOG GIRL: *(Barks.)* Ruff. Ruff-ruff-ruff-ruff.  
TREAT: *(To Girl.)* Doesn't she know how to talk?  
GIRL: She is talkin'. That thar's dog talk.  
TREAT: Dog talk?  
GIRL: Why, shore. Dog Girl talks dog talk.  
TREAT: Is she yours?  
GIRL: Yeah. She follered me home from the Circle K one day,  
so Bubba Mama Gal said I could keep her.  
GAL: That thar's jist a story Bubba Girl likes to tell. It ain't  
true.  
TREAT: *(To Girl.)* Does she fetch?  
GIRL: O' course, she fetches. She's a coonhound, ain't she?

*(Treat picks up a stick and tosses it off SR.)*

TREAT: Fetch! *(Barking, Dog Girl runs off after the stick.  
Delighted.)* She does! She fetches! Get it, girl! Get it! *(She  
runs off after her.)*  
GIRL: *(Calls after Treat.)* She can do all kinds 'o tricks.  
EVELYN: *(Calls.)* Treat, come back here, darling! Where are  
you going?! Treat?!  
GAL: Oh, let 'em play. Dog Girl needs the exercise.  
TRICK: Why do you call her "Dog Girl"?  
MAN: *(Sarcastic.)* 'Cause she purrs like a cat.  
GAL: Oh, Bubba Man, [hesh]. *[Hush]* Our old hound dog  
passed on to that big dog pound in the sky.  
TRICK: What was his name?  
GIRL: Old Hound Dog.  
GAL: *(To Trick.)* So Dog Girl took his place in our eyes. Barks  
real good, don't she?

TRICK: I guess. *(To Girl.)* Got any movies we can watch?

GIRL: No, but we can go down to the pond an' watch the gators git sick from eatin' polluted fish.

TRICK: Okay.

*(Trick and Girl start left.)*

GIRL: Ever see a gator throw up afore?

TRICK: No. Is it icky?

GIRL: Yeah.

TRICK: Oh, good!

*(Trick and Girl exit up left.)*

EVELYN: *(Calls after them.)* Trick, where are you going?! You know you don't like icky things! You'll throw up! *(To Gal.)* She'll throw up.

GAL: The gators won't mind none.

*(Thornton takes out his cell phone and dials.)*

THORNTON: Enough of this foolish talk. I'm calling my lawyer. *(To Man.)* I'll have you arrested, and I'll sue you for everything you've got.

MAN: Well, that thar's the clothes on my back. But yew don't have to sue me fer 'em. I'll jist give 'em to yew right now. *(He starts to take off his shirt.)*

EVELYN: *(Shocked, she turns her head.)* Oh, no! Please don't disrobe in front of...a lady!

*(Man stops taking his shirt off.)*

THORNTON: *(Into cell phone.)* I need you, Mr. Lynchum. Get down here right away. *(To Man.)* I'm not taking those disgusting garments.

MAN: Whut "gar-ments"? I'm talkin' 'bout my clothes.

THORNTON: What about your pickup? I'll take that.

GAL: Actually, yew see, it ain't exactly a pickup.

THORNTON: What do you mean?

GAL: Well, it don't have no doors, no steerin' wheel, an' no engine.

THORNTON: No engine? Then how is it propelled?

MAN: We don't pro-pel it none. I kinda jist push it along.

Made it myself from borried [borrowed] parts an' duct tape, don't yew see. But if'n yew want it, it's all yers.

THORNTON: *(Into cell phone.)* What do you mean, you can't come right now? I need you right now, Mr. Lynchum, so you come right now. That is, if you want to remain on my payroll with your very lucrative salary. *(To Man.)* What else do you have?

MAN: *(Indicates wheelbarrow.)* Beer. I got lots o' beer.

THORNTON: *(Angrily.)* All right. Give me a beer. *(Man gets him a root beer. Into phone.)* You're in the middle of what? Heart surgery? That's not possible. You're a lawyer. You don't have a heart. *(Pause.)* Oh, you're having one installed? Well, tell them to stop. How can you work for me if you have a heart?

MAN: *(Hands him the root beer.)* Hyer yew be.

THORNTON: Well, open it for me. I can't drink it like that.

MAN: *(To Gal.)* He shore is a demandin' sort, ain't he?

GAL: Hyer. Let me.

*(She pulls the tab on the can and hands it to Thornton, who takes a quick swig.)*

THORNTON: *(Into cell phone.)* How long is that going to take? *(To Man.)* This is disgusting. What kind of beer is it?

GAL: Root beer.

THORNTON: Well, it's disgusting. *(He takes another swallow.)*

EVELYN: Thornton is used to only the top brands—imported beer—you understand. We're very wealthy people. Why,

just yesterday we lost more money than most people make in their lifetime.

GAL: Well, where'd yew lose it? I'll hep yew look fer it.

*(Gramps enters SR, looks around, and goes to Man.)*

GRAMPS: *(Loudly, as usual.)* Whut 'er yew doin' with my shotgun, Bubba Man?

*(Gramps snatches the gun away from Man.)*

MAN: Yew gave it to me, Gramps.

GRAMPS: *(Doesn't hear Man.)* Stealin' a shotgun from a ol' fellar can git yew shot, yew know. *(Aims gun at Man.)* But I ain't shootin' yew yet, Bubba Man, 'cause yer marryin' somebody today. *(Pause.)* An' then I'm a-shootin' yew.

MAN: I'm marryin' Bubba Gal, Gramps.

GRAMPS: I don't wanna hyer no excuses. Yer marryin' somebody—er else!

*(Gramps fires the shotgun toward left. Thornton's hat flies off. Note: See Special Effects. All duck at the sound of the shot.)*

EVELYN: Aeeiiii!

THORNTON: What was that?! *(Gramps exits SR with his shotgun. To Man.)* You shot me! You shot me!

MAN: No, I didn't. I ain't even got no gun to be shootin' yew with.

EVELYN: He missed you, Thornton.

THORNTON: So he's a lousy shot! He still shot at me. My hat. Where's my hat?

*(Barking happily, Dog Girl races onstage from SR and exits SL. Treat enters.)*

TREAT: *(To Dog Girl, calls.)* Good girl, good girl!

EVELYN: What? Treat, you are going to dirty your perfectly clean dress, dear. Do be careful.

THORNTON: *(Into cell phone.)* You can get your new heart later, Mr. Lynchum. Just get down here as soon as possible. This...this redneck tried to assassinate me just now!

*(Thornton hangs up and puts his cell phone away. Dog Girl enters with Thornton's hat in her mouth. She offers it to Thornton. Treat giggles as she watches.)*

GAL: She's got yer hat fer yer, Mr. Rich Man.

THORNTON: *(Tries to avoid Dog Girl. To Dog Girl.)* No. No, no. Get away. Get away.

TREAT: Go ahead, Daddy. Take it. She fetched it for you.

*(Dog Girl nods her head.)*

THORNTON: I can't wear a hat that has dog slobber all over it.

DOG GIRL: Grrrrrr!

TREAT: *(To Thornton.)* You're upsetting Dog Girl.

EVELYN: Thornton, take the hat.

THORNTON: But...

EVELYN: Don't be rude.

THORNTON: Yes, well, all right.

*(Thornton gingerly takes the hat from Dog Girl.)*

TREAT: *(To Dog Girl.)* Good dog.

*(Treat scratches Dog Girl behind her ears. Dog Girl smiles contentedly and pants.)*

EVELYN: *(To Thornton.)* Well, put it on.

THORNTON: But all this slobber...

EVELYN: Thornton!

THORNTON: Yes, dear. *(He turns the hat upside down, and water pours out of it. He gives Dog Girl a look.)*

DOG GIRL: Grrrr!

*(Thornton quickly puts the hat on and more water drips down his face.)*

THORNTON: *(Unhappily.)* There. Satisfied?

DOG GIRL: *(Happily.)* Ruff, ruff-ruff. *(Runs off SL.)*

TREAT: Isn't she smart? *(Runs off SL.)*

THORNTON: *(To Man.)* Why couldn't you have gotten a nice little doggie that doesn't drool? Like a toy poodle, for instance.

MAN: A poodle? Yew mean one of them tee-nine-cy thangs with all that thar curly hair?

THORNTON: Well, yes.

MAN: One o' them little ol' thangs'd get all caught up in the underbrush an' we'd never find 'im agin. An' a 'coon would come along and eat 'im up.

GAL: A poodle is a snob dog, Mr. Whoever Yew Are. Good fer nuthin' but prancin' a-round an' showin' off. But a coon dog is a redneck's pal an' partner.

MAN: An' the best huntin' dog they is.

EVELYN: Thornton, dear, where are we going to rest for the night?

THORNTON: We'll get a hotel room.

MAN: Thar ain't no hotels in this hyer area.

THORNTON: A cottage, then.

MAN: No cottages.

THORNTON: A motel?

MAN: Nope.

THORNTON: *(Exasperated.)* A tent?

MAN: Yew can fergit it. Ain't no place to stay less'n yew got yerself a trailer house.

EVELYN: Thornton?

THORNTON: Well, then, that's settled. *(To Man.)* Since you placed us in this condition, you must put us up for the night.

MAN: Whut?

THORNTON: Your humble abode. *(Indicates Man's trailer.)*  
Very humble, I would say. As rustic as it seems, it will have to do.

*(Thornton takes Evelyn's arm and goes to enter the trailer.)*

GAL: Uh, sir, I don't thank ya'll 'er goin' to want to stay in thar.

THORNTON: True, it's not a triple-wide. Still...

EVELYN: It looks very narrow. How wide is it?

MAN: Well, um, maybe 'bout half-wide.

GAL: More like half a half-wide.

*(Thornton steps inside and then pokes his head out the door.)*

THORNTON: It's so narrow, I can't walk down the hallway.

GAL: Try goin' sideways.

*(Thornton disappears back inside.)*

THORNTON: *(From inside. Yells.)* It's still too narrow.

MAN: Try suckin' in yer gut.

*(Thornton makes the sound of sucking in his breath.)*

THORNTON: Still too narrow.

EVELYN: Well, for heaven's sake, Thornton, don't get stuck in there.

THORNTON: Of course not, Evelyn. I'm not going to get stuck. *(Pause.)* Help! I'm stuck! *(Pause.)* Help!

EVELYN: *(To Man.)* Sir, please. Do something.

MAN: Yes'um. Aw right. *(To Thornton.)* Jist don't pull on any of that thar duct tape, yew hyer? Don't pull on the duct

tape. *(He goes up right and calls off.)* Enos! Enos, grab yer stuff and come on up hyer. It's done happened agin.

THORNTON: *(From inside trailer.)* I don't believe this. The kitchen table is only four inches wide.

EVELYN: *(To Gal.)* Four inches?

GAL: Well, we don't eat much.

EVELYN: *(Points at the duct tape on the outside of the trailer.)* Is this...tape?

MAN: Well, yew gotta hold it together with somethin'.

GAL: Yep. Yew see, Bubba Man hyer put this hyer thang together all by hisself.

EVELYN: You mean he built it?

GAL: Well, sorta. He and Bubba Boy, they put it together with parts an' pieces they found down thar at the dump.

MAN: *(Calls off up right.)* Enos?

ENOS: *(From off right.)* Aw right, aw right. I'm a-comin', Bubba Man.

EVELYN: My goodness. They must be good metal workers.

GAL: Naw. They jist duct-taped the pieces together.

THORNTON: *(Meekly.)* Help?

EVELYN: You mean, duct tape is holding the trailer home together?

GAL: Most of the time. Sometimes it comes loose an' a piece falls off. A few weeks ago, Bubba Boy got the duct tape sickness, so he's a-curin' hisself with herbs an' garlic in the swamp.

*(Enos enters from up right with an old bucket in one hand and a paintbrush in the other.)*

ENOS: Who is it this time, Bubba Man?

MAN: Some rich feller wants to spend the night in my trailer.

ENOS: Big mistake!

THORNTON: *(From inside.)* Help?

MAN: Jist grease 'im up an' slide 'im outa thar, Enos.

ENOS: I know the routine. Done it enuff times.

MAN: Jist don't let him pull any o' the duct tape offa the walls.  
ENOS: I won't.  
MAN: Remember that...no duct tape!  
ENOS: I hear-ed yew the furst time, Bubba Man. *(He dips his brush into the bucket of grease and steps toward the trailer door.)*  
EVELYN: *(Sees Enos.)* Oh! Is he going to put that black goo on my husband?  
ENOS: It won't hurt none. *(Steps into the trailer.)*  
THORNTON: *(From inside.)* Please hurry!  
EVELYN: *(To Man.)* Why did you build the home so narrow?  
MAN: A slight mis-cal-cu-lation. Don't matter. We don't never go in thar noways.  
EVELYN: You don't?  
GAL: No. We kinda live out hyer – under the stars 'n planets.

*(Laureen, Maureen, and Noreen run on from SL, gasping for breath.)*

LAUREEN: *(Looking around.)* He ain't hyer yet.  
MAUREEN: Good. We're in time.  
NOREEN: Yew better run, Bubba Gal – and run fast!  
GAL: Whut is it, Cousin Noreen?  
LAUREEN: Bubba Gramps is headed this way!  
GAL: So?  
MAUREEN: He's bringin'...yew know...  
GAL: No, I don't know. Whut's he a-bringin'?  
LAUREEN/MAUREEN/NOREEN: *(Dramatic announcement.)*  
The...box!  
GAL: Oh, no! Say he ain't!  
LAUREEN: But he is!  
MAUREEN: An' we're disappearin' afore he catches us hyer!  
NOREEN: We don't wanta be a-round when he opens it! Not us!

*(Cousins turn and move left, but are met by Granny, who is scowling and wielding her rolling pin.)*

LAUREEN/MAUREEN/NOREEN: *(Scream.)* Aeeiiii!  
GRANNY: Stop right thar, ya'll! I ain't foolin' no more.  
LAUREEN: Whut 'er yew doin' hyer, Granny?  
GRANNY: I'm hyer to stop this weddin'.  
MAUREEN: Too late.  
GRANNY: No, I ain't!

*(Sound of a shotgun firing is heard up left. Everyone turns toward it.)*

NOREEN: Yes, yer are!  
LAUREEN/MAUREEN: It's Bubba Gramps!  
NOREEN: With...the box!

*(Gramps enters from up left with his shotgun.)*

GRAMPS: *(Fiercely.)* Don't nobody move! *(They all shake in fear. Gramps turns his shotgun toward the left.)* Bring it on, boys!

*(Billy and Cleetis, huffing from the work, pull or push on a wooden padlocked box or trunk big enough to hold two people. Note: It may be a vertical or horizontal box.)*

BILLY: Sorry, Bubba Man. Gramps made us do it.  
CLEETIS: Yeah. Yew don't think I'd be a-doin' this hyer kinda heavy liftin' without some cause, do yew? If fact, I wouldn't be doin' no kind of liftin' without some cause.  
GRAMPS: *(Pats his gun.)* An' this hyer is the cause.

*(Granny steps forward with her rolling pin raised in the air.)*

GRANNY: Now jist one dad-blamed minute hyer, yew old coot!

*(Gramps aims the gun at her.)*

GRAMPS: Who yew callin' a old coot, yew ancient hag!

GRANNY: *(Shocked.)* Whut did yew call me?

GRAMPS: I don't want to hyer 'nother word outta any o' ya'll.  
'Cause we goin' have us a weddin' hyer offish-ee-ated over  
by...Marryin' Mama! *(Others gasp. They watch as he unlocks  
the padlock.)* This old lock is mighty rusty 'cause she ain't  
been outta hyer in ages. Thar. Got it.

*(Gramps opens the lid. Others cannot see anything, but they gasp  
again and step back a few paces.)*

GRANNY: Don't do this, Gramps!

GRAMPS: So she jist might be real anxious to git outta thar  
an' do some marryin' o' some folks.

*(As they watch, hands are seen coming from the box and then arms  
and a head. Lightning flashes and thunder is heard. The scene turns  
a mysterious color. Marryin' Mama is a hideous redneck woman  
covered in swamp moss and mud. When she sees the others, she  
cackles, smiles with missing teeth, steps out of the box, and looks at  
everyone.)*

MAMA: *(Crackling voice.)* It's time fer some marryin'. Who's  
goin' be furst? Ehhhhh?

EVELYN: I don't understand. What is this?

THORNTON: *(Inside the trailer. To Enos.)* It's not working.  
You've smeared this murky liquid all over me, and it's not  
working.

ENOS: *(Inside the trailer.)* That's 'cause I ain't finished yet.

*(Angry at Mama, Granny steps forward and waves her rolling pin at  
her.)*

GRANNY: *(To Mama.)* I done told Bubba Gal I ain't lettin' her  
marry no smelly feller. So yew can jist get back in yer box  
an' stay thar.

MAMA: *(Smiles.)* By the laws of the redneck Skum Lake, hyer, I hyerby hitch yew to... *(She looks around and settles on Gramps.)*

GRAMPS: Don't look at me. I'm the one whut opened yer box, an' I done been hitched eight 'er ten times. I ain't plannin' on it happenin' agin.

GRANNY: An' that goes fer me, too.

MAMA: *(Points at Billy.)* Him!

BILLY: Whut?!

GRANNY: I done told yew, I ain't— *(She stops and looks at Billy. Rethinks it.)* Oh. Billy John Jimmy Joe? *(To Mama.)* Yew want me to marry Billy John Jimmy Joe?

NOREEN: No! He's mine!

BILLY: *(Nervously.)* I...I thank I gotta go!

*(Billy heads for the outhouse but is cut off by Mama.)*

MAMA: She's yers! *(Points to Granny.)*

BILLY: *(Looks at Granny.)* No! No, please don't do this to me!

GRANNY: *(Excited.)* I'll take 'im!

*(Granny enthusiastically grabs Billy by the arm and pulls him aside.)*

BILLY: *(Objecting, horrified.)* Noooo, please!

NOREEN: *(To Mama.)* Yew cain't do this! Yew cain't jist take the love o' my life an' give him over to Granny.

MAMA: *(To Noreen.)* An' I now say yew are hitched to... *(Points to Man.)* ...him!

NOREEN: No! Yew cain't—. *(Blushes.)* To Bubba Man? Really? Well, I do declare! *(Rushes to Man.)* Oh, Bubba Man, yew have always been my furst love.

MAN: Whut 'bout Billy John Jimmy Joe?

NOREEN: He's my second love.

*(Excited, Noreen grabs Bubba Man.)*

MAN: This hyer is wurse than losin' the karaoke contest. I ain't marryin' nobody but Bubba Gal.  
MAMA: Yer marryin' Cousin Noreen!

*(Mama flicks her hand at Man. Thunder is heard. Man goes into a trance and follows Noreen.)*

GAL: No, Marryin' Mama, unh-unh. Me an' Bubba Man is already hitched.  
MAMA: Until yew got un-hitched last night.  
GAL: Oh. Yew know 'bout that?  
MAMA: I know 'bout all weddins and un-weddins.  
GAL: But we was plannin', yew know, to git re-hitched tonight.  
MAMA: Yew are now re-hitched to... *(Points to Cleetis.)*  
...him.  
CLEETIS: Naw, now, I cain't share my kitchen with nobody.  
MAMA: Don't matter. She don't cook, an' she don't eat much.  
CLEETIS: Well, okay, then. But I'm puttin' a padlock on the icebox.

*(Cleetis tries to pull Gal aside, but she pulls back.)*

GAL: I'm tellin' yew, Bubba Man is my man.

*(Mama flicks her hand at Gal. Thunder is heard. Gal goes into a trance and follows Cleetis aside.)*

LAUREEN: Whut 'bout me, Marryin' Mama? I could use me a good man.

*(Enos steps out of the trailer.)*

ENOS: *(Oblivious.)* Well, Bubba Man, he's almost loose now. A little more shimmin' this way an' shimmin' that way, an' he should shimmy his way right outta thar. Whut's goin' on out hyer?

MAMA: *(To Laureen. Points at Enos.)* Him!

LAUREEN: Him? Enos? Yew want me to wed a feller whut lives in a grease pit, eats greasy foods, an' slips an' slides ever'whar he goes?

MAMA: Yeah!

*(Pause.)*

LAUREEN: Okay. *(She grabs Enos and pulls him aside.)* Jist so he don't slide outta bed. *(Giggles.)*

ENOS: *(Confused.)* Whut did I miss?

*(Maureen looks around.)*

MAUREEN: But, Marryin' Mama, thar ain't nobody left fer me.

MAMA: Shore they is.

*(Mama looks again at Gramps. He threatens her by pointing his shotgun at her. Mama moves around the others until she stops at Evelyn.)*

EVELYN: *(Nervously.)* I'm already hitched—I mean, married—to a wonderful and fabulously wealthy feller...I mean, gentleman. So I don't need a justice of the peace...at this time.

MAMA: *(Points to Evelyn.)* Him!

MAUREEN: Him? That's a her'm!

MAMA: Him!

MAUREEN: No! I ain't marryin' no...no...well, I mean, no! I won't.

EVELYN: This is highly unusual.

*(Man steps in.)*

MAN: *(Speaks as if in a half-trance.)* Well, this hyer was a good joke, Gramps. But it's done over now.

*(Noreen turns Man to face her.)*

NOREEN: Whut do yew mean, "it's over"? Marryin' Mama says we done hitched. *(To others.)* An' I thank I done okay fer myself. *(She pulls Man aside again.)*

MAUREEN: Well, I ain't too happy 'bout my sit-u-a-shun.

EVELYN: *(Hurt.)* Why? Don't you like me?

MAUREEN: I don't even know yew.

EVELYN: Oh, well, yes, that's exactly what I meant. I mean, I'm a married woman. I mean, I'm a woman. And you're a woman. *(Pause.)* Aren't you?

MAUREEN: *(Great passion.)* A man-lovin' woman!

GAL: *(To Mama as she comes out of the trance.)* Well, I ain't none too pleased with Cleetis.

CLEETIS: Well, I'm awright with Bubba Gal.

MAN: Cleetis, this is fer yew!

*(Cleetis picks up the anniversary gift from earlier and tries to wave it toward Cleetis.)*

CLEETIS: I...I meant to say Bubba Gal ain't my type.

MAN: That's good 'cause I cain't hold this thang up no longer. *(He lets it down to the ground and gasps for breath.)* Maybe I'll whomp yew later.

ENOS: Well, I'm a one grease pit man, an' I ain't wantin' to share it with no gal.

LAUREEN: It ain't like I begged yew, yew know.

NOREEN: An' if'n I cain't have my number-one love, Bubba Man, hyer, then I want Billy John Jimmy Joe back.

*(Noreen runs to Billy and grabs him.)*

GRANNY: He's mine!  
*(Granny pulls Billy back.)*

NOREEN: I thought yew come hyer to stop a weddin'!

*(Granny thinks.)*

GRANNY: Dag-nab-it, that's right. Marryin' Mama, thar ain't goin' be no weddins hyer today.

MAMA: They's already been. I done pro-claimed 'em.

GRANNY: Well, yew can jist pro-un-claim 'em!

MAMA: Cain't. They's done.

GRANNY: Well, I de-clare mine un-done.

MAMA: Fine. Then I pro-claim yew and him hitched.

*(Mama pulls Gramps over and shoves him into Granny.)*

GRANNY: I ain't marryin' nobody whut's older'n Enos's grease!

GRAMPS: An' I ain't marryin' nobody whut's older'n this hyer swamp we livin' in!

EVELYN: *(To Mama.)* Am I really married to... *(Indicates Maureen.)* ...her?

*(Thornton enters from the trailer all covered in grease and carrying several strips of duct tape. He approaches Mama.)*

THORNTON: I made it! I'm free! *(Looks at himself.)* I'm a little messy, but I'm free! *(Looks at them.)* What is this...a quilting club or something? *(Looks around.)* I don't see any quilts. *(To Enos.)* Here. Hold these. *(Hands Enos the tape.)*

*(Mama spies Thornton.)*

MAMA: Oooh, la-laaaa! He's mine!

*(Mama grabs Thornton and holds onto him. The others begin to argue with each other as lightning sparks and thunder is heard. Gradually, they turn on Mama. With a lot of yelling and anger, they gradually push Mama back into the box along with Thornton, who howls protests. Man quickly slams the lid closed and puts the padlock on it.)*

EVELYN: No! Wait! That's my husband in there! Open the box! Open it!

*(Without listening to her, Man dusts his hands off and turns to the others.)*

ENOS: Uh-oh!

MAN: Whut is it, Enos?

ENOS: I thank I got bad news fer yew, Bubba Man.

MAN: Nuthin' could be wurse than Marryin' Mama.

EVELYN: Please, somebody...my husband, the fabulously wealthy Thornton P. Moneybags!

ENOS: This may be. *(Holds up the duct tape.)*

MAN: Duct tape?

ENOS: The same duct tape whut was a-holdin' up yer trailer house, Bubba Man.

GAL: Uh-oh! *(There is a loud crack, and part or all of the trailer collapses in a thunderous noise and a cloud of smoke. Angrily.)*

This is a fine weddin' night!

EVELYN: *(Cries loudly.)* Thooooortooon!

*(Blackout. Intermission.)*

**[END OF FREEVIEW]**