

## Scene 2

*Two weeks have passed. It's Friday afternoon, the day before Valentine's Day at SPA-DEE-DAH! Nita paces and nibbles on a snack while Mavis nervously flips through a magazine.*

NITA. *(Checks her watch.)* Don't you think Sugar Lee would've called by now if everything had gone okay in Atlanta?

MAVIS. She said she'd only call if anything was wrong. Now, stop worrying and sit down. You're wearing a hole in the floor.

NITA. I can't. This is what I do when I'm nervous; I pace and I eat. By the way, how *do* you get so much stuffing in these jalapeños?

MAVIS. Same way I get into a pair of tight jeans. I just keep shoving 'til it's all crammed in. *(The phone rings. She answers.)* Spa-dee-dah! ... *(Seductively.)* Well, hell-o, Stud Muffin ... *(Chuckles pleasurably, then low.)* Yeah? ... And you were a tiger last night, yourself ... *(More chuckles.)* What's gotten into you? Cut it out! ... *(Another chuckle.)* Okay, I will. Bye-eee. *(Makes kissy noises into the phone, she hangs up. Sees Nita staring at her.)* What?

NITA. Sounds like the love train's back on track.

MAVIS. Thanks to Sugar Lee. Giving Miller the idea to "court" me again certainly got his engine revving. He brings me flowers, takes me to the movies, he even changes the toilet paper roll. It's like I've come home to a brand-new man. *(Bobby Dwayne rushes in the downstage left door.)*

BOBBY DWAYNE. Ladies, we've got trouble. A flatbed with a bulldozer on it just pulled up out there. *(Mavis and Nita race to the downstage left door and look out.)*

NITA. Uh-oh. This is bad.

MAVIS. Bunny's out there talking to the driver and strokin' that 'dozer like it's a lap cat.

NITA. Maybe I didn't get the paperwork filled out right. Maybe I took too long and Sugar Lee didn't have enough time to get 'em all delivered to the right places. Maybe it's all my fault!

MAVIS. No, you did great, Nita. We've tried to pull off a miracle

in just two weeks. We just have to believe Vonda Joyce's research will save us.

BOBBY DWAYNE. Well, if anybody can make magic happen, it's Sugar Lee.

MAVIS. (*She and Nita share a look. Then.*) Let me ask you something, Bobby Dwayne. Why are you still here?

BOBBY DWAYNE. (*Taken by surprise.*) Why? I'm finishing up a job.

MAVIS. Nope. Job's finished. Maybe there's some *other unfinished business?*

NITA. Now, there's no reason to beat around the bush, Mavis. (*To Bobby Dwayne.*) She thinks you're still in love with Sugar Lee.

BOBBY DWAYNE. What?! That's the craziest thing I've ever — You think I'm in love with that hard-headed woman?! No way. You are so off base. Ridiculous. That's what it is —

MAVIS. You've really got it bad, don't you?

BOBBY DWAYNE. (*Makes an instant about-face.*) Oh, man, I'm nuts about her! Look, I've been trying to get over her for thirty years, but when I walked through that door and saw her again, it smacked me right in the heart. She was the last good thing that ever happened to me. I lay awake nights tryin' to come up with some way to get her to hate me less ... I mean, if she'd just throw me a crumb of kindness ... anything! But who knows what's going on in that head of hers? If I tried to tell her I want another chance, she'd probably laugh in my face. This is drivin' me insane and I don't know what to do!

MAVIS. See? I knew it.

NITA. Ooh, this is just like what's happening in the book I'm reading, it's called — (*Mavis puts an arm around Nita and claps her hand over Nita's mouth.*)

MAVIS. Now, listen, Bobby Dwayne, Sugar Lee's all about making everybody else happy so it's going to take some doing to get her to focus on herself. It may take some time, but we'll do what we can to bring her to her senses. Right, Nita? (*With Mavis' hand still over her mouth, Nita nods vigorously.*)

BOBBY DWAYNE. Thanks. I'll take all the help I can get.

MAVIS. We'll do it because we love Sugar Lee and because you're a good man ... with really great legs. And you've got some decent qualities.

NITA. (*Frees herself.*) Unlike some *other* men we know.

MAVIS. Yeah, Porter showed a definite lack of character when he