

VEDA. *(Taking one herself.)* Yeah, after we get his physical therapy out of the way in the morning, I give him his injections and irrigate him for about an hour. Once he's had his lunch, he takes a good long nap, and then I usually put him out on the porch and let him watch the sun set while I get supper ready. I got to be careful though. One time I got to talking on the phone and left him out there for over an hour, and the mosquitos got him pretty bad. Of course, supper's his big meal of the day, so it's always a gamble to see if he's gonna be able to keep it down. Once I get his evening medication done and get him into bed, he usually sleeps through till morning. Of course, I don't get too much sleep myself since I have to get up and turn him every couple of hours.

(Pause.)

RAVNELLE. Well, you're just so lucky to have him.

VEDA. I know. *(Nervous mumbles something.)* WHAT'D YOU

SAVY? *(He repeats it.)* UH HUH! OKAY!

RAVNELLE. What was it?

VEDA. I'm not exactly sure. Sounded like something about

Debbie Reynolds. *(Pause.)*

RAVNELLE. *(Overlapping.)* WELL, THAT'S GOOD, NORVALL!

THAT'S REAL GOOD!

VEDA. *(Overlapping.)* THAT'S GOOD! THAT'S REAL GOOD,

NORVALL!

BLACKOUT

Scene 3

Lucille sits with Nadine, a young woman. They look at a long string of photographs from Nadine's wallet. She is holding a baby and is hugely pregnant with another.

NADINE. This one's Perry Como. He's by my first marriage to A.C. You remember him?

LUCILLE. Oh sure.

NADINE. And this is Alan Alda and that's Linda Evans there

in the back. *(Pointing off.)* And that one over there is Charles Bronson. And then there's the twins, Ann-Margret and Anne Murray. *(Referring to the baby in her arms.)* And this here's Farrah-Zsa Zsa.

LUCILLE. Aw, isn't she beautiful. They're all just so precious, Nadine.

NADINE. Thank you, Lucille.

LUCILLE. And you named them all after someone famous.

NADINE. Yes, I did. Call me a fool, but I've always thought each of 'em was special in some way. And I just figured if you're special, you should have a special name. Excuse me, Lucille. *(Calling off.)* OPRAH, PUT THAT DOWN! PUT IT DOWN!

LUCILLE. Well, honey you're just so lucky to have all these precious babies. Ray-Bud and I have tried so many times but I just never seem to be able to carry to term.

NADINE. Oh, I just know it'll all work out for you. You would be such a good mother and I know how happy Ray-Bud would be.

LUCILLE. Oh he would. You know he never talks about it, but I just know how bad he wants one.

NADINE. Well, eighth time's a charm that's what I've always heard.

LUCILLE. Nadine, can you keep a secret?

NADINE. Oh, sure.

LUCILLE. Now, this is a surprise, so don't breathe a word of it, cause I don't want to get everybody's hopes up ... but ... well ...

NADINE. Lucille, you're not!

LUCILLE. "My friend" is almost a week late.

NADINE. Oh, Lucille, that's just wonderful!

LUCILLE. Well, it's just a week, but I've got my fingers crossed.

NADINE. Oh mine too. That would just be so wonderful. Y'all have been together so long.

LUCILLE. Almost fifteen years.

NADINE. Fifteen years. You know it's just so funny how things work out. Here you and Ray-Bud been together so long