

# Bowling with Dixie

Ann Barham Pugh



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BOWLING WITH DIXIE

by

Ann Barham Pugh

[Note: Cast list???](#)

Time

Mid-morning.

*Setting: An abandoned former music store a remnant of the one-time popular music store is the torn faded and sagging sign Upstage. It is made of a narrow strip of canvas, ten yards in length. The sign is attached to the wall by a length of rope at each end. The hand-painted lettering reads: 'OWENS MUSIC STORE.'*

*The store's band instruments, guitars and records are long gone, but there remains on the walls an array of 1960's and '70's posters featuring popular recording artists including Elvis Presley, Patsy Kline and Hank Williams.*

*Six metal chairs are folded down and stacked on the floor Stage Right. A counter or work table is Upstage Center.*

*A folded collapsible wheelchair leans against the counter/table.*

*At Rise: DIXIE, a youngish sixty-year-old with 'big hair' colorful hair ribbons, bright slacks and t-shirt, enters Down Left with a large cardboard carton and a bowling bag. She turns toward audience, and with a satisfied grin looks offstage, scanning the big empty 'store,' or entire theatre.)*

*DIXIE: (enthusiastically pleased with the huge space) You betcha!*

*(She moves quickly to the counter, plants the carton there, and the bowling bag on the floor beside it, then pulls a boom-box from the carton and punches a button. A popular Elvis Presley song fills the air. She moves to the beat of the music with the energy and frisky maneuvers of her cheerleading years, humming or whistling the song. She spots the Elvis Presley poster; stops, looks up smiling at him)*

*DIXIE: (to poster, teasingly sighs deeply) Lover boy, you were some looker!*

*(playfully kisses finger tips with loud smack and plunks kiss on Elvis' lips with a wink)*  
Yes-siree, a real stud! But I got Sam Turner, *(with a sexy wiggle)* and that ain't bad!  
*(ALICE and MARCELLA enter Down Left. ALICE is attractive, gray-haired and modestly dressed in tailored pants, jacket and practical walking shoes. She carries an ordinary (ordin-what?) bowling bag and two grocery sacks. MARCELLA is a strong contrast with hair styled in the latest fashion. She is overdressed in trendy snug-fitting pants, fur-trimmed leopard-patterned jacket, faddish purse, stilettos and chunky jewelry. Her bowling bag is a splashy stand-out with its polka dot design and sequins.)*

ALICE: *(calls out over the music)* Hi !

DIXIE: *(turns off boom box)* Hi, yourselves! Come on in.

ALICE: So this is where we're meeting? Haven't been here in years! *(gazes pleasantly offstage)* We bought our guitars and records from Ed Owens. Remember congregating here and listening to the Hit Parade songs?

MARCELLA: Yeah. *(looking about with somewhat less enthusiasm)*

DIXIE: Sure glad y'all could make it. Thank goodness the Court House and schools *(MARCELLA agrees with a nod)* shut down for holidays. Alice, hon *(points to counter)* Set your load over there.

ALICE: *(puts sacks on counter, bowling bag on floor beside DIXIE' s bag and turns to DIXIE)* Girlfriends getting together for your surprise is a neat way to start our Labor Day Holiday. *(hugs DIXIE)*

MARCELLA: *(unimpressed)* Why here? *(protecting polka dot bowling bag, puts it on the counter)* Why in this dusty old place? Dixie, surely you're not planning to turn this into another diner?

DIXIE: *(mischievously)* You'll see! *(approaches MARCELLA, sees her manicured nails)* Marcella hon, looks like you got one of those snazzy Hollywood manicures. *(starts to hug MARCELLA)*

MARCELLA: *(jerks hand back to protect fingernails, squeals)* Don't touch! They're not dry. *(blows on fingernails)*

DIXIE: Sorry, hon.

ALICE: (*moves to stacked chair*) Shall we set these up for coffee?

DIXIE: You betcha.

(*ALICE begins to set up the folded chairs*)

MARCELLA: (*spots wheelchair*) Maud Owens' wheelchair. Guess he forgot about it after she died.

DIXIE: Nope. He left it for Salvation Army to pick up next week.

ALICE: The Owens were a dear couple.

MARCELLA: Yes. (*beat*) I'm famished for a cup of coffee!

DIXIE: (*trots to counter*) Brought a thermos full. (*puling large thermos jug from cardboard carton, sets it on counter, pulls out styrofoam cups, paper napkins and spoons.*)

MARCELLA: (*hurries over to counter*) I bet it's (*screwing off thermos jug lid*) divine. (*with a strong sniff*) Ah! Smells divine.

ALICE: (*unfolding the chairs*) There's cream, sweeteners and spoons in one of the sacks.

DIXIE: Thanks for picking them up. (*pushes two chairs together, facing one-another to create a makeshift coffee table*)

ALICE: (*busy setting up chairs*) No trouble, it was on my way.

(*ALICE and DIXIE arrange the four chairs remaining chairs convenient to the 'coffee table'*)

DIXIE: Marcella, hon, would you fetch the cream and sweetener?

MARCELLA: Yes, madam. (*gets from sack a half-pint store container of half-and-half cream, handful of sweetener packets and napkins. Mimics an uppity maitre'd placing cream and sweetener on 'coffee table' and whisking out napkin/or each chair*) Bon Appetite!

(DIXIE and ALICE laugh)

DIXIE: Could I interest anyone in doughnuts?

ALICE: Can you ever!

MARCELLA: Uh-huh!

DIXIE: Okay pour yourselves a coffee. (*scoots to counter*) I brought the coconut-flavored ones.

ALICE: (*smiles, licks lips, pours cup of coffee*) My favorite doughnuts.

MARCELLA: (*pours cup of coffee*) Mine, too! No calories, of course.

DIXIE: None.

MARCELLA: I'm surprised that the Sheriff and his crew didn't wolf them down before you could slip out of the diner.

DIXIE: No way. I hid 'em from his guys and the State Troopers. (*reaches into carton and brings up a shopping bag emblazed with 'Victoria's Secrets'*) How about this? (*DIXIE mischievously whisks a sexy nighty from shopping bag and holds it up over her breast front.*)

MARCELLA and ALICE: (*whistle and cheer*) Ho-ho! Wow!

MARCELLA: (*with sexy wiggle*) Nothing like pleasing your man!

DIXIE: (*drops nighty on counter*) And your pals! Ta da! (*gloriously whisks a covered plate of doughnuts from 'Victoria's Secrets' I shopping bag*)

ALICE: (*applauds*) Saved from the invading hoards!

MARCELLA: (*whistles*) Cheers for outsmarting those greedy guys!

DIXIE: (*puts doughnut plate on 'coffee table'*) Get your chairs and dig in! (*ALICE and MARCELLA sit, each takes a doughnut*)

MARCELLA: *(with first bite)* Marvelous!

ALICE: *(munching)* Scrumptious!

DIXIE: *(accepts compliments with smile and nod, slips neatly into shopping bag)* Alice hon, how are things over at the Court House?

ALICE: *(shrugs good-naturedly)* Cramped as ever. Our Human Services Department shares that dinky waiting room, part time file clerk, and a primitive microwave with the Sheriff's Office.

DIXIE: You got Labor Day off --free of emergencies?

ALICE: *(laughs good-naturedly)* No, I never count on that. Remember last year I was called to the trailer camp to deliver a baby on Presidents' Day? *(sips coffee)*

MARCELLA: *(sarcastically)* And who'd they name the kid for? Washington? Lincoln? JFK? Reagan?

ALICE: No, ma'am. *(beat)* A Hip-Hop Rapper!

MARCELLA: *(to ALICE)* Some holiday for you, huh? *(bites doughnut)*

ALICE: I don't mind playing mid-wife. Before I retired I spent twenty years as a delivery-room nurse and loved every minute of it. When I lost Fred, and our kids were ready for college, I needed a job. This county social worker spot suits me fine.

DIXIE: *(moves to down left, looks off left)* Marcella hon, that's one snazzy red van you're drivin'. *(turns back)* You win the lottery?

MARCELLA: I wish! *(somewhat bitter)* Part of the divorce settlement. Couldn't afford a van on my salary. Teaching Driver's Ed and girl's Phys. Ed. doesn't pay much. The trade-off is I haul the ex-mother-in-law and her sister to their family get-togethers once a month.

## **END OF FREEVIEW**

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