

HONEY RAYE. *(She hurries in from the sanctuary. Dressed very similarly to Rhonda Lynn: a flashy Christmas sweater, tight pants, high-heeled boots and large, silver dangling earrings. She's fighting anxiety and losing.)* Has anyone heard from Beulah Dodge Hargis? The woman's recitation of Luke Two, Verses Eight through Fourteen has been the centerpiece of every Christmas Program since the earth cooled. It's the only thing the Deacons made me promise to keep in the show, so where is she?

FRANKIE. You called her granddaughter's? You know Beulah had to move in with her after Twink burned her trailer down.

HONEY RAYE. Of course I have! Nobody's home anywhere. All twenty-six buck-toothed, jug-eared Hargises have suddenly vanished from the face of the earth. What am I supposed to do?!

RHONDA LYNN. Darlin', you want a little Frito Pie to take the edge off? You seem just a touch tense.

HONEY RAYE. Tense? I've got three "Wise Men" who are so simple, they couldn't tell the East from the hole in their shoes, the camel costume still hasn't gotten here from Waco, the little drummer boy's so hateful, the sheep has bit him twice and if I have to stare at Wendall Poovey's goiter another minute, I might just grow me one, too! Of course I'm tense!

FRANKIE. But on the bright side, look how well you're handling it.

HONEY RAYE. *(She fans herself.)* Dang it! Here comes another

scorcher. *(She strips off her sweater down to a camisole.)*

FRANKIE. Hot flash or no, you keep your clothes on!

HONEY RAYE. How is it possible for a grown woman to melt like lard on a hot skillet in five seconds flat? Good Lord, it's unbearable.

RHONDA LYNN. Did you try the spray bottle of skin toner in the 'fridge idea I told you about? It's the only thing that helps my flashes.

HONEY RAYE. Listen, Rhonda Lynn, I'm not really interested in any more of your wacked-out little home remedies.

RHONDA LYNN. Oh. *(She's stung.)* Well, I've got one out in the Dairy Dog van. I'll just go get it; you might change your mind.