

GENEVA. I'm wondering why any of this should matter to me.

HONEY RAYE. 'Cause right now we are limping toward Bethlehem with one Wise Man, an angel too fat to fly and half a polar bear. We can't just let our show go down the toilet.

GENEVA. Oh, so now it's *our* show. Well, I'm not sure this old "gas bag" is available right now. *(She studies her nails.)* I'm pretty busy.

HONEY RAYE. Please, Geneva, I am desperate. This Christmas Program's gonna play on every TV in the Tri-County area and I cannot let it turn into one more life-long humiliation for me and my family to bear! You've got to help me.

GENEVA. So what I'm hearing is, you regret all the vicious remarks you made about my direction of the previous twenty-seven Christmas Programs. And that you've realized my crowd-pleasing interpretation wasn't so dull and boring after all.

HONEY RAYE. *(Beat.)* Yeah ... what you said.

GENEVA. You just seem so pitiful, I guess I should help you, but only if you do the following: One, you give me full co-director acknowledgement. Two, you order flowers every week from BooKoo BoKay to spruce up your showroom at Wynette's Dinette City. And three, you throw in, at cost, that little cute chrome breakfast set in your display window. Delivery included.

HONEY RAYE. You would actually blackmail me at a time like this?

GENEVA. God helps those who help themselves.

HONEY RAYE. *(She fumes.)* Oh, all right. Deal.

GENEVA. Then, let's move. If I'm going to save this show, I've got to scrape together a cast out of the survivors of the pancake massacre. We'll cram as many of the walking wounded onto that stage as we can ... even if it's the last thing they ever do.

HONEY RAYE. Isn't that a little inhumane?

GENEVA. No, Babycakes, that's show business. *(They exit. Blackout.)*