

TWINK. I can't tell you what a comfort it is knowing y'all were pulling for me.

10

JOHN CURTIS. Well, we were. That's why when Wiley got a snoot full and ran off with Maryjack MacLemore everyone was shocked.

TWINK. Some of us more than others. Now, I'd better get back in there and spackle up that hole. I had to drill out a little more wallboard than I'd counted on to replace that pipe.

JOHN CURTIS. Good gosh, Twink, you already patched the linoleum in the men's room and reorganized the computer files, alphabetically according to crime. You are by far, the most outstanding female prisoner to ever grace McTwayne County jail. I'm just sorry I was the one who had to arrest you that day.

TWINK. *I'm* just sorry you stopped me before Wiley Hicks got what was coming to him. Dragging all his NASCAR collectibles outside and setting 'em on fire was only the *start* of what I had planned.

JOHN CURTIS. But Twink, what everybody in Fayro wants to know is ... why the Dale Earnhardt memorabilia? Even from a woman bent on revenge, that was low.

TWINK. Preserving Dale's memory was the furthest thing from my mind. I just wanted to hurt Wiley the way he'd hurt me.

JOHN CURTIS. I do see your side. But I just wish you hadn't picked such a windy day.

TWINK. I never thought the embers would make it across the road to Tug Moody's Mobile Home Paradise. I guess I would've pressed charges, too, if a fire had taken out nine of my doublewides *and* my brand new hen house.

JOHN CURTIS. Yeah, that was a pity. 'Course, on the positive side, the whole town did smell like fried chicken for a week.
(*Blackout.*)

JOHN CURTIS. *(He enters from the sanctuary.)* Twink Futre, you told me you were going to be in the ladies room. However, when Ozella Smoot finished heavin' and staggered out of the ladies room, she reported you had never been in there.

TWINK. Look, I needed to be alone. That's why I was up in the preacher's study.

38

JOHN CURTIS. I'll need a witness to verify that fact and that you did not violate your work-release privilege by leaving the premises.

TWINK. You'll just have to trust me, John Curtis.

JOHN CURTIS. I see. Well, I hope you are telling the verifiable truth, because I just got a call from Dispatch and your former fiancé, Wiley Hicks, has been reported as missing.

TWINK. *(She's way too calm.)* Is that so?

DUB. Good Lord, Twink. What have you done?

FRANKIE. Haven't you gotten yourself into enough trouble without pulling another stunt?

TWINK. What? I haven't done anything to Wiley.

JOHN CURTIS. Look, the Sheriff wants me to proceed with the search for the missing person. Maryjack's beside herself and the entire Cantata at the Baptist Church is in peril. Frankie, I'm entrusting you with the custody of my prisoner until I return. *(To Twink.)* I surely hope you weren't involved in this. *(He hands Frankie his handcuffs.)* Cuff her if you have to. *(He exits into the parking lot.)*

FRANKIE. You know, Twink, for someone who hasn't been able to talk about anything but revenge all afternoon, it's mighty suspicious that you're suddenly tight-lipped on the topic.

TWINK. Maybe I'm just a little bit preoccupied with the news that I have another sister and that my very own daddy was a womanizer.

FRANKIE. He was not! Rhonda Lynn was born months before Mama and Daddy were married. I told you *he never knew!*