SUE ELLEN

(Intercom buzzes.)

Yes, Mr. Walker. Dinner tonight? Is your wife out of town again? Well I just can't tonight, sir. Uh...I've got to wash my hair—sorry!

(She hangs up the intercom phone, picks up ringing cell phone)
Oh, hello, mother ... I'm fine ... just another boring day at the office. Please don't argue. It's too early!...

(intercom buzzes)

Hold on a minute, mother.

(Intercom buzzes.)

No, Mr. Walker, I don't need any help washing my hair! Ooooh!

(She hangs up intercom receiver, into cell phone)

Yes, there are complications at work—and I'm quittin'...yes, I'm leavin' this place...No, I'm not comin' home...No, I'm not getting' married again. I know, mother, if only I had married my high school sweetheart none of this would have ever happened. You'd be happy 'cause I'd have a litter of kids and everylittlething would be right with the world – mother? You there?

(hangs up. To audience.)

I wonder how my life might have turned out with my very first serious boyfriend. I met Cornell singing Gospel songs at the New Harmony Evangelical Free Will Baptist Non-Denominational Tabernacle.

But soon after we met I got my "big break" as a singing cocktail waitress at the "Ten Pin Lounge"- and Cornell up and left! Down there at the Bowl-arama I met my first husband, Mr. Bobby Barney. THE professional bowler. Our marriage didn't last too long, though. Too many headaches from hanging around all them bowler's wives with hairdos twice as big as bowling balls! So, D-I-V-O-R-C-E number one. ("DIVORCE" sung as the Tammy Wynette song.) Then, a couple of eternities later, I was invited to sing the National Anthem at the local Kiwanis Club luncheon and I met my second husband, Chester Fife- proud owner of a string of pawn shops in Louisiana. But that didn't work out either. Too many guns! So D-I-V-O-R-C-E number two. Anyway, I moved to L.A.and here I am, Sue Ellen Smith Barney Fife... a non-singing secretary in the city of *Devils*! Hell! I feel like I've been rode hard and hung up wet!

(Intercom buzzes. She picks up phone)

No, Mr. Walker. I'm not daydreaming....I'm quittin'! I'm gonna move to Nashville...and sing!

SUE ELLEN - SIDE 2 - CALLBACKS ONLY

HONKY TONK ANGELS______ 3 person scene

ANGELA

Well, ain't we a sight! A career girl from L.A. whose been divorced twicet!

DARLENE

Oh my goodness! I ain't never met anybody whose been divorced.

ANGELA (to Darlene)

A sweet little country girl from a place that's hotter than hell!

DARLENE

Oh my goodness!

ANGELA

...and me, the gueen of a double wide trailer.

SUE ELLEN

Why am I not surprised!

ANGELA

Want a pork rind? (They decline).

DARLENE

Well, I guess I better get busy and practice. (singing)

DELTA DAWN WHAT'S THAT FLOWER YOU'VE GOT ON

SUE ELLEN

Wait! It's a sign! That's the song I sang when I won "Little Miss Country Music!" Thank you, God, and God bless you Tanya Tucker!

ANGELA

Amen! Let's wake up everybody on this bus and have us a hootenanny.

ALL THREE

(Singing)

DELTA DAWN WHAT'S THAT FLOWER YOU'VE GOT ON COULD IT BE A FADED ROSE FROM DAYS GONE BY

ANGELA

Hey.. .we sound pretty good.

SUE ELLEN

Yeah... why don't we do it together?

DARLENE

Do what? Sing together?

ANGELA (Trying to say the right thing)

Yeah... why not? Misery loves company... Uh... There's safety in numbers... Ummm... Birds of a feather flock together. (to herself) There's a sucker born every minute.

SUE ELLEN

No, seriously, why not? We didn't just end up on this bus by accident-I mean three fugitive women all moving to a strange new place... I don't think this is just a coincidence. I think it was meant to be!

(Sue Ellen assumes a meditation pose.) Ohmmmmm.

ANGELA

Hey, are you one of them "new age" nuts from California?

SUE ELLEN (Dropping her meditation)

Well, I have read all of Deepak Chopra's books! But actually after surviving two divorces, earthquakes and movie stars, I've decided to start practicing a little faith in myself. Besides, I'm a little nervous about being on my own.

ANGELA

Me too.

DARLENE

Me too.

ANGELA

Who's Deepok Chopra? One of those rap singers?

(Clap of thunder.)

ANGELA (Tenderly to the young girl.)

Don't worry, sugar. I bet our guardian angels are workin' overtime lookin' after us.

SUE ELLEN (Suspiciously to Angela.)

Are you one of them evangelical nuts from Texas?

ANGELA

Okay, Okay... I've got a little faith too, you know.

DARLENE

My mama taught me to always believe in a better place and we're gonna find it. I just hope these guardian angels are doing a good job.

ANGELA

I hope my babies are okay. But I know mama's taking good care of all six of 'em.

SUE ELLEN

She must be a saint.

ANGELA

She is.

DARLENE

So is mine up there in Heaven.

SUE ELLEN (Sadly)

Well you know she's up there lookin' after you.

DARLENE

Yeah, I believe she is. It's my daddy I'm worried about. I mean with me leavin' and all? I think he'll understand, eventually.

ANGELA

My husband won't. He doesn't even understand why I have to use hair spray.

SUE ELLEN (aghast at Angela's comment.)

Oh, God! Well, I guess I'm lucky. I didn't leave behind anything but an autographed bowling ball from my first ex, a couple of sawed off shotguns from my second ex, and a boss with hairs in his nose! Let's just hope we can leave the past behind and find better lives.

ANGELA

Yeah, with a little luck, a good honky tonk to sing in, and a little help from our guardian angels.

DARLENE

The Honky Tonk Angels!

SUE ELLEN

What?

DARLENE

That'll be the name of our singing group...the Honky Tonk Angels. I like it!

ANGELA

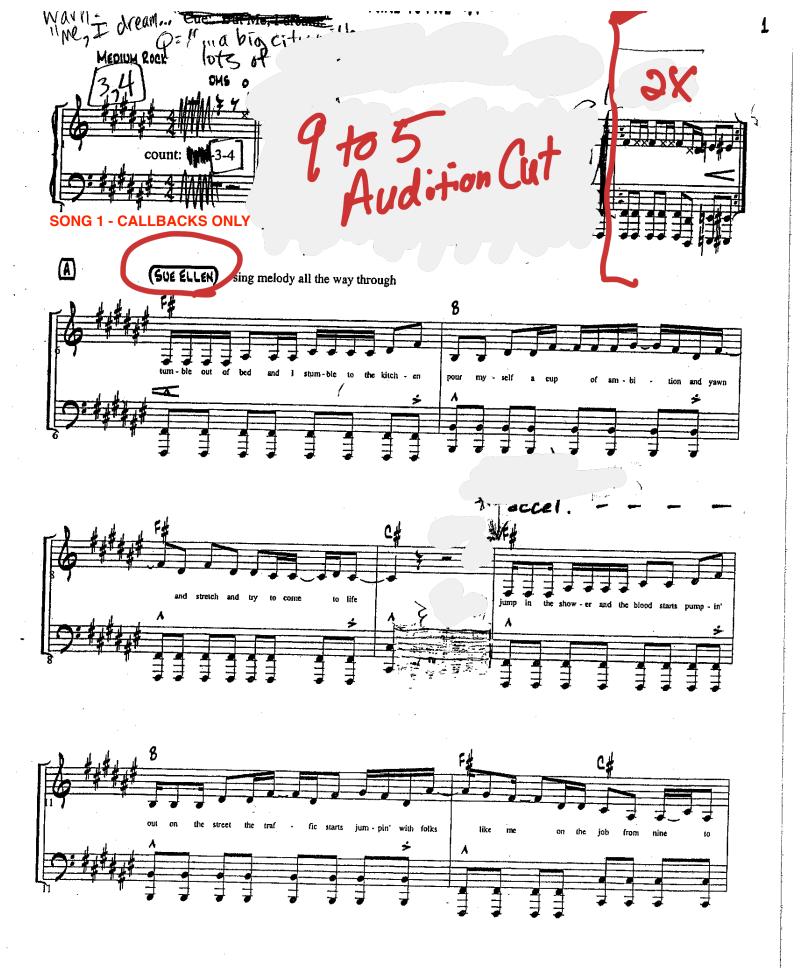
Me too!

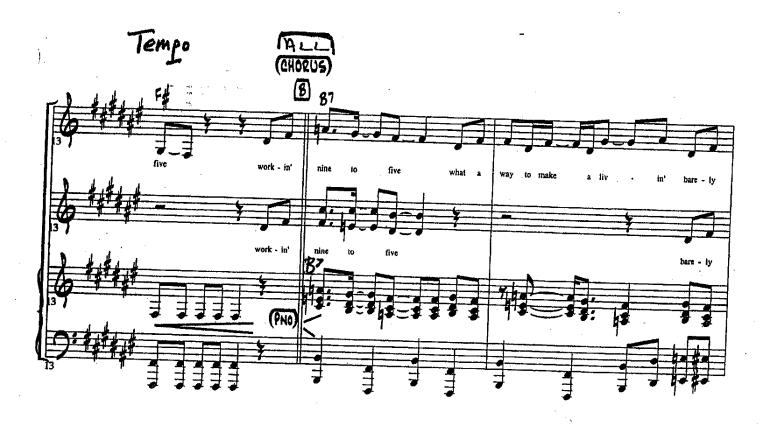
SUE ELLEN

Me too!

ANGELA

Watch out, Nash Vegas, here we come!



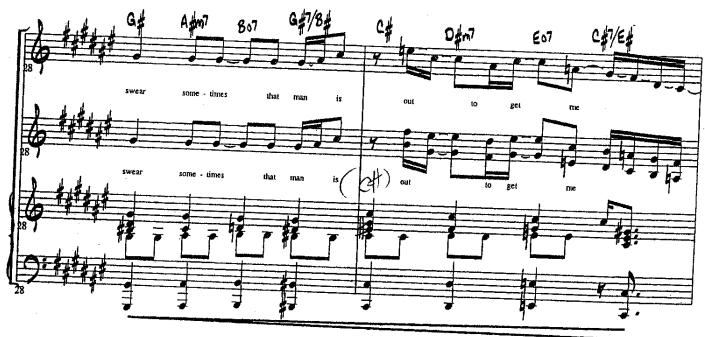


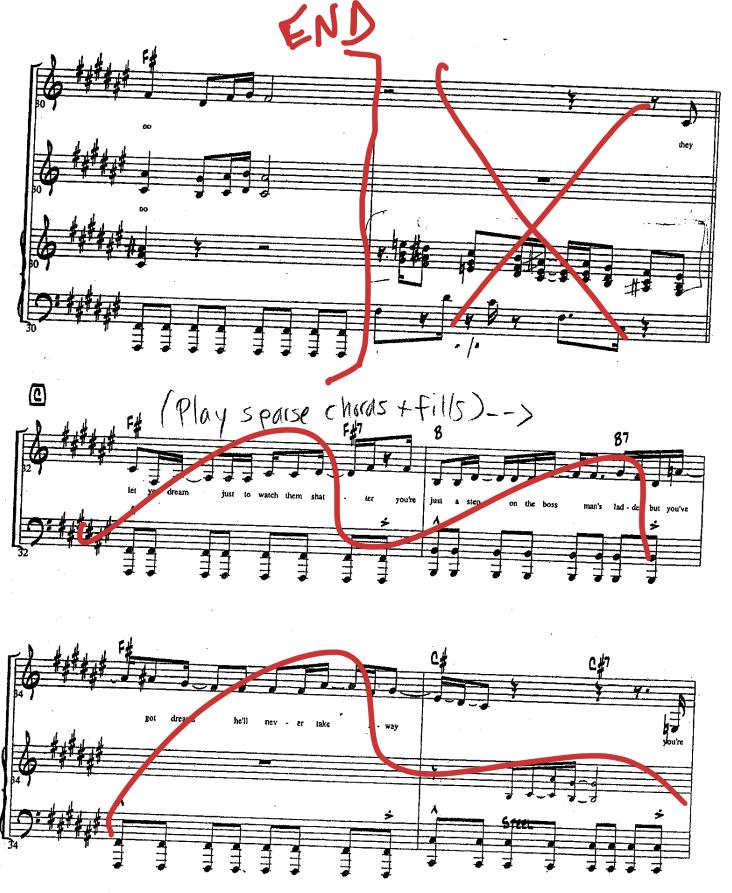




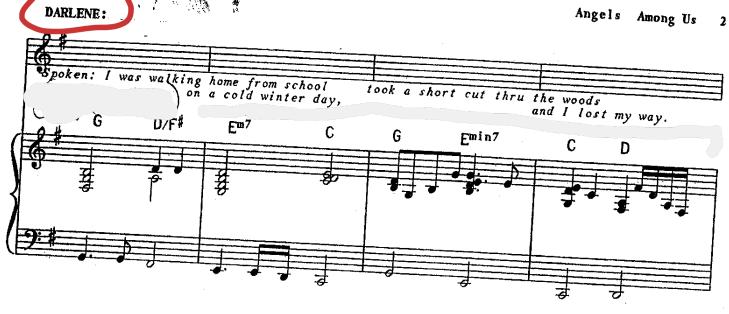




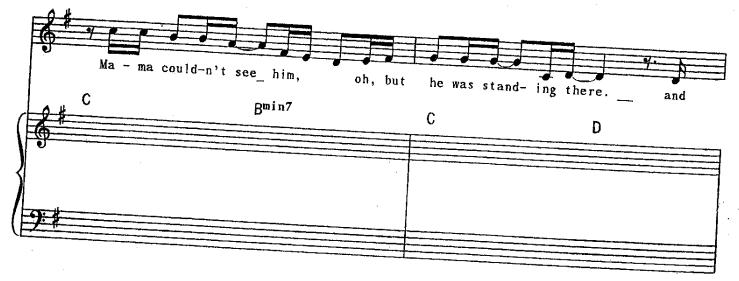


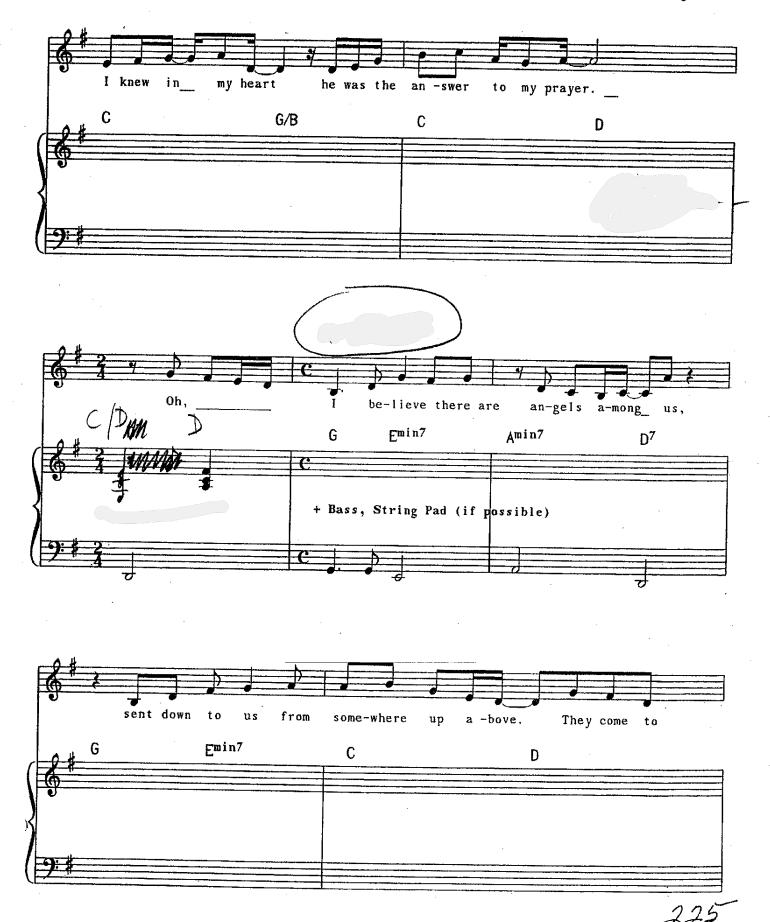




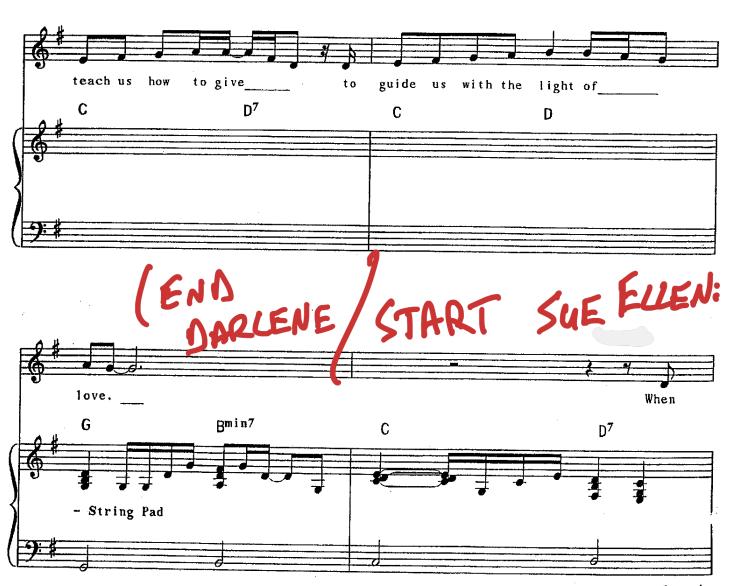




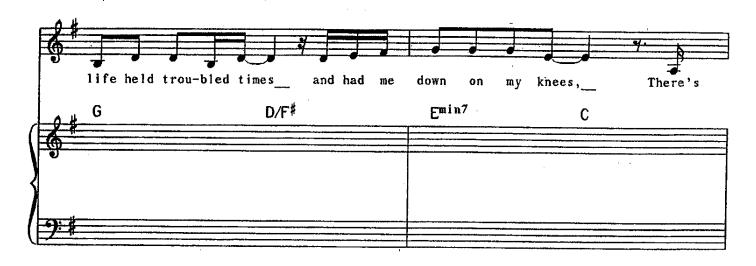


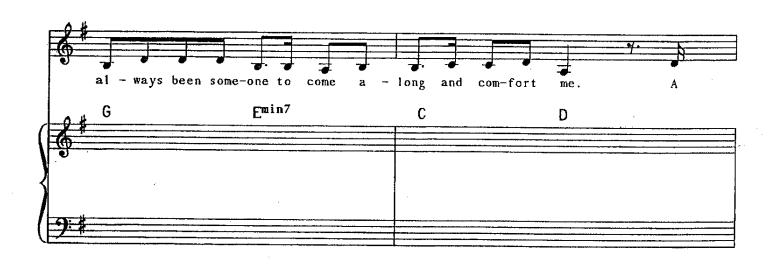


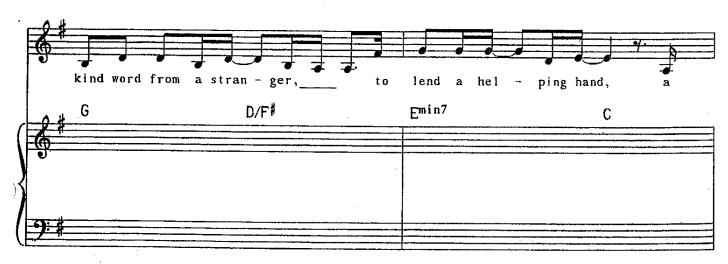


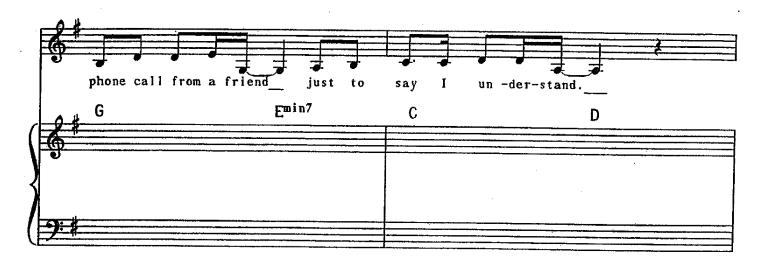


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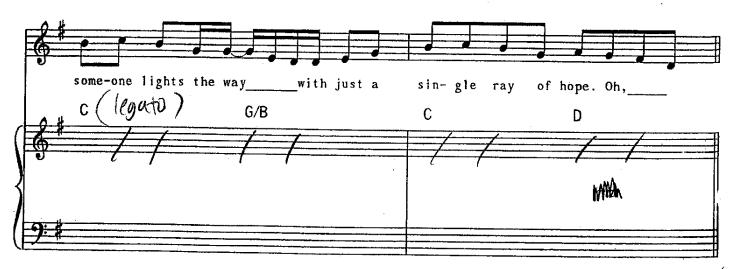






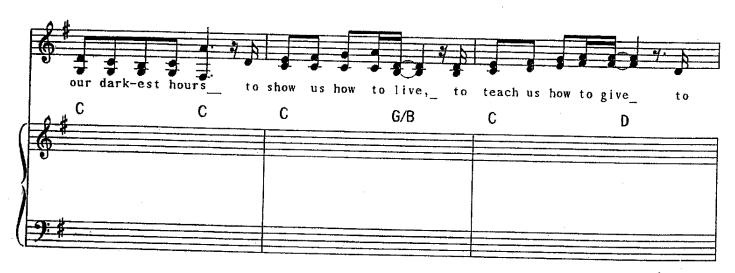














GROUP SING - CALLBACKS ONLY



