

Elvis jumpsuit costume and Elvis wig. He rolls IMOGENE down center and then runs to each entrance to check that they are alone.)

SAM. OK sugar pie...we're all clear...

(IMOGENE pops out of her catatonic state and jumps up out of the wheelchair.)

IMOGENE. Oh Sam...thank you sugar bear. If I had to sit out there in a fake coma for one more second...I would have just died. My rear end has just about gone numb

SAM. *(Crossing to her.)* Well then...come on over here and let me rub it for you.

IMOGENE. *(Giggling.)* Oh...you are such a bad boy.

SAM. I'll show you a bad boy.

(SAM grabs IMOGENE. They embrace and kiss as his hands slowly creep toward her bottom.)

IMOGENE. *(Giggling, she smacks his hand.)* Sam...I have got to keep my wits about me. Stop it...you are so naughty. You hunka hunka burnin' love -

SAM. Oh yeah...you didn't tell me what you think of my Elvis costume...sexy huh?

(He turns and does an Elvis-esque dance move.)

IMOGENE. You can love me tenderly any ole time big daddy...so when do you have to go out and perform for all your adoring fans?

SAM. *(Checking his watch.)* In just a few minutes...after Bernie finishes his magic tricks...one of the nurses is going to demonstrate the proper way to clean your dentures...and then after that...I am going to perform two songs. I'm sorry...but I need to wheel you back out there in a minute so I can get ready.

IMOGENE. I'm just sorry I can't scream and cheer for you... since I have to sit around and drool on myself. How long until we have all the evidence we need? I haven't seen Beatrice or Eaddy all evening -

SAM. Me either...I haven't heard from them in a couple of hours.

IMOGENE. What about Walter?

SAM. Well...I gave him one of those medicine bottles y'all had purloined the other night from Pat's office and he got an unknown fingerprint off it. He has a friend at the police department that helps him out from time to time and he is going to run the fingerprints on some database and check for a criminal record or warrants.

IMOGENE. I wish we could just turn her in.

SAM. As soon as Beatrice gives me the thumbs up...I will make the call. It can't happen fast enough.

(From offstage we hear a crash and then MAUDE calling out, causing IMOGENE to jump back in the wheelchair.)

MAUDE. *(Lost.)* Hello? I think I made a wrong turn somewhere.

(MAUDE enters, wearing her evening gown. The gown is hideous and ill-fitting. She can't see because her eyeglasses are tucked into the bodice of her dress.)

Hello? Anyone?

SAM. Geez Maude...you scared us half to death!

MAUDE. *(Squinting.)* Sam?

(MAUDE pulls out her eyeglasses and puts them on, looking around, bewildered.)

Oh hey y'all...I must have gotten separated from the rest of the herd...I can't see where I'm going without my glasses...I'm supposed to be in the dressing area changing into my talent costume.

IMOGENE. Yep...you're lost...but don't worry...you've got time darlin'.

(MAUDE begins to pace nervously.)

MAUDE. I'm so nervous...I've never done anything like this. Am I doing OK... How do I look? My lips have gone dry... I'm a wreck.