

Chick Audition Side

Lenny! Oh, Lenny! Hi! I saw your car pull up. Did you see today's paper? It's just too awful! It's just way too awful! How I'm gonna continue holding my head up high in this community, I do not know. Did you remember to pick up those pantyhose for me? Thank goodness, at least I'm not gonna have to go into town wearing holes in my stockings. Daddy has called me twice already. He said Babe's ready to come home. We've got to get right over and pick her up before they change their simple minds. My, these are snug. Are you sure you bought the right size? Well, they're skimping on the nylon material. That's all there is to it. Skimping on the nylon.

Listen, Lenora, I think it's pretty accurate to assume that after this morning's paper, Babe's gonna be incurring some mighty negative publicity around this town. And Meg's appearance isn't gonna help out a bit. She had a loose reputation in high school. She was known all over Copiah County as cheap Christmas trash. There was that whole sordid affair with Doc Porter, leaving him a cripple. I never told you, but I had to go plead with his mean, old mother and convince her that I was just as appalled and upset with what Meg had done as she was, and that I was only a first cousin anyway and that I could hardly be blamed for all the skeletons in the Magrath's closet. It was humiliating. I tell you, she even brought up your mother's death. And that poor cat.

And yes, I may be in the Ladies' Club now, but frankly, if Mrs. Porter hadn't developed that tumor in her bladder, I wouldn't be in the club today, much less a committee head. Anyway, you be a sweet potato and wait right here for Meg to call, so's you can convince her not to come back home. It would make things a whole lot easier on everybody. Don't you think it really would?