

VALENTINA. Stop! Everyone! No makeovers. Not tonight. We have a special guest. And we have a Sorority meeting with business to discuss ...

GLORIA. What if we let you do the eyes?

VALENTINA. But Charlotte has come all this way ...

CHARLOTTE. Do you seriously think I'd rather discuss business than do a makeover? It's our favorite thing to do at my house.

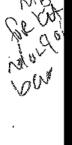
TERRY. Loosen up, Val.

GLORIA. Eyes and eyebrows?

VALENTINA. (Finally excited.) Can I pluck?

BESSIE. Careful. Plucking is a slippery slope. What begins with a tweezer oft ends with a lawn-mower.

VALENTINA. Everyone grab your kits, make yourselves a plate, and let's get this show on the road.



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VALENTINA. Well, Jonathon, do you relinquish all holds and claims on this mortal flesh and give it willingly over to Miranda?

's rush back into the dining it to gather what they need.) so pleased for you.

keovers. Not tonight. We rity meeting with business

all this way ...
I'd rather discuss business
ag to do at my house.

slope. What begins with a s, make yourselves a plate, girls, aren't you?

o her. long. (Rita enters with her

t?
Id I do than what's on her I climbed up there to die.
pair of falsies I was going r her. Miracle Gel.
scientist in Europe and I members only. They have thing.
p around.

Studying Miranda.) Terry, hips. And an ass. Poor flat ide right onto the floor.

you in the front." — Oscar. u relinquish all holds and illingly over to Miranda? MIRANDA. Oh, my God.

VALENTINA. And Miranda, do you accept receipt of your brother's body and swear to cherish, adore, and adorn it to the best of your femmepersonating ability?

MIRANDA. I do.

VALENTINA. Then, by the powers vested in this Johnnie Walker Red Label, I say ... Go to it, and make this girl a woman!

BESSIE. (Calling for the wig.) Hats off, Miranda. (Miranda removes the wig.)

RITA. I'll take that.

BESSIE. (Grabs the wig and runs off with it.) You want it? Come

and get it! RITA. Are you insane? Bring that back.

VALENTINA. Amy! Where have you been? We were worried sick. (And off Amy's look of disbelief, the ladies collapse in laughter.)
RITA. Come on in, Judge. It's going to be one of those weekends.
JUDGE. From the racket I thought a raccoon got inside. I was ready to pop it.
BESSIE. Come on in, sweetie.

VALENTINA. We were just starting a makeover.

JUDGE. That explains what I see but excuses none of it.

BESSIE. Go get changed. There's too much testosterone in the room for me to concentrate. (The Judge goes up to his room.)

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VALENTINA. The Judge's wife knows what he's up to. Still, for her, he pretends to be hunting. He hunts thirty weeks a year. CHARLOTTE. I was going to say it's early for hunting season. VALENTINA. One year I got my dates confused ... Do you know this story? (Charlotte shakes her head.) I double-booked the resort. One entire sell-out of girls, and another of hunters! Imagine our surprise when they all met up in the lobby on Friday night. Well, it was an uneasy standoff with hunters taking to the porch and the girls hiding in the kitchen until early the next morning, when a gentleman was having trouble with his Winchester double barrel and Amy stripped it down, fixed it, and slapped it back together in under four minutes. Before you knew it they were all off, girls and boys together, into the woods for the day. Who could ever forget the sight of Amy squatted down in a deer blind, shouldering that Winchester against her silver mouton lamb chubby? (Valentina throws open a huge makeup case.)

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