

MT. 7
for hair
supplies

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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MB
be lot
2/19/90
bar

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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
city meeting with business

as?
all this way ...
I'd rather discuss business
ing to do at my house.

sluck?
slope. What begins with a

s, make yourselves a plate,

girls, aren't you?
stite summer stock.

o her.
long. (*Rita enters with her*

t?
ld 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. (*Danals.*)

[REDACTED]

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.)*

X
F
men
①

[REDACTED]

or us.

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.)*

[REDACTED] *(Snatches a lipstick?)*

SU W

[REDACTED]