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**American Association of  
Community Theatre AACT  
NewPlayFest Winning Plays:  
Volume 3 (2018)**

*Finishing School* by  
ELAINE LINER

*Making Sweet Tea and Other Secrets* by  
PAUL ELLIOTT

*Eternity* by  
MICHAEL COCHRAN

*Mynx & Savage* by  
REBECCA GORMAN O'NEILL

*Treehouse* by  
JOE MUSSO

*Sweet* by  
DENISE HINSON

**Dramatic Publishing Company**  
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(AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF COMMUNITY THEATRE AACT  
NEWPLAYFEST WINNING PLAYS: VOLUME 3 [2018])

ISBN: 978-1-61959-195-0

## IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

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## INTRODUCTION

The American Association of Community Theatre (AACT) is proud to present the six winning scripts and playwrights of the third AACT NewPlayFest cycle. AACT NewPlayFest is an initiative by AACT to address the critical need for new, high-quality plays for community theatre audiences around the globe. It has been embraced by playwrights and theatres across the country, bringing exciting theatrical journeys to producing companies and joyful realization and anticipation to playwrights and their work.

AACT is pleased to partner with Dramatic Publishing Company for this program. AACT NewPlayFest is unparalleled in new play competitions, providing full productions of the winning scripts, plus publication and rights representation by a major theatrical publisher.

This third cycle of AACT NewPlayFest, ending in 2018, proved even more successful than the first two. More scripts were submitted, and six theatres across the country produced world premieres of winning scripts. This festival continues to benefit the producing theatres by giving them the excitement of bringing new works to their patrons, and the playwrights by experiencing quality productions of their work, and publication and representation by Dramatic Publishing. The benefits of AACT NewPlayFest will expand as additional theatres produce these top-notch plays.

We hope you will consider one of these plays for your next season.

Break a leg,

Quiana Clark-Roland, Executive Director  
American Association of Community Theatre

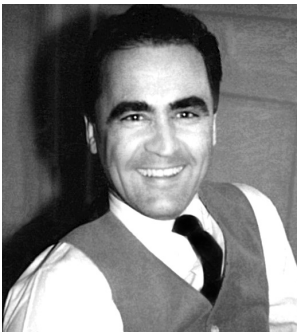
The American Association of Community Theatre is the resource connection for America's theatres. AACT represents the interests of more than 7,000 theatres across the United States and its territories, as well as theatre companies with the U.S. Armed Services overseas. To learn more about AACT NewPlayFest and AACT go to [aact.org](http://aact.org).

## FOREWORD

Jack K. Ayre, born in Pittsburgh on July 9, 1921, celebrated his 90th birthday before passing away in December 2011. At his birthday party in Sunnyvale, Calif., he sang with a barbershop quartet—one of his favorite activities—and celebrated with his cousin and lifelong friend, Frank Ayre Lee. Though as adults they lived on opposite sides of the country, the cousins kept in touch through letters that displayed a love for the written word and an irreverent sense of humor. Jack had participated in theatre productions at Drew University in New Jersey and at a community theatre in Connecticut in his younger years, and continued that interest when he moved to California.

Frank, a chemical engineer by profession, was also an avid aficionado of theatre and had dabbled in playwriting, adapting Rudyard Kipling's *The Jungle Book* for a children's theatre production, and penning *McSteg*, a tongue-in-cheek discourse ribbing his cousin Jack and based on a scene in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*.

The Jack K. Ayre and Frank Ayre Lee Theatre Foundation has been created by the children of Frank as a tribute to their father, who passed away in August 2012, and a legacy for the creative endeavors of Jack, who was an advertising executive and public relations director. The family is pleased to honor both men through a lasting legacy promoting new works for theatre.



**Jack K. Ayre**



**Frank Ayre Lee**

*Photos: Courtesy of the Jack K. Ayre and Frank Ayre Lee Theatre Foundation.*

# **Making Sweet Tea and Other Secrets**

By  
PAUL ELLIOTT

*Making Sweet Tea and Other Secrets* received its world premier production at Lincoln Community Playhouse in Lincoln, Neb., on Jan. 19, 2018. It was produced by Lincoln Community Playhouse (Morrie Enders, Executive Director; Christine Cottam, Director of Operations).

CAST:

RUTH.....Margaret Minary  
DOTTIE .....Laurel Crusinberry  
AMBER ..... Evan Pitt  
JANIE ..... Jessica R. Dinger  
SHEILA RAY.....Amy Koepke  
DOC ..... Mark Feit  
ROBBIE..... Walter J. McDowell III

PRODUCTION:

Director ..... Morrie Enders  
Set Design ..... Douglas Clarke  
Costume Design ..... Cheri Sailors  
Lighting Design ..... Kathleen Turner  
Sound Design ..... BJ Montague  
Properties Design ..... Emily Kuklinski  
Fight Choreography ..... Ian Borden  
Technical Director.....Nick Turner  
Stage Manager ..... Lauren Parker  
Assistant Scenic Designer..... Jessica Thompson  
Assistant to the Technical Director .....Josiah Morgan

In addition to the information on the Important Billing and Credit Requirements page (p. 3), all producers of the play must include the following acknowledgment on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the play and on all advertising and promotional materials:

*“Making Sweet Tea and Other Secrets* was premiered in the American Association of Community Theatre’s AACT NewPlayFest by Lincoln Community Playhouse in Lincoln, Neb.”

# Making Sweet Tea and Other Secrets

## CHARACTERS

**RUTHIE ROSE HAMILTON:** a no-nonsense, rigid, 65-year-old, country woman raised to be gentler than this life has allowed her to be. She rules her world and her sister with love, but in black and white terms.

**DOTTIE LORRAINE HAMILTON:** Ruthie's slightly older sister. A small, seemingly genteel, 68-year-old woman, stronger in many ways than her fragile frame implies.

**ROBERT (ROBBIE) PARKER:** 35 years old and a good guy, as well as the local sheriff.

**AMBER:** a battered and abused 18-year-old girl with lots of anger issues and a big secret.

**SHEILA RAY:** the town gossip and hairdresser. A woman who has been 30 years old for at least the last 15 years.

**DOC MARSHALL:** mid-50s, the most influential and most beloved man in town.

**JANIE MARSHALL:** Doc's wife, a woman who hides her secrets with prescription drugs.

## TIME AND PLACE

The entire play takes place in the living room and on the porch of the Hamilton's old, weathered farmhouse in rural America. The time is the present, but in some of these isolated communities people tend to live as though time stopped in the '60s. And for many of them, it did.



# Making Sweet Tea and Other Secrets

## ACT I

### Scene 1

*(House lights dim, and, in the darkness, we begin to hear the sounds of a warm country evening—crickets, tree frogs, a porch swing creaking and then a dog barking happily in the near distance.)*

RUTH *(voice, calling, irritated)*. Dottie, will you hush that dog up.

DOTTIE *(voice, matter-of-factly)*. She's just out scoutin'.

RUTH *(voice)*. Well, tell it to do its scoutin' where I can't hear it.

DOTTIE *(voice, chuckling to herself)*. I don't speak dog, Ruthie Rose.

*(The lights come up to reveal the weathered, once elegant, wooden porch of the Hamilton farmhouse. It is warmly beautiful in the moonlight, but the shadows can't completely hide the need of paint and repair.)*

*DOTTIE LORRAINE HAMILTON, a diminutive 65-year-old, sits at the end of the porch in the shadows of the moon, quietly rocking in the swing, enjoying the night. Beside her is a large, half-empty pitcher of iced tea.*

*Her older sister, RUTHIE ROSE HAMILTON, stands silhouetted, just inside the screen door, looking out. From her stance, we can tell that this is a no-nonsense woman, as weathered and worn as the house she owns. Removing the apron from around her waist, RUTH absentmindedly wipes the perspiration from her face before throwing it aside.*

*Both sisters speak in the soft rhythm of the farmlands with that familiarity that comes from a lifetime of living and working together, knowing the other's thoughts and finishing each other's sentences.)*

RUTH. No, but it listens to you. Me, it just ignores.

DOTTIE. When you stop calling it an “it,” she might just give you a listen, too.

RUTH. I don’t speak dog. *(Shouting out to the dog.)* ’Specially not nuisance dog!

*(The dog can still be heard barking.)*

DOTTIE. Oh, hush, She’s not a nuisance. She’s workin’ out there, lettin’ us know she’s on the job, and appreciates that we took her in.

RUTH. I didn’t take her in. You took “it” in. Not me. As far as I’m concerned, it’s a waste of space and good chicken scraps.

DOTTIE. Let it be, sister, it’s too hot to get all bunched up. Where’s Sheila Ray?

RUTH. Where do you think she is? Still in there on the pot. Don’t know why that woman can’t wait till she gets home.

DOTTIE. Don’t be like that. It’s a long way back to town and ... and it was nice of her to visit.

RUTH. I’d rather have a tooth pulled. You want me to turn the light on?

DOTTIE. Naw, just draw bugs. The dark’s just fine for me. Gonna be a full moon tomorrow. Near full tonight. Bright as all getout. Almost reach out and touch it.

RUTH. Well, it’s hot enough.

*(The dog stops barking.)*

DOTTIE. What’s a full moon got to do with being hot?

RUTH. Nothin’ I guess. Just talkin’. *(Shouting back into the house.)* Sheila Ray, We’re out on the porch. *(Under her breath.)* When you get through doing whatever you’re doing in there.

DOTTIE. I said, let it be. Come on, sit a spell. It’s cooler out here. Startin’ to breeze.

RUTH. I guess. You want more iced tea or anything ’fore I call it quits?

DOTTIE. No, almost flooded now. Any more I’d have to go.

RUTH. Then you better stand up and do it like a man ’cause I don’t think either of us is going to be using that john tonight after she’s done with whatever she’s doing in there.

SHEILA RAY *(voice)*. Lordy, I feel ten pounds lighter.

RUTH. Oh god, I knew it.

DOTTIE. Out here.

*(SHEILA RAY is a bubbly, slightly overweight, town beautician and local grapevine, who likes to think of herself as the epitome of everything beautiful, but manages to look more like a slightly off, decoupage of every bad fashion statement since the '70s.)*

SHEILA RAY *(joining them on the porch)*. I swear, I don't know what it is about coming out here ... All this fresh air just works like someone stuck a firecracker up my behind and went "boom."  
*(To RUTH.)* You want me to turn on the porch light.

RUTH. No. You're leavin' and we're goin' to bed.

DOTTIE. Ruthie!

RUTH. Well, we are. I'm tired. We've already missed *Wheel of Fortune*. It's bedtime.

DOTTIE. Sheila Ray, don't listen to her. You can stay as long as you want.

SHEILA RAY. That's OK. I know when I've overstayed my welcome.

RUTH. No, you don't.

DOTTIE. Don't pay any attention to sister. She's just got a burr up her tail tonight. Been antsy as all getout. Usually a sign of bad weather comin'.

RUTH. Or bad company.

SHEILA RAY *(to RUTH)*. OK, OK, I can take a hint. *(Kissing DOTTIE on the cheek.)* I don't know how you put up with her. You are such a saint. That's what you are, and that's what I tell everybody. *(To RUTH, as she steps off the porch.)* And Ruthie Rose, I hope you like that pie I brought, fresh out of the oven, homemade and baked especially for you. *(To DOTTIE.)* And you can keep the pan.

*(She exits.)*

DOTTIE. Thanks. Drive safe. *(To RUTH.)* Say thanks, Ruthie.

*(RUTH doesn't say anything but the dog can be heard barking happily.)*

DOTTIE. Ruthie Rose?

*(RUTH just gives SHEILA RAY a quick dismissive wave. The dog's barking calms down as the car is heard pulling away.)*

DOTTIE. You don't have to be rude.

RUTH. Homemade, my Aunt Aster. It still had freezer burns all over it. I've tasted cardboard with more flavor.

DOTTIE. It's the thought that counts and you know it. And what is with you tonight? All fidgety and all.

RUTH *(after a beat)*. I don't know. Something. Maybe it's just hot.

DOTTIE. Well, sit out here a bit. You're making me nervous. It's not going to be coolin' off in there for a while yet.

RUTH. I'll bet our bathroom stinks to beat the band. It's like she saves up the entire month, just to let loose on us.

DOTTIE. Ruthie, just drop it. She's gone now. Enjoy the peace and quiet.

*(The dog barks again.)*

RUTH. What peace and quiet? *(Referring to the dog in annoyance.)* What's it doin' now?

DOTTIE. Oh, just treed something, I guess. At least, sounds like it.

RUTH. I'm givin' you fair warning, Dottie, if that dog of yours brings a skunk in here, or another dead thing like yesterday, I'm shootin' it.

DOTTIE *(calling to the dog)*. You'll do no such thing. Hootch!!! Hootchie, you leave it be, whatever it is.

*(The dog stops barking.)*

DOTTIE. Good girl.

RUTH. Damned stupid name for a dog.

DOTTIE. What? Hootchie?

RUTH. Namin' a dog after corn liquor.

DOTTIE. Wasn't naming it after liquor. Just liked the name. 'Sides, I couldn't just be callin' it "it."

RUTH. Why not? It is an "it." Born an "it," die an "it." That's the way things are.

*(Suddenly the dog starts barking ferociously in the yard.)*

RUTH (*annoyed*). Will you shut that dog up?

DOTTIE (*sitting up*). No, I think somebody's comin'.

RUTH. She better not be coming back. Dog, if that's Sheila Ray comin' back ... you better bite her ass off, or you're dead meat.

(*Both listen for a car.*) I don't hear anything.

DOTTIE. I think Hootch does.

(*RUTH moves to the edge of the porch and leans out to look.*)

RUTH. It's not hearing anything. It's just a stupid dog and if it doesn't shut up, I'm gonna ...

(*A car is heard approaching from a distance, its tires crunching on the gravel.*)

RUTH (*cont'd*). Well, I'll be damned.

DOTTIE. See. I told you so. (*Calling to the dog.*) It's OK, girl. We hear it. That's right, you're a good girl.

RUTH. It's not a girl, it's a boy. Or have you forgotten what those things look like?

DOTTIE. Didn't matter to me. I don't go turning things upside down to find out. Hootchie's a name that could go either way.

(*The dog quiets down as the car lights sweep across the porch. The car comes to a stop.*)

DOTTIE (*cont'd*). That sounds like Robbie's car?

(*The car stops, and a car door is heard opening. RUTH moves to the porch steps while DOTTIE gets out of the swing.*)

RUTH (*calling*). Robert? What you doin' out here?

ROBERT (*voice*). I'm sorry to do this to you, but I didn't know where else to bring her.

RUTH (*shouting to him*). We don't need another dog. The one you brought last week is useless. Well, practically useless.

(*A second car door is heard being opened.*)

RUTH (*cont'd*). I said, we don't need ...

DOTTIE. Ruthie, I don't think it's a dog he's bringing.

ROBERT (*voice*). OK, easy now. Let me help you.

AMBER (*voice, angry, defensive and wounded*). Get your hands off me. I don't need your ... ohhhh.

ROBERT (*voice*). I'm trying to help, damn it.

RUTH. What the hell is he bringing in here?

*(DOTTIE grabs the door and opens it as ROBERT [ROBBIE] PARKER enters, supporting a battered, bleeding young girl [AMBER]. He's also dragging a ripped backpack which he drops on the floor.*

*ROBERT is a slightly overweight, middle-aged man who wears a sheriff's badge. Though it's obvious tonight, he's the one who needs help.*

*It's hard to tell what AMBER looks like with her bloody face and smeared makeup, but first impressions are that she's tough, like a hooker who's tricked the wrong john. Her heavy makeup is streaked with blood, her teased hair is disheveled and her blouse and skirt are blood stained, torn and shredded on her body.*

*As ROBERT helps her into the house, DOTTIE clicks on the lights and we see the interior of the house for the first time.*

*Once elegant, the sitting room furniture has seen better times.*

*A wooden staircase angles up into the second story darkness, There is an archway by the dining room table that leads to the back of the house.)*

RUTH. Who is she?

ROBERT. She's hurt.

RUTH. I can see that.

DOTTIE. Good gracious, the poor thing.

*(DOTTIE rushes out to the kitchen.)*

ROBERT. She needs a place to sit.

*(When RUTH doesn't move, he grabs one of the dining room chairs and lowers AMBER down. AMBER continues to try to push ROBERT away.)*

ROBERT. Will you stop fighting me? I've got to see ...

RUTH. Who is she?

ROBERT. In a minute. Right now, I need some hot water and towels.

DOTTIE (*voice, from the kitchen*). It's coming.

RUTH. What happened? An accident?

ROBERT. No. (*To AMBER.*) Miss Dottie's bringing something to clean you up with.

(*AMBER pushes his hands away as she tries to catch her breath.*)

AMBER. Can't breathe with you smothering me.

RUTH. Stop ignoring me. No, what?

ROBERT. What, what?

RUTH. You said it wasn't an accident. So what was it?

ROBERT (*hesitant about saying too much*). A fight ... that sorta got out of hand.

RUTH (*to AMBER*). What's she want to go pickin' a fight for?

AMBER. I didn't pick a fight, damn it. He attacked me. Stupid.

RUTH. Watch who you're callin' stupid in my own house. I'll take you out and give you a beating myself.

DOTTIE (*entering with a basin of water and washcloth*). You'll do no such thing. Just hush.

RUTH. She called me stupid.

DOTTIE. If you don't calm your feathers back down, I'm gonna call you worse. Now help me.

(*RUTH moves completely away.*)

ROBERT. I'll help you.

AMBER. I didn't call her stupid, and I don't need ...

ROBERT. I know. I know. But we're gonna do it anyway.

RUTH. Well, somebody certainly got called stupid.

DOTTIE. Now, let's see what we have here.

AMBER. Me, I was talkin' about me.

ROBERT. Will you hush and let Miss Dottie clean you up. We need to know how bad those cuts are.

AMBER. I'm OK. I said I was OK.

DOTTIE (*getting ready to begin the clean up*). Well, you certainly don't look OK. Goodness, you've got blood all over.

AMBER (*suddenly concerned*). Shit! Where's my suede coat?

ROBERT. Suede coat? What suede coat?

DOTTIE. Honey, a coat's the least of your worries right now.

AMBER. But it was on sale.

(*RUTH pulls ROBERT to one side.*)

RUTH. Robert, that girl needs the doc. Why'd you bring her here?

DOTTIE (*to AMBER*). Now, I'm warning you. I splashed some alcohol in this water so there may be a little sting.

RUTH (*to ROBERT*). Why didn't you just take her to the doc like you ...

AMBER (*suddenly jerking up from the sting*). Ahhhh ... Shit!! Fuck!! Jesus!! What are you doin' to me?

RUTH (*almost impressed*). Whoa, she's got quite a mouth on her.

DOTTIE (*easing AMBER back into her chair*). Sorry, I told you I put some alcohol in the water. It'll stop in a second. Least now I know where the cuts are and so far, they don't look that deep.

AMBER. Well, they hurt like hell and you pouring alcohol all over them doesn't ... (*Again the sting.*) Aw, shit!!!

DOTTIE. It's not all over. It just a splash in the water.

AMBER. Well, it stings like a mother ... (*Pushing everybody away.*) Stop it, I gotta get ...

ROBERT. No, you don't "gotta" anything, least not till I figure out where to take you.

AMBER. You don't have to take me anywhere. I can take care of myself.

ROBERT. Yeah, I can see that. Jesus.

DOTTIE. Both of you, stop that swearin' and let me fix this child.

(*AMBER tries to get up, and ROBERT pushes her back down.*)

ROBERT. Sit down. We're trying to help.

RUTH. Where you get this "we" shit!

DOTTIE. Ruthie Rose, don't you start swearin' too.

AMBER (*trying to push DOTTIE away*). I don't need you or anyone else.

DOTTIE. Honey, listen to Robbie. He's the sheriff, and he knows best. You can barely move and, trust me, tomorrow your body's going to feel like it was run over by a truck.

AMBER. Great. Oh, just great. And will you look at this ... He even tore my blouse. And it was a good one. (*Pushing DOTTIE's hands away.*) I said I don't want to be here.

DOTTIE. I know. I know. But right now, here's where you are. What kind of accident were you in?

RUTH. She wasn't in an accident, Dottie.

DOTTIE. No?

RUTH. She got beat up.

DOTTIE. Oh my, no.

RUTH. And she probably started it.

AMBER. Damn it, lady, I didn't start anything.

ROBERT. Watch your mouth. Don't go calling Miss Ruth a lady. I mean, don't be disrespecting her. She's trying to help you.

AMBER. She's not trying to help. She's over there judging ... like every other person in this town.

RUTH. Don't you go thinking I'm like everybody else in this town, 'cause I'm not. Am I judging? I don't know. Let me think about it. You get dragged in our house, by our soon-to-be castrated sheriff, at night, way past bedtime, and you're beaten to crap because of a fight you either did or did not start. That's not judging, little missy. That's me deciding whether I sit and listen to you whine over there, or throw you out on your ear. That's just me wondering what the hell is going on. (*Wheeling on ROBERT.*) Now, Robbie Parker, I'm asking one more time. What is she doing here when she should be ... ?

ROBERT. I needed a place to hide her out for a while.

DOTTIE & RUTH. What?

ROBERT. I didn't exactly mean hide.

AMBER (*to RUTH*). Fuck that, hide.

ROBERT. Jesus, kid, will you stop that fuckin' swearing.

DOTTIE. One more word and I'm going to wash all of your mouths out with soap. And I mean it.

AMBER. I didn't ask to come here. (*To ROBERT.*) I was holding my own, then there you are, breaking in the door and dragging me out. I didn't ask you to.

ROBERT. Well, your mother did.

AMBER. Well, I didn't. I wasn't finished yet.

ROBERT. Finished? Five more minutes and you'd have been dead.

AMBER (*yelling back*). Then I'd have been dead. Big Whoop. (*A beat.*) Least, I wouldn't be here.

RUTH (*to ROBERT*). Out of here. Right now. The both of you.

DOTTIE. Now Ruthie.

RUTH. No, Dottie, you're over there trying to help and this girl doesn't want it. Fine. Out!

AMBER (*trying to get up*). Fine. Can't be fast enough for me.

ROBERT. Miss Ruth, please. I just need a couple of ...

RUTH. I said, "Now!" Or I'm calling the police.

ROBERT. Oh, come on, Miss Ruth. I am the police.

AMBER. Big whoop, nobody's impressed.

ROBERT. I didn't ask for you to be impressed. Just maybe a little thankful I saved your ass.

AMBER. I didn't ask you to.

ROBERT. Well, I did it, anyway. For your mama.

RUTH. And I don't care either way.

DOTTIE. Stop it right now, all of you. Just back up a few feet so this child can breathe.

AMBER. I am not a child.

DOTTIE. Then stop acting like one. That goes for you too, Robbie. And sister, you behave.

RUTH. I want her out of our house.

DOTTIE. I think you've made that perfectly clear, but nobody's going anywhere until I clean her up. (*To AMBER.*) And I'm sayin' this just one more time, none of you has to use that kind of language. It doesn't impress anybody.

AMBER (*after a long conceding beat*). OK, I'm sorry. Some people just tick me off.

DOTTIE (*finishing up*). If that's what you're feeling, then that's what you're feeling, but you don't have to shout it out in front of Ruth or other people. (*Confidentially to AMBER.*) Though, I've got to admit some of those words do have a certain zing to them. (*Suddenly realizing.*) Goodness, do you even have a name, child?

AMBER. Amber.

DOTTIE (*continuing to clean AMBER's face*). Amber. Now, that's a pretty name. Don't know any Ambers from around these parts.

RUTH. And don't want to.

AMBER. Then it's lucky that I'm not from around these parts.

DOTTIE. But you know, you look sort of familiar, like I've seen you before somewhere.

RUTH. Not to me.

DOTTIE. Well, you only go into town once in a blue moon, *(To AMBER.)* Sister hates to socialize. Like it would kill her to smile.

*(ROBERT pulls RUTH aside quietly.)*

ROBERT. Miss Ruth, I'm sorry about all of this. I just need you to keep her a couple of days ...

RUTH. A couple of days!?

ROBERT. Until I figure out what to do with her.

RUTH. What are you talking about? First it was just to clean her up, and now it's a couple of days. She needs to be at the clinic with Doc Marshall.

ROBERT *(trying to keep RUTH from talking so loudly)*. I can't.

RUTH. Why can't you?

ROBERT. Because it was Doc who beat the kid up.

RUTH. What? Doc? Not possible.

ROBERT. Janie called and said Doc was killing her.

RUTH. Janie?

ROBERT. So I burst in and hell, if it didn't look like she wasn't lying.

RUTH. Wait a minute. If Doc did beat up this kid, why didn't you arrest him?

ROBERT. Come on Miss Ruth, how do you think I got this job?

RUTH. We all voted for you. Bad mistake, but you were the only one that wasn't a drooling idiot on that ballot.

ROBERT. But nobody gets on that ballot unless Doc allows it.

RUTH. Still?

ROBERT. He's Doc. I couldn't arrest him. So I just grabbed the kid up off the floor and ran. I was headin' for the county line but there was so much bleeding and my doofus deputy didn't put the first aid kit back in the trunk, and I didn't want the kid dying on my watch, so yours was the only place I could think of that was safe.

RUTH. Safe? What do you mean by safe? Why was Doc trying to hurt her? Was she stealing drugs or something?