

T4

BETTY/STRIPPER #1. Well shoot, I am havin' a good week, Amber.

PICKLES/STRIPPER #2. Me too, Amber. *(Lin enters as Stripper #3.)*

LIN/STRIPPER #3. Hi, Amber. Hi, Amber.

PICKLES/AMBER and BETTY/AMBER. Hi, Amber. *(There is a knock on the dressing room door. Lin/Amber opens it and Duke bursts in.)*

DUKE. Pardon the introduction, but I'm lookin' for somebody and it's real important that I find her.

BETTY/AMBER. Whoa, whoa, whoa, Sugarlump. You're not supposed to be back here. You need to turn yourself around and enter the club from the other side of the building.

PICKLES/AMBER. Yeah, this here dressing room is for kitty-kats only. Not for dirty dogs. *(Pickles makes cat-like gestures.)*

DUKE. Look now, I'm just tryin' to find this dancer, see —

BETTY/AMBER. I'll just bet you are. *(The "Ambers" gang up on Duke.)*

PICKLES/AMBER. You reek of permanent marker.

LIN/AMBER. And you're invadin' on my personal space.

BETTY/AMBER. Now don't you make me call the club manager out of the front office.

PICKLES/AMBER. His name is Leo and he's got a real bad temper.

DUKE. *(“Lightbulb”)* Front office, huh? As in personnel files on all the dancers? As in ... local address and phone number?

LIN/AMBER. A-duh. *(Opens the door for him.)* Beat it, ass jacket.

DUKE. What's an ass — *(Lin/Amber slams the door on him. Norbert and Pippi enter the dressing room from the club side, mid-argument.)*

NORBERT. Pippi, come on now.

PIPPI. Norbert, just tell me what's goin' on. *(She sees they're not alone.)* Girls, you mind givin' up some privacy?

ALL THREE AMBERS. No problem, sure ... *(Etc. They turn toward the dressing table.)*

PIPPI. I hear there's Christian rock stars in the VIP. *(The “Ambers” fall all over each other to get out:)*

GIRLS/AMBERS. Let me at 'em, virgins with cash, dibs on the bass player ... *(To Pippi and Norbert, as if alone.)*

START PIPPI. Norbert, what is goin' on? One minute you're beggin' me not to leave Starke, the next we're broken up. Then we get back together, but now you want to get separate motel rooms?

NORBERT. I just think with the storm knockin' out the electricity and everybody from Armadillo Acres headin' over to the same motel, it's the right thing to do. They's all Jeannie's friends, ya know?

PIPPI. Well, gee. As long as Jeannie's feelings aren't hurt, don't go worryin' about mine.

NORBERT. Pippi, you know I care about you. But what can I do?

PIPPI. Norbert, I been real patient with your situation, but I don't have all the time in the world. I am not that young a woman. (*Norbert says nothing.*) Feel free to dispute that.

NORBERT. (*Scrambling.*) Oh. Yes, you are young. And, uh, pretty ... And you're flexible —

PIPPI. Norbert, the point is that I'm startin' to look ahead. And that's not somethin' I'm used to doin'. But my days in this racket are numbered. Strippin's like an all-you-can-eat waffle bar. You got to know when to walk away.

NORBERT. Pippi, if I could give you a million dollars so's you wouldn't have to do this no more, don't you think I would?

PIPPI. I'm not askin' you to take care of me, Norbert. I'm just askin' that you stop livin' in the past, and start thinkin' about tomorrow.

NORBERT. It's not that simple.

PIPPI. Why not?

NORBERT. Because tomorrow is my anniversary! (*Beat.*) It's my twentieth. Me and Jeannie were gonna do somethin' special.

PIPPI. The Ice Capades. Oh, I know all about it. I been gettin' dirty looks at the trailer park all month — as if it's all my fault. Norbert, did you really think she was gonna make it to that show with you?

NORBERT. I don't know, maybe. Even so, I am worried about her stayin' in that trailer park all alone what with the power and the phones still cut off. I just wanna check on her is all. I'll call you? (*Norbert exits. Pippi is left alone in the dressing room.*)

PIPPI. Well shoot. Who knew datin' a good man would be more trouble than datin' an asshole?

END
