

#6 Lovey, Delores and Judy

LOVEY: Sorry. Cookie's Diner. (*COOKIE DISAPPEARS from the window.*) Where would you like to sit?

DELORES: Oh, I was hoping to see a menu before we sat down.

LOVEY: Don't worry about that. We've got everything you could possibly want to eat!

DELORES: (*Uneasy.*) Um, okay...

LOVEY: (*Escorts DELORES and JUDY to a table and hands them the menus.*) While you take a look at these, I'll bring you a couple glasses of water.

DELORES: That would be fine. Thank you. (*LOVEY EXITS DOWN RIGHT as DELORES and JUDY scan the menus.*)

JUDY: Ooh, look, Delores They have chili dogs.

DELORES: Those do sound delicious, dear, but I'm afraid they cost more than we can afford. (she counts her change)

JUDY: I'll have a scoop of ice cream. It's just .35 cents.

DELORES: I don't think so. If you order that, you're just going to be hungry again in an hour, and we still have to buy gas.

JUDY: We've got to get something. I'm hungry.

DELORES: I know. I just didn't expect the prices to be so high here.

JUDY: They're not high. We're just broke.

LOVEY: (*ENTERS DOWN RIGHT with two glasses of water. Sets them on the table.*) All right. Do you know what you'd like to order?

DELORES: That depends. What's the cheapest, most filling item on your menu?

LOVEY: I suppose that would be the oatmeal, but it's kind of late in the day for—

DELORES: I'll have that.

LOVEY: (*Jots down the order.*) One bowl of oatmeal. (*To JUDY.*) And for you?

DELORES: We're going to share.

JUDY: Aw, jeez ! Do we have to?

DELORES: I'm afraid so. (*JUDY sighs.*)

LOVEY: (*On her order pad.*) With two spoons.

DELORES: That won't cost extra, will it? The extra spoon, I mean?

LOVEY: Of course not.

DELORES: Oh, good!

LOVEY: I'll get that right out to you. (*Starts toward the counter, then turns back.*)

Excuse me, do you mind if I ask you a personal question?

DELORES: I suppose not.

LOVEY: Are you in some kind of trouble?

DELORES: No. Not at all.

JUDY: We just don't have any money.

DELORES: Judy!

JUDY: You know it's true.

DELORES: *(To LOVEY.)* To be honest, things have been really tough for us lately. We're down to our last five dollars and we've got to make it last until we get to where we're going.

LOVEY: Where are you headed?

DELORES: Los Angeles. Our sister lives there but she's been sick. We're moving out there to take care of her.

LOVEY: Don't you have any money coming in?

DELORES: Not at the moment, no. We used to run a little beauty parlor out of my home in Tulsa, but I suppose we'll have to start all over again in L.A.

LOVEY: Look, I shouldn't be doing this, but I can get you a job at one of the big movie studios.

JUDY: You can?

DELORES: How?

LOVEY: Just trust me. *(Scribbles something on her order pad, tears off the top sheet, and hands it to DELORES.)* Take this to Gwendolyn Summers at Continental Pictures. She'll find a place for you in the hair and makeup department.