

LAWRENCE

Not there.

(FREDDY moves to the other chair.)

No. Just go find someplace.

(FREDDY exits. We hear a car approach, stop, and a door slam.)

JOLENE (O.S.)

Yoohoo!

LAWRENCE

(looks to ORCHESTRA CONDUCTOR:)

Maestro, if you please.

(A violin starts to play. LAWRENCE strikes a romantic and somewhat tragic pose, as JOLENE enters loaded down with shopping bags.)

Ah, Jolene, my dear —

JOLENE

Hey sugarpop. Sorry I'm late. I was just buying up France. Don't tell Daddy.

LAWRENCE

Forgive me if I seem distracted; I've just had a bit of bad news from the front.

JOLENE

Oh no!

LAWRENCE

Yes, the losses were quite staggering.

JOLENE

(pulling dress from shopping bag)

They gave me the wrong size. Oh well, I'll just give it to my cousin Arbutus; she takes a 16. She thinks it's the thyroid, but I think it's the pork rinds.

LAWRENCE

If only there was some way I could afford to rearm my men and regain the throne —

JOLENE

(not listening)

She's got such a pretty face. I told her if she loses seventeen pounds by Thursday, she can be my maid of honor.

(The STRINGS screech to a halt.)

LAWRENCE

Maid of honor?

JOLENE

Well, you'll meet her at the wedding. Are you inviting anybody?

LAWRENCE

(to ORCHESTRA CONDUCTOR)

Excuse me – did I miss a scene?

JOLENE

(rummaging in bag)

Wait'll you see the veil I bought.

LAWRENCE

Jolene –

JOLENE

They told me nuns went blind, but, heck, it's not like they go skeet shootin'.

LAWRENCE

Jolene –

JOLENE

(back to rummaging in bag)

Huh?

LAWRENCE

When did we decide we're getting married?

(JOLENE stops. Beat. Looks at him:)

JOLENE

Alrighty. Remember the other night when you were telling me about your family ring?

LAWRENCE

Yes?

JOLENE

And then you said my eyes were like the ocean.

LAWRENCE

Yes?

JOLENE

And then I ordered the iced tea.

LAWRENCE

Yes?

JOLENE

Somewhere in there. Okay now listen up, I got Daddy's jet pickin' us up at the airport nine a.m. Europe time, then it's straight on to Oakes for the close of barbecue season and your bachelor party.

LAWRENCE

Jolene, as you might say, whoa.

JOLENE

That's cute. Now I should probably warn you the only fly in the syrup might be that my last coupla husbands ain't exactly been declared legally dead yet.

LAWRENCE

What?

JOLENE

Aw, look at that, you're gettin' all nervous-like. Don't worry, honey, you're gonna love Oklahoma. It's all so...flat and peaceful and flat. We're gonna be so happy!

#7 – Oklahoma (Part 1)

DOWN IN THE PANHANDLE,
WHERE WE MANHANDLE
ALL THAT BEEF CATTLE
AND THE SNAKES RATTLE.
AND THE WIND WHISTLES
THROUGH THE DEAD THISTLES
IT'S A LITTLE PIECE OF HEAVEN!

WITH A BIG HOUSE AND
LOTS OF BIG COWS AND
LOTS OF BIG SKY AND
LOTS OF DUST FLYIN'
AND I'LL BE SO HAPPY SINCE
I'M BRINGING HOME A PRINCE
TO MY LITTLE PIECE OF HEAVEN, OKLAHOMA!

LAWRENCE

(calls offstage for help)

Freddy!

JOLENE

DON'T YOU LOVE IT WHEN THE BOBCATS HOWL?