

Chuck: Well, between you me and the wall, I think Pastor isn't too anxious to subject the new missus to... us.

Eve: What do you mean by that?

Val (*bursting in*): Eve, I need to talk to you.

Eve: Well, good morning to you too, Val.

Val: I need to talk to you now. And alone

(*Chuck motions towards Val as if this is what he was talking about*)

Jamie: I'll go check on the –

Max: I'll go with you.. (*They exit quickly*)

Chuck: I'll be in the kitchen with those 2 so point Miss Doris that way. (*He exits*)

Eve: Thank you, Chuck. We are alone, Val.

Val: You're sure?

Eve: Unless there are some squatters in the back I don't know about.

Val: You're hilarious. Now, a little birdie told me the power was out over here.

Eve: How did you –

Val: Oh, child. When are you going to stop underestimating me? Anyway, I thought you might not have had your coffee yet, so I brought you some.

Eve: You're an agnel.

Val: Ha! That might be the first time anyone has ever referred to me as an angel. My mama said I was born screaming like a demon and I have never stopped.. And speaking of demons, did you see Bev letting her two boys shoot their nerf guns in the sanctuary after church on Sunday... using the cross as target practice?? Absolute hooligans!

Eve: Val, what happened to our conversation last week?

Val: Which one? I had a lot of conversations with you last week.

Eve: I'm referring to the one where we discussed how you were not going to let Bev get under your skin and therefore you were not going to come into my office every Monday to complain about Bev?

Val: I take great offense to that.

Eve: Last week it was that she sang too loudly, the week before it was that she was being distracting during the offering, the week before that, she had on too much perfume, the week before that she read the prayer in a, and I'm quoting you here, "A weird accent that made her sound like a New Yorker with a cold"

Val: Fine. Yes. She just makes me so angry.

Eve: What happened to you two? For as long as I can remember, you two were best friends.

Val: You'll have to ask Bev. One day we were best friends and the next day, she wouldn't even look at me... I remember it vividly. I walked into her breakfast room, like I did every morning and I said, "Good morning, Bev." And she said, "Thomas" that's her husband, you know -

Eve: I'm aware of who Thomas is. I have been in charge of the church directory for 10 years.

Val: Anyway, she said, "Thomas, do you hear something?" And he said, "Bev, we talked about this. You can't just ignore your best friend" And then she said... (*Val begins to fake cry a little*) She had the nerve to say right in front of me... "Thomas, I do not have a best friend." Can you believe that?? And that was the end of it. I have asked time and time again what I did to make her so upset and she will not tell me. I even suggested that we meet with Pastor as a mediator, and she looked as though I'd punched her dog. I finally just gave up.

Eve: Gave up and started being awful to her.

Val: You are either my friend or my enemy. There is no in-between. She made her choice.

Eve: The bible says to pray for your enemies.

Val: I do. Every day. Pray for her to get bit by a rattlesnake.

Eve: Valerie Darlene Wilson, you do not mean that.

Val: You're right. I don't. I just miss her. I'm so angry that she won't even talk to me about it.

Eve: How long has it been?

Val: Three months. She hasn't said a word to me in 3 months. we used to talk all day every day.

Eve: Do you want me to talk to her?

Val: No, I don't want to drag anyone else into our problem.

Eve: You don't want to drag other people into your problem... like you wouldn't want to come into someone's office EVERY Monday morning to complain about something they did the day before?

Val: Oh goodness, has it really been every Monday?

Eve: For 3 months.

Val: I'm just so frustrated. And hurt. And mad.

Eve: Just let me talk to her.

Val: *(Pauses to think)* Fine. Now let me get out of here. This dark room is really ruining my good mood.
(Chuck enters in a panic)

Chuck: Miss Eve, I really need to talk to you. I've just heard the most horrible news.

Val: On the other hand, maybe I should stick around for a bit.

Chuck: Maybe we should talk alone. It's about Johnny.

Eve: It's ok, Val already knows most of what's going on.

Val: And I'd find out anyway. This just saves me a little trouble.

Chuck: Well... ok... You know my wife Vera is his math teacher, right?

Eve: *(Eve sits)* Yes...

Chuck: Well, she just called me and told me that he's been sent to the principal for...

Val: For what, Chuck? Just say it for heaven's sake.

Chuck: For gluing his teacher to her chair.

Val: He glued a human to a chair. I'm impressed.

Eve: What?? I need to... oh my goodness... but I have to watch... *(She starts putting things in her purse, including the phone. Val sees this and jumps in)*

Val: Oh, honey, go! I'll watch the office for you.

Eve: You really are an angel. *(She exits to get something from the back)*

Val: yeah, yeah. Chuck, you drive her. She is in no shape.

Chuck: Yes, ma'am. *(Eve enters)*

Val: Here is your purse and here is your coffee.

Eve: What about Emma and Sam?

Chuck: Miss Doris got her a few minutes ago. They are fine. *(They exit hurriedly)*

Val: Alright, Miss Val. Now what? I'll tell you what... first thing we need to do is figure out this electricity situation. I'm not going to sit here in the dark all day *(she picks up the phone and dial the number)* May I speak to Arthur Wilson please? Arthur? Hi there, it's Val, Val Wilson. Listen I know the church has been a teeny bit naughty and we missed a payment – ok a few payments on our electricity bill but I need you to go ahead and turn our power back on because I'm covering for Eva and I will not sit in the dark all day. Yes, I know that Arthur – Arthur - Arthur I'm just going to stop you right there. Let me just cut to the chase here - you know my mama and your mama are second cousins twice removed and if I call grandma Wilson and tell her that you turned the power off on a Church – A CHURCH, Arthur, you'll be taken right out of the will?. Yes, that's right OK oh thanks so much honey. I appreciate your cooperation. *(Hang up the lights immediately come back on.)* There now. That's better.