

# A COUNTRY REUNION

A CHRISTMAS COMEDY

“WITH A LITTLE MOONSHINE”

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## A COUNTRY REUNION

**Synopsis:** Pa Hawkins is a moonshiner, unknown by all except the local sheriff. Son Zeke takes a scrawny fir tree, for Christmas decorating, from their wealthy neighbor's property, who are also missing a prize hog and now believe the Hawkins clan are the culprits. The investigation into the "crimes" by a fake detective; Pa blowing up his outhouse still, and seeing the light as he was heaven bound; pot holes in the road turned upside down that rattle pick-ups, and Haints (haunts) running Uncle Jeb off the road, are the just some of the crazy antics relatives experience as they gather at the Hawkins for Christmas Eve dinner.

**Announcer:** Good day to you all and welcome to our presentation of "**A Crooked Creek Country Christmas.**" There are many ways folks celebrate the birth of Christ this time of year. Among the most common of course are church, family dinners and gift exchanges. Then we have the Hawkins family who live on Crooked Creek Road and their deep rooted traditions from long past years. When the family and a few of their neighbors, some invited and others that just show up empty handed, **Interruption** (*stranger knocks and enters left--announcer just stares at him as he/she walks across the stage turns and exits left*) Huh, must be one of the uninvited ones. Anyhow, as the Hawkins look to begin the Holiday Season, let's take a little time to listen and watch as they rejoice and prepare their dinner. (*curtain opens*)

### Act one

*Scene opens with Ma Hawkins and Millie Ann entering right from the kitchen wearing aprons. Go to couch and sits down.*

**Ma Hawkins:** Yer grandpa should be coming back with something more to fix fer dinner. He's good at providing meals and all. Last Xmas he brought home a nice big pork roast. Said he got himself a wild boar back in the woods. He has a nice big ham hanging in the smoke house.

**Millie Ann:** I remember that. Wasn't long after that when the news around here was them Highlanders was complaining about losing their prize hog. Was right after it took first place in the county fair. Musta' got loose and wandered away. Good thing grandpa never did see it. He'd probably would a----oh well that was last year.

**Ma Hawkins:** Homer's been gone fer a spell. Said he was fixin to bring back something to snack on til we get to eatin dinner. Don't know what that youngin will come up with but you can bet it'll be something tasty.

**Millie Ann:** You know Grandma, I caught a glimpse of a blue ribbon in Grandpa's outhouse a while back and I asked him about it. He said it was for a first place shot what won him a prize in a shooting contest.

**Ma Hawkins:** Lordy child you know better than to peek into your grandpa's outhouse. That's his private place to----well you know. Besides, that's where he distills all the pure water he sells down the lane.

**Millie Ann:** I didn't mean to snoop into Grandpa's business but I been curious. That's one of the biggest outhouses I ever did see.

**Ma Hawkins:** Well ya see there's a two seater private place and what he calls his work shop where he makes his special water. He even makes a lot of food from all the corn he buys. You know, corn fritters, corn bread, corn meal mush---all kinds of stuff. Gives it all away to the homeless he says. He's got a big heart fer the poor that man does.

**Millie Ann:** I guess you could say Grandpa has caught the Christmas Spirit all year long then huh. *(door right opens and Pa Hawkins enters )*

**Pa Hawkins:** Well, hi there Millie Ann *(walks over to her as she gets up from the couch and gives her a hug)* Sure glad you could make dinner with the family and friends. *(looks at Ma and says)* I left a ham in the kitchen for you all to fix. Should be a good en. It's been curing fer a good long spell.

**Millie Ann:** Is it from that wild boar you got last Christmas Grandpa?

**Pa Hawkins:** Well I, ah, what wild---oh yeah now that you asked, I believe it just might be---from, ah, from that wild boar. *(pulls out hanky, blue or red, and wipes his forehead and walks over and looks out the window)* Ma, did you invite that Miss Abby to come over and have a bite to eat? She's one nosey neighbor and I don't like her snooping around.

**Ma Hawkins:** No Pa, but it don't hurt none to be kind to our neighbors what ain't got many friends---especially this time of year since it is the Christmas Season you know. I know she seems a bit uppity at times but down deep she's probably a nice person.

**Pa Hawkins:** Ain't no wonder she's got no friends. Maybe you done forgot she's the one what started the rumor, that some Yokun youngster was really a boy. She goes around mindin everybody's business but her own and that don't set well with me.

**Millie Ann:** Well isn't she a she, I mean a he? That family kinda keeps to themselves so no one seems to know anything about---- *(interrupted by a knock on the door left---Millie Ann answers)* Well, howdy Miss Abby. So nice to see you. Come on in and sit a spell. *(Abby sits down as Pa rolls his eyes and looks disgusted)*

**Ma Hawkins:** What brings you up the lane to visit Miss Abby June?

**Pa Hawkins:** *(to himself looking upward)* She probably smelled dinner in the making!

**Miss Abby:** *(gets up from the couch and points toward the outhouse right)* Well, I've been seeing smoke coming out of that big shed you all call an outhouse and I didn't know if it was on fire or not. I thought the neighborly thing to do was to let you know. I wouldn't want to see your outhouse go up in flames.

**Pa Hawkins:** *(walks up to Abby June and shakes his head side to side as he says)* Well, I appreciate yer concern Miss Nosey, oops I mean Miss Abby, but it ain't on fire. I'm just doin some work in there and got the stove lit. Besides, it ain't no one's business if I got a fire goin in my workshop.

**Miss Abby:** *(hands on her hips and sarcastic)* Word is around here that you got a little more going on in that workshop than just tinkering around. Maybe a distillery of sorts.

**Pa Hawkins:** Just what are you hinting at. I do distilling of some water to sell to-----quit askin so dang many questions Miss Abby. Ain't none of yer business what I do.

**Miss Abby:** Huh! *(waving her finger at Pa )* I can't help but notice all the cars that stop down your lane and pick up a jar of your so called distilled water, then drop some money in the box. *(finds a chair—couch and sits back down)*

**Pa Hawkins:** Well, I guess you ain't never heard of a **Drive Thru** business then have you. Just keeping ahead of the competition is all. Besides, distilling is a dangerous business: that's why I keep it mostly to myself.

**Millie Ann:** *(whispers to Ma)* Looks like she's here for the afternoon. You going to invite her to stay for dinner?

**Ma Hawkins:** *(to Millie Ann)* I reckon we'll have to now that she's here. *(turns to Miss Abby)* Miss Abby, since you came all the way up the lane to tell us about the smoke, why don't you plan on staying for dinner? *(Pa shakes his head and slaps his forehead)* We'd be pleased to have you.

**Miss Abby:** Well now, I really hate to intrude but since you've asked, I'd love to.

**Pa Hawkins:** *(under his breath)* Somehow, I just knew she would.

**Zeke Hawkins:** *(enters right dragging a pitiful looking Xmas tree)* Looky what I brung home fer decorating you all.

**Ma Hawkins:** *(looking the tree over)* If that ain't the scrawniest looking tree I ever did see. I swear son if you couldn't find a better one than that you ain't looked very hard. Where'd you come by that one anyhow?

**Zeke Hawkins:** I'd been lookin fer a long spell and then I seen it just the other side of the fence line on the Highlanders' property. I slipped over and wacked her down and here the little beauty is. No one will ever miss it.

**Pa Hawkins:** Oh, ya dang fool. Course they'll miss it. Ain't ya seen the snow on the ground. You done

left tracks all the way up to the house and now we're probably gonna get a visit from them Highlanders or the sheriff.

**Miss Abby:** I'm sure you'll not want the sheriff snooping around with all the so-called distilled water you're making.

**Millie Ann:** Just what do you mean by so-called distilled water. It ain't **so-called**—it is water.

**Zeke Hawkins:** *(scratching his head)* I'm sorry about the tree Pa. Guess I never did give that a thought. I'll go ahead and drag it back up to where I got it and then everything will be alright. I just didn't think taking one little ol tree was going to cause such a ruckus.

**Pa Hawkins:** Well son, if the Highlanders make a fuss about it, we'll just offer to pay them for it. From the looks of it, it can't be worth a whole lot. Go fetch a couple boards and we'll set er up in the corner.

**Miss Abby:** Alfred Hawkins, *(shakes her finger at Pa)* you mean to tell me you're going to put up a stolen tree to celebrate our Lord's birth?

**Pa Hawkins:** Well Miss smarty pants it ain't stolen lessen we don't intend to pay fer it. And I intend to pay fer it. Sides, what concern of yours is it?

**Ma Hawkins:** *(Looks away from Miss Abby and whispers to Pa)* Now Pa, you be nice to our guest. *(normal voice)* One thing good about this tree. We don't need no more than a hand full of decorations to trim it beings as how it ain' got but a couple of branches.

**Miss Abby:** Well, I guess it's not the size or beauty of an object that makes it beautiful but what it represents that counts.

**Pa Hawkins:** Huh, you ought to know all about that given you ain't----- *(Millie Ann interrupts, glares at Pa)*

**Millie Ann:** I'll put the star on the top---won't even have to stand on my tip toes to reach it.

**Homer Hawkins:** *(enters right carrying rifle)* I'm back. Didn't have no luck hunting but got us a bucket full of frog legs and crawdads. Left them in the kitchen for Ma to fry up fer what them highlanders call *Hore Durvees*. Be right tasty to snack on whilst dinner is fixin.

**Ma Hawkins:** Homer, I knowed you'd come through with something good. Been a long time since we had a good mess of creek goodies to lard fry. I can always count on you when it comes to eatin.

**Millie Ann:** Homer, where'd you find frog legs and crawdads in the winter? Everyone knows they ain't to be found in the winter.

**Homer Hawkins:** No one's concern where or how I come by them this time of year. I got them and that's all there is to it. *(puts rifle down rather hard and it goes off. Sound effects) and cast jumps and examines themselves. Homer looks shocked and asks* Sorry for that. Forgot to unload it. *(looks around)* Ain't nobody leaking is there? *(cast ad libs: no not me etc.)*

**Zeke Hawkins:** Not me neither, but I reckon the roof will be the next time it rains. *(points to hole in roof)* I can see the sun shining through the hole. I reckon I'll go fetch them boards now so we can get to sittin up the Christmas tree. *(exits right)*

**Pa Hawkins:** Dang it all son. *(pointing at Homer)* I been telling you all along not to bring a loaded gun in the house. Now you just get to fixing that hole in the roof. I swear, you don't listen to a thing I tell you.

**Homer Hawkins:** I'm sorry Pa. I'll get right to it. *(exits right as Isaac and wife Billie Jean enter left)*

**Isaac Peabody:** Did I just hear a gunshot coming from in here? Is anyone hurt? Do we need to call the sheriff?

**Pa Hawkins:** Ain't nothing serious Isaac. Homer just shot a hole in the roof and he's up there now working on it.

**Miss Abby:** *(jumps up from the couch or chair)* Nothing serious! You say it isn't serious! A gun goes off and who knows where the bullet might have gone. I'm still shaking!

**Billie Jean Peabody:** Pa! I told you years ago not to let that brother of mine have a gun. You best take it away from him right now before he ups and shoots somebody!

**Millie Ann:** It scart me half too death it did. Especially with all that noise and such. *(tilts her head and sniffs)* I can still smell the gunpowder.

**Isaac Peabody:** You heard your Pa Billy Jean, now that's the end of it. No need fer you to butt in. *(Billie Jean pouts and stamps her foot).*

**Billie Jean Peabody:** *(to Isaac)* Well, it'll sure be the end of someone if Pa don't take that gun away from Homer.

**Isaac Peabody:** Billie Jean that's your pa's problem and I'm sure he knows what to do so don't you fret over it!

**Ma Hawkins:** Come on Millie Ann, let's go to the kitchen and see to that ham your grandpa brought up from the smoke house.

**Millie Ann:** And we've got to get too frying up those *Hor Durvees* Homer fetched----from where ever.  
(*Exits right with Ma Hawkins*)

**Amos Mulberry:** (*Shirttail relative-- enters left*) Well, we made it. Had a little car trouble but the old bus finally got us here. Clyde, that's my fiancée, will be in soon. (*Everyone looks at each other*) Once you all get to know Clyde I know we'll all get along just fine.

**Zeke Hawkins:** (*enters right carrying a couple pieces of wood for the Christmas tree. Drops the wood and looks shocked*) Did I hear you say your fiancée's name is Clyde---Clyde?

**Amos Mulberry:** That's right. We just got engaged a couple of weeks ago and I've not had time for any introductions.

**Zeke Hawkins:** Iffen I might ask, just where did you meet, ah---Clyde?

**Amos Mulberry:** Don't mind you asking at all Zeke. We met at the county softball tournament. I struck ol' Clyde out three times. (*bends over and slaps his knee and laughs*) We like to tell folks it was love at strike three. Yes sir, we're gonna' have a wedding next month at the local church. That is if the preacher will marry us being as how Clyde's not a member in good standing.

**Isaac Peabody:** If that's the church down here a ways on Crooked Creek Road next to the bait store, I've heard the preacher is pretty particular who he marries specially them C and E'ers.

**Amos Mulberry:** C and E'er. What's a C and E'er?

**Billie Jean Peabody:** It's them that only go to church on Christmas and Easter.

**Amos Mulberry:** Huh! I guess that won't be no problem cause Clyde never goes to church on Christmas and Easter.

**Isaac Peabody:** Amos, you sure you want to marry, ah, well marry Clyde. Anyhow, I figure you know what it is you're doin so maybe once you two get hitched Clyde'll at least be a C and E'er.

**Zeke Hawkins:** Yeah. And good luck with that excuse Amos. (*hears pounding on the roof--sound effects*) Santy Clause! I hear Santy Clause up on the roof! He's done come early this year you all. We got to hurry and get this tree up.

**Pa Hawkins:** Zeke are you funning or do you really think that's Santy up on the roof?

**Zeke Hawkins:** Well, it's almost Christmas Pa, and I don't like to take chances that it just might be.

**Pa Hawkins:** That's your brother a-fixin the roof. I thought I done told you all about the Santy Clause legend a long time ago. (*shakes his head and rolls his eyes*) Guess we'll need to have another talk.

**Amos Mulberry:** *(walks over to the window and looks out)* I swear, it takes some folks forever to fix their hair and put on lipstick. *(cast continues to look confused and whisper to each other.)* That Clyde is one of the slowest I ever---- oh yeah, Clyde's finally on the way down the lane----just wanted to make a good first impression is all. *(Amos goes to door left and motions for Clyde Yokum to come in.)*

**Clyde Yokum:** Afternoon you all. It's so good to be here and finally meet you all. *(family members look shocked---and relieved)*

**Isaac Peabody:** You, ah, you're Clyde. Whew, what a re----- Well, I surely am glad to meet you. *(Gestures around the room and says)* These folks here are the Hawkins clan---most of them anyhow, and we are really, really, really glad to see you.

**Miss Abby:** Huh, *(to Amos and Clyde)* not everyone here is a Hawkins. I'm Miss Abby. I live down the road in the large brick home. You can't miss it since it's the only brick home on Crooked Creek Road.

**Clyde Yokum:** Nice to meet you. Amos, didn't you tell them I was a woman? Here they been thinking all along I was a man. I can assure you all that I am all woman. *(shakes it a little as she turns around)*

**Zeke Hawkins:** *(stares wide eyed at her as she shakes)* You sure look like a woman to me Clyde!

**Amos Mulberry:** I didn't think nothing about your name since there's a lot of girl folks named the same as us men. You know like Billie, Johnny, Jean, Clyde and-----*(interrupted by Clyde)*

**Clyde Yokum:** I think you've said enough about the names Isaac. Just let it rest.

**Amos Mulberry:** Well then darling, just tell them how you come by the name Clyde.

**Clyde Yokum:** Okay. Well you see my folks thought they were going to have a boy named Clyde. So when I turned out to be a little girl they just kept the name and here I am----Clyde *(knock on door left and Pa opens and Virgil enters)*

**Pa Hawkins:** Well I'll be iffen it ain't cousin Virgil from the other side of the mountain. Come on in and sit yerself down cousin. Was beginning to think you wasn't gonna make it today. Sorry but I need to check on ah----I'll be back shortly. *(exits right)*

**Virgil Hawkins:** It's been a rough ride---- roads bein in such bad shape an all. I think the county went along and turned all the potholes upside down and made em' worse than hittin the pothole. *(cast all laugh except Zeke who has a puzzled look on his face as he approaches Virgil)*

**Zeke Hawkins:** I been wondering cousin Virgil, how do they turn a hole upside down.



**Virgil Hawkins:** *(rolls his eyes and says)* Why Zeke they just reach down, grab the hole by the bottom and yank it inside out.

**Amos Mulberry:** That's right Virgil. But sometimes they mess up and pull them out to far and that's when if you hit them it rattles your truck.

**Zeke Hawkins:** *(squints his eyes and shakes his head)* Huh, next time I got to fill a hole I'm a-gonna try that---lessin the hole is so big I can't lift it. It'd be a whole lot easier than shoveling all that dirt back in. *(Homer enters door right)*

**Virgil Hawkins:** If'en it's too big Zeke, just throw a little dirt back in and then you can lift er right out.

**Homer Hawkins:** Zeke, did I hear you talking about turning a pothole upside down? You know that ain't possible so don't waste yer time trying to do it. You all ought to quit foolin with him. Hey, where did pa go? I'm done with the roof. *(Ma and Millie Ann enter door right)*

**Ma Hawkins:** Your pa is out back bottling some more of his distilled water. There seems to be a big demand for it around the holidays.

**Miss Abby:** Huh. I wouldn't wonder given the kind of so-called water he claims it is.

**Homer Hawkins:** Just what do you mean by that! Pa's not doing anything wrong---just making distilled water and fixing all kinds of stuff to feed the homeless!

**Ma Hawkins:** Now, now Homer don't you get so all fired up about what our friend Miss Abby said. She just don't understand the caring person your Pa is, that's all.

**Homer Hawkins:** *(looking at the floor)* Sorry I got a little upset about your hinting Pa is doing something illegal. *(looks up)* Anyhow, it must be legal because the sheriff stops by every so often and picks up a jar. He never leaves any money though. *(looks thoughtful for a few seconds--- then says)* He probably pays by the month.

**Miss Abby:** *(staring at Homer)* Sorry I offended you by insinuating your Pa was doing something illegal *(hesitates)* well something wrong.

**Isaac Peabody:** How's dinner coming along Ma? I think that must be your fried chicken I smell frying.

**Billie Jean Peabody:** Speaking of chickens, that mean ol' rooster didn't chase me when I got out of the car today.

**Millie Ann:** That is strange. He usually comes after me when I gather the eggs, but not this morning. You seen him around Grandma?----- Grandma! That chicken we smell a- frying--- it isn't---*(interrupted by Homer)*

**Homer Hawkins:** Yeah Ma, tell us about that mean ol' rooster an why he don't wake us up every morning with his cock-a-dodulin. *(Ma looks sheepish and fidgets with her hands)*

**Ma Hawkins:** That dang bird done went too far this time. Chased me once too often. I run em' down and rung his neck. *(twists her hands in as if ringing a neck)* Tough or not, he's a-fryin in the skillet.

**Millie Ann:** Grandma! I just can't believe you done that to that ol' rooster.

**Ma Hawkins:** I done warned that rooster what would happen if he chased me again and-----  
*(interrupted by knock on the door left-- Homer opens)*

**Homer Hawkins:** Uncle Jeb, come on in. *(enters looking disheveled and wide eyed)*

**Ma Hawkins:** Goodness gracious Jeb, what on earth ever happened to you?

**Uncle Jeb:** Weren't nothin' **earthly** that happened to me. It were a Haint that's what it was! Run me a ways back offen Crooked Creek Road it did. Lucky I weren't killed.

**Miss Abby:** A Haint! What on earth is a Haint?

**Uncle Jeb.** It's what them highlanders call Ghosts. We'ens call em' Haints. They go around hainten houses and such. Besides, wasn't no driver in the pickup so it had to be a Haint.

**Virgil Hawkins:** So, they drive pickups huh?

**Uncle Jeb:** Or whatever they can steal. You can't never tell what they'll be driving.

**Miss Abby:** *(looking at Jeb)* Have you ever heard of one being arrested for stealing a pickup truck?

**Uncle Jeb:** Now that's a stupid question. How could the sheriff arrest somebody he can't see? That's why there ain't no Haints in jail.

**Miss Abby:** Well say what you must, there is no such thing as haints, ghosts or witches. That's all just old wive's tales.

**Virgil Hawkins:** *(speaking to Miss Abby)* You can say what you will about there not bein anything such as haints, but folks around here know better. Just you look at Uncle Jeb. Ain't nobody looks that scart but someone what's seen a Haint or couldn't see the Haint or -----*(interrupted by Jeb)*

**Uncle Jeb:** Well thank ya Virgil fer them kind words. If you're so smart Miss Abby, how is it that a pick-up with no driver run me off the road into the ditch?

**Miss Abby:** (*haughty attitude*) I don't know, and perhaps I'll never know, but I do know that maybe you had been drinking a bit of Alfred's distilled water! (*Pa Hawkins enters and says*)

**Pa Hawkins:** Miss Abby you best not be spreading any rumors about your suspicions of my distilled water.

**Ma Hawkins:** (*enters right carrying a bowl full of cheese twists made up like frog legs and crawdads. Says low to Pa*) Now Pa, remember what I said about being kind to our neighbors. (*turns to others in the room*) Just feast a bit on these what Homer fetched for *hor-durvees*. They're fresh outa the grease and finger lickin good. Come on ladies and give a hand in the kitchen. (*Exits right with ladies except Billie and Abby*)

**Miss Abby:** The rest of you may go, however, I do not do kitchen chores!

**Billie Jean Peabody:** I'll just stay here also. Probably too crowded in the kitchen with all of us in there. Besides, I like to stay close to my Isaac.

**Pa Hawkins:** I reckon you all (*to cast left on stage*) better get to that Christmas tree decorating while some of the the ladies get to fixin dinner. I'll be back as soon as I get done checkin on my distilling.

**Virgil Hawkins:** He surly does take his water business seriously, frets over it like an old mother hen he does.

**Homer Hawkins:** I guess we'd best be trying to stand this tree up and put some of Ma's decorations on it bein as how Zeke here dragged er' home. Not to many though, we don't want it to sag bein as how it don't look at all too sturdy. (*walks over to tree and stands it up*)

**Amos Mulberry:** (*eying the tree and shaking his head*) It'll take a darn sight more than a few trinkets hanging on this tree. It surly is an ugly one.

**Homer Hawkins:** We'll do what all we kin to make the little fellow as purty as possible. Come to think of it, it looks like something we done stole offen Charlie Brown! Anyhow, just hand me them boards and let's get started. (*Zeke picks up boards and hands to Homer*) Now if I just had some nails and a hammer I could (*interrupted by Isaac*)

**Isaac Peabody:** *(laughing)* I hate to say it fellows, but I don't hold much stock in the way this is gonna shape up. Seems to me we can just set er' in the corner, set a star on the top and let er' go at that.

**Virgil Hawkins:** The thing is Christmas is the celebration of our Lords birth and this here tree looks like it was just born. I think we should have a proper tree to honor the Lord's birth.

**Homer Hawkins:** Hey Zeke, did you saw this little beauty down or did you just reach down and snap it off?

**Miss Abby:** You men should not be making a joke about Zeke's tree. I'm sure he meant well when he brought it here. However, it was illegally come by and I must agree it is ugly to boot. Mark my word *(shaking her finger)* nothing good will come of this.

**Virgil Hawkins:** Your Pa's been gone a good long time. Wonder what he's up to out *(interrupted by explosion---- sound effects)*

**Isaac Peabody:** What was that! Sounded like it came from out back!

**Zeke Hawkins:** You don't suppose something happened to pa do you?

**Amos Mulberry:** We best be checking on him! *(starting toward door right as Clyde runs in)*

**Clyde Yokum:** The outhouse done blew up and we think your Pa is still in it. Mercy me you all better hurry! *(all except Abby hurry from stage -right)*

**Miss Abby:** *(stands and waves her arms.)* Praise the Lord, my prayers have been answered! Well at least I hope Mr. Hawkins is alright.

***Curtain closes.***

**Announcer:** *(Stage crew switches trees as the announcer talks)* Well it looks as if the Hawkins family are having their problems with a drop in guest, a hole shot in the roof, a Haint racing around the neighborhood running folks off the road and now a big explosion in back. Frankly, I'd never heard of a haint before I listened in on the Hawkins family, but who's to say they don't exist. Anyhow it's about time to look back in on the family and find out *(interrupted again by uninvited actor who walks up stage left with a shovel.)*

**Announcer:** You were here before. Just what is you want? I don't remember you being in the play. What's your name?

**Digger:** Names Trigger, but most folks just call me Digger----cause of this shovel I carry around.

**Announcer:** Well Digger what is it you want?

**Digger:** Really don't want nuthin. I been listenin and all, and I just thought since I have my shovel, I can give that Zeke feller a hand digging up them holes.

**Announcer:** That's nice of you but, I think you ought to go back to your seat and just watch the rest of the play. It is just a play.

**Digger:** I will, but I'd rather hear it from that Zeke feller himself that he don't want no help.

**Announcer:** Okay then. Zeke Hawkins will you come out here and tell Digger you don't want his help? *(Zeke slips through the curtain shakes Diggers hand and says)*

**Zeke Hawkins:** Thanks anyhow Digger, but I can take care of the holes myself.

**Digger:** Well okay then. But don't say I never asked. *(Zeke exits back through the curtain as Digger exits left)*

**Announcer:** Don't that just beat all. Well it's time for the second act. Let's see what happens as the Hawkins' clan continue to celebrate the holidays. *(curtain opens as announcer leaves the stage left) Pa enters right with help of Homer and Virgil. Ma and others follow in. Pa's face is soot covered and clothing soiled and torn maybe a string of toilet tissue hanging. Set him in a chair.*