



Miss Magnolia Senior Citizen - 1999

*The Miss Magnolia
Senior Citizen
Beauty Pageant*

By Leslie Kimball

Cast of Characters

Beatrice Shelton: Sassy and salty senior citizen, retired burlesque dancer.

Eaddy Mae Clayton: Desperately religious senior citizen and the anchor for Magnolia Place's cable network program "Senior Moments."

Imogene Fletcher: Snarky senior citizen and wife to Sam.

Maude Jenkins: Dingy and pageant obsessed senior citizen.

Sam Smith: Senior citizen. Reformed Casanova and husband to Imogene.

Lurleen Dupree: Worn out and weary pageant coordinator.

Clovis Crown: Awkward and nerdy senior citizen.

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Martha Parcell: A snooty senior citizen. The villain.

Hazel Dillard: Christmas obsessed and squirrel loving octogenarian.

Narrator: Either a male or female who runs the camera for the cable access show and serves as a narrator as needed throughout.

Author's and Director's *Notes*

Setting

Magnolia Place Assisted Living Facility in
Petula, Georgia.

- Various locations.

Time

Spring 1999.

- 👑 These are real people and should not be portrayed as caricatures.
- 👑 All cast members should use a Southern Accent.
- 👑 Stage directions are in italics.

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- 👑Any text that is capitalized should be emphasized.
- 👑Imogene is pronounced: Eye-mo-jean.
- 👑Beatrice is pronounced: Bee-uh-triss.
- 👑Eaddy is pronounced: Ee-dee.
- 👑The ladies' evening gowns and talent are written to give the actors, director and costume designer the freedom to be creative and have fun. However, the talent for each contestant should never be over two minutes and thirty seconds.
- 👑Lurleen's cell phone should be a 1990's flip phone.
- 👑It is not important that Imogene or Eaddy be good singers. Bad singers just add to the fun.
- 👑The squirrel that attacks Hazel should be flat on her face...perhaps using a pair of grasses to have his arms clinging to the sides of her face. Have fun making this prop.
- 👑The pageant contestants should wear their number on a gold disc for gown and talent

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on the front of their costumes. Martha's talent number should be on her back.

👑 Orange hairspray works great for the “spray tanning incident.”

👑 It was the author's desire to create roles for senior actors, who are often overlooked for theatrical roles. However, the senior roles can be portrayed by any actor with the magic of theatrical makeup.

👑 The order for the ladies sitting at the “Readers' Table,” is always as follows (left to right):

- 1) Beatrice**
- 2) Maude**
- 3) Imogene**
- 4) Eaddy**
- 5) Martha**
- 6) Lurleen**
- 7) Hazel**

ACT 1

Scene One

(The curtain opens to reveal two long tables with 7 chairs spaced evenly behind them. The tables are covered with white tablecloths and skirted to the floor. These tables and chairs stay in place for the entire show. There is a microphone on the table and two scripts are set out at two places at the middle of the tables. There are floral bouquets set evenly spaced on the tables.

*There is a sign hanging off the stage right side of the table that reads “Cable Access 14.” As **Martha** enters, in a fluster, she knocks the sign off and another sign is revealed underneath that reads “Janitor’s Closet.” A video camera is positioned in front of the table for recording the show.*

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***Eaddy Mae Clayton** is seated at the table
adjusting the microphone.*

***Martha Parcell** enters from stage left. She
knocks the sign off and rushes to be seated to
the left of **Eaddy**,)*

EADDY: Martha, just as soon as the camera guy
is ready we'll get started.

MARTHA: It smells like bleach cleaner in here.

EADDY: Uh ... huh... now did you have a chance
to look over the questions I gave you?

MARTHA: Yes, and I rewrote all of them properly
yes, and I rewrote all of them properly...you
know...grammar... spelling...punctuation...

*(**Martha** gives **Eaddy** a piece of paper and
Eaddy balls it up and throws it over her
shoulder.)*

EADDY: Now honey...I don't want to get into
your personal business...but remind me...how

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many times have you entered the Miss Magnolia Pageant? Fifteen...twenty?

MARTHA: *(Miffed.)* Three times. JUST. Three.

Eaddy *(Sweetly.)* Well...I think it's so brave of you to enter, year after year...and lose again and again so gracefully. It must be difficult to always be first runner up...or as I call it...the first loser.

MARTHA: I WAS Miss Magnolia two years ago.

EADDY: Oh...no...no ma'am...you were the first runner up...and were only given the title after the real winner, Janette Simmons slipped and broke her hip in the jacuzzi room under very mysterious circumstances. I have it all right here on paper Martha.

(Eaddy give an all knowing look.)

MARTHA: I hope you're not insinuating that I had anything to do with Janette's fall...and besides...THAT is just a technicality.

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EADDY: Well...technically...that still means you lost. Anyway...I am just *thrilled* you could be on the show today.

MARTHA: Uh-huh...well...I am just *thrilled* you asked me.

NARRATOR: *(Enters from stage right and positions themself next to the camera, checking angles and staging through the viewfinder.)* OK everyone...please settle...and just watch for the red light...we're going LIVE in TEN.

MARTHA: *(Panic.)* Wait...LIVE...THIS IS LIVE!? I thought we were taping this.

EADDY: Oh no sugar...this is a live show. I must have forgotten to tell you...SMILE!

MARTHA: *(Extreme panic.)* OH, MY WORD! LIVE!

NARRATOR: We're live in Three...Two...One. *(Camera Operator exits stage right.)*

*(A peppy instrumental intro plays. **Martha** stares into the camera panicked.)*

NARRATOR: *(Sticks there head in from stage right and yells.)* Hey lady...we're live...you're on!!!

EADDY: Oh...Oh...sorry, yeah...Hey y'all and welcome to Senior Moments on your Petula cable access Channel 14...coming to you LIVE from Magnolia Place Assisted Living and proudly sponsored by Judy's Beauty Shop and Small Engine Repair. I'm your host Eaddy Mae Clayton. Unfortunately, our regular guest, Lurleen Dupree, could not be here today...and so...we're talking to Magnolia Place resident, Martha Parcell, about the upcoming Miss Magnolia Senior Citizen Pageant...and her *sad* and *desperate* attempt to win over the last four years. Now, Martha...tell the viewers...what do we have to look forward to this year?

*(**Martha** is frozen.)*

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EADDY: Martha? *(Beat.)* Martha?

*(Eaddy smiles in the camera as she attempts to nonchalantly poke **Martha.**)*

EADDY: Martha, honey..a little bird told me you *might* be singing. *(Beat.)* Why don't you tell us what you'll be wearing?

MARTHA: *(Blankly.)* I'm uh... Martha... hello... what... who?

EADDY: *(Grasping.)* I uh...believe you were going to tell us something about this year's Miss Magnolia Senior Citizen Beauty Pageant sugar.

MARTHA: *(Blankly.)* Hi...I'm Martha...oh...I...oh...I dance...I twirl...I dance.

EADDY: Uh-huh...*(beat.)* Well...it sounds like we can count on something...just...really special.

*(**Martha** is overcome with anxiety and reaches toward the camera.)*

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MARTHA: LIVE... LIVE TELEVISION!
Ahhhhhhh...

*(**Martha** faints. **Eaddy** leaps to her feet and attempts to block **Martha** from the camera.)*

Voice-Over: *(Camera Operator sticks their head in from stage right ad shouts.)* DO SOMETHING!
HEY LADY...GO TO COMMERCIAL!!

EADDY: What? OH...yes...well that sounds like it's going to be a pageant that no one will want to miss...doesn't it? So...um....we'll be back after the commercial from Judy's Beauty Shop and Small Engine Repair...for all your cutting, curling and lawn mower repair needs...Stay Tuned.

(Blackout.) (During blackout, Eaddy and Martha exit the stage Stage left.)

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Act 1

Scene Two

Note: When seated at the table, the ladies are always seated as following (stage right to stage left) Beatrice, Maude, Imogene, Eaddy, Martha, Lurleen, Hazel. When seated at the table for “Senior Moments” Eaddy is always in the third seat from the right and her guest is seated to her left.)

(We are in the day room of Magnolia Place an upscale assisted living facility in Petula, Georgia. The long table with seven chairs remains on the stage. A bulletin board with the flyers for upcoming activities and community notices is on an easel is located upstage left and another easel holds the notice of the upcoming Beauty Pageant.)

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(Maude, Beatrice and Imogene are seated at the table, watching the end of Senior Moments.

Maude wears a “Miss Magnolia” sash and a rhinestone crown. Imogene is wearing an oxygen cannula connected to a rolling oxygen tank. We hear Eaddy’s voice coming from the television.)

Eaddy (recorded): “So...um...we’ll be back after this commercial from Judy’s Beauty Shop and Small Engine Repair...for all your cutting, curling and lawn mower repair needs...stay tuned.”

(Maude turns off the TV with a remote. There is stunned silence and then they all burst into laughter.)

BEATRICE: *(Mocking.)* I’m a...Martha...I’m Martha...I dance...uh uh...I twirl –

MAUDE: Bless her heart –

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IMOGENE: Poor thing she looked like a deer in headlights.

BEATRICE: I think this is the best episode...since Vera Mumford ate all those bourbon balls and flashed everyone during the “Senior Gals on the Go Christmas Carol Sing-Along.”

OH YEAH...that was great!

IMOGENE: Everyone in Petula saw her boobs!

MAUDE: I was sure they would cancel the show after that.

BEATRICE: And I’m sure that all four viewers would have been devastated.

*(Enter **Eaddy Mae Clayton** stage left. She has just come from the basement where she does the show.)*

EADDY: Hey y’all. *(She takes her seat at the table.)*

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IMOGENE: Why didn't you go back on the air?

EADDY: I just told them to throw on an old episode. Are y'all talking about Vera's flashing incident again?

IMOGENE: Yes.

MAUDE: Uh-huh.

BEATRICE: Why is it that we always seem to be talkin' about this?

EADDY: Beatrice...I have asked you on more than one occasion to call them...*(Whispers.)* breasts.

BEATRICE: TITS...TITS...TITS!

EADDY: RUDE!

BEATRICE: PRUDE!

EADDY: WITCH!

BEATRICE: BITCH!

IMOGENE: Y'all give me serious anxiety.

(Imogene cranks up her oxygen and takes a deep breath.)

BEATRICE: Whatever.

(Eaddy starts praying loudly.)

EADDY: Dear Lord...please forgive me my association with this pack of hell bound sinners. I know they are a blight on my otherwise saintly life. But I a weak Lord...and easily mislead down that rocky path...of sin...sin...sin. AMEN.

BEATRICE: Thank you Miss Holy Roller 1998!

EADDY: Thank you...Mary Magdalene.

(Maude points to the Miss Magnolia Poster.)

MAUDE: Would you look at this? I cannot believe Lurleen didn't put my name or my picture on this poster! After all, I am the current reigning Miss Magnolia.

IMOGENE: They don't need to Maude...you never take off the crown!

MAUDE: I take it off when I get in the shower...sometimes.

EADDY: You probably sleep in it.

MAUDE: *(Defensively.)* Not *every* night.

BEATRICE: Maude Jenkins...you are ridiculous and –

MAUDE: Don't be jealous Beatrice. We can't all be queen...someone has to clap as I walk by.

BEATRICE: Will somebody hit that button?

IMOGENE: What button?

BEATRICE: You know...the button you press that makes the floor open...and then she falls into a big hole.

EADDY: Even I would press that button! Forgive me Lord!

BEATRICE: I think anyone who needs to enter a beauty pageant for attention...is just pitiful and needy.

EADDY: Says the former burlesque queen of New York.

BEATRICE: Excuse me! I was not looking for attention...I was an entertainer...it was my job. You wouldn't catch me dead in an old lady beauty pageant.

EADDY: I don't want to get into your personal business...but I hardly think that swinging tassels on your breasts, qualifies you as an (*Air quotes*) entertainer. Beatrice.

IMOGENE: Oh, now I think that, would be real, entertaining.

MAUDE: I agree...glamorous and exciting. Remind me...what was your stripper name, Beatrice?

BEATRICE: (*She stands and strikes a sexy pose.*) Miss Bang Bang LaDish...The Best Guns in the West. (*She continues to stand behind her chair.*)

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EADDY: She could do the striptease, twirl a lasso, and swing both of her bullet pasties in two different directions...all at the same time.

IMOGENE: How on earth did you learn to twirl thing with your boobs?

BEATRICE: I went to the Pink Pussycat College of Striptease. But...I taught myself how to twirl my tassels...because the tassel twirling professor they had was terrible.

EADDY: Tassel Twirling Professor?

MAUDE: You taught yourself?

BEATRICE: Yeah...sure...its easy really...just watch this-

EADDY: OH NO Beatrice...not again-

IMOGENE: You're gonna do it now?

EADDY: This will not end well...you may as well go ahead and call 911 now.

(Beatrice moves center and the others star at her. She begins to shimmy her right shoulder

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*back and forth...rocking forward and back
thrusting her bosom up and then down.)*

BEATRICE: You just have to know, how to work your shoulders to get your tassels twirling. *(Beat.)* Now...just pretend I'm topless.

(Eaddy covers her eyes and moans.)

EADDY: Noooooo-

MAUDE: What's wrong.

EADDY: I've seen this before...it's not pretty. You might want to rethink this Beatrice...you know what happened last time.

BEATRICE: OK...now...once ya get the right one going good...you get started on the left one.

(Beatrice begins to shoulder movements.)

EADDY: She tried showing me this once...and ended up in the emergency room with a slipped disc and two black eyes.

IMOGENE: Black eyes?

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EADDY: She was actually topless-

*(**Eaddy** mimics two sagging boobs flying up and hitting her in the face.)*

Boom Boom...get it?

BEATRICE: OK...now comes the left-

*(**Beatrice** continues to shimmy her right shoulder and then alternates with her left shoulder.)*

BEATRICE: It's easy...c'mon...y'all try it. Just close your eyes...and pretend you've got some tassels on your tits. *(She looks at **Eaddy**.)* Sorry...Breasts.

*(**Imogene** and **Maude** close their eyes and shake their heads. **Maude** holds her Breasts. **Eaddy** frowns and shakes her head.)*

IMOGENE: Does it hurt?

BEATRICE: Not once you get the hang of it.

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MAUDE: *(Getting excited.)* OH YEAH...SHAKE IT...WORK IT....HOW YA LIKE HER NOW BOYS? WOO HOO!

IMOGENE: I can't believe you are doing this...I fell like something is going to fall off, of you.

EADDY: I think we need to pray. Dear Lord...please forgive my terrible and sinful lack of judgement with the people I associate with. I am so ashamed of my-

*(Unnoticed, **Sam Smith** and **Clovis Crown** enter stage right. Sam wears a polyester leisure suit, loud shirt, gold chains and white polyester leisure suit, loud shirt, gold chains and white patent loafers. **Clovis** is the nerd type with high waisted pants, mismatched shirt, dark shirt, dark socks and thick eyeglasses. He has a slight limp. He is stunned, mouth open and head spinning. He has stopped in front and to the right of Beatrice. Sam continues over to stand behind Imogene, his wife.)*

SAM: HUBBA, HUBBA...

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(The ladies scream.)

SAM: I would ask what's shakin'...but I can see.

IMOGENE: Sam Smith...you scared the daylights out of us!

*(**Clovis's** head continues to spin. **Beatrice** snaps her fingers in his face...his mouth still agape.)*

BEATRICE: Who's the idiot?

SAM: Ladies...I would like to introduce you to my new friend Clovis Crown. He just moved here today.

CLOVIS: *(Akwardly.)* Good afternoon ladies.

*(**Sam** pulls **Imogene** up for a kiss and a smack on the bottom.)*

SAM: Hey there sexy mama...did you miss me?

IMOGENE: You know I did daddy.

SAM: Clovis...this is my sexy wife, Imogene.

CLOVIS: Nice to meet you, Imogene.

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SAM: Ain't she foxy?

CLOVIS: *(Timidly.)* Oh yes...very...um...foxy.

(Sam crosses to Clovis and whispers.)

SAM: Stand there like a stud and I'll get you a date.

(Clovis steps forward and makes a comically, awkward attempt to strike a studly pose.)

SAM: Um...so ladies....Clovis here is single and ready to mingle. Who wants to be the first lucky lady to show him around town.

(Clovis adjusts his glasses and smiles. Maude, Beatrice and Eaddy look nervously at each other.)

MAUDE: Um...I'm sorry...but I'm pretty sure I have an appointment to wash my hair today.

EADDY: *(Looks at watch.)* Oh...would you look at that...I'm late for my prayer meeting.

BEATRICE: *(Dryly.)* I'd rather eat dirt.

(Clovis is crestfallen.)

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CLOVIS: Well...I guess I'll be going...I've got things to unpack and so forth and so on and what have you...nice meeting you ladies. I'm sure I'll see you around sometime.

(Clovis exits stage left.)

BEATRICE: What a geek.

SAM: That was awful mean of you ladies. Why couldn't one of you take him out and show him the town?

BEATRICE: Excuse me? I can't be seen in public with an old nerd like that. I have a reputation to protect.

SAM: It's more likely that we need to protect everyone from your reputation.

BEATRICE: Imogene... are you gonna let your husband talk to me like that?

IMOGENE: If the shoe fits darlin'...

EADDY: Amen sister!

MAUDE: You are a slut Beatrice.

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BEATRICE: I'm not saying I hate y'all...but don't leave me in charge of your life support.

SAM: OK...well I'm gonna check on Clovis...I'm sure y'all hurt his feelings.

IMOGENE: Wait sugar britches...you look hungry...let me give you a snack. It's some of those yummy cheese crackers you like.

(Imogene reaches into her purse and gives Sam a pack of crackers.)

SAM: Thanks...I'll see you later...sweet cheeks.

(Sam turns to Imogene to give her a kiss and a swat on the bottom. Imogene giggles and waves as Sam points his finger and makes the chick-chick sound and then exits.)

IMOGENE: I'll miss you big daddy! *(Then firmly.)* Let that be a lesson ladies Never let your man leave horny or hungry...because somewhere out there...is a whore with a sandwich...just waiting to swoop in.

(Hazel Dillard enters from Stage Left. She is a wacky woman in her eighties. She is decked out in Christmas attire. She uses a rolling walker with a seat, which holds a small cage for her pet squirrel, Little Peanut.)

HAZEL: Merry Christmas y'all...what's going on?

IMOGENE: *(Sighs and rolls her eyes.)* Hazel honey...it's not Christmas.

HAZEL: Y'all know I celebrate Christmas...all year long. Who wants to come Christmas Caroling, with me and Little Peanut?

EADDY: It's April honey...aren't you tired of people throwing eggs at you.

BEATRICE: I cannot believe you walk around Magnolia Place dressed like a demented elf, carrying that rodent in a cage. They're gonna come lock you up in the looney bin.

HAZEL: Little Peanut is NOT a rodent! He's family—

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MAUDE: (*Squinting into the cage.*) Is that squirrel wearing a tutu?

HAZEL: (*Gushing.*) Yeah...isn't he adorable...I made it myself...and wait until you see the little Santa suit I'm knitting him...it's gonna say...Hazel's Little Peanut, on the front. (*She giggles.*)

BEATRICE: It should say Miss Hazel IS a nut!

HAZEL: I see Beatrice is in one of her moods today. I'll see y'all later...but remind me to tell you about my talent for the Miss Magnolia Pageant.

MAUDE: Oh...*you're* entering the pageant?

HAZEL: Yes...Little Peanut and I have been working on a very special talent presentation.

IMOGENE: What is it?

HAZEL: Well...I was going to let it be a surprise...but...if y'all promise you won't tell –

MAUDE: We wouldn't dream of it.

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EADDY: Of course not.

IMOGENE: Mum's the word.

BEATRICE: *(Mumbling.)* Who gives a crap?

HAZEL: *(Excitedly.)* We're gonna be doing a little duet...I'm gonna sing "Jingle Bells"...and Little Peanut is gonna play his tambourine. Look...isn't it cute!

*(**Hazel** pulls out a tiny squirrel-sized tambourine. Everyone leans in squinting to see it.)*

EADDY: Where on earth did you get such a teensy little tambourine like that?

HAZEL: *(Pleased.)* I made it myself from a Coca-Cola cap. Isn't it cute?

BEATRICE: *(Sarcastically.)* How innovative of you.

IMOGENE: You, actually, taught a squirrel, to play the tambourine?

HAZEL: Oh yeah...Little Peanut just sits on top of my head...and shakes it and shakes it...of course I, have, to duct tape, it to his little hand...but he loves it. Well, I've gotta get going.

*(**Hazel** turns stage right and exits singing
"Jingle Bells.")*

BEATRICE: *(Calling after her.)* Yeah...I'm calling the ASPCA...ANIMAL ABUSER!

EADDY: Be nice Beatrice...you know she's crazy as a loon.

(There is a crash offstage, and we hear a voice.)

LURLEEN: *(From offstage.)* I'M ALRIGHT!!! DAMMIT! WHO LEFT A WHEELCHAIR IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR? Why does everything have to be so dammed difficult? Why do I let myself get roped into this pageant crap year-after-year?

*(A fabulously dressed **Lurleen Dupree**, enters backwards stage left pulling a rack full of dresses, gowns, boas and colorful costumes. A*

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*shelf on top holds a couple of wigs on wig heads and hats. She struggles to carry a tote bag, easel and poster advertising The Bell of the Ball Evening Wear Emporium. She parks the rack upstage left. **Maude** rushes to the rack and starts pawing at everything with glee.)*

LURLEEN: *(Crosses to the table and sets her items on the table where Hazel had been sitting. Taken aback.)* Oh goodness...hey ladies...I didn't expect y'all to be in here.

BEATRICE: Obviously...

MAUDE: Sequins!

IMOGENE: It looks like you brought the whole store with you.

*(**Lurleen** pops open the easel and puts the poster on it.)*

LURLEEN: Oh, honey no...this is nothing. *(She takes a seat at the table.)*

MAUDE: *(Mesmerized!)* Everything is so shiny! I love shiny! OOOO shiny!

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(Maude disappears behind the rolling rack.)

LURLEEN: I'm sorry I'm so crabby y'all...I'm just a little stressed out...my van wouldn't start and then I broke and nail...and then Gaynelle quit down at the store...anyway...let's get the show on the road...the sooner we do it...the sooner it's over. So, who's all entering the pageant?

(Lurleen pulls out a clipboard from her tote and looks at her list.)

EADDY: I'm not.

IMOGENE: Don't look at me.

BEATRICE: Oh hell no.

LURLEEN: So...wait...that means I only have *(She checks her list.)* one...two...TWO contestants? Hazel Dillard and Martha Parcell? We may as well not do it...I mean...I need at least four contestants.

(Lurleen is thrilled with the news that she won't have to do the pageant after all...but feigns sadness.)

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LURLEEN: Well, I guess that means no pageant this year...too bad...so sad...I guess I need to load up all this crap and take it on back down to the store.

(Maude pops out from behind the rolling rack wearing a flashy sequin jacket and feather boa.)

MAUDE: Here she is Miss Magnolia Senior Citizen. Look at me.

BEATRICE: *(Firmly.)* NO!

MAUDE: *(Softly.)* ...don't I look fiiiiine?

LURLEEN: Please don't play with the sequins Ms. Jenkins.

MAUDE: *(Excitedly.)* So do I get to be Miss Magnolia for another whole year then?

LURLEEN: Yes...I guess so Ms. Jenkins...good for you! Well...alright...bye then –

(Lurleen tries to exit.)

BEATRICE: Wait...wait, wait, wait...so are you saying we will have to deal with Maude tramping

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around Magnolia Place waving her hand like the Queen of England in that crown and sash for another year?

LURLEEN: Looks that way –

BEATRICE: *(Not having it.)* Excuse us for just a second please.

*(**Beatrice** and **Imogene** and **Eaddy** glance knowingly at each other.)*

LURLEEN: *(Confused.)* Um...o-kayy-

BEATRICE: Listen to me...I am not going to put up with another year of Maude's madness...so y'all are doing the pageant. Got it?

IMOGENE: Excuse me?

EADDY: I don't think so.

BEATRICE: Oh yes you are...so strap your extra turbo strength girdles on those big ole butts and get ready—

IMOGENE: Why don't you haul your saggy bitt up there and swing your tassels or something?

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EADDY: Oh honey...nobody want to see that.

IMOGENE: Well Beatrice?

BEATRICE: *(Suddenly frail.)* I can't...you know I have a bad back...and the Arthur-I-tis-

EADDY: What.

IMOGENE: Since when?

(Beatrice stands, holds her back as if in pain and sits again.)

EADDY: Well...the “Arthur-I-tis” hasn’t stopped you from throwin’ your legs up in the air for every Tom, Dick and Harry at Magnolia Place...and the rest of the tri-state area.

BEATRICE: Thank you, Sister Mary, Holier Than Thou Supreme.

EADDY: You’re welcome...Maria Von Trashy.

(Beatrice points to Imogene and Eaddy.)

BEATRICE: OK...these two heifers are gonna do it...so now you have enough contestants.

LURLEEN: Oh...great. I was so disappointed.

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*(We hear **Martha Parcell** screaming off stage.)*

MARTHA: *(Offstage.)* EADDY MAE CLAYTON!!!

LURLEEN: What in the world?

EADDY: Oh Lord...the gates of hell have opened, and she has emerged.

IMOGENE: Who is that?

BEATRICE: It's Martha Parcell...and she's on the war path.

LURLEEN: She sounds like she's ready to kill somebody.

EADDY: Yeah...it's me.

IMOGENE: Well then...hide Eaddy...HIDE!

*(**Maude** drags **Eaddy** from behind the rolling rack as **Martha** storms in from stage left.)*

MAUDE: Don't worry...I got this.

MARTHA: Where's Eaddy?

IMOGENE: Who?

LURLEEN: Eaddy?

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MARTHA: Don't even try it...where is she??

*(The clothing rack begins to roll stage right and
Maude and Eaddy giggle.)*

MARTHA: Who's back there?

(Maude steps out from behind the clothing rack.)

MAUDE: It's just me...Maude
Jenkins...and...my...uh...
cousin...from...Euro...pia...Euro-pia.

MARTHA: Euro-pia?

*(Eaddy steps out wearing a big hat, sunglasses
and a boa. She speaks in a bad, mish-mash
accent.)*

EADDY: Pore-fay-vore. Par-lay voo frenchy?...It
is moo-cho pleasure-eeto to meet you madame-
way-zell. Wiener schnitzel.

(Eaddy inches toward the stage right doorway.)

MARTHA: *(Leary.)* Yes...it's nice to meet you too.

EADDY: Well...Frere Jacques, Frere Jacques
ding dang dong...and hasta lay vista...y'all.

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MAUDE: Yes...uh...she is saying that we have to go now...adios, chow and pasta lay way-go.

*(**Martha** stares suspiciously after **Maude** and **Eaddy** as they rapidly exit stage right.)*

MARTHA: *(Suspiciously.)* Wait a minute –

LURLEEN: *(Interrupting.)* So...I'll see you tomorrow at pageant rehearsal Ms. Parcell?

MARTHA: *(Full attention.)* Oh yes...of course. So, who all do you have in the pageant so far? Or should I say...who will be the losers?

*(**Lurleen** looks at her clipboard.)*

LURLEEN: Well...we have you...Hazel Dillard...Imogene Smith...and Eaddy Mae Clayton.

MARTHA: EADDY IS IN THE PAGEANT?

LURLEEN: Yes...she just decided today.

BEATRICE: Why do you ask Martha? Are you afraid you might lose...again?

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MARTHA: AFRAID? Of course, not...everyone knows this is my year. Besides...I didn't hear your name on that list.

BEATRICE: I don't do pageants Martha...they're for sad and desperate people with low self-esteem.

MARTHA: Desperate?

BEATRICE: You heard me.

MARTHA: Beatrice Sheldon don't test my sweet southern belle charm darlin'. Maybe it's you who's scared.

BEATRICE: Scared? I'm not scared!

MARTHA: Well then...I dare you!

BEATRICE: Dare me to what?

MARTHA: I dare you to enter the pageant!

BEATRICE: OK WITCHYPOO, YOU'RE ON!!!

MARTHA: GREAT! See ya there, Broom Hilda!

MAUDE: Is the coast clear?

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IMOGENE: Yes –

LURLEEN: Lord, give me strength...y'all gonna give me a nervous breakdown. OK...with Ms. Shelton...that makes five contestants total.

BEATRICE: *(Confused.)* Wait...what just happened.

IMOGENE: Looks like you're in the pageant darlin'.

EADDY: Hope you have an extra turbo strength girdle for that big ole' butt Beatrice.

BEATRICE: Well SHIT!

(Blackout.) (All exit stage during blackout.)

Act I

Scene Three

(A few minutes later- Down Stage Left – Pool of light. A sign reads “Jacuzzi Room.” There is a handwritten paper taped to that sign that reads “Jacuzzi Room Permanently Closed.” Clois attempts to make studly poses. Enter Sam Smith eating his snack.)

SAM: There you are...I’ve been looking all over for you Clovis...what are you doing...are you okay?

CLOVIS: Oh man...I’m such a doofus.

SAM: Hey now...don’t get discouraged man...I got your back...don’t worry.

CLOVIS: Forget it Sam...I’m just a big ole’ nerd and all those ladies know it.

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SAM: You're not a nerd Clovis. We just need to work on a few things...like your mannerisms...and your walk...and your clothes...and...well...pretty much...everything.

CLOVIS: You mean you'll help me with the ladies?

SAM: Absolutely man...that's what friends are for.

CLOVIS: Thanks Sam...I guess you've been with a lot of ladies...you're so...suave and debonaire.

SAM: *(Cocky.)* Oh yeah...sure, sure...lot's of ladies. Back in the day man...when I was working in Vegas as an Elvis Impersonator...the ladies loved me...they would clap and scream and throw their motel room keys and panties at me on the stage.

CLOVIS: *(Scowls.)* They threw their panties?!

SAM: Oh yeah –

CLOVIS: Well...that just seems unsanitary.

(Sam is dumbfounded.)

SAM: Uh yeah...anyway...all it take is the right attitude...and the right clothes...and we'll have a hot dame on your arm in no time.

(Clovis shuffles a few steps awkwardly with a bit of a limp.)

CLOVIS: How's that? I know I limp a little...I have ingrown toenails.

SAM: OK...that's not good...you need to have a cockier walk. You can't be doing all the limping...makes you look old and decrepit. Let me show you.

(Sam demonstrates a very studly walk...smiling, pointing ad flirting with "all the ladies.")

CLOVIS: Oh wow...I don't think I'm ready for that level of studly-ness. Maybe we better start somewhere else...a little easier.

SAM: No way...your walk is your calling card...it's your ticket to getting the ladies

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attention. Now...stand up straight and hold your head up. Strut like me...like a STUD! OK now...show me what a big stud you are...show me how to walk in the room and command attention.

*(**Clovis** attempts to mimic **Sam**' s walk and attitude. He is pitiful in an awkward pose.)*

SAM: Yeah...OK...maybe we better start somewhere else.

CLOVIS: *(Dejected.)* I'm never gonna get a girlfriend.

SAM: Don't say that Clovis...you can do it.

CLOVIS: I'm not so sure.

SAM: Well now...how did you meet ladies in the past?

CLOVIS: I didn't.

SAM: What do you mean?

CLOVIS: Just what I said...I didn't meet any ladies in the past.

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SAM: So you've NEVER...uh...you know...

CLOVIS: Nope...never. I mean...one time a bunch of my friends felt sorry for me and hired me a (*Whispers.*) “lady of the evening.” But when she took off her top...I got so nervous that I threw up on her shoes. So...that didn't really work out.

SAM: Oh man...this is worse than I thought.

CLOVIS: Do you think I'm hopeless?

*(**Sam** considers the question and then straightens up boldly.)*

SAM: NO WAY! You are not hopeless...not with Sam Smith on your side...besides...my reputation as the Magnolia Place Casanova is at stake here. Now...show me that walk again...and this time..hold that head up –

*(**Clovis** stands up straight and begins to demonstrate the walk.)*

(Blackout.) (Clovis and Sam exit during blackout.)

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Act 1

Scene Four

*(Lights up. The next day. We are back in the day room of Magnolia Place. An upbeat, 1980's Latin conga pop song plays. A very animated **Lurleen** is attempting to teach a dance routine.*

She is graceful and elegant as she dances across the stage demonstrating the routine.

***Martha, Hazel, Eaddy, Imogene** and **Beatrice** are lined up across downstage left attempting to follow the routine. They are exhausted and confused. **Imogene** is tangled in her oxygen hose. **Eaddy** is off the beat.*

***Beatrice** is holding her boobs as if they hurt.*

***Hazel** looks at the others and pushes her walker back and forth, bobbing her head.*

***Martha** prances about with confidence. The ladies all yell over the music.).*

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LURLEEN: OK ladies...five six seven eight...feel the beat...and shake those maracas...shake ‘em...shake ‘em...I know you can do it. Shake that booty too...feel the heat...shake what your mama gave ya!

EADDY: My mama just rolled over in her grave!

(Hazel grabs. Her back and staggers to the table to sit down as she says her line.)

HAZEL: Oh my...my sciatica.

(Each of the ladies heads to the table to sit down as they say their lines, with the exception of Martha.)

BEATRICE: I HATE YOU LURLEEN!

IMOGENE: DITTO!

EADDY: I THINK WE NEED TO PRAY!

MARTHA: WOO HOO...LOOK AT ME...I'M FABULOUS!

IMOGENE: CAN SOMEBODY HELP ME MY HOSE IS ALL KINKED UP!

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*(**Eaddy** is seated next to **Imogene** and leans over to help her. **Martha** dances over to **Imogene** and violently bumps her hip into her side causing her to fall forward with arms spread out on the table.)*

MARTHA: LET'S CONGA Y'ALL!

*(**Lurleen** stares at her with her mouth open. The ladies are all looking at her disgustedly. **Martha** continues to dance around the table slamming her hip in the ladies.)*

LURLEEN: Okay...Okay...OKAYYY
stop...STOOOOOPPP!

*(**Lurleen** turns off the music and the ladies collapse back into their chairs.)*

LURLEEN: *(Dryly.)* OK...so um...I think we'll just...uh...cancel the opening number.

EADDY: Thank you, Lord!

BEATRICE: I'll second that!

LURLEEN: Don't get too comfortable...we still need to work on our walking and smile and waves. *(She checks her clipboard.)* And...I'll need each of you to get with me by the end of the day with your final decisions on your talent performance. So far...I've got Hazel and Little Peanut...doing "Jingle Bells"...and Martha Parcell –

MARTHA: *(interrupting her)* I'm twirling my fire batons to "Disco Inferno" of course.

IMOGENE: SHUT UP...REALLY? Now that I want to see.

EADDY: Dear Lord...please forgive me for the vile thoughts that just went through my head. I do not want Martha to set herself on fire.

MARTHA: WHA-

LURLEEN: Oh yes Ms. Parcell...about that...I talked to the fire marshal and he would not sign off on it. Sorry...no fire batons.

MARTHA: WHAT? But I've been practicing for weeks.

HAZEL: And set off the fire alarm...twice. It just about scared Little Peanut half to death!

LURLEEN: Uh huh...anyway...Ms. Clayton..what will you be doing?

EADDY: Well...not a lot of people know this...but I can throw my voice.

LURLEEN: (*Puzzled.*) What is that now?

EADDY: I'm a ventriloquist.

BEATRICE: Since when?

EADDY: Oh...since I was a kid...I used to do it at church and bible school...I won the Little Miss Southern Baptist Darling Diva contest in 1939.

IMOGENE: How long has it been since you...uh...ventriloquist-ed –

EADDY: Oh I don't know...ten...fifteen...sixty years...something like that. But it's like riding a bicycle...you never forget.

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MARTHA: This outa be good.

LURLEEN: And let's see...Ms. Smith...what will you be doing?

IMOGENE: I don't know...I don't' have any talent really...maybe I can tell some jokes.

LURLEEN: OK...maybe jokes...not at all helpful, but thanks...and then that brings me to Ms. Sheldon –

*(Enter **Maude Jenkins** from stage left wearing her crown and sash...carrying a pair of tap shoes.)*

MAUDE: Sorry to interrupt girls...Lurleen...I...uh...couldn't help overhearing that you're cancelling the opening number...and I just wanted you to know that I can do my tap routine at the pageant if you'd like me to.

BEATRICE: Are you talking about when you clomp and stomp around like a herd of cattle?

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LURLEEN: I just might take you up on the offer Ms. Jenkins...I'll let you know.

MAUDE: What are y'all doing here...are you practicing your pageant wave? I can show you...I've got it down pat.

(Maude proceeds to grandly wave and smile as she crosses left and right then takes a seat at the table.)

LURLEEN: *(Forced.)* That's very good Ms. Jenkins.

MAUDE: *(Continuing to wave from a seated position.)* Yes...I know –

LURLEEN: OK...why don't we all give it a try? Everyone line up there beside Ms. Jenkins...while I find my Valium.

(All the ladies, except for Maude, begin moaning and complaining. Lurleen is digging in her bag.)

LURLEEN: Let's go...come on...chop chop...you too Ms. Shelton...nothing wrong with practicing. OK?

BEATRICE: Practicing what?

LURLEEN: We are going to learn the Beauty Queen Elbow... Elbow... Wrist... Wrist... Step... Pivot... Turn.

IMOGENE: Can't we practice our wave from a seated position. We can always practice the Step Pivot Turn on our own at home. I've had enough for today.

(All the other ladies nod in agreement and adlib agreement.)

LURLEEN: Alright. It goes like this. *(She demonstrates.)*

MAUDE: Ooooo! This one is my favorite!

MARTHA: *(Not to be outdone.)* Me too!

BEATRICE: Elbow..wrist...what?

LURLEEN: *(Dreamily.)* It's the key to your whole pageant walk...handed down over the years by all the beauty pageant queen who came before you.

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MAUDE: *(Gushing.)* Like me.

*(**Lurleen** begins to model and wave, moving her elbow side-to-side and swirling her wrist. The ladies follow suit...each in a different way. Only **Martha** and **Maude** take it seriously.)*

LURLEEN: Now...elbow high...above your heart... and...ready...elbow elbow...wrist wrist...big smiles...elbow elbow...wrist wrist...elbow elbow...wrist wrist...ooo...don't you feel beautiful? -

*(An exasperated **Beatrice** stops and stares at everyone.)*

BEATRICE: Are you kidding me with this shit?

EADDY: I kinda like it...I feel pretty.

BEATRICE: Well, you look stupid...you all look stupid.

LURLEEN: AND...now let's try it with some music...and -

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*(**Lurleen** turns on the CD player. Elegant and dreamy pageant walk music plays.)*

Luleen: Lovely...and elbow elbow...wrist wrist...and get ready...at this point you will turn...aaand...watch closely...and...step forward...pivot...turn...again...step forward...pivot...turn...SMILE LADIES –

*(**Lurleen** does a graceful step, pivot, turn. The ladies all look on in admiration. **Martha** and **Maude** try to outdo one another and end of waving their hands back and forth slapping each other.)*

LURLEEN: Ladies please! This is supposed to be a graceful and beautiful movement steeped in years of tradition and glory!

HAZEL: What.....is it left or right?

IMOGENE: Am I supposed to feel like I'm going to pass out? *(She starts swaying from side-to-side.)*

EADDY: What's happening? I'm so confused.

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*(**Lurleen** scowls but continues her graceful modeling.)*

LURLEEN: Again, at this point, you step forward left...pivot turn right...and back forward...elbow elbow...wrist wrist-

MAUDE: *(stands and continues waving as she exits the room stage left.)* OK...keep up the good job ladies...maybe one day you'll be as fabulous as me...tah...tah-

*(**Lurleen** turns off the music as **Maude** exits.
Lurleen begins to gather her bag and CD player.)*

LURLEEN: OK...OK...so...now we have the basics of the...elbow elbow...wrist wrist. Be sure to practice adding the step pivot turn, when you practice on your own.

MARTHA: Yes...some of us need a lot of practice.

*(**Martha** crosses to the stage left doorway and turns back.)*

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MARTHA: Not me of course...this is my year.

*(**Martha** exits stage left.)*

*(**Lurleen** exits, as a voice crackles over the intercom.)*

NARRATOR: Attention resident...could Hazel Dillard come to the infirmary please? Hazel Dillard to the infirmary please. Thank you.

HAZEL: Oh...that's me...I forgot about my appointment...Hey Eaddy...can you watch Little Peanut for me this afternoon? **I've gotta go for this check-up and get some squirrel food.**

EADDY: Well, I –

HAZEL: *(interrupts her)* He's asleep under his little blanket...he probably just needs a little water...but that's all...okay...see ya in a bit.

*(**Hazel** exits stage right singing “Deck the Halls.”)*

BEATRICE: OK...what the h -ell? You're a squirrel sitter now?

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EADDY: Don't start Beatrice...you know she's nuttier than a five-pound fruitcake.

(Beatrice grabs the cage and plops it on the coffee table.)

EADDY: CAREFUL BEATTY!

IMOGENE: OK girls...I'm off to Judy's for my wash-n-set...gotta keep sexy for my hunka hunka burnin' love.

BEATRICE: I have an appointment too...can I ride with you?

IMOGENE: Sure...I just need to grab my purse.

EADDY: Y'all have fun...I need to go soak in a tub of Bengay.

(Eaddy, Imogene and Beatrice exit stage right.)

(A beat later, Martha peers around the downstage left doorway, then creeps in and grabs Little Peanut's cage. She open the cage,

shakes it and sits it on the table by the window...then opens the window.)

MARTHA: Let's see what little miss snooty britches thinks of this...Two birds and one stone...I'm sure to win now!

*(**Martha** exits cackling.)*

(Blackout. Close curtain)

ACT I

Scene Five

*(Thirty minutes later. **Sam** is sitting on a park bench on stage right in front of the closed curtain. **Clovis** is still trying to out his sexy walk. **Sam** calls out to someone in the distance.)*

SAM: Hey there Doris...lookin' good baby...lookin' real good!

*(**Sam** strikes a sexy pose and winks...shooting his “gun finger: and making the chick-chick sound.)*

CLOVIS: You make it lok so easy.

SAM: What?

CLOVIS: Flirting with the ladies.

SAM: Well...I am a professional you know.

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CLOVIS: Yeah...so how am I doing with my sexy strut?

SAM: OK...show me again.

(Clovis demonstrates his sexy and confident walk. It's better...but not quite there yet.)

SAM: OK...OK...good job...it's getting there...I can see it...just keep practicing. Did you get a chance to work on any of those pick-up lines?

CLOVIS: Oh yeah...I did...I was up all night –

(Clovis pulls out a small notepad.)

SAM: Great...let's hear them.

(Clovis is awkward and stiff as he tries to read out the pick-up lines.)

CLOVIS: OK...uh...Hey baby...are you...uh...cheese...us on the floor?

(Clovis attempts to mimic Sam's gun and chick chick sound but fails miserably.)

SAM: (Confused.) What? Give me that.

(Sam takes the notepad.)

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SAM: No...no...Clovis...you got two mixed up. Look here... it's..."Hey baby...are you cheese? Cause you look real gouda."

CLOVIS: Oh...yeah...right...right.

SAM: And the other one is...I love your dress...it would look really good on my floor.

CLOVIS: *(Dejected.)* Oh man...I'm never gonna get this right.

SAM: Here...let me show you how its done. OK...so...you've got a sexy dame standing here...and so you –

(Clovis takes back the pad and pulls out a pencil to take notes.)

SAM: ...give her a smile...and a little wink...and then you say...Hey baby...did it hurt?...Then she says *(Feminine voice.)* Did what hurt?...Then you say...when you fell out of heaven...because you must be an angel.

CLOVIS: *(Furiously writing.)* Oh...that's good...that's real good.

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SAM: Now you try it.

CLOVIS: Uh huh...uh huh...OK...so I...give her a big smile (*Big cheesy smile.*) and a wink (*More of a blink with both eyes.*)... and then I say (*Attempted sexy voice.*) Hey baby...did you...uh...get hurt when you fell over...fell down...on the cheese? Wait...no...that's not it –

(Sam's mouth falls open and then his head drops into his hands. Clovis looks at him with defeat.)

SAM: Uh...yeah...that was a good effort...but we've gotta keep working on it.

CLOVIS: I wouldn't blame you if you gave up on me...I'm such a doofus.

SAM: I have an idea...let's go to the dining room and see if we can find some sexy dames for you to practice on.

CLOVIS: Oh noooo...I'm not ready for that.

SAM: Well, I think that sooner is better than later...most of them are hard of hearing anyway.

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CLOVIS: OK Sam...whatever you say –

SAM: Now...write these down...Hey baby...ever done it in a Craft-o-matic adjustable bed?

CLOVIS: Oh...wow...I don't think I can say that one.

SAM: Yes, you can...now write it down –

CLOVIS: OK Sam...you're the boss.

SAM: Now some of the others that have worked for me in the past – *(Their voices trail as they exit left. From Offstage, we hear **Beatrice**.)*

BEATRICE: (Offstage right.) OUCH...Watch where you're going...you stepped on my foot.

*(**Eaddy, Beatrice, Imogene** and **Maude** enter from stage right in front of the stage curtain wearing an odd assortment of “protective gear” such as a bee-keepers hat with net, catchers’ helmet, rubber dish gloves, a football helmet, bicycle helmet, etc. **Beatrice** carries a fly swatter. Her crown is on top of her protective hat. **Imogene** is carrying a baseball bat. **Eaddy***

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has binoculars around her neck and carries Little Peanut's empty cage. She also wears a fanny pack. She sit the cage down and peers through the binoculars.)

MAUDE: Do you see anything yet Eaddy?

Imogene, Eaddy & BEATRICE: Shhhhhhhhhhh-

EADDY: You're gonna scare him off.

(Imogene sits on the bench and pulls out a flask from under her bra and takes a drink.)

IMOGENE: I can't believe I had to miss my hair appointment for this crap.

BEATRICE: Yeah...me too...but we can't expect Eaddy to go out into the wilderness alone and wrestle a wild animal to the ground.

MAUDE: Sounds like you on a hot Friday night Beatrice.

EADDY: Shut up and keep looking.

MAUDE: How did this happen. I just can't believe it.

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EADDY: Oh please...you know exactly how this happened. The door to the cage and window didn't just miraculously open on their own.

IMOGENE: What do you mean?

BEATRICE: It had to be that bitch, Martha Parcell.

EADDY: She always tries to do something to sabotage the other contestants. Remember when she tried to glue Tova Roberts to her chair with Super Glue?

MAUDE: Last year...she put itching powder in my panties. Remember?

EADDY: (*Scowling.*) Oh yes...that was just a true delight to see.

BEATRICE: (*Smirking.*) I think that his just might be the year that someone drops a house on 'ole Martha.

IMOGENE: Does anyone know what time Hazzel will be back?

BEATRICE: *(Concerned.)* Soon...too soon...

EADDY: Ladies...I thin we need to pray.

BEATRICE: Not now Eaddy...I think we need-

EADDY: *(Sternly.)* Bow your head Jezebel! Dear Lord...Please...help us as we search for Little Peanut...a precious and furry little orphan all alone in this cold and cruel world. I know I am undeserving Lord...particularly for the company I keep...with sinners, boozers...and sluts *(She gives “the side eye” to **Beatrice** as her voice swells.)* But I know that in this, our most desperate hour of need –

*(**Maude** who has been peeking off into the distance sees something and stops **Eaddy**.)*

MAUDE: Look...look over there. Is that Little Peanut?

*(**Eaddy** looks thought the binoculars.)*

EADDY: Yes...yes...OH THANK YOU LORD!

BEATRICE: Where?

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EADDY: There...next to the hydrangea bush.

(Maude squints off into the distance. Beatrice grabs the binoculars to look through them, choking Eaddy in the process. Eaddy pulls the binoculars away.)

BEATRICE: Yeah...that's him alright.

IMOGENE: How do you know it's him?

EADDY: Well...for starters...it's the only squirrel wearing a little Christmas tutu.

IMOGENE: Yeah...that's definitely a good sign.

EADDY: Now we just need to get Little Peanut...back in his cage.

MAUDE: *(Excitedly.)*

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO...OK...what's the plan?

(They all stare at each other blankly.)

EADDY: There IS no plan. Do I LOOK like I have a plan.

MAUDE: OK...listen...I say...Imogene and I sneak around behind him...and then get him to

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run this way. I'll be Thelma...Imogene you'll be Louise. Beatrice...you be ready with that net. Eaddy...open the cage...and be ready to SLING him in there.

BEATRICE: No...that might scare him off. We're running out of time. I say... just all rush him at once...and then Eaddy...you throw yourself at him.

IMOGENE: What? We're not trying to kill him, Beatrice.

EADDY: Enough! I've got this. He's tame y'all...I'll just casually walk over...and give him some of these pee-cans.

(Eaddy unzips her fanny pack and pull out a can of nuts. She shakes the can.)

EADDY: Hey there Little Peanut...look what Auntie Eaddy has for you...I've got some super delicious pee-cans for you to nibble on...mmm mmm mmm-

IMOGENE: Oh...he sees us...I think he's coming over...be gentle...don't scare him –

*(**Maude** suddenly points up, alarmed.)*

MAUDE: *(Concerned.)* Hey girls...what's that?

*(**Eaddy** squints up into the sky.)*

EADDY: I don't know...what is that? Is it a kite?

BEATRICE: Who would be flying a kite at Magnolia Place?

IMOGENE: It looks awfully big...wait...it has wings...it looks like...like...a bird.

*(**Eaddy** hands **Beatrice** the binoculars as the others continue to squint into the distance.)*

EADDY: A bird?

BEATRICE: Oh shit...OH SHIT!!! That's not a kite...THAT'S A HAWK!!!

MAUDE: Imogene & **EADDY:** A HAWK?

IMOGENE: Oh no...is he –

BEATRICE: Oh hell –

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MAUDE: Run Little Peanut...RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

(As the ladies' stare in horror, the inevitable happens. They all gasp and scream bloody murder. Maude and Beatrice duck for cover. Imogene swings her bat. Eaddy, grasps at air, as if she can save Little Peanut. Then there is dead, silence. As the ladies stand dumbstruck, a little Christmas tutu falls in front of them. Beatrice picks it up and stares at it for a beat.

BEATRICE: Well...That's...truly...unfortunate.

*(**Maude** begins running in circles.)*

MAUDE:

Help...help...help...someone...heeeellllppppp...call the police...call the National Guard...call –

*(**Beatrice** Grabs **Maude** and slaps her shacking her.)*

BEATRICE: SNAP OUT OF IT! Get yourself together.

EADDY: Hazel is going to kill me.

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IMOGENE: No...THIS is gonna kill her.

MAUDE: What are we gonna do girls?

(There is a moment of silence. They are all in shock!)

BEATRICE: I'll tell you what we're gonna do. Give me those binoculars.

(Beatrice grabs the binoculars and begins scanning the courtyard.)

MAUDE: *(Tearful.)* What on earth are you looking for?

(Beatrice spots her prey and points at it.)

BEATRICE: THERE...that's what I'm looking for –

EADDY: *(Squinting.)* What...what is it?

IMOGENE: *(Realization.)* Oh no Beatrice...no –

EADDY: What? What is it?

IMOGENE: OH MY LORD...She's gonna try to catch another squirrel...a WILD squirrel!

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MAUDE: No...no she's not...are you?

BEATRICE: Duh...they all look alike...All we have to do is catch another squirrel...and put this little tutu on it. Hazel will never know the difference. Look...that one right there is perfect.

(They all peer into the distance...shaking their heads.)

EADDY: Beatrice...I don't want to get into your personal business...but how exactly do you propose we catch a wild squirrel? Did you bring a dart gun?

BEATRICE: Well...I thought maybe we could go with Maude's...Thelma and Louise plan...and –

MAUDE: Oh...this is so exciting.

EADDY: This is never gonna work.

BEATRICE: It HAS to work...what other choice do we have?...Give me those pee-cans-

IMOGENE: OK...I'm ready...let's do it –

(Imogene raises her bat. Beatrice takes the pecans. She raises her fishing net high...and begins to shake the can.)

BEATRICE: Eaddy...get ready with the cage.

(Eaddy opens the cage and takes a baseball catchers stance.)

BEATRICE: OK girls...do your thing.

(Maude and Imogene begin to slowly step forward.)

BEATRICE: *(Singsonging.)* HERE LITTLE SQUIRREL, SQUIRREL, SQUIRREL...COME TO MAMA....I'VE GOT A DELICIOUS LITTLE SNACK FOR YOU –

(The others join in calling the squirrel.)

(Blackout.) (All exit stage left.)

End of ACT 1

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ACT 2

Scene One

(Curtain opens. Lights up on The Studio for “Senior Moments.” The table is set up for the Studio Scene as before with a video camera on a tripod pointed at the table ready to start taping.

***Eaddy** attempts to fix the “Senior Moments” sign again using a piece of tape. It looks tacky but stays in place. Satisfied, she sits in the stage right chair and begins looking over her cue cards. Along with her normal pantsuit, she wears a fancy sequin and feathered hat, feather boa and large rhinestone earrings.)*

NARRATOR: *(Enters from stage right and positions themselves near the camera. They check the focus while talking and flips the camera on just before saying “you’re on.”) OK Miss Clayton...let’s do this please...settle please...we are LIVE...in five, four, three, two, one...you’re on- (**Camera Operator** exits quickly stage right.)*

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(The peppy “Senior Moments” intro plays.)

EADDY: Well HELLO Petula, Georgia...and welcome to Senior Moments...coming to you live from Magnolia Place Assisted Living. I’m your host...Eaddy May Clayton. Tonight is the Seventh Annual Miss Magnolia Senior Citizen Beauty Pageant...and I’m giving you all a sneak peek, behind the scenes to look at all the glitz, glamour and excitement...Lurleen Dupree was supposed to be with me today...but is once again NOWHERE to be found...so I –

*(**Lurleen** rushes in and plops down in the other chair. She is oblivious to anything...and is rifling through her large and over-filled tote.)*

LURLEEN: Sorry...sorry I’m late...I really didn’t want to be here. When does this shindig start?

EADDY: *(Whispering.)* We’re on NOW sweetie. LIVE! *(Resumes broadcast voice.)* And let’s please welcome our special guest today...the always FASHIONABLY late...Lurleen Dupree.

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(Lurleen glances up and waves into the camera, then returns to rifling through her tote.)

LURLEEN: Oh...okay...whatever...hey y'all –
(Eaddy shakes her head and sighs.)

EADDY: So...Lurleen, tell us a little about how you put together this glamorous pageant.

(Lurleen is not paying attention. Her tote rifling becomes more frantic.)

EADDY: Lurleen dear...I don't want to get into your personal business...but what are you looking for?

(Lurleen suddenly pulls out a pill bottle and raises it victoriously into the air.)

LURLEEN: OH, THANK GOD!! I found them!

EADDY: Found what?

LURLEEN: My Valium.

EADDY: *(Grimaces.)* Ah yes...another exclusive, behind the scenes look at the secret world of pageantry. *(Then defeated.)* Valium.

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*(**Lurleen** is desperately trying to get the pill bottle open, clawing, chewing and banging the bottle. She finally get it open and pops a pill into her mouth.)*

LURLEEN: Dang it...I broke the cap...here...hold this.

EADDY: Well...I...was hoping you might tell the viewers –

*(**Lurleen** thrusts the bottle and broken cap into **Eaddy's** hands and pulls a beverage cup from her tote. She takes a large gulp to wash down the pill. Her cell phone rings and she answers.)*

LURLEEN: Hello, Lurleen speaking –

EADDY: Lurleen sugar...we ARE on the air!

LURLEEN: WHAT???? Nooo...I need that for tomorrow night!

EADDY: Lurleen please –

LURLEEN: *(Oblivious.)* I cannot believe that I have let myself get dragged into throwing this

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damn pageant again...every year I say it's the last one...but NOOO...here I am AGAIN trying to wrangle together something decent for these crabby old broads...and then next weekend I've got to deal with all the snotty little preteen bimbos...it's no wonder I'm popping Valium left and right –

*(**Eaddy** rises and steps toward the camera and leans in as **Lurleen** turns away and quietly ad-lib gripes into her phone.)*

EADDY: *(Strained.)* Well...why don't we take a little break now...and hear from our newest sponsor...The Happy Hooker...for all your bait and tackle needs...Go to commercial!!! Are we off the air?

NARRATOR: Yes.

EADDY: Thank you, Lord! Hey...can somebody throw on the episode where Vera takes off her top...that's always a favorite...I'm out of here.

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*(**Lurleen** continues to ad-lib argue on the phone
as **Eaddy** exits stage right.)*

*(Blackout.) (**Lurleen** exits stage right after the
lights go out.)*

ACT 2

Scene Two

*(Light up in Day Room. **Clovis** is wearing a funky outfit with a bright patterned shirt, which is unbuttoned low, a gold chain and tight pants. He still wears his nerdy glasses. **Sam** is checking out his handywork and holding a flashy biker jacket for **Clovis**.)*

SAM: OK...try this jacket.

*(**Sam** helps **Clovis** into a cool biker jacket.)*

CLOVIS: I don't know about this Sam. Are you sure this look is me?

SAM: Oh yeah...we just need to get rid of those glasses...and put these on and you'll be all set.

CLOVIS: I can't see without my glasses.

SAM: Eh...who cares...that will just make the ladies even better looking. Try these.

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(Sam gives Clovis a pair of sunglasses. Clovis takes off his glasses and puts on the sunglasses and puts his glasses in his jacket pocket.)

CLOVIS: Whatever you say Sam...you're the boss.

SAM: Now show me that walk.

(Clovis demonstrates a much-improved walk.)

CLOVIS: How's that?

SAM: Great! REALLY good. I'm a miracle worker! Now hit me with one of those pickup lines.

(Clovis takes a confident stance.)

CLOVIS: Hey baby...wanna see the size of my...social security check? *(He does the finger gun point and chick-chick sound.)*

SAM: Oh yeah...you're ready. My work here is done.

(Clovis takes off the sunglasses and puts his eyeglasses back on.)

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CLOVIS: Well...maybe not...I –

*(Enter **Hazel** from stage left carrying Little Peanut's cage. She is passing through.)*

HAZEL: Bad boy, Little Peanut!!! Why did you bite me...that hurt...what is wrong with you?

(The cage jerks from side-to-side, as she begins to sing.)

HAZEL: “SILENT NIGHT...HOLY NIGHT...ALL IS CALM...ALL IS...OUCH!!!!

*(**Hazel** exits stage right.)*

SAM: What do you mean Clovis? You've got the look...the walk...the best pickup lines...what else do you need?

CLOVIS: Well... this is awkward... but... uh... if all this works... what do I do next? I mean... after what happened yesterday in the dining room... I –

SAM: *(Reassuring.)* Don't worry...Doctor Head said that Lucille will regain the sight in her eye...in a week or so.

CLOVIS: Oh good...that's a relief.

SAM: Yeah...so...I thought this question might come up. Have a seat.

(Clovis sits on the sofa and Sam pulls a life-sized inflatable woman doll from behind the sofa. The doll wears a negligee and fishnets.

Note: *The inflatable doll should be a fun and silly prop, certainly not crude!)*

SAM: OK...I got this for you to practice with. It's called "Inflate-a-Date."

CLOVIS: Um...I'm desperate Sam...but I'm not that desperate.

SAM: No, no...this is just to practice moves.

CLOVIS: The moves?

SAM: Yeah...just pretend this is your date. Now...it's the end of the night...and you're

parked outside...or maybe...if you're lucky...she's invited you back to her room. What do you do?

CLOVIS: *(He hesitates for a moment. Scowling.)* I don't think I would date anyone that looks like this...she looks a little trashy.

*(**Sam** "sits" the doll by **Clovis** on the sofa.
Clovis stares at it.)*

SAM: We're just pretending.

CLOVIS: Does she have a name?

SAM: Uh...yeah...her name is Lou Lou...now put your arm around her.

*(**Clovis** adjusts his glasses and then scoots over by the doll.)*

CLOVIS: I'm nervous.

SAM: Try to do the yawn and stretch move...and then put your arm around her...you know...like this.

(Sam mimes the yawn and stretch...raising his arm and showing how to put it around his date.)

CLOVIS: Ok...yeah...I've seen that in the movies. Like this?

(Clovis does a perfect yawn and stretch. His hand, resting on Lou Lou's bosom. He nonchalantly begins to caress the bosom.)

SAM: Yes. Clovis...perfect...now you're in the perfect position to ease in for a little midnight smooch.

(Clovis suddenly gasps and pulls his arm away...jumping up.)

CLOVIS: Oh no...I'm sorry...I'm sorry.

SAM: *(Alarmed.)* WHAT??

CLOVIS: *(Distressed.)* I TOUCHED LOU LOU'S BOSOM!

SAM: Calm down Clovis. It's just a bag full of air.

CLOVIS: Oh, yeah, right...right...sorry.

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SAM: Now try again...and this time...lean in for a little romantic kiss.

*(**Sam** holds the doll in place as **Clovis** does the yawn and stretch move...then closes his eyes, puckers up and leans in for a kiss. At that very moment, **Beatrice** enters from Stage Left wearing her very distinctive feather trimmed robe. She carries a piece of sequin costume for the pageant.)*

SAM: Yeah...that's real good Clovis...you got the moves man...go for it...yeah...GO FOR IT!

*(**Beatrice** is intrigued and slowly crosses to the sofa...as **Clovis** pulls in the doll and kisses it passionately, grabbing its rear end.)*

BEATRICE: What in the hell are y'all doing in here?

*(**Clovis** screams and falls back onto the sofa. **Sam** yells and launches the doll across the room.)*

SAM: Hey Beatrice...we were just...uh practicing our...uh...CPR training.

CLOVIS: Uh...yeah...right...CPR.

BEATRICE: I don't think CPR involves tongue.

(Beatrice laughs and crosses to exit Stage Right.)

BEATRICE: The girls are never gonna believe this.

(Sam crosses to Beatrice.)

SAM: Wait, Beatrice...do you think we could keep this...just between us? You know...friend-to-friend?

BEATRICE: Oh, NO WAY...this is TOP SHELF gossip.

(Clovis rises and sheepishly crosses to Beatrice.)

CLOVIS: Excuse me...Miss Beatrice...please don't tell anyone about this. I mean...I don't think I would live this down...I would just be too

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humiliated...I might have to move out of here...or even move out of state.

BEATRICE: *(Flirting.)* OK...sugar pot...I'm feelin' generous today...so mums the word.

*(**Beatrice** pinches **Clovis's** bottom. **Clovis** gasps.)*

BEATRICE: Oh...Sam...are you performing your Elvis act tonight at the pageant.

SAM: Yeah...sure am!

*(**Beatrice** crosses to exit and then turns back seductively.)*

BEATRICE: Great...can't wait...and by the way...good work with your little protégé there...he's almost on MY radar.

*(**Beatrice** winks and blows a kiss at **Clovis** and exits Stage Right. **Sam** gives **Clovis** a high five.)*

CLOVIS: Wow...she pinched my bottom.

SAM: Clovis...man...you just got the Beatrice Shelton Seal of Approval...I mean don't get too

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excited...she has REALLY, low standards. He only requirement for a date are two legs and a zipper...the legs are optional.

CLOVIS: So, what is this about your ELVIS ACT?

SAM: I'm doing my old Vegas routine tonight, to entertain the audience in between the evening gown part and the talent part. I do it every year. The ladies go crazy!

CLOVIS: Oh man...I can't wait to see that.

SAM: *(Lightbulb.)* Hey...I have a great idea.

(Sam crosses to Clovis and gives him the once over.)

SAM: I know how we can reveal the new you. Can you dance?

CLOVIS: Uh, I don't know...I never tried...why?

SAM: I AM BRILLIANT...Clovis my man...how's your pelvic thrust?

CLOVIS: My WHAT??

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(Blackout. They exit Stage Left.)

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ACT 2

Scene Three

*(An hour later in the day room...which is being used as a dressing room. There are clothes racks of costumes and mirror, hairspray and makeup kits set up on the long tables. **Martha, Beatrice, Eaddy, Hazel and Imogene** prepare for the pageant. Everyone, is wearing robes, hairnets, etc. **Beatrice** is wearing her very distinctive feather trimmed robe. The rolling rack of glitz is upstage. **Hazel** has large white, blood-stained bandages on several fingers. She peeks into Little Peanut's cage, which has a cover on it. **Martha** is looking at herself from every angle in a makeup mirror.)*

HAZEL: It's OK Little Peanut...just calm down darlin'...I know your nervous.

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MARTHA: That rodent is smelling up the dressing room.

HAZEL: He is not!

BEATRICE: Martha you are such a bitch –

MARTHA: Cursing like a sailor is not very ladylike.

BEATRICE: Neither is your mustache.

(Martha looks in the mirror panicked, then scowls.)

MARTHA: Sounds like someone is feeling the pressure.

BEATRICE: I'll show you pressure...with my hands around your neck!

(Beatrice turns to Martha. Imogene stops her.)

IMOGENE: Stop it you two...I mean it...my nerves are shot.

EADDY: I can't believe I am doing this.

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HAZEL: I love doing things like this...it makes me feel...young and VITAL.

EADDY: Vital? Yeah right! I see all these “vital” seniors out there going hiking and taking dance lessons...and I’m just happy if I can get bot feet into my panties without losing my balance and falling over.

*(**Hazel** picks up the cage and begins to jerk and shake it.)*

HAZEL: OOOOOO...it’s okay Little Peanut...he’s so nervous-

*(**Hazel** begins to sing “Away in a Manger.”
Imogene, Eaddy and **Beatrice** all react nervously.)*

BEATRICE: Maybe you ought to let him sit this one out...he seems...uh...a little...AGITATED.

EADDY: Oh yes –

IMOGENE: I agree...agitated –

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HAZEL: Oh ooo...we have practiced and practiced. He'll be fine...he just has the jitters.

MARTHA: *(Not thinking.)* I still can't believe you ACTUALLY found him –

(Imogene, Eaddy and Beatrice freeze and turn to Hazel.)

HAZEL: *(Confused.)* Found him? What are you talking about?

MARTHA: *(Caught. I mean...you know...found him...uh...that you found a squirrel for a pet.*

HAZEL: Yes...he is my precious baby.

(The cage jerks violently in her hands.)

HAZEL: I think he just needs a little nap before the pageant starts. I'll see you girls in a bit. I'm gonna let him rest quietly in my room.

(Eaddy, Imogene and Beatrice ad-lib mumble. Hazel exits singing "Away in a Manager" as the cage jerks violently.)

EADDY: OK.

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IMOGENE: See ya soon.

BEATRICE: Good luck Fruit Loop.

(Beatrice, Eaddy and Imogene all turn and give Martha a death stare.)

MARTHA: Well...then...uh...I'm going to go put on my costume and practice one more time...not that I need it...this will be my year.

(Martha looks at herself in the mirror and fishes for a compliment.)

MARTHA: Ugh...when did I get so old and fat?

(Martha exits stage right.)

BEATRICE: *(Calling out.)* At least you still have your eyesight!

IMOGENE: Can you believe the gall of that woman?

EADDY: Oh...she knows that we know she let Little Peanut out.

BEATRICE: And she knows...that we know that she knows. We can't let her get away with this.

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IMOGENE: But what can we do? We don't have any real proof.

EADDY: Ooooo...the thought of that woman winning this pageant...just makes me want to commit a sin...and I'm talking one of the top ten
—

IMOGENE: That CANNOT happen.

EADDY: What are we gonna do...lock her in a closet?

IMOGENE: She would just claw her way out...she's nothing if not determined.

(Beatrice touches her finger to her temple...she has devious idea.)

BEATRICE: Well...what it she became...INCAPACITATED...and couldn't be in the pageant.

EADDY: Incapacitated?

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BEATRICE: You know...like... if something unexpected happened...and she had to sit this one out.

EADDY: There's not a chance of that happening...she is obsessed with winning.

BEATRICE: Hey Eaddy...didn't you have a bottle of Lurleen's Valium earlier?

EADDY: *(No clue.)* Oh yes...thanks for reminding me...the cap broke so I poured it in an aspirin bottle. I'm going to give them back to her when I –

IMOGENE: Oh no –

BEATRICE: Where is it?

IMOGENE: Oh no –

EADDY: I have them right here in my makeup case, so I won't forget to – Wait...why?

BEATRICE: Give them to me.

(Eaddy pulls out an aspirin bottle and Beatrice takes it.)

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BEATRICE: I know exactly what we can do with these.

IMOGENE: Oooooo nooooooo...we're all going to jail-

EADDY: Wait...are you talking about drugging Martha?!

BEATRICE: Oh, no...no...not DRUGGING HER... just...you know...RELAXINNG her...(Dryly.) a lot.

(Eaddy begins to pray in a panic.)

EADDY: Dear Lord...please do not strike me with lightning. I promise that I will not be a part of this wicked and devious plot. I am just an innocent bystander Lord...and would never...

Imogene & BEATRICE: EADDY!!!

(Lurleen enters. She is a nervous wreck. She wears a robe and house shoes and has put her hair up, using a fancy clip in hairpiece. She is muttering to herself as she enters. She crosses

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to the costume rack and begins pouring angrily over the dresses.)

LURLEEN: Every year...EVERY year...I say...this is the last one...this is the last time...but nooooooo...here I am...AGAIN! Why do I do this to myself?

EADDY: Lurleen honey...are you okay?

IMOGENE: You look a little...frazzled.

LURLEEN: Frazzled? FRAZZLED? Yes I'm FRAZZLED...I got a run in my best control top pantyhose...I'm getting a migraine...and *(Tearfully.)* I can't find my Valium.

EADDY: Oh honey, calm down...I've got –

(Beatrice grabs Eaddy's arm and scowls at her.)

LURLEEN: You've got what?

BEATRICE: Aspirin...she's got aspirin –

EADDY: Yes... *(Through clenched teeth.)* I've got...an aspirin if you need it.

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LURLEEN: *(Incredulous.)* Aspirin? Really? Do you have a bottle of Jack Daniels to wash it down with? This pageant is gonna be the death of mm. Every year...EVERY year...I say this is the last one...this is the last time –

*(**Lurleen** grabs her evening gown off the rack and exits stage right as **Maude** enters from the stage left wearing a bathrobe, shower cap, crown, and flip flops. She has a little pair of spray tan protection eye goggles on, pushed up on her forehead.)*

MAUDE: Hey girls...is anyone else getting a spray tan? All the beauty queens do it, ya know.

BEATRICE: Sorry...but we're plotting...er uh...planning something special for tonight.

MAUDE: What is it? OOOO is it for me?

IMOGENE: Uh...yes...of course –

EADDY: Now you don't want to ruin the surprise do you? No shoo...

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MAUDE: Oh, You girls are too sweet...well...if you want to get a spray tan...Nelda from Malibu Glow on the Go Tan, is set up out in the parking lot...she's one of our sponsors...and it's free.

BEATRICE: *(Abruptly.)* Great...thanks for letting us know...well...bye.

(Maude gives them a happy look and shakes her head.)

MAUDE: You girls...you are just too sweet to me.

(Maude exits back out to the parking lot, stage left. Eaddy turns to Beatrice and grabs the pill bottle.)

EADDY: Give me those...have you just completely lost your mind? Now you can just forget it...we are not drugging Martha...and that's final!

(Eaddy, puts the bottle of Valium back into her makeup case.)

BEATRICE: PARTY POOPER!

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IMOGENE: OK...well...I'm gonna find Sam. I haven't seen him all day...and I need to make sure the geriatric floozies around here are keeping their hands off!

(Imogene crosses to upstage center and then turns back.)

IMOGENE: When he gets in that Elvis costume...they just get to pantin' after him like dogs in heat.

(Imogene exits stage right.)

BEATRICE: Ok...well...uh...I'm just gonna run back to my room. I forgot my...uh...false eyelashes. You need anything?

EADDY: No...thank you.

(Beatrice crosses left, eyeing Eaddy suspiciously and then exits stage left. When Eaddy is alone, she takes the Valium from her makeup case and pours a pill into her hand and put the bottle back. She looks up.)

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EADDY: I know...I know...don't look at me like that. I'll ask for forgiveness later.

*(**Eaddy** quickly exits stage right. Seconds later, **Imogene** peeks in from stage right and crosses to **Eaddy's** makeup case, takes out the bottle and pockets two pills.)*

IMOGENE: That should be enough.

*(**Imogene** put the bottle back and scurries out stage right. A few seconds later, **Beatrice** peeks in from stage left and then crosses to **Eaddy's** makeup case, takes out the bottle and dumps the remaining pills into her hand.)*

BEATRICE: Two, four, six...hmmmm...four should be enough.

*(**Beatrice** drops two pills back into the bottle, closes it and drops it back into the makeup case.*

BEATRICE: ...And two for Lurleen.

(Blackout. During the blackout Beatrice exits right.)

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ACT 2

Scene Four

(Preppy pageant-style must plays. At half lights, the crew, is quickly setting up for the pageant. The table and chairs remain Downstage Right. In the dim light we hear a very frazzled

Lurleen.)

LURLEEN: If we could just get this done sometime today! *(Mutters.)* Every year...every year I say I'm not doing this crap again...but noooooo here I am...once again...slinging together a pageant for a bund of old –

*(A spotlight begins to sweep wildly and then settles on **Lurleen**. Lights up. **Lurleen** is stage left standing at a podium. She immediately goes from frown to big smile. To her left is a small table with a boom box, a MISS MAGNOLIA sash, three small trophies, three envelopes and a*

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*bundle of roses. Downstage Right of the long tables, is an easel with a poster advertising The Bell of the Ball Evening Wear Emporium. A cheap gold shiny mylar curtain backdrop that serves as the “stage” for the pageant stands center. A sign that reads GOLDEN OLDIES is mounted at the top of the mylar curtain. **Lurleen** presses a button on the boom box, stopping the music abruptly.)*

LURLEEN: Good evening ladies and gentlemen and welcome to the Seventh Annual *(Then aside.)* Oh God...has it been seven years? *(Resuming.)* Seventh Annual Miss Magnolia Senior Citizen Beauty Pageant. This year’s theme is GOLDEN OLDIES. I am sorry to announce that one of our sponsors, Malibu Glow on the Go Spray Tanning has been removed from sponsoring the pageant due to an unfortunate...um...incident...out in the parking lot earlier this afternoon.

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Now...tonight, our five golden oldies will be competing in evening gown and talent categories. We also have some special entertainment lined up. Unfortunately, we couldn't put together the opening number that we had planned. However, our reigning Miss Magnolia, Maude Jenkins has graciously agreed to reprise her award-winning talent from last year's pageant...despite...an...unfortunate incident earlier this afternoon. What a trooper. So please, put your hands together and welcome our current reigning Miss Magnolia Senior Citizen...Miss Maude Jenkins!!

*(**Lurleen** holds up an “Applause” sign and starts the music on the boom box. **Maude** enters from the center stage curtain break. She is dressed from head to toe as Shirley Temple in a sailor dress, sailor hat, ringlet curl wig, knee socks and tap shoes. She carries a large swirled lollypop. She launches into a costume appropriate tap dance routine. She clomps and stomps*

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*around the stage joyfully...attempting several steps and moves. She is dreadful. A wide-eyed **Lurleen** stops the music early and encourages the audience to applaud. **Maude** frowns, but takes a bow.)*

MAUDE: Thank you...thank you to all the little people. It's good to be queen!

*(Maude exits up stage right. **NOTE: ALL CONTESTANTS ENTER AND EXIT THE SAME WAY, ENTER THROUGH THE CENTER STAGE CURTAIN BREAK AND EXIT UP STAGE RIGHT.**)*

LURLEEN: Weellll now ... wasn't that just... special...So...let's go ahead and get this show on the road. Shall we? Each of our contestants is modeling a gorgeous evening gown from the GENTLY USED Nifty and Thrifty section of my boutique...Belle of the Ball Evening Wear Emporium...where we have elegance and glamour for every budget...even the cheap

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people. So...let's give them all a round of applause...OK?

*(**Lurleen** pops in another tape and a light instrumental pageant walk plays. She holds up the "Applause" sign.)*

LURLEEN: Contestant number one is Ms. Eaddy May Clayton.

*(**Eaddy** enters. She is nervous and awkward. She mumbles "Elbow, Elbow, Wrist, Wrist" as she models.)*

LURLEEN: Eaddy is a six-year resident of Magnolia Place...a member of the Petula First Baptist Church and Vice President of The Senior Gals on the Go and the host of our Senior Moments Talk show on Cable Access 14. She enjoys macrame', quilting, praying and reading her Bible. Let's have a round of applause for contestant number one...Eaddy May Clayton...thank you Eaddy...lovely...just lovely.

*(**Eaddy** exits upstage right.)*

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LURLEEN: Now, let's welcome Contestant Number Two...Ms. Beatrice Shelton.

(Beatrice enters. She is bold. She flirts and shimmies. She fans herself with a feather fan.)

LURLEEN: Beatrice is a seven-year resident of Magnolia Place and is the activities director for The Senior Gals on the Go. She enjoys meeting new men and...wait...I'M NOT reading this-

BEATRICE: I *(Still modeling.) (Through her teeth.)* Just read it! *(She continues winking and waving at the audience with a big smile.)*

LURLEEN: No-

BEATRICE: *(Sharply.)* READ IT!

LURLEEN: Fine...meeting new men...and is available day or night for hot sexy fun. Stop by apartment 3B...no invitation necessary...Lord have mercy...we are all going to hell. *(She composes herself.)* Thank you, contestant number two...Slutty Shelton...I mean...Beatrice ...Ms. Beatrice Shelton.

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(Beatrice turns and looks over her shoulder, as she is exiting, wriggling her bottom.)

BEATRICE: Come and get me boys!!

(As Beatrice exits, several men whistle and cat call.)

LURLEEN: Now...let's welcome contestant number three...Ms. Martha Parcell.

(Martha enters. She seems slightly out of it...but manages to get through.)

LURLEEN: Martha is an eight-year resident of Magnolia Place and the leader of the canasta club. Her hobbies include knitting, baking and following local crime on her old police scanner...ooo fun!

(Martha Smiles and waves in a daze, then attempts to exit in the wrong direction to down stage left.)

LURLEEN: You're going the wrong way darlin'.

(Martha looks around bewildered.)

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BEATRICE: *(Sticking her head out of the up stage right curtain. Giggling.)* This way Martha!

MARTHA: I knew that! *(Snarkly. Then she swiftly marches off up stage left.)*

LURLEEN: Well...let's have a nice round of applause for contestant number three...Martha Parcell.

MARTHA: *(Sticking her head back out the upstage left curtain, yelling.)* IT'S MY YEAR!

LURLEEN: *(Fake smile.)* Precious...OK then...let's welcome to the stage our next contestant, number four...Ms. Hazel Dillard.

*(**Hazel** enters. She now has a large Band.Aid on her forehead. Her walker is decorated for Christmas.)*

LURLEEN: Hazel is a two-year resident of Magnolia Place. She is the president and only member of the Petula Squirrel Lovers Association. Her hobbies include wrapping Christmas presents and Christmas caroling

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year-round. Thank you, contestant number four...Hazel Dillard.

(Hazel exits.)

LURLEEN: And now, welcome our fifth and final contestant...Ms. Imogene Smith.

(Imogene enters pulling her oxygen tank. The tank is decorated to match her gown.)

LURLEEN: Imogene is a one-year resident of Magnolia Place. She is the secretary of The Senior Gals on the Go...and-

(Imogene is tangled in her hose.)

LURLEEN: Um...do you need some help there, honey?

IMOGENE: No...I've got this-

LURLEEN: *(Stepping forward to help her)* Here let me-

IMOGENE: I'VE GOT THIS!

(Lurleen backs away as Imogene composes herself.)

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LURLEEN: Okay then...sorry...Imogene enjoys gardening and long walks in the park with her husband Sam Smith...and she wants all the ladies in the audience to know that they need to keep their hands off her husband...or she will break your fingers.

IMOGENE: *(Smiling.)* With a hammer –

LURLEEN: *(After an uneasy beat.)* Well...how about that? Thank you...contestant number 5...Imogene Smith.

(Imogene exits and Lurleen stops the CD player.)

LURLEEN: Let's have another big round of applause for all our GOLDEN OLDIES! *(She holds up the "Applause" sign.)* Well...it looks like it's gonna be a stiff competition this year...Now...while the ladies are changing into their talent costumes...let's welcome to the stage...OH and ladies...remember...hands off unless you want your fingers broken...let's welcome Magnolia Place resident and former Las

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Vegas stud muffin...Sam Smmith...as ELVIS PRESLEY!!

SAM: *(Offstage.) WAIT...wait- (Sam's arm pokes through the curtain holding an index card. **Lurleen** crosses and takes the card. Looking it over quickly and returns to her podium.)*

LURLEEN: What? Okaaaayyy...Well...okay then...how about that...just a slight change in plans...let's welcome to the stage...Sam Smith and Clovis Crown...as THE DUELING ELVISES.

*(**Lurleen** starts the music" **Sam** enters through the curtain dressed as Elvis...in a jumpsuit, cape, Elvis wig, and sunglasses. He begins lip-syncing to a peppy tune. After the first verse, **Clovis** enters in full Elvis regalia. At first...he is a little awkward and his lip-sync is off...but then he really let's loose and dances. **Sam** joins in and there is a bit of synchronized dancing, karate chops and kicks, ending in a hysterical pose. **Beatrice** runs on wearing a very distinctive feather trimmed robe over her*

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*costume and throws a bright red pair of panties, then exits. **Clovis** picks them up. He looks at **Sam.**)*

CLOVIS: This is so unsanitary. *(He throws down the panties.)*

SAM: *Just bow doofus...BOW!*

*(**Sam** and **Clovis** bow together. **Lurleen** holds up the “Applause” sign.)*

LURLEEN: Wasn't that...just...precious. Come on...let's give it up one more time for our dueling Elvises! WOOO! Thanks guys.

*(**Sam** exits...but **Clovis** continues to bow until **Sam** returns to drag him off. **Clovis** runs back out and grabs the panties and exits.)*

LURLEEN: Alright everyone...sorry about that...let's settle down. It's time for these beautiful contestants to show you their...talent...if they have any. OK...so let's welcome our first contestant Ms. Eaddy May

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Clayton...who will dazzle us with her amazing ventriloquist skills...oooo fun.

*(**Eaddy**. Enters from upstage right. She is wearing a church choir robe, Her arm is behind her back. She blows into a pitch pipe and sings a note or two trying to get on pitch. She fails.)*

EADDY: *(Multiple notes.)* Thiiiis...thiiiisss little...thiiiis- *(She settles on a note and sings the first line)* THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE, I'M GONNA MAKE IT SHINE.

*(Then the puppet pops out. It is also, wearing a choir robe. **Eaddy** attempts to change her voice and sings out the side of her mouth. She is a terrible ventriloquist.)*

PUPPET: THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE...I'M GONNA LET IT SHINE.

EADDY: THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE...I'M GONNA LET IT SHINE!

PUPPET: LET IT SHINE, ALL THE TIME, LET IT SHIIIIIIIIINE!

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EADDY: HIDE IT UNDER A BUSHEL-

PUPPET: NO, I'M GONNA LET IT SHINE!

EADDY: HIDE IT UNDER A BUSHEL-

PUPPET: NO, I'M GONNA LET IT SHINE!

EADDY: HIDE IT UNDER A BUSHEL-

PUPPET: NO, I'M GONNA LET IT SHINE.

EADDY: LET IT SHINE...LET IT SHINE

PUPPET: LET IT SHINE!

*(Eaddy really get into the last
verse...encouraging people to clap and sing
along.)*

EADDY: All right everybody...let's get those
hands together and sing along with me...okay?

ALL AROUND MAGNOLIA PLACE...I'M GONNA
LET IT SHINE.

PUPPET: ALL AROUND MAGNOLIA PLACE...I'M
GONNA LET IT SHINE.

EADDY: ALL AROUND MAGNOLIA PLACE...I'M GONNA LET IT SHINE.

PUPPET: LET IT SHINE...LET IT SHINE...OH YEAH BABY...I'M GONNA LET IT SHIIIIINNNEEEEE!

*(**Lurleen** turns off the cd player and then holds up the “Applause” sign. **Eaddy** bows and smiles.)*

LURLEEN: Weeelll...praise the Lord and pass the peas. Thank you contestant number one...Eaddy Mae Clayton. Wasn't she just awesome? You could hardly see her mouth moving...if you didn't look directly at it. Just precious.

*(**Eaddy** exits upstage left. **Lurleen** picks up the next cue card.)*

LURLEEN: Well...alright then...our next contestant...number two, is...Ms. Beatrice Shelton...who will be performing...uh...

*(**Lurleen** flips over the cue card.)*

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LURLEEN: Hmmm...it doesn't say her what she's doing. *(Loudly.)* MS. SHELTON...YOU NEVER TOLD ME WHAT YOU'RE DOING FOR YOUR TALENT HON-

BEATRICE: *(Offstage.)* IT'S A SURPRISE!

LURLEEN: Oh...okay...a surprise...well...let's hope for the best then...and welcome to the stage Ms. Beatrice Shelton doing a SURPRISE talent.

*(**Lurleen** starts the Karaoke music and a bawdy bump and grind burlesque tune plays. **Beatrice** enters wearing a sexy gown, long gloves, boa and feathered headpiece. She begins to shimmy and shoulder roll. She drops and drags her boas, doing a sexy turn and hip swivel.)*

LURLEEN: Oh goodness...Ms. Shelton...I'm not sure this is-

*(**Beatrice** peels off a glove and twirls it over her head, throwing it at **Lurleen**. We hear a few cat calls and whistles from the back of the room.)*

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LURLEEN: Um...Ms. Shelton...this is not appropriate.

*(**Beatrice** peels off her other glove and twirls it over her head, throwing it at **Lurleen**. We hear another cat call.)*

LURLEEN: Ms. Shelton...I'm gonna have to ask you, to not take anything else off dear. Please don't –

*(**Beatrice** turns her back and unzips her dress. She drops her dress to reveal a black slip. She quickly turns to reveal tassel pasties, on the breasts of the slip. **Lurleen** stops the music and rushes over and drags **Beatrice** through the curtain.)*

LURLEEN: Whew...that was close...I'm so sorry y'all...some things can never be unseen.

BEATRICE: *(Offstage.)* I was just getting started.
(More cat calls and whistles.)

Lurleen: OK...calm down...now...let's see who we have next...Ah...next we have contestant

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number three...Ms. Martha Parcell and her Flameless Fire Batons. Let's have a nice round of applause for Ms. Martha Parcell.

*(**Lurleen** holds up the "Applause" sign and then starts a disco song. No one comes out. She turns down the volume and speaks louder.)*

LURLEEN: SO...LET'S WELCOME...MARTHA PARCELL AND HER FLAMELESS FIRE BATONS.

*(There is another beat...and then **Lurleen** stops the music.)*

LURLEEN: Ok then...something must be happening backstage...so we'll just move on to our next contestant.

*(**Narrator** yells from offstage.)*

NARRATOR: She's coming...start the music.

LURLEEN: *(Flustered.)* Oh...okay...great...so much for getting home early –

(Lurleen restarts the music. Martha reenters. Her costume is on backward and her number is on her back. She is a wide-eyed trainwreck. Her lipstick is smeared across her face. She holds a baton made of construction paper flames, glued to the ends. She slurs as she talks to the audience.)

MARTHA: This is my year...That woman wouldn't let me have real fire batons...Is it hot in here? I feel hot. Are you hot? *(She is addressing the audience and reaches out bewildered.)* Is this real life?...Where am I?

LURLEEN: Honey...I think you may need to –

(Martha's twirling is basically waving the baton back and forth and swirling her wrists. She attempts to toss the baton into the air to catch it. It falls to the ground. She tries to balance it on her head, and it falls. She bends over to get the baton. She stands back up disorientated with her back to the audience.)

MARTHA: *(Loudly.)* Where did everybody go?

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(Lurleen steps out and turns her around.)

LURLEEN: Sweetie...do I need to get a nurse?
Are you having an episode?

MARTHA: *(Laughing maniacally.)* Oh...there you are.

(Martha grabs a second baton from the floor and begins to jump around, kick and then finishes her routing with a booty shake and a pitiful attempt at a split. With the music still playing, she bows and then starts to lie on the floor.)

MARTHA: I need a nap.

(Lurleen stops the music.)

LURLEEN: Oh...okay...you're finished...NO Miss Parcell...get up....wait...you can't nap right now darlin'.

(Martha squints and staggers forward.)

MARTHA: IT'S MY YEAR!

(Martha wanders off stage.)

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LURLEEN: *(Sarcastically.)* Yes...I believe you've mentioned that...and wasn't that just...uh...ORIGINAL?...Now...let's see...that brings us to our next contestant...Miss Hazel Dillard and Little Peanut...performing a duet of "Jingle Bells."

*(**Lurleen** starts the karaoke music for "Jingle Bells." Then...there is a loud, terrified scream and a crash off stage. A crazed **Hazel** rushes in. She is screaming and flailing her arms. She has a squirrel wearing a Santa suit and holding a tiny tambourine mounted on her face.)*

HAZEL: Somebody heeeelp...help me...Little Peanut...BAD BOY...you're hurting mommy!

LURLEEN: WHAT IN BEAUTY QUEEN HELL?

HAZEL: Help me!!! Somebody HELP ME!!!!

*(**Hazel** runs toward **Lurleen**.)*

LURLEEN: Armageddon...ARMAGEDDON!
Ahhh!

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*(The music continues to play as **Lurleen** runs across the stage and then off through the curtain screaming...followed closely by **Hazel**. There is another crash and then **Lurleen** reappears with Little Peanut now attached to her face followed closely by **Hazel**.)*

LURLEEN: 911! 911!

HAZEL: Don't hurt him...he's my baby!!

*(**Beatrice**, **Eaddy** and **Sam** run out through the curtain following a screaming **Lurleen** and **Hazel**. **Beatrice** has the fishing net and follows **Lurleen**.)*

EADDY: I THINK WE SHOULD PRAY!!

*(**Eaddy** begins ad lib praying. After a few wacky attempts to get the squirrel, everyone runs back through the curtain. There is another crash and a scream and then a moment of quiet with the "Jingle Bells" music still playing. **Imogene** pokes her head through the curtain, and looks around, then enters and crosses to*

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turn off the music. She is dressed in the classic Little Orphan Annie and dragging her oxygen tank.)

IMOGENE: HELLO? *(Then to the audience.)*
What just happened...where did everybody go?
... Ya know what...never mind...I don't care. It's
my turn. I'm Imogene Smith, contestant number
five...and I didn't miss my Magnum P.I. reruns
tonight for nothing...so get ready...cause I'm
doing this...now.

*(She ad-libs as she changes the music to a
karaoke track...hits play and starts to sing.
She's not a great singer and not terrible either.
She really gets into her song...so much so that
when a very dazed **Martha** runs through
screaming with Little Peanut on her face,
followed by **Lurleen**, screaming and ad-
libbing...she keeps singing, unfazed until the
end of her song. As **Imogene** crosses and turns
off the music, there is another scream and a
crash, as **Lurleen** staggers back in disheveled*

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with bloody scratches on her face. She is carrying a clip-in hair piece that came off during the chase. She attempts to compose herself.)

LURLEEN: *(Delirious.)* Wasn't that SPECIAL...I mean wonderful? Let's have a nice round of applause for her...such a trooper. Thank you Mrs. Smith.

IMOGENE: Whatever.

*(Imogene crosses and exits through the curtain.
Lurleen calls out.)*

LURLEEN: MS. SMITH...could you please ask all the contestants to return to the stage...I am ready to announce the winner and get the hell out of here!

IMOGENE: *(Offstage.)* WHATEVER!

LURLEEN: Normally, at this time...we would have the top three contestants come out for a question and answer...but, in light of recent events...we're just gonna call this pageant done and DONE. If you could please get the score

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sheets sometime today so that I can tabulate the scores...that would be great.

*(**The Narrator** brings in the score sheets.*

***Lurleen** haphazardly clips the hairpiece back onto the side of her head, then looks at the score sheets and begins adding quickly out loud.)*

LURLEEN: Nine plus seven equals sixteen...and uh –

*(**Beatrice, Eaddy, Hazel** and **Maude** enter through the center stage curtain and line up wearing their evening gowns. They are all worn out. **Maude** wears her crown...and is pushing a very woozy and mumbling **Martha** in a wheelchair, still wearing her talent costume and her evening gown thrown across her.)*

BEATRICE: PLEASE tell me this is almost over.

LURLEEN: This is almost over.

EADDY: Dear Lord...Thank you for this almost being over. Amen.

Everyone: *(Ad-lib: AMEN, HALLELUJAH, Etc.)*

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MAUDE: Oh Hazel...that squirrel really did a number on you.

HAZEL: I just don't know what's gotten into my Little Peanut.

BEATRICE: *(Exasperated.)* OH, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD HAZEL...that was not Little Peanut you wacko...it's a wild squirrel we caught to replace Little Peanut...after Martha let him go.

Hazel What??? NOOOOOOOOOOOO...MY LITTLE PEANUT!!!!

MARTHA: *(Slurring.)* GUILTY! Martha's been a bad BAD girl. Oopsie! ... Did I win?

(Hazel leaves her walker and grabs onto the wheelchair as Imogene enters wearing her gown.)

HAZEL: I'll show you a bad girl Martha Parcell.

BEATRICE: Oh hell.

IMOGENE: What's happening?

EADDY: Hazel sweetie...I think you might want to think before you –

MARTHA: Did I win??? Where are we going? Do I get a prize?

HAZEL: Yes, Martha you won...and I want to show you your very special prize.

IMOGENE: Uh-oh.

MARTHA: *(Delirious.)* I told you...it's MY year...hahhahahahaha...y'all can SUCK AN EGG!!

(Hazel exits with Martha.)

LURLEEN: OK...so five and eight is...uh...

BEATRICE: Thirteen...it's thirteen Lurleen!

LURLEEN: YES! GREAT!!! It looks like we have a clear winner here. So, let's get this nightmare over with...shall we? *(Blandly.)* Oh yeah...you all look great...you're all winners...blah, blah, blah...please just come get your crap and then you can leave the stage.

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*(**Lurleen** grabs a small trophy and an envelope and steps forward.)*

LURLEEN: Our second runner up, who will receive a trophy and a certificate for dinner for two at The Big Catch All You Can Eat Pizza and Sushi Buffet is...Ms. Eaddy Mae Clayton...yay...come get this.

EADDY: Thank you...I will cherish this forever –
*(**Eaddy** crosses to get her trophy and envelope. She waves and bows, then exits.)*

LURLEEN: OK...thank you Ms. Clayton...and now to announce our first runner up...who will take the place of the winner in the event she gets pregnant...or falls and breaks a hip... First runner up will receive a trophy and another certificate for that NASTY buffet...plus two tickets to the Petula Bargain Cinema...and the winner is ... Ms. Beatrice Shelton.

(Lurleen crosses and gives her the trophy and envelope. Beatrice grabs them and strikes a sexy pose.)

BEATRICE: Who's buying me a drink boys?

(Cat calls and whistles. She does a shimmy, waves and blows kisses as she exits.)

LURLEEN: And that now brings us to our winner...which means, thank God it's almost over...OK...so...our new Miss Magnolia will receive all the same crap as the others...and a gift certificate from my store "Belle of the Ball Evening Wear Emporium...plus the Miss Magnolia crown and sash and some flowers from Peggy's Floral Fashions...blah, blah, blah...and of course...the bragging rights that she survived this evening of total hell.

(Lurleen grabs the sash, trophy, envelopes, and flowers.)

LURLEEN: Ms. Maude Jenkins our current and reigning Miss Magnolia will present the winner

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with the crown...Ms. Jenkins if you could please help me do the honors...as quickly as possible...Quickly...quickly...let's go...let's go...

*(A teary-eyed **Maude** steps forward and removes her crown. She looks at it with sadness.)*

MAUDE: Well...this is it...I'm gonna miss you little friend. *(She kisses the crown.)*

LURLEEN: If we could just get this over with please...thank you so much.

*(**Lurleen** crosses to the boom box and hits play...a light kettle drum roll, plays.)*

LURLEEN: Ok...And the winner of this year's Miss. Magnolia Senior Citizen Beauty Pageant...in case you haven't already figured it out...is...Ms. Imogene Smith...yay...clap y'all...or whatever –

*(**Lurleen** thrusts the trophy and flowers into **Imogene's** hands and tosses the sash to*

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Maude and then abruptly speaks to the audience.)

LURLEEN: OK y'all...that concludes the trainwreck ... uh ... pageant ... thanks for coming ... I'm outta' here ... and if I ever say I am going to do another one of these things ... please have me committed.

(Lurleen crosses and turns off the boom box and grabs her poster.)

LURLEEN: If anyone needs me...I'll be at the emergency room getting a rabies shot...Never again...never...EVER...again –

(Lurleen crosses and exits then turns back.)

LURLEEN: NEVER AGAIN!!

(Lurleen exits stage left.)

MAUDE: *(Teary.)* Well...congratulations Imogene...I hope you will wear it with pride.

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(Maude sadly places the crown on Immogene's head but can't let go. She grips the side of Imogene's head.)

IMOGENE: *(Struggling.)* Thank you, Maude...I will. OK...OK...thank you...please let go.

(Maude steps back and turns to leave, looking back one more time before her tearful exit stage left.)

IMOGENE: Well, that was certainly anticlimactic...maybe if I hurry I can at least catch the end of "Murder She Wrote."

(Imogene adjusts her sash and flowers and turns to exit as Sam enters. He is still wearing his Elvis attire but carrying his Elvis wig.)

SAM: Hey there sexy mama...lookin' good –

IMOGENE: *(Sassy.)* Oh...there you are...I was beginning to wonder if we were still married.

SAM: What are you talking about, love bunny?

IMOGENE: Don't you "love bunny" me. I've barely seen you, the last two days. You didn't even come out and watch me sing.

SAM: I saw a little of it while I was running around here chasing a wild squirrel.

IMOGENE: *(Glaring.)* Yeah, yeah...you were probably off with some two-bit floosy.

SAM: Come on sugar plum...you know you're my one and only.

IMOGENE: No, I don't...you've been running all over the place with this Clovis person and making goo-goo-eyes at every woman within a three-mile radius.

SAM: *(Flirty.)* C'mon baby...you know I only have goo-goo eyes for you my sweet cheeks.

*(**Sam** leans in and kisses her cheek.)*

IMOGENE: *(Giggling.)* You are such a bad boy.

(Sam pulls Imogene to him and gives her a smooch, just as Clovis runs in from back center stage and across the stage to separate them.)

CLOVIS: Hey there...gotta go...thanks for everything –

SAM: HEY CLOVIS...WAIT –

(Clovis exits stage right quickly mumbling a pickup line. Sam starts to follow him.)

IMOGENE: Sam Smith...listen to me...and listen, good! It's time you paid me a little attention...don't you think? After all, I am an official beauty queen now.

SAM: You'll always be my queen...baby doll.

(They kiss.)

IMOGENE: C'mon Sam...let's get in the back seat of the car and make out like teenagers...I'll be the prom queen, and you can be the star quarterback. And we can –

(Imogene leans in and whispers. Sam's eyes light up as he smiles.)

SAM: Did you say Clovis? Clovis who?

(Blackout. They exit stage left.)

ACT 2

Scene Five

(The next morning in the day room. Light up.

***Beatrice** is sitting at the table in a Caftan, sipping a drink. Eaddy is sitting in a chair stage left reading her Bible.)*

BEATRICE: I feel fantastic today...don't you? The birds are singing...the sky is blue –

*(**Eaddy** gets up and walks over to her usual spot at the table.)*

EADDY: You're awfully chipper...are you mixing Tequila into your slimfast again?

BEATRICE: Don't get on my bad side, Eaddy.

EADDY: All you have is a bad side...I haven't seen you this chipper since the last time you *(She gasps.)* Ooo...now I don't want to get into your personal business...but...did you...uh...have RELATIONS?

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BEATRICE: Relations?

EADDY: You know what I mean...*(she whispers)*
FORNICATION –

BEATRICE: For-nee-what?

EADDY: I'm talking about *(whispers again)*
seeeeexxxx-

BEATRICE: Oh I know what you meant...I just like to hear you come up with different names for getting a little pickle tickle.

EADDY: You are the DEVIL Beatrice Shelton.

BEATRICE: Thank you...I try.

(Maude enters carrying a bottle of rubbing alcohol and a cloth. She sits in her usual seat while trying to wipe off her orange-streaked tan.)

MAUDE: Hey girls...can y'all help me?

BEATRICE: What are you doing?

MAUDE: I'm trying to get all this orange stuff off me. I look like a giant Oompa Loompa.

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BEATRICE: *(Sassy.)* You said it...I didn't.

EADDY: What on earth happened to you Maude?

MAUDE: Oh girls, it was awful...there I was...out in the parking lot in that tent thing Nelda put up, to get my spray tan...wearing nothing but a plastic shower cap and my little eye goggles –

BEATRICE: WAIT...WAIT...let me picture it.

(Beatrice closes her eyes and scowls, then laughs.)

EADDY: *(Huffs.)* Go on Maude.

MAUDE: Anyway...Nelda start spraying me with the hose thingy...and then I hear her saying: “Oh crap...this is the wrong color” and she tried to turn the machine off...but she must have hit some turbo button or something...because there was this loud roaring sound and a big burst of air...and the next thing I knew, I was ass up in the petunia patch...covered in orange.

BEATRICE: Damn...I'm sorry I missed it.

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EADDY: I must admit...even I would have enjoyed that.

MAUDE: Thanks girls...THANK A LOT...first I lose my crown and now y'all are making fun of me.

BEATRICE: Oh, quit your whining Maude...you know we love you...and you don't need a crown to get attention...you're already fabulous without one...so cheer up buttercup!

*(Maude's mouth falls open as she shares a shocked look with **Eaddy**.)*

EADDY: Who are you and what have you done with our crabby old friend.

MAUDE: Oh Beatrice...that was the nicest thing anyone has very said to me.

BEATRICE: Of course, if you tell anyone I was nice to you, I'll suffocate you in your sleep.

EADDY: Ah...there she is...our very own Miss Mary Sunshine-

(Hazel enters with her walker. She has Little Peanut's cage.)

HAZEL: *(Sadly.)* Hey girls.

MAUDE: Hey sweetie.

BEATRICE: Hello Hazel.

EADDY: How are you feeling today, Hazel?

HAZEL: How do you think I feel? My heart is broken in two. Little Peanut was my sweet little baby.

MAUDE: I'm so sorry sweetie.

EADDY: I hope you're not made at us.

MAUDE: *(Sweetly.)* If you are...you can blame Beatrice...it was her idea.

BEATRICE: Thanks JUDAS!

HAZEL: I'm not made at y'all. I know y'all were just trying to help. But Martha Parcell is a different story.

EADDY: What are you doing with Little Peanut's cage, sweetie?

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HAZEL: Oh girls...the most wonderful thing happened. Dee Dee over at the Vet's office called me this morning...and somebody brought in a little baby squirrel they rescued...and he needs a momma. I'm going over there right now. I'm gonna name him Little Chunky Peanut.

EADDY: Well...isn't that just precious.

(There is an announcement over the intercom.)

NARRATOR: "Hazel Dillard please come to the front office. Hazel Dillard to the front office. Thank you."

HAZEL: Oh, that's my taxi. I'll see y'all later.

*(**Hazel** exits stage left singing a happy Christmas song.)*

BEATRICE: That woman is nuttier than a squirrel turd.

*(**Imogene** and **Sam** enter from stage right. **Imogene** sits in her usual chair and **Sam** take his place behind her with his hands on her shoulders. **Imogene** is wearing her crown and*

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sash. **Maude** sees the crown and gasps, then gingerly reaches toward it.)

SAM: Good morning, all.

EADDY: Good morning.

MAUDE: *(To the crown.)* Hello little friend...I miss you.

IMOGENE: Hello Maude.

MAUDE: Not YOU...my crown.

(Imogene rolls her eyes.)

EADDY: Y'all are getting a late start this morning.

IMOGENE: *(Giggles.)* We were up REALLY LATE last night.

MAUDE: I guess you were polishing... my... uh... your crown.

IMOGENE: Yeah...something like that.

(The Narrator dressed as a mover passes with a hand truck of boxes, labeled: Martha Bathroom,

Martha Bedroom, Martha Fire Batons, etc. The batons stick out of the top of the box.)

IMOGENE: Oh yeah...Martha decided to move over to Shady Oaks Assisted Living in Savannah...after that *(giggling)* terrible INCIDENT last night.

EADDY: Incident:

BEATRICE: What incident? I never hear about anything.

SAM: *(Feigning ignorance.)* Someone...and I don't know who...rolled her out in the garden last night and spread giant gobs of chunky peanut butter ALL OVER her.

IMOGENE: When she woke up at dawn, there were a dozen squirrels feasting all over her.

EADDY: NO!

MAUDE: WHAT?

BEATRICE: *(Laughing.)* Oh, that's terrible.

MAUDE: So THAT was the blood curling scream I heard this morning.

*(Everyone laughs but are suddenly shocked into silence as a nurse rolls **Martha** in from stage right. **Martha** is delirious, swatting at the air and muttering: "Squirrel, Squirrel, Squirrel." Her voice escalating as she is, quickly rolled, off left.)*

EADDY: Bless her heart. I feel awful. *(Looking up.)* Forgive me Lord! I should never have given her that Valium.

IMOGENE: Oh no...YOU gave her Valium? How many?

EADDY: Just one...why?

IMOGENE: Because...I slipped her two!

EADDY: WHAT?

*(**Eaddy** and **Imogene** are shocked and look to Beatrice.)*

BEATRICE: *(Dryly.)* Well shit. I guess the four I slipped her may have been too many.

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(They stare at each other for a beat and then erupt into laughter.)

SAM: Hey...has anyone seen Clovis? I went by his room, and he wasn't there.

EADDY: I didn't see him at breakfast this morning.

SAM: I haven't seen him since the pageant...I'm getting worried about him.

MAUDE: Oh...don't worry...I saw him about an hour ago...coming out of Beatrice's room.

*(Everyone freezes and their heads turn to **Beatrice.**)*

BEATRICE: What? Who? I have no idea what you are talking about.

*(**Clovis** enters very studly. He is wearing boxer shorts, a tank top, dark socks with garters and Beatrice's very distinctive feather trimmed robe. He has lipstick prints all over his face. Everyone's head turns to **Clovis.**)*

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CLOVIS: *(In a deep voice.)* Hey there sexy mama...did ya miss me?

*(Everyone's head turns back to **Beatrice**, mouths agape.)*

EADDY: Wait...I don't wanna get into your personal business...but...did you...and you...uh –

MAUDE: I thought you said he was a nerd Beatrice –

IMOGENE: - and all the stuff about your reputation?

SAM: Atta-boy Clovis...I knew you could do it.

BEATRICE: OK...FINE! Not that it's anyone's business...but Clovis came over last night for a little VISIT...it had been a while for me...okay?

CLOVIS: I was hoping I'd find you, babe. I'm ready for *(Air quotes.)* “round two”...if ya know what I mean.

(He points his “gun finger” and makes the chick, chick sound and then turns to exit.)

CLOVIS: I’ll be waiting for you baby doll.

*(He pops **Beatrice** on the behind and cockily exits stage right)*

BEATRICE: *(Giggling like a schoolgirl.)* O-o-o-o-k-a-a-a-a-y-y-y –

SAM: Well...it looks like my work here is done.

IMOGENE: Good...a “round two” sounds good to me too.

*(**Sam** and **Imogene** turn to leave.)*

MAUDE: Imogene...before you go, could I just hold my...I mean...YOUR crown for old time’s sake?

IMOGENE: Oh yeah, I wanted to talk to you about that Maude. I called Lurleen this morning...and was she ever in a hell of a mood...anyway...I told her that I really didn’t care anything about this stupid pageant...I

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didn't want to be in it in the first place. So, I asked her if I could give the crown to someone else.

(Maude is shocked at the very idea.)

MAUDE: *(Gasps.)* WHAT?

EADDY: Well, if you're giving it away...I think it should be to Beatrice...right? After all...she was the first runner up.

BEATRICE: Are you kidding? I don't want it. Don't even think about it.

IMOGENE: Lurleen said she didn't give a BLANKETY BLANK who the BLANKETY BLANK, BLANK that I gave it to...so...I decided to give it back to you Maude...because I know how much it means to you. So, here ya go crazy pants...it's all yours.

MAUDE: OOOOOOOOOO! Thank you, thank you, thank you...and uh...if you don't mind, I'll just go ahead and take the sash too!

(Maude snatches the crown and kisses it...then puts it on her head.

MAUDE: Welcome back old friend.

(Imogene helps Maude put on the sash. Maude begins to smile and wave.)

BEATRICE: WAIT...wait just a blankety blank minute...are you saying that we all went through this ridiculous pageant...and poor Eaddy made a big ole fool out of herself for nothing.

EADDY: A fool?

(Maude smiles and waves as she does a step, step, pivot, turn.)

MAUDE: Don't be jealous, Beatrice. Remember, we can't all be queen...someone has to clap, as I walk by. *(She sings.)* HERE SHE IS MISS MAGNOLIA SENIOR CITIZEN...LOOK AT ME...DON'T I LOOK FINE!

(Maude grabs flowers from a vase on the table and grandly waves as she exits stage left.)

BEATRICE: *(Fuming.)* I'm not sure who it's going to be...but someone, has to die now.

SAM: And on that note...I think my beautiful bride and I will be off.

(Sam and Imogene start to exit stage left.)

IMOGENE: Oh Sam. Isn't he a hunk?

SAM: *(Singing.)* I'M JUST A HUNK, A HUNK OF BURININ'-

(Sam and Imogene exit.)

BEATRICE: Hey...I'm going over to the YMCA. I'm gonna start a topless water aerobics class. Wanna come?

EADDY: I thought you were banned from the YMCA?

BEATRICE: They're just a bunch of old fuddy duddies...they can't stand it when I wear my hot pink thong bikini.

EADDY: Beatrice...they don't care if you wear a thong...they just asked you to stop wearing it backwards.

BEATRICE: *(Grumpy.)* Eaddy?

EADDY: What?

BEATRICE: You really need to see a doctor about getting that stick removed from your butt!

EADDY: RUDE!

BEATRICE: PRUDE!

EADDY: WITCH!

BEATRICE: BITCH!

(They glare at one another for a second and then smile and embrace.)

EADDY: I love ya you old Jezebel.

BEATRICE: I love YOU ya old Bible thumper.

(They turn to exit left, and their voices fade.)

EADDY: So...wanna enter the pageant next year?

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BEATRICE: Oh yeah...sure...right after we all go ice skating in hell!

(Blackout.)

THE END

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