

SIDE 3

MICHAEL: Alright alright....don't overthink it, Mike. Just a few hours 'till this'll all be crumbs and cheesy goop stuck to crumpled aluminum.

MAMA: **(yelling from downstairs)** MIKE! Everythings' alright in there?

MICHAEL: Yeah yeah, Ma, I can reheat a tin of green beans and flatten out clumps of cheesy macaroni with a spoon!  
*Thank you!*

MAMA: Don't get smart on me now.

GRANNY MOLINÉ: Ha! You hear that edge...you better not test your luck, boy.

BO: Mmmm-Hhmmm.

**[the sound of guitar twangs as UNCLE BO runs his fingers across a guitar wedged between his legs and the rocking chair he's slumped in]**

MICHAEL: Ma! The chicken still cookin' down there?

MAMA: Ye, I told you just wait! Just as impatient as the day you were born, boy...If you need something else ask Jez, she's nothing like me but got enough sense to order you around still I'm sure.

(Pause as MICHAEL continues to work busily, washing dishes. He hums a little of "Car Wash by Rose Royce". BO lazily strums along on his guitar. UNCLE BO sings along with him a little.)

BO: (slaps his hand down across the strings, suddenly stopping it) Heh.

MICHAEL: What?

BO: You're not bad with a little tune. Got it from your Pa, that's for sure. Hm. He's never had time to teach you though, has he?

MICHAEL: (a little sheepishly) Haha, you think? He's had plenty to try, at least. Well, thanks, Unc, but it isn't like I'm some sort of Hendrix or nothing.

BO: Don't have to be.

MICHAEL: (with a sudden rise in confidence) Yeah, one of the girls in my Lit class said I had a nice voice yesterday. Yeah, and she's a looker too! Ha, I bet you two would agree that my skills are mighty impressive!

BO: Right, right! Don't do too much now.

MICHAEL: Okay...Okay!

[Pause]

BO: **(sniff, sniff)** Boy don't tell me those green beans are burning!

MAMA: **(clods up the stairs)** MIKE! Damn, I can't leave you alone for even a minute!

MICHEAL: Don't blame me! There was a little distraction...!

**(glares over at UNCLE BO accusingly)**

BO: Heh, same old little Mikey.

**[Hurriedly, JEZEBEL enters.]**

JEZEBEL: Mike, you burn one of the tins or did Granny finally get tired of all our jokes about her dentures and decide to burn the whole house down as revenge?

GRANNY MOLINE: The former for now, but you'll have to wait an' see about that last part.