

IT'S COLD IN THEM THAR HILLS

by Le Roma Greth



CHRISTIAN PUBLISHERS

Copyright Notice

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Christian Publishers. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Christian Publishers. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Christian Publishers. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Christian Publishers.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Christian Publishers.***

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Christian Publishers.

IT'S COLD IN THEM THAR HILLS

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

By Le Roma Greth

IT'S COLD IN THEM THAR HILLS

By Le Roma Greth

SYNOPSIS: Pa and Ma decide they've got to get a husband for their unmarried nineteen year-old daughter, Snoddy. However, Snoddy is quite homely, dirty, and prefers her pet hog, Hubert, to any man. She finally meets a boy to whom she takes a fancy, Bill Vandemere, who is touring the Southern hills with his widowed mother. Pa gets out his gun (or fly swatter) with plans of intimidating the young fellow into marriage, but Snoddy refuses to marry a boy who has to be hunted like a bear so Pa somehow persuades Bill and his mother to stay at their cabin overnight. That gives him eight hours to try to talk Bill into marrying Snoddy. His efforts in that direction and the bang-up wedding at the end of the play add up to an evening of uproarious fun!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(8 females, 4 males)

- PA (m).....Pa appreciates a good nap. His hair is graying. He wears pants held up by gaudy suspenders and, if possible, red flannel underwear over which is no shirt. *(96 lines)*
- MA (f).....A slow-moving, tired old woman who somehow gets things done. She wears a long wash dress and flowered apron. Her gray hair is unattractively pulled straight back and wrapped in a bun. She wears old shoes. *(30 lines)*
- SNODDY (f).....Their oldest daughter, nineteen and not at all pretty. Her hair is untidy to the point where it looks as if it's never been combed. She wears a dingy wash dress, belt-less. She is barefoot. *(41 lines)*

- PRISSY LOU (f).....Neat and pretty seventeen-year old. She wears a wash dress, clean and tied with a belt. Her shoes are old. Her main joy in life is reading. *(26 lines)*
- MANDY (f)A very happy sixteen-year old. She wears a wash dress like her sisters and no shoes. *(5 lines)*
- BECKY MAE (f)Fifteen and sweet. She also wears a wash dress. *(9 lines)*
- SARRAY (f)Fourteen-year old; lazy and indolent. She is dressed like the others. *(18 lines)*
- NEELIE ANN (f)The youngest. She would be a brat if she had the ambition. Wash dress, no shoes. *(4 lines)*
- ZEKE (m).....A boy of the hills, bashful and awkward. He wears pants that are too short for him, a plaid shirt, no shoes, and a heavy scarf around his neck. *(12 lines)*
- BILL VANDEMERE (m).....A good-looking city boy who knows how to dress. *(34 lines)*
- MRS. VANDEMERE (f)Bill's elegant mother, clad in a coat, suit, hat, etc. She is haughty and dignified. *(16 lines)*
- PREACHER (m).....A preacher of the hills. He speaks better than the others. He wears shoes and a conventional, dark suit. *(9 lines)*

SETTING: The “parlor” of a mountain cabin.

TIME: Afternoon in late spring. The present.

STAGE PROPERTIES

- ☐ Wooden bench, right center
- ☐ Table/chairs, left center
- ☐ Table cloth, on table
- ☐ Two occasional chairs

PROPS

- ☐ Book (Prissy Lou)
- ☐ Green leaves, cooking pot (Sarray)
- ☐ Wood or twigs (Ma/Becky Mae)
- ☐ Flower (Mandy)
- ☐ Shotgun (Pa)
- ☐ Apple (Zeke)
- ☐ Cracked basin (Becky Mae)
- ☐ Pie (Sarray)
- ☐ Small bouquet of real or artificial flowers (Sarray/Becky Mae)
- ☐ Piece of curtain (Snoddy)
- ☐ Slip of paper (Pa)

SETTING:

The curtain rises to reveal the "parlor" of a mountain cabin. It is an uncomfortable room, lacking the refinements of civilization. At right center is a bare wooden bench. Behind it, in the wall right, is a door leading to the rest of the cabin. Up right is an occasional chair; another is up left. Directly up center is a door leading outside into a weed-choked yard. At left center is a table covered with a torn checkered table cloth. On the table is a tin can containing a few wilted flowers. Three chairs are scattered around the table. A window is in the wall left.

AT RISE:

PA is discovered stretched out on the bench right, snoring loudly. PRISSY LOU is seated at the table, left, reading a book. NEELIE ANN and SARRAY are seated on the floor, center, with a pile of green leaves between them. They are picking over the leaves very slowly and throwing them into a battered cook pot. MA enters through door up center with BECKY MAE right behind her. They both are carrying an armload of wood. MA pauses, contemplating PA. She abruptly drops her wood and goes to the bench, shoves him, then returns and picks up the wood and exits with BECKY MAE through the door right. The others ignore them.

PA: *(Picking himself off the floor and rubbing his back.)* Thet woman can't bear t' see nobody rest no more! Now whut d' ya suppose she wants?

SARRAY: She's been actin' weird lately, Pa. Can't figure her out!

NEELIE ANN: I wisht we was finished picking over this dandelion! We got most enough fer supper anyhow. Ma was mighty mean t' make us young'ums do hit.

SARRAY: Almost froze gettin' hit too! Hit's been mighty cold this hyar spring. Almost wisht I had shoes.

PA: Ya kin take turns with Prissy Lou wearin 'em effen ya want to. *(Sinking down on the bench again.)* Hit ain't fittin' fer nobody t' do as mech work as Ma wants done these days.

Enter MANDY through the door up center. She has an utterly silly expression on her face. She holds a small flower at arm's length.

PA: Now whut in 'tarnation's got into you, Mandy?

MANDY: (*In a happy daze.*) He picked thet flower fer me, Pa! An' he put it in my hand hisself!

NEELIE ANN: So whut?

MANDY: (*Haughtily.*) You wouldn't understand, Neelie Ann! You're just a young'un (*Running to table left.*) Prissy Lou! Press my flower in yer book so's I kin keep it always to remind me of – HIM!

PA: (*To SARRAY.*) Who's him?

SARRAY: Young Jod Hinklebelter down the road. Mandy's got a case on him, I reckon.

PRISSY LOU: (*To MANDY.*) No! Ya cain't use my book theta way! It ain't fittin' t' use books theta way!

MANDY: (*Glaring.*) Oh you and yer old books! I'm agonna tell Ma yer readin' agin an' –

PA: Now, looky here! Don't you two go scrappin'! I'd as soon raise a pack of onrey polecats as a tribe of female young 'uns!

Enter MA through door right.

MA: Git! All of you! You young'uns is gonna make the supper.

SARRAY: But Ma –

MA: Git! Afore I takes down thet shootin' iron!

Exit SARRAY and NEELIE ANN with their greens and cook pot.

MANDY and PRISSY LOU, with book and flower, follow them through door right.

PA: (*Whining.*) I reckon ya got somethin' fer me t' do too, Ma?

MA: Nope.

PA: Then why'd ya wake me up?

MA: I been hankerin' t' have a talk with ya, Pa. I reckon ya noticed I ain't been myself. I'm worried!

PA: Ya been as onrey as a new colt in spring, Ma. We kin talk sittin' down, I suppose?

MA: (*Wearily settles into chair at table, left.*) Pa, Mandy's sweet on John Hinklebelter.

PA: Reckon.

MA: He aims t' marry up with her.

PA: Wal, we won't have t' feed 'er then. She's sixteen – plenty old enough t' git hitched.

MA: I ain't agonna have hit!

PA: (*Surprised.*) Ya out of yer head, woman?

MA: If Mandy was t' git married afore Prissy Lou an' Snoddy, they'd never have a chance. They be older than she is!

PA: (*Worried.*) Effen they wasn't t' git hitched, we'd have t' support 'em fer the rest of our born days!

MA: Keerect!

PA: All the boys hereabouts is sweet on Prissy Lou. The only trouble is – she's taken so much to this confounded book larnin'!

MA: We got to start at the beginning, Pa, an' git the oldest one hitched first.

PA: (*Groaning.*) Snoddy?

MA: Yep! It's yer duty as a Pa t' git a husband fer Snoddy! She be gittin' up in years, Pa. She's nineteen!

PA: Thet old already? Why, she's almost an old maid!

MA: (*Rising.*) Ya don't have t' do no work, Pa, all ya have t' do fer a spell is think about gittin' Snoddy hitched.

PA: (*With panic.*) But who'd want t' hitch up with Snoddy? I'd as soon hitch up with Old Man Dougle's black-haired mule!

Enter SNODDY, very, very dirty through the door up center.

SNODDY: (*In her usual whine.*) Wuz anybuddy mentionin' my name?

PA: (*Winced and turning away.*) Reckon we wuz.

MA: (*Surveying SNODDY.*) Looks kinda hopeless, don't it, Pa?

PA: Kinda.

MA: Wal, do the best ya kin.

MA shuffles slowly through the door right.

PA: Snoddy, how come ya got so dirty?

SNODDY: Been playing with my pet hog, Hubert.

PA: In the pigpen?

SNODDY: Sure. Whar else would I play with him?

PA: Wal –

SNODDY: I could bring him in hyar. Hit be cold out thar in the hog pen – but Ma don't like it effen he comes in. (*Giggles.*) Reckon Hubert don't like it neither. He don't rightly hold with you folks. Likes me, though! Reckon he thinks I'm another hog!

PA: Smart pig!

Enter ZEKE through the door up center. He stands there bashfully looking at the floor, his hands clasped behind him and twiddling his toes.

SNODDY: Hit be Zeke!

ZEKE: Duh—

PA: Ya look cold, Zeke. Shouldn't be with thet nice scarf on!

ZEKE: Duh—

PA: Effen yer lookin' fer Prissy Lou, an' I reckon ya are, she be in t'other room.

ZEKE: Duh—

Exit ZEKE through the door right.

SNODDY: Ain't he purty? Why does he hafta be hankerin' after Prissy Lou 'stead o' me?

PA: Wal – thet's just one o' them things.

SNODDY: He don't never say a word. Jest follows Prissy Lou around like an' old hound dog.

PA: Bashful type.

SNODDY: Reckon.

PA: Snoddy, be ya hankerin' t' git yerself a husband?

SNODDY: Shore!

PA: *(Sighing.)* Wal, yer Ma sez I got t' git ya one. Pick one out.

SNODDY: *(Near window left.)* Kin I pick any one?

PA: Shore thing.

SNODDY: *(Pointing out the window.)* I want him!

PA: Jest a minute! *(He dashes off stage right, returns a second later with his gun and joins SNODDY at the window.)* Now then – which one?

SNODDY: *(Pointing again.)* Thet purty dude in them fancy clothes!

PA: *(Pointing gun out window.)* I'll wing him jest enough t' bring 'im down. Then we'll go out an' collect 'im. Ought t' be as good as new purty soon.

SNODDY: *(Grabbing hold of the gun.)* Be ya out of yer head, Pa?

PA: Hit be the only way t' git a husband fer ya, Snoddy!

SNODDY: *(Determinedly.)* Nope! I want one fair an' square!

PA: Fair an' square?

SNODDY: Yep. We kin trick him into marryin' me any way a'tall, but I ain't agonna marry up with nobody that's got t' be shot t' make 'im do hit!

PA: (*Laying gun on table.*) But nobody in his right mind would –

SNODDY: Would whut, Pa?

PA: Never mind.

SNODDY: (*Grasping his arm.*) Git thet dude fer me, Pa! Please! I tuck a shine t' him!

Knock on door up center.

MA: (*Appearing at door right.*) Be somebody at the door?

PA: Effen they ain't, we got termites agin. (*He goes to door up center and opens it to reveal BILL and MRS. VANDEMERE.*) Howdy!

SNODDY: It's him! It's the dude! An' he's come t' our door!

MA: Hesh, Snoddy!

BILL: Pardon us, sir, but we are lost. My mother and I had located a lovely tourist cabin on the map, but, well, we can't seem to find it. I was wondering if you could help us.

PA: This is a tourist cabin!

MRS. VANDEMERE: You must be jesting!

PA: Naw. Come in! Come in!

MRS. VANDEMERE: (*To BILL.*) Come, William. I think we better get back to the car. I wouldn't stay in an – er, establishment like this!

BILL: But, Mother, we've got to spend the night someplace. It's getting very late and –

PA: Right you are, son! An' thet ain't all! See them clouds over yonder mountain? Rain clouds they be. Last time it rained hereabouts, that thar road wuz washed clean off the mountain! Some city slickers was a-drivin' on hit thet time an' nobody never heerd tell of 'em fer two months. Then we found out they wuz washed clean out t' the Atlantic Ocean an' wuz picked up by a fishin' boat!

MRS. VANDEMERE: What a fantastic story! Come, William.

SNODDY: (*Grabbing PA's arm.*) You cain't let him git away, Pa!

PA: (*Quickly.*) That ain't all. Drivin' in these hills at night kin be dangerous. Thar's bears an' wild cats an' –

Meanwhile, the other girls have gathered at the door right with MA and are staring curiously at the newcomers. PRISSY LOU comes forward.

PRISSY LOU: Whut's got into ya, Pa? Tellin' such wild tales! Ain't been no wild cats huarabouts fer nigh unto two years! (*To the VANDEMERE.*) But thar is danger. The Hawkenshaw boys down yonder in the valley don't take none t' strangers. You wouldn't be the first tourists what got stopped on the road at night. Mrs. Hawkenshaw dresses real purty always from sech goings-on. Sometimes I think she puts the boys up to hit!

MRS. VANDEMERE: Oh, dear! I wish we'd never decided to take this trip! If only your father were still alive, William!

BILL: If you'll take my advice, Mother, you'll stay here for the night. Tomorrow we'll head for the main highway and stay on it hereafter!

MRS. VANDEMERE: Well, I guess we'll have to—

PA: Come in! Come in!

They enter and stand uncertainly upstage looking about. ZEKE enters door right and stares. He is loudly munching on an apple.

MA: I'll fix up the bed real purty fer ya.

MRS. VANDEMERE: Oh, driving makes one so tired and dusty! I'd like to wash up if you don't mind.

NEELIE ANN: Why? It ain't Saturday.

MA: Hesh up, Neelie Ann! City folks does things different!

BECKY MAE rushes offstage right.

SNODDY: (*Sliding toward BILL.*) My name's Snoddy.

BILL: Really? Quite distinctive, I should say.

SNODDY: Huh?

BILL: That means, well, it means it's a nice name.

PRISSY LOU: He's making fun of you, Snoddy! Don't listen to him.

BILL: Oh, I say—

Enter BECKY MAE through door right with a cracked basin. She rushes eagerly to MRS. VANDEMERE and shoves it into her hand.

MRS. VANDEMERE: Oh! What's that?

BECKY MAE: Ya said ya had a hankerin' t' wash. Thet's the basin!

MRS. VANDEMERE: You mean – (*Dismayed.*) you don't have a bathroom!

BECKY MAE: We got a pump out on the porch – an' ya'll find some of Ma's soap on the bench. It's so strong it almost takes yer hide off, but it sure makes the dirt go.

SARRAY: Becky Mae! I had the dandelion fer supper soakin' in the washbasin!

BECKY MAE: I jest dumped it out fer a spell, Sarray. Ya kin put it back when the lady's finished washin'.

MRS. VANDEMERE: (*Dropping the basin on the floor.*) Ohhh – I think I'm going to faint!

BILL: (*Supporting her.*) Steady, Mother!

MRS. VANDEMERE: Show me to my room! I'll lie down for awhile.

MA: Take 'er upstairs, Pa! Supper'll be ready soon, ma'am! Ya like sow's belly an' black bean soup, ma'am?

MRS. VANDEMERE: Ohhh!

BILL: Can you walk, Mother?

PA: She looks poorly. (*He abruptly picks her up bodily and heads for the door right.*) Reckon we oughta git old Doc Sniffenguth over?

MRS. VANDEMERE: Ohh! Put me down!

He strides offstage right with her. NEELIE ANN, MANDY, BECKY MAE, with basin, SARRAY and SNODDY follow curiously. ZEKE remains behind.

MA: (*Hurrying after them.*) We got company, girls! Git out the pickled pig's feet! Mandy, run over an' borry some o' thet good, smelly cheese from Mrs. Knauderstein! Sarray – (*Exit MA through door right.*)

BILL: Look – what's your name?

PRISSY LOU: Prissy Lou.

BILL: I'm William Vandemere – Bill for short. I wasn't trying to make fun of your sister – really, I wasn't.

PRISSY LOU: (*Looking down at her feet.*) I guess I really knowed you wasn't. I – It's jest thet – well, I reckon I'm ashamed an' then it makes me kinda mean.

BILL: What are you ashamed of?

PRISSY LOU: (*Waving her hand.*) This. And us – the way we live.

BILL: You can't help that you're poor, Prissy Lou, any more than I can help that I'm rich.

PRISSY LOU: Hit be more then jest bein' poorly. I read in them books I got from the schoolmarm – other places poor folks is at least – clean.

She hides her face and runs out door right.

BILL: Hey! Wait! Prissy Lou!

SNODDY enters through door right.

SNODDY: Howdy!

BILL: Uh – Hello.

SNODDY: (*Advancing and taking his arm.*) Pa sez t' entertain ya. He an' Ma is fixin' the bedroom so's yer Ma'll sleep thar. Them sheets was only on fer a week, but she made 'em change 'em.

BILL: (*Grinning.*) I wonder why.

SNODDY: I don't rightly know. Would ya like t' see my hog?

BILL: I beg your pardon?

SNODDY: I got a pet hog – Hubert.

BILL: (*Hastily.*) Uh – Well, maybe I can see him later. Excuse me.

He hurries out door right, almost colliding with PA, who enters.

PA: Any luck, Snoddy?

SNODDY: (*Dejected.*) Naw . . .

PA: Tell you what – (*Seeing ZEKE.*) Ain't ya soon goin' home, Zeke?

ZEKE: Duh –

PA: Prissy Lou ain't got time fer ya now anyhow. Ya kin come back later.

ZEKE: Duh –

PA: (*Turning his arm and hurrying him toward the door up center.*) Been nice havin' ya, Zeke. Hurry back.

ZEKE: Duh –

Exit ZEKE through door up center.

PA: As I wuz sayin' . . . the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Did I ever tell ya how I come t' marry up wif yer Ma, Snoddy?

SNODDY: Nope.

PA: She baked a sour cherry pie fer me. The minute I ate ther pie, I knowed she was the woman fer me.

SNODDY: So thet's how hit's done!

PA: Yep. You bake a pie fer him.

SNODDY: No wonder I ain't got hitched! I cain't cook! An' we only got till tomorrow morning, Pa! I cain't larn t' bake so quick! I wuz always too busy with the hogs t' larn. Liked 'em better.

PA: Prissy Lou kin bake good – she's got a peach pie out thar now! (*Bellying.*) SARRAY! BRING THE PEACH PIE IN HYAR! We'll let him think it's yours.

SNODDY: Ain't thet dishonest?

PA: Ya want 'im, don't ya, Snoddy?

SNODDY: Shore.

Enter SARRAY with peach pie through the door right.

SARRAY: What's up, Pa? Gittin' hungry?

PA: (*Taking pie.*) Shet yer tater trap, Sarray. If ennybuddy asks, Snoddy baked this pie.

SARRAY: But, Pa –

PA: Snoddy baked it, er do I take ya out to the woodshed, Sarray?

SARRAY: (*Quickly.*) Snoddy baked hit.

PA: (*Bellying.*) HEY! YOUNG FELLER!

Enter BILL through the door right.

BILL: Were you calling me?

PA: Yep. Git, Sarray.

SARRAY: I'm gittin'! (*Exit through door right.*)

PA: Uh, Snoddy has got somethin' fer ya. She wanted me t' give it t' ya 'cause she's too shy herself, Snoddy's a very shy gal.

BILL: Uh – yes. Anybody can see that.

PA: (*Handing him the pie.*) Here hit be. She jest baked it.

BILL: Before or after she fed the hogs?

PA: Oh, before, o' course!

BILL: (*Smelling it.*) Ummm – it smells delicious! I'll bet it tastes good, too. Thank you, Snoddy.

SNODDY: (*Giggling.*) I jest love t' bake!

BILL: Fine. You ought to make a good wife someday.

PA: Yer right, son, dead right!

PRISSY LOU: (*Seeing the pie.*) Why, what are you doing with my pie?

PA: Uh, Prissy Lou –

PRISSY LOU: Ma's going to be mad! She told me t' bake it fer supper!

PA: (*Hastily.*) This hain't the pie you baked, Prissy Lou! Snoddy baked this hyar pie fer Mr. Vandemere.

PRISSY LOU: Why, Snoddy cain't bake!

BILL: (*Placing pie on table, left.*) Well, I'm sure it'll be a good pie for – supper. Show me the springhouse, Prissy Lou! You promised.

PRISSY LOU: Sure. . . that's where I do a lot of readin'. It's so purty with ferns an' moss . . .

Exit BILL and PRISSY LOU through door up center.

PA: Wal, thet's thet.

SNODDY: Prissy Lou didn't mean t' do hit, Pa.

PA: I know – but now he knows ya cain't cook, Snoddy. Whut air we going t' do now? (*Suddenly snapping his fingers.*) He might go fer a purty gal! If we wuz t' fix ya up wif new-fangled lip rouge an' curl yer hair with an iron an' . . . (*Looking over her.*) Nope, it ain't no use . . . you'd still look like Snoddy!

SNODDY: (*Wailing.*) Oh, Pa! I'll never git no man!

PA: Sure, ya will! All we got to do is git an idea . . . I got it!

SNODDY: Whut Pa?

PA: (*Yelling.*) Ma! Neelie Ann! Sarray! Mandy! Becky Mae!

They all enter excitedly through door right.

MA: Whut's up, Pa?

SARRAY: Did thet old skonk crawl down the fireplace agin?

PA: Nope! Snoddy's a-gittin married! Mandy! You run fer Reverend Obediah Hinnerhalter! Neelie Ann, you set up a weddin' feast in the kitchen.

MANDY heads for door up center.

PA: Mandy, don't stop t' talk t' Jod Hinklefelter neither.

MANDY: I won't, Pa!

Exit MANDY up center.

PA: Sarray, Becky Mae, you git some flowers effen ya kin find some!
We gotta git the cabin lookin' fit fer a weddin'!

MA: But who's she gonna marry, Pa?

PA: Shet yer tater trap, Ma. I'm a-handlin' this! Git, young uns!

*SARRAY and BECKY MAE scurry out through door up center.
NEELIE ANN rushes out through door right.*

MA: Snoddy, go wash yerself!

SNODDY: *(Whining.)* Whut fer, Ma?

MA: Effen yer gittin' married ya gotta have a clean face. *(Taking
SNODDY by the ear.)* Out to the pump!

SNODDY: Aw, Ma!

*Exit MA and SNODDY through door up center. ZEKE enters as they
exit. He looks after them in surprise.*

PA: Snoddy's a-gittin' married, Zeke.

ZEKE: Duh –

PA: Reckon Prissy Lou'll be next.

ZEKE: Duh?

NEELIE ANN peeps through door right.

NEELIE ANN: Reckon the sow's belly an' black bean soup'll be
enough fer the wedding, Pa?

PA: Shure. Put water in the soup.

*Enter SARRAY and BECKY MAE through the door up center. They
are carrying large sprays of flowers.*

SARRAY: It's been cold this year. We couldn't find much.

BECKY MAE: It'll make the place purtier anyhow.

*SARRAY and BECKY MAE putter around the room, straightening
furniture and arranging the flowers. SNODDY and MA enter up
center. SNODDY's face is clean. She has a piece of thin curtain tied
over her head, veil fashion.*



Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:

IT'S COLD IN THEM THAR HILLS

by Le Roma Greth.

*For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script,
please contact us at:*

CHRISTIAN PUBLISHERS LLC
P.O. Box 248 - Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406
Toll Free: 844-841-6387 - Fax 319-368-8011
customerservice@christianpub.com