

**LU ANN HAMPTON  
LAVERTY OBERLANDER**

**Corky: Well, here we are.**

**Lu Ann: Looks like.**

**Corky: Want me to play the jukebox?**

**Lu Ann: Naw, sometimes them damn twangy guitars git into my nose.**

**Corky: Yeah, well. How come the white uniform-you a nurse or somethin'?**

**Lu Ann: Nurse? Hell no, ah'm a beauty technician.**

**Corky: No kiddin'.**

**Lu Ann: That's right. Ah got me a diploma from the Sanford School of Beauty Culture over there in San Angelo.**

**Corky: Well now, that's real fine.**

**Lu Ann: Shore is. Ah went to night school, took me twelve whole months.**

**Corky: Twelve months?**

**Lu Ann: That's right. I probably coulda finished a whole lot sooner if it were'nt for that worthless Dale Laverty.**

**Corky: Your husband?**

**Lu Ann: Mah ex-husband. Ah'm divorced.**

**Corky: Ah see.**

**Lu Ann: You married?**

**Corky: Ah was once.**

**Lu Ann: What happened?**

**Corky: Oh, ah don't know, Peggy Sue and ah jest never seemed to git along. Seemed like ever' time ah was fixin' to move in, she was fixin' to move out. Never could git it together.**

**Lu Ann: Boy, ah sure know what you mean there, buddy. With me and Dale it was trucks and trailer houses. You ever live in a goddamn trailer house?**

**Corky: Nope.**

**Lu Ann: Boy, you ain't missed nuthin'. Cramped, miserable little old tin-boxie outfits- burn up all summer-freeze off all winter. No room to do a damn thang in. Dale would blow a fart, and my eyes would water for three days!**

**Corky: Sounds like a helluva home life.**

**Lu Ann: Yeah, well.....**

**Corky: Ever git the itch to go on any moonlight truck rides?**

**Lu Ann: Long or short haul.**

**Corky: Either way you want it.**

**Lu Ann: No, thanks. From now on, ah go by automobile or not at all.**

**Corky: You're an automobile goer, are ya?**

**Lu Ann: Sometimes. What kinda car you got?**

**Corky: Chivy.**

**Lu Ann: What year?**

**Corky: Bran-new Impala.**

**Lu Ann: Good model.....Hey, you remember them step-down Hudson Hornets.**

**Corky: Shore do.**

**Lu Ann: There was a helluva car. The fella ah went with in high**

**school had one of them. Boy, we went ever'where in that thang. Step down, and saddle up.**

**Corky: Lotsa leg room, huh?**

**Lu Ann: It was a damn good car.**

**Corky: Yeah....yeah...**

**Lu Ann: Red say's your an inspector. What do you inspect?**

**Corky: Dirt.**

**Lu Ann: What kinda dirt?**

**Corky: The kinda dirt they put on the highway affore they shoot asphalt all over it.**

**Lu Ann: Uh-huh.....What else?**

**Corky: What else what?**

**Lu Ann: What else you do?**

**Corky: That's it.**

**Lu Ann: Jest go 'round lookin at dirt?**

**Corky: What's wrong with that?**

**Lu Ann: Well, ah don't know, jest seems kindly piddlin'.**

**Corky: What do you mean, piddlin'? It's a damned important job.**

**Lu Ann: What's so damned important about lookin' at dirt?**

**Corky: If the grade of fill underneathe the asphalt isn't right, you get holes in the highway, that's what's so damned important about lookin' at dirt.**

**Lu Ann: Well, you must be doin' a pretty piss-poor job. Ever' God-damned highway in this state is as holey as Billy Grahams mother-in-law.**

**Corky: Well, God-damn! What the hell do you know 'bout anythin'....God-damned Beauty Operator.**

**Lu Ann: Beauty Technician, you dumb, dirt-lookin', gourd head!**

**Corky: Dirt-lookin' gourd head! By God, woman, you can git plumb nasty sometimes.**

**Lu Ann: My mama once told me there's nuthin' nasty 'bout the truth.**

**Corky: Oh, yeah? Your mama ever say anything 'bout sittin'**

around beer bars pickin' up strangers?

**Lu Ann:** Pickin' up stangers?! Ah, am not the one walked in here said, " Why looky Red, who in the world is this pretty little thang?" Hell, that there line went out with the by-God zoot suit.

**Corky:** Yeah, well, ah guess ah jest ain't as up to date as the rest of your boyfriends in this dump.

**Lu Ann:** They ain't so bad. Git your nose outta the asphalt someday and maybe you'll learn something!

**Corky:** Aw, to hell with it! {he starts out}

**Lu Ann:** That's right! Go on and go!

**Corky:** I'm goin' alright. I'm goin' over to my place, take a shower, change clothes, crank up my old Chivy, and come over to your place and take you out to supper.

**Lu Ann:** You are?

**Corky:** Damn right? Where you live?

**Lu Ann:** 301 North Grand.

**Corky:** Seven okay?

**Lu Ann: Fine with me.**

**Corky: Good. Ah'll see you at seven. We'll go over to Bob springs.**

**Lu Ann: Suits me.**

**Corky: See you then. Oh, uh, wear somethin' pink, will ya?**

**Lu Ann: Pink? What the hell for?**

**Corky: Ah like pink, it's a nice color.**

**Lu Ann: Well, la-de-da. Lemme tell you somthin' pal, old Peggy Sue may have been a vision of loveliness in pink, but old Lu Ann here, in pink, looks like somethin' you'd buy at a carnival.**

**Corky: Oh well, hell with it. Wear what you want then.**

**Lu Ann: Thanks bunches.**

**Corky: Seven, right.**

**Lu Ann: Right.**