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*Never the Same Rhyme Twice*

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**More Great Plays Available**  
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**Cockfighters**  
**by Johnna Adams**

5 Males, 2 Females

**Synopsis:** COCKFIGHTERS takes place in a lonely West Texas town where vengeance and violence come more naturally to the Fowler family than to the gamecocks they fight.

**Judy Gray**  
**by Julianne Homokay**

8 Females, 2 Males

**Synopsis:** Judy wants to fly. Judy has wanted to fly as long as she can remember. So, as a vengeful response to her well-meaning yet domineering father, Judy steals his golf clubs and builds her dream wings out of them. Adolescence soon interferes with her goal. Egged on by her Girls in Gray, the relentless inner voices that seek to drive teen-aged girls to destruction, Judy loses sight of herself and lets her attraction to her feather pusher, Birdman, lead her into addiction and promiscuity. In this sense, quirky Judy, with her thick glasses and command of geometry theorems, becomes an Everygirl who must figure out how to grow up in a household that refuses to allow her the room to grow.

# Never the Same Rhyme Twice

by Andy Bloch

*Also known as Rooster Mitchell*

All Female Cast of Characters:

*SAM...* 30's-40's

A single, strong woman. The leader of the group.

*JO...* 20's

Divorced, sweet, a kid. The spiritual, youngest one in the group.

*TOMMI...* 30's-40's

A married, neurotic woman. The drama queen of the bunch.

*CHARLIE...* 30's-40's

Divorced, crass, boisterous. No one holds a candle to her sexual experiences.

Setting:

PRESENT DAY. A REMOTE LOG CABIN NEAR BUFFALO, NEW YORK. A CHILLY OCTOBER EVENING.

A perfect night for a "friendly" game of poker.

\* This play is performed without an intermission \*

*Never the Same Rhyme Twice* was originally produced in Chicago, IL, April, 1996, at Angel Island, by the Mary Arrchie Theatre Company. It was produced and directed by Richard Cotovsky. The cast was as follows:

Dado.....Sam  
Rebecca Behrman.....Jo  
Ivana Bevacqua.....Tommi  
Ellie Weingardt.....Charlie

*(LIGHTS UP: Inside a remote log cabin near Buffalo, New York. Wilderness, with the female touch... A LIVING ROOM (stage right) DINING AREA (stage left), and a SMALL KITCHEN (downstage center) -- [THE KITCHEN is visible over a thin wide counter].*

*There's a large picture window far stage right. From that view, we can barely see a few trees through the darkness. Next to the window is a mirror -- below it is a wood bureau -- and next to that is the front door... Leading to a wood foyer covered by an old throw rug.*

*The living room area features two tall lamps on either side of a couch. There's also a wood chair and a wood coffee table as well as a stereo and a wet bar. The dining room area has a dining room table and four chairs. On that table, we see playing cards and ash trays; a pen and scrap paper.*

*A game's about to begin.*

*Far stage right is a bathroom door. A few paintings here and there. The place is somewhat clean.*

*Sam comes out of the bathroom, smoking a cigarette. She wipes her hands on her pants, moves through toward the front door, humming; stops, stares at her reflection in the mirror; licks her hand, runs it through her hair.)*

SAM: You're no good. You're penny-ante scum and you're goin' down... Who my talkin' to?...Who the fuck you think I'm talkin' to? You. 'Cause you're cheap and crooked. Cheap and crooked, penny-ante scum and you're goin' down. Hear me?... You're –

*(Just then: A KNOCK at the door. Sam crushes out the smoke, opens the door; Jo enters, moves in.)*

SAM: Hey, Jo.

JO: Heya Sam. What's the word?

*(Jo takes off her coat, throws it on the couch.)*

SAM: This and that.

JO: Nice hair.

SAM: Thanks. What took so long?

JO: The two T's: traffic and Tommi. She drives so slow I thought I was on a hay ride.

SAM: Where is she?

JO: Parking the car behind the cabin; thinks the IRS might spot it from the highway.

SAM: Take care of that thing for me?

JO: Yeah, I took care of it: gonna tell me why I fixed that?

SAM: Time will tell.

JO: It wasn't easy, doin' that.

SAM: I know it was a tough fix, but who better than you, right?

JO: By the by, be warned, Tommi's in a mood.

SAM: Tommi's always in a mood.

JO: I know. But this is really a mood. Pissin' and moanin' all the way over here.

SAM: What's the damage?

JO: Let Tommi tell you. It's her mishugas.

*(Sam and Jo exchange a look, then: Tommi enters, nervous. A bit of a pace.)*

TOMMI: Traffic. What a bitch.

JO: Find a spot okay?

TOMMI: Yeah. I think it's safe... What's the word, Sam?

*(Tommi throws her coat on top of Jo's.)*

SAM: This and that, Tommi. (*inquisitive*) So, uh, what's the word with you?

(*A beat. Tommi looks at Jo, then:*)

TOMMI: You told her.

SAM: Don't sweat 'er, Tommi. Those lips are tighter than a Catholic hooker's.

TOMMI: So you don't know then.

SAM: No. But I got three-to-one says I'm about to find out.

TOMMI: Me and Johnny got in a knock-down-drag-out last night.

SAM: That's the bite? A squabble with Johnny?

TOMMI: It's more than a squabble. He's got his balls in a wad about the thing.

SAM: The thing –

TOMMI: ...Atlantic City.

JO: The male dancer.

TOMMI: Knows about the horse.

JO: He got wind.

SAM: No. How?

TOMMI: How is right. How's the fucking jackpot. Someone musta squealed. Wasn't you, was it, Sam?

SAM: Me? Tell Johnny? Whataya thinking?

TOMMI: Someone talked. Where's Charlie? She must know something.

SAM: Late.

TOMMI: I can see that, genius. Where is she? Gotta take your fools' money, clear up this bullshit. Tension's so thick in my house I can't even find the living room.

JO: Tommi says Johnny was in rant like she's never seen.

SAM: You don't say.

TOMMI: He was throwin' China.

SAM: The new China?

JO: Used to be. *(to Sam)* Bathroom clean?

SAM: No.

*(Jo shrugs, moves into the bathroom, closes the door.)*

SAM: Wanna drink, Tommi?

TOMMI: Not just now. Boy oh boy. I am so fucked, Sam. How could this happen? *(she pulls out a cigar from her shirt pocket, lights it, takes a big puff.)* Dammit. I knew inviting the horse back to the room was a rookie move.

SAM: Looking back –

TOMMI: ...looking back, what? You were the wide-eyed hussy that talked me into it.

SAM: Oh. So it's my fault.

TOMMI: Partly.

SAM: Look, girl. You're the one that Fred-and-Gingered back to your hotel room –

TOMMI: ...as a goof –

SAM: ...right, as a goof. The whole thing was a laugh, a hoot, next thing you know –

TOMMI: ...I know how it ends thank you very much.

SAM: Right. With you and the horse doin' the twist.

TOMMI: I said I know how it ends, Sam.

SAM: Just sayin' –

TOMMI: ...always just sayin'. If I had a dime, blah, blah, blah...Christ. This whole thing stinks. *(beat)* Last year, no hubby, see? No sweat. Things are different now. I'm committed to Johnny. Sort of.

SAM: Sort of?

TOMMI: You know Johnny. He's got his flaws.

SAM: Flaws.

TOMMI: Yes. Certain things he has to learn about husbanding.

SAM: Like?

TOMMI: First and foremost being one; and not so much, how should I say, a checkpoint gestapo for me and what I do as a wife.

SAM: Hm.

TOMMI: Plus, he's cheap; guy wouldn't leave a tip at a circumcision. You saw the ring he gave me. *(indicating her wedding ring)* Forget glass, you couldn't cut cake with this thing. All the cash he has, you'd expect a whisper more than a cereal box accessory.

*(Jo steps out of the bathroom.)*

JO: Bathroom's fine, Sam.

SAM: Huh?

JO: You said it wasn't clean. It's fine.

SAM: Thanks for the bulletin.

TOMMI: So what do I do?

SAM: What can you do?

TOMMI: Deny it, hope it goes away... Fucking believe this sitch? One time in my life I'm not faithful and it hits me square between the eyes.

SAM: Life's unfair.

JO: Not necessarily. We, at least in this life-form, have limitless energy... enables us to create our own universe –

TOMMI: (*disregarding Jo*)...ye-right -- (*to Sam*) ...and it's not the horse, personally, don't get me wrong. He was a sport, a trooper, a mighty hooper to boot. Unfortunately there's no one to blame but us.

JO: What do you mean... us?

SAM: She means me.

TOMMI: No. I mean all of us. Us as in... you guys talkin' me into it, and somebody, not sayin' who, with the magic fingers and the dirty mouth that called Johnny and ratted me out. Boy that's raw; bottom-of-the-barrel low.

SAM: You know what's even lower? Accusing your friends –

TOMMI: ...what am I supposed to think, Sam? Who knew but the four of us -- the five of us, if you count the horse. This is very serious. I got responsibilities. Johnny and I were talkin' about a kid next year –

SAM: ...you were?

TOMMI: Yes. It came up in passing. Now my life is fucked and I gotta climb outta this dunghole. Bring that shit with you into the bedroom? It's no good. It's a wall; either it comes down... or it doesn't.

JO: All 'cause you ran out on him. Once.

TOMMI: That's right. Once. Where's the mother-lovin' justice? (*Tommi sits. So does Jo. Sam sits, picks up the deck of cards, starts to shuffle.*) This whole fuck-up. I swear, it couldn't've come at a worse time.

SAM: How's that?

TOMMI: My performance as a wife is lacking, so he says. Believe that? I'm the one failing.

SAM: Oh, he says.

TOMMI: That's what I'm saying. Johnny with his eagle eyes and twisted take on marital bliss. That's our marriage; him waiting for me to screw up. Well wait no further, Johnny-boy.

JO: It's too bad if you guys split. Such a nice wedding.

TOMMI: (*scoffs, re: Jo*) Believe this?

JO: The band was good. The food was good. What was that -- seafood hors d'oeuvres, something. Delicious.

TOMMI: What makes you think I wanna reminisce about my wedding. Nothing?

JO: Not my fault you had a nice reception. Next time get married at the power plant.

TOMMI: Next time. Subpar this time. Better than my years with George the Bald Spot, but still subpar.

SAM: It'll all blow over, Tommi. Give it time.

TOMMI: Give it time, give it time. I've given it time. Been a year and I still got problems. A list of 'em. You know the biggest? ...the "c" word --

JO: You mean --

TOMMI: ...cooking. He wants me to cook. I'm no cook. You've eaten my stuff. Tastes like dogfood. Gourmet prison chum.

JO: Read a book.

TOMMI: You read a book. He wants good food, you know what I make for 'im?... reservations. I don't ask him to move mountains with his mind... so he shouldn't ask me to do things I can't do.

SAM: Yeah, well. I think he's got you beat on the reality scale.

TOMMI: Hey. Whose side are you on?

SAM: No one's side. Jus' sayin' you gotta compromise, that's all.

JO: She's right. Bill and I compromise all the time.

TOMMI: It's easy for you, Jo. Bill is what, ten?

JO: He's twenty five.

TOMMI: I'm off a couple years. Shoot me.

JO: Givin' me ideas?

TOMMI: What'a ya do, Jo? ...lips off, you take away his cartoon privileges?

SAM: Easy girls.

JO: It's okay, Sam. Tommi's the only one with relationship problems.

TOMMI: Tonight I am, Jo. Got a problem with that?

JO: No.

TOMMI: Good. Damn. It's tricky –

SAM: ...what is?

TOMMI: ...marriage. Even trickier when you go behind you husband's back and shtup a horse. Booze. I tell ya. What a thing.

JO: (*just remembering*) Calamari.

TOMMI: What?

JO: The appetizer at your wedding. Calamari. Very good, tender.  
Hard to find a good calamari in bulk.

TOMMI: What am I gonna do with you, huh? Sam. Serve 'em up.

SAM: Start without Charlie?

TOMMI: I can't be here. I can't be here. Understand what I'm sayin'?  
I got Round Four waitin' on me.

JO: You think that's a good idea? Starting without Charlie? You  
know she gets edgy.

TOMMI: *(looks at her watch)* I can't be here for Chrissake. I had to  
sneak out through the puppy hatch... The man's in a rant. All 'cause of  
this... this thing... this fakakta bullshit. Christ... *(beat)* Say. What if --  
*(looks at Sam, then:)* ...ahh, naaaah --

SAM: What if what?

TOMMI: I was just... ya know... thinkin'... maybe Charlie told him,  
said something.

SAM: What are ya saying?

TOMMI: I'm sayin' it wasn't you. Wasn't Jo. The horse --

SAM: ...so you're saying Charlie picked up a phone and told  
Johnny --

TOMMI: ...I'm not saying --

SAM: ...sure you are.

TOMMI: Listen to me, Sam. I'm saying there's the remote possibility  
that she said something, that it slipped in conversation, hell I don't  
know.

SAM: Don't be a pigeon, Tommi.

TOMMI: I'm just saying --

SAM: ...I know what you're saying. What's the matter with you?  
You're not thinking straight. You're –

TOMMI: ...hey! What are you gettin' pissy about? It's my marriage on the line. It's my ass you'll soon see wardin' off slobberin' dorks at the single bars.

SAM: *(softer)* Look. Tommi. I'm sure there's a logical explanation.

JO: Sure there is, Tommi. Sure there is.

*(A beat.)*

TOMMI: Logical, huh?

SAM: Yes.

*(Tommi calms, crushes out her cigar in an ashtray.)*

TOMMI: An explanation. Saying there's an explanation.

SAM: Sure. Things happen.

JO: It wasn't one of us, but somebody out there knows, told Johnny.

TOMMI: *(softer)* Could'a been anybody, right?

JO: The hotel was packed. Somebody we knew could'a been peekin' around the corner.

SAM: A bored bellboy found your number.

JO: A jealous nightmaid was stalking you.

SAM: An envious ex of the horse got wind, knew Johnny from college, fessed up... something like this.

TOMMI: Sounds a little far fetched.

JO: It would have to be.

SAM: Put two and two together.

TOMMI: In other words, somehow, somewhere Johnny picked it up on the wires. Right? *(back and forth to Sam and Jo)* Right? This what you guys are sayin'?

JO: Yes.

SAM: Think there's a squealer in the bunch? Ludicrous.

TOMMI: Hm.

JO: We could never hurt you, Tommi. You know that.

TOMMI: *(sighs)* I suppose.

JO: Sure you do.

SAM: You gotta snap out of this frame. Sooner the better. We're here to have a time, play some cards. Whataya say?

*(A beat. Tommi breaks a smile.)*

TOMMI: Maybe you're right.

SAM: Of course we're right.

TOMMI: A logical explanation.

JO: Absolutely.

TOMMI: Ah. I don't know why I get in such a rant. Serves no purpose to rub your friends. Right? *(softer)* Hey, Sam... I'll take that drink now.

SAM: Suppose you want me to get it.

TOMMI: That would be mighty neighborly of ya.

*(Sam nods. Moves to the wet bar, pours Tommi a Scotch, then pours two more. Tommi shuffles the cards on the table.)*

JO: You feel okay now, Tommi?

TOMMI: No. Not so good, Jo. I got enough personal dilapidation 'thout some ya-hoo ingrate tryin' to trip up my marriage.

JO: You made your point. You made your point on the phone, then you made your point in the car. I'm on thirds already.

TOMMI: I don't mean to repeat myself around you, Jo; sometimes you don't hear as loud as I think.

JO: Whatever, Tommi.

TOMMI: *(looks at her watch)* Where's Charlie? Where is that bleach-blonde Jezebel? Always on Eastern Standard I'll-get-there-when-ever-the-fuck-I-want time.

*(Sam returns with the three drinks; hands one to Tommi, then one to Jo.)*

SAM: Figured you might be parched, Jo.

JO: Thanks, Sam. So happens I am.

SAM: A toast -- *(Sam raises her glass.)* ...to the undying struggle of the American woman.

*(They clink glasses.)*

TOMMI: I'll drink to that.

*(They sip.)*

TOMMI: Let's start.

JO: I don't know.

SAM: What don't you know?

JO: It's rude starting without Charlie. How would you like it?

TOMMI: That hasn't happened?

JO: Has it?

TOMMI: Hasn't it?

JO: Has it?

TOMMI: Hasn't it?

JO: I asked you.

TOMMI: Damn right it has.

JO: When?

TOMMI: How should I know? When. Last May, I don't know. Fuck Charlie. She owns clocks. Serve 'em, Sam.

JO: Alright, fine. But if Charlie's pissed –

TOMMI: ... Charlie's pissed I'll take full responsibility.

SAM: *(sits)* Five card stud?

TOMMI: Sure, sure. Let's put wheels on this circus. Time's a wastin'!

*(Tommi reaches into her pocket, pulls out a bottle of medicine. Pops a couple pills.)*

SAM: What the hell are those?

TOMMI: Atavan.

SAM: What's it for?

TOMMI: Anxiety attacks.

JO: You having an anxiety attack?

TOMMI: That or a nervous reaction to the Zantac –

*(Sam shuffles the cards.)*

TOMMI: *(rubs her eyes)* ...the booze, caffeine. The Valium. It mixes together sometimes.

SAM: You're a mess.

TOMMI: I been called worse.

*(The door opens. Charlie enters.)*

CHARLIE: Ain't this a sight for sore blue eyes.

TOMMI: Well look who's here: Our Lady of Self-Indulgence –

CHARLIE: ...in the flesh, baby.

SAM: Heya, Charlie.

CHARLIE: What's the word, Sam?

SAM: This and that. C'mon in.

CHARLIE: Don't mind if I do. Jo. Tommi.

JO: I made sure they waited for you, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Why thank you, Jo. Remind me to clean your kitchen.

TOMMI: Whataya say, Charlie?

CHARLIE: I say you're a bunch of low-life K-Mart whores for starting without me.

*(Charlie enters in, throws her coat on the couch.)*

SAM: Have a seat. Just shuffling.

CHARLIE: In a sec, Sam –

SAM: Sure.

*(Charlie moves to the wet bar, pours herself a Scotch.)*

CHARLIE: So... you ladies set on givin' me your dough?

JO: Not tonight, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Oh yes, Jo. Tonight is definitely the night.

JO: The night for what? And why you glowin' like a candle?

CHARLIE: I'll tell you why I'm glowin'. Did you skirts happen to see that full moon tonight?

TOMMI: We were indoors waiting on you. What took you so long?

CHARLIE: I was outside, under that precious moon, doin' the twist.

TOMMI: Kidding.

CHARLIE: I never joke about sex. What's the point?

SAM: Whataya, screwin' someone outside?

CHARLIE: Screwin's the wrong term.

JO: Making love?

CHARLIE: No. I was fucking his brains out.

SAM: Ah.

CHARLIE: Shoulda see that moon. It's enormous. Biggest I ever seen. You ladies ever done it under a full moon?

JO: I have.

CHARLIE: How come I knew you'd be the first to answer?

JO: Seventh grade. Pauly Bell. Broke me in.

CHARLIE: Been too long for me, tell ya that. Been too long since I bounced under a full, fantastic moon that huge.

SAM: Who's the lucky stiff?

CHARLIE: Me? Kiss and tell?

TOMMI: C'mon, who's the vic? You've never been shy about paradin' your twat all over town.

JO: Yeah, who was it?

CHARLIE: Some new guy... an angel with dark hair and perfect teeth.

TOMMI: Queen of romance.

CHARLIE: I been told.

SAM: I can still smell 'im on ya.

CHARLIE: The essence of machismo and confidence.

TOMMI: *(sniffs the air)* Thought I smelled Brut.

*(Jo and Sam laugh.)*

CHARLIE: Laugh a minute, Tommi.

*(Charlie sits.)*

TOMMI: So they say.

JO: Who was it, the guy?

CHARLIE: Some sailor. Met him at Sleepy Abe's.

SAM: Ah, home of the ape.

CHARLIE: Bullshit, Sam. You don't know a dickmine from a batting cage. That's your problem.

SAM: Respect for myself. What a thing.

CHARLIE: Got nothin' to do with respect.

SAM: Exactly.

CHARLIE: You lost me.

SAM: Nevermind. Tell us about the sailor –

JO: ...yeah, what was his name?

CHARLIE: ...name. Hm. Got me there. Started with an R, or was it a T; anyway, me and this sailor talked for a spell, maybe a few hours. He wanted a ride home from the tore-up –

JO: ...and –

CHARLIE: ...and I took him home 'cause he asked me nice-like, 'cause I'm a lady. Along the way, we stopped at the lookout. You know the place.

TOMMI: Looks over the river –

JO: ...up at the Point.

SAM: Classy.

CHARLIE: Yes. Helluva spot to lay it out for the goods. We park. One thing leads to another. He kisses the sweet spot of my neck, next thing you know we're testin' the new shocks.

JO: You gonna see him again, Charlie?

CHARLIE: I don't see why not. He said all the right things. The most important thing he did, and this is crucial, ladies -- he put himself in a position to be turned down. Men do that? I'm gonna show 'em a time.

TOMMI: Hope he wore a wrapper.

CHARLIE: Yeah, a wrapper. A saddle. Hey, speaking of which, any news from the horse?

JO: That's a sore subject, Charlie.

TOMMI: Jo. I can handle this.

CHARLIE: What's goin' on?

TOMMI: That's a sore subject, Charlie.

SAM: Johnny found out.

TOMMI: Jesus, Sam. Blurt it out.

SAM: What'd I do?

CHARLIE: What's the damage, Tommi?

TOMMI: What's the damage?

CHARLIE: Yes.

TOMMI: I'm fucked. That's the damage.

CHARLIE: So Johnny found out?

TOMMI: Yes.

CHARLIE: How?

TOMMI: That's what we were just talkin' about: how? How could my husband could find out something only four people knew –

SAM: Five –

JO: ...if you count the horse.

TOMMI: You do.

CHARLIE: I see your dilemma.

TOMMI: You do?

CHARLIE: ...yes. I can feel the anger. It's emitting from you like a gas leak. It's finger-pointing time. Stop me if I'm wrong.

TOMMI: Go on.

CHARLIE: You wanna blame someone. Blame me. I told him.

TOMMI: You're kidding.

CHARLIE: Of course I'm kidding, you dime-store floozy. C'mon, Sam. Serve 'em up. Let's play some damn cards.

TOMMI: You're all heart, Charlie. An umbrella in a downpour.

CHARLIE: You want me to cry for you 'cause you cheated on your husband? Sorry, no can do. You were drunk off your ass and your pussy took the wheel. Deal with it.

TOMMI: Like I said, all heart.

CHARLIE: All and then some.

JO: There is, of course, the upshot of this infidelity-laden saga.

CHARLIE: Which is?

JO: She only did once. Unlike some people.

CHARLIE: What, you're gonna hurt my feelings, Jo? I been married three times and I cheated on all of 'em... The thing that separates me and Tommi is I knew the game, I knew what I did and took responsibility for my actions. I'm not like you, Tommi -- kinda person that gets in a hitting slump and blames the bat.

TOMMI: You're an asshole.

CHARLIE: The truth is salt in the wound. Sorry it has to come from me.

*(Charlie kisses Tommi on the cheek.)*

CHARLIE: I love you, Tommi. I love you 'cause you have normal human urges. *(to Sam, who is shuffling)* Now Goddammit. Are we gonna play some cards or what?

JO: Yeah. Let's play, get off this soap opera.

SAM: Tommi, you okay?

CHARLIE: She'll be fine.

TOMMI: This just in from the Goddess of Boxsprings.

*(Charlie shoots Tommi a look.)*

SAM: ...let's ante, huh?

*(The women dig into their pockets, etc., and throw out wads of bills, setting their stack in front of them. Sam gives the deck a final shuffle; moves the cards in front of Jo.)*

SAM: Name of the game is five card stud. Cut, Jo.

*(Jo cuts the deck, slides the deck back over to Sam.)*

SAM: Nothin' wild but the night. Four up, one down. Any questions?

JO: No.

TOMMI: Huh-uh.

SAM: Okay then. Chasin' the card with cash, here we go –

*(Sam tosses one card in front of each woman IN THIS ORDER: Tommi, Jo, Charlie, then herself. [NOTE: Sam speaks as she lays each card down -- the routine throughout. Terms such as "I'm in", "There's mine", "See that", "Same", etc. indicate the lady speaking is tossing that \$-bet amount into the pot -- or -- it just may be written out in text.]...as Sam deals the cards:)*

SAM: ...a ten for Tommi... queen for Jo... black deuce for Charlie... a nine for me. The queen talks, Jo.

JO: There's fifty to open.

TOMM: I'll see your fifty.

CHARLIE: I'll see yours... raise you twenty-five.

TOMMI: See that...That's seventy-five to you, Sam.

SAM: I can count, thank you very much... There's mine.

JO: I'll see that action.

*(Sam deals again.)*

SAM: Okay. Whata' we got... A seven for Tommi, nothin' yet... jack for Jo... possible straight... six of spades for Charlie...

CHARLIE: C'mon, Sam. Give me something I 'kin work with –

SAM: ...sure, Charlie, 'cause I want you so much to win. *(she and Charlie exchange a devilish smile. Sam deals a card to herself.)* Ten a' hearts for me... possible straight. Jo opens.

JO: There's a hundred.

SAM: Tommi?

TOMMI: *(checking her cards, then:)* What the hell. I'll see that buck.

CHARLIE: I'll see that buck... raise you a buck.

*(A beat.)*

JO: Two bucks, huh? I'm a player.

TOMMI: Hardball from the get-go.

CHARLIE: In or out, precious?

*(Tommi shoots Charlie a look; throws 200 dollars into the pot.)*

SAM: That's 200 to me -- *(throws it in)* ...here we go. *(deals)* Seven for Tommi. That's a pair... king for Jo... still lookin' at a straight, Jo... Another six for Charlie.. that's a pair... and... a ten for me... That's a pair. *(looks up)* Getting interesting. You again, Jo.

JO: There's a deuce.

TOMMI: I'll see your deuce. Raise you a buck. No way you're pullin' a straight first hand.

JO: Mighty confident, Tommi.

SAM: Three bucks to you, Charlie.

CHARLIE: I can do that. *(tosses in 300)*