

PAP ROSE 2

Start

HANK. Hey, Pappy.

PAP. What're we drinkin'?

HANK. Oh, just — *(But before Hank can continue Pap takes the bottle of spiked soda and hands him another Orange Crush.)*

PAP. Well, why'n't you take a fresh one? Say, I'd like to get a demo on that. You got it written down? *(Hank pulls a paper scrap from his pocket and hands it to Pap.)* Well, good. Good. Did you happen to catch those girls out there shoutin' your name.

HANK. Yeah.

PAP. Huh? "Lovesick Blues, Hank! Lovesick Blues!" All these pretty young ladies around, we're gonna have to keep an eye on you. No, I'm only kidding, of course not. You know what you're doing, I'm sure. I mean, *I* know that *you* know that everything's just fine. Isn't it? I mean, everything's just fine?

HANK. Pap, everything's just fine.

PAP. Well, sure it is. Sure it is. It's a real pleasure to watch you work a crowd, son. They really like you. Not too many solo acts can do that, I hope you know. I do admire it. *(A pause.)* Hank, it can be real hard here out on the road, especially when it separates a young couple, I know. I'd like you to feel free to speak your mind, anytime you want. *(Hank is silent. Pap starts to leave.)* Well, just so you know.

HANK. Pap. Lemme show you something. *(He hands Pap a piece of paper.)*

PAP. More songs, well good! *(He reads a bit.)* What the hell is this? Oh. It's Audrey's. Audrey wrote this?

HANK. She wants us to record it.

PAP. Well, good! *(He reads further.)* Well. It's uh ... it — ah —

HANK. Stinks.

PAP. Well, it's not exactly — pretty bad, yeah.

HANK. And we're gonna have to record it.

PAP. I understand that.

HANK. Like hell you do.

PAP. I'm not sure what you expect from her, Hank. We'll keep the peace any way we can.

HANK. You think that's gonna settle it?

PAP. Couldn't hurt.

HANK. And the next time?

PAP. We'll save that for next time. Maybe she just needs a little attention.

HANK. And maybe I don't need you to run my life for me, Pap. My wife and me is none of your damn business.

PAP. I don't know why you're tryin' to pick a fight with me, son, but if that's what you're after, I'll *damn* well give you one! What the hell do you think I'm doin' here, boy, sellin' popcorn? It may not be my problem, but it certainly is my *business*. You're

a talented kid. I want you to go a long way. Hell, I want you to make *us* a lot of money. Believe it or not, I'm tryin' to make your life a little easier. Record her song.

HANK. It stinks, Pap!

PAP. Well, actually it's not a whole helluva lot worse than some of the crap you've written.

HANK. Pappy, when a hillbilly sings a crazy song, he feels crazy. And when he sings "I Laid My Mother Away," he sees her layin' there, right there in the coffin, man. Audrey don't see nothin' layin' there, 'cept maybe a fifty-dollar bill.

PAP. Take it. Buy yourself a little peace of mind.

HANK. You askin' a lot, Pap.

PAP. I expect a lot. Now what else you got there?

HANK. *(Smiling.)* Just some more of that crap. What the hell do you care?

PAP. Well, show an old man some of the less stinky stuff.

HANK. *(Hands him one.)* I don't know if you can be a suit and understand that one. *(Pap reads.)*

TEE-TOT.

HEAR THAT LONESOME WHIPPOORWILL

HANK. Somebody out there, some ol' mulejack never had an even break, he ain't never gonna get one, he'd appreciate it.

TEE-TOT.

HE SOUNDS TOO BLUE TO FLY

HANK. Anybody's worked that hard, smelled that much mule manure, he'd appreciate it.

TEE-TOT.

THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN IS WHININ' LOW

HANK. I don't know. Maybe nobody'd understand that. *(The Drifting Cowboys begin assembling for the next number.)*

TEE-TOT.

I'M SO LONESOME ...

HOSS. Harm!

PAP. When do you want to record this?

HANK. It's good, ain't it?

PAP. It's good ...

HANK. Aw, c'mon Pap!

PAP. Yeah, it's good!

HANK. You like it?

PAP. I like it. Are you gonna record it?

HANK. Maybe.

PAP. Maybe. *(Hank and Pap share a laugh.)*

Stop