TWENTY-FIVE

Scene 3 – Kentucky Derby

There are 2 standing cocktail tables on diagonal (see diagram). Mrs. Worthington & Reporter are upstage and in-between tables frozen. Playing area is USR to DSL path. Numbers 2 & 5 are already in their spot by the SR mid curtain. Dim lighting

# 2 – So what do you think happened to that guy?

# 5 – What guy?

#2 – The crazy guy is the clock shop?

#5 – How would I know? We’re just sign holders. *(hands sign to #2)*

#2 – (reads sign) Not this time. Apparently we’re Betting Window 25. Maybe we’ll get in on some action.

#5 – Quiet!

Lights up full.

**Reporter:** *(with notepad)* Mrs. Worthington, you’ve been a stalwart supporter of the honored traditions surrounding the Kentucky Derby for over 50 years. We’d like to get your opinion concerning the controversial results of last year’s Derby. Do you think that the prestige of this event has been tarnished?

**Mrs. Worthington:** My dear, one race can’t taint traditions that go back 146 years. After all, this is one of the most illustrious social events in the country.

**Reporter:** Yes, but last year was the 1st time ever that a winning horse was disqualified because of a foul during the race. That decision robbed betters of 9 million dollars in winnings.

**Mrs. Worthington:** Well, you can’t have winners without losers, now can you? It’s part of horse racing tradition. *(Waiter comes over with tray of Mint Julip’s)* I suggest *(taking a mint julip for herself and handing a 2nd to the reporter)* that you stop fussing about last year and enjoy my *favorite* Derby tradition – a Mint Julep.

*Reporter declines the drink and exits – walking on diagonal to SDL. Miss Gladys enters on diagonal from USR & walks to Mrs. Worthington – talking as she approaches.*

**Miss Gladys:** Birdie, I’m so sorry you were bothered by that reporter. It’s my fault. I invited her to the Champions Lounge because I thought the Derby was the perfect opportunity to generate support for our work with Therapeutic Riding.

**Mrs. Worthington:** Darling, it’s not your fault that the press would rather stir up controversy than promote a worthy cause.

**Miss Gladys:** It *is* infuriating, isn’t it? (pause) Well, we mustn’t let it ruin our day. Let’s go get a nice serving of Burgoo stew and some Derby Pie.

**Mrs. Worthington:**That would be lovely. I look forward to this meal all year long.

**Miss Gladys:** Agreed. It’s part of the Derby tradition.

*Mrs. W & Miss G exit on diagonal to USR. At same time Twins & Southern Belle Mom enter from DSL and go to SR table.*

**Twin** (Sally): Mamma when will the horses come out to the Paddock?

**Southern Mom:** They’ll be out soon, girls, and you’ll have a perfect view to watch them warm up.

**Twin (Sally):** *(to her sister)* Let’s go place our bets now. Pappa gave us each $40 so we can put a $2 win wager on every horse in the race. That way we can be sure we’ve picked the winner!

**Southern Mom:** What a clever strategy! You can make your wagers at that window right over there. *(points to Wager Window)*

*Girls run over to betting window. Girls will each interact with #25 and each receives a stack of 20 tickets. As soon as girls run to betting window, Southern mom snaps fingers in SDL direction making waiter appear with Mint Julep which she takes & sips. Waiter then exits DSL. At same time Modern Mom & 2 daughters enter USR and cross to SR table. They are wearing casual clothes and garish horse-themed hats.*

**Modern Mom:** Look! We found it – Wager Window # 25. That’s our lucky window. You girls can go place our bet. Remember we want a Standard Exacta for numbers 2 and 5. Two to win and five to place. *(Girls look confused)* Don’t worry I wrote it all down. (*hands them an envelope & they run off to wait in line at window behind Twins who roll their eyes at their outfits/hats & step to SR side of window, leaving modern daughters on SL side of window* )

**Modern Mom:** *(Noticing Southern Mom)* That’s a pretty fancy Derby Hat! I bet you got that from one of those miller people who make hats.

**Southern Mom:** That would be a milliner, not a miller.

**Modern Mom:** Yea, that’s what I said. Boy, those people make a fortune off of Derby hats. What a racket. We decided to just make our own.

**Southern Mom:** I would have never guessed. *(beat)* Are you looking for the infield tunnel?

**Modern Mom:** How did you know?

**Southern Mom:** It’s apparent that the infield style of festivities would appeal more to your *(pause…searching for word) tastes.*

**Modern Mom:** We’re going to head out there as soon as my girls place our bet. We needed to place it at Window 25 because we’re betting the exacta on number two and five. You see 25 has always been my lucky number because I was born on the 25th – twenty five minutes after midnight.

**Southern Mom:** Fascinating! *(Calls)* Girls, we have to get going if we want to be in our seats to sing “My Old Kentucky Home” before the race starts.

**Modern Mom:**  Yea – what’s with that song? It’s so depressing.

**Southern Mom:** *(completely annoyed)* Really! *(Walks quickly to twins & takes one in each hand. All three storm off USR)*

**Modern Mom:** Come on girls! Let’s get to the infield to watch the Greatest Two Minutes in Sports! *(Girls run over. Mom takes one in each hand & they exit DSL)* BLACK OUT