



# THE WILD WOMEN OF WINEDALE

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PLAY SERVICE  
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THE WILD WOMEN OF WINEDALE received its world premiere at the Jonesborough Repertory Theatre in Jonesborough, Tennessee, (Jennifer Ross, Artistic Director) on October 26, 2018. It was directed by Joe Smith; the assistant director was Kari Tuthill; the stage managers were Sylvann Fox and Sabra Hayden; the set design was by Carol Huie; the costume design was by Beth Skinner; the lighting design was by Karen Elb; the light operator was Ian Shockley; the sound design was by Janette Gaines and Lucas Schmidt; the sound operator was Jessie Scarbrough; the property master was Chris Jones; the stage crew were Gray Harvill, Charlie Landry and Emma Garber; the set was constructed by Richard Lura, Bennett Little, David Kehs, Doug Fox and Isaiah Johnson; and the official Jones Hope Wooten show logo was designed by Joe Conner and Mike Stevens. The cast was as follows:

DOREEN WHITMAN .....	Suzanne Cook
FANNY WILD CANTRELLE .....	Debra Shoun
	Mary Nell McIntyre (alternate)
WILLA WILD .....	Joy Nagy
	Katy Rosolowski (alternate)
JOHNNIE FAYE “JEF” WILD .....	Donna Deason
	Sarah Sanders (alternate)
BETTY DUNLAP .....	Lori Erickson
GLENDA BATES .....	Dana Kehs
FLO HUDSON .....	Anna VanEaton
NORA GRIFFIN .....	Phyllis Fox
EDITH MACKLIN .....	Melissa Nipper

## ON LICENSING *THE WILD WOMEN OF WINEDALE*

We write strong female characters that are to be played by females. Under no circumstances should any role in this comedy be played by a male or any role be changed from a female character to a male character.

Nothing in the licenses for *The Wild Women of Winedale* (or any of the plays written by Jones Hope Wooten) gives the right to film, video or audio record a performance, a rehearsal, or any part thereof. Placing any excerpts on YouTube, Facebook, or social media of any kind is a violation of copyright laws.

All of the characters portrayed in *The Wild Women of Winedale* are fictional creations, and any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

## AUTHORS' NOTES

This play is written for five actresses—three to portray the Wild women, two to portray all the “Interviewees.” However, it may also be presented with nine actresses, three to portray the Wild women, six to portray one “Interviewee” each.

We suggest up-tempo music be played pre- and post-show, at intermission, and especially during scene transitions.

However, during the scene transition between Act Two Scenes 4 and 5, we request that no music be played.

We urge scene changes be made as quickly as possible to maintain a lively pace for the play. After the technical crew changes properties on the set during the intermission, the second act should proceed with no further set changes.

In Act One, the technical crew should only change properties on the set immediately following Scenes 3 and 5. At the end of each “Interview,” the scene that follows should begin as quickly as possible after the blackout.

In Act Two, there should be no costume change between Scenes 2 and 3.

Authors strongly suggest for the sake of safety, that in Act One, Scene 6, to make it appear that the “Hummel figurine” is actually being destroyed, large pieces of broken ceramic be placed inside a Ziploc bag that is secured and then placed inside the paper bag.

To maintain a lively pace to drive to the end of the show, in Act Two, after Scene 5, we suggest Willa and Jef just put coats on over their costumes for the remainder of the play. After Scene 6, we suggest Fanny does the same.

## **CHARACTERS**

(in order of appearance)

DOREEN WHITMAN, 60s

FANNY WILD CANTRELLE, 60

WILLA WILD, Mid-50s

JOHNNIE FAYE "JEF" WILD, Mid-50s

BETTY DUNLAP, Early 40s

GLENDA BATES, Late 70s

FLO HUDSON, Late 70s

NORA GRIFFIN, 50s

EDITH MACKLIN, Late 40s

## **PLACE**

In and around the home of Fanny Wild Cantrelle,  
in Winedale, Virginia.

Other locations are indicated by pools of light.

## **TIME**

The present.

The action of the play takes place over two months in late spring.

# THE WILD WOMEN OF WINEDALE

## ACT ONE

### Scene 1

*A light comes up on an “interview room,” a stool set down-stage right. Perched on the stool is Doreen, a dynamic older woman with silver hair and stylish glasses, in a conservative power suit, a leather briefcase on her lap. Fanny Wild Cantrelle, stylish and energetic, rushes in stage right dressed in an artsy jacket and skirt, a computer tablet in hand.*

FANNY. Doreen? (*Extends her hand.*) Good to finally meet you. I'm Fanny Wild Cantrelle, Director of Outreach here at the museum. (*They shake.*) Sorry to keep you waiting. My schedule's jam-packed today.

DOREEN. Yes, I always wonder, how do I squeeze more day into fewer hours? An unanswerable question, like, why do banks charge a fee for insufficient funds when they already know there's not enough money in the account?

FANNY. Yes! Or why the word “bra” is singular and “panties” is plural? (*Laughs heartily. No reaction from Doreen. Fanny's laugh fades. Then, all business.*) Alright then, let's get to the reason we're here—and thank you for agreeing to be part of our video project.

DOREEN. I'm a great supporter of The Museum of Virginia and honored to be included in this upcoming exhibition.

FANNY. As I mentioned, this project is titled *Defining Women*. We're taping interviews across the state about profound events that have affected women and shaped their lives. Since you shattered

the glass ceiling at one of our most respected law firms, we'd love to hear what event in your life gave you that drive.

DOREEN. Ready when you are. (*Checks her watch.*) Twenty minutes to happy hour—can't keep a good bourbon waiting!

FANNY. Now, when the red light goes on (*Points toward the audience.*), just say your name and tell us your story. We'll have you out of here before the Maker's Mark hits the rocks. (*Laughs at her own joke, Doreen does not. Fanny stifles her laughter, hurries off stage right as Doreen looks at "the camera," nods slightly when she "sees the red light go on."*)

DOREEN. (*With verve.*) Hello. I'm Doreen Whitman, first female partner in the one-hundred-year history of the law firm of Hilton, Hollingsworth, Whitman and Fike, Richmond, Virginia. The singular event that helped shape who I am today occurred during my final year of high school. Oddly enough, it had nothing to do with my academic endeavors or my ambition to study law. No, it was because I was convinced to participate in...a *beauty pageant*—the Miss Lake Windsor Pageant to be exact. I was told there were only two other contestants and was assured I would prevail. I'd be a queen! A beauty queen! Well, there was *no way* this idea wouldn't appeal to seventeen-year-old *me*. So I threw myself into the competition—I dressed in tasteful, yet unprovocative evening wear and lacquered my hair into heights that defied gravity. I played the game, I followed the rules. I took that stage with complete confidence the crown was mine. And after a spirited rendition of "Flight of the Bumblebee" on my flute, I was sure of it. The judges announced their decision. (*Beat.*) I came in second runner-up. Which means *third. Of three*. In spite of the humiliation, I plastered a smile on my face and swore that very night I would redefine "the game" and play by my *own* rules...and that I'd never, ever again put myself in the position to depend on someone else's opinion of me...because *my* opinion of me is the one that matters most. That's what gave me the strength it's taken to become the success I am today. (*Lighter.*) And most importantly, it made me realize that if you really *need* a sparkly tiara to make you feel valued... (*Pulls a large, sparkly tiara from her briefcase.*) then go out and *buy your own damn crown!* (*Puts it on, big smile, pageant wave. Blackout.*)



## Scene 2

*Late afternoon, an hour later. Lights come up on the living room of Fanny Cantrelle's home. Upstage on the stage right wall is the front door, a coat rack next to it. On the upstage wall is a cabinet and large bookcases that are filled to capacity with books, family photos, memorabilia, figurines, pottery, et al. On one shelf is an arrangement of a liquor decanter and several cocktail glasses. On the stage right wall is a window that looks out onto the yard. Beneath the window is a table with a drawer. Upstage on the stage left wall is a hall doorway that leads to the rest of the single-story house. Just downstage of that is a swinging door to the kitchen. A couch littered with numerous throw pillows is downstage center, a coffee table sits in front of the couch. Downstage right of the couch are an end table and upholstered chair. The entire room is comfortably over-cluttered and potted plants are here and there. A gym bag is on the floor next to the couch. Willa Wild, pragmatic and witty, in workout clothes—sweatshirt, sweatpants, wristbands, headband—stands center stage with two hand weights and stretches—right arm over her head as she bends to the left side.*

WILLA. (*In a steady rhythm—one, two, three and four.*) I. Hate. Ex-er-cise. (*Stretches to the right side.*) I. Hate. Ex-er-cise. (*Forward lunge with left leg.*) 'Cause. It. Hurts. My. Thighs. (*Forward lunge with right leg.*) No. More. Curly. Fries. (*Still in rhythm, stretches to the left side, with effort.*) This. Will. Tone. My. Gut. (*Stretches to the right side.*) This. Can. Kiss. My. Butt. (*Forward lunge with left leg. With greater effort.*) I. Feel. Like. A. Cow. (*Forward lunge with right leg. Greater struggle.*) Please. Just. Shoot. Me. Now. (*SFX: Cell phone rings. She groans.*) Oh, thank god! (*Collapses on the couch, puts the weights down, answers the phone.*) You've reached the remains of Willa Wild. Talk to me... (*Snaps to attention.*) What?! I only left the nurses' station two hours ago! How did things go to hell so fast?! ...Okay, calm down. This always happens. Dr. Gillespie's testing you because you're new. Just smile and nod like a moron at

everything he says and as soon as he leaves the room, do it the *right* way. Remember, *we're* the nurses, this is how we keep our patients alive. ... Yeah, yeah, I get that all the time. When I hit my *fifties* I *really* became "Wonder Woman"... I *wonder* where I put my keys, *wonder* where I put my purse, *wonder* if I remembered to wear a bra. (*Quickly looks down the neck of her sweatshirt.*) Uh-oh. Gotta run. (*Hangs up. SFX: A handheld bell rings loudly from the direction of the hall. She calls.*) I'm coming! (*Bell rings again.*) Coming! (*Races out hall doorway as Fanny enters the front door in a light coat, carries a large purse, two restaurant takeout bags.*)

FANNY. (*Calls.*) Willa! I finished my interview early and my new assistant, Calista, said she'd cover for me. Hope you're up for Italian tonight. I stopped by that great cafe on Lexington. (*As she checks mail on the table.*) You know, the place with the hunky waiters where we always over-tip...so they don't think we're just dirty old women who only come in to stare at them...even though we kinda do? (*Willa jogs back in hall doorway, makes a show of it.*)

WILLA. Ah, Italian food! But why didn't you just cut to the chase and bring home a couple of the waiters? (*Takes the bag from Fanny, opens it, inhales.*)

FANNY. So what's with the workout clothes? I've never known you to exercise anything but poor judgment.

WILLA. And that still holds true. But I'm so slammed at the hospital, a friend in the physical therapy department suggested exercise might relieve my stress. (*Looks into bag.*) But not like garlic butter will. *Please* tell me you brought extra.

FANNY. Well, it *is* my birthday. (*SFX: Bell rings offstage.*) Try not to drool all over our dinner, *I'll* see what she needs. (*Heads for hall doorway.*) Don't forget, sis, you're the one who's always saying "you are what you eat." (*Exits.*)

WILLA. That's right. So tomorrow I'll eat a skinny person. (*Looks inside the bag, inhales deeply, sighs with satisfaction, pulls out a crispy breadstick.*) Hmm... Is my favorite exercise a lunge or a crunch? (*Crunches the breadstick.*) Mmm. Crunch! (*Fanny enters from hall doorway.*)

FANNY. Aunt Hester just dropped the remote. All good now.

WILLA. I hope she has an easier night tonight. She's a tough old bird but I don't know how much longer she can hold on...or if she even wants to.

FANNY. That's why I'm glad we called everyone to come visit her. But it baffles me that we can't reach Johnnie Faye. She'd want to say goodbye to Hester, too.

WILLA. (*Spooky voice.*) Oooh, the mystery of the vanishing sister-in-law.

FANNY. Stop it! We've only seen Jef once since McRae died—that's almost a year. And we haven't even *heard* from her lately.

WILLA. I know! Hasn't it been nice? (*Fanny shoots her a look.*)

FANNY. What *has* been nice is spending these final days with Hester. She was determined to live life on her own terms...and she has. I mean, the woman got her pilot's license when she was seventy-five!

WILLA. Yeah, and when she took us up in her little Cessna and buzzed her pals' retirement village, I thought we were dead meat. (*They laugh.*) You know, you really did the right thing—moving her in here, caring for her— (*SFX: Bell rings offstage.*) But your one mistake was giving her that damn bell. (*Fanny starts out, Willa stops her.*) I've got this. Consider it my birthday gift to you.

FANNY. I'll take it.

WILLA. Gotta say, you're unnaturally calm for a woman having a milestone birthday. But it's just a number, no big deal, right? Turning the big Six-O is no reason to panic. (*Races out hall doorway. Fanny is suddenly hit with reality.*)

FANNY. Sixty? SIXTY?! (*Pants, paces, fans. To herself, frantic.*) I can't be sixty, it's not possible! I swear I just turned forty! Wait... what happened to my fifties? Oh, god, they're gone! Gone! (*Hyper-ventilates, empties the food bag, puts it over her mouth, breathes into it. Hears Willa in the hall, drops the bag, strikes a "nonchalant" pose as Willa enters.*)

WILLA. So, did the kids throw a fit when you told them not to come home for a big celebration?

FANNY. I think they were relieved. Pam has a conference in San

# THE WILD WOMEN OF WINEDALE

by Jessie Jones, Nicholas Hope, Jamie Wooten

5 women (doubling)

This joyful and exuberant, yet ultimately touching, comedy focuses on three women at crossroads in their lives—the Wild sisters of Winedale, Virginia—Fanny and Willa and their frustratingly quirky sister-in-law, Johnnie Faye. This feisty and fun-loving trio has supported and cheered one another through life's highs and lows through the years, including the early demise of two of their husbands. And they *really* need each other now as Fanny experiences a hilariously inappropriate reaction to her 60<sup>th</sup> birthday while Willa is so stressed out from her nursing job she resorts to vodka and speed-knitting to cope and Johnnie Faye, determined to put her year of fraught widowhood behind her, desperately tries to find a man—preferably a man with a house since hers is somewhere at the bottom of a Florida sinkhole. These women's lives are further upended by the responsibility of caring for their free-spirited, ailing aunt and the realization that they are drowning under loads of family keepsakes and possessions nobody wants—especially them! With equal doses of hilarity and heart, these extraordinary women come up with delightful and surprisingly unorthodox ways to clear the clutter from their lives, their homes and their relationships so they can move their lives forward. Together they prove it's never too late to take another one of life's paths for a grand new adventure. This Jones Hope Wooten comedy is guaranteed to drive you wild with laughter—and motivate you to keep hounding the kids to *please* take that stack of quilts and Granny's Christmas china!

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