

START
HERE

JENNIE MAE. Sure, he' up there eatin green cheese.
SHOWERS. (*Smiles.*) Kind a hungry now, is he?
BUDDY. Yeah. What do you got in that soup?
JENNIE MAE. Well, it's mainly just salts.
BUDDY. Can he taste it?
JENNIE MAE. I wouldn't taste the stuff, Bud.
SHOWERS. But you're sure more than welcome to touch it.
BUDDY. (*Sensing something is not right.*) You gonna make him?
SHOWERS. No.
BUDDY. He don't wanna touch nothin.
SHOWERS. Well, I'll tell you, my friend, I never seen nothin like it. What we're onto right here is amazin.
BUDDY. Don't make him get wet.
SHOWERS. This ain't just your run a the mill here, my friend.
BUDDY. He ain't gonna go in no water!
JENNIE MAE. Now Buddy . . .
SHOWERS. (*Overlapping.*) This stuff ain't just water.
BUDDY. He can't breathe if you wash him, C.C.!
JENNIE MAE. Just relax . . .
BUDDY. Gonna scream! He's gonna holler!
SHOWERS. (*Forceful.*) Now calm down a little! Just look at this for a second!
BUDDY. He don't need him no bath!
SHOWERS. (*More forceful.*) Now water's usually cold, ain't it, Bud?
BUDDY. He can't breathe in a water!
SHOWERS. Don't go away! I asked you a question! Now answer me, Buddy! I said, ain't water cold? Buddy, ain't water freezin? I always thought that water was cold.
BUDDY. (*Reluctant, keeping his distance.*) Yeah . . .

SHOWERS. Well, I know for a fact that this sure ain't near cold. It ain't cold cause it's warm! This ain't just plain water.
JENNIE MAE. Just look at it, Bud.
SHOWERS. I tell you, my friend, I am absolutely astounded by what's in this bucket.
BUDDY. (*Still keeping his distance.*) What is it!
SHOWERS. What we're onto right here is called . . . itch-juice.
BUDDY. Itch-juice?
SHOWERS. In a manner of speakin.
BUDDY. (*Moving closer.*) What's it do to him, C.C.?
SHOWERS. Well, the wonderful thing about itch-juice, my friend, is it takes the itchin right out a your feet.
BUDDY. Will it hurt him, Jennie Mae?
JENNIE MAE. Folks say it makes you feel better.
SHOWERS. Sure does. I knew a fella way back in Hazard, in fact—had him a horrible case a the rash. Scratchin and itchin, like to drive himself crazy. Till the day he stumbled onto this itch-juice.
BUDDY. It ain't gonna hurt him?
SHOWERS. Bud, there's nothin on earth gonna hurt you.
BUDDY. (*Moving closer, looking in the bucket.*) Kinda gives him the willies all over, Jennie Mae. Got the willies somethin awful, C.C.
SHOWERS. Now, Bud . . .
JENNIE MAE. I'd say Mr. Showers knows just what he's doing.
BUDDY. He ain't feelin so sure he can breathe right no more. (*BUDDY is directly above the bucket. He pulls in to himself, very scared. Starting to move away.*) He ain't gonna touch it!
SHOWERS. (*Taking charge.*) Now hold the boat, Bud!