

JENNIE MAE. Yeah, I see em.

BUDDY. You see that one there?

SHOWERS. That's a blue bird, my friend.

BUDDY. How come he's flyin'?

SHOWERS. We scared him, I guess.

BUDDY. Hey, bird. Where you goin'? Don't hide in them trees.

SHOWERS. Whoa now—

(BUDDY follows his bird off-stage.)

BUDDY. Hey, you bird! Come on back here! Why you flyin' from Buddy?

SHOWERS. Hey, Bud—

JENNIE MAE. Oh, Buddy's alright.

SHOWERS. Bud—?

JENNIE MAE. Buddy gets in the woods he's not about to sit still.

SHOWERS. Well . . . this old back a mine ain't about to go chase him.

JENNIE MAE. Oh, you're not that old, Mr. Showers.

SHOWERS. I been feelin' it lately.

JENNIE MAE. Well, come here. I'll rub your back some.

SHOWERS. (A little embarrassed.) Oh . . .

JENNIE MAE. Now stop moanin' and groanin' and sit yourself down. Come on. It'll do you some good to sit still. (SHOWERS sits. She rubs his shoulders:) There you go. How's that now? A little better maybe?

SHOWERS. Oh . . . I'm dead and in Heaven.

JENNIE MAE. You just been workin' too hard.

SHOWERS. Naw—

JENNIE MAE. Yeah, you have.

SHOWERS. Oh—

JENNIE MAE. You're like to work all the time, Mr. Showers.

SHOWERS. (Softly, dismissing the idea.) Shit.

JENNIE MAE. What?

SHOWERS. Little work never hurt nothin'.

JENNIE MAE. I never heard you talk like you been to-day.

SHOWERS. Use those kind a words all the time when I'm thinkin'.

JENNIE MAE. You think in swear words?

SHOWERS. I think worse things'n that.

JENNIE MAE. Is that why you give up on preachin'?

SHOWERS. That ain't quite how I'd put it.

JENNIE MAE. Don't you believe in the Bible?

SHOWERS. I was raised on the Bible, Miss Layman. My Daddy's a preacher and his Daddy before and his Grandad and right down the line. Boy comes to be seventeen or eighteen there's no questions asked—hand him a Bible, turn him loose on the world. He'll make his way fine. Be an awful fine preacher. (Slight pause. To himself:) Be just like his Daddy I guess . . . (He begins to preach as the memory builds:) My Daddy . . . now he was a preacher. He had folks up on their feet and out a their seats and singin' and stompin' and life was just fine. Man took to a Bible like he was there just to shout it. Gonna tell everybody! Everybody bout the wonder and the miracle and the sweet love a Jesus! He'd say now you there, Miss Layman, don't you love that sweet Jesus? Don't you love him so much you could cry? Well sure you do! I said sure you do! I said come on up front here and tell us about it! Tell the whole Church how you love that sweet story! Bring em all up front! Let em all tell the story! No sin's a great sin cause all men are sinners! Yes, Ma'am! That's all men! I said all men! I said

START
HERE



END
HERE

