

SHOWERS. (*Continued.*) It's a whole world a difference, my friend.

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NORMA.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from it's guilt and power — "

LUELLA. (*Overlapping.*) I know why you're singin, Norma Henshaw. You're singin and cleanin the whole Dry-Goods top to bottom on account a that new slick-talkin preacher.

NORMA. Luella.

LUELLA. Now, Norma, for all we know this guy is a smooth-talkin con man. We don't know nothin about him.

NORMA. We know he's a preacher.

LUELLA. What Church is he with?

NORMA. Why Luella, he's a Christian a course.

LUELLA. Well that doesn't mean you can trust him you know.

NORMA. I been prayin for this for ten years in a row. I don't ask the Lord much, I don't pester him, see? But I have made a few small requests. The Lord knows how the town needs a preacher, Luella.

LUELLA. But what kind a preacher'd work in a garage?

NORMA. Well we can't afford to be picky.

LUELLA. Be picky!

NORMA. We been ten solid years without singin or savin or baptizin, period. The lord's answered our prayers, don't you see?

LUELLA. Well I don't know, Norma.