

Start here

every last man is a sinner! (*He catches himself. Slight pause:*) Then there's me . . . I'm up front the Church and I'd shout somethin out and they'd "Amen!" right to me. I'd shout and they'd shout and then all a sudden . . . it's dead quiet. I mean they're lookin and waitin and all ready to holler. And there's me up there . . . thinkin! Plain forgot I was preachin.

JENNIE MAE. No—

SHOWERS. Yeah! Plum forgot where I was. Sometimes two or three minutes at once. I tell you, Miss Layman, I think too much.

JENNIE MAE. Think too much?

SHOWERS. I am all the time thinkin! And thinkin and preachin don't mix too well, Ma'am.

JENNIE MAE. Well I never read too much Bible, but you surely can fire it up, Mr. Showers.

SHOWERS. I'm thirty years old, I never done nothin else! All I'm good for is talkin, Miss Layman. Runnin on at the mouth, just jawin away . . .

JENNIE MAE. I think you talk real nice.

SHOWERS. The whole time I was preachin you know what I felt? Nothin.

JENNIE MAE. Mr. Showers—

SHOWERS. I felt nothin, you see?

JENNIE MAE. You still sound awful nice.

SHOWERS. Aw, I need to learn to shut up. (*Pause. Then quietly:*) Well, damn it.

JENNIE MAE. What's a matter?

SHOWERS. I just can't shut up! I guess you're just too nice to talk to.

JENNIE MAE. Now don't tease me.

SHOWERS. Miss Layman—

JENNIE MAE. You make me feel like an old maid when you call me "Miss Layman."

SHOWERS. Well you're awful formal yourself, ain't you?

JENNIE MAE. I'm younger'n you. I'm suppose to.

SHOWERS. Here we are in this day and age— with tractors and light bulbs and Singer Sewin Machines— and you're talkin like any man older'n you's automatic a Mister right off the bat!

JENNIE MAE. Now don't be rilin me up, Mr. Showers. Girls sixteen years old can't call men by first name. Least not in Indiana they don't.

SHOWERS. Then let's just pretend it's Kentucky.

JENNIE MAE. Mr. Showers, I can't!

SHOWERS. We'll say that old beech tree down the way's the door to a mine shaft, and that gulley right there's an old coal train.

JENNIE MAE. Oh, Mr. Showers.

SHOWERS. Come on now.

JENNIE MAE. I can't.

SHOWERS. Sure you can.

JENNIE MAE. No I can't.

SHOWERS. Well, I don't see why not. (*Pause. She looks in his eyes:*)

JENNIE MAE. You want me to?

SHOWERS. I want you to call me by name. (*Light sound of thunder:*) Did you just feel somethin?

JENNIE MAE. Yeah. Yeah, I felt somethin . . .

SHOWERS. Was that a rain drop you figure?

JENNIE MAE. What's that?

SHOWERS. Would you look at those clouds, Jennie Mae? Right up through the break in the trees there.

JENNIE MAE. Oh, my Lord.

SHOWERS. We best find your brother fore the sky splits wide open.

JENNIE MAE. He's on his way home.