

(BUDDY takes a jellybean from the jar and holds it up to SHOWERS.)

BUDDY. Maybe yiu'll feel better you eat somethin.

SHOWERS. (*Lashing out, knocks the boy's arm away.*)  
I said leave me alone!

BUDDY. (*As SHOWERS exits.*) What's a matter, C.C.?

(NORMA and LUELLA enter with umbrellas as the boy exits. Light sound of a very gentle summer rain. The women set their umbrellas out to dry. GOLDIE enters with her tray.)

NORMA. Just wait'll you hear.

BUDDY. (*Upset.*) Did he do somethin wrong?

LUELLA. That man is amazin.

BUDDY. (*Exiting.*) Hey, C.C.?

NORMA. When you hear what happened not half an hour ago you'll say it's just like I told you all summer.

LUELLA. I'd just as soon tell her myself.

GOLDIE. Let me get you some coffee.

LUELLA. Just half a cup, Goldie. Too much'll give me the skitters.

NORMA. After what she's just been through.

LUELLA. (*Quickly.*) I can tell her myself!

NORMA. She fell right off her bike in the road!

LUELLA. I was maybe half way to Zion when it started to rain, see? So I says to myself as I'm pedalin along—I says, "Luella, the thing to do here is use your umbrella." But to hold the thing up and ride the bike all at once I had to steer with just my left hand, see?

GOLDIE. No wonder you fell.

NORMA. Right down in the road.

LUELLA. And when I go to get up, I can't move!

NORMA. She can't move . . .

LUELLA. First I'd wiggle at my left side and then give a shake at the right. Tried her backwards and forwards and I can't budge an inch!

NORMA. Now, this is the part that's amazin . . .

LUELLA. There I am on my rump in the road, and I've just about given up hope—

NORMA. The part where she meets him.

GOLDIE. Meets who?

NORMA. You know!

GOLDIE. I don't know!

LUELLA. I look up through the rain, Goldie, and who do you think I see comin?

NORMA AND LUELLA. The new preacher!

NORMA. (*Charging on.*) Ain't it amazin, Goldie? Ain't it just like I told you? (*Pause. Quietly:*) You go on, Luella.

LUELLA. So he says to me, "Mrs. Bennett," he says, "Get up off the road, you're just fine." So I says, "I'm not fine—I can't budge, I fell off my blame bike." I says, "if you want a help me, you go get my husband."

GOLDIE. You must a hurt somethin awful.

LUELLA. But the longer I'm talkin the more the preacher keeps starin, till I seen he's starin right in my eyes.

NORMA. Lookin right in her eyes, Goldie—

LUELLA. And it was the funniest sort of a feelin, I tell you—like when he looked in my eyes he saw way down deep inside em. Like he's lookin and seein clean through me.

NORMA. Lookin clean through her, Goldie . . .

GOLDIE. Did he "touch" you?

LUELLA. He says, "I'm gonna hold my hand out here,