

Scene 1

*Lights up on a modest kitchen, 1940s. It is a Texas night. Through the upstage window you can see trees blowing in the wind. Blowing hot. Enter ELLIE. She is sticky in the heat. She shuffles in and finishes wiping the counters. Pours herself a glass of water. Crosses to the kitchen table, downstage, and sits. She is facing the audience as she drinks her water. She sticks her fingers in her water and taps her skin to cool herself. Puts the glass up to her forehead, cheeks. Holds up the glass to see her reflection. Studies herself. Lights down.*

Scene 2

*Lights up on the same kitchen. Enter HANK. He grabs coffee from the pot and the newspaper. Sits at the table. Enter ELLIE, a little rushed. Tying her apron. She gets some bacon going in the pan.*

Not raining today

ELLIE

What's that

HANK

I said it's not gonna rain today.

ELLIE

Oh? And what makes you say that?

HANK

I can feel it. Gonna be a dry one.

ELLIE

You can feel it, huh?

HANK

That's right

ELLIE

Uh huh

HANK

Best time to get the rest of my glads in the ground. I's afraid the rain would never let up

ELLIE

Gonna be a real hurricane season this year, they say

HANK

ELLIE

I hate hurricanes. Still uneasy every time I set foot in Galveston

HANK

Oh don't be ridiculous Ellie. They don't happen like that no more.

ELLIE

You're probably right, but you won't see me throwin' no party durin' one. *(serves him the bacon)*.

HANK

Ain't nobody throwin' no parties no way

ELLIE

Remember that hurricane party we went to when we still lived in Beaumont?

HANK

Fools

ELLIE

*(laughs to herself)*

Yes we were. We all were.

HANK

Sure am happy we moved out of the city. Got us some peace and quiet out here.

*(beat)*

ELLIE

Well, I'm just excited to get them glads in the ground.

HANK

I wish you'd spend half as much time on our pear trees as you do those gladiolus. 'D be nice to have somethin' like that to look forward to.

ELLIE

Ah, Hank, we get pears.

HANK

I want a whole pie of pears

ELLIE

I believe it. Prolly die happy on a pie a day.

HANK

Ain't gonna argue wit' you on that one.

ELLIE

Well, Johnson's drop off from town is comin' today. Two buckets a peaches. Said he can't make it, though. Said he's sendin' his colored boy.

HANK

His colored boy?

ELLIE

That's right

HANK

When'd he say that?

ELLIE

Phoned last night.

HANK

You didn't tell me that

ELLIE

I'm sorry, but you...

HANK

Why didn't you tell me that? How'd you expect I'd take that kinda news?

ELLIE

Well, I really didn't think it'd matter one way or...

HANK

Lettin some stranger in our house! I'm s'posed to go to the feed store today. I don't want no stranger roaming around in our house.

ELLIE

Oh, Hank, it'll just be a minute. He's just dropping off some peaches.

HANK

Well, you make sure he stays on the porch. An why didn't you tell me about Johnson's boy?

ELLIE

I'm sorry, Hank. You were at the fights last night...

HANK

This ain't got nothin' to do with where I was last night.

ELLIE

It's just that Johnson called when you were out and I was asleep when you got back home.

HANK

This aint got nothin' to do with where I was last night

ELLIE

Of course.

HANK

*(getting up, gathering his paper)*

You just make sure that boy stays on the porch.

ELLIE

Of course. Y'ant any more coffee?

HANK

Nah, I gotta get to the feed store and get them taters in the ground. Gonna be a hot one. *(passes by her and exits)*

ELLIE

Sure is. *(once he's gone)* No rain today though. No rain at all.

*(There's a slight pep in her step as she clears and wipes down the table)*

*Lights out.*