

CONTINUED: (18)

He reaches out to touch her. She pulls away.

MARTHA

Nobody but Jesus. An' he touches me ever' day.

(pause)

Now put that picture back in the Bible where you found it.

(He stuffs it in randomly)

Not just anywhere! Psalms 63 verse 6.

Thomas puts photo in the right place.
Martha closes her eyes.

THOMAS

(from Bible)

"I remember thee upon my bed and meditate on thee in the night."

Thomas looks at her.

MARTHA

(without opening her eyes)

Stop starin' at me.

BLACKOUT

ACT 1, SCENE 4

LIGHTS UP ON: Martha in LIVING ROOM,
dozing in front of a flickering TV, no
sound. It's night, two days later.

A KNOCK on the door startles her awake.
She turns off the TV and pulls a gun
from the hutch drawer.

MARTHA

Who's that knockin' this time o' night?

LUCILLE (O.S.)

It's me, honey, open the damn door!

MARTHA

Lucille? Lordy Mercy!

She puts the gun away and lets Lucille
in, who's wearing an Elvis T-shirt and
baseball cap, holding a pennant with
"Elvis the King" written on it. She
poses grandly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCILLE

Here I am! Got me a brand new Elvis shirt an' hat, got me a Elvis flag. All I need is a Elvis drink.

She pours herself a drink into an old jelly jar from the Elvis decanter.

MARTHA

Where's your blue suede shoes?

LUCILLE

Oh, hell, they cost too much or I'da bought some.

MARTHA

You sound wore out.

LUCILLE

I am, right to the bone.

(Downs the drink, paces)

This stuff don't taste like four hunderd dollars.

MARTHA

How come you're back already?

LUCILLE

Run plumb outta money, that's why! Barely made it back as it is. Good thing we--

(stops herself)

Hey, wait a minute, where's them boys o' yours?

MARTHA

Off at a party. What's the matter with you? You're like a boil about to pop!

LUCILLE

Martha, I been in a car for six hours an' I ain't in the mood for somebody else harpin' at me.

MARTHA

What was Frieda June harpin' at you about?

LUCILLE

Oh, it wudn't Frieda June, it was--

(Quickly)

Oh, damn, what's the matter with me? I forgot about your present. Gotcha one o' them Elvis teddy bears. Got a little heart on a chain aroun' its neck, says "Elvis" right there on it.

Lucille fishes it out of her bag and gives it to her.

MARTHA

Oh, ain't that the sweetest thing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUCILLE

Yeh, that's what J.D. said.

Lucille clamps her hand over her own mouth.

MARTHA

What do you mean, that's what J.D. said?

LUCILLE

Nothin', honey, it ain't nothin'--

MARTHA

Lucille!

LUCILLE

It ain't nothin' to--

MARTHA

Lucille!! What are you up to?

LUCILLE

I ain't up to nothin'! Now stop pesterin' me about--

MARTHA

Lucille!!

LUCILLE

I saw him in Memphis!!

MARTHA

(Stunned)

You done what!?

LUCILLE

Drove up to a fillin' station to gas up. There he was, settin' inside, proud as a peacock.

MARTHA

Don't reckon he asked about me, did he?

LUCILLE

Well, I just reckon he did. Asked about you, 'bout John David. Wanted to know all about the weddin'.

MARTHA

How'd he know about the weddin'? I didn't tell him 'bout no weddin'.

(Pause)

Lucille, you didn't!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LUCILLE

Well, dammit, it just slipped out! I didn't mean to tell him but I was so flustered seein' him I just started talkin' 'bout anything popped in my head.

MARTHA

He's gonna get on the phone an' call now, you mark my word.

LUCILLE

Oh, I don't think he'll do that.

MARTHA

You don't know him like I do.

LUCILLE

Maybe not, I just know he ain't gonna get on no phone an' call you.

MARTHA

Oh, yeh he will.

LUCILLE

He ain't gonna call you, Martha!

MARTHA

How do you--

LUCILLE

'Cause he rode here with me an' Frieda June!

MARTHA

He done what?!

LUCILLE

He's settin' out in the car right now! Wanted me to come in first an' make sure you didn't shoot him.

MARTHA

Lucille, what in the worl's the matter with you?!

She unconsciously fixes her hair.

LUCILLE

I couldn't help it none! He filled up Frieda June's car with gas in trade for the ride. An' it wudn't worth it! All the way here he kep' harpin' 'bout savin' our souls. If I'da had a gun I'da shot him myself. Claim self-defense 'cause he tried to preach me to death.

MARTHA

That's exactly why I didn't want to tell him 'bout the weddin', Lucille! Didn't want him stickin' his nose in. Ohhhh! I could just kill you!

(CONTINUED)