

CONTINUED: (5)

Lucille leaves. Martha fixes a strand of her hair and smooths her dress. Fluffs a pillow.

She doesn't see J.D. ENTER in work pants and shirt, with a small suitcase.

J.D.

→ Martha.

Startled, Martha turns and looks at him. A tense moment. He puts the suitcase down.

MARTHA

Don't set that down. You ain't stayin' here 'cause when I call the po-lice you'll be stayin' in jail.

J.D.

You got no call to do that. I just want to talk to you.

MARTHA

Ain't got nothin' to say to you.

J.D.

Where's my boy at?

MARTHA

Ain't your boy no more.

J.D.

Can't change what is. He's mine.

MARTHA

You got sump'm to say just speak your piece an' get outta my sight.

J.D.

Still got a temper on you.

MARTHA

You ain't seen my temper, J.D.! After you run off an' send me divorce papers in the mail?!

J.D.

Martha, I didn't come here to drag up all that stuff from the past.

MARTHA

All that stuff from the past is all I know o' you, J.D.

J.D.

Well, if you just settle down, I brung you a present.

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J.D. unlatches his suitcase.

MARTHA

What in the worl' is ever'body doin' bringin' me presents?! I don't want no present from you, 'less it's a ten pound box o' money.

He presents her with a Bible.

J.D.

It's a Bible. Had it made up special. Got your name printed on it.

MARTHA

Damn, can't even sell it, then.

J.D.

King James Version. From back in Jesus' time. Ain't got no use for them other ones.

MARTHA

I don't want no Bible from you, J.D., you can give it to the police when they come for you.

She picks up the phone.

J.D.

Martha, put that phone down.

MARTHA

You done give up the right to order me aroun', J.D.

J.D.

I come here to talk to you 'bout sump'm, an' if you don't like what you hear I'll walk right out the door an' never set foot here ag'in.

MARTHA

Says the biggest liar in the state o' North Carolina.

J.D.

May God hisself strike me dead if I'm lyin'.

She hesitates, then cradles the phone.

MARTHA

Ain't got all night.

He steps toward her. She steps back.

J.D.

You always had the purtiest eyes.

(CONTINUED)

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He reaches out and takes her hand. She pulls it away.

MARTHA

Yeh, but people's gotta look at the rest o' me.

J.D.

Martha, all the time we'se drivin' up here I kep' thinkin' about them times we'd get in the car, drive around lookin' at the dogwoods, stop by the river, lay out a picnic, go swimmin'...

MARTHA

Hope no cottonmouth come swimmin' after you...

J.D.

We had us some good times.

MARTHA

Yeh, we did, an' we had us some awful bad times, too, now what do you want?

J.D.

(Deep breath)

Well, there's sump'm I been thinkin' about for a long time now. Sump'm happened to me when I started preachin' ag'in. Sump'm, well, I don't know how to say it...

MARTHA

Good Lord, J.D., just spit it out!

J.D.

I come to ask you to get back together an' try ag'in. I come back here 'cause I love you.

She stares at him in utter disbelief, her heart breaking, vacillating between anger, pain and hope. She backs away.

MARTHA

(Quietly)

No, you don't.

J.D.

I know I wudn't good to you, but that don't mean I ain't sorry.

MARTHA

J.D., you can't walk in here an' think a Bible's gonna make up for you bein' a liar an' a cheater.

J.D.

Still got that smart tongue o' yours, I see. END

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