

job." And I say "What you talkin' bout, woman?" And the very next week I go to work for that woman in Little Five Points. Cahill! Ms. Frances Cahill. And then I go to Judge Stone and they the reason I happy to hear you Jews.

BOOLIE. Hoke, I want you to understand, my mother is a little high-strung. She doesn't want anybody driving her. But the fact is you'd be working for me. She can say anything she likes but she can't fire you. You understand?

HOKE. Sho' I do. Don't worry none about it. I hold on no matter what way she run me. When I nothin' but a little boy down there on the farm above Macon, I use to wrestle hogs to the ground at killin' time, and ain' no hog get away from me yet.

BOOLIE. How does twenty dollars a week sound?

HOKE. Soun' like you got yo' Mama a chauffeur. *(Lights fade on them and come up on Daisy who enters her living room with the morning paper. She reads with interest. Hoke enters the living room. He carries a chauffeur's cap instead of his hat. Daisy's concentration on the paper becomes fierce when she senses Hoke's presence.)* Mornin', Miz Daisy.

DAISY. Good morning.

HOKE. Right cool in the night, wadn't it?

DAISY. I wouldn't know. I was asleep.

HOKE. Yassum. What yo plans today?

DAISY. That's my business.

HOKE. You right about dat. Idella say we runnin' outa coffee and Dutch Cleanser.

DAISY. We?

HOKE. She say we low on silver polish too.

DAISY. Thank you. I will go to the Piggly Wiggly on the trolley this afternoon.

HOKE. Now, Miz Daisy, how come you doan' let me carry you?

DAISY. No thank you.

HOKE. Ain't that what Mist' Werthan hire me for?

DAISY. That's his problem.

HOKE. All right den. I find something to do. I tend yo zinnias.

DAISY. Leave my flower bed alone.

HOKE. Yassum. You got a nice place back beyond the garage ain' doin' nothin' but sittin' there. I could put you in some butterbeans and some tomatoes and even some Irish potatoes could we get some ones with good eyes.

DAISY. If I want a vegetable garden, I'll plant it for myself.

HOKE. Well, I go out and set in the kitchen, then, like I been doin' all week.

DAISY. Don't talk to Idella. She has work to do.

HOKE. Nome. I jes sit there till five o'clock.

DAISY. That's your affair.

HOKE. Seem a shame, do. That fine Oldsmobile settin out there in the garage. Ain't move a inch from when Mist' Werthan rode it over here from Mitchell Motors. Only got nineteen miles on it. Seem like that insurance company give you a whole new car for nothin'.

DAISY. That's your opinion.

HOKE. Yassum. And my other opinion is a fine rich Jewish lady like you doan b'long draggin' up the steps of no bus, luggin' no grocery store bags. I come alone and carry them fo' you.

DAISY. I don't need you. I don't want you. And I don't like you saying I'm rich.

HOKE. I won' say it, then.

DAISY. Is that what you and Idella talk about in the kitchen? Oh, I hate this! I hate being discussed behind my back in my own house! I was born on Forsyth Street and, believe you me, I knew the value of a penny. My brother Manny brought home a white cat one day and Papa said we couldn't keep it because we couldn't afford to feed it. My sisters saved up money so I could go to school and be a teacher. We didn't have anything!

HOKE. Yassum, but look like you doin' all right now.

DAISY. And I've ridden the trolley with groceries plenty of times!

HOKE. Yassum, but I feel bad takin' Mist' Werthan's money for doin' nothin'. You understand? *(She cuts him off in the speech.)*

DAISY. How much does he pay you?

HOKE. That between me and him, Miz Daisy.

DAISY. Anything over seven dollars a week is robbery. Highway robbery!

HOKE. Specially when I doan do nothin' but set on a stool in the kitchen all day long. Tell you what, while you goin on the trolley to the Piggly Wiggly, I hose down yo' front steps. *(Daisy is putting on her hat.)*

DAISY. All right.

HOKE. All right I hose yo' steps?

DAISY. All right the Piggly Wiggly. And then home. Nowhere else.

HOKE. Yassum.

DAISY. Wait. You don't know how to run the Oldsmobile!

HOKE. Miz Daisy, a gear shift like a third arm to me. Anyway, thissun automatic. Any fool can run it.

DAISY. Any fool but me, apparently.

HOKE. Ain' no need to be so hard on yoseff now. You cain' drive but you probably do alota things I cain' do. It all work out.

DAISY. (*Calling offstage.*) I'm gone to the market, Idella.

HOKE. (*Also calling.*) And I right behind her! (*Hoke puts on his cap and helps Daisy into the car. He sits at the wheel and backs the car down the driveway. Daisy, in the rear, is in full bristle.*) I love a new car smell. Doan' you? (*Daisy slides over to the other side of the seat.*)

DAISY. I'm nobody's fool, Hoke.

HOKE. Nome.

DAISY. I can see the speedometer as well as you can.

HOKE. I see dat.

DAISY. My husband taught me how to run a car.

HOKE. Yassum.

DAISY. I still remember everything he said. So don't you even think for a second that you can—Wait! You're speeding! I see it!

HOKE. We ain' goin' but nineteen miles an hour.

DAISY. I like to go under the speed limit.

HOKE. Speed limit thirty-five here.

DAISY. The slower you go, the more you save on gas. My husband told me that.

HOKE. We barely movin'. Might as well walk to the Piggly Wiggly.

DAISY. Is this your car?

HOKE. Nome.

DAISY. Do you pay for the gas?

HOKE. Nome.

DAISY. All right then. My fine son may think I'm losing my abilities, but I am still in control of what goes on in my car. Where are you going?

HOKE. To the grocery store.

DAISY. Then why didn't you turn on Highland Avenue?

HOKE. Piggly Wiggly ain' on Highland Avenue. It on Euclid, down there near—

DAISY. I know where it is and I want to go to it the way I always go. On Highland Avenue.

HOKE. That three blocks out of the way, Miz Daisy.

DAISY. Go back! Go back this minute!

HOKE. We in the wrong lane! I cain' jes—

DAISY. Go back I said! If you don't, I'll get out of this car and walk!
HOKE. We movin'! You cain' open the do'!
DAISY. This is wrong! Where are you taking me?
HOKE. The sto'.
DAISY. This is wrong. You have to go back to Highland Avenue!
HOKE. Mmmm Hmmm.
DAISY. I've been driving to the Piggly Wiggly since the day they put it up and opened it for business. This isn't the way! Go back! Go back this minute!
HOKE. Yonder the Piggly Wiggly.
DAISY. Get ready to turn now.
HOKE. Yassum.
DAISY. Look out! There's a little boy behind that shopping cart!
HOKE. I see dat.
DAISY. Pull in next to the blue car.
HOKE. We closer to the do' right here.
DAISY. Next to the blue car! I don't park in the sun! It fades the upholstery.
HOKE. Yassum. *(He pulls in, and gets out as Daisy springs out of the back seat.)*
DAISY. Wait a minute. Give me the car keys.
HOKE. Yassum.
DAISY. Stay right here by the car. And you don't have to tell everybody my business.
HOKE. Nome. Don' forget the Dutch Cleanser now. *(She fixes him with a look meant to kill and exits. Hoke waits by the car for a minute, then hurries to the phone booth at the corner.)* Hello? Miz McClatchey? Hoke Coleburn here. Can I speak to him? *(Pause.)* Mornin sir, Mist' Werthan. Guess where I'm at? I'm at dishere phone booth on Euclid Avenue right next to the Piggly Wiggly. I jes drove yo' Mama to the market. *(Pause.)* She flap a little on the way. But she all right. She in the store. Uh oh. Miz Daisy look out the store window and doan' see me, she liable to throw a fit right there by the checkout. *(Pause.)* Yassuh, only took six days. Same time it take the Lawd to make the worl'. *(Lights out on him. We hear a choir singing.)*
CHOIR.

May the words of my mouth
And the meditations of my heart
Be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord
My strength and my redeemer. Amen.