

DAISY. I'm such a fool! I didn't have any business coming in the car by myself with just you. Boolie made me! I should have come on the train. I'd be safe there. I just should have come on the train.

HOKE. Yassum. You should have. *(Lights dim to suggest passage of time and come right back up again. It is night now. Daisy and Hoke are somewhat slumped on the seats, Hoke driving wearily.)*

DAISY. They fixed crab for me. Minnie always fixes crab. They go to so much trouble! It's all ruined by now! Oh Lord!

HOKE. We got to pull over, Miz Daisy.

DAISY. Is something wrong with the car?

HOKE. Nome. I got to bixcused.

DAISY. What?

HOKE. I got to make water.

DAISY. You should have thought of that back at the Standard Oil Station.

HOKE. Colored cain' use the toilet at no Standard Oil... You know dat.

DAISY. Well there's no time to stop. We'll be in Mobile soon. You can wait.

HOKE. Yassum. *(He drives a minute then stops the car.)* Nome.

DAISY. I told you to wait!

HOKE. Yassum. I hear you. How you think I feel havin' to ax you when can I make my water like I some damn dog?

DAISY. Why, Hoke! I'd be ashamed!

HOKE. I ain' no dog and I ain' no chile and I ain' jes' a back of the neck you look at while you goin' wherever you want to go. I a man nearly seventy-two years old and I know when my bladder full and I gettin' out dis car and goin' off down de road like I got to do. And I'm takin' de car key dis time. And that's de end of it. *(He leaves the car, slamming his door and exits. Daisy sits very still in the back seat. It's a dark country night. Crickets chirp, a dog barks.)*

DAISY. *(Angry.)* Hoke! *(She waits. No sound. Then, less angry.)*

Hoke! *(Silence. Darkness. Country sounds. Now she is frightened.)*

Hoke? *(No answer. Light fades on her slowly and comes up on Boolie, in his office. He speaks into his phone in answer to intercom buzz.)*

BOOLIE. Well, hell yes! Send him right on in here! *(Hoke enters.)*

Isn't it your day off? To what do I owe this honor?

HOKE. We got to talk.

BOOLIE. What is it?

HOKE. It Mist' Sinclair Harris.

BOOLIE. My cousin Sinclair?

HOKE. His wife.

BOOLIE. Jeanette?

HOKE. The one talk funny.

BOOLIE. She's from Canton, Ohio.

HOKE. Yassuh. She tryin' to hire me.

BOOLIE. What?

HOKE. She phone when she know Miz Daisy be out and she say "How are they treating you, Hoke?" You know how she soun' like her nose stuff up. And I say "fine" and she say "Well, if you looking for a change you know where to call."

BOOLIE. I'll be damned!

HOKE. I thought you want to know 'bout it.

BOOLIE. I'll be God damned!

HOKE. Ain't she a mess? (*A beat.*) She say name yo' sal'ry.

BOOLIE. I see. And did you?

HOKE. Did I what?

BOOLIE. Name your salary?

HOKE. Now what you think I am? I ain' studyin' workin' for no trashy somethin' like her.

BOOLIE. But she got you to thinking, didn't she?

HOKE. You might could say dat.

BOOLIE. Name your salary?

HOKE. Dat what she say.

BOOLIE. Well, how does sixty-five dollars a week sound?

HOKE. Sounds pretty good. Seventy-five sounds better.

BOOLIE. So it does. Beginning this week.

HOKE. Das mighty nice of you Mist' Werthan. I 'preciate it. Mist' Werthan, you ever had people fightin' over you?

BOOLIE. No.

HOKE. Well, I tell you. It feel good. (*Light out on them. We hear a phone ringing. Light up on Daisy's house. It's a dark, winter morning and there is no light on in the house. Daisy enters, wearing her coat over her bathrobe and carrying a lit candle in a candlestick. She is up in her eighties now and walks more carefully, but she is by no means decrepit.*)

DAISY. Hello? (*Light up on Boolie at home, also dressed warmly.*)

BOOLIE. Mama, thank goodness! I was afraid your phone would be out.

DAISY. No, but I don't have any power.