

working, doing somebody else's work. Not Molly Cunningham.

*(MATTIE crosses to the kitchen table and picks up her clean plate and silverware.)*

MATTIE. It's the only job I got. I got to make it someway to fend for myself. *(Puts the plate and silverware back on the side table upstage center, behind MOLLY.)*

MOLLY. I thought Jeremy was your man. Ain't he working?

MATTIE. We just be keeping company until maybe Jack come back. *(Crosses to the sink, washes her hands and wets the dishrag.)*

MOLLY. I don't trust none of these men. Jack or nobody else. These men liable to do anything. They wait just until they get one woman tied and locked up with them ... then they look around to see if they can get another one. Molly don't pay them no mind. One's just as good as the other if you ask me. I ain't never met one that meant nobody no good.

*(MOLLY scoops butter up with her finger and licks it off, as MATTIE crosses to the kitchen table, bends over and brushes the crumbs off the table into her hand with the dishrag.)*

MOLLY. You got any babies?

MATTIE. *(Rises.)* I had two for my man, Jack Carper. But they both died. *(Crosses to the sink.)*

MOLLY. That be the best.

*(MATTIE turns to MOLLY in shock.)*

MOLLY. These men make all these babies then run off and leave you to take care of them. Talking about they wanna see what's on the other side of the hill. I make sure I don't get no babies. My mama taught me how to do that.

MATTIE. Don't make no mind. That be nice to be a mother.

MOLLY. Yeah? Well, you go on then. Molly Cunningham ain't gonna be tied down with no babies.

*(MATTIE turns quickly toward the sink, brushes the crumbs into the garbage can underneath, puts down the dishrag on the sink edge. She crosses rapidly to the bench, picks up her hat, gloves, and purse, and moves to the kitchen archway. MOLLY stares out, troubled.)*

MOLLY. Had me a man one time who I thought had some love in him.

*(MATTIE stops at the kitchen archway, her back to MOLLY.)*

MOLLY. Come home one day and he was packing his trunk. Told me the time come when even the best of friends must part. Say he was gonna send me a Special Delivery some old day. I watched him out the window when he carried that trunk out and down to the train station.

*(MOLLY's voice catches. She stops speaking, looks down at her lap, and smooths her napkin. MATTIE turns to MOLLY and steps towards her. MOLLY looks up at MATTIE defiantly. MATTIE stops her cross.)*

MOLLY. Said if he was gonna send me a Special Delivery I wasn't gonna be there to get it. I done found out the harder you try to hold onto them, the easier it is for some gal to pull them away. Molly done learned that. *(Composed again.)* That's why I don't trust nobody but the good Lord above, and I don't love nobody but my mama.

MATTIE. I got to get on. *(Crosses to the hallway. Over her shoulder.)* Doc Goldblum gonna be waiting.

*(MATTIE crosses through the hallway and the front door, puts on her hat and gloves, and exits. Alone, MOLLY is again pained by her memory. SETH enters from his workshop through the porch door, wearing his work apron and gloves. His goggles are around his neck and he carries an empty pail. He crosses to the sink.)*

SETH. Everybody gone but you, huh? *(Puts the bucket down in the sink, turns the water on to fill it.)*

MOLLY. *(Quickly recovers.)* That little shack out there by the outhouse ... that's where you make them pots and pans and stuff?

SETH. *(Flattered and proud.)* Yep. That's my workshed. I go out there ... take these hands and make something out of nothing. Take that metal and bend and twist it whatever way I want. My daddy taught me that. He used to make pots and pans. That's how I learned it.

MOLLY. I never knew nobody make no pots and pans. My uncle used to shoe horses.

*(JEREMY enters suddenly through the porch door, crosses directly to the kitchen archway heading for the stairs ...)*