

SIDE 4 - Sybil, Weetsie, Tood, Aunt Ola

THE COVER OF LIFE

SYBIL. Christ, more Bible. (Pause) We are modern.
TOOD. Y'all hush. Aunt Ola's gonna hear you.

(AUNT OLA returns with a plate, caddy and a napkin, puts it on the table. They all sit at table.)

SYBIL. I ran into Addie Mae in Bickley's Drug Store this mornin'. She was all over me like a cheap suit. Pass me that cornbread.

WEETSIE. (To SYBIL) Didn't you forget something?

SYBIL. (Hasn't a clue, then with extreme politeness) Pass the cornbread ... please?

WEETSIE. (Unamused) We got to say the blessin'.

TOOD. (Amused, and with great relish) And it's Sybil's turn.

AUNT OLA. Come on, Sybil. Everybody takes a turn.

(They all bow their heads.)

SYBIL. (Solemnly, with humor) Dear Lord ... please make us able ... to eat ever' bite on this table.

WEETSIE. Sybil!

(TOOD controls urge to laugh, AUNT OLA smiles slightly.)

AUNT OLA. I'll say the blessin'. (Heads bow again) Dear Lord, thank you for all you have provided. (SYBIL and TOOD sneak an amused look at each other, then bow heads again) Keep an eye on my boys, let 'em come home safe. (Looks up) And keep an eye on my girls, too. (Bows head again.)
WEETSIE. And Uncle Tom.

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THE COVER OF LIFE

AUNT OLA. (Without enthusiasm) And my dear-sweet-God-fearin'-skirt-chasin'-husband, Tom. In Jesus' name we pray. Amen.

(They begin the meal.)

TOOD. (To AUNT OLA) How was settin' up with Uncle Tom this mornin'?

AUNT OLA. Well, the nurse on duty kept sayin' he was delicious, but I couldn't tell no difference. (Laughs)

WEETSIE. Well, I pray for him every night.

AUNT OLA. Don't wear yourself out.

TOOD. (Playfully admonishing) Aunt Ola!

AUNT OLA. (Remembers something) About five years ago he near 'bout did himself in for me. (She begins to laugh as she tells this story) He was polishin' that darned old pistol of his granddaddy's, and he couldn't hold it in that crippled hand. It slipped and shot off the one good finger he had. (More laughter) I know I ought to have been ashamed, but it tickled me to death! He always did care more about that pistol than he ever did for me.

END

(The others laugh and admonish her.)

TOOD. So what did Addie Mae want?

SYBIL. Oh, she was askin' how we were doin', and (Excitedly) what did we think about being interviewed again.

WEETSIE. Again? I don't see why anybody's interested in us women.

SYBIL. Well I'd love to be interviewed again. I liked being interviewed. But next time I intend to dress better and talk more.