

Side 7

then—oh, hey, Cath. Could you scoot over? (*As he wheels the barrow between them.*) Then, uh, I thought of sump'm else we could do. We could look at pictures of stuff in books, and that'd be—you know, not quite *as* good, but just about.

CATHERINE. Ellard?

ELLARD. Huh?

CATHERINE. What're you doin'?

ELLARD. We're workin' on some words. He wanted to.

CATHERINE. Oh. . . .

ELLARD. Show you, look. Ready to do some words, Charlie? (*Points.*) What's that?

CHARLIE. "So-fa"?

ELLARD. "Sofa," yep. An' what's that?

CHARLIE. "Rug"?

ELLARD. Uh-huh.

CATHERINE. Well, Ellard?

ELLARD. (*Pointing.*) What's that?

CHARLIE. "Stovva"?

ELLARD. "Stove"?

CHARLIE. "Stove"?

ELLARD. Yeah? That's good.

CATHERINE. Well, Ellard, I declare.

ELLARD. What's this here?

CHARLIE. Ahh. . . .

ELLARD. (*Giving a hint.*) Ends with "Ump."

CHARLIE. "Lay-ump"?

ELLARD. "Layump," that's right.

CATHERINE. Ellard, you taught him to say all these words?

ELLARD. Yeah.

BETTY. (*Coming into the room.*) Woo-oo! I found it, Charlie! I'd gone 'n' put it away with Meeks's stuff. (*Seeing the others.*) What in the world—?

CATHERINE. Ellard's teachin' Charlie.

BETTY. He is?

ELLARD. 'Kay, Charlie, here's some new ones. (*Holding up a rock.*) "Rock"?

CHARLIE. "Rock"?

ELLARD. "Bush"?

CHARLIE. "Boosh"?

BETTY. Well, my land.

ELLARD. "Brick"?

CHARLIE. "Breek"?

CATHERINE. (*To Betty.*) What's that?

BETTY. Oh, Charlie seemed t' want t' hear some harmonica music, so I said—

CATHERINE. You play that?

BETTY. Well—useta could. I think I better go off 'n' practice somewheres, though.

CATHERINE. (*Starting into the kitchen, suppressing a smile.*) My my. A day for surprises.

BETTY. What ye after? Ye need sump'm?

CATHERINE. Just scarin' up breakfast.

BETTY. You are?

CATHERINE. Yeah. (*Catherine exits. A beat. Calling to her:*)

BETTY. You all right?

CATHERINE. (*Off.*) Yes, ma'am.

BETTY. Laws. (*She exits upstairs.*)