

**SCENE 5**

*(The Calhoun Home)*

*(Later that week. Early Sunday Morning. A shack of a place. HUEY enters, finishing up a beer. GLADYS, in a dingy waitress uniform, sits.)*

**HUEY**

Mornin', Mama. What you doin' up? You work the night shift again?

**GLADYS**

A letter come for you, Huey.

**HUEY**

Oh, Mr. Simmons says I been gettin' lots of letters down at the station. You hear my program last night?

**GLADYS**

Can't put your program on at the diner. Good Christians come there.

**HUEY**

Why do good Christians always annoy me?

**GLADYS**

Before you rattle on with your blasphemy, I'd like to read the letter. Could you hand it to me?

**HUEY**

Well, sure. Where is it?

**GLADYS**

On the floor. Tied to that brick.

*(beat)*

**HUEY**

This don't mean nothin', Mama -

**GLADYS**

I come home and turn on the lights and it come crashin' through the window like they was waitin' for me-

**HUEY**

It don't mean nothin'!

**GLADYS**

Huey, I want you to quit that radio!

**HUEY**

It's just folks lettin' off steam --

**GLADYS**

There is a brick on my floor!

**HUEY**

Mama, listen -- I think I'm maybe finally good at something. Did you ever expect me to be good at something?

**GLADYS**

No.

**HUEY**

Yeah, well this music - I think it might actually take me somewhere, somewhere better than this.

**GLADYS**

Now you sound like your daddy. The man never even once left Memphis.

~~**HUEY**~~

~~But Mama, I met this girl.~~

~~**GLADYS**~~

~~A girl?~~

~~**HUEY**~~

~~Yeah, a nice girl and she's um...~~

~~**GLADYS**~~

~~She's what?~~

~~**HUEY**~~

~~Well, she's uh...Oh Mama, you shoulda heard my program! I had on the good Reverend Calvin Hobson of First Baptist. And I says, now Reverend, how many white folks usually come by to hear your fantastical gospel choir?~~

~~(Lights up on REVEREND CALVIN HOBSON, on the radio.)~~