

HOKE Monologue #1:

Yessah, my name's Hoke Coleburn. Yessah, been outta work since back before last November. Yessah, Mist' Werthan, dat' is a long time. But you try bein' me and looking for work. They hirin' young if they hirin' colored,' an' they ain' even' hirin' much young, seems like. Mist' Werthan?' Ya'll people Jewish, ain' you? Good, 'cause I'd ruther drive for Jews. People always talkin' bout they stingy and they cheap, but don' say none of that roun' me.' No suh, ya see, one time I workin' for this woman over near Little Five Points. What was that woman's name? I forget. Anyway, she president of the Ladies Auxilliary over yonder to the Ponce De Leon Baptist Church and seem like she always bringing up God and Jesus and do unto others. You know what I'm talkin' about? (beat) Well, one day, Mist' Werthan, one day that woman say to me, she say "Hoke, come on back in the back wid me. I got something for you." And we go on back yonder and, Lawd have mercy, she have all these old shirts and collars be on the bed, yellow, you know, and nasty like they' been stuck off in a chiffarobe and forgot about. Thass' right. And she say "Ain' they nice? They b'long to my daddy befo' he pass and we fixin' to sell 'em to you for twenty five cent a piece." Now what was that woman's name? Any'way, as I was goin' on to say, any fool see the whole bunch of them collars and shirts together ain' worth a nickel! Them's the people das callin' Jews cheap! So I say "Yassam, I think about it." And I get me another job fas' as I can.

HOKE Monologue #2:

(Hoke is behind the wheel of the car. Daisy is in the back seat over his right shoulder. A thought comes to Hoke and he pulls the car over.) Nome. Ain' nothin' wrong wid the car. I got to bixcused.*(She says something.)* I got to make water. *(She says something.)* Yassum, we did stop already, Miz Daisy, but colored cain' use the toilet at no Standard Oil you know dat. *(She says something.)* Wait 'till we get to Mobile? Yessum. *(He drives on for a minute then stops the car again.)* Nome. Yassum. I hear you. How you think I feel havin' to ax you when can I make my water like I some damn dog? 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 keys dis time. And that's de end of it.