

Scene 1A: Church

CHOIR. (*offstage*)

AH AH

ON ANY SUNDAY HERE WE'LL BE

RAISING OUR VOICES IN HARMONY

ONE DAY ONCE OUR TRIALS HAVE CEASED

WE WILL BE RELEASED

SHAW. (*heartfelt, conversational*)

ON ANY SUNDAY, LORD, I PRAY

TELL ME EXACTLY THE WORDS TO SAY

GIVE ME STRENGTH AND MAYBE THEN

I CAN REACH MY FELLOW MEN

SO WE ALL MAY RISE AGAIN

THANK YOU, LORD. AMEN

(Church pews and the choir loft appear.)

CHOIR.

AH-AH-AH....

(PARISHIONERS enter and fill the pews. As REN and ETHEL enter, SHAW greets them.)

SHAW. Welcome to Bomont!

(mounts the pulpit) Good morning!

PARISHIONERS. Good morning, Reverend!

SHAW. I took the long way to church this morning, down past the old creek. I heard birds chirping and our own choir warming up in the distance. I was reminded of a line from our great poet, Walt Whitman, who wrote, "I hear America singing." And I thought, "Aren't we the song that we sing? Don't we lift our voices to tell the world who we are? And what we believe?" So I ask you this morning – what song are you singing?

Start

End