

**Please choose this scene to prepare if you are in the age range of
20-50
Read the Role of Mrs. Flowers**

MRS. FLOWERS: Good day, Mr. Johnson, Mrs. Henderson.

MOMMA: How you, Sister Flowers?

MRS. FLOWERS: Just fine, thank you. Hello Marguerite. *(Young Maya says nothing)* That is a nice dress you have on. *(Young Maya says nothing)* Mrs. Henderson, you make most of the children's clothes don't you?

MOMMA: Yes, ma'am. Sure do. Store-bought clothes ain't hardly worth the thread it take to stitch 'em...

MRS. FLOWERS: That dress looks professional. A lovely job. So neat. You should be proud. MOMMA: No, ma'am. Pride is a sin. And 'cording to the Good Book, it goeth before a fall. MRS. FLOWERS: So the Bible says. It's a good thing to keep in mind.

MOMMA: Yes, Ma'am. I'll send Bailey up to your house with these things.

MRS. FLOWERS: Thank you, Mrs. Henderson. I'd prefer Marguerite, though. I've been meaning to talk to her anyway.

BAILEY: They gave each other age-group looks.

MOMMA: Well, all right then. Sister, pick up the groceries. Go on out and wait.

(Young Maya goes outside. Bailey

exits) MRS. FLOWERS: How old is

she now? MOMMA: Ten years.

MRS. FLOWERS: Mmmhmmm. *(Beat)*

MOMMA: Mmmhmmm.

MRS. FLOWERS: Well. Thank you, Mrs. Henderson, for loaning your granddaughter to help me with these groceries.

MOMMA: Oh, any time, Sister Flowers. Any time. (*Momma exits. Mrs. Flowers joins Young Maya outside. Lights shift.*)

MRS. FLOWERS: Come and walk along with me, Marguerite.

MAYA: I couldn't have refused even if I wanted to. She pronounced my name so

nicely. (*Mrs. Flowers and Young Maya walk*)

MRS FLOWERS: Now no one is going to *make* you talk -- But language is a man's way of communicating with his fellow man and it is language alone that separates him from the lowliest animals.