

Josh + Lily

LILY. ~~But at least he got to see Lily Rose in the Easter pageant at Trinity.~~ Where did you go to church back in our Demopolis days?

JOSHUA. Lone Pine Baptist.

LILY. Lone Pine Baptist?

JOSHUA. I'm sure that little back-road church is long gone by now. Once we moved here to Montgomery, Mama had her eye on Dexter Avenue Baptist. Where the professional folk prayed. Martin Luther King's the preacher there now. Have you heard of Dr.—?

LILY. I do love Easter, it's my favorite time, probably!

*She looks at the sky.*

It wants to rain, don't you think?

JOSHUA. Maybe, yes. How is everything back in The People's City since we last spoke?

LILY. "The People's City"! Demopolis. You remember everything, just like me. Well, they installed a new fountain in Confederate Square. The goddess Persephone sits on top. Some church folks called it "pagan." I think it's beautiful.

JOSHUA. And your husband, how's he?

LILY. (*Deflecting.*) And how's Canada Dry? Your ginger-ale business?

JOSHUA. Vernor's Ginger Ale. I would've brought you a bottle had I known we'd meet again.

LILY. (*Noting the Bible in his hand.*) Got your Bible there, I see.

JOSHUA. Yes. Mama's Bible.

LILY. I guess you're still doing Bible study over at your mama's church—where is it, downtown?

JOSHUA. Like I said, down on Dexter Avenue. Near the Capitol, near the Archive Building? Do you know it?

LILY. I don't think so. Now, why are you *walking* downtown from here? It must be a mile or more. Didn't you drive down from Detroit? Where you hiding your car?

JOSHUA. Last year I parked it near the church, and someone smashed out my driver's side window with a brick.

LILY. Who would do that? Who?

JOSHUA. Some people in Montgomery don't like the sight of a Negro behind the wheel of a brand new car.

LILY. That's terrible—I believe a Negro has as much right as anyone to have a car.

JOSHUA. (*Noting her condescension. Bowing low.*) Well, thank you very much, "Miss Lily."

LILY. Now, I didn't mean it like that—

JOSHUA. I keep it parked at the house where I'm staying, on the Negro side of the park. I pass this way to catch the High Street bus downtown. What about you? Why don't you drive yourself down to the shopping district rather than sitting outside the hospital?

LILY. Drive myself! I never got a license, isn't that terrible? Daddy always had drivers for us. I have a driver here in Montgomery, too. Mr. Bjornson. A sweet old man from Sweden, of all places. He carries me to the hospital in the morning and then back to the Jeff Davis, where I have an afternoon cocktail in The Drum Room before I call home and talk to my baby girl. I have a routine.

*Beat.*

Well, the shorter answer is: I don't drive. Me, traveling on my own? It doesn't happen.

JOSHUA. Gotta keep moving. I remember the day Pastor Wilkes drove Mama and me to Montgomery. We passed by that sign that read, "You are now leaving The People's City," and I thought: "Moving is a good thing!" I feel that same way when I drive my Buick Roadmaster down here from Detroit—with all the windows down, the radio on, a ginger ale in my hand, and my Green Book on the seat next to me...

LILY. Your Green Book? What's a Green Book?

JOSHUA. That's a book that tells colored folks where it's safe to eat and sleep when they're traveling.

LILY. The Green Book. Never heard of it.

JOSHUA. Right. Well, now you have. Anyway, when I'm driving, I have this—I don't know—"future" feeling. It feels a little like...love.

LILY. I've never known that feeling. That future feeling, I mean.

JOSHUA. But, love—?

—end