

MAY

Go on, girl, ain't gonna' bite. (To TEMPERENCE.) She ain't use to, to fancy glass. We got tin cups.

TEMPERENCE (Kneeling down besides GINNY.)

Ginny, you must be parched. Go on child, it's perfectly okay. Really.

MAY (Taking the glass in both hands and drinks loudly.)

I sure 'nough was dry. (She puts her empty glass down carefully and picks up GINNY's.) Shame to waste good water. (Drains it.)

(TEMPERENCE picks up the empty glass, refills it and returns it in front of GINNY.)

TEMPERENCE

See? Look here, Ginny. (She picks up the glass, moves it around, catching the light.) If you look real closely and turn the glass just so, right there, did you see it? There. See that rainbow? (She holds it up, then holds it directly in front of the girl.) It's okay, honey. Take it. You must be thirsty.

(GINNY looks at the glass, looks at TEMPERENCE, looks at the glass. Finally, she reaches out gingerly, touching the glass. Slowly, she picks it up with both hands, slowly bringing it to her lips. She drinks carefully—making no noise, but finishes the water without putting the glass down. As she finishes, she holds the glass out in front of her.)

GINNY

Kin I?

TEMPERENCE

It's may I, dear. May you what?

GINNY

Holt of it.

TEMPERENCE

Why, of course, child, if you'd like.

(GINNY brings the glass carefully close to her body, bringing it to her lap, where she sets it, studying it carefully.)

MAY

Lady from ADC say I gotta' come up here see you.

START HERE

TEMPERANCE

That's correct. I'm reviewing the petitions for, for sterilization. And, and yours—or Ginny's, to be more precise, wasn't signed. Do you understand what this is all about, Mrs. Rivers?

MAY (Nods.)

Yes'm. Lady come out to the place. Say Ginny wadn't to school. I say, why she need schoolin'? Rich town kids beat on her every day. 'Dem youngins so mean. No home trainin'. My Ginny don't do like that. I teach my youngins. All a' dem. Don't hurt what we ain't gotta'. Ginny here my hardest worker. Look at 'er. Walk all a' dem miles, not even a sweat. She plant, hoe, look after the chickens an' hogs, don't you, mamma's good girl?

(GINNY nods, still looking at the glass.)

MAY

Don't talk much. Jus' what she needs.

TEMPERANCE

Mrs. Rivers, it says here you have a total of eight children counting Ginny.

MAY

No'm.

TEMPERANCE

No? That's not correct?

MAY

Nine. As of dis mornin'.

TEMPERANCE

What? Are you telling me—

MAY

Folks know I don't never turn nobody away. Gets 'em all the time. Wake up one day, 'nother one on my front stoop. Four of 'em mine from birth, rest of 'em mine from duty. Ginny here a big help what with the young ones. Like a little mamma, ain't you gal? Hushes even the worstest cryin'. Don't talk much, but got the mos' settlin' singin' voice you ever heard. Can you sing fer this nice lady, Ginny cake?

(GINNY shakes her head and turns away, still holding the glass protectively.)

MAY (Laughs.)

Didn't reckon so. Now dis operation thing. Dem' two ladies say my Ginny here needin' to be fixed so she cain't never have babies a' her own. Must be 'cause we poo', 'cause it sure ain't 'cause she bad. No, ma'm, this gal a born momma I ever see one.

TEMPERANCE

Did you explain it to them? Surely they're reasonable—

MAY

Humph. You think they listen ta' me? One lady point at me, say, bet she cain't even sign. I say, can too, and I ain't gonna'. Not long as I got breath and feet to walk. Much as I don't wanna, I pick up my youngins an' move i'f'n they come back. (MAY stands.) You tell 'em that for me, hear? I move on 'for I let 'em cut on my girl. Take out da lovin' part a' her. No, sir. Not whilst I got breath. Let 'em take they ol' ADC money. Lived afore it, live widout it.

TEMPERANCE

Are you suggesting the social worker threatened to take away your ADC benefits if you didn't sign the petition?

MAY

Ain't suggestin': tellin'. That the way it is. (MAY stands.) C'mon, Gin. The road back's twicet long.

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(GINNY slowly lifts the glass and places it on the desk. She looks up and smiles quickly at TEMPERANCE.)

GINNY

I seed it. That rainbow. Holt a rainbow right here in my own two hands.

(TEMPERANCE stands. The two exit, GINNY holding MAY's arm. Lights come up on the Board Room.)

(The CHORUS of two steps forward.)

CHORUS 1

You wouldn't expect a moron to run a train.

CHORUS 2

Or a feeble-minded woman to teach school.

CHORUS (All.)

You Wouldn't Expect.

(Lights out.)