

AUDITION SIDE FOR MISS JOHNSON

JOHNSON: *(This is a woman who decided long ago to be enthusiastic about EVERYTHING in life and she is inclined to wave her wist vigorously at the height of her exclamatory comments)* Hello there, yourself! H'you this evening, Ruth?

~~RUTH (Not much of a deceptive type) Fine, Mis' Johnson, h'you?~~

JOHNSON: I'm fine. *(Reaching out quickly, playfully, and patting RUTH'S stomach)* Ain't you starting to poke out none yet! *(She mugs with delight at the overfamiliar remark and her eyes dart around looking at the crates and packing preparation ; MAMA'S face is a cold sheet of endurance)* Oh, ain't we getting ready 'round here, though! Yessir! Lookathere! I'm telling you the Youngers Is really getting ready to "move on up a little higher!"— Bless God! He's good, ain't He? I mean sometimes He works in mysterious ways ... but He works, don't He! I'm just soooooo happy for yall. And this here child— *(About RUTH)* looks like she could just pop open with happiness, don't she. Where's all the rest of the family? Where's Brother tonight? Mmmmmm, he sure gets his beauty rest, don't he? Good-looking man. Sure is a good-looking man! *(Reaching out to pat Ruth's stomach again)* I guess that's how come we keep on having babies around here. *(She winks at MAMA)* One thing 'bout Brother, he always know how to have a good time. And soooooo ambitious! I bet it was his idea yall moving out to Clybourne Park. Lord—I bet this time next month fall's names will have been in the papers plenty —*(Holding up her hands to mark off each word of the headline she can see in front of her)* "NEGROES INVADE CLYBOURNE PARKBOMBED!" Oh, honey—you know I'm praying to God every day that don't nothing like that happen! But you have to think of life like it is—and these here Chicago peckerwoods is some baaaad peckerwoods.