

KENNY, BYRON

START

*Mama and Joey disappear. Byron and Kenny head in the opposite direction. Dad takes out a thermos, drinks bad coffee.*

**KENNY**

*(Clapping like Mama; gingerly stepping)*

Do you think there are snakes out here?

**BYRON**

I ain't scared of no snakes. It's the folks I'm worried about.

**KENNY**

You mean the red necks? Are they why Mama and Daddy both seem so nervous on this trip?

**BYRON**

Yeah, they call 'em night riders. They ain't never seen no Negroes before and if they catch you, they hang you up and take your body parts.

**KENNY**

Who told you that Byron?

**BYRON**

I saw it in a book. For true.

**KENNY**

For true, for real?

**BYRON**

Yeah, they're hooded monsters and they wear long robes and they only come out at night. Sometimes in cars, sometimes they ride on horses.

**KENNY**

Byron, please, I don't wanna see a hooded red neck monster. Maybe I should hold your hand.

**BYRON**

Aw, scaredy cat, I'm just kidding with you. Go do your business while I stand guard.

**KENNY**

You gon' keep singing, too?

**BYRON**

Just go nutcase.

*And Kenny goes. Byron looks around, clearly spooked himself. Nevertheless, he claps and sings to keep any and all monsters at bay - for them both.*

**BYRON (CONT'D)**

He's got a-you and me brother in His hands  
He's got a-you and me brother in His hands  
He's got a-you and me brother in His hands  
He's got the whole world in His hands

END

**TRANSITION - IN THE CAR**

*The Watsons load back in the car and head out. PROJECTED MAP illuminated.*

**DAD**

So whose turn on the ultra glide?

**KIDS**

Mine. My turn...

**MAMA**

Well, if you don't mind, I'd like to play my special record.

*Everybody stares at Mama who makes a big production of placing her special record on the glide. [SONG] Dad grins. He and Mama exchange loving looks.*

**MAMA (CONT'D)**

This song is very special to me and your dad.

**DAD**

Yeah baby!

*The Song plays low in the background while Dad sticks his hand out the window.*

**DAD (CONT'D)**

Don't you just love the air up here? Kids, stick your hands out the window and wiggle your fingers. Feels like you're running your fingers through silk, doesn't it?

**JOEY**

**BUT I DON'T HAVE A WINDOW!**