

# WAITRESS-1

Start

WHEN TROUBLE'S IN MY HOME,  
SOMETIME  
I GOTTS TO PRAY IN MY HOME  
SOMETIME I GOTTS TO PRAY, LORD,  
WHEN TROUBLE'S IN MY HOME,  
THIS IS THE WAY I DO  
IN MY HOME

*(The lights reveal the waitress in her roadside diner. A radio set is prominent on her countertop. Hank watches her.)*

WAITRESS. There'd never been such a funeral in Montgomery. They said twenty thousand people from all over the country had come to say goodbye, or maybe just t' get a good look at the body. One policeman said he didn't know there were that many hillbillies in Alabama, but it wasn't just hillbillies. Some were poor, but a lot of 'em were rich. There were cars and wagons and buses. Ol' men held little kids on their shoulders. And lots of women who didn't know *what* they were gonna do that day.

TEE-TOT.

SOMETIME I GOTTS TO MOAN  
WHEN TROUBLE'S IN MY HOME  
SOMETIME I GOTTS TO MOAN  
IN MY HOME  
SOMETIME I GOTTS TO MOAN WHEN TROUBLE'S IN MY HOME  
HELP ME NOW!  
THIS IS THE WAY I DO IN MY HOME

WAITRESS. The city auditorium filled up fast, so they had loudspeakers put out the funeral all up and down Perry Street. *(Hank, smiling, moves near her.)* Anybody who had a car, tuned in to the service on the radio and rolled down the windows so it filled the air. At the front doors, we were holdin' little kids up to the glass an' away up on the stage, you could just make out that big old guitar-shaped bunch of carnations, and the silk-lined casket and this little ol' guy layin' inside. Is that really Hank Williams in there? That guy in the box, is that really you, Hank? Man, you got yourself a *big* crowd today! *(Hank grins.)*

TEE-TOT.

SOMETIME I GOTTS TO CRY  
WHEN TROUBLE'S IN MY HOME,  
SOMETIME I GOTTS TO CRY IN MY HOME,  
SOMETIME I GOTTS TO CRY, LORD  
WHEN TROUBLES IN MY HOME  
THIS IS THE WAY I DO IN MY HOME.

Stop