

LEON 1

HANK and JIMMY.

SETTIN' THE WOODS ON FIRE

HANK.

WE'LL SET ASIDE A LITTLE TIME
TO FIX A FLAT OR TWO

JIMMY. My tires and tubes are doin' fine!

HOSS. But the air is showin' through!

JIMMY. Oh, no!

ALL.

YOU CLAP HANDS AND I'LL START BOWIN'
WE'LL DO ALL THE LAW'S ALLOWIN'
TOMORROW WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK PLOWIN'
SETTIN' THE WOODS ON FIRE

(Hank yodels a finish.)

JIMMY. Soooooo-eeeeee! Slop them hogs! *(Everybody piles out of the car.)*

MAMA LILLY. Hold it! Don't make me holler at you! You boys come here.

(Hank goes to her.) Now, you're set to start at 7:15, *on time.*

HANK. Right.

MAMA LILLY. Be back in the car at —

HANK and MAMA LILLY. One.

HANK. Right.

MAMA LILLY. Do *not* leave the stage between numbers, 'cept to pee. I don't wanna catch you out there on that parking lot. You know what I'm talkin' about.

JIMMY. Yes Ma'am.

HANK. Right. *(Mama throws him a dirty look.)* No.

MAMA LILLY. *(Checking out the house.)* We got us some people tonight. Y'all play good. *(All start to disperse. Leon approaches the group.)*

LEON. You Hank Williams?

HANK. Yes, I am. Who in the hell are you?

LEON. Can call me Leon. New member of your band.

HANK. Well, I don't recollect hirin' anybody, friend.

LEON. Yer lookin' for a fiddle player, ain't you?

MAMA. We might be. *(Hank looks to Mama Lilly. She nods affirmatively.)*

HANK. All right, I tell you what. You know "Sally Goodin"?

LEON. Yessir.

HANK. Well sir, if you can play "Sally Goodin" better'n me, you're hired. *(Leon quietly gathers himself, then rips off a splendid rendition of "Sally Goodin," with Jimmy and Hoss pitching in. He then offers the fiddle and bow to a slack-jawed Hank, who walks away.)*

Start

**Play "Sally Goodin" following dialogue,
or your own piece of fiddle music.**