

SUZANNA is front and center smoking a cigarette bitterly. Off to the side sits HERBERT playing the boogie woogie blues on his guitar. SUZANNA speaks in rhythm with the guitar and the guitar “talks” with SUZANNA, but HERBERT is not actually there.

SUZANNA

He done left me.
Herbert Jackson Walker.
Left me for the boogie-woogie.
He wasn't always that way.
Boy couldn't play a note when I first met him.
But, oooh whee, could that boy dance!
He moved like hot butter on a skillet across the wooden dancefloor.
Sliding right up to me, like a cat up to a scratching post.
That man was a tall cool drink of water.
And man-oh-man was I thirsty, mmm hmm.
We got it on like the moon was never gonna set.
He took my pride, my virtue, and all my cigarettes.
But that man didn't want to stay with a woman like me.
No.
That boy wanted to boogie-woogie.
But he couldn't play a note.
We got together, weren't for long though.
He went off to the woods to go find his soul.

(Herbert plays a solo.)

SUZANNA (cont.)

Six months later he comes crawling back to me
Herbert Jackson Walker - suddenly
The best damned bluesman this side of the Mississippi
And when I say "damned" I ain't using hyperbole.
I swear to God that man sold his soul to the Devil to play that good.
The Devil went down to Georgia
But he made a pit stop in Arkansas.
And my man sold his soul.
I know, because I saw.
I saw him packing his case for a lifetime holiday.
He walked out that door, without a single thing to say.
I could smell the brimstone on his breath

SUZANNA (cont.)

The fire in his eyes.

And his guitar playing like death.

Well, Good-bye Herbert Walker

Good-bye you son-of-a-bitch.

But boy, oh boy, that man could dance.

(Lights fade to black.)