

Sunday Gold

Optional ending of play, bringing some closure to Annie's story:

Act Two, Scene Four.

Scene: Main Street.

At rise: LIZZIE runs on happily swinging her schoolbag, stops in front of Scott Shoe Company. DANIEL meets her in the doorway, holding boots.

DANIEL. Afternoon, Miss Lizzie.

LIZZIE. Afternoon, Daniel.

DANIEL. Now how'd you do on that poem you were worrying about so?

LIZZIE. The teacher said I didn't make one mistake. All four verses. Not one mistake.

DANIEL. Now that's just fine, Miss Lizzie. (Handing her boots.) Here's your boots all fixed up. Best look 'em over before you put them on.

LIZZIE. They're shined up so, I can even see my face in 'em. (Puts hand inside.) Why... what...? (Pulls out a folded piece of paper and reads with growing excitement.) "Lizzie Johnson, Gold Hill, North Carolina." (Opens it.) It's from Annie. ANNIE!

DANIEL (looking around hastily). Better put that away now, Miss Lizzie.

LIZZIE. She's all right, Daniel. She made it. She's safe.

DANIEL. Shh. No telling who might hear.

LIZZIE (stuffs letter in her pocket and hugs her boots). Thank you, Daniel. Thank you.

DANIEL. Don't think I've ever seen anyone so happy about shined-up boots.

LIZZIE (grinning). Reckon you're right, Daniel. Reckon you're right!

(Lighting fades. THE END.)