

TINA

You can tell a lot by holding hands; it is much more intimate than those parts which serve no other purpose except sexual functions. Those parts just sit around waiting for something to happen, but your hands do everything. Somebody told me once that I couldn't talk if my hands were tied behind my back and that's probably true because I use them constantly. I don't just mean to do the little quote signs that a reformed hoodlum turned preacher did once in church when he said "crap" and "screw" to shock the congregation. I mean to kind of show each syllable, comma, and period. When someone holds my hand I feel like they are holding on to everything that I've ever said...or ever will say.

(Transition music begins as Julie and Katherine cross down for *Appalachian Rain*.)

JULIE

*He came into town in the early springtime
To work with my daddy down in the mines
It was hot in the summer when he said goodbye
And he left me a secret I can no longer hide
Now the only thing here that is welcoming me
Is a cold rainy morning and a Greyhound bus seat
He just had to come back and try to explain
Cry for your daughter, Appalachian rain*

JULIE & KATHERINE

*Mountains of sorrow, mountains of pain
You'll never give for my baby a name
My family's honor took it away
Cry for your daughter, Appalachian rain*

JULIE

*I was washed in the blood in the river you filled
Now the sound of a shotgun rings through the hills
And the blood of her father runs through its veins
Cry for your daughter, Appalachian rain*

JULIE & KATHERINE

*Mountains of sorrow, mountains of pain
You'll never give for my baby a name
My family's honor took it away
Cry for your daughter, Appalachian rain*

*Tears in the hollow, tears of my shame
Cry for your daughter, Appalachian rain*

(Katherine returns to chair as Julie crosses to meet Mandy at center. Mandy is barefooted, carrying her shoes.)

MANDY

Back when I first told Mama I was pregnant, she cried and cried.