

~~my~~ (notes: Wake (see next page) (6  
fresh character) unique situation -

he goes in to eat - talk of "sirens"  
what is going on - relatives - -

fig a leaver, ~~taking~~ starts to take money  
back, but instead takes a 100. hundred  
dollar bill for a Coke - - bad boys  
he tries to keep away from, corner store - -  
dress shop, like one with little girls  
dresses hanging out side walls - (don't go  
inside) learn in past from what he  
does - (McCarthy style) keep light -

\* sun down, he is at home, slips out  
takes money to bank & stuffs into safety  
deposit box (slide) finally last 100 dollar  
bill -

A rich day

Character  
Under Lee (16) \* Thomas (in jail for selling dope)



(notes: street smart kid of 12, thinking  
life could be perfect with money: dress like  
the rich kids at school - "money buys music,  
clothes, <sup>permanent</sup> good feelings" - ~~he does buy~~

Money: he cannot spend the money himself -  
afraid he'll get caught - but does the  
next best thing & leaves it inside home,  
stuffs in old lady's paper grocery sack  
at the store (always carries  
around a <sup>single</sup> 100 dollar bill to make himself  
feel rich. Doesn't even ~~give~~  
any to his grandmother (his mother is gone)  
because of fear it will link him to the crime.)  
Problem: the neighbor hood is suddenly  
full of new red wagons & roller skates &  
music - \* Don't get into his head so  
much -- show by actions --  
fancy clothes on other kids - new shoes  
plastic swimming pools -- "color, so much  
color, money buys color"



lil ole knot found in a trash can

# ~~Knot~~ - Sudden Money

It is all happening so fast it feels slow  
running on the <sup>midday</sup> heat beary down on the ~~alley~~ <sup>collection</sup> and

~~from~~ <sup>from the black sky</sup> a block of it and the bloody man <sup>with the warped boogey</sup> <sup>at the tolling</sup> <sup>spoke</sup>  
other end of the alley <sup>sunshy</sup> <sup>half</sup> <sup>with</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>warped</sup> <sup>boogey</sup> <sup>at</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>tolling</sup> <sup>spoke</sup>  
him, maybe, of his <sup>old</sup> <sup>La</sup> <sup>hardly</sup> <sup>down</sup> <sup>bicycle</sup>, panty like <sup>from</sup> <sup>paper</sup> <sup>sack</sup>

a dog to the tune of the haywire strumming on the  
spoke of the front wheel. (white sock on right foot - stepped

**KNOT** No brake on the bicycle <sup>on a nail</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>her</sup> <sup>to</sup>  
plant both feet on the cobblestones, eyes on the  
man now stopping before the dumpster, middle way  
the alley. Shucky of what look like one of Aunt  
Nedra's stockings from his head. Yes, a stocking,  
black face, big rutted teeth, white as his eyes. Running again,  
a big man, <sup>big</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>you</sup> <sup>can</sup> <sup>see</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>head</sup>, <sup>heading</sup>  
straight <sup>towards</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>corner</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>street</sup> <sup>front</sup> <sup>store</sup>.

Gay starts to drop the bicycle & run the other way,  
back toward the street he has just been cruising, cool &  
easy, ~~and~~ but he can tell the man isn't after him  
by the way he kind of slinks along the wall, slow now,  
with his left hand in the pocket of his blue jeans & the right  
arm clutching the stuffed brown paper sack.

Sudden spins at ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> back, ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> all around, and the  
man loops around on the suna blasted cobblestones & heads  
back the way he came, running hard, and the paper sack  
slips from his arm & drops to the cobblestones,



Patterson Street

"Hey, mister," says Jigs, "you drop yo sack."  
He doesn't yell it out. He just says because he should say it to be polite, but doesn't yell it out. Anyway the man is <sup>knocking</sup> ~~turning~~ the corner to the next street, & gone, and Jigs is God he's gone.

Jigs still straddled the bicy cle, Jigs walks ~~to~~ to the spot where the sack lays -- rolled down top. The kind of sack Aunt Naida carried her groceries in from Norway all the way to Troupe St.

Siren blaring now to the <sup>machine</sup> like ~~the~~ <sup>blaring</sup> of the haywire ~~on the street~~ <sup>speaker</sup>. "I ain't getting into this," says Jigs mumbles, "I ain't into this." And Jigs is pedaling fast along the side walk, around people, past the stalled cars on Ashby Street, a block from the siren screaming of siren that make him jump etc.

So hot, and he'd like to be on Troupe St. where he belongs, in the shady <sup>quiet</sup> <sup>things</sup> ~~cool~~ of brown houses whose front yards merge with the asphalt. ~~Still~~ <sup>But</sup> at the intersection, he steers the bicycle left, rather than right, heading back along the sidewalk on Patterson St where not ten minutes ago, which seem more like an hour, he'd been cruising <sup>among</sup> ~~around~~ <sup>her</sup> pigeons & people and sniffing drug store colas, minding his own business.

"I ain't into this," he says to a elderly stout blue-haired woman weighted down with shoppy bags. She is sewing toward ~~her~~ <sup>along</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>color</sup> of her hair, trying to unblock it while saying of across the street at the train <sup>blaring</sup>. <sup>Police</sup> <sup>cars</sup> with lights flashing & siren blaring. People clustered around the door of the bank --



First National Bank, so <sup>say</sup> the sign on the marble  
frieze at atop the corner building. 3

One more turn down the alley & Jips is  
braking, stopping, scooping up the <sup>stuffed</sup> paper sack & wrapping  
it ~~up~~ ~~packing~~ it into the bicycle basket, pedaling again  
up the alley again, onto the sidewalk parallel  
to Ashley Street, turning right this time & flying  
away from the racket of street & auto horns with  
the ~~packed~~ <sup>packed</sup> pigeon. (~~starts~~ courthouse marble pigeon)  
(Mary will be waiting)

He should look, he should look in the  
sack. "How you do?" he says to the  
old man seated on the store bench under the  
Chinaberry tree at the corner of Troupe & Ann.  
He is right, toward ~~home~~ <sup>his home</sup> ~~the~~ ~~Media~~ ~~has~~  
~~though he~~ But he's just 12, but he  
figures what's in the sack, doesn't have  
to look, can't want to look. Instead he  
looks behind, pedaling ~~even~~ steady but slow  
now ~~at~~ south along Troupe, and ~~the~~ his  
looking behind causes the bicycle to veer left  
where 3 runty black children are playing with  
a litter of speckled fire puppies.

~~What~~ ~~They stand~~ The tiny girl stands with  
the puppy's shabby her mounded belly.  
"Go on ~~fast~~", says her brother, an eight year  
old with 'square hair. "This our dog?"  
"What's ~~what's~~ ~~for~~ ~~you~~ dog", says ~~fast~~ <sup>fast</sup>, pedaling ~~drive~~  
straight up the street to look like he ~~has~~ ~~the~~ ~~front~~ ~~think~~ he can't ride  
his bicycle.



'What I want with no old dog?' he says to himself and laughs, Then cries.

An old ~~sunny~~ <sup>sunnie</sup> is sitting on one of the row house porches, fanning with a hand fan. Her stockings are rolled at the knees.

Again, he checks behind him, for the police, for a safe distance between him and the <sup>shady</sup> street, so that he can be sure he has to talk to himself again to keep the words from banking in his hot head.

"I ain't ask for no money, I ain't want no money. What business a lil ole knot like me got with money?" All lies, ticking off in his head.

He turns left up the drive to Aunt Nedra's house & jumps off running with the bike into her canned shed. Cool dirt under his bare feet & all around him of put up tomatoes & cucumber pickles & pears.

He leans the bicycle against the row of shelves & squats in the dim light & whiffs the darkness till the sparkles left from his eyes. Henceforth busy & light on his thin brown arms. He listens to the yells children playing along the top & down the street and the a TV playing waiting for the silence <sup>he knows when to come,</sup> the right time to open the rolled top sack in the bicycle basket.

A screen door claps, Aunt Nedra's back door. He can see her through a crack in the litle gray boards of the cannery shed.







Letter ending  
When the leaves of the sycamore have shed & the skin  
of the tree ~~has~~ turned to <sup>peeling</sup> white paper, I go to sitting on  
the doorstep wearing Nike ten running shoes, & black  
jeans and a silver football jacket. All bought  
by Aunt Neida who from time to time finds  
10 dollar bills on the kitchen table, on the coffee  
table, on the night stand in her bedroom.

Up & down the street are new bicycles and  
new porch furniture & children on roller skates.

Le



purple horn many flower climb on white tower - open when  
When he open his eye the moon glow <sup>have get best sleep</sup> cloud why he  
stretch the red painted floor. Next Neda in <sup>white</sup> apron is shelly pear in one of the <sup>peas</sup> <sup>rocky</sup> chair on the other end of the porch and her  
Mama is sitting on the next rocker where moon glow  
turne. Do they know yet?



He lies still, listening, with peep ~~How~~ at out at the two  
women. <sup>(The old ladder)</sup> ~~His mama has sleep~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~in a white shirt &~~ <sup>three-polish</sup>  
~~pheta~~ <sup>beater</sup> ~~goats & down~~ <sup>scatter</sup> ~~the color~~ <sup>her feet</sup>. "Neda job  
of ~~Roan~~ <sup>all night</sup> ~~sleep~~ <sup>all day</sup>" says ~~her~~ <sup>Neda</sup>. "Neda job  
what he need?"  
They are talking about snaps in the peas, which mean  
they don't know yet. They are talking about their blood pressure  
about the preaching last Sunday. About Lon Water, down  
the street, getting laid off from the cookie plant.  
Down-in-the-mouth stuff that don't gibe with

His sudden money. "That boy sleep all the time? says sister Ruth  
"Boan all night, sleep all day" says <sup>her</sup> <sup>Neda</sup>. "Neda job, what he need?"  
Some how, <sup>in</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>map</sup>, he has decided with out help  
to decide not to give the money back. At least not all  
of it. He hasn't stole it, he found it in the alley,  
in a sack, and he is feeling good, eager, light. <sup>Light</sup>  
<sup>and</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>more</sup> <sup>weight</sup> <sup>less</sup> <sup>than</sup> <sup>before</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>map</sup>. Light  
worry. ~~He close his~~

He close his eye & sleep again and wake  
shocked & heavy to the fake moon light of street lights  
(It's back - make him 15).  
On his feet again, <sup>on</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>floor</sup> <sup>again</sup>, walking



~~Inside Aunt Wannie (not inside) in~~

"Ain't you call you no more," holler Aunt Wannie

"Dinner on the table & the bossman waiting, all I gotta say." Aunt Wannie. Talking to Lee, who is 1 1/2 year old & sorry as they get, accordy to his name. Aunt Wannie. On the left, acting, waspy. Worried, but says she's not worried, that Lee ~~was~~ <sup>set for</sup> ~~would~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~lose~~ his job at the cookie plant where he ~~does~~ work -- drove a forklift -- when he ~~works~~ when he takes a notion to work.

Aunt Wannie is Tabbi cat with the mottled scabby right ear is eating scraps from a blue bowl by the door steps. Another cat and another cat slink from beneath the <sup>high floor</sup> home, so that Jign has to walk around them to get to the door steps, ~~the~~

Through the screen door & on the back porch daily being reduced by junk, and the can smell corned beef & cabbage, corn bread, steeped tea. A rusty old deep freeze that thines.

~~the~~ Aunt Wannie steps to the door, droopy-eyed "What all the screen awhile ago?" "Something, I don't know." Jign scratches his head, waits for her to step aside so he can get thru the door, (something else)



"That boy ~~you~~ be the death of me," she says low,  
then loud, "Lee, you <sup>must</sup> get up from there."

Mumbling as she pads over to the greasy  
white stove, "Fix in a place, Knot, <sup>Somebody</sup>  
Gotta eat what it cook."

"Will in a minute," he says & passes  
from the ~~red~~ din kitchen to the dinner hall &  
the even dinner bathroom. Close the door,  
sits on the toilet, start down  
at his long hands. His bare feet on the  
dingy white tiles are big too. But like she says,  
he's just a knot.

But somehow he feels big now, front-sized,  
even when ~~climb~~ <sup>try</sup> to ~~open~~ <sup>push</sup> door, trying to  
get in.

"Hey, open up in there. I'm late for work."

"Fix time," says Aunt Wannie. "You just  
go in there."

"~~Mama~~, hush up!" she pounds along the  
hall.

A rose towel covers the square window of  
the small bathroom steeped in piss & milder.



John thinks of this place as his bedroom, because  
he sleeps in the living room on a pallet & this  
is the one place where he can be alone.

By James & charts with Jeff (girl)  
Elvina



# [Scene]

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He can now see Marge's old <sup>very</sup> office & next Thunderbol  
with its peeling tar roof in front of Aunt Wannie's house;  
~~needed to take Knot back to Cornerville~~  
All ~~of~~ <sup>on the</sup> front porch; ~~then Lee & Judy Beth &~~  
~~his rich cousin Lee~~  
~~Granddaddy~~ Aunt Wannie ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> sitting in one of two  
big rocking chairs with <sup>cousin</sup> Judy Beth <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>white</sup> <sup>laptop</sup> <sup>dress</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>standing</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>front</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>her</sup> <sup>big</sup>  
~~corner~~ ~~Lee~~ ~~Granddaddy~~ in the next rocker with his  
puffed pinkish lips & white hair; ~~and~~ Marge, newbomed & tall,  
standing <sup>near</sup> <sup>door</sup> <sup>steps</sup> <sup>waiting</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>her</sup> <sup>brother</sup> <sup>Lee</sup>, owner of the  
bicycle standing on the northward of the porch near the  
homed <sup>per</sup> <sup>morning</sup> <sup>glory</sup> <sup>vine</sup> with vines trailing up the turne beller;  
They ~~are~~ all waiting for his bicycle.

The woman are laughing, hooting, & Aunt Wannie sparks  
the seat of Judy Beth's dress. She scoots forward with  
her shoulder slumped & plays mad, stomps through the  
front screen door & slams it.

~~That~~

Knot severs on the bike onto the dirt drive, headed  
for the back.

"What you got?" asked Lee.

"Books," says Knot, pedaly past the chimney.

"Bunch of old books." Says books, and nobody will look  
inside his sack. ~~Nobody~~

"That boy do love his books," says Marge & cackles  
high & proud. "Get your stuff, Knot, 'she pelly' me gotta go."

"What all them screens about?" yells Aunt Wannie.



"Ain't seen no circus," Knot yell back.

~~He is~~ ~~the one~~ (Knot step on a nail, Marge)

At once, he ~~drops~~ stands, walking to bicycle to a stop, scoops out the papersack and lets the bicycle drop on <sup>to side</sup> wheels still turning spinning & haywire ticking clicking on the spokes.

Up the tall wood downsteps, past the cats eating a meal from a saucer & thru the back door to the <sup>seamy</sup> kitchen, <sup>yellow</sup> Toasted bread ~~smells~~ <sup>one more thing</sup> he loves about city living, being at his rich kinfolks' home. Just biscuits at Marge's shack in the quarters in Conoverville.

He is still holding the sack full of money & maybe books -- now that he has said it he wonders & wouldn't be surprised or even disappointed -- as he stands by the car while Aunt Wannie & Marge load sacks of Lee's hand-me-downs & his own clothes into the trunk. "Deytin be enough clothes there to get her started in school."

"You want ~~to~~ put them books in here?" says Marge with her hand on the trunk. A ring of keys with a large white die <sup>on the ring</sup> ~~not~~ ~~reads~~ <sup>shakes</sup> in her hand no. She slams the trunk & goes a huge & kisses Aunt Wannie, Lee, Granddaddy & Judy Beth, then goes to the side of the car.

"Kiss everybody bye, Knot," she says. He hugs the books & kisses Aunt Wannie & Judy on the cheeks as they pass by. "You behave yourself," says Aunt Wannie. "I'm gone miss your ugly mug," says Judy Beth.



"That boy a fool about them old books" says  
Aunt Wanda. 7

Knot is truly ugly -- ball head, poked out teeth  
with big feet & hands -- and he likes Judy Beth  
because <sup>only everybody else</sup> she never pretends he isn't ugly. ~~the~~  
~~everybody else does.~~

The old granddaddy pokes over with his cane &  
slaps Knot on the right shoulder. "You gone be back  
for you know it. Mind Marge, ~~but~~ you hear?"  
"Yessir." Knot likes him too -- no lover him,  
wishes he were really his great-granddaddy.

Lee is kicking around the curb -- ~~is~~ short for  
his age & babyish. All summer they have fought  
over the bicycle; but now that Knot is leaving  
he can tell Lee hates to see him go.  
"See you," he says. Knot says, "Yeah."

Lee is inside, outside, somewhere. The fact  
that he doesn't come out to say goodbye says it all:  
they have <sup>quarrelled</sup> fought all summer over the bicycle, but  
now that Knot is leaving Lee is sorry to see him  
go. Maybe crying right now, ~~thinks~~ Knot grins,  
showing his huge teeth.

(atmosphere of streets, sights, smells,  
feel - trees etc.)

Very dominant feature  
for character



(Scene) <sup>Go back</sup> ~~Friday~~ when robbery happened  
make 11:30 - has to be around 1:00 now  
(have they had lunch)

~~Hot~~ Knot is ~~so close to safe~~, ~~so close to free~~,  
perched on the front seat with only his eyes  
moving. But Marge has to go to the  
down ~~town~~ store to get her blood pressure medicine.

He cannot believe that he is back again,  
heading down Patterson Street ~~again~~  
Left to affix ~~in a line~~ flow of the police cars  
are gone. ~~slowing down~~ all four lanes of  
Patterson and not a cop in sight.  
It has to be broken in the sack. Old magazine  
maybe.

Marge is changing lanes, merging left, turning  
the elderly & rust thunder bird onto Hill Street,  
but pulls up & backs into the corner parking space  
with the bank right at Knot's back.  
atmosphere

"You coming with me?" she says. "I'll get you a Coke."  
"No 'um, I'll just sit here."  
"You ain't sick?" She feels his forehead  
with the back of her hand.  
"You just sad," she says. "Not to leave  
everybody, right?"  
"Right."  
"Cause they sick, right?"  
"Right."



(heat) (wool smell)

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"Well, read you one of them books," she says, opening the door, checking for traffic. "I'll be right back."

(when she comes back, she brings him a Coke in a paper cup - drug store cola)

He watches her pass thru the side door of Bel-Lite's Drug. Stairs going up where she used to take him to the doctor with the earache, the boat ache, when he was woozy.

~~He watches~~

Now he can look; he has to look. He aches to look. He stays stiff unblinking as he ~~rolls~~ unrolls the cuffed sack, peeps inside. He blows "Ain't books," he says biting back a grin. out. Stacks of hundred dollar bills with bands <sup>marked</sup> 1000. (in pocket book)

He blows at his forehead again. Folds the top down, holds the bag lighter. He wonders how much. Suddenly, the driven door swings wide, and Marge, in camouflage a white cup of fuzzy cola & a ~~bag~~ <sup>box</sup> of matty pills.

"Here," she says. "perk you up."

"Thank you," he says. Just drive, he thinks.

"Say somebody rob the bank bank there, get 200,000 dollars."



Passing liquor store - she down & stop.  
(way to foreshadow her drinking problem)

Almost out of town now, motoring south  
over the rail road overpass, from about  
that point he can almost see Aunt Wannie's  
fine house - - her church with the cross  
fancy steeple & cross.

fig 24  
cold drug store  
cola in a  
straw cup  
him  
sink his  
teeth into  
leaving their  
impressions

He will buy a house like that, he  
might even buy a church <sup>like that</sup>, but know  
he probably never will - - even with all  
this money - - when Marge stops at the  
Gas & Oil for gas & has to count  
out her dollar & dime & he cannot <sup>so much</sup>  
as hand her one of the hundred dollar bills  
from the sack for fear of getting caught.

Go back to  
first scene when  
Marge named  
him when  
somebody  
found him  
in a telephone  
I brought him  
to her.

Knot sleeps with his left hand on the papersack  
of money between his ~~little~~ cat & the unpainted wall  
of Marge's shack in the quarter.

Marge in the next bed is snoring - - sounds like a  
sputtering engine, and out side, in the cabin on the  
night Winston Riley is beating up his wife Bostie. Children  
screaming. In a minute, she'll be over here. In a minute,

Marge will be doctoring her <sup>battered</sup> head while preaching about  
her leaving him.



A door slams, <sup>smells</sup> Knot sits up, swinging his feet over the edge of the bed and waits. Dark through the window facing the woods.

(Remember Roddy Doyle's novel) He scratches his head. Marge has quit snoring, is waiting too.

Feet pound on the front porch, a baby crying.

(Winston won't come over, blame Marge, but later blames Marge for helping Boots leave after Knot gave her money)

The Boom, boom boom on the front door.

Marge gets up, turns on the light and goes to the door in her old blue cotton nightie up above her bony knees. Her old but looks young because she's so

skinny. All except for her belly, which is round & bloated from alcohol. Liver problem -- doctor says.

She studies the door, Marge picks up her old rabbit eared shotgun from the corner next to the white stove, then studies the latch on the

vertical board door, opens it and Boots <sup>pushes</sup> ~~pulls~~ <sup>through</sup> with baby on her hips and two <sup>dozing</sup> ~~sleeping~~ <sup>eyes</sup> ~~children~~ <sup>children</sup> behind. Her nose is leaking blood to her tight white T-shirt. Her flat nose looks flatter, spattered.

Marge shoves around them, out the door, <sup>the way.</sup> and ~~shoots~~ <sup>breaches</sup> the shotgun <sup>fires</sup>. A flash of orange light, <sup>the smoke</sup> ~~the smoke~~ <sup>curling</sup> back inside. "Come on over here, Winston. I'm waiting on you."

No sound outside,

But inside the children are snoring, drying up. And Boots has her <sup>mouth</sup> ~~forearm~~ pressed against her nose,







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"Hold still now," Marge says to Boots and stands straddle legged as she twists Boots nose in place.

A loud grunt, then, "I ain't sticky it no more," says Boots.

"Yeah, you are," says Marge in her baying night voice. "You gone take till the funeral ~~home~~ come after you."

"You a hateful old thing," says Boots, daddy blood again.

<sup>any</sup> "For it stay alive come I ain't heart black & blue I you are."

~~Knot~~  
The baby is lumpy, <sup>heavier,</sup> asleep in knots among as she rocks him on the edge of his cot. He lay him on his cot & settles in next to him, facing the paper sack. He listens to ~~the~~ two women talking low and the little boy in the next bed snoring -- bad adenoids, according to Marge. U

~~He falls~~  
Knot lulls himself to sleep with thoughts of Aunt Wannie & her family and how to spend the money with out getting caught.



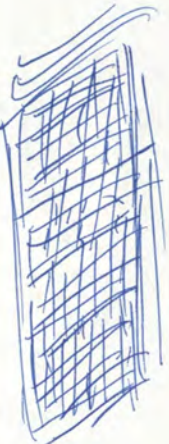
(Go back) he thinks about taking money to the steam gang to  
doctor's office - leaving it. But she comes back 14

When he wakes up  
Next morning, everybody is gone & the sun is streaming  
through the single east window. Smells of blood  
& wine are strong. His bed is wet.

Beyond the uncircled west wall, Booth is fussing  
with the children - back to normal. Winston has  
gone to work in the pulp woods, and for two or three  
days they'll get along, then Boom! all over again.

At last, Knot is alone with his money. He  
goes to the door & slides the latch, then goes  
back to his cot & lifts the sack & dumps it  
on these wet sheets.

Counting, one thousand, two, three up to  
200.



Neatly, he stacks <sup>up banded bills</sup> it back into the sack exactly  
as it was, as if to crumple it would be to diminish  
its value. All except for the last ~~two~~ bundles which  
he slips on crisp new 100 hundred dollar bills on the  
bed & another banded stack.

Then he dresses in his brown shorts & ~~the~~ short  
striped top (foot in sock) & goes back: Marge makes  
him soak it <sup>up</sup> puts money in pocket.

He limps to the door, out the door, in his single  
white sock, (Marge works clearly home)

It is. It is about 10:00 and already the  
sun is heating up the garden, shining thru the ragged  
mass of tawny-green leaves, laying flopped shadows on  
the packed gray dirt.



(he takes two banded stacks)

~~With the men all gone to work~~

~~Wagon locusts' hum~~

Banty ~~by~~ <sup>house</sup> ~~set~~ - ~~juvenile~~ children scold from the yard to yard of ~~two~~ <sup>houses</sup> close set houses, shouting, laughing, crying while the woman wonder porch to porch.

insects

Knot walks out to the gravel road & heads left along the curve. ~~On his right is the soft~~ ~~the soft~~ ~~on his~~ ~~right~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~soft~~ ~~field~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~red~~ ~~brick~~ ~~school~~ ~~where~~ ~~he~~ ~~will~~ ~~go~~ ~~in~~ ~~a~~ ~~couple~~ ~~next~~ ~~week~~ (Open field of red bitter weeds like tilled ~~land~~)

(going to post office to mail <sup>10.00</sup> ~~money~~ each to Boots & Maise)

Now that he knows where he is going & what he'll do, he feels walks better

~~With <sup>a stack of</sup> 10 100 dollar bills ~~in~~ ~~his~~ ~~pockets~~ ~~he~~ ~~has~~ ~~2000~~ ~~dollar~~ ~~in~~ ~~each~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~pockets~~~~

~~He slaps each pocket with his hands on each pocket~~

Left hand on his left pocket & right hand on his right, he ~~walks~~ <sup>lengths</sup> ~~along~~, past the <sup>most</sup> ~~old~~ oak where the road deviates ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~school~~ ~~bus~~ ~~entrance~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~cell~~ ~~of~~

~~newer~~ ~~brick~~ ~~building~~ ~~where~~ ~~he~~ ~~will~~ ~~have~~ ~~classes~~  
the school <sup>the school</sup> ~~the~~ ~~school~~ ~~the~~ ~~car~~



Describe school briefly -

16

(he takes 2.00 in <sup>regularly identified pen</sup> change from Marge's change jar)

6/4  
2/4  
12/8  
3/6  
2/2  
7/2  
6/4  
13/4  
3/2  
4/4

Up the sidewalk, he passes the string of white people's & white houses and doesn't cross over to the other side till he gets to the red brick, flat-topped court home directly across from the red-brick, flat-topped post office.

Under the <sup>post office</sup> green post office he has to count out one dollar & thirty six cents in change to the post mistress for 2 stamped envelopes & two 32 cent stamps. ~~When~~ This Meta is busy stacking packages in the back ~~so~~ while he goes to the right corner to the shelf with a pen on a beaded chain & addresses an envelope to Boots - & another to Marge. ~~When he~~ He looks back to see if anyone is watching, whether anybody has slipped them the heavy glass print-smudged door then takes puts 1000 in each. Before sealing the envelopes he takes 100 out of Marge's to keep in his pocket in case she decides not to buy him a bicycle.



(he munts outside in outgaly mail)

~~Next evening~~  
All day

(neat tiny print  
(he removes the bands)

Just as he'd expected, next evening when  
Marge ~~some how~~ gets out of her car, she is  
seated in her old flat black shoe saying  
"Whoa... 20,000. All the way to the front  
door with club with the envelope clutched to  
her drooping bosom. "Honey, you ain't got  
believe it," she said. Darcy ~~about~~ <sup>in a circle</sup> with the  
envelope into air. "Whoa... 20,000!"

She begins dipping up & down and holding her  
knees. "We in the money, honey," she says.  
"Gone get you some new shoes, gone get me  
a lady like hair do -- get it ironed, baby." Her  
hair broom out, looks frayed & broken. "Gone  
get us a TV, baby. Gone get us ~~some~~ new tires  
on that buggy out there."

"And a bicycle," says Knot.

"And a bicycle," she <sup>shouts</sup> yells. She grabs him,  
waltzing, humming about the floor around the walkspace  
of the tiny room. ~~Then~~ Suddenly she stuffs the  
~~loose~~ <sup>loose</sup> bits into her bosom and says, "Now you  
stay right here. Mama Marge gone go get us some  
decent supper fixing -- ain't gone cook tonight, no sinner  
I she is out the door, in the car & spewing out."



She down & come back & she sleep & come back and it grow dark, darker. He'd been ~~expecting~~ <sup>expecting</sup> of that too.

And expecting that next door all hell would break loose when Winston came home & found Boots & the babies gone.

~~He starts~~  
Knots unlatches the door, turns off the light & sits on his cot with his socked throbbing foot atop the money bag and listens to Winston slam about the house, cursing & shouting.

Knots smiles.

He stops smiling when he wakes during the night to Marge beating on the door. Her ~~st~~ <sup>st</sup> hazy night voice now slurred.

He ~~turns on the light~~ <sup>opens</sup> unlatches the door & she wobbles in with her <sup>turtle-headed</sup> eyes half closed. She starts to cry as he leads her to her bed, lay of her flat, takes off her shoes.  
"I'll forget you, baby, dead & all?"

Knot nods.

"Poor little ole Knot," she says & places her right forearm over her eyes. "First I'll throw you in dumpster, then I'll ~~fuck~~ take off & spend my money on liquor & men."

"Marge," he says, "you ain't throw me in no dumpster, ~~Somebody~~ You the one took me to raise



when somebody fish me out & bring me to you." 19

Arm still over her eye, she says slow, "ain't  
how it was. I had you, did I want you.  
That the truth." She look down her arm, eye  
him.

"Why you act like I ain't your then?"  
he sits beside her. "Why you make up that  
story bout me belonging to somebody else? Day how  
sobby she was."

~~"I can't tell you nobody telling"~~

"You know me..." she moan, crier, chugs  
crying, then... "know me like my ownself &  
know I ain't never want to be tied down to  
nobody. Was sartin, better to make you think  
you did belong to me." She roll over, facing  
away from him, sobbing. "Go on. Go on &  
stay up yonder with sister & them. I ain't  
got no claim to you."

"You just sorry for yourself, Marge." He is  
smiling. "You just looking for a excuse to get  
drunk & stay drunk."

He walks around to his the space between the  
window & his bed, picks up the sack & dumps  
it on the <sup>matted</sup> cot. "See all this money. Open  
your eyes & look."



"~~He drank it all~~

"200,000 dollars. ret yours. He see if ya can drink it all up now."

She sits up, sober, awake. "Where ya get that money?"

"Found it in a alley in Valdosta. <sup>at the</sup> Bank robber drop it."

"Lord in heaven," she says and slaps her forehead. "You the one sent ..."

"Send Marge a thousand to & she long gone now?"

"floo, baby," she says, standing, sitting again next to the money, touching it with her long long ribby hand. "We gotta take it back, baby. We gotta load it up in the car, first light, & take it back."

"Can't take it back, Marge. Do & they gone think it be the one robbed it."

"Come here, Child," she says. "Come here." She pats the mattress next to the money. He crawls across & nestles in her arms. First time ever she has held him since he was old enough to walk. "I ain't gone let nobody bother you. Ain't gone let nobody bother my baby." They both cry. "Trust yo mama. Trust me!"



The next night they are off to Valdosta  
in the relay & just ragtop Thunderbird to  
take the money back. 1, 2, 3 & up to  
~~198,000~~ 198,000 stuffed into the night depository.

1000 held in reserve for a bicycle &  
tires for the car.

May go back, have her come home  
drunk & he realizes that he can't  
give her money - boxes it up &  
makes the whole thing back to Valdosta  
or goes to Valdosta & puts it into  
the night depository