

could see this! What is it you say? I bet he'd jump up out of his grave and snatch her baldheaded!

Cue 30.3  
Visual  
Mike out  
Cue 30.5  
Visual  
walk

Hoke opens the door for Daisy.

Wait a minute. (She takes a small package wrapped in brown paper from her purse) This isn't a Christmas present.

BOOKIE: Nome.

DAISY: You know I don't give Christmas presents.

HOKE: I sho' do.

DAISY: I just happened to run across it this morning. Open it up.

HOKE (Unwrapping package): Ain' nobody ever give me a book. (Laboriously reads the cover) Handwriting Copy Book—Grade Five.

DAISY: I always taught out of these. I saved a few.

HOKE: Yassum.

DAISY: It's faded but it works. If you practice, you'll write nicely.

HOKE (Trying not to show emotion): Yassum.

DAISY: But you have to practice. I taught Mayor Hartsfield out of this same book.

HOKE: Thank you, Miz Daisy.

DAISY: It's not a Christmas present.

HOKE: Nome.

DAISY: Jews don't have any business giving Christmas presents. And you don't need to go yapping about this to Boolie and Florine.

HOKE: This strictly between you and me.

Cue 10  
TRB

We hear a record of "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer."

SCHE 11Z They seen us. Mist' Werthan done turn up the hi-fi.

DAISY: I hope I don't spit up.

quick  
Cue 31  
-32  
1st Cue 10 out  
2nd Cue 33  
Hoke takes her arm and they walk off together as the light fades on them. Light up on Boolie, wearing madras bermuda shorts and Lacoste shirt. He is in his late forties, waiting by the car.

BOOLIE (Calling): Come on, Hoke! Get a wiggle on! I'm supposed to tee off at the club at 11:30.

Hoke enters.

HOKE: Jes' emptyin' the trash. Sad'dy garbage day, you know.

BOOLIE: Where's Mama?

HOKE: She back in her room and she say go on widdout her. I think she takin' on 'bout dis.

Cue 33.2  
Visual in car  
They have gotten in the car, both in the front seat. Hoke is driving.

BOOLIE: That's crazy. A car is a car.

HOKE: Yassuh, but she done watch over dis machine like a chicken hawk. One day we park in front of de dry cleaner up yonder at the Plaza and dis white man—look like some kind of lawyer, banker, dress up real fine—he done lay his satchel up on our hood while he open up his trunk, you know, and Lawd what he do that for, fore I could stop her, yo' mama jump out de back do' and run that man every which way. She wicked 'bout her paint job.

BOOLIE: Did she tell you this new car has air conditioning?