FADE IN:

INT. DAISY'S BEDROOM - DAY / AUGUST 1948

A precise, orderly room. Comfortable and well maintained, but not fancy or trendy. Venetian blinds are drawn against the hot August sun. The room seems to be in repose. Suddenly the face of DAISY WERTHAN appears, looking directly at us. She straightens the straw hat on her head. We realize we have been looking at a mirror image of the room.

Daisy is seventy-two years old and apparently in excellent health. She wears a summer street dress, low-heeled white shoes and appropriate summer jewelry -- no makeup.

She does not dwell on her mirror image, once the hat is adjusted. She reaches into a bureau drawer, takes out a pair of white gloves, gets her pocket book from the closet and walks purposefully out of the room.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

A. Daisy in the upstairs hall.
B. Daisy walking down the carpeted steps.
C. Daisy in the downstairs hall, which contains a commode with a 1930's telephone on it and various objets d'art.
D. Daisy in the dining room, drapes closed against the hot sunlight.
E. Daisy through the swinging door in the pantry.

She moves briskly through the silent rooms. This is a woman who is never idle. Everything about her suggests energy and purpose. What we see of her house tells us that she is in comfortable circumstances. Bookshelves are evident in many of the rooms. The furniture is overstuffed and/or mahogany.

INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY

A spacious, black-and-white tiled kitchen -- pre-W.W.I in dimension. The only sign of the times is a fairly modern gas range.

IDELLA, black and close to Daisy's age, stands at the sink, under the window, polishing silver with an old toothbrush. She does not look up, or in any way acknowledge Daisy's entrance into the kitchen.
Daisy removes a shopping list from a cabinet drawer.

DAISY
I'm gone to the market, Idella.

IDELLA
Mmmmmm.

Daisy heads out the door.

EXT. THE BACK YARD - DAY

Bright hot sunlight, the yard shimmering in the morning heat. We can see the outside of the house now -- Georgian, built in the teens, comfortable, but not pretentious. Green canvas awnings protect the house from the sun.

DAISY walks to the garage, a separate building, built for two cars, but only holding one -- a shiny new 1948 Packard. She climbs into the car.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

A. Daisy's gloved hand turns on the ignition.
B. Her POV. Shifting the automatic gear into reverse.
C. Her high-heeled foot pushing the accelerator.
D. On the car, backing out of the garage and into the turnaround.
E. On Daisy, gloved hands both clutching the wheel, back straight, not touching the seat.
F. On the gear indicator, still in reverse.
G. On Daisy's foot, gunning the accelerator.
I. On the car, shooting backwards over an embankment, seemingly suspended in the air for a moment before it lands on the roof of the garage next door (down the hill) causing the garage to collapse, which, in turn, lands on the free-standing toolshed just adjacent to it, which also falls into pieces, scattering garden tools, etc., in all directions. The noise is deafening.
J. On Idella, looking out of the kitchen window in horror.

IDELLA
Sweet Jesus!

H. On a nursemaid and a toddler, coming out of the house next door.
EXT. THE GARAGE - SAME TIME

Daisy's severely damaged car sits in (on) what's left of the garage. All is still.

ON DAISY

Still in the car, still clutching the wheel with gloved hands. Her hat is crooked and her glasses are askew, but otherwise she is unhurt. She tests the door handle. It works. She pushes the door open, extracts her purse from the car and gets out.

EXT. THE NEIGHBOR'S GARAGE - DAY

What's left of Daisy's car rises in the air, ghost-like. PULL BACK reveals that the car is being hoisted by a tow truck and a gigantic chain and pulley operation. What's left of the garage collapses like pick-up sticks.

BOOLIE WERTHAN, Daisy's son, age 40, stands with a policeman and insurance agent in the yard. He wears a good summer business suit. A sizable part of the neighborhood, black servants, children, yard men, etc., stand silently at a respectful distance watching the proceedings.

ON BOOLIE

He looks up the hill towards his mother's house.

BOOLIE'S POV - DAISY'S HOUSE

Daisy is watching from her bedroom window, but moves quickly out of the way when Boolie catches her eyes.

ON THE NEIGHBOR'S YARD AGAIN

The pulley operation sets the remains of the car at rest. The reverberations of this knock down what's left of the toolshed.

ON THE CROWD, watching silently.

INT. DAISY'S KITCHEN - SAME DAY

Idella is sitting on a stool, eating fried chicken and potato salad at the kitchen counter. Boolie is seated at the kitchen table, finishing off a plate of same. Each has a glass of ice tea and a paper napkin, but Idella's plate is a cracked remnant of an old pattern, her fork is from the dime store, and her tea is in a small mason jar. Boolie is eating off of Daisy's everyday china and silver. Daisy is not in the room, but a THUMPING and CLUMPING O.S. indicate that she is within earshot.
Mama!

BOOLIE

No!

DAISY (O.S.)

Mama!

BOOLIE

No!

DAISY (O.S.)

BOOLIE

It's a miracle you're not laying in Emory Hospital -- or decked out at the funeral parlor.

He rises from the table, and heads for THE PANTRY

Daisy is in the pantry closet, having changed out of her street clothes into a house dress. She is kneeling on the floor by a large pickle crock, removing the lid, the rock that holds down a plate, which, in turn, holds down the pickles in their brine. She maneuvers the crock out of the closet and toward the pantry sink, waving away Boolie's efforts to help her.

Once at the sink, she begins the operation of spearing pickles that are already lined up by the sink and then ladling brine into the jars and screwing on the jar tops. This operation keeps her busy during the following scene. She spears the first pickle out of the crock and hands it to Boolie, who takes a bite.

DAISY

The cucumbers are pretty this summer.

BOOLIE

Look at you! You didn't even break your glasses.

DAISY

It was the car's fault.

BOOLIE

Mama, you had the car in the wrong gear.
DAISY
I did not.
(calls to Idella)
Idella! You want a pickle with your lunch?

IDELLA (O.S.)
Not me.

DAISY
Well, I'm putting up a jar for you to take home to William, you hear?

IDELLA (O.S.)
Yassum. Thank you. He love your pickles.

DAISY
That's because he has more sense than you do.

BOOLIE
You had the car in reverse instead of drive. The police report shows that.

DAISY
You should have let me keep my LaSalle. It never would have behaved this way.

BOOLIE
Mama, cars don't behave. They are behaved upon. The fact is you, all by yourself, demolished that Packard.

DAISY
Think what you want. I know the truth.

BOOLIE
The truth is you just cost the insurance company twenty-seven hundred dollars. You are a terrible risk. Nobody is going to issue you a policy after this.

DAISY
You're just saying that to be hateful.
BOOLIE
Okay. Yes. Yes I am. I'm making it all up. Every insurance company in America is lined up out there in the driveway, waving their fountain pens and falling all over themselves to get you to sign on.

DAISY
I love having you here for lunch, son, but if you're going to stand in my pantry and lie like a rug, well, I think it's time for you to go somewhere else.

BOOLIE
Okay. I'd better get back to the office. Florine'll be having a fit if I don't come home on time tonight.

DAISY
That's right. I forgot. Y'all are having dinner with the Ansleys tonight! I'm sure Florine bought another new dress. This is her idea of heaven on earth, isn't it?

BOOLIE
What?

DAISY
Socializing with Episcopalians.

BOOLIE
You're a doodle, Mama. I'll stop by tomorrow evening.

DAISY
How do you know I'll be here? I'm certainly not dependent on you for company.

BOOLIE
Fine. I'll call first. But you know that we have got some real serious talking to do.

DAISY
No.

BOOLIE
Mama!
DAISY  
(singing to end discussion)
After the ball is over
After the break of morn
After the dancers leaving
After the stars are gone
Many a heart is aching
If you could read them all --

As soon as she starts singing, Daisy, having finished her pickle business, turns on her heels and walks out of the pantry. We HEAR her SINGING continue and FADE as she climbs the stairs and eventually shuts the door to her room.

Boolie, having lost this round, picks up the largest mason jar of pickles to take home.

ON HIS FACE: How do I handle this?

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Daisy, wearing a light summer dressing gown, raises the blinds. Sunlight floods the room and she looks out of the window.

EXT. GARAGE - SAME TIME - DAISY'S POV

The garage stands empty, except for an old hand lawn mower and a few gardening tools at one side.

INT. THE BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Daisy looks grim.

INT. THE DOWNSTAIRS HALL - LATER THAT DAY

Daisy, now dressed, is on the phone.

DAISY  
(on the phone)
Well, I need you now! I have to be at the beauty shop in half an hour!
... No, I most certainly did not know you had to call a minimum of two hours ahead. I don't know why you call yourself a taxicab company if you can't provide taxicabs!

ON IDELLA, standing in the dining room doorway with a dusting rag in her hand, listening.
IDELLA
You call yo' son down at the plant,
he sen' somebody to carry you.

DAISY
That won't be necessary. I'll
cancel the appointment and fix
my own hair.

IDELLA
Sometimes I think you ain't got
the sense God gave a lemon!

Daisy glares at her, but Idella, with inalienable right on her
side, returns the glare with a calm nod of her head and goes
off about her business.

EXT. DAISY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. THE DOWNSTAIRS HALL - SAME TIME

Boolie enters from the kitchen. He is wearing brand new
pressed jeans with the cuffs rolled up and a plaid short-
sleeved shirt and a bandanna around his neck. It looks wrong
on him.

FLORINE, his wife, enters behind him. She is in her middle
thirties, dark-haired, slim, very fashionable, carefully made
up. Right now she is wearing a full denim skirt down to her
ankles (I think they called them circle skirts) and a plaid
blouse exactly matching Boolie's shirt. She is also wearing
gold jewelry that doesn't quite go with this outfit.

BOOLIE
(calling upstairs)
Mama? You there?

FLORINE
(also calling up)
Hey, Mother Werthan! It's just us!

ON DAISY, appearing at the landing, a book in her hand.

DAISY
Why didn't you call?

FLORINE
We can't stay.

DAISY
(sizing up the outfits)
So I gather.
BOOLIE
The Millers are giving a hayride for their anniversary.

FLORINE
I had these made. Doesn't your baby look cute?

DAISY
That's not exactly the word I'd pick.

Boolie takes the book out of her hand.

BOOLIE
I've been wanting to read this.

He looks through it.

BOOLIE (CONT'D)
It's due back tomorrow. Want me to take it for you?

DAISY
No thank you. I will go to the library on the streetcar.

Boolie, getting angry, starts to say something, but Florine puts a hand on his arm to calm him.

DAISY
Go on now. You don't want to keep the horses waiting.

ON BOOLIE, exasperated.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Daisy, dressed in hat and gloves, and carrying the library book, walks down the driveway towards the street.

EXT. BUS STOP - MID-MORNING

Daisy, a young black maid, and a couple of others are waiting at the bus stop. A City of Atlanta bus pulls up to the stop. A couple of passengers emerge from the rear door. The waiting passengers enter the bus, Daisy first, in deference to her age, sex, and color.

INT. CITY BUS - SAME TIME

Daisy puts in correct fare, squeezes into a seat between a fat country woman and a high school girl.
The black maid, the last one aboard, goes to the back of the bus, where there are black people standing and no seats. The front of the bus has seats available.

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME TIME

The bus rattles off down the avenue.

EXT. CARNEGIE LIBRARY BRANCH - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

A one-story brick building on a residential shopping street. Sign in front reads "Atlanta Public Library, Highland Avenue Branch."

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

The checkout desk. The young LIBRARIAN is stamping Daisy's books.

LIBRARIAN
I've got that Revolutionary War book you were asking about, Miz Werthan. I put it aside for you.

DAISY
You're a sweet thing, Miss Jensen.

The Librarian reaches under the counter and pulls out the book. It is enormous, more than a thousand pages.

LIBRARIAN
Everybody's just crazy about it!

Daisy eyes it dubiously as Librarian stamps it for her.

DAISY
Well, thank you very much.

She turns from the desk and heads out the door, carrying the huge book in the cradle of her arm.

INT. THE PIGGLY WIGGLY / PRODUCE SECTION - DAY

The store is busy with shoppers. The PRODUCE MANAGER greets Daisy, who has her library book, her purse, and her gloves in the shopping cart.

PRODUCE MAN
How many peaches for you today, Miz Werthan?

DAISY
Three, thank you.
PRODUCE MAN
You're not gonna be gettin' any
better ones the rest of the summer.
Lemme give you a few more.

DAISY
Just the three.

PRODUCE MAN
How about a nice watermelon?

Daisy shakes her head "no," puts the paper sack of peaches
into her cart, which already contains one bar of soap, one
lamb chop, and a can of peas. She walks toward the checkout
counter.

EXT. THE BUS STOP - DAY

Across the street from where Daisy started out. The bus rolls
INTO VIEW, the doors open and Daisy emerges, carrying her
purse, the big library book, and a medium-size grocery store
bag. She walks briskly down the street.

EXT. DAISY'S DRIVEWAY - SAME TIME

Daisy walking up the driveway, not quite so briskly, lugging
her parcels.

CLOSEUP OF HER FACE. JAW SET.

EXT. THE WERTHAN COMPANY - DAY

A smallish turn-of-the-century brick factory built near the
railroad tracks. A company truck is backed up to a loading
platform. Several black men are involved in loading large
cartons of printed material into the truck. A sleek, late-
model sedan is parked in the space marked "Reserved for Mr.
Werthan." A couple of less fancy cars are parked in other
reserved spots. A mid-week, mid-morning, business-as-usual
day.

INT. BOOLIE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Somebody (Florine) has tried to furnish this office well. It
contains a good leather couch, a couple of English-hunt-club-
type engravings and an expensive mahogany desk. A large Vogue-
magazine-style photograph of Florine in a fancy hat is placed
prominently. Also there are company picnic photographs,
Boolie's Yale diploma, a Bacharach-type photograph of his
father, etc. All of the above does not quite hide the fact
that this room is part of an old factory. The walls are
patchy, the windows are old, and the venetian blinds are
grubby and sagging.
Boolie is at the desk and on the phone. During his phone conversation a SHARP BELL is HEARD O.S. It RINGS intermittently. He looks up, annoyed, then concerned, but continues doing his business.

BOOLIE
Well, I.W., you know as well as I do that The Werthan Company isn't the only printing company in Atlanta. If you want to get other bids... oh, you did. Well... that's what Ideal bid, huh?... Okay. You ever do business with Ideal before?

MISS MCCLATCHEY, his secretary, all business and about 30, appears at the door. She seems distressed. He raises his hand, palm up, telling her to wait.

MISS MCCLATCHEY
It's important, Mr. Werthan.

BOOLIE
(on the phone)
Can you have lunch with me tomorrow? Herrn is all right? Yes. Unh hunh. Twelve thirty. Love to Peggy and the children.
(to Miss McClatchey)
What's wrong?

MISS MCCLATCHEY
Oscar's stuck in the freight elevator.

BOOLIE
Damn that thing!

He gets up, leaves his office. She follows.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

A. A CORRIDOR. Boolie, followed by McClatchey, hurries down a corridor. Glass-partitioned cubbyhole offices (3 or 4) with men in shirtsleeves at desks, on phones, etc.

B. END OF THE CORRIDOR. Boolie opens a large metal double door and they proceed to

C. THE FACTORY. An enormous room, full of printing presses in full swing. Various workers are operating the machines, stacking material onto hand trucks, etc. The room is lit mostly by the skylighted roof. Boolie and McClatchey hurry through to
D. THE FREIGHT ELEVATOR. It is about four feet above the ground. The old corrugated tin door is open and we SEE a pair of shoes and legs up to the knees.

BOOLIE
Oscar?

OSCAR (O.S.)
Yassuh. Here I am.

BOOLIE
You all right?

OSCAR (O.S.)
Nawsuh. I'm stuck.

BOOLIE
I know. Fiddle with the lever.

OSCAR (O.S.)
It all fiddled out. I done everythin' I know how.

BOOLIE
Oh, Jesus! Call Bell Elevator, Miss McClatchey.

MISS MCCLATCHEY
I already did. They're backed up. But they'll be here around one.

BOOLIE
One! Did you tell them it's an emergency?

MISS MCCLATCHEY
You don't have to holler at me, Mr. Werthan. I didn't break the elevator.

A small crowd of workers has gathered behind Boolie. This is an event.

BOOLIE
You got that stuff for Davison Paxon in there, Oscar?

OSCAR (O.S.)
Wrapped and ready to go.

BOOLIE
I told them they'd have it yesterday. Call Bell back!

McClatchey goes off to the phone.
A VOICE FROM THE CROWD

Oscar! Oscar?

Boolie turns to look and so does the CAMERA. We SEE a SIXTYISH BLACK MAN, neat, but dressed in a shiny suit, a frayed old white-on-white shirt and a sad-looking tie. Clearly somebody down on his luck.

THE OLD MAN

You hear me, Oscar?

I hear you.

OSCAR (O.S.)

Is there a little doo-hickey up yonder where the gate suppose to close? Stickin' down a little?

OSCAR (O.S.)

Wait a minute... Yeah. Unh hunh. It right here.

THE OLD MAN

Well, reach up and mash on it... Mash it up till it catch.

OSCAR (O.S.)

I done it. Now what?

OLD MAN

Well, just work the lever.

A LOUD THUMP, A WHIRR OF MOTOR, and OSCAR, a black man in his forties, dressed in a porter's uniform, appears at ground level in the elevator, stacks of printed material behind him. A light round of APPLAUSE, workers immediately start packing the material onto hand trucks and moving it out.

BOOLIE

(to the Old Man)

Excuse me, do you work here?

OSCAR

Nawsah, this Hoke.

HOKE

Pleased to see you, suh...

BOOLIE

(at a loss)

Oh. Well, thank you. How did you know about the elevator?
HOKE
I used to drive for the Avondale Dairy and they have an old sorry elevator worse than dishyah.

OSCAR
Don' you remember? Hoke the one I tole you about.

BOOLIE
Oh. Of course. Well, come on back with me to my office. Hoke, is it?

HOKE
Hoke Coleburn, suh.

The following takes place as they walk back to Boolie's office.

BOOLIE
You're not with the Avondale Dairy any more?

HOKE
Nosuh. They lay me off back befo' las' November.

BOOLIE
'Long time.

HOKE
Well, Mist' Werthan, you try bein' me and lookin' for work. They hirin' young if they hirin' colored and they ain' even hirin' much young seem like.

They walk in silence for a bit. Boolie is clearly not very interested.

HOKE
Mist' Werthan? Y'all people Jewish, ain't you?

Boolie stops and turns around.

BOOLIE
Yes we are. Why do you ask?

HOKE
Well, suh, I'd druther drive for Jews. People always talkin' 'bout they stingy and they cheap, but don' say none of that 'round me.
BOOLIE
Good to know you feel that way.

HOKE
Yassah. One time I workin' for this woman over near Little Five Points. What was that woman's name? I forget. Anyway, she president of the Ladies Auxiliary over yonder to the Ponce de Leon Baptist Church and seem like she always bringin' up God and Jesus and do unto others. You know what I'm talkin' 'bout?

BOOLIE
I don't think so.

HOKE
Well, one day, Mist' Werthan, one day that woman say to me, she say, "Hoke, come on back in the back wid' me. I got something for you." And we go on back yonder and Lawd have mercy, she have all these old shirts and collars be on the bed, and she say, "Ain't they nice? They b'long to my Daddy befo' he pass, and we fixin' to sell 'em to you for twenty-five cent apiece."

BOOLIE
What was her name?

HOKE
Thass what I'm askin' myself. What was that woman's name?

They have reached BOOLIE'S OFFICE now. Miss McClatchey is typing at her desk. Boolie proceeds to his desk and starts signing papers. Hoke follows, talking a blue streak.

HOKE
Anyway, them's the people callin' Jews cheap. So I say, "Yassum, I think about it" and I get me another job as fas' as I can.

BOOLIE
Where was that?

HOKE
Mist' Harold Stone, another Jewish gentleman jes' like you. Judge, live over yonder on Lullwater Road.
BOOLIE
(looks up, interested)
I knew Judge Stone.

HOKE
You doan' say! He done give me this here suit when he finish with it. An' this necktie, too!

BOOLIE
You drove for Judge Stone?

HOKE
Seven years to the day, nearabout. An' I be there still if he din' up and die, and Miz Stone decide to close up the house and move to her people in Savannah. And she say, "Come on down to Savannah wid me, Hoke." 'Cause my wife dead by then, and I say, "No thank you." I din' want to leave my granbabies and I don' get along with that low-class Geechee trash they got down there.

BOOLIE
Judge Stone was a friend of my father's.

HOKE
You doan' mean! Oscar say you need a driver for yo' family. What I be doin'? Runnin' yo' children to school and yo' wife to the beauty parlor and like dat?

BOOLIE
I don't have any children. But tell me --

HOKE
Tha's a shame. My daughter bes' thing ever happen to me. But you young yet. I wouldn't worry none.

BOOLIE
I won't. Thank you. Hoke, what I'm looking for is somebody to drive my mother around.

HOKE
Excuse me for asking, but how com' she ain' hire for herself?
BOOLIE
Well, it's a difficult situation.

HOKE
Mmmm Hmmm. She done gone 'roun' the bend a little? That'll happen when they get on.

BOOLIE
Oh no. Nothing like that. It just isn't safe for her to drive any more. I'll be frank with you. I'm a little desperate.

HOKE
I know what you mean 'bout dat. Once I outta work, my wife say to me, "Oooh, Hoke, you ain' gon' get noun 'nother job." And I say, "What you talkin' 'bout, woman?" And the very next week I go to work for that woman in Little Five Points. Cahill! Mrs. Frances Cahill. And then I got to Judge Stone and they the reason I happy to hear you Jews.

BOOLIE
Hoke, I want you to understand, my mother is a little high-strung. She doesn't want anybody driving her. But the fact is you'd be working for me. She can say anything she likes but she can't fire you. You understand?

HOKE
Sho' I do. Don' you worry none about it. I hold on no matter what way she run me. When I nothin' but a little boy down there on the farm above Macon where I come from, I use to wrastle hogs to the ground at killin' time. And ain' no hog got away from me yet.

BOOLIE
How does twenty dollars a week sound?

HOKE
Soun' like you done hire yo' Mama a chauffeur.

Boolie smiles with relief.

ON HOKE, pleased, but not quite sure what he's gotten himself into.
EXT. DAISY'S HOUSE - DAY

A late model sedan drives up the driveway. Boolie driving, Hoke in the seat beside him. Both look apprehensive. They get out of the car and walk toward the back door.

EXT. DAISY'S BEDROOM WINDOW - SAME TIME

Daisy seen in the window watching the arrival. She is not smiling.

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

The front hall. Dim light in contrast to the sun outside. Idella is going over the floor with a carpet sweeper. She is singing a hymn ("Are You Washed in the Blood of the Lamb"), mostly to herself.

Boolie comes into the hall, Hoke behind him.

BOOLIE
How are you, Idella?

IDELLA
Livin'.

BOOLIE
Where's that vacuum cleaner I brought over here?

IDELLA
In the closet.

BOOLIE
(to Hoke)
She won't touch it.

IDELLA
I would if it din' give me a shock every time I go near it.

BOOLIE
It works for me.

IDELLA
Good. You clean up. I go down and run yo' office.

Hoke laughs. Idella shoots him a look.

Where's Mama?

BOOLIE

IDELLA
Up yonder.
BOOLIE
I guess you know who this is.

IDELLA
Mmmmm Mmmm.

She goes back to her carpet sweeping.

BOOLIE
I'll be right back, Hoke.

He heads up the steps.

IDELLA
(to Hoke)
I wouldn't be in your shoes if the
Sweet Lawd Jesus come down and ask
me hisself!

ON HOKE, sizing up the situation.

INT. THE UPSTAIRS LANDING - SAME TIME

Boolie knocks on Daisy's closed bedroom door.

BOOLIE
Mama?

DAISY (O.S.)
Come in.

INT. DAISY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Daisy is seated at a small desk, checkbook open, paying bills. She does not rise when Boolie enters. He bends over and tries to kiss her cheek, but she pulls away.

BOOLIE
Good morning, Mama.

No answer. She continues paying bills.

BOOLIE (CONT'D)
All I'm asking is for you to come
and say hello.

DAISY
Now you listen here. Unless they
rewrote the Constitution and didn't
tell me, I still have rights. And
one of my rights is to invite who I
want -- not who you want -- into my
house. You do accept the fact that
this is my house?
BOOLIE
Well, of course I do, Mama, but --

DAISY
What I do not want -- and absolutely will not have is some -- some chauffeur sitting in my kitchen, gobbling up my food, running up my phone bill. Oh, I hate all that in my house. On Forsyth Street we couldn't afford them and we did for ourselves. That's still the best way if you ask me.

BOOLIE
Them? Afford them? You sound like Governor Talmadge.

DAISY
Why, Boolie! What a thing to say! I'm not prejudiced! Aren't you ashamed.

BOOLIE
I got to get back to the plant. You might as well try to make the best of this, Mama.

He leaves, shutting the door.

ON DAISY'S FACE, jaw set.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Hoke, having removed his jacket, and neatly rolled up his shirt sleeves, is looking through the broom closet. Boolie comes into the kitchen.

BOOLIE
She'll be down in a while.

HOKE
I ain' studyin' her, Mist' Werthan. You ain' got to concern yourself. Look like ain' nobody dusted nary a light bulb 'roun' here in fifty years! Where y'all keep the stepladder?

BOOLIE
In the pantry closet, I think. Good luck.

HOKE
You sayin' something now!
Boolie smiles, goes out the back door.

INT. THE DEN / LIBRARY - DAY

Hoke is standing on the stepladder, dusting the lightbulbs in the ceiling fixture.

Daisy comes into the room.

DAISY
Here! What do you think you're doing?

HOKE
Dustin' yo' bulbs, Miz Daisy.

DAISY
That's the silliest thing I ever saw in my life. Who cares if light bulbs are dusty? Get down from there.

HOKE
Yassum.

DAISY
And put that ladder away before somebody trips on it.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Late afternoon sunlight slants into the room. Idella is rolling out biscuit dough. Hoke is sitting on a stool nearby.

HOKE
I knew a Miss Idella once, down there above Macon.

IDELLA
Doan' say.

HOKE
You talkin' 'bout sing! I mean that woman had lungs! She'd a been a whole church choir by herself if they'd a let her. And fat, too! She about the size of that stove yonder.

Idella laughs. Daisy comes into the kitchen.

HOKE
Don't talk to Idella. She has work to do.

HOKE
Yassum.
INT. STAIRWAY LANDING - DAY

Hoke is standing on the landing studying the framed pictures on the wall.

CLOSEUP framed photo turn-of-the-century fifth grade class, teacher, young Daisy, in Gibson Girl blouse.

Daisy comes into the hall from her bedroom.

DAISY
What are you doing there?

HOKE
I love a house with pictures. Make a home. Dishere you, ain't it?

DAISY
Yes.

HOKE
Look like you bin a teacher or something.

DAISY
I don't want you nosing through my things.

She goes back into her room.

INT. FRONT HALL - EVENING

Idella is wearing her street clothes and carrying a shopping bag. Hoke has on his jacket, and carries his chauffeur's hat in his hand.

IDELLA
(calling up the stairs)
I'm gone, Miz Daisy.

DAISY (O.S.)
All right, Idella. See you tomorrow.

HOKE
(also calling upstairs)
I'm gone too, Miz Daisy.

DAISY (O.S.)
Good!

Idella and Hoke exchange looks and head out the door.
EXT. DAISY'S HOUSE - MORNING

The side of the house. Hoke is kneeling down examining a bed of flowers. He has a trowel in his hand.

Daisy appears in a first floor window.

HOKE
Looks like yo' zeenias use a little tendin' to.

DAISY
You leave my flower bed alone.

HOKE
Yassum but you be sorry somebody doan get after them weeds.

Daisy shuts the windows and disappears.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Daisy and Idella, wearing aprons, stand at the counter. Daisy is making chili sauce. Idella is washing up after her. Peeled tomatoes, onions, etc., wait on the counter. At the moment she is boiling mason jars in a huge kettle. Hoke comes in from the back porch.

HOKE
You know, Miz Daisy, you got a nice place back beyond the garage ain't doin' nothin' but sittin' there. I could put you some butterbeans and some tomatoes and even some Irish potatoes could we get someone with good eyes.

DAISY
If I want a vegetable garden I'll plant it for myself.

HOKE
Well, anything else I kin do fo' you?

DAISY
Go back where you belong...

HOKE
Yassum. I b'long here. Mist' Werthan expec' me to stay 'till five o'clock. Lemme carry you somewhere in de car.

DAISY
No thank you.
She forks a boiling jar out of the cauldron. End of conversation. She gives a small smile of triumph to Idella.

EXT. DAISY’S HOUSE - MORNING

The flowerbed. Daisy, wearing a gardening hat, is on her knees weeding the flowerbed. Hoke walks up the driveway and sees her.

    HOKE
    Mornin' Miz Daisy.

    DAISY
    Good morning.

    HOKE
    Them seenias lookin' lot better.

No answer.

    HOKE (CONT'D)
    Right cool in the night, wadn' it?

    DAISY
    I wouldn't know. I was asleep.

    HOKE
    Yassum. What yo' plans for today?

    DAISY
    That's my business.

    HOKE
    You right about dat. I find somethin' to do.

He goes off toward the garage. She looks after him.

EXT. GARAGE AND DRIVEWAY - DAY

A brand new Oldsmobile sedan is parked in the garage. Hoke goes into the garage and is getting into the car. Daisy comes up behind him.

    DAISY
    What are you doing?

    HOKE
    Fixin' to back de car out.

    DAISY
    Why? I'm not going anywhere.
HOKE
Nome, I know dat, but I brung thisshyeah from home.

He pulls a small soft cloth from his coat.

HOKE (CONT'D)
Give the car a good wipe off.

DAISY
What for? It isn't dirty. It's never even been out of the garage.

HOKE
You tellin' me!

DAISY
I don't want you touching my car. You understand?

He reluctantly gets out of the car.

HOKE
Yassum. I reckon I jes' set in the kitchen 'till five o'clock.

DAISY
That's your affair.

Hoke goes off towards the back door, a sad stoop to his shoulders. Daisy watches him with some satisfaction. Then she goes back to attack her flowerbed.

INT. DAISY'S SCREEN PORCH - THE NEXT MORNING

Very sunny. Daisy sits on one of the porch chairs, reading the morning paper. Idella enters from the house.

IDELLA
We runnin' outta coffee and Dutch cleanser.

DAISY
We are?

IDELLA
Yassum and we low on silver polish, too.

DAISY
I know... I'm fixin' to go to the Piggly Wiggly on the trolley.

Hoke emerges from the house where he has been listening.
Now, Miz Daisy, how come you doan let me carry you?

No, thank you.

She puts the paper down and walks through the LIVING ROOM to the FRONT HALL where her straw hat sits on the hall commode. Hoke has followed her and they talk as she pins her hat on her head and gathers her purse and gloves. Idella, in b.g., is straightening the living room.

Ain' that what Mist' Werthan done hire me for?

That's his problem.

All right den. I find somethin' to do.

You leave my things alone!
(calls to the living room)
I'm gone to the market, Idella!

Yassum.

Daisy marches out the front door.

EXT. THE FRONT STEPS AND DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Bright, hot sunlight. Daisy walking briskly toward the driveway, Hoke following.

You know, it seem a downright shame. That fine Oldsmobile settin' out there in the garage. Ain' move a inch from when Mist' Werthan rode it over here from Mitchell Motors. Only got nineteen miles on it. Seem like that insurance company done give you a whole new car for nothin'.

That's your opinion.
HOKE
Yassum. And my other opinion is a fine rich Jewish lady like you doan b'long draggin' up the steps of no bus luggin' no grocery sto' bags. I come along and carry them fo' you.

Daisy stops walking and turns to have it out.

DAISY
I don't need you. I don't want you. And I don't like you saying I'm rich.

HOKE
I won' say it no more then.

DAISY
Is that what you and Idella talk about in the kitchen? Oh, I hate all this! I hate being discussed behind my back in my own house! I was born on Forsyth Street and believe you me I know the value of a penny. My brother, Manny, brought home a white cat one day and Papa said we couldn't keep it because we couldn't afford to feed it. My sisters saved up money so I could go to school and be a teacher. We didn't have anything!

HOKE
Yassum, but look like you doin' all right now.

If looks could kill, Hoke would now be dead. Daisy has now reached the street, and walks as briskly as she can up the sidewalk. Hoke retreats toward the house. Daisy sees this and smiles slightly to herself.

EXT. THE STREET - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Heavily green trees dapple the sunlight on this quiet morning. Daisy continues up the sidewalk, unaware that Hoke is behind her in the car. He idles along slowly behind her, until she is aware of his presence. She continues walking and he creeps along beside her during the following.

DAISY
(horrified)
What are you doing?

HOKE
Tryin' to take you to the sto'.
A NEIGHBOR LADY is gardening in her front yard, rather taken
with this unusual spectacle.

THE LADY
Where are you off to this morning,
Mrs. Werthan?

DAISY
(polite and mortified)
Oh, just a little shopping.

She continues up the sidewalk, Hoke keeping pace with her.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Go away! I've ridden the trolley
with groceries plenty of times.

HOKE
Yassum, but I feel bad takin' Mist'
Werthan money for doin' nothing.
You understand?

DAISY
How much does he pay you?

HOKE
That between him and me, Miz Daisy.

DAISY
Anything over seven dollars a week
is robbery. Highway robbery.

HOKE
Specially when I don' do nothin'
but set on a stool in the kitchen
all day long.

Another car, with three or four ladies in it, is coming down
another driveway toward the street. All the ladies stare
openly. Daisy stops walking.

DAISY
All right, the Piggly Wiggly.
And then home. Nowhere else.

HOKE
Yassum.

He stops the car, hops out and goes around to open the door
for her, but she is too quick for him and gets in by herself.

Hoke goes back around to his door and starts to get in.
DAISY
Wait. You don't know how to run this car!

HOKE
Ain' you jes' seen me do it? Anyway, thisshere automatic. Any fool can run it.

DAISY
Any fool but me, apparently.

HOKE
Ain' no need to be so hard on yoseff now. You cain' drive, but you probably do alotta things I cain do. It all work out.

DAISY
The idea!

Hoke presses the accelerator and the car moves on down the street.

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

Hoke in a wonderful mood. Daisy in full bristle on the back seat.

HOKE
I love the smell of a new car. Doan' you, Miz Daisy?

No answer.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The car cruising smoothly through the summer suburban street.

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

DAISY
I'm nobody's fool, Hoke.

HOKE
Nome.

DAISY
I can see the speedometer as well as you can.

HOKE
I see dat.
DAISY
My husband taught me to run a car.

HOKE
Yassum.

DAISY
I still remember everything he said. So don't you think for even a second that you can -- wait! You're speeding! I see it!

HOKE
We ain' goin' but nineteen miles an hour.

DAISY
I like to go under the speed limit.

HOKE
Yassum, but the speed limit thirty-five here.

DAISY
The slower you go, the more you save on gas. My husband told me that.

HOKE
We barely moving. Might as well walk to the Piggly Wiggly.

DAISY
Is this your car?

HOKE
Nome.

DAISY
Do you pay for the gas?

HOKE
Nome.

DAISY
All right then. My fine son may think I'm losing my abilities, but I am still in control of what goes on in my car. Where are you going?

HOKE
To the grocery sto'.

DAISY
Then why didn't you turn on Highland Avenue?
HOKE
Piggly Wiggly ain' on Highland Avenue. it on Euclid, down there near --

DAISY
I know where it is and I want to go to it the way I always go. On Highland Avenue.

HOKE
That three blocks out the way, Miz Daisy.

DAISY
Go back! Go back this minute!

HOKE
We in the wrong lane. I cain jes --

DAISY
Go back I said! If you don't go back I'll get out of this car and walk!

HOKE
We movin'! You cain' open the do'.

DAISY
This is wrong! Where are you taking me?

HOKE
The sto'.

DAISY
This is wrong. You have to go back to Highland Avenue.

HOKE
Mmmm Hmmm.

DAISY
I have been driving to the Piggly Wiggly since they put it up and opened it for business! This isn't the way! Go back! Go back this minute!

HOKE
Yonder the Piggly Wiggly, Miss Daisy.

DAISY
Get ready to turn.

HOKE
Yassum.
DAISY
Look out! There's a little boy behind that shopping cart!

HOKE
I see dat.

DAISY
Pull in next to the blue car.

HOKE
We closer to the do' right here.

DAISY
Next to the blue car! I don't park in the sun! It fades the upholstery!

HOKE
Yassurn.

He parks the car as directed. The Piggly Wiggly has a small concrete parking lot on the side of the store. Daisy springs out of the back seat as soon as the car stops and slams the car door. She heads off for the store, then stops.

DAISY
Wait a minute. Give me the car keys.

HOKE
Yassum.

DAISY
Stay right here by the car. And you don't have to tell everybody my business.

HOKE
Nome. Don't forget the Dutch Cleanser now.

She fixes him with another killer look and goes off into the grocery store.

EXT. STREET - DAY

There is a pay phone booth on the corner. Hoke puts in his nickel and dials.

HOKE
Hello? Miz McClatchey? Hoke Colburn here. Can I speak to him?... Mornin', Mist' Werthan. Guess where I'm at?... I'm at dishere phone booth on Euclid Avenue right next to the Piggly Wiggly. (MORE)
HOKE (CONT'D)
I jes' drove yo' Mama to the sto'... Oh, she flap around a little on the way. But she all right. She in the sto'.

INT. THE PIGGLY WIGGLY - HOKE'S POV

Daisy, pushing cart, spots Hoke on the phone, through the large plate glass window.

EXT. THE PHONE BOOTH - SAME TIME

HOKE
Uh oh. She done see me on the phone. She liable to throw a fit right there by the checkout... Yassuh. Only took me six days. Same time it take the Lawd to make the worl'.

EXT. DAISY'S HOUSE - SATURDAY MORNING

It is fall now, gray skies and leaves off the trees. A Werthan Company panel truck is parked in Daisy's driveway.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Oscar and his assistant from the elevator, JUNIOR, are in the process of removing the slip covers from the upholstered furniture and rolling down the Oriental rugs and pads. Hoke, jacket off and sleeves rolled up, is helping them. Idella is supervising.

OSCAR
How the old lady been treating you, Hoke?

HOKE
She know how to pitch a fit. I tell you that.

Oscar and Junior roar with laughter. Daisy comes into the room wearing a fur piece, a dark hat and gloves. She does not like hired people laughing in her house.

DAISY
What's so funny?

HOKE
Nothin', Miz Daisy. We just carryin' on.
Oscar and Junior have been doing my fall cleaning for fifteen years and they never carried on before. Leave them alone.

Yassum.

And put your coat on. We're late.

I be right there.

Idella! I'm gone to Temple!

(as he leaves the living room)

And I right behind her, Idella.

INT. THE TEMPLE - SAME DAY

We are in the large sanctuary of the Temple, the Atlanta Reform Jewish Congregation. The building was designed in the twenties, and somehow this sanctuary carries a sense of the Bible as interpreted by C.B. DeMille. The room has a very large chandelier, lots of large windows, and is decorated with white walls and gold relief work. The Arc for the Torah itself is all gold relief work. The whole place gives off a scent of well-being and not too much religious warmth.

We are approaching the end of the Saturday morning service. The RABBI, who prefers to call himself DR. WEIL, is conducting the service in a morning coat. There are no yarmulkes or any other Jewish paraphernalia in sight.

The sanctuary is sparsely populated this (and every) Saturday morning. In the front couple of rows sit the Confirmation Class, some thirty or so tenth-graders who have to appear every Saturday in order to get confirmed at the end of the year.

They are standard issue high school sophomores, dressed well and appropriately for a religious service. None of them seem very interested in the service. Some look just plain bored, others are miles away, and still others (girls) are passing notes and/or giggling.

Most of the rest of the room is empty. There are a few worshippers in pairs or alone scattered throughout.
The last few rows are more populated. Here are the older members of the congregation, mostly widows, some older men, and a few grown sons/daughters. Daisy is in the next to the last row, sitting very straight in the pew, her back not touching the seat.

**DR. WEIL**

Praised and glorified be the name of the Holy One, though He be above all the praises which we can utter. Our guide is He in life and our redeemer through all eternity.

**CONGREGATION**

Our help cometh from Him, the Creator of heaven and earth.

**DR. WEIL**

The departed whom we now remember have entered into the peace of life eternal. They still live on earth in the acts of goodness they performed and in the hearts of those who cherish their memory. May the beauty of their life abide among us as a loving benediction.

**CONGREGATION**

Amen.

**DR. WEIL**

May the Father of peace send peace to all who mourn and comfort the bereaved among us.

**CONGREGATION**

Amen.

The CHOIR, O.S., now SINGS.

**CHOIR**

May the words of my mouth
And the meditations of my heart
Be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord,
My strength and my redeemer.

The service is over. The congregation, Daisy included, files out the rear door. Daisy is walking with her friends, BEULAH and MIRIAM.
EXT. THE TEMPLE - SAME TIME

The front elevator of the building. It is a clear autumn day. Daisy, Miriam and Beulah come out of the building. Daisy is wearing her little social smile, which suddenly vanishes from her face.

EXT. FRONT OF THE TEMPLE - SAME TIME - DAISY'S POV

Her car, Hoke standing politely by the passenger door in the rear, is directly in front of the building. A couple of other chauffeur-driven sedans are behind it.

Daisy scurries down the steps as fast as she can. She waves goodbye to her friends, gets in the car, sitting up very straight and making sure she slams the door for herself.

    DAISY
    I can get myself in. Just go.
    Hurry up out of here!

    HOKE
    Yassum.

Hoke, confused, scurries around to the driver's seat and sets the car into gear.

The car moves down the driveway and into Saturday traffic.

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

    DAISY
    I didn't say speed. I said get me away from here.

    HOKE
    Somethin' wrong back yonder?

    DAISY
    No.

    HOKE
    Somethin' I done?

    DAISY
    No.  (a beat)
    Yes.

    HOKE
    I ain' done nothin'!
DAISY
You had the car parked right in front of the front door of the Temple! Like I was the Queen of Romania! Everybody saw you! Didn't I tell you to wait for me in the back?

HOKE
I jes' tryin' to be nice. They two other chauffeurs right behind me.

DAISY
You made me look like a fool. A g.d. fool.

HOKE
LAWD knows you ain' no fool, Miz Daisy.

DAISY
Slow down. Miriam and Beulah and them, I could see what they were thinking when we came out of services.

What that?

DAISY
That I'm trying to pretend I'm rich.

HOKE
You is rich, Miz Daisy!

DAISY
No I'm not. And nobody can ever say I put on airs. On Forsyth Street we only had meat once a week. We made a meal off of grits and gravy. I taught the fifth grade at the Crew Street School. I did without plenty of times, I can tell you.

HOKE
And now you doin' with. What so terrible in that?

DAISY
You! Why do I talk to you? You don't understand me.
HOKE
Nome, I don't. I truly don't. 'Cause
if I ever was to get ahold of what you
got, I be shakin' it around for
everybody in the worl' to see.

DAISY
That's vulgar! Don't talk to me!

HOKE mutters something under his breath.

DAISY (CONT'D)
What? What did you say? I heard that!

HOKE
Miz Daisy, you needs a chauffeur and
Lawl know, I needs a job. Less jes'
leave it at dat.

They eye each other warily in the rearview mirror.

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Pitch black dark. Suddenly an electric light snaps on. We
are in Daisy's DINING ROOM. It is very early in the morning.
Daisy is wearing her winter bathrobe and warm slippers. She
is concerned. We SEE her go through the drawers of her
buffet. She isn't finding what she's looking for. We FOLLOW
DAISY into

THE PANTRY CLOSET

where she pulls an overhead light string. The pantry is a
walk-in closet. There are numerous cans and preserved goods
on the shelves. Daisy looks at the cans, suddenly pushes one
or two aside. Suddenly there is an odd look of triumph on her
face.

EXT. BOLLIE'S HOUSE - A WINTER MORNING - 1949

ESTABLISHING SHOT of a handsome Colonial set well back from
the road.

INT. BOOLIE'S HOUSE / THE DOWNSTAIRS HALL - EARLY MORNING

The hall is decorated in English Country house fashion. Lots
of old pieces and Williamsburg-y wallpaper. There is a Queen
Anne telephone table with appropriate chair. The PHONE is
RINGING (loudly). Florine comes into the hall to answer it.
She is wearing a winter dressing gown with long flowing
sleeves.
FLORINE
Hello?... Wait a minute, Mother
Werthan. I'll get him for you...
No trouble. He's right here.

We FOLLOW FLORINE a few steps to

THE BREAKFAST ROOM

where Bollie, shirt and tie, but no jacket, sits at a built-in
breakfast booth eating his bacon and eggs. A uniformed black
maid is pouring him a second cup of coffee.

FLORINE
Guess who?

BOOLIE
(looking at his watch)
My Lord!

Florine sits back down at the table and picks up the women's
page of the paper. We FOLLOW BOOLIE back to

THE HALL

Boolie stands by the table and picks up the receiver.

BOOLIE
Good morning, Mama. What's the
matter?... No, I don't always think
something's the matter when you call.
It's just when you call so early in
the morning... What? Mama, you're
talking so fast I... What? All right.
All right. I'll come by on my way to
work. I'll be there as soon as I can.

He hangs up the phone. Goes back to

THE BREAKFAST ROOM

BOOLIE
I better go on over there.

FLORINE
Bye.

BOOLIE
Come on, honey.

FLORINE
It's not healthy for you to rush like
this in the morning.
BOOLIE
(getting into
his jacket)
I eat too much anyway. And it sounds
like she needs me.

FLORINE
When doesn't it?

She smiles at him, lifts her face to be kissed.

FLORINE (CONT'D)
Give Mother Werthan my love.

He hurries out and she picks up the women's page of the paper,
lights a cigarette and calls into the kitchen.

FLORINE (CONT'D)
Coffee, Gaynell!

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Daisy, still in her bathrobe, paces back and forth, looking
out of the window. In a minute or so, Boolie comes through
the door.

BOOLIE
I didn't expect to find you in one
piece.

DAISY
I wanted you to be here when he comes.
I wanted you to hear it for yourself.

BOOLIE
Hear what? What is going on?

DAISY
He's stealing from me.

BOOLIE
Hoke? Are you sure?

DAISY
I don't make empty accusations. I
have proof!

What proof?

BOOLIE

What proof?

DAISY
This!

She triumphantly pulls an empty can of salmon out of her robe
pocket.
DAISY (CONT'D)
I caught him red-handed! I found this hidden in the garbage pail under some coffee grounds.

BOOLIE
You mean he stole a can of salmon?

DAISY
Here it is! Oh, I knew. I knew something was funny. They all take things, you know. So I counted.

BOOLIE
You counted?

DAISY
The silverware first and then the linen dinner napkins and then I went into the pantry. I turned on the light and the first thing that caught my eye was a hole behind the corned beef. And I knew right away. There were only eight cans of salmon. I had nine. Three for a dollar on sale.

BOOLIE
Very clever, Mama. You made me miss my breakfast and be late for a meeting at the bank for a thirty-three cent can of salmon.

He jams his hand into his pocket and pulls out some bills.

BOOLIE (CONT'D)
Here. You want thirty-three cents? Here's a dollar! Here's ten dollars! Buy a pantry full of salmon.

DAISY
Why, Boolie! The idea! Waving money at me like I don't know what! I don't want the money. I want my things.

BOOLIE
One can of salmon?

DAISY
Well, it was mine! I bought it and I put it there and he went into my pantry and just took it and he never said a word. I leave him plenty of food every day and I always tell him exactly what it is. They are like having children in the house.

(MORE)
DAISY (CONT'D)
They want something so they just take it. Not a smidgin of manners. No conscience. He'll never admit this. "Nome," he'll say. "I doan know nothin' 'bout that." And I don't like it! I don't like living this way! I have no privacy!

BOOLIE
Mama!

DAISY

BOOLIE
All right. I give up. You want to drive yourself again, you just go ahead and arrange it with the insurance company. Take your blessed trolley. Buy yourself a taxicab. Anything you want. Just leave me out of it.

DAISY
Boolie...

EXT. DAISY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME
Idella and Hoke walking up the driveway to work. Both are wearing coats. They see Boolie's car in the driveway.

HOKE
What you 'spect he's doin' here this hour of the morning?

IDELLA
Can't be good. I promise you dat.

They exchange looks.

INT. DAISY'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME
Hoke comes in from the back hall.

HOKE
Mornin', Miz Daisy. I b'leve it fixin' to clear up. 'Scuse me, Mr. Werthan. Y'all busy?

BOOLIE
Hoke, I think we have to have a talk.
HOKE
All right. Jes' lemme put my coat away. I be right back.

He pulls a small paper bag from his pocket.

HOKE (CONT'D)
Oh, Miz Daisy. Yestiddy when you out with yo' sister I ate a can of yo' salmon. I know you say eat de leff over pork chops, but they stiff. Here, I done buy you another can. You want me to put it in the pantry fo' you?

DAISY
Yes, thank you, Hoke.

HOKE
I be right with you, Mist' Werthan.

Hoke goes off to the kitchen. Daisy looks at the empty can in her hand.

DAISY
(trying for dignity)
Well, I got to get dressed now. 'Bye, son,

She pecks Boolie on the cheek and heads up the stairs. He looks after her with a little smile breaking across his face.

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE / THE DEN - DAY - APRIL

It is Saturday afternoon. Daisy sits in a comfortable chair. She is listening to a period console RADIO which sits on a nearby table. It's the Saturday broadcast of the Met. The sextet from "Lucia di Lammermoor" is BLASTING forth and Daisy hums along happily as she does a bit of crewel work. Hoke, passing in the hall, stands a minute in the open door frame, smiling at what he sees.

EXT. CREST CEMETERY - DAY - MAY, 1951

A full, fuzzy-green, warm morning. Although this is a cemetery, it is not depressing -- not today, anyway, in the bright sunlight. The red-clay Georgia soil looks particularly soft.

Daisy's car is parked off to the side of one of the narrow roadways. The car is not quite so new now, but still well-kept. Hoke is carefully buffing the front grillwork with his trusty old chamois cloth. We can SEE the Georgia license plate which reads 1951, so a couple of years have passed since the last scene.
Twenty feet or so from him, Daisy is kneeling by a well-tended grave. The headstone reads "WERTHAN." The small stone at the foot on one side reads "Sigmund Werthan" with his dates. The other side is unused. Daisy is digging with her trowel, planting verbena. Hoke ambles over.

HOKE
I jess thinkin', Miz Daisy. We bin out heah to the cemetery three times dis mont' already, and ain' even the twentieth yet.

DAISY
It's good to come in nice weather.

HOKE
Yassum. Mist' Sig's grave mighty well tended. I b'leeve you the best widow in the state of Georgia.

DAISY
Boolie's always pesterin' me to let the staff out here tend to this plot. Perpetual care they call it.

HOKE
Well, doan you do it. It right to have somebody from the family lookin' after you.

DAISY
I'll certainly never have that. Boolie will have me in perpetual care before I'm cold.

HOKE
Go on 'way from here!

DAISY
Hoke, run on back to the car and get that pot of azaleas for me and set it on Leo Bauer's grave.

HOKE
Miz Rose Bauer's husband?

DAISY
That's right. She asked me to bring it out here for her. She's not very good about coming. And I believe today would have been Leo's birthday.

HOKE
Yassum. Where the grave at?
DAISY
I'm not exactly sure. But I know
it's over that way on the other side
of the weeping cherry. You'll see
the headstone. Bauer.

HOKE'S POV - a veritable sea of look-alike headstones.

HOKE
Yassum.

DAISY
What's the matter?

HOKE
Nothin' the matter.

He goes back to the car and gets the azaleas. Daisy goes on
with her digging.

HOKE
Miz Daisy...

DAISY
I told you, it's over on the other
side of the weeping cherry. It says
Bauer on the headstone.

HOKE
Now, how do that look?

DAISY
What are you talking about?

HOKE
I'm talkin' 'bout I cain' read.

DAISY
What?

HOKE
I cain' read.

DAISY
That's ridiculous. Anybody can read.

HOKE
Nome. Not me.

DAISY
Then how come I see you looking at the
paper all the time?
HOKE
Thass it. Jes' lookin'. I dope out what's happenin' from the pictures bes' I can.

DAISY
You know your letters, don't you?

HOKE
My ABC's? Yassum, pretty good. I jes' cain' read.

DAISY
Stop saying that. It's making me mad. If you know your letters then you can read. You just don't know you can read. I taught some of the stupider children God ever put on the face of this earth and all of them could read enough to find a name on a tombstone. The name is Bauer. Buh buh buh buh buh Bauer. What does that buh letter sound like?

HOKE
Soun' like a B.

DAISY
Of course. Buh Bauer. Er er er er er. BauER. That's the last part. What letter sounds like er?

HOKE
An R?

DAISY
So the first letter is a --

HOKE
B.

DAISY
And the last letter is an --

HOKE
R.

DAISY
B-R. B-R. B-R. Buh-err. Buh-err. It even sounds like Bauer, doesn't it?

HOKE
Sho' do, Miz Daisy. Thass it?
DAISY
That's it. Now go on over there like I told you in the first place and look for a headstone with a B at the beginning and an R at the end and that will be Bauer.

HOKE
We ain' gon' worry 'bout what come in the middle?

DAISY
Not right now. This will be enough for you to find it. Go on now.

HOKE
Yassum.

DAISY
And don't come back here telling me you can't do it. Because you can.

EXT. THE CEMETERY - SAME TIME

We FOLLOW HOKE on his walk past the weeping cherry tree, carrying the potted azalea in front of him. He is cautious, but excited. The headstones loom in front of him, somehow suddenly menacing. But he proceeds. And, sure enough, there it is -- BAUER.

He silently mouths the Buh and the Er and places the azaleas gently in front of the headstone. A big moment for him. Then, walking quickly, he heads back to where Daisy is finishing up her digging and collecting her things.

HOKE
Miz Daisy...

DAISY
Yes?

HOKE
I sure 'preciate this, Miz Daisy.

DAISY
Don't be ridiculous! I didn't do anything. Now, let's get all this back to the car. I'm burning up out here.

He gathers her digging tools and her blanket and they walk together towards the car, Hoke holding her elbow to keep her from tripping.
EXT. BOOLIE'S HOUSE - CHRISTMAS MORNING, 1953

ESTABLISHING SHOT - house all done up for Christmas.

INT. BOOLIE'S HOUSE / THE DEN - SAME TIME

We HEAR Eartha Kitt SINGING "Santa Baby" and we SEE we are in a small room off the living room, furnished like a Georgia decorator's idea of an English club. The mantelpiece and mirror above it are currently supporting a large display of Christmas cards. One of them reads in bold letters, "So Long 1953!"

Boolie, wearing a long-sleeved cashmere pullover and an open shirt, is going through a pile of long-playing Christmas records. His cabinet hi-fidelity record player is the very latest thing, circa 1953. The record jackets we see are albums by Bing Crosby, Rosemary Clooney, Hugo Winterhalter, etc., none of them particularly religious in content. Through the open double doors we can just glimpse a portion of a huge floor-to-ceiling Christmas tree and a mound of wrapped presents at the base.

O.S. we HEAR Florine's inimitable VOICE.

    FLORINE (O.S.)
    Of course I told you! Of course I told you!

And we HEAR a second, MUFFLED VOICE rising in protest.

    FLORINE (O.S.)
    Now, how can I be expected to buy it if you don't write it down!

More muffle, escalated.

    FLORINE (O.S.)
    Honey! Boolie! I need you!

    BOOLIE
    Be right there!

And we FOLLOW HIM through the back hall to the KITCHEN

An early fifties dream of a kitchen, newly appointed. Every surface contains the makings of a Christmas party-to-be. A large baked ham, unsliced, various bottles of liquor, makings for canapes, etc., etc. The current bone of contention is a large cut glass bowl full of sliced oranges and bananas. Florine, in slacks and a silk blouse, peers into the bowl. KATIE BELL, the current cook, black and young, is cowering by the sink.
FLORINE
I told you. I told you a million times, Katie Bell. Write it down.

KATIE BELL
Yassum.

FLORINE
More I cannot do.
(to Boolie)
We're out of coconut.

BOOLIE
(the peacemaker)
I'm sure we can manage, Katie Bell.

KATIE BELL
I tole her.

FLORINE
But you didn't write it down! I don't need to stand around and listen to excuses on Christmas Day. Maybe you can figure out how to serve ambrosia to fifty people without coconut. I give up.

Head high, she marches out of the kitchen.

BOOLIE
(to Katie Bell)
I'll call Mama. She has the whole Piggly Wiggly in her pantry.

Katie Bell smiles weakly, a little cheered. Boolie goes to the CENTER HALL
He stands by the telephone table and dials.

BOOLIE
Mama? Merry Christmas. Listen, do Florine a favor, all right? She's having a fit and the grocery store is closed today. You got a package of coconut in your pantry? ... Would you bring it when you come? Many thanks. See you anon, Mama. Ho ho ho!

He hangs up the phone and bounds up the CURVED STAIRWAY, baby-blue carpeting, calling as he goes:
BOOLIE
Honey! Hey, Honey!

He enters the
MASTER BEDROOM
a fancy, French Provincial affair with a bay window, a chaise longue, etc.

BOOLIE
Florine! Florine!

FLORINE (O.S.)
In here.

He goes back out into the hall and enters

A SECOND BEDROOM

At least it was intended to be a bedroom because it is good-sized. This room is Florine's clothes closet. Racks of clothes are everywhere like a fancy dress store; shoes, hats, accessories, etc., abound. Florine is standing in front of a three-way mirror holding a hostess skirt in front of her.

BOOLIE
Your ambrosia's saved. Mama's got the coconut!

FLORINE
I knew she was good for something.

BOOLIE
(his face clouding)
Damn it, Florine! I told you I don't like all this sniping at Mama. She's an old lady, for God's sake!

Florine's eyes flash and she starts to speak, but changes her mind and smiles coquettishly.

FLORINE
Silly! I was teasin' you! Let's don't fight on Christmas, okay?

BOOLIE
Of course okay.

He smiles and kisses her, a kiss reflected in her many mirrors.
EXT. SUBURBAN STREET SCENE - CHRISTMAS NIGHT

MUSIC OVER. Rosemary Clooney "Counting My Blessings" or some such thing. We are SEEING well-to-do suburban streets from the POV OF AN AUTOMOBILE. Lots of outdoor Christmas decorations, lights, etc.

INT. DAISY'S CAR - SAME TIME

Hoke is driving. Daisy sits in her customary position in the back. She is not in a festive mood.

HOKE
Oooooh at them lit up decorations!

DAISY
Everybody's giving the Georgia Power Company a merry Christmas.

HOKE
Miz Florine's got 'em all beat with the lights.

DAISY
She makes an ass out of herself every year.

HOKE
Yassum.

DAISY
She always has to go and put a wreath in every window she's got.

HOKE
Mmm Hmm.

DAISY
And that silly Santa Claus winking on the front door!

HOKE
I bet she have the biggest tree in Atlanta. Where she get 'em so large?

DAISY
Absurd. If I had a nose like Florine I wouldn't go around saying Merry Christmas to anybody.

HOKE
I 'enjoy Christmas at they house.
DAISY
I don't wonder. You're the only Christian in the place!

HOKE
'Cept they got that new cook.

DAISY
Florine never could keep help. Of course, it's none of my affair.

HOKE
Nome.

DAISY
Too much running around, if you ask me. The Garden Club this and the Junior League that! As if any one of them would ever give her the time of day! But she'd die before she'd fix a glass of ice tea for the Temple Sisterhood!

HOKE
Yassum. You right.

DAISY
I just hope she doesn't take it in her head to sing this year.

(she imitates)
Glo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-ria! She sounds like she has a bone stuck in her throat.

HOKE
You done say a mouthful, Miz Daisy.

DAISY
You didn't have to come. Boolie would have run me out.

HOKE
I know dat.

DAISY
Then why did you?

HOKE
That my business.
EXT. BOOLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hoke turns the car into the driveway. Several cars are already in the turnaround, indicating a party in progress. Perched in a dogwood tree, near the road, is a Rudolph-the-Red-Nosed-Reindeer facsimile, nose a-blink.

HOKE
Well, looka there. Look what Miz Florine done put in the dogwood tree.

DAISY
Oh my Lord! If her grandfather, old man Freitag, could see this! What is it you say? I bet he'd jump up out of his grave and snatch her baldheaded.

Hoke has gotten out of the car and is going around to the passenger door.

HOKE
Go on 'way from here, Miz Daisy! Jump up and snatch her baldheaded!

DAISY
Wait a minute.

She takes a small package wrapped in brown paper from her purse.

DAISY (CONT'D)
This isn't a Christmas present.

HOKE
Nome.

DAISY
You know I don't give Christmas presents.

HOKE
Yassum.

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

He unwraps the package.

HOKE
Ain' nobody never give me no book.
He reads, not without difficulty:

HOKE (CONT'D)
"Hand Writing Copy Book - Grade Five."

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

HOKE
Yassum.

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

HOKE
Yassum.

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

HOKE
(very touched)
Thank you, Miz Daisy.

DAISY
It's not a Christmas present.

HOKE
Nome.

DAISY
Jews haven't got 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.

FLORINE (O.S.)
Merry Christmas, Mother Werthan!

We FOLLOW HOKE and DAISY'S POV to

BOOLIE'S FRONT DOORWAY

Boolie and Florine are standing in the doorway, arms around one another. Florine is dressed in a satin gown-pants-suit affair, reminiscent of Rosalind Russell as Auntie Mame. They are both waving.
BACK TO THE DRIVEWAY

HOKE
They done seen us.

DAISY
I hope I don't spit up.

He takes her arm and helps her up the steps toward the house.

EXT. STREET SCENE - DAY - SPRING, 1955

Daisy's car in lightish Saturday traffic on a main street. Hoke is driving, Boolie sitting beside him in the front seat.

INT. DAISY'S CAR - SAME TIME

HOKE
You know, yo' Mama done watch over dis machine like a chicken hawk. One day we park in front of de dry cleaner up yonder at de 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 want to 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.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

The car is approaching Mitchell Motors, a Buick-Cadillac dealer.

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

BOOLIE
Did Mama tell you this new car has air conditioning?

HOKE
She say she doan like no air cool. Say it give her the neck ache.

EXT. MITCHELL MOTORS - SAME TIME

The car heads into the dealer's lot. A large sign in the window proclaims the arrival of the new 1955 models. Boolie and Hoke get out of their respective doors and walk towards the shiny new 1955 Cadillac, painted Cadillac blue and gleaming in the sun like a jewel.
BOOLIE
You know how Mama fought me, but it's time for a trade. I bet both of you will miss the old one, though.

HOKE
Not me, unh unh.

BOOLIE
Oh, come on. You're the only one that's driven it all this time. Aren't you a little sorry to see it go?

HOKE
It ain't goin' nowhere. I done bought it.

BOOLIE
You didn't!

HOKE
Already made the deal with Mist' Red Mitchell inside yonder.

BOOLIE
For how much?

HOKE
Dat for him and me to know.

They are inspecting the new car now. RED MITCHELL himself, all smiles, having made two sales, comes out to join them.

RED MITCHELL
Well, hey, Boolie! You got a gem here. You got that payment for me, Hoke?

HOKE
Sho' do...

BOOLIE
We'll be right in, Red.

Mitchell heads back towards the building. Boolie walks Hoke a little ways away.

BOOLIE (CONT'D)
For God's sake! Why didn't you just buy it right from Mama? You'd have saved money.
HOKE
Yo' Mama in my bizness enough as it is. I ain' studyin' makin' no monthly car payments to her. Dis here mine the regular way.

The two cars are side-by-side in the sun, the one gleaming, the other also glowing, but with age. Boolie pats the old one fondly.

BOOLIE
It's a good car, all right. I guess nobody knows that better than you.

HOKE
Bes' ever come off the line. And dis new one, Miz Daisy doan take to it, I let her ride in disheah now an' again.

BOOLIE
Mighty nice of you.

HOKE
Well, we all doin' what we can.

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF THE DEALERSHIP - TEN MINUTES LATER

Boolie, holding the keys to the new car and his copy of the papers, shakes hands with Red Mitchell at the door. Hoke follows him out the door, holding his own set of papers. Mitchell waves and goes back inside. Boolie lights a cigarette.

BOOLIE
You want to drive the new one home?

HOKE
No suh.

BOOLIE
Why the hell not?

HOKE
'Cause I doan want you gettin' them nasty ashes all over my 'polstry.

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON - JUNE, 1957

ON IDELLA'S HANDS lifting fried chicken out of a sputtering skillet and onto waiting paper towels. PULL BACK to reveal Idella herself, probably in her eighties now, and looking a bit worn. The kitchen counter holds hardboiled egg whites waiting to be stuffed, carrot sticks, and other indications of picnic-making in progress.
Golden afternoon sun streams into the room, which now contains a fifties refrigerator, a new dinette and chairs, and a cheery wall calendar, which reads "June, 1957."

Daisy comes into the kitchen.

**DAISY**
That's not enough chicken.

**IDELLA**
How much you and Hoke plannin' to eat?

**DAISY**
I like to give them leftovers when I get there.

**IDELLA**
You will, less you make a pig of yo'seff.

**DAISY**
Did you put mustard in those eggs?

**IDELLA**
I always put mustard in my stuffed eggs.

**DAISY**
Spicy things make me sick.

**IDELLA**
You go on upstairs and see 'bout your packing. I leave everything ready to put in the car in the morning.

Daisy starts out of the kitchen, but remembers something.

**DAISY**
Don't put the peaches in the icebox. I hate cold peaches.

**IDELLA**
Yassum.

Daisy leaves, and Idella goes on with the preparations, muttering to herself.

**IDELLA (CONT'D)**
Act like I ain' never made a picnic in my life.

She spears a piece of chicken vehemently.
INT. DAISY'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Daisy's bedroom has undergone the usual changes in the nine or so years since we've seen it. A late model (middle fifties) bedside radio has replaced the large pre-war one. The wallpaper is different, though it looks very much like its predecessor. The room is still well kept. Daisy is dressed in traveling clothes. She is about eighty now, but still in good health. She moves a bit more carefully.

It is early morning. The sun is recently up. A large, old-fashioned suitcase sits open on one of the twin beds. It is just about full. Everything is wrapped carefully in layers of tissue paper. Daisy has been packing it for days, and the job is just about complete.

She looks out of her front window towards the street and frowns. She checks her wristwatch. The street again. And she makes a decision. Chin set resolutely, she slams the suitcase shut and snaps the various locks closed. Another check to the street. She lifts the suitcase off the bed. It is almost too heavy for her.

A SERIES OF SHOTS OF DAISY WITH THE SUITCASE

A. Struggling out of her bedroom door.
B. Bumping down the hall steps.
C. Going through the dining room.
D. Battling with the swinging door into the pantry.
E. Emerging into the back yard and half-dragging it across the driveway.

EXT. DAISY'S HOUSE / THE DRIVEWAY AND GARAGE - SAME TIME

A beautiful, soft, early summer morning. Birds singing, Daisy's garden is in gentle bloom. All in contrast to Daisy's rising irritation. She looks toward the street, pushes a stray wisp of hair back under its net and goes resolutely back into the house.

INT. DAISY'S KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Daisy enters the kitchen. A shoebox sits open on the table. It contains various components of the picnic lunch, all carefully wrapped in waxed paper. Daisy opens the refrigerator, gets a couple more wrapped packages and puts them in the shoebox. She closes the box and wraps it with a rubber band, irritation still mounting. She gathers it, and a good-sized, fancily-wrapped gift box, and heads out the back door again.
EXT. THE BACK YARD - SAME TIME

Daisy has placed the gift box and the lunch box on top of the suitcase at the rear of the garage by the trunk of the car. We HEAR the SOUND of a CAR pulling up. We FOLLOW HER to the head of the driveway and we SEE Hoke's car pulling up.

Hoke gets out of the car, goes around to the trunk and removes his own small suitcase. His car is the same Oldsmobile, a bit worse for wear now, but still kept well. The Cadillac, also, is now a couple of years old and has lost its new car shine.

DAISY
It's three after seven!

HOKE
Yassum. You say we leavin' at fifteen to eight.

DAISY
At the latest, I said.

HOKE
Now what bizness you got, draggin' disheah out de house by yoseff?

DAISY
Who was here to help me?

HOKE
Miz Daisy, it doan take mo'n five minutes to load up de trunk of dis car. You fixin' to break both yo' arms and yo'legs too fo' we even get outta Atlanta. You takin' on too much.

DAISY
I hate doing things at the last minute.

HOKE
What you talkin' 'bout? You ready to go fo' the las' week and a half!

He picks up the present.

DAISY
Don't touch that.

HOKE
Ain' it wrap pretty! Dat Mist' Walter's present?
DAISY
Yes. It's fragile. I'll hold it on the seat with me.

Hoke is loading the trunk under Daisy's careful supervision.

Boolie's car pulls up the driveway. Boolie, dressed in a business suit and carrying a small wrapped gift, gets out of his car and kisses his mother's cheek.

DAISY
Well, you nearly missed us!

BOOLIE
I thought you were leaving at quarter of.

HOKE
She takin' on.

DAISY
Be still.

BOOLIE
Florine sent this for Uncle Walter.

He holds out the gift. Daisy recoils from it.

BOOLIE (CONT'D)
Well, it's not a snake, Mama. I think it's note paper.

DAISY
How appropriate. Uncle Walter can't see!

BOOLIE
Maybe it's soap.

DAISY
How nice that you show such an interest in your uncle's ninetieth birthday.

BOOLIE
Don't start up, Mama. I cannot go to Mobile with you. I have to go to New York tonight for the convention.

DAISY
The convention starts Monday. And I know what else I know.
BOOLIE
Just leave Florine out of it. She wrote away for those tickets eight months ago.

DAISY
I'm sure "My Fair Lady" is more important than your own flesh and blood.

BOOLIE
Mama!

DAISY
Those Christians will be mighty impressed.

BOOLIE
I can't talk to you when you're like this.

Daisy has gotten herself into the car. The two gifts and the lunch and her purse and her map are on the seat beside. She sits straight in the seat, ready to travel.

DAISY
They expect us for a late supper in Mobile.

BOOLIE
You'll be there. I've got to talk to Hoke a minute.

He takes Hoke out of Daisy's hearing.

DAISY
I know they'll fix crab. All that trouble.

BOOLIE
(to Hoke)
I don't know how you're going to stand all day in the car.

HOKE
She doan mean nothin'. She jes' worked up.

BOOLIE
Here's fifty dollars in case you run into trouble. Don't show it to Mama. You've got your map.
HOKE
She got it in wid her. Study ever' inch of the way.

BOOLIE
I'll be at the Ambassador Hotel in New York. On Park Avenue.

DAISY
It's seven-sixteen.

BOOLIE
You ought to have a job on the radio announcing the time.

DAISY
I want to miss rush hour.

BOOLIE
Congratulate Uncle Walter for me. And kiss everybody in Mobile.

Hoke gets in the car and starts up the engine.

DAISY
Did you have the air condition checked? I told you to have the air condition checked.

HOKE
Yassum I had the air condition checked but I don't know what for. You doan never 'low me to turn it on.

DAISY
Hush up.

The car moves out of the garage, turns around and heads down the driveway.

Boolie stands at the head of the driveway, waving.

BOOLIE
Goodbye! Good luck!
   (to himself)
   Good God!

SERIES OF TRAVELING SHOTS
1. DAISY'S CAR heading down the quiet suburban street.
2. DAISY'S CAR in traffic on a main thoroughfare.
3. DAISY'S CAR on a highway.
4. INT. DAISY'S CAR. Daisy reading the map and telling Hoke which numbered road to follow.

5. DAISY'S CAR on a highway, city skyline in the b.g.

6. DAISY'S CAR on a two-lane country road, mid-morning now.

7. INT. DAISY'S CAR. Daisy, relaxed somewhat in her seat, window open, enjoying the countryside. Hoke, jacket removed, doing same in front seat.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADSIDE - NOON

Daisy's car is pulled off to the side of a two-lane blacktop road, somewhere near the Georgia/Alabama border. It is a beautiful summer day, not especially hot. Daisy and Hoke are in the process of eating the lunch packed in the shoebox, cold fried chicken, stuffed eggs, etc. Daisy is sitting in her seat with the car door open. Hoke stands by the car, using the hood as an outdoor table. The mood is very relaxed.

HOKE
Idella stuff eggs good.

DAISY
You stuff yourself good.

They eat in peaceful silence.

DAISY (CONT'D)
I was thinking about the first time I ever went to Mobile. It was Walter's wedding. 1888.

HOKE
1888! You weren't nothing but a little child!

DAISY
I was twelve. We went on the train. And I was so excited. I'd never been in a wedding party and I'd never seen the ocean. Papa said it was the Gulf of Mexico and not the ocean, but it was all the same to me. I remember we were at a picnic somewhere -- somebody must have taken us bathing -- and I asked Papa if it was all right to dip my hand in the water. He laughed because I was so timid. And then I tasted the salt water on my fingers. Isn't it silly to remember that?
HOKE
No sillier than most of what folks remember.

A STATE PATROL CAR pulls up alongside the parked car. TWO TROOPERS in uniform are in the front seat.

TROOPER
(to Hoke)
Hey, boy!

Hoke looks at him evenly.

TROOPER (CONT'D)
What do you think you're doing with this car?

DAISY
(also calm but angry)
This is my car, officer.

The Trooper gets out of the patrol car and walks over.

TROOPER
Yes, ma'am. Can I see the registration, please.
(to Hoke)
And your license, boy.

Hoke produces both the registration from the glove compartment and the license from his wallet. The Trooper studies both.

TROOPER
(to Daisy)
What's this name? Wetheran?

DAISY
Werthan.

TROOPER
Werthan. Never heard that one before. What kind of a name is that?

DAISY
It's of German derivation.

TROOPER
German, hunh? Coulda fooled me. I thought it was a Jew name.

The other Trooper smirks in the patrol car. The First Trooper tips his hat to Daisy and they drive away.
EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

Daisy's car, traveling, passes an old pickup, headed the other way. The pickup, a white farmer family, parents, grandparents and children, dressed in overalls and simple country clothes.

CLOSEUP OF HUSBAND AND WIFE exchanging silent glance at the sight of Daisy's chauffeur-driven car.

EXT. STATE DIVIDE - DAY

Marker says "Entering Alabama." Daisy's car travels by.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Deep country, cotton fields, an occasional snack, a less occasional car.

INT. DAISY'S CAR - DAY

HOKE
You talkin' 'bout first time before. I tell you 'bout the first time I ever leave the state of Georgia?

DAISY
When was that?

HOKE
A few minutes back.

DAISY
Go on!

HOKE
Thass right. First time. My daughter, she married to a Pullman porter on the N.C. & St. L., you know, and she all the time goin' -- Detroit, New York, St. Louis -- talkin' 'bout snow up aroun' her waist and ridin' in de subway car and I say, "Well, that very nice, Tommie Lee, but I jes' doan feel the need." So dis it, Miz Daisy, and I got to tell you, Alabama ain' lookin' like much so far.

DAISY
It's nicer the other side of Montgomery.

HOKE
If you say so. Pass me up one of them peaches, please ma'am.
She reaches into the shoebox. A road sign catches her eye.

**DAISY**

Oh my God!

**HOKE**

What happen?

**DAISY**

That sign said Phenix City -- thirty miles. We're not supposed to go to Phenix City. We're going the wrong way! Oh my God!

**HOKE**

Maybe you done read it wrong.

**DAISY**

I didn't. Stop the car! Stop the car!

**EXT. ROADSIDE - SAME TIME**

Hoke swerves off the road, next to a field. The mood is tense, in contrast to the peaceful lunch stop.

**INT. DAISY'S CAR - SAME TIME**

Daisy, very agitated, wrestles with the map on her lap.

**DAISY**

Here! Here! You took the wrong turn at Opelika.

He takes the map and reads it.

**HOKE**

You took it wid me. And you readin' the map!

**DAISY**

I was getting the lunch. Go on back. Oh my God!

**HOKE**

It ain' been thirty minutes since we turn.

**DAISY**

I'm such a fool! I didn't have any business coming in the car by myself with just you. Boolie made me! I should have come on the train. I'd be safe there. I just should have come on the train.
HOKE
Yassum. You sho' shouldda'.

SERIES OF SHOTS

1. DAISY'S CAR pulling out into the road.

2. DAISY'S CAR traveling through an Alabama country town, a square, a courthouse, white people, black people clustered separately on benches, etc., watching the fine car pass through, an event.

3. INT. CAR. No conversation. It's getting hot and sticky. Late afternoon now.

4. EXT. COUNTRY GAS STATION - NEAR DUSK. Daisy's car pulled up to the pump. A man in overalls fills the tank. Daisy emerges from the ladies' room, a distasteful look on her face, regarding the condition inside.

5. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DARK. Daisy's car still heading towards Mobile.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Hoke driving, Daisy in her seat, both somewhat slumped. They are tired. It's a humid, dark night. Large moths and small insects fly at the windshield.

DAISY
They fixed crab for me! Minnie always fixes crab! They go to so much trouble! It's all ruined by now! Oh Lord!

HOKE
We got to pull over, Miz Daisy.

DAISY
Is something wrong with the car?

HOKE
Nome. I got to be'xcused.

DAISY
What?

HOKE
I got to make water.

DAISY
You should have thought of that back at the Standard Oil station.
HOKE
Colored cain' use the toilet at no
Standard Oil. You know dat.

DAISY
Well, there's no time to stop.
We'll be in Mobile soon. You can
wait.

HOKE
Yassum. (a beat)
Nome.

EXT. ROAD - SAME TIME
Daisy's car pulls abruptly to the side of the road.

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

DAISY
I told you to wait!

HOKE
Yassum. I hear you. How you think I feel havin' to ax you when can I make
my water like I some damn dog?

DAISY
Why, Hoke! I'd be ashamed!

HOKE
I ain' no dog and I ain' no chile and
I ain' just a back of the neck you
look at while you going wherever you
want to go. I a man, nearly seventy-
two years old, and I know when my
bladder full and I gettin' out dis car
and goin' off down the road like I got
to do. And I'm takin' the car key dis
time. And that's the end of it!

He gets out of the car, shutting the door sharply behind him.

ON DAISY, sitting straight in her seat, lips pursed. Dark
country night silence. A DOG BARKS in the distance. She
rolls down the window.

DAISY
Hoke!

She waits a second, then calls again, less angrily.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Hoke!
No answer. Silence. Darkness. COUNTRY SOUNDS. She is becoming frightened.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Hoke!

She starts to get out of the car, when suddenly a man appears in the shadowy dark. She is frightened for a moment, but realizes it is Hoke come back.

HOKE
You all right in there, Miz Daisy?

Her face floods with relief, but not for long. Soon she is her old snappish self.

DAISY
Of course I am!

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE - DUSK

INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL / BOOLIE & FLORINE'S ROOM - DUSK

A standard twin-bedded double room. Nicely furnished, but not very large. A room air conditioner hums away. White gauzy curtains billow in front of it. Open suitcases on the luggage rack and bureau.

Boolie, wearing boxer shorts, undershirt, long socks and garters, is stretched out on one of the beds, talking on the telephone, which sits on a table between the beds.

During his conversation, Florine emerges from the bathroom. She is dressed in her best evening outfit -- a killer of a summer city dress (a sack dress? one with a balloon skirt? -- whatever Kay Kendall would have worn in 1957).

BOOLIE
Yes. I'm calling Mobile, Alabama. Adams 4-7893. That's Adams. I don't know what digits. Wait a minute. 23. 234-7893. Person to person. Mr. Walter Woolf. No, wait, Operator. Make that station to station. (to Florine) It'll take forever to get Uncle Walter to the phone.

Florine, intent on her mirror image, shrugs.

BOOLIE (CONT'D)
(on the phone)
Yeah. Hey! Is this Slick? Hey, Slick! It's Boolie! Unh hunh. Congratulations on your Dad's big day.
INT. UNCLE WALTER'S HOUSE / THE LIVING ROOM - TWILIGHT

An unpretentious, comfortable Mobile living room -- not nearly as well-to-do as Daisy's house in Atlanta. SLICK, Uncle Walter's son, is a sixtyish small man, dressed in short-sleeve white shirt, no tie, etc. He is talking on the phone with Boolie. In the b.g. are UNCLE WALTER, blind and ninety, but the possessor of great vitality. He happens to strongly resemble his sister, Daisy. He is ensconced in his favorite living room chair, a pile of wrapped presents, Daisy's included, on a table nearby. He is surrounded by various children, grandchildren and relatives, including Daisy and her slightly older sister, NONIE.

Slick is having trouble hearing Boolie over the b.g. NOISE.

SLICK
Well, thank you. Thank you, Boolie.
(he beckons to Daisy)
Aunt Daisy, it's Boolie calling.

ON DAISY

A prim smile. She's glad her son is doing the right thing. She leaves the relatives and takes the phone from Slick.

DAISY
Hello. Hey, son. Uncle Walter appreciates your call. I don't think he can come to the phone.

INT. BOOLIE'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

BOOLIE
(on phone)
Fine. How is Hoke?

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

DAISY
What do you mean? How should he be?

Uncle Walter's daughter emerges from the kitchen bearing a large iced angel food cake, aglow with candles. An excited hush falls over the family and the singing of "Happy Birthday" starts.

DAISY (CONT'D)
I have to hang up, Boolie. I'll tell him. Yes, we will. All right. You, too. Bye.

The cake procession and the singing continue.
ON UNCLE WALTER, his blind, pink face lit by the glow of ninety candles.

ON DAISY, also lit by the candles, her face soft with love and pride for the occasion. She looks across the room.

DAISY'S POV

Hoke standing by the kitchen door with MINNIE and a couple of other family servants. Hoke nods gravely at Daisy, acknowledging the importance of the moment.

ON DAISY. She nods imperceptibly, but gratefully, back at Hoke, still lit by the candles.

ON UNCLE WALTER, guided by Slick, leans over to blow the candles out.

EXT. THE WERTHAN COMPANY - DAY

The same exterior, but with a few changes. A very large billboard in front of the factory entrance reads: "CONSTRUCTION BY A. R. EDWARDS, INC. - COMPLETION FALL 1962." The rest of the old Werthan plant and the projected modern addition at the rear.

The Cadillac that was driven to Mobile pulls into an empty space. It is older now and a little worse for wear, but it is kept well. It now belongs to Hoke. He emerges from the car, a bit greyer, but spry. He is up in his seventies. He waves to some men on the loading dock, who wave back. He heads into the building.

INT. THE WERTHAN COMPANY / THE RECEPTION AREA - DAY

The receptionist waves Hoke in and he proceeds down the corridor to

MISS MCCLATCHEY'S DESK

where she is seated, typing letters. Boolie's voice is HEARD on the DICTAPHONE machine by her side. She types as fast as he talks. When she sees Hoke she smiles, turns off her machine.

MCCLATCHEY

Well, good morning to you.

HOKE

Can I see him?

MCCLATCHEY

He's out there with the construction. Best toy he ever had.
HOKE
I know that's the truth.

He walks back down the hall and through the FACTORY, which looks pretty much as it did fourteen years before, past the same old FREIGHT ELEVATOR with the same old corrugated tin door. Oscar, older now, is unloading full hand carts.

OSCAR
Hey, my man!

HOKE
They ain' give you a new elevator yet?

OSCAR
You don't see one, do you?

HOKE
Well all right.

He proceeds through the factory and out a rear door.

EXT. REAR OF WERTHAN COMPANY - DAY

The early stages of construction. Concrete poured on first floor and I-beams being put in place. Boolie, wearing hard hat and expensive suit, talking to CONSTRUCTION WORKERS. Boolie is a bit paunchier and balder.

BOOLIE
Eddie, are you telling me you're going over already?

EDDIE
No suh, Mist' Werthan. I'm just sayin' be prepared, if you git my meanin'.

BOOLIE
I'm prepared to spend exactly what's in the contract and not one dime more.

EDDIE
I hear you.

Boolie sees Hoke. He moves away from the construction group.

EDDIE
(to a worker as Boolie moves away)
They don't call 'em Jews for nothing.
The other man snickers.

BOOLIE
(to Hoke)
Isn't it your day off? To what do I owe this honor?

HOKE
Seein' 'bout things in the neighborhood.

BOOLIE
Well, let me show you around.

They move around to a

SIDE ELEVATION OF THE CONSTRUCTION

BOOLIE
(pointing up at empty air)
Right there's gonna be my office. One hell of a view.

HOKE
Isn't that something?

BOOLIE
You don't seem real interested.

HOKE
We got to talk, Mr. Werthan.

BOOLIE
What is it?

HOKE
It Mist' Sinclair Harris.

BOOLIE
My cousin Sinclair?

HOKE
His wife.

BOOLIE
Jeanette?

HOKE
The one talk funny.

BOOLIE
She's from Canton, Ohio.
HOKE
Yassuh. She tryin' to hire me.

BOOLIE
What?

HOKE
She phone when she know Miz Daisy be out and she say, "How are they treating you, Hoke?" You know how she soun', like her nose stuff up. And I say, "Fine, Miz Harris," and she say, "Well, if you lookin' for a change, you know where to call."

BOOLIE
I'll be damned!

HOKE
I thought you want to know 'bout it.

BOOLIE
I'll be God damned!

HOKE
Ain' she a mess?
(a pause)
She say name yo sal'ry.

BOOLIE
I see. And did you?

HOKE
Did I what?

BOOLIE
Name your salary.

HOKE
Now, what you think I am? I ain' studyin' workin' for no trashy somethin' like her.

BOOLIE
But she got you to thinkin', didn't she?

HOKE
You might could say dat.

BOOLIE
Come on back in my office.

They head back inside the factory.
INT. BOOLIE'S OFFICE - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING

The same space as before, but serious redecoration has occurred. It is now furnished with the latest blonde mahogany desk, coffee table, side piece, etc. The wall-to-wall carpeting and drapes are new, too. And there is a new fashion photo of Florine placed prominently. She has Mamie Eisenhower bangs in it. Boolie sits at his desk, puts his feet up and motions Hoke to sit.

BOOLIE
Name your salary.

HOKE
Dat what she say.

BOOLIE
Well, how does $65 a week sound?

HOKE
Sound pretty good. 'Course seventy-five sounds better.

BOOLIE
So it does. Beginning this week.

HOKE
Das mighty nice of you, Mist' Werthan. I 'preciate it. Mist' Werthan, you ever had people fightin' over you?

BOOLIE
No.

HOKE
Well, I tell you. It feel good.

He smiles and walks happily out of the office.

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE / THE DEN - DAY - MAY, 1963

Only addition to the scene is a bulky console b/w TELEVISION set, which is ON at the moment, a soap opera in progress.

Idella and Hoke are watching avidly. Idella is shelling peas, a paper bag for the pods and a bowl for the peas. She looks very old and frail.

Daisy stops in the doorway.

DAISY
I don't know how y'all can look at that.
HOKE
You see it a few times, you get in it.

DAISY
Your brains are gonna dry up. I'll be up in my room reading. Don't make a mess with those peas, Idella.

IDELLA
Do I ever?

Daisy goes upstairs. The two watch.

HOKE
Ain't the blonde one got a lotta hair? How do she make it so shiny?

IDELLA
(shelling away)
Washes it in my-naise.

He looks dubious.

IDELLA (CONT'D)
Yes she do. Had about it in Life Magazine.

HOKE
Don' seem human, do it?

ON THE SOAP OPERA
Two young women drinking coffee in a kitchen.

DARK-HAIRED YOUNG WOMAN
Virginia, I saw Richard last night.

Ominous organ MUSIC.

DARK-HAIRED YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
It looked to me like he was on his way to Hope's house!

More ominous MUSIC.

ON HOKE

HOKE
Look out! Linda up to somethin' now. What you think, Idella?

No answer.
HOKE (CONT'D)

Idella?

O.S. SOUND of BOWL hitting the floor.

We SEE the bowl overturned and peas rolling out on the Oriental rug.

ON HOKE

HOKE

Idella! Idella!

INT. AUBURN AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH / THE SANCTUARY - DAY

This is a fairly small church, humble in contrast to Daisy's Temple we have seen earlier. The sanctuary is about half-filled at the moment. A funeral is in progress.

A BLACK CHOIR MEMBER - A TEEN-AGED GIRL, with a particularly strong voice, is singing "What a Friend we Have in Jesus." She wears a choir robe. She is standing with the rest of the choir, but this is the solo part of the service.

A MINISTER, also black and also robed, stands nearby, just behind a simple coffin.

A SHOT OF THE SANCTUARY reveals that the entire population is black, except for three white people in the rear -- Daisy, Boolie and Florine. Hoke is sitting in the pew with them, on the aisle, next to Boolie. Everyone in the congregation holds a printed program of events.

ON THE THREE WHITE FACES, a part of the service, but not a part. Florine wears a stylish suit, Daisy has on a black hat with a veil. She looks straight ahead at the singer, her face showing no emotion. Only Hoke's face expresses his feelings, as the four watch the solemn proceedings.

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE / THE KITCHEN - DAY - JULY, SAME YEAR

For the first time, the kitchen looks a bit out of date, a bit shabby. The linoleum is clean, but a little chipped and scruffy. An electric fry pan sits on one of the counters, clearly a concession to Boolie because it is shiny new and obviously never used.

Daisy is frying chicken in a large black cast iron skillet. The cut-up chicken is on the counter as is the paper bag full of flour. She shakes the chicken in the bag, then places it in the hot oil skillet.

Hoke appears behind her, watching critically. Eventually he cannot contain himself and speaks.
HOKE
You fixin' to ruin it.

DAISY
What are you talking about?

HOKE
You got de skillet turn up too high and de chicken too close together.

DAISY
Mind your business.

HOKE
It's yo' chicken.

He shrugs, walks out of the kitchen. Daisy considers a moment, turns the flame down.

EXT. DAISY'S HOUSE / THE YARD - DAY

Some time later. Daisy, wearing gardening gloves, is standing on a small kitchen stepladder, wielding a large pair of shears, trimming a shrub. Hoke stands at the foot of the ladder, picking up the clippings and putting them in a nearby wheelbarrow.

EXT. CITY SCENE - DAY - WINTER, 1964

ESTABLISHING SHOT of ice storm in progress, branches weighted down, icicles hanging everywhere, etc.

EXT. DAISY'S HOUSE - DAY

Effects of storm visible.

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE / THE FRONT HALL - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING

No furniture or decoration has changed here since we first saw it, but everything is older. Daisy is on her knees rummaging through the lowest commode drawer. Outside the storm is visible. The hall is dark. Daisy finds what she is looking for, a stumpy old white candle. She shuts the drawer, gets up, and we FOLLOW HER through

THE DARK PANTRY into

THE KITCHEN

somewhat lighter because of the windows. She lights the candle with kitchen matches, drips wax onto a saucer, and firms the candle in place. She heads back towards the living room.
She walks through the dark HALL. We FOLLOW HER into

THE LIVING ROOM

Only a little brighter, evidence of ice storm outside. The room seems more cluttered, less organized than it was in 1948. And the darkness of the morning only accentuates the somewhat shabby aura.

Daisy goes to sit in her armchair. The current National Geographic is on the table. She picks it up and tries to read, but is unsuccessful in the poor light.

Suddenly she HEARS the BACK DOOR open and close. FOOTSTEPS. She half-rises out of the chair in alarm.

DAISY
Who is it?

HOKE (O.S.)
Mornin', Miz Daisy.

DAISY
Oh, Hoke.

She sinks back into her chair with relief. Hoke comes into the doorway. She is carrying a paper bag, and wears an overcoat and galoshes.

DAISY
What in the world?

HOKE
I learn to drive on ice when I deliver milk for the Avondale Dairy. Ain' much to it. I slip aroun' a little comin' down Briarcliff, but nothin' happen. Other folks bangin' into each other like they in the funny papers, tho'. Oh, I stop at the 7-11. I figure yo' stove out and Lawd knows you got to have yo' coffee in the morning.

She is touched.

DAISY
How sweet of you, Hoke!

He hands her a cardboard cup and sips his own.

HOKE
We ain' had no good coffee 'roun heah since Idella pass.
DAISY
Mmm Hmm. I can fix her biscuits and we both know how to make her fried chicken. But nobody can make Idella's coffee. I wonder how she did it.

HOKE
I doan' none.

They sip silently for a moment, deep in thoughts. Then:

DAISY
Idella was lucky.

HOKE
Yassum. I 'spec she was.

He starts out of the room.

DAISY
Where are you going?

HOKE
Put desheah things up. Take off my overshoes.

DAISY
I didn't think you'd come today.

HOKE
What you mean? It ain' my day off, is it?

DAISY
Boolie called and said he couldn't even get down his driveway. Well, I don't know what you can do around here except keep me company.

HOKE
I see can I light us a fire.

He leaves the room. The next few exchanges are Daisy calling to him in the kitchen.

DAISY
Eat anything you want out of the ice box. It'll all spoil anyway.

HOKE (O.S.)
Yassum.

DAISY
And wipe up what you tracked onto my kitchen floor.
HOKE (O.S.)
Now, Miz Daisy, what you think I am?
A mess?

This is an old routine between them and not without affection. Daisy smiles. The PHONE RINGS, loudly. An intrusion on the intimacy.

Daisy gets up to answer. She speaks as she goes to the hall.

DAISY
Yes. That's exactly what I think you are.

HOKE
All right den. All right.

THE HALL TELEPHONE

[NOTE: The scene of following phone conversation shifts between Daisy's hall and BOOLIE'S DEN, where he sits wearing a cashmere sweater and a muffler. Florine can also be seen, wearing a full-length mink coat and expensive leather gloves.]

DAISY
Hello?

BOOLIE
It'll all be melted by this afternoon. They said so on the radio. I'll be out after you as soon as I can get down the driveway.

DAISY
Stay where you are, Boolie. Hoke is here with me.

BOOLIE
How in the hell did he manage that?

DAISY
He's very handy. I'm fine. I don't need a thing in the world.

BOOLIE
Hello?
(to Florine)
I must have the wrong number. I never heard Mama say loving things about Hoke before.

DAISY
I didn't say I love him. I said he was handy.
BOOLIE
(winking at Florine)
Uh huh.

DAISY
Honestly, Boolie. Are you trying to irritate me in the middle of an ice storm?

She hangs up sharply.

ON BOOLIE as he hangs up the phone, smiling at his wife.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A traffic jam is in progress. Cars standing still, HORNS BLARING, irritability in the air. It is early fall, but hot and humid.

One of the cars in the stalled lane is Daisy's. It's a car we haven't seen before -- a Cadillac sedan (circa 1960). All of Daisy's cars, subsequent to the first Cadillac, are virtually the same -- all "Cadillac blue" -- but, of course, Boolie trades them in every two or three years -- a matter of equity.

At the moment Daisy is alone in her car, fanning herself with her handkerchief, and out of sorts. She is wearing a hat and gloves.

Hoke, walking against the traffic, reaches Daisy's car. He is carrying his jacket. He leans into the car.

INT. DAISY'S CAR - DAY

DAISY
Well, what is it? You took so long!

HOKE
Couldn't help it. Big mess up yonder.

DAISY
What's the matter? I might as well not go to Temple at all now!

He gets into the car.

HOKE
You cain' go to Temple today, Miz Daisy.

DAISY
Why not? What in the world is the matter with you?
HOKE
Somebody done bomb the Temple.

DAISY
What? Bomb the Temple!

HOKE
Yassum. Dat why we stuck here so long.

DAISY
I don't believe it!

HOKE
Dat what the policeman tell me up yonder. Say it happen about a half hour ago.

DAISY
Oh, no! Oh, my God! Well, was anybody there? Were people hurt?

HOKE
Din' say.

DAISY
Who would do such a thing?

HOKE
You know good as me. Always be the same ones.

DAISY
Well, it's a mistake. I'm sure they meant to bomb one of the Conservative synagogues or the Orthodox one. The Temple is Reform. Everybody knows that.

HOKE
It doan matter to them people. A Jew is a Jew to them folks. Jes' like light or dark, we all the same nigger.

DAISY
I can't believe it!

HOKE
Tell you what. I see can I get us out of here.

He starts up the car, maneuvers it down the shoulder of the road, moving past all the congestion.
EXT. CITY STREET - DAY
Daisy's car moving in lighter traffic.

INT. CAR - SAME TIME
Hoke drives. Daisy dabs at her eyes with a Kleenex.

HOKE
I know jes' how you feel, Miz Daisy. Back down there above Macon on the farm -- I 'bout ten or 'leven years old -- and one day my frien' Porter, his Daddy hangin' from a tree. And the day befo', he laughin' and pitchin' horseshoes wid us. Talkin' 'bout Porter and me gon' have good strong right arms like him. And den he hangin' up yonder wid his hands tie behind his back an' the flies all over him. And I seed dat with my own eyes and I threw up right where I was standin'. You go on an' cry.

DAISY
I'm not crying.
(after a moment of collecting herself)
Why did you tell me that story?

HOKE
I doan' know. Seem like disheah mess put me in mind of it.

DAISY
Ridiculous! The Temple has nothing to do with that!

So you say.

DAISY
We don't even know what happened. How do you know that policeman was telling you the truth?

HOKE
Now, why would a policeman go and lie 'bout a thing like dat?

DAISY
Well, you never get things right anyway.
HOKE
Miz Daisy, somebody done bomb dat place and you know it, too.

DAISY
Go on. Just go on now. I don't want to hear any more about it.

HOKE
You de boss.

DAISY
Stop talking to me!

ON HOKE'S sad, compassionate face.

INT. THE COMMERCE BUILDING / THE COMMERCE CLUB - DAY - SUMMER, 1966

The entire top floor of a mid-sixties Atlanta skyscraper with a panoramic view. This is a businessman's club/restaurant, furnished appropriately with leather chairs, paneled walls, portraits of past presidents, etc.

There is an honorary luncheon in progress. Boolie, the honoree, sits at the center of a raised table on a dais. Next to him is Florine, dressed in a fashionable mini-dress and Courreges white boots. Next to her is Daisy in her best dress.

WELLBORN ARKWRIGHT, the president of the Commerce Club, is standing in his place, on the other side of Florine, holding a large engraved silver bowl, and beckoning to Boolie. General applause. Boolie rises, takes the trophy, and approaches the microphone. A cameraman gets off a few shots.

BOOLIE
Thank you, Wellborn. And thank you all. I am deeply grateful to be chosen Man of the Year by the Atlanta Business Council -- an honor I've seen bestowed on some mighty fine fellas and which I certainly never expected to come to me. I'm afraid the loss here --

(he touches his hair)

-- and the gain here --

(he pats his belly)

-- have given me an air of competence I don't possess. But I'll tell you, I sure wish my father and grandfather could see this. Seventy-two years ago they opened a little hole-in-the-wall shop on Whitehall Street with one printing press.

(MORE)
BOOLIE (CONT'D)

They managed to grow with Atlanta and to this day, the Werthan Company believes we want what Atlanta wants. This award proves we must be right. Thank you.

He holds up his trophy. Applause. He starts back to his seat but thinks better of it.

BOOLIE (CONT'D)

One more thing. If the Jackets whup the Dogs up in Athens Saturday afternoon, I'll be a completely happy man.

Laughs, lighter applause. Boolie shakes Wellborn's hand, and goes back to his place. He kisses a delighted Florine. Another flash bulb or two.

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE / THE FRONT HALL - DAY - FALL, 1966

Daisy is seated at the telephone table, dialing. Still the same old black telephone. She dials with some difficulty. Things have become harder for her to do.

DAISY

Hidey, Miss McClatchey. You always recognize my voice. What a shame a wonderful girl like you never married. Miss McClatchey, is my son in? Oh, no no no. Please don't call him out of a sales meeting. Just give him a message. Tell him I bought the tickets for the UJA banquet. Yes, UJA banquet honoring Martin Luther King on the seventeenth. Well, you're a sweet thing to say so. And don't you worry. My cousin Tillie in Chattanooga married for the first time at fifty-seven. 'Bye.

She places the phone in its cradle.

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE / THE KITCHEN - DUSK - SAME DAY

Boolie comes through the back door on his way home from work. The end of the same day. The house is quiet.

BOOLIE

Mama? Where are you?

DAISY (O.S.)

Up here.
He follows her voice up the stairs into

HER BEDROOM

Daisy sits at her desk, paying bills. Her large, old-fashioned checkbook open on her desk and a small stack of bills neatly stacked and stamped nearby. She works efficiently, but slowly, because it's harder to write now. She continues her work after Boolie comes in.

BOOLIE
How are you feeling, Mama?

DAISY
Not a good question to ask somebody nearly ninety.

BOOLIE
Well, you look fine.

DAISY
It's my ageless appeal.

BOOLIE
Miss McClatchey gave me your message.

DAISY
Florine is invited, too.

BOOLIE
Thank you very much.

DAISY
I guess Hoke should drive us. There'll be a crowd.

BOOLIE
Mama, we have to talk about this.

DAISY
Talk about what?

BOOLIE
The feasibility of all this.

DAISY
Fine, you drive. I thought I was being helpful.

BOOLIE
You know, I believe Martin Luther King has done some mighty fine things.
DAISY
Boolie, if you don't want to go, why
don't you just come right out and say
so?

BOOLIE
I want to go. You know how I feel
about him.

DAISY
Of course, but Florine --

BOOLIE
Florine has nothing to do with it.
I still have to conduct business in
this town.

DAISY
I see. The Werthan Company will go
out of business if you attend the King
dinner.

BOOLIE
Not exactly. But a lot of men I do
business with wouldn't like it. They
might snicker a little and call me
Martin Luther Werthan behind my back --
something like that. And I'd begin to
notice that my banking business wasn't
being handled by the top dogs. Maybe
I wouldn't hear about certain lunch
meetings at the Commerce Club. And
Jack Raphael, over at Ideal Press, he's
a New York Jew instead of a Georgia Jew
and the really smart Jews come from New
York, don't they? So some of the boys
might start throwing business to Jack
instead of old Martin Luther Werthan.
I don't know. Maybe it wouldn't happen,
but that's the way it works. If we
don't use those seats, somebody else
will and the good Dr. King will never
know the difference, will he?

DAISY
If we don't use those seats? I'm not
supposed to go either?

BOOLIE
Mama, you can do whatever you want.

DAISY
Thanks for your permission.
BOOLIE
Can I ask you something? When did you get so fired up about Martin Luther King? Time was, I'd have heard a different story.

DAISY
Why, Boolie! I've never been prejudiced and you know it!

BOOLIE
Okay. Why don't you ask Hoke to go to the dinner with you?

DAISY
Hoke? Don't be ridiculous! He wouldn't go!

BOOLIE
Ask him and see.

ON DAISY'S FACE, looking up from her desk, clearly challenged.

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE / DAISY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

The wallpaper is the same as we last saw (before the trip to Mobile) but a little blotched and spotted in places. A couple of the framed photographs on the wall are a little crooked. A new color TV set sits on a metal stand, looking out of place.

Daisy is reflected in the mirror above her bureau. The same mirror as at the beginning of the picture, but, of course, she is twenty years older. Her mind is as sharp as ever, but her body is becoming difficult to operate. She is in the process of putting on the final touches of her evening outfit. She takes a final check in the mirror, not especially happy with the results, and heads out of the room.

INT. THE KITCHEN - SAME TIME

A new sink/dishwasher combination is installed. Otherwise the room is the same. Hoke sits at the kitchen table. He wears thickish glasses now and is squinting at the evening paper. Daisy enters the kitchen, having added a light jacket to her outfit.

DAISY
All right.

Hoke rises, following her out the back door, remembering to turn out the kitchen light as he leaves.
A SERIES OF SHOTS

1. Hoke helping Daisy into the car (a car we have not seen).
2. The car headed down the driveway.
3. The car going down a suburban street.
4. The car, close to the side of the road, almost hitting a mailbox.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Daisy flinches.

DAISY
I don't know why you still drive. You can't see.

HOKE
Yassum I can.

DAISY
You didn't see that mailbox.

HOKE
How you know what I din' see?

DAISY
It nearly poked through my window. This car is all scratched up.

HOKE
Ain' no sucha' thing.

DAISY
How would you know? You can't see. What a shame. It's a brand new car, too.

HOKE
You done had this car two years come March.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Daisy's car on a main thoroughfare.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

DAISY
You forgot to turn.

HOKE
Ain' this dinner at the Biltmo'?
DAISY
You know it is.

HOKE
Biltmo' straight thissaway.

DAISY
You know so much!

HOKE
Yassum. I do.

DAISY
I've lived in Atlanta all my life.

HOKE
An' ain' run a car in onto twenty years.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Daisy's car in downtown traffic.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

DAISY
Boolie said the silliest thing the other day.

HOKE
That right?

DAISY
He's too old to be so foolish.

HOKE
Yassum.

(a long beat)
Well, what did he say?

DAISY
Well, he was talking about Martin Luther King.

(a beat)
I guess you know him, don't you?

HOKE
Martin Luther King? Nome.

DAISY
I was sure you did. But you've heard him preach?

HOKE
Same way as you, over the TV.
DAISY
I think he's wonderful.

HOKE
Yassum.

DAISY
You know, you could go see him in person any time you wanted.
(no response)
All you'd have to do is go over there to the -- what is it?

HOKE
Ebeneezer.

DAISY
Ebeneezer Baptist Church some Sunday and there he'll be.

HOKE
What you gettin' at, Miz Daisy?

DAISY
Well, it's so silly! Boolie said you wanted to go to this dinner with me. Did you tell him that?

HOKE
Nome.

DAISY
I didn't think so. What would be the point? You can hear him anytime -- whenever you want.

HOKE
You want the front do' or the side do' to the Biltmore?

DAISY
I think the side. Isn't it wonderful the way things are changing?

EXT. BILTMORE HOTEL - NIGHT

Lots of cars, policemen, lights, a big event. Daisy's car turns the corner and Hoke stops in front of the lesser-used side door.

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

Hoke turns off the engine and turns in his seat to face Daisy.
HOKE
What you think I am, Miz Daisy?

DAISY
What do you mean?

HOKE
You think I some old somethin'
sittin' up here doan know nothin'
'bout how to dc?

DAISY
I don't know what you're talking
about.

HOKE
Invitation to disheah dinner come in
the mail a mont' ago. Did be you
want me to go wid you, how come you
wait till we in the car and on the
way to ask me?

DAISY
What? All I said was that Boolie
said you wanted to go.

HOKE
Mmm mmm mmm

DAISY
Well, my stars! Aren't you a great
big baby!

HOKE
Ne'er mind baby. Next time you ask
me some place, ask me regular.

DAISY
You don't have to carry on so much!

HOKE
Dass all. Less drop it.

DAISY
Honestly!

HOKE
You talkin' 'bout things change.
They ain' change all dat much.
(he opens his door)
I hep you to the do'.

DAISY
Thank you, Hoke. I can help myself.
EXT. BILTMORE SIDE DOOR - SAME TIME

Daisy emerges from her car, slowly but head held high. Hoke stands where he is, on his side of the car, not helping, his head also held high. This is an enormous breech of etiquette. Daisy proceeds into the hotel. Hoke climbs back in the car and looks straight ahead.

ON HOKE'S immobile face.

INT. BILTMORE HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

The room is crowded with round tables, each seating eight. A speaker's table is on a raised dais at one end of the room, UJA banner and NAACP banner behind it. DR. KING, MRS. KING, other black leaders seen at a distance seated amongst white clergymen, etc., at the head table. Dr. Weil, the Temple rabbi, is at the microphone winding up a prayer.

DR. WEIL
And we ask, Oh Lord, that You shine favor on all Your children. None of us here would presume to know what You look like or even what color You are. But we do know without doubt that whatever color we happen to be doesn't matter to You.

During this speech the CAMERA MOVES IN ON

ONE TABLE

PAN THE FACES at the table, all listening politely. Then we get to Daisy. She seems distracted, worried, not really listening.

INT. DAISY'S CAR - SAME TIME

ON HOKE who still sits at the steering wheel, alone, listening to the SPEECH on the car RADIO.

EXT. DAISY'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING - MARCH, 1970

The car that was at the UJA banquet drives up the driveway. It now belongs to Hoke. A newer Cadillac, same color blue (a 1969-70 model) sits in the garage. Hoke pulls his car into the garage next to the new one and emerges into the strong clear sunlight. We SEE the EXTERIOR of Daisy's house, no longer as freshly painted and well maintained as it was twenty years ago. Shutters are peeling paint here and there, a gutter has come away from the house, etc.

Hoke opens the kitchen door and we FOLLOW HIM into
INT. THE KITCHEN - MORNING

The room is still and empty in the sunlight.

HOKE
(calling)
Mornin', Miz Daisy.

No answer.
He cocks his head, listening, something seems off to him.

HOKE (CONT'D)
Miz Daisy?

No answer. He proceeds through the kitchen and pantry into
THE DINING ROOM
where he finds all the drawers open, having been pawed through. He hurries into
THE FRONT HALL
where the drawers in the commode are also open.

HOKE
(alarmed)
Miz Daisy?

We HEAR a THUMPING upstairs and he heads for the steps.

DAISY (O.S.)
Hoke! Hoke! Is that Hoke?

HOKE
Yassum. It's me. You all right?

DAISY (O.S.)
(coming closer)
Hoke?

Hoke looks up the staircase as Daisy makes her way slowly down. Her hair is in disarray and her housecoat has fallen open, the slip showing underneath.

DAISY
Hoke? Hoke?

HOKE
Yassum.

DAISY
Where did you put my papers?
Hoke
What papers, Miz Daisy?

She has reached the bottom of the stairs now.

Daisy
My papers! I had them all corrected last night and I put them in the front so I wouldn't forget them on my way to school. What did you do with them?

She lurches off unsteadily towards

The Den

Hoke follows, close on her heels.

Hoke
School? What are you talking 'bout?

Daisy is opening drawers and rifling through things.

Daisy
The children will be so disappointed if I don't give them their homework back. I always give it back the next day. That's why they like me.

Hoke
You talking out yo' head!

Daisy
Why aren't you helping me?

Hoke
Oh Lawd! What you want me to do, Miz Daisy?

Daisy
Find those papers! I told you. It's all right if you moved them. I won't be mad with you. But I've got to get to school now. I'll be late and who will take care of my class? They'll be all alone. Oh God! Oh Goddy! I do everything wrong.

She has tottered off toward

The Living Room

Hoke hurries behind her and tries to get her to sit in her easy chair, but she is intent on opening drawers and looking for her papers.
HOKE
Set down. You 'bout to fall and hurt yoseff.

DAISY
It doesn't matter. I'm sorry. It's all my fault. I didn't do right! It's so awful! Oh God!

Now you listen heah. Ain' nothin' awful 'cep' the way you carryin' on.

DAISY
I'm so sorry. It's all my fault. I can't find the papers and the children are waiting.

HOKE
No they ain'. You ain' no teacher no mo'.

DAISY
It doesn't make any difference!

HOKE
Miz Daisy, ain' nothin' the matter wid you.

DAISY
You don't know! You don't know! What's the difference?

HOKE
Your mind done took a turn this mornin'. Thass all.

He has been shutting drawers behind her. She has now worked her way into

THE FRONT HALL

and is rummaging in the commode. Hoke dials a phone number quickly.

HOKE
(into the phone)
Lemme have 'im, Miz McClatchey.

DAISY
Go on. Just go on now.
INT. THE WERTHAN COMPANY / BOOLIE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

The new wing is finished and Boolie's office is very grand. Florine has really gone wild furnishing it. Lots of chrome and glass and large expanses of window. A framed, signed photo of Richard Nixon sits on Boolie's desk with the other mementoes. Boolie has longer sideburns, less hair and more belly. He is in his early sixties -- pink, healthy, beautifully dressed.

BOOLIE
Hey, Hoke! What can I do for you this morning?

INT. DAISY'S HALL - SAME TIME

HOKE
It's yo' Mama. She think she teachin' school.

Daisy has pulled a drawer out of the commode and it lands on the floor at their feet.

DAISY
Oh, God! Oh Goddy!

HOKE
Oh, Lawd. I'm real worried, Mist' Werthan.

INT. BOOLIE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

BOOLIE
I'll be right there.

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE / THE STAIRCASE - SAME TIME

Daisy is tottering up the staircase. Hoke is right behind her.

HOKE
You snap right back if you jes' let yoseff.

DAISY
I can't! I can't!

HOKE
You a lucky ole woman! You know dat?

DAISY
No! No! It's all a mess now. And I can't do anything about it!
She heads into a SPARE BEDROOM

He follows and succeeds in settling her into a rocking chair.

**HOKE**

You rich, you well fo' yo' time, and you got people care about what happen to you.

**DAISY**

I'm being trouble. Oh, God! I don't want to be trouble to anybody.

The chair rocks furiously.

**HOKE**

You want something to cry about, I take you to the state home, show you what layin' out dere in de halls.

**DAISY**

Oh, my God!

She is less physically agitated now, but still very confused. She is in her chair, muttering weakly.

**HOKE**

An' I bet none of them take on bad as yo' doin'.

**DAISY**

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Those poor children in my class.

**HOKE**

You keep dis up, I promise, Mist' Werthan call the doctor on you and just as sho' as you born, dat doctor gon' have you in the insane asylum 'fore you know what hit you. Dat de way you want it to be?

Daisy turns and looks at him. She speaks in her normal voice.

**DAISY**

Hoke, do you still have that Oldsmobile?
HOKE
From when I firs' come here? Go on, Miz Daisy. Dat thing been in the junkyard fifteen years or mo'. I drivin' yo' next to las' car now. '63 Cadillac, runnin' fine as wine.

DAISY
You ought not to be driving anything, the way you see.

HOKE
How you know the way I see, less you lookin' outta my eyes?

DAISY
Hoke?

HOKE
Yassum?

DAISY
You're my best friend.

HOKE
Come on, Miz Daisy. You jes...

DAISY
No. Really. You are. You are.

She takes his hand.

HOKE
Yassum.

He stands by her chair holding her hand.

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE / DAISY'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

The blinds are up. Sun streams into the room. The bureau drawers are open. Clothes from the closet are piled on the bed. There is a large cardboard carton half full of things.

Florine comes out of Daisy's closet. She wears what she considers work clothes. Vanderbilt-type jeans and a crisp cotton shirt. She is probably in her early 60's and she shouldn't be wearing clothes like this, but she definitely still has her figure. Her age mostly shows in the amount of makeup she must resort to and her hair which seems to grow brighter and more false as she goes along. At the moment she is carrying Daisy's old fur neck piece on a hanger. She puts it on and looks in the mirror. It is old and scruffy and out of fashion. She laughs at her image and tosses it into the cardboard box.
INT. CAR - DAY - NOVEMBER, 1973

Hoke, 85 years old, is seated in the passenger seat of a car. We do not see the driver. Hoke's glasses have gotten thicker, close to Coke bottle depth now. He is wearing an overcoat over his suit. He does not look happy. We see that the car is traveling down a suburban street.

The car slows down as it approaches Daisy's house.

EXT. DAISY'S HOUSE / THE FRONT YARD - DAY - HOKE'S POV

A gray, fall day. A large wooden "FOR SALE" sign is stuck in the lawn close to the street. Over it has been plastered a "SOLD" sign.

ON HOKE in the passenger seat. He winces, almost invisibly.

ON THE CAR, a modest, early seventies two-door, turns up Daisy's driveway. It is driven by a well-dressed BLACK WOMAN in her 30's.

The car comes to a stop. A late model Mercedes Benz is parked in the garage.

The woman pats Hoke's hand. He gets out of the car. The woman looks concerned, but Hoke shoos her away and goes in the back door.

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE / THE LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room is almost empty. Most of the furniture is gone. A couple of moving cartons are in the center of the room, containing objects wrapped in newspaper. The pictures have been taken down, but we can see where they were because the wallpaper has aged around them.

Boolie, 65 now, is checking one of the cartons. He looks up as Hoke comes through the hall. Hoke walks with a shuffling gait.

HOKE
Mornin' Mist' Werthan.

BOOLIE
Well, hey Hoke! Good to see you! You didn't drive yourself out here?

HOKE
Nawsuh. I doan drive no mo'. My granddaughter run me out.

BOOLIE
My Lord! Is she old enough to drive?
HOKE
Michele thirty-seven. Teach biology at Spellman College.

BOOLIE
I never knew that.

HOKE
Yassuh.

BOOLIE
I've taken most of what I want out of the house. Is there anything you'd like before the Goodwill comes?

HOKE
My place full to bustin' now.

BOOLIE
It feels funny to sell the house while Mama's still alive.

HOKE
I 'gree.

BOOLIE
But she hasn't even been inside the door for two years now.

HOKE
Don' get me in it.

BOOLIE
I'm not going to say anything to her about it.

HOKE
You right there.

BOOLIE
I suppose you don't get out to see Mama very much.

HOKE
Nossuh, I doan. It hard -- not drivin'. Dat place ain' on no bus line. I goes in a taxicab sometime.

BOOLIE
I'm sure she appreciates it.

HOKE
Some days she better than others. Who ain't?
BOOLIE
Well, we'd better get on out there.
I guess you have a turkey dinner to
got to and so do I. Why don't we
call your granddaughter and tell her
I'll run you home.

HOKE
Now, thass mighty nice of you, Mist' Werthan.

Boolie takes Hoke's arm as they head for the back door.

INT. BOOLIE'S MERCEDES - DAY

Traveling on a modern expressway. Boolie driving, Hoke in the
passenger seat.

BOOLIE
By the way, Hoke. Your check is
going to keep coming every week --
as long as you're there to get it.

HOKE
I 'preciate that, Mist' Werthan.

BOOLIE
You can rest easy about it.

EXT. PEACHTREE WOODS EXTENDED CARE FACILITY - DAY

A modern, impersonal, but well-kept structure -- mostly steel
and glass, eight or ten stories high. The parking lot is
fairly full. Boolie's Mercedes pulls into a space. Boolie
and Hoke emerge. They walk towards the front door, Boolie
holding Hoke's arm.

INT. PEACHTREE WOODS / THIRD FLOOR - DAY

A brightly lit, well-kept facility, as these places go, but,
despite the Thanksgiving decorations, a fairly impersonal
atmosphere. We can see the Central Nurse's Station and
corridors shooting off from it.

Down the corridors are various elderly people in motorized
wheelchairs, walking with walkers, and, in a few cases,
without any assistance. We SEE a VISITOR'S ROOM and a few
family clusters making Thanksgiving visits. The atmosphere is
brisk, hospitably at its best.
INT. DAISY'S ROOM - DAY

A large, one-bedded room with a large glass window. Through the window is a pleasant view of a young piney woods and a red clay bank. The room consists of a hospital bed, a hospital bureau, and a couple of chairs. There are several houseplants on the window sill, the only personal touch in the room.

Daisy emerges from the bathroom wearing a neat housecoat. She is ninety-seven years old. She is fragile now, walking with a walker. Her hair is neatly fixed and her face composed. She makes her way slowly to the chair by the window. When she is almost there, we HEAR a KNOCK at the door. She does not answer, but continues toward the chair.

Boolie peers through the door and enters the room. Hoke follows.

BOOLIE
Happy Thanksgiving, Mama. Look who I brought.

She looks toward Hoke. Boolie helps her into her chair.

HOKE
Mornin' Miz Daisy.

She nods.

HOKE (CONT'D)
You keepin' yoseff busy?

No response.

BOOLIE
She certainly is. She goes to jewelry making -- how many times a week is it, Mama? She makes all kinds of things. Pins and bracelets. She's a regular Tiffany's.

HOKE
Ain't that something?

Daisy sits in her chair seeming far away.

BOOLIE
Hoe, you know I thought of you the other morning on the Expressway. I saw an Avondale milk truck.

HOKE
You doan' say.
BOOLIE
A big monster of a thing, must've had sixteen wheels. I wonder how you'd have liked driving that around.

DAISY
(suddenly)
Hoke came to see me, not you.

HOKE
This one of her good days.

BOOLIE
Florine says to wish you a happy Thanksgiving. She's in Washington, you know.

(no response)
You remember, Mama. She's a Republican National Committee Woman now.

DAISY
Good God!

Hoke laughs, Boolie grins.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Boolie!

BOOLIE
What is it, Mama?

DAISY
Go charm the nurses.

BOOLIE
(to Hoke)
She wants you all to herself.
You're a doodle, Mama.

He leaves the room. Daisy dozes for a minute in her chair. Then she looks at Hoke.

DAISY
Boolie payin' you still?

HOKE
Every week.

DAISY
How much?

HOKE
That between me an' him, Miz Daisy.
DAISY
Highway robbery!
She closes her eyes again. Then opens them.
DAISY (CONT'D)
How are you?
HOKE
Doin' the bes' I can.
DAISY
Me too.
HOKE
Well, thass all there is to it, den.
She nods, smiles. He notices an untouched slice of pumpkin pie on her bedside table.
HOKE
Looka here. You ain' eat yo Thanksgiving pie.
She tries to pick up her fork. He gently takes the plate and the fork from her.
HOKE (CONT'D)
Lemme hep you wid it.
He cuts a small piece of pie and carefully feeds it to her. She is delighted. It tastes good. He feeds her another. And another.

THE END