

HOKE. Sho' do Miz Daisy. Thass it?

DAISY. That's it. Now go 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 'n 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. You can.

HOKE. Miz Daisy...

DAISY. What now?

HOKE. I 'preciate this, Miz Daisy.

DAISY. Don't be ridiculous! I didn't do anything. Now would you please hurry up? I'm burning up out here. *(Light goes out on them and in the dark we hear Eartha Kitt singing "Santa Baby."** *Light up on Boolie. He wears a tweed jacket, red vest, holly in his lapel. He is on the phone.*)

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? *(He calls offstage.)* Hey, honey! Your ambrosia's saved! Mama's got the coconut! *(Back into the phone.)* Many thanks. See you anon, Mama. Ho ho ho. *(Light up on Daisy and Hoke in the car and out on Boolie. Daisy is not in a festive mood.)*

HOKE. Ooooooh 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. *(Loving it.)* Yassum.

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

HOKE. Mmm Hmmm.

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.

* See Special Note on Songs and Recordings on copyright page.

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. 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-o-oriaaaa! 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've run me out.

HOKE. I know that.

DAISY. Then why did you?

HOKE. That my business, Miz Daisy. *(He turns into a driveway and stops the car.)* Well, looka' there! Miz Florine done put a Rudolph Reindeer in the dogwood tree.

DAISY. 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 opens the door for Daisy.)* Wait a minute. *(She takes a small package wrapped in brown paper from her purse.)* This isn't a Christmas present.

HOKE. Nome.

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

HOKE. I sho' do.

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

HOKE. *(Unwrapping package.)* Ain' nobody ever give me a book. *(Laboriously reads the cover.)* 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. If you practice, you'll write nicely.

HOKE. *(Trying not to show emotion.)* Yassum.

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

HOKE. Thank you, Miz Daisy.