

don't telegraph dinner
cont. music

really taste booze
looseness

heat
south
husband
patience
talk him in

MISSISSIPPI BURNING

ANDERSON: Hi, uh, there was a couple of things I need to check with you.

MRS. PELL: My husband's not here.

ANDERSON: Well, uh, actually it was you I wanted to talk to.

MRS. PELL: Me?

ANDERSON: Yeah.

MRS. PELL: Okay. You better come in then.

ANDERSON: It'll just take a minute. My boss is kind of a pain, you know a college kid that has to dot all the I's and cross all the T's.

MRS. PELL: What is it you wanted to ask me?

ANDERSON: Well it's a time thing. Just a couple of things we're not so clear about and it --

MRS. PELL: Would it be better if I put your flowers in some water while you're here?

ANDERSON: Well, actually, they're for you.

MRS. PELL: They're beautiful.

ANDERSON: They are pretty, aren't they? They don't smell so nice, but they are pretty.

MRS. PELL: Can I get you something? Would you like some tea?

ANDERSON: Yeah, thanks.

(He picks up a photograph.)

MRS. PELL: Oh, don't you look at that -- it's a terrible photo.

ANDERSON: Oh, I don't know about that. Is it recent?

MRS. PELL: No. I wish.

ANDERSON: This sure looks recent to me.

MRS. PELL: We were married four(teen) years ago.

ANDERSON: Are you kidding me? No. Come on.

MRS. PELL: You take sugar?

ANDERSON: Sure do. You know, I grew up in a town like this.

MRS. PELL: You were smart enough to leave.

ANDERSON: Why didn't you?

MRS. PELL: For better or for worse. How about you? Are you married?

ANDERSON: (about the sugar) Two. Well I was as I remember. It didn't last very long. I was never home. I guess she got fed up with the phone calls from Miami and the postcards from Des Moines. There was always a guy around. Any guy that could spare the time for a movie or a beer or a quarter for the jukebox. She left. How about you?

MRS. PELL: You know about the South, Mr. Anderson. You leave high school, marry the first boy who makes you laugh.

ANDERSON: Hey, your husband's quite a guy. You know, my boss has this thing about an hour – fifty minutes to be exact – that your husband says he was with you. And I guess he was.

MRS. PELL: Yes he was.

ANDERSON: Well, that's a pity, because that means that I don't have an excuse for hanging around here any more. Well, thanks for the iced tea.

MRS. PELL: Thank you for the flowers.

ANDERSON: Sure.

MRS. PELL: Do you know what kind they are?

ANDERSON: A fella told me they're called trumpet pitchers.

MRS. PELL: Oh, that's right. My Daddy used to call them "ladies from hell" because they're carn --

ANDERSON: -- Carnivorous.

MRS. PELL: Carnivorous. That the word?

ANDERSON: Yeah.

MRS. PELL: They got pretty colors, the bait, insects just home in on the, and wham, they're dead even before they got their shoes off.

ANDERSON: Maybe I should'a picked something more appropriate.

MRS. PELL: Maybe.