

MR. JAMISON enters, reading a newspaper

MARGARET

Coffee, Mr. Jamison? I'm afraid we ran out of sugar.

JAMISON

Fine the way it is, Margaret. Stick your little finger in it, that'll be sweet enough for me.  
Margaret pours him coffee as MRS.  
JAMISON enters.

MRS J

Don't flirt with Maggie, Mr. J, it's unbecoming a man of your age.

JAMISON

Mrs. J, Margaret was bouncing on my knee when she was no bigger than a possum and her Mama was running this kitchen like a battleship. No harm in a little badinage.

MRS J

And when did we start speaking French?

JAMISON

(rustling paper)  
Word of the day. Margaret, how is your Mama Perry getting along?

MARGARET

Her legs are giving her some trouble, Mr. Jamison, thanks for asking. Doc Elliot says the diabetes is taking its toll, but Mama puts her faith in the Lord.

JAMISON

As do we all, Margaret. You give her our best, tell her if she needs anything ...  
(looks at the paper)  
Oh sweet Jesus Mary and Joseph—

MRS J

Language, Mr. J!

JAMISON

Sorry, Mrs. J, but G-dammit all to G-damned blasted hell! Look here, "1945 expected to be worst year for oranges." Price of oranges goes up, grapefruits go down, and me piled high to my eyebrows in grapefruit. I hate grapefruit. Mrs. J, explain to me why I grow grapefruit?

MRS J

Because they look so nice on a breakfast table, Mr. J. Such a lovely blush color.

JAMISON

A Pineywoods bull is a lovely color too, but I'm not putting one up on the breakfast table.

BENNIE

Not less I clears the dishes first, you ain't.

JAMISON

I figured that October hurricane would have done me some good and knock all those trees over. But no! It's like they enjoy being blown around, little pink bastards—

MRS J

Nathaniel!

JAMISON

Oh, I'm in trouble now. Grapefruit. It is the responsibility of the Government of these United States in this time of war to get me rid of my damned grapefruit, I don't care if the price is up, down or sideways.

MRS J

I think the President might have a few other things to worry about. Hedda Hopper said in the St. Cloud News this morning that if poor Mr. Roosevelt had pushed through to Berlin, this war could be over by 4th of July. And that's none too soon for me.

JAMISON

Now, hush, Mrs. J. You don't know anything about how to end this war.

MRS J

And what makes you assume that, Mr. J?

JAMISON

Because I don't know anything about how to end this war. And if you knew something I didn't you surely would have told me about it by now.