

Mississippi Burning

Anderson: Hi, um 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 that I wanted to talk to.

Mrs. Pell: Me, okay, you better come in then.

Anderson: It'll just take a minute. My boss, he's kinda' a pain, college kid, he has to dot all the i's and cross all the t's.

Mrs. Pell: What is it you wanted to ask me about?

Anderson: Well, it's a time type thing, a couple minutes we're just not so clear about.

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

Anderson: Yeah, 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're pretty.

Mrs. Pell: Can I get you anything, would you like some tea?

Anderson: Yeah, I would, thanks.

--she goes to get tea, he picks up wedding photo--

Mrs. Pell: Oh, don't you look at that, that's a terrible photo.

Anderson: Oh, I don't know about that, is this recent?

Mrs. Pell: No, I wish.

Anderson: Well, this sure looks recent to me.

Mrs. Pell: We were married fourteen 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 'bout you, you married?

Anderson: Two (indicating two scoops of sugar), I was, as I remember, it didn't last very long. I was never home. I guess she got fed up with phone calls from Miami and postcards from Des Moines. There was always a guy around, any guy that could spare the time for a movie or a beer, a quarter for the juke box. She left. How 'bout you?

Mrs. Pell: You know the South Mr. Anderson, you leave high school and marry the first boy that 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 that he's with you.

Mrs. Pell: --nods--

Anderson: Yeah, 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 hangin' around here anymore. Well, thank you for the iced tea.

Mrs. Pell: Thank you for the flowers.

Anderson: Sure.

Mrs. Pell: Do you know what kid they are?

Anderson: A fella told me that they were called trumpet pitchers.

Mrs. Pell: Yeah, that's right. My daddy use to call them 'Ladies from Hell' because they're, carn...

Anderson: Carnivorous.

Mrs. Pell: That's the word.

Anderson: Yeah.

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

Anderson: Maybe I should've picked something more appropriate.

Mrs. Pell: Maybe.

End