is. But she made something for you to eat. She sent me to bring it to you. She hopes we can have a talk. (Jefferson looks slowly up at Grant, then slowly back away, to the tall barred window. Grant goes to the window. There is more sunlight outside than before.) You're looking out the window. See more than you can from your cell, I expect. JEFFERSON. Part of a branch.
GRANT. That all?
JEFFERSON. Yeah.
GRANT. That's a sycamore out there. I can see blue between the branches. Can you see that from your cell? (Jefferson nods, looks away, down at the floor.) You hungry?
JEFFERSON. You brung some corn?
GRANT. Corn?
JEFFERSON. What hogs eat.
JEFFERSON. Hogs don't eat no candy.
GRANT. You're not a hog. You're a man. (Jefferson turns away.) Well, can I have a piece of chicken? I missed my lunch. (No response, though Jefferson is watching Grant now. Grant eats some chicken and a nibble of a biscuit.) Your Nannan sure can cook.
JEFFERSON. That's for youmans.
GRANT. You're human, Jefferson. Come on.
JEFFERSON. Youmans don't live in no stall. Slop and shit and old hog. I'm old hog you fattening up to kill. No? Come on.
GRANT. Saying things like that hurts your Nannan. You want me to tell her you said things like that?
JEFFERSON. Don't care what you tell her.
GRANT. When she cares so much?
JEFFERSON. Well, I don't.
GRANT. Don't what?
JEFFERSON. Care. About nothing. Old hog don't care 'bout nothing.
GRANT. But she does. And I do.
JEFFERSON. Y'all youmans.
GRANT. You're a man, Jefferson. Act like one.

JEFFERSON. Act like what?
GRANT. Like what you are.
JEFFERSON. What I am? Sho. (Jefferson falls violently onto the basket of food. On his hands and knees, grunting like a pig, he eats, hands smacking the floor, smearing his face with food. He does this for a long time, savagely, ferociously. Jefferson looks up at Grant, a terrible grin on his food-smeared face. Then he jumps back to his feet.) That's what I am! That's what they say I am! So that's what I'll be! Like a hog, they can drag me to that cher! I ain't walking! (Grant puts away his food, slowly and carefully, with decorum.)
GRANT. All right, Jefferson. But when I go back to your godmother who cut this chicken and rolled these biscuits and sugared these pralines for you, I am going to tell her that you and I sat down like gentlemen and ate together. And I'll tell her how much you liked her food. Especially the pralines.
JEFFERSON. Go'n do that.
GRANT. Want to hurt me, Jefferson? Make me feel guilty because of what happened to you? Let's tell each other the truth. Do you want me to come back here? (No response.) The white man out there, he doesn't want me back here, that's for sure. He says I will never make you understand anything. But your Nannan doesn't think so. She wants us to talk. Now what do you want? You want your Nannan to lose and the white man to win? (No response.) Well, I brought you this, anyhow. A comb for your hair. Use it when you see your Nannan. Will you? (No response. Grant puts the comb down in front of Jefferson.) All right, Jefferson. No more. But let's stay the full hour. I damn well don't want that white sheriff thinking he's right and we're wrong. (Jefferson shakes his head slightly.) We'll just look at that sycamore tree, and the sky. How's that? (Jefferson sits down again, facing the sycamore tree. Grant eats a praline. Jefferson takes the comb. Lights fade on them. Lights come up on the bench in front of the Courthouse. Miss Emma and the Reverend Moses Ambrose are waiting there. Moses Ambrose is a man in his fifties. As usual, Miss Emma carries a basket of food. Reverend Ambrose looks at a pocket watch. They wait. Enter Grant.) Miss Emma. Reverend Ambrose. (Reverend Ambrose gets up, shakes hands with Grant.)
REVEREND AMBROSE. Grant.