PAUL. Grant, listen here to me. I can't get too close to him.
GRANT. Okay.
PAUL. We're told keep your distance from somebody being executed. Be decent, treat him right, but that's all. Nobody's been executed in this Parish in fifty years. Everybody's nervous, and it'll get harder, before it's over.
GRANT. I know that.
PAUL. What are you bringing in?
GRANT. Same food. Few clean clothes. And this. (He holds up the package marked Edwin's.) It's a little radio. Can he have that in his cell?
PAUL. I'll have to ask but I don't see why not, he plays it low.
GRANT. You better inspect it.
PAUL. I been to Edwin's. I seen that radio. Go on in.
GRANT. Why are you helping out?
PAUL. That what you think I'm doing?
GRANT. Yes.
PAUL. I'm doing my duty.
GRANT. More than that.
PAUL. I don't think he did it.
GRANT. Why not? He could have.
PAUL. When I got called to that store, Jefferson was flustered, hot, in a panic. The way I'd be, I knew I looked guilty, and wasn't. Guilty people know better and stay cold. He even forgot to say he didn't do it. (Exit Paul. Lights out on Grant. Lights up on Jefferson, in his usual handcuffs and leg chains, in the storeroom. Enter Grant, in darkness. Lights up on them. Paul, in the dim background, sits holding a folder, thick with onion skin carbons. He hands it to Grant.)
GRANT. Pay attention, Jefferson. This is the transcript of the trial. That's what everybody said, all written down. I read it so I've been there now. I want you to go back over it with me. You do that?
JEFFERSON. Ain't deaf.
GRANT. Your lawyer said you were not guilty of murder. You were about to meet a friend named Gable at the White Rabbit Bar and Lounge when you ran into two men, nicknamed Brother and Bear. They had a car. Drove it up beside you. Said get in. Said come on with them to Mr. Grope's and the three of you'd get some good Apple White. That what your lawyer said?
JEFFERSON. Maybe.