SHERIFF GUIDRY. Miss Emma. (He sees Grant.) Who's this?
PUL. She wants him here.
MISS EMMA. Grant Wiggins is teacher at the plantation school.
SHERIFF GUIDRY. What is he doing here?
MISS EMMA. I want him to see my boy Jefferson.
SHERIFF GUIDRY. (To Grant.) You kins to the prisoner?
GRANT. No, sir.
SHERIFF GUIDRY. What's in there?
MISS EMMA. Clean clothes in the package. Food in the basket.
SHERIFF GUIDRY. In the first place, the prisoner is not your son. He's your godson. In the second, this is no place for a picnic. What's your name again, Professor?
GRANT. Grant Wiggins, sir.
SHERIFF GUIDRY. Can I teach you something, Professor?
GRANT. Yes, sir.
SHERIFF GUIDRY. Miss Emma calls up my wife. She can't meet Jefferson in his jail cell because it is too cramped. Day Room, too many people. How about that?
GRANT. I don't know, Sheriff.
SHERIFF GUIDRY. You sure? Sure you don't know she told my wife we owe it to her? Anything like that?
GRANT. No, sir.
SHERIFF GUIDRY. Did you put her up to this?
GRANT. No, sir.
SHERIFF GUIDRY. Then my wife calls me on the phone. I say, they can use this storeroom. But now that isn't enough. She wants some schoolteacher to counsel the convict, too. What do you think about that?
GRANT. I think it's up to you, Sheriff.
SHERIFF GUIDRY. That's right, it is. A man to be executed is in my personal custody. I decide and the answer is no. Professor, get out of here. (Miss Emma has opened her purse. She takes out a piece of paper with a telephone number written on it and puts a hand on Grant's arm, keeping him there.)
MISS EMMA. I called this number. (Miss Emma holds out a piece of paper to Sheriff Guidry.)
SHERIFF GUIDRY. Did you hear me, Professor?
MISS EMMA. Phone number.