BOSS (removes cover from basket)
Speak of biscuits and what turns up but a nice batch of homemade cookies! Have one young lady – Jim boy!

(Jim takes two.)

BOSS
Uh-huh, you’ve got an awful big paw, Jimmy!
(laughs)
Show the new Arky-what’s-it to Miss Daily news – or is it the Morning Star? Have a chair! I’ll be right with you –
(vanishes for a moment)
Sweat, sweat, sweat’s all I do these hot breezy days!

JIM
(sotto voce)
He thinks you’re a newspaper woman.

BOSS
Turn on that fan.
(emerging)
Well, now, let’s see –

EVA
To begin with I’m not –

BOSS
You’ve probably come here to question me about that ex-convicts story in that damned yellow sheet down there in Wilkes county – That stuff about getting Pellagra in here – Jimmy, hand me that sample menu!

JIM
She’s not a reporter.

BOSS
Aw. – What is your business, young lady?

(She opens her purse and spills contents on floor.)