

DRIVING MISS DAISY (Temple Bombing Scene)

DAISY:

Well what is it? You took so long!

HOKE:

Couldn't help it. Big mess up yonder.

DAISY:

What's the matter? I might as well not go to temple at all now!

HOKE:

You cain' go to Temple today, Miz Daisy.

DAISY:

Why not? What in the world is the matter with you?

HOKE:

Somebody done bomb the Temple.

DAISY:

What? Bomb the Temple!

HOKE:

Yassum. Dat why we stuck here so long.

DAISY:

I don't believe it.

HOKE:

That what the policeman tell me up yonder. Say it happen about half hour ago.

DAISY:

Oh no. Oh my God! Well, was anybody there? Were people hurt?

HOKE:

Din' say.

DAISY:

Who would do that?

HOKE:

You know good as me. Always be the same ones.

DAISY:

Well, it's a mistake. I'm sure they meant to bomb one of the conservative synagogues or the orthodox one. The temple is reform. Everybody knows that.

HOKE:

It doan matter to them people. A Jew is a Jew to them folks. Jes like light or dark we all the same nigger.

DAISY:

I can't believe it!

HOKE:

I know jes' how you feel, Miz Daisy. Back down there above Macon on the farm – I 'bout ten or 'leven years old and one day my frien' Porter, his daddy hangin from a tree. And the day befo' he laughin and pitchin horseshoes wid us. Talkin' bout Porter and me gon' have strong good right arms like him and den he hangin up yonder wid his hands tie

behind his back an the flies all over him. And I seed it with my own eyes
and I throw up right where I standin'. You go on and cry.

DAISY:

I'm not crying.

HOKE:

Yassum.

DAISY:

The idea! Why did you tell me that?

HOKE:

I doan' know. Seem like disheah mess put me in mind of it.

DAISY:

Ridiculous! The Temple has nothing to do with that!

HOKE:

So you say.

DAISY:

We don't even know what happened. How do you know that policeman
was telling the truth?

HOKE:

Now why would that policeman go and lie 'bout a thing like that?

DAISY:

You never get things right anyway.

HOKE:

Miz Daisy, somebody done bomb that place and you know it too.

DAISY:

Go on. Just go on now. I don't want to hear anymore about it.

HOKE:

I see if I can get us outta here and take you home. You feel better at home.

DAISY:

I don't feel bad.

HOKE:

You de boss.

DAISY:

Stop talking to me!