

Granny snatches the Bible and tosses it to Bitsy.

GRANNY (CONT'D)

Use this book, Li'l Bits.

Bitsy balances the pop on the Bible and drops candy rocks inside her Dew and grins.

BITSY

What's this book?

GRANNY

The Good Book.

BITSY

Why's it so good?

GRANNY

Who knows? I ain't read that one neither.

BITSY

Who wrote it?

GRANNY

How do I know? I ain't read it! A preaching man, I suppose.

Granny picks up a picture, eyes it sadly. It's she and her tanned husband, the Santa Claus-like, Hank Wright sitting on the porch swing. She has a beer bottle in her cleavage. Hank has his very hairy arm around her.

GRANNY (CONT'D)

Flipper and that table's all I got left from your Grandpa.

Bitsy points to Elvis the goat lying at Granny's feet.

BITSY

What about Elvis?

GRANNY

Granny's bestest friend. Had him since I was littler than you.

Bitsy wrinkles her brow. The math doesn't add up. Mesmerized by the fizzling pop, Bitsy licks another rock candy and drops it into the Mountain Dew.

GRANNY (CONT'D)

Yer ma's right - too many sweets.
Wanna be fat and lose your teeth,
like me?

BITSY

I like your num nums. And you
ain't fat, just old and squishy.

GRANNY

Forty ain't old less'n you
coughin' sick like your Grandpa
wuz. Guessin' coughin' leads to a
coffin.

She lets out a hacking smoker's cough. Tears in her eyes, Granny reverently places the picture back on the table.

GRANNY (CONT'D)

Nuff pining. Time for learning.

She hands Bitsy a bottle of Jim Beam, points to the label.

GRANNY (CONT'D)

G'head Bits, read it.

BITSY

(rubs eyes)
It's all blurry.

GRANNY

Supposed to make life blurry after
you drink it. Better stick to TV.

INT. YALE UNIVERSITY - LIBRARY - SAME DAY

Petite but cherubic faced DORINA, 24, African American, sits taking notes from an anatomy book. Her stomach growls loudly, then some more. A fat LIBRARIAN tosses her the evil eye. Dorina grabs her things, exits.