

JOE CROWELL - SI CROWELL - WALLY WEBB

#1

(Suddenly, **JOE CROWELL, JR.** eleven, starts down Main Street from the right, hurling imaginary newspapers into doorways.)

JOE CROWELL, JR. Morning, Doc Gibbs.

DR. GIBBS. Morning, Joe.

JOE CROWELL, JR. Somebody been sick, Doc?

DR. GIBBS. No. Just some twins born over in Polish Town.

JOE CROWELL, JR. Do you want your paper now?

DR. GIBBS. Yes, I'll take it.

(**JOE** hands paper to **DR. GIBBS.**)

— Anything serious goin' on in the world since Wednesday?

JOE CROWELL, JR. Yessir. My schoolteacher, Miss Foster, 's getting married to a fella over in Concord.

DR. GIBBS. I declare. — How do you boys feel about that?

JOE CROWELL, JR. Well, of course, it's none of my business — but I think if a person starts out to be a teacher, she ought to stay one. (*starts off, throwing papers*)

(**MRS. GIBBS** crosses to stove to put bacon in skillet.)

DR. GIBBS. How's your knee, Joe?

JOE CROWELL, JR. (*stops*) Fine, Doc, I never think about it at all. Only like you said, it always tells me when it's going to rain. (*starts off again, throwing papers*)

DR. GIBBS. What's it telling you today? Goin' to rain?

JOE CROWELL, JR. No, sir.

DR. GIBBS. Sure?

(**MRS. WEBB** puts coffee on stove.)

JOE CROWELL, JR. Yessir.

DR. GIBBS. Knee ever make a mistake?

JOE CROWELL, JR. No, sir.

#2

(**SI CROWELL** has entered hurling imaginary newspapers into doorways per Joe Crowell's routine in Act I; **HOWIE NEWSOME** has come along Main Street with Bessie.)

SI CROWELL. Morning, Howie.

HOWIE NEWSOME. Morning, Si. — Anything in the papers I ought to know? (*Stops. Sets rack down.*)

(**MRS. GIBBS** puts coffee on stove, crosses to cupboard and prepares two pieces of French toast. She holds back tears for a moment. **MRS. WEBB** crosses to cupboard to slice bacon and rearrange the shelves.)

SI CROWELL. Nothing much, except we're losing about the best baseball pitcher Grover's Corners ever had — George Gibbs.

HOWIE NEWSOME. Reckon he is.

SI CROWELL. He could hit and run bases, too.

HOWIE NEWSOME. Yep. Mighty fine ball player.

(*Horse whinny off left.*)

(*looking off left*) — Whoa! Bessie! I guess I can stop and talk if I've a mind to!

SI CROWELL. I don't see how he could give up a thing like that just to get married. Would you, Howie?

HOWIE NEWSOME. Can't tell, Si. Never had no talent that way.