

ETHAN No, well, it's steak tartar.

MARTIN Oh, nice save.

ETHAN You know, Teresa, maybe I will accept your kind offer of a ride.

TERESA Oh. All right.

MARTIN There you go.

TERESA I'll pick you up on my way to get Mr. and Mrs. Olmstead.

ETHAN Mr. and Mrs. Olmstead?

TERESA Yes, they both have failing eyesight and they can't drive. And then we have to pick up Harvey Pelletier. He's having his transmission rebuilt. You see, the school thought we should offer rides to anyone who doesn't have transportation.

ETHAN Oh, I see.

TERESA So, I'll be by tomorrow about seven-thirty?

TERESA moves to the door. ETHAN opens it for her.

ETHAN Seven-thirty. Good.

TERESA Good. Well, see you then.

ETHAN Goodbye.

MARTIN *(waving)* Tartar.

ETHAN closes the door.

ETHAN You knew, didn't you?

MARTIN Of course I knew. I know everything.

ETHAN You're not a very nice person in death either, are you?

MARTIN Hey, is that any way to talk to your brother who loves you?

ETHAN I have to go. *(He gets his coat.)*

MARTIN Go? Go where?

ETHAN The manure is piling up. *(He opens the door.)* It's piling up in the chicken barn too. *(He exits.)*

MARTIN *(to himself)* The kid never could take a joke.

Side 6 (Aug 29)
YOUNG MARTIN enters from the bedroom. He is limping badly. He sits in the chair. YOUNG ETHAN enters, wearing a winter coat and carrying a small artist's canvas and a book bag. Begin

YNG. ETHAN How ya feeling?

YNG. MARTIN How do you think I'm feeling? I'll never play hockey again, that's how I'm feeling.

YNG. ETHAN Well, at least you don't have to stay in the hospital over Christmas. You should be happy about that.

YNG. MARTIN Leave me alone.

YNG. ETHAN Martin, it wasn't my fault.

YNG. MARTIN Get lost.

YNG. ETHAN *(He puts his canvas into the bag.)* You want me to bring you something back?

YNG. MARTIN Where are you going?

YNG. ETHAN I have to take my painting of Mom over to Mr. Hoffman's to get it framed. If I don't get it over there today it won't be ready for Christmas. So, do you want anything?

YNG. MARTIN No.

YNG. ETHAN I can go to the library and get you a book if you want.

YNG. MARTIN I said no.

YNG. ETHAN Okay. *(checking his coat pockets)* Where are my gloves?

YNG. MARTIN How should I know where your stupid gloves are?

YNG. ETHAN They must be in my room. *(He exits to his room.)*

YOUNG MARTIN gets up from the chair. He takes the canvas out of YOUNG ETHAN's bag, he bends it in half and throws it into the woodstove, then sits again. YOUNG ETHAN enters, putting his gloves on. He picks up his bag.

YNG. ETHAN Well, see ya later.

*YOUNG MARTIN doesn't answer.
YOUNG ETHAN starts for the door.
When he gets to the door, he stops.*

Martin, I'm really sorry you hurt yourself so bad. I mean it. I wish it was me who got hurt cause' I don't care about hockey like you do. I don't care if can play or not and I know you do. I'm really sorry, okay?

YOUNG MARTIN doesn't answer.

Okay, Martin?

ETHAN exits. YOUNG MARTIN stares straight ahead. MARTIN stands behind him and stares out. Lights down.

End Act One.