

B: EVA, ROBERT

[Robert has just graduated from High School; Eva is younger. Driver is Robert's older brother, who died in a race car accident; everyone in town calls Robert "Driver Junior."]

EVA: You decided what you want to be?

ROBERT: I don't have to decide this minute, do I?

EVA: I just wondered.

ROBERT: Do you know? You don't know what you want.

EVA: OF course I know; you know, I told you. So do you know, everybody knows what they want, it's what they think they really can do that they don't know.

ROBERT: Well, I don't have to decide yet.

EVA: When's it gonna be autumn? I love autumn so much I could hug it. I want it to be autumn. That's what I want right now. Now. Autumn. Now.

ROBERT: Good luck; I don't see it.

EVA: Don't you be derisive to me, Driver Junior!

ROBERT: Don't call me that.

EVA: Well, don't you go on, Robert Conklin, or I'll call you anything I like.

ROBERT: You'll be talking to yourself.

EVA: Everybody else calls you that. Don't go away; I won't, I promise. Don't you wish it was autumn? Don't you? Don't you love autumn? And the wind and rime and pumpkins and gourds and corn shocks? I won't again. Don't you love autumn? Don't you Robert? I won't call you that. Everybody else does but I won't.

ROBERT: I haven't thought about it.

EVA: Well, think about it, right now. Think about how it smells.

ROBERT: How does it smell?

EVA: Like dry, windy, cold, frosty rime and chaff and leaf smoke and corn husks.

ROBERT: It does, huh?

EVA:Pretend. Close your eyes. Are your eyes closed? Don't you wish it was here? Like apples and cider. You go.

ROBERT: And rain.

EVA: Sometimes. And potatoes and flower seeds and honey.

ROBERT: And popcorn and butter.

EVA: Yes. Oh, it does not! You're not playing at all. There's hay and clover and alfalfa and all that. (*Slapping him*)

ROBERT: (Laughing) Come on, it's different for everybody.

EVA: Well, that's not right; it doesn't at all. Are you making fun?

ROBERT: Come on, don't be rough.

EVA: I will too; you're not the least bit funny, Driver Junior! (*As Robert walks away.*) Come back here, Robert! Robert Conklin. Driver Junior! Little brother. Your brother was a man, anyway. Coward. Robert? Bobby?