

H: SKELLY, ROBERT

[Skelly is the town derelict. "Driver" is Robert's older brother, who was a race car driver and local hero, and died a few years ago in a racing accident; everyone in town calls Robert "Driver Junior."]

SKELLY: You! Hey, Robert! Bobby! Hey!

ROBERT: Hay is for sheep.

SKELLY: Yeah, uh, you, uh--Driver is dead.

ROBERT: Well, I guess I know that.

SKELLY: You going around like--

ROBERT: What? What do you want?

SKELLY: He was a son-of-a-bitch.

ROBERT: Don't talk like that to me.

SKELLY: You don't talk bad.

ROBERT: I don't, no, because I don't see any need to talk--

SKELLY: Driver was a sonabitch. Walking like some kind of stud horse. He wasn't human.

ROBERT: Who are you to tell if someone is human or--

SKELLY: You don't know. I'll tell you what your sonabitch was like.

ROBERT: You don't know anything.

SKELLY: You hear me talking to people? He was a snot nose kid twelve when you was born. I saw him. And him driving through town like a big shot. With his racing car all green and yellow and rared back there. Lined up after him in cars, trailing after him and honking like a string of geese coming into town. And him telling everybody about it up at the café. I heard the stories and the shouting and the glory.

ROBERT: I don't know what you're talking about.

SKELLY: I saw him with Betty Atkins--in her bedroom and her crying and crying and how he hit her--you didn't know what! And she cried 'cause he got so mad. He like to killed her.

ROBERT: I thought people made up stories about you peeping into windows--you're worse than they say.

SKELLY: I SAW HIM! You're better for a man than he is.

ROBERT: You're disgusting; you're as bad as everybody says you are. Dad says you are and Driver said so too.