

BOBBY. My Dad ain't my business? You tellin' me my Dad ain't my business?

JOHN. I wouldn't try to tell you anything, Horvath. You know it all don't you? I'd be crazy to try to tell you anything wouldn't I?

FRANK. What the hell kinda' conversation is this to be havin', John?

JOHN. AH . . . I don't want to get into no conversation with that son of a bitch. (Bobby goes after JOHN, as FRANK jumps up to stop him, he knocks over the table and chairs. JOHN, moving Down-Stage.) Yeah, start swinging! That's all you know isn't it Horvath? Start swinging. Listen, I heard what went on between you and Joann and goddam, if I'd a known you were beatin' up on her . . .

BOBBY. What the hell you talkin' about? I never . . . JOHN. Don't lie to me you loud mouth prick. (Bobby again starts for JOHN, FRANK and the TWO MEN intervene.) Let me tell you something, Horvath . . . save your punches for the ladies. 'Cause you come at me . . . and I'll hand you more trouble than you've seen in your life.

FRANK. (To JOHN.) Now goddammit, that's enough. There's nothin' but Westinghouse here tonight. It don't look good. C'mon let's all take it easy.

JOHN. I made you a promise, Horvath. You stay away from us . . . or else. (JOHN and MEN start out Up-Left.)

BOBBY. Go to hell. (Bobby moves Down-Left. JOHN crosses Down-Stage.)

JOHN. (Smiles, shaking his head.) Do me a favor, big time race driver. Race your car into a cement wall somewhere.

FRANK. Okay John! . . . okay . . . Jesus! (JOHN and TWO MEN exit Up-Left. FRANK resets table and

chairs, then sits in Up-Stage chair. WAITRESS clears bar, puts stool Up-Stage end of bar.) C'mon sit down. At least the air's clear. You know where you stand, right? She don't want to see you.

BOBBY. He said I hit her, Frank . . . did I?
FRANK. C'mon let's have another beer, okay?
BOBBY. I did Frank, goddammit I did.
FRANK. I'll even go get it.

(Lights change. FRANK exits Up-Left with two chairs. JOANN enters Up-Right with sewing basket shirt and socks, sits left of round table. WAITRESS (CAROL) crosses to Left puts kitchen table under den shelf with chair and exits Up-Left. Bobby crosses Right pivots bar unit to angled position Left of Center. He exits Up-Right for racing jacket which is preset on motel bed Offstage. He then returns putting on jacket, and picks up duffle bag from floor in Up-Right entrance.)

BOBBY. Be back Sunday night. Late probably.
JOANN. Sunday?
BOBBY. Yeah.

JOANN. I thought you said it would be Saturday.
BOBBY. (Cross to Right-Center.) They race over to Mt. Hope on Sunday afternoons. I figured as long as I was halfway there, I might as well go over after Zanesville . . . we can use the money.
JOANN. For the car.

BOBBY. You got something planned for Saturday?
JOANN. I told Jan you might take her to the State Park.

BOBBY. Can't you take her?
JOANN. She needs to spend time with you.
BOBBY. Well, I'll take her someplace next week.

STOPS

JOANN. Yeah.

BOBBY. Well, I will.

JOANN. I said allright. (Bobby slams duffe bag down on bar unit.)

BOBBY. Goddammit! Whatta you want from me anyway? I'm holdin' down two jobs now just to keep us goin'. What kinda time do I have to do anything but work?

JOANN. And race. (Bobby cross above table to Stage-Right.)

BOBBY. Hey, listen! Racin' is the only way things ever goin' to change. You oughta know that.

JOANN. Right, Bobby.

BOBBY. Allright then, what the hell? All of a sudden you're bitchin' at me about it?

JOANN. I'm not bitching at you about it.

BOBBY. No, I heard the way you said, "and race" like it's . . . (JOANN starts Off Down-Right.)

JOANN. Oh go on, get out. Go race your damn car, just . . . (Bobby moves down grabs her arm, and spins her to him.)

BOBBY. Wait a minute, I'm talkin' to you.

JOANN. Let go of my arm. (She pulls away from him.)

BOBBY. What are you pissed off about?

JOANN. Forget it! (She crosses to table.)

BOBBY. Now what the hell kinda answer is that?

JOANN. Just forget it! (She takes sewing basket and clothes and exits Up-Right.)

BOBBY. Shit! (He crosses Left picks up duffe bag and moves down Center.) Call you tonight. (JOANN re-enters without basket but with clothes which she puts on table.)

JOANN. Wait a minute Bobby! We can't keep doing

this over and over. I do want to talk . . . but you don't listen.

BOBBY. You don't want me to go?

JOANN. No. You're my husband. I want you to be here. I want you to be with us. I want something solid for us all. Something solid and worthwhile.

BOBBY. Like what?

JOANN. I am saying that there is a growth to things. You plant something and wait for . . . (Bobby moves Up-Stage throws duffe bag on floor and crosses to Down Right.)

BOBBY. (Interrupting.) Bullshit!

JOANN. (Trying to continue.) There's an order . . . you want everyone to go racing around gambling on some strange kind of quick fortune? You think that makes sense?

BOBBY. For me.

JOANN. For you. Everything for you. What about everybody else?

BOBBY. I ain't everybody.

JOANN. Well, I am.

BOBBY. What?

JOANN. Jesus Christ, will you stop being so damn selfish?

BOBBY. Selfish . . . You wanna come with me, is that it? What do you want, Joann, what? (Cross above table to bar.) You want me to take a job at Westinghouse? You want that for me? Well that ain't me. Never was.

JOANN. Who are you Bobby? You'll never find out by racing. It'll change ev'ry weekend ev'ry race. Don't you see that?

BOBBY. You know what . . . you're scared. You are scared to move. Scared of anything different. You didn't used to be that way but now something is scar-

ing you. If you had your way you'd never move your butt out of this house. *(He crosses to Down-Right.)*

JOANN. *(Hit hard by this.)* That's not true.

BOBBY. The thing I don't understand is, where the hell was all this hate for racin' when we got married? *(JOANN sits Left of table.)* What were you gonna do . . . try and change me or something? I don't change.

JOANN. *(Tired, suddenly.)* That was seven years ago, Bobby. A lot of things were different then.

BOBBY. You can say that again.

JOANN. You never really wanted me to share anything with you anyhow. Most of the time when I'd ask about your car or a race, you just mumble back at me. When I did go out to the track, you act like I didn't belong to you. Like you were ashamed of me. Were you Bobby?

BOBBY. I just asked you to come along?

JOANN. This is before.

BOBBY. Fuck before! I'm talking about now.

JOANN. *(Rises.)* And I'm talking about how you made me feel. You made me feel out of place and inadequate. You cut me out of your life, Bobby. I have never turned my back on you.

BOBBY. Except in bed.

JOANN. What?

BOBBY. You turn your back in bed, don't you? You sure as hell turn your back there.

JOANN. What? *(BOBBY cross above table to Up-Center.)*

BOBBY. You're like that joke . . . "You know how to stop an Irish-Catholic from fuckin'? Ya marry her." That's you.

JOANN. You bastard! Oh, you bastard! *(JOANN exits Down-Right.)*

BOBBY. *(Crossing to Down-Right and yelling after her.)* It's the truth ain't it? . . . Hey, come back here

. . . I'm asking you a question . . . It's the truth, ain't it?

JOANN. *(Offstage yelling back.)* No it's not the truth! It's not all me. What about you? You . . .

BOBBY. No, oh no. I know about me. You were never the hottest thing comin' down the pike you know. Christ, I never knew a woman got wet until . . .

(Realizing what he is saying. He stops, and crosses to Center. JOANN rushes back to below table.)

JOANN. Until what? Goddam you until what? Until you made it with one of those twitchy-assed teeny boppers that hang around the track?

BOBBY. I said . . . a woman.

JOANN. *(Goes crazy.)* You son of a bitch . . . You son of a bitch . . . just get out of here . . . just get the hell out of here.

BOBBY. Take it easy lady. Take it goddam easy, you hear? Or someday I'll go out that door for good. *(She sinks into chair and sweeps clothes off table.)*

JOANN. Then go! . . . Oh damn! Damn! Damn! *(BOBBY crosses up for duffie bag returns Down Stage, hesitates, then puts duffie bag on counter.)*

BOBBY. Listen, Joann . . . Listen. *(He grabs her arm, she pulls away from him, rises and crosses to Down Right.)*

JOANN. No. No more. Just leave me alone get out.

BOBBY. *(As he grabs her again.)* Wait . . . Goddammit wait. *(She pushes her hand into his face. His reaction is immediate. He swings her around as they struggle, and when she is Up Stage, slaps her. She collapses onto table.)*

JOANN. *(Crying.)* Goddam you . . . you son of a bitch . . . goddam you.

(Lights change. Will enters Up-Left. Bobby pivots bar unit to angled position Right of Center, throws

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