

Angel Gabriel or Husband?

Before murder

WILMA. Yes, love.  
MARY. Immunity to death myself. My number passed Gabriel right on by. It came up and passed right on by and here I am a forgotten child.

5 June Evening Outside

WILMA. You better get inside, love. → Usher Mary off  
MARY. Rusting away, flaking away.  
MARTHA. You get in, now.  
MARY [leaving]. This wicked town. God hear a dried-up woman's prayer and do not forgive this wicked town!

The CONGREGATION bursts into "Shall We Gather at the River"; after only a few bars, the song stops abruptly.  
In the courtroom.

NELLY. And Mama came running downstairs and said a man had attacked young Eva Jackson.

JUDGE. Would you point out Eva...? → is 14!  
NELLY [as the light fades]. There, poor lamb, can't hardly speak two words since this thing happened and I don't wonder—

On the porch.  
WILMA [overlapping a word or two]. Well, I know I swear I don't know what he sees in her. → who created nickname?

MARTHA. It's nice of him, though. → nickname?  
WILMA. Well, I know but Driver Junior's old enough to be taking girls out; he shouldn't be wandering around with her.

MARTHA. It's nice to have somebody to keep her company. Still and all, it doesn't seem natural, I know what you mean.

WILMA. I don't know what he sees in her.  
MARTHA. Poor thing.

Near Eva's house.  
ROBERT. Eva! → wait at stage RIGHT  
EVA. Are you glad to be out of school? → watch scene I don't question

ROBERT. I liked it all right.  
EVA. What are you going to be? → wants to know more

ROBERT. Who knows?  
EVA. We had our Eighth Grade graduation in robes! I bet I know what you won't be, don't I? → about brother

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

ROBERT. What's that?  
EVA. A race car driver.

ROBERT. Why do you want to say that? You think I couldn't do that if I wanted to?

EVA. You don't want to get yourself killed.  
ROBERT. Driver didn't want it; he just had an accident.

EVA. You want to be like him?  
ROBERT. People don't want to do the same thing their brother did; I couldn't see any sense in it.

EVA. I knew you didn't. You aren't going to get yourself killed. → liked well done - relief

ROBERT. Killed doesn't have anything to do with it, Eva, good Lord, I don't want people carrying on like that; honking their horns, coming into town every week like a parade. I never even went to see Driver. → pause

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. → shift + "Robert + Eva" alone

ROBERT. Well, I don't have to decide yet.  
EVA [in a sudden burst, as though conjuring]. 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 [in a burst]. 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

"Nelly on trial" after murder  
6  
go up to her  
Judging Robert before murder  
7  
look at them both  
T. see  
watch scene 1

8  
"Robert + Eva" alone  
shift  
might not be successful in this town  
shift

OBJECTIVES:  
• learn more about Robert  
• to investigate  
• to intergate  
• to keep him entertained  
• to be the focus in positive way

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. → erost stuck in town

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. → visual

ROBERT. And popcorn and butter.  
EVA [opening her eyes]. Yes. Oh, it does not! You're not playing at all. There's hay and clover and alfalfa and all that. [Hitting him, really quite hard, slapping.]

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 he starts to walk on.] Come back here, Robert! Robert Conklin. Driver Junior! Little brother. Your brother was a man, anyway.

Coward, Robert? Bobby? → Another name for Robert  
In the store.

WILMA. And I'll have some flour and yeast. And three packs of Sure-jell.

ROBERT. Right you are. How much flour?  
WILMA. No more than five pounds in this weather. How're you doing in school?

ROBERT. All right.  
WILMA. I just said to Martha Truit, I suppose Driver Junior will be leaving us as soon as school gets out next month, like all the young kids now.

ROBERT. Not for a while yet.  
WILMA. Oh, you will; you'll be going off to see the world.

ROBERT. I don't know.

WILMA. There's nothing for a strong young man in this dead old town. Where do you think you'll be heading? → Being abused gaslighting

ROBERT. I don't know.  
WILMA. Des Moines?  
ROBERT. I don't imagine.

WILMA. St. Louis?  
ROBERT. Who knows?  
WILMA. Chicago?

ROBERT. I might not leave at all for a while.  
WILMA. Well, your brother stayed and he was wonderful, but we all expect you to be moving along like all the young boys now.

ROBERT. I don't know.  
Downstairs in the Windrod house. NELLY has a hold on MARY's arm. MARY is turning backward, NELLY forward, MARY avoiding the raised hand threatening her, much as on a turntable going backward.

MARY. I know, I know, I know, I know, don't hit me; don't hit me, baby. → exit stage LEFT

NELLY. What do you mean telling people a tale like that. You know I bought that mill.

MARY. You bought it, baby; I know you bought it.  
NELLY. Well, they said in town you told I'd killed Dad to get it.

MARY. I said he died mysteriously.  
NELLY. Well, he died of old age; he was ninety-six, for God's sakes.

MARY. He died mysteriously!  
NELLY. In his sleep like you will; died of old age like you will. What in hell do you mean telling something like that?

MARY. I didn't mean to, baby. I don't mean to—  
NELLY. —You're batty as a goddamned loon.

MARY. They don't like me is what it is. They know I watch them. They don't like me in town, I knew they didn't. I don't say those things. They tell things on me. → like skelly

NELLY. You're crazy as hell is what it is; you're out of your goddamned mind is what it is.

MARY. Baby, don't talk like that. They tell fibs on me. They say—  
NELLY. Showing them bruises and saying I beat you; when the hell

TACTICS:  
• making him visualize  
• Tease  
• show interest  
• compare him to his brother

look around shop

"Driver Junior will be leaving us soon?"

"You Bruise"

move towards him  
before murder

90 years old  
is she going to be killed? was dad killed?

10 before murder