

IT'S DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS THAT OUR STATE FAIR  
IS THE BEST STATE FAIR...

*(They are interrupted by the distinctive horn of an old jalopy pulling up offstage and GUS exits; music continues.)*

ABEL

Well, it's high time Dave Miller got here with that special feed. He knows how peckish Blue Boy gets when he's under pressure.

*(MELISSA exits through the archway as DAVE MILLER enters; GUS follows him on, a large sack of feed balanced precariously on his shoulder. It looks to be easily fifty pounds and is marked "G.H. Brand;" music out.)*

MILLER

Afternoon, Abel, Wayne.

ABEL

We'd just about given up hope o' seein' ya, Dave.

*(He crosses to GUS and inspects the feed, sniffing and tapping the sack.)*

WAYNE

Why ya got on your galoshes, Mr. Miller? Are they predicting bad weather?

MILLER

Nope. They're predicting good weather. That's why I got on my galoshes.

*(WAYNE exits as GUS crosses upstage, loads the bag into the back of the truck, then goes off for another as WAYNE enters to the truck with a bag the same size. This continues, WAYNE and GUS crossing back and forth to the truck with bags of feed, throughout the scene.)*

ABEL

I tell ya, Dave, Blue Boy's gonna win the Grand Sweepstakes so easy, they'll ask J. Edgar Hoover to look into it.

MILLER

I wouldn't count on it, Abel.

ABEL

Why not? He's the finest boar in the state.

MILLER

Well if that's true, he's as good as beat.

ABEL

Whaddaya talkin' about?

MILLER

Abel, if man or hog ever got what he was entitled to - just once - the eternal stars would quit makin' melody in their spheres and all that.

ABEL

Poppycock! I say Blue Boy's the best and so will the judges.

MILLER

They might, only then something might go wrong for Wayne or Margy. Mark my words, Abel - there's a law of compensation in this world. For every good there's a bad. Now Ralph Waldo Emerson tells us...

ABEL

I don't care what Waldo Emerson says! I got five dollars says we go to the fair and Blue Boy wins the sweepstakes and nothin' bad happens to him or me or my family.

MILLER

If you'd asked me, I'd have given ya ten to one. But ya didn't, so it's an even bet - five dollars.

ABEL

*(They shake on it.)*

Five dollars is right!

*(GUS and WAYNE have loaded the last of the feed into the truck. GUS exits and WAYNE crosses downstage.)*

MILLER

I'll be around on Saturday after supper for the money.

ABEL

Be around with the money, ya mean.

MILLER

Ha! That's be a first!

*(He exits.)*

ABEL

Old grump. He could look at a bed of roses and see ragweed. Waldo Emerson...!

*(He exits upstage and WAYNE resumes practicing with the hoops. MELISSA enters in the kitchen and crosses out onto the porch.)*

MELISSA

Wayne, where's Margy?

WAYNE

I dunno. She's around here somewhere.

MELISSA

*(Exasperated)*

Well, I know that.

*(She exits around the side of the house.)*

MELISSA

It's so quiet... Such a beautiful summer sky.

ABEL

That north star's the one'll be leadin' us home tomorrow.

MELISSA

Which one?

ABEL

You don't know that?

MELISSA

Tell me again.

*(He pulls her close with his arm around her shoulder, pointing out the stars.)*

ABEL

See the Big Dipper? Take those last two stars in the bowl and right beyond them, a little to the left, that's the north star. My grandfather set his fences on that star.

MELISSA

A night like this makes me feel like we're the only two people in the world.

ABEL

And we're sittin' right here on top of it. I can't wait to see the look on Dave Miller's face tomorrow after supper - both of us victorious, Margy and Wayne havin' the time of their lives!

MELISSA

I haven't seen Margy and Wayne since supper.

ABEL

Oh calm yourself, Mother - it's the last night o' the fair. Ya know, we're gonna have to start givin' some thought to lettin' loose o' the reins on those two.

MELISSA

I'm worried about Margy. She promised Harry an answer after the fair and I'm afraid it might not be the one he's been counting on. Then what?

ABEL

Then she'll marry somebody else.

### Music 22: BOYS AND GIRLS LIKE YOU AND ME

Why sure, one day Margy'll come running home all in a tizzy over some new fella she met and ain't he the cat's butt. I mean, isn't that what always happens?

THEY WALK ON EVERY VILLAGE STREET,  
THEY WALK IN LANES WHERE BRANCHES MEET,