

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.)