

nails, my levels and bevels, my milking stool—no, not my milking stool—my hammers and chisels, my hinges, my cattle gates, my barbed wire, self-tapping augers, my horse hair ropes and all related materials are to be pushed into a gigantic heap and set ablaze in the very center of my fields. When the blaze is at its highest, preferably on a cold, windless night, my body is to be pitched into the middle of it and burned til nothing remains but ash.

*Pause. VINCE takes the knife out of his mouth and smells the roses. He's facing toward audience and doesn't turn around to SHELLY. He folds up knife and pockets it.*

*SHELLY: (from porch) I'm leaving, Vince. Whether you come or not, I'm leaving.*

*VINCE: (smelling roses) Just put my horn on the couch there before you take off.*

*SHELLY: (moving toward hole in screen) You're not coming?*

*VINCE stays downstage, turns and looks at her.*

*VINCE: I just inherited a house.*

*SHELLY: (through hole, from porch) You want to stay here?*

*VINCE: (as he pushes BRADLEY'S leg out of reach) I've gotta carry on the line. I've gotta see to it that things keep rolling.*

*BRADLEY looks up at him from floor, keeps pulling himself toward his leg. VINCE keeps moving it.*

*SHELLY: What happened to you Vince? You just disappeared.*

*VINCE: (pause, delivers speech front) I was gonna run last night. I was gonna run and keep right on running. I drove all night. Clear to the Iowa border. The old man's two bucks sitting right on the seat beside me. It never stopped raining the whole time. Never stopped once. I could see myself in the windshield. My face. My eyes. I studied my face. Studied everything about it. As though I was looking at another man. As though I could see his whole race behind him. Like a mummy's face. I saw him dead and alive at the same time. In the same breath. In the windshield, I watched him breathe as though he was frozen in time. And every breath marked him. Marked him forever without him knowing. And then his face changed. His face became his father's face. Same bones. Same eyes. Same nose. Same breath. And his father's face changed to his Grandfather's face. And it went on like that. Changing. Clear on back to faces I'd never seen before but still recognized. Still recognized the bones underneath. The eyes. The breath. The mouth. I followed my family clear into*

Vince # 2

Iowa. Every last one. Straight into the Corn Belt and further. Straight back as far as they'd take me. Then it all dissolved. Everything dissolved.

*SHELLY stares at him for a while then reaches through the hole in the screen and sets the saxophone case and VINCE'S overcoat on the sofa. She looks at VINCE again.*

*SHELLY: Bye Vince.*

*She exits left off the porch. VINCE watches her go. BRADLEY tries to make a lunge for his wooden leg. VINCE quickly picks it up and dangles it over BRADLEY'S head like a carrot. BRADLEY keeps making desperate grabs at the leg. DEWIS comes down the staircase and stops half way, staring at VINCE and BRADLEY. VINCE looks up at DEWIS and smiles. He keeps moving backwards with the leg toward upstage left as BRADLEY crawls after him.*

*VINCE: (to DEWIS as he continues torturing BRADLEY) Oh, excuse me Father. Just getting rid of some of the vermin in the house. This is my house now, ya' know? All mine. Everything. Except for the power tools and stuff. I'm gonna get all new equipment anyway. New plows, new tractor, everything. All brand new. (VINCE teases BRADLEY closer to the up left corner of the stage.) Start right off on the ground floor.*

*VINCE throws BRADLEY'S wooden leg far off stage left. BRADLEY follows his leg off stage, pulling himself along on the ground, whimpering. As BRADLEY exits VINCE pulls the blanket off him and throws it over his own shoulder. He crosses toward DEWIS with the blanket and smells the roses. DEWIS comes to the bottom of the stairs.*

*DEWIS: You'd better go up and see your Grandmother.*

*VINCE: (looking up stairs, back to DEWIS) My Grandmother? There's nobody else in this house. Except for you. And you're leaving aren't you?*

*DEWIS crosses toward stage right door. He turns back to VINCE.*

*DEWIS: She's going to need someone. I can't help her. I don't know what to do. I don't know what my position is. I just came in for some tea. I had no idea there was any trouble. No idea at all.*

*VINCE just stares at him. DEWIS goes out the door, crosses porch and exits left. VINCE listens to him leaving. He smells roses, looks up the staircase then smells roses again. He turns and looks upstage at DODGE. He crosses up to him and bends over looking at DODGE'S open eyes. DODGE is dead. His death should have come completely*