

Scene Six

[MUSIC NO. 09A – OPENING 1-6]

(SCENE: The Grill, three weeks later.)

(AT RISE: HANNAH sweeps the floor. From offstage we hear CALEB call.)

CALEB. Aunt Hannah? Aunt Hannah!

(He enters with several out-of-town newspapers in hand.)

HANNAH. No need to shout.

CALEB. *(Waving papers.)* What the hell is this about?

HANNAH. I don't have my glasses. What does it say?

CALEB. *(Reading papers.)* "Win a hometown Grill." "Enter the Spitfire raffle." Tell me this is just some kind of joke.

HANNAH. Sounds kinda funny, doesn't it?

CALEB. Yeah, it's funny alright. I can hear the whole county laugh right now. What the hell were you thinking?

HANNAH. To tell you the truth, Shelby and Percy did the thinking.

CALEB. Shelby and Percy...? Well...that's just great.

HANNAH. Spitfire's been on the market ten years, Caleb. I thought it was time to try something new. Or maybe you were hoping I'd leave it to you, when I kick over.

CALEB. Why would I want this old Grill?

HANNAH. Oh, it might just be worth a little something. Lord knows, it would have been worth a hell of a lot more if you'd sold it ten years ago, before they ran the highway through Mineral Point instead of here.

CALEB. And I suppose that was my fault? Cripes, it must be my fault the quarry closed, too. Of course, none of that would have happened if Eli was alive.

HANNAH. You leave him out of this.

CALEB. Why? It's what you're always thinking, you and Shelby, and everybody, if only Eli –

HANNAH. Caleb. Maybe that's what *you're* always thinking. Don't even *pretend* to know what I'm thinking.

(She goes past him dismissively. CALEB follows her.)

CALEB. Aw, the hell with it.

[MUSIC NO. 10 – DIGGING STONE]

Go ahead, raffle it off. I don't even know why I try.

(Sings.)

YOU GROW UP FAST, PAY YOUR DUES,
LEARN TO WALK IN YOUR FATHER'S SHOES.
BUILD A HOME, TAKE A WIFE,
SETTLE IN WITH THE WORKING LIFE.
SHOULDER TO SHOULDER
DIGGIN' STONE.
PAY HARD CASH FOR ALL YOU OWN.
A MAN IS MORE THAN BLOOD AND BONE
WHEN HE'S SHOULDER TO SHOULDER...
DIGGIN' STONE.

HANNAH. The quarry's closed, Caleb. The past is dead.

(She exits.)

CALEB.

THEN HARD TIMES COME TO TOWN,
SHAKE YOUR HAND AND-A SHUT YOU DOWN.