

SIDE B

(*Angus is in the kitchen. Miles limps in from the barn, his hands and thighs bleeding.*)

Miles Wow. Ow Jeez.

Angus (*as usual he has forgotten who Miles is.*) Hullo. Hey. Get outta here.

Miles Hello, Angus. My name is Miles and I'm staying with you and Morgan to learn about farming so I can write a play about it.

Angus (*throws a hand up in the air*) Hello, Miles. Okay. You hungry? Fella?

Miles I was just helping Morgan with the hay bales. I musta hauled six hundred of the damn things off the wagon and on to the ... escalator thing ...

Angus The what?

Miles The, you know, the thing that takes the bales up to the top of the barn.

Angus Oh yeah, that thing's called the ... uh.

Miles The only way to do that's to drag them off the wagon and sorta throw the bale onto the escalator using your leg. Look at my leg.

Angus That's something, alright.

Miles Morgan looks at me and says, "Folks wear long pants around a farm." I bet this is infected. Then I go up into the barn to stack the bales and that's even worse cause there's no air up there, lots of dust but no air, and I have to pick the damn things up, lift them over my head and pile them up.

I've done hard things, Angus. I was a hedgehog in a show last year about a group of dead animals. That show was three hours long. *I didn't move.* I've done hard things. And I wasn't about to quit, not with Morgan watching. I just picked them up one by one, hauled them over to the side of the barn, built a wall of hay. Look at my hands. Splinters inside exploded blisters.

Angus Yup. That's something alright.

Miles "The twine, city boy, pick them up by the twine!" For God's sake. I'm not supposed to be doing this. I'm supposed to be writing a play.

Angus Was it hay or straw you were loadin'?

Miles I dunno. What's the difference?

Angus Between hay and straw?

Miles Yeah.

Angus One, you eat and one you sleep in. What are ya, stupid?

Miles Okay.

Angus I forget which though.

Miles Do you think Morgan's still upset with me over the thing with the tractor?

Angus Thing with the ... ?

Miles Running him over with the tractor. I ran him down two mornings ago, remember?

Angus Uuuuhhh. Nope. Tractor, eh?

Miles Yes. Never mind.

Angus Someone got hit by the tractor?

Miles Yes, it's okay, Angus. Forget it.

Angus You bet.

Miles (*points at the fridge*) Angus, what's that called?

Angus That's the, uuuhhh. Nope.

Miles Is that the refrigerator?

Angus Sure it is.

Miles Or the stove?

Angus Morgan. We better ask Morgan that.

Miles It's okay. (*raps on the tabletop*) That's the chair, right?

Angus Chair.

Miles Angus. What's my name?

Angus Don't you know?

Miles Do you?

Angus Ha ha.

Miles My name is Miles. Okay. Angus? Twelve, fifty-six, one oh seven, twelve again and six seventy-nine.

Angus: Uh huh.

Miles What's my name?

Angus ... Oh. Uuuuhhh. Ha ha

Miles What about those numbers I said. Can you add them up?

Angus Eight hundred sisty-six.