

(Suddenly, JOE CROWELL, JR., eleven, starts down Main Street from the right, hurling imaginary newspapers into doorways.)

JOE CROWELL, JR. Morning, Doc Gibbs.

DR. GIBBS. Morning, Joe.

JOE CROWELL, JR. Somebody been sick, Doc?

DR. GIBBS. No. Just some twins born over in Polish Town.

JOE CROWELL, JR. Do you want your paper now?

DR. GIBBS. Yes, I'll take it.

(JOE hands paper to DR. GIBBS.)

– Anything serious goin' on in the world since Wednesday?

JOE CROWELL, JR. Yessir. My schoolteacher, Miss Foster, 's getting married to a fella over in Concord.

DR. GIBBS. I declare. – How do you boys feel about that?

JOE CROWELL, JR. Well, of course, it's none of my business – but I think if a person starts out to be a teacher, she ought to stay one. *(starts off, throwing papers)*

(MRS. GIBBS crosses to stove to put bacon in skillet.)

DR. GIBBS. How's your knee, Joe?

JOE CROWELL, JR. *(stops)* Fine, Doc, I never think about it at all. Only like you said, it always tells me when it's going to rain. *(starts off again, throwing papers)*

DR. GIBBS. What's it telling you today? Goin' to rain?

JOE CROWELL, JR. No, sir.

DR. GIBBS. Sure?

(MRS. WEBB puts coffee on stove.)

JOE CROWELL, JR. Yessir.

DR. GIBBS. Knee ever make a mistake?

JOE CROWELL, JR. No, sir.