

## A PLACE ON THE MAGDALENA FLATS

CARL. Maybe I was wrong in tryin' to make you into somethin' that you weren't ready to be. (*Pause.*) A man! A man would have stayed here and helped that woman have the baby! All you could do was run and my sweet Charlene lost our baby. (pause) And just where the hell did you get the idea that I owe you anything. No, you owe me! You owe me for the roof over your head, the food you eat, and the clothes on your back. You owe me for tryin' to teach you how to stand up and face things like a man. But that was a mistake, wasn't it? Damn You! You are nothing but a soft-spined, meal-mouthed clown and nobody gives a damn about what happened in the past. What's important is *now*. How you handle yourself *now*. Because there's crap this world is waiting around to hit you with that you've never even dreamed of yet! (*Pause*) I've packed up most of your clothes, got some money for you. I can give you a lift to the highway and you can hitch a ride. There's nothin' here for you, little brother. All I figure I can do for you is give you a start on whatever other kind of life you want to lead. A runnin' start.