

and sensible can rise to the top and the lazy and quarrelsome can sink to the bottom. But it ain't easy to find. Meanwhile, we do all we can to help those that can't help themselves and those that can we leave alone. – Are there any other questions?

**LADY IN A BOX.** Oh, Mr. Webb? Mr. Webb, is there any culture or love of beauty in Grover's Corners?

**MR. WEBB.** (*smiling*) Well, ma'am, there ain't much – not in the sense you mean. Come to think of it, there's some girls that play the piano at High School Commencement; but they ain't happy about it. No, ma'am, there isn't much culture; but maybe this is the place to tell you that we've got a lot of pleasures of a kind here: we like the sun comin' up over the mountain in the morning, and we all notice a good deal about the birds. We pay a lot of attention to them. And we watch the change of the seasons; yes, everybody knows about them. But those other things – you're right, ma'am, – there ain't much. – *Robinson Crusoe* and the Bible; and Handel's "Largo", we all know that; and Whistler's "Mother" – those are just about as far as we go.

**LADY IN A BOX.** So I thought. Thank you, Mr. Webb.

**STAGE MANAGER.** Thank you, Mr. Webb.

(**MR. WEBB** *retires.*)

Now, we'll go back to the town. It's early afternoon. All 2,642 have had their dinners and all the dishes have been washed.

(**MR. WEBB**, *having removed his coat, returns and starts pushing a lawn mower to and fro beside his house.*)

There's an early-afternoon calm in our town: a buzzin' and a hummin' from the school buildings; only a few buggies on Main Street – the horses dozing at the hitching posts; you all remember what it's like. Doc Gibbs is in his office, tapping