**Character quotes**

Code the quotes with the right characters.

Either E for Ed, A for Audrey, M for Marv, Mrs for Ed’s mum, R for Ritchie.

“His legs yield. His trousers scratch the dirt. Kneeling there with earth-bruised knees and a collapsing heart. It hits the ground next to him, hard and it… Beats. Beats. Beats. It refused to die or run cold, always finding its way back into Marv’s body. But one night, surely, it has to succumb.” P 347

“You know, they say that there are countless saints who have nothing to do with church and almost no knowledge of God. But they say God walks with those peop[le without them ever knowing it… you’re one of those people.” P 167

 “She doesn’t want to love you… She doesn’t want to love anyone. Shes had a rough life… the only people she ever loved she hated.” P 310

“No real career. No respect in the community. Nothing.” P 16

“Me? A saint? I list what I am. Taxi driver. Local deadbeat. Cornerstone of mediocrity. Sexual midget. Pathetic cardplayer… ‘No, I’m not a saint…I’m just another stupid human’.” P 80

 “I should tell you some facts: 1. At nineteen, Bob Dylan was a seasoned performer in Greenwich Village, New York. 2. Salvador Dali had already produced several outstanding artworks of paint and rebellion by the time he was 19. 3. Joan of Arc was the most wanted woman in the world at nineteen, having created a revolution… Then there’s Ed Kennedy, also nineteen…. No real career. No respect in the community. Nothing.” P16

 “\_\_\_\_\_\_…doesn’t spend a cent of what he earns….Marv’s the maestro of meaness with money. The prince of penny pinchers.” P37

“She’s proud, she tells me. According to her, all her kids have done quite well except me, but now she at least has a glimmer in her eye, if only for a day or two.” P25

“Now it all makes sense. I see it. Like words being typed across his face. Punched in. Black on white. Yes, it all makes sense. The pathetic car. The obsessive watchfulness and abhorrent vigilance with money. Even his argumentative disposition…\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ is suffering, completely alone, and he uses all of those things to sweep the guilt from his stomach every day” P 344

“Why do you hate me so much? ….. Because, Ed – you remind me of him.’ Him – my father.” P 262

“Maybe I truly am shedding the old Ed Kennedy for this new person who’s full of purpose rather than incompetence. Maybe one morning I’ll wake up and step outside of myself to look back at the old me lying dead among the sheets. It’s a good thing, I know. But how can a good thing suddenly feel so sad? I’ve wanted this from the beginning.” P 250

“For three years, since that girl left, his front has been impeccable. Now it peels from his skin, leaving the truth of him at the wheel of a car.” P 347

 “His existence consists of these late, lonesome nights, waking up at ten-thirty in the morning, being up at the pub by twelve and across at the betting shop by one. Add to that the odd dole check, playing a card game or two, and that’s it” P 324

“She has yellow hair, wiry legs, the most beautiful crooked smile in the world, and lovely hips, and she watches a lot of movies. She also works as a cabdriver.” P16

 “She liked me being just Ed. It was safer that way. Stable. Now I’ve changed things. I’ve left my own fingerprints on the world, no matter how small, and it’supset the equilibrium of us – \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and me. Maybe she’s afraid that if I can’t have her, I won’t want her… She doesn’t want to love me, but she doesn’t want to lose me either.” P 249

 “He’s got dark skin and permanent whiskers on his face. His hair is curly and the color of mud, and his eyes are black but friendly. He doesn’t tell people what to do and expects the same in return.”p35

 “Tommy. The one in the city with better prospects and better taste in coffee tables than me. He was faste, of course, even back then. Better. He always was, and it was embarrassing. It was shameful to have a younger brother who was faster, stronger, smarter, and better. At everything. But he was.” P140

“I catch a dent of sadness in his eyes, but it disappears immediately as \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ quickly smoothes it over. He only looks at the keys now, and I wonder what lurks beneath the cool, calm exterior of my friend. I wonder what could ever bother someone as laid back as \_\_\_\_\_\_.” P 301

 “There’s only one thing I want…. To want.” – 330

“Yes, you’re here – and that’s exactly it!... Look at this dump. The house, the town, everything… your father – he promised me that one day we’d leave this place. He said we’d just pack up and go, and look where we are, Ed. We’re still her. I’m here. You’re here, and just like your old man, you’re all promises, Ed, and no results… you could be as good as any of them… but you’re still here and you’ll still be here in fifty years… and you’ll have achieved nothing… I just want you… to make something of yourself.” P 263-264

“Believe it or not – it takes a lot of love to hate you like this.” P. 264

“I think of how she lives alone, just like me, and how she never had any real family, and how she only has sex with people. She never lets any love get in the way. I think she had a family once, but it was one of those beat the crap out of each other situations… I think she loved them, and all they ever did was hurt her. That’s why she refuses to love. Anybody.” p24