

# BENNY

HANDS ON A HARDBODY

59

RONALD. You just gotta stand tight. I noticed you was getting closer and closer to the truck. You don't wanna be doin' that; looks like you're leanin'. You can't lean -

NORMA. (*a mantra*) Can't lean, can't lean, can't lean.

RONALD. You want a cold rag on your head? I can get you a cold rag.

NORMA. (*suddenly lost*) Where are we? What am I doin' here?

RONALD. You in the contest. You gonna win this truck.

NORMA. (*nodding*) That's right. I came for this truck. This truck, this truck.

(*BENNY can't help but overhear their conversation.*)

RONALD. First day I seen that J.D. fella drive up in four wheels he's already got. A Buick! He don't need no truck.

NORMA. (*nodding, rote*) No truck, no truck, no truck.

RONALD. (*nodding toward BENNY*) And that other one. Look at him down there, all by his lonesome. Folks cheerin' you, Norma. Nobody cheerin' him.

BENNY. Ain't that sweet. You the wind beneath her wings, ain't ya?

RONALD. Where your friends at?

BENNY. Sorry, Casanova, she's married lady -

RONALD. Where's your family?

BENNY. *Family?* You're her family now?

RONALD. Nobody bringin' *you* sweet tea -

BENNY. Shit, man, you've known her - what? - three days -

RONALD. Ain't nobody rubbin' *your* feet.

BENNY. I'm doin' fine.

RONALD. You got yourself a lady, where's she?

BENNY. (*darkening*) Hey.

RONALD. That son you brag about, where's he?

BENNY. Hey, HEY.

RONALD. Big Marine, too high up for his Daddy?

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