

GREG / KELLI

HANDS ON A HARDBODY

43

(HEATHER stuffs the meds into her pocket and bounds back to the lot. MIKE steps out to blow his whistle.)

MIKE. Time's up! Hands on!

(Time passes; those enchanted hours between late night and early morning.)

(GREG turns to KELLI.)

START GREG. You on vacation or did you have to get off work?

KELLI. My supervisor let me take two sick days. We go a third day, they start docking my pay. You?

GREG. Got laid off from the Stockroom down at Bagley Tractor. Felt like a vacation till they cut off my cable.

KELLI. So what now?

GREG. I put my name in over at Omni Construction, but so far, they ain't called. My dad says, "These days, you want work, you better fly off to Bangledash or China."

KELLI. You try Kenmar Plastics? They was looking for mold technicians.

GREG. Not no more. Now they're lookin' for bankruptcy lawyers. (a beat) You're lucky you got a job.

KELLI. I know. Yeah, I know.

STOP (SONG: I'M GONE)

KELLI (sings)

I WORK AT THE UPS
THE JOB IS PRETTY GOOD I GUESS
I SORT THE PACKAGES, MIDNIGHT TO DAWN.

AROUND HERE YOU CAN BET
THERE'S NO BETTER JOB TO GET
IT'S STEADY WORK YOU CAN RELY UPON.

BUT I CAN ALMOST FEEL THE OCEAN BREEZE
WHEN I READ A LABEL LABELED OVERSEAS
AND SOMETIMES I GET DOWN ON MY KNEES - AND PRAY
JESUS SLIP ME IN THIS PACKAGE
AND SHIP ME FAR AWAY
FROM TEETH TO FIX
AND ONE MORE BILL TO PAY.