

# J.D. / VIRGINIA

HANDS ON A HARDBODY

*(the piercing sound of a whistle)*

MIKE. All right, people, this is fifteen! Take fifteen!

*(The CONTESTANTS let go, shaking out their hands and feet. They disperse to their "pit stations," lawn chairs and picnic baskets.)*

*(J.D. heads toward VIRGINIA, a crick in his step.)*

**START**

VIRGINIA. What's a matter, sweetie? It giving you pain already?

J.D. Hush up. You want the whole world to know? I'm the oldest one here; that's bad enough.

VIRGINIA. Baby, calm down.

J.D. Mexican kid; he's strong. And that girl on the tailgate, she's hell-bent 'n ready -

VIRGINIA. We gotta keep this leg elevated much as we can -

*(She places a cooler so he can use it as a stool, and tries raising his leg on top of it. He resists.)*

J.D. Damn it! This ain't the ICU.

VIRGINIA. You know what happens when you stand too long.

J.D. Only one thing giving me a pain right now.

VIRGINIA. *(stung)* What in God's name do we need with a truck?

J.D. *What do we need with a truck?* We got no money -

VIRGINIA. Well, if you'd let me take that job at the Walmart -

J.D. For a hundred and eighty-six dollars in take-home? And no benefits?

VIRGINIA. What's comin' in now, baby? Answer me that.

J.D. *Why the hell you think I'm here?*

VIRGINIA. You might as well drive to Shreveport, play the casinos. A blackjack table, at least you'd be sittin' down.

**STOP**

*(VIRGINIA tends to his leg, rolling up his trousers to tighten the brace on it.)*