

# JESUS I

HANDS ON A HARDBODY

CINDY. The thing you gotta understand! Me and Mike, hard as we try, we only got one pair of eyes. And there's how many of you all left? I've lost count. Seven? *(clearing her throat)* So what we're gonna do now is *tighten the rules.*

MIKE. They been tight already -

START

CINDY. That's right, they have! But starting right now, it's crackdown time.

*(Again, CINDY singles out JESUS.)*

Jesus, honey. Look at me. *Comprende?*

*(JESUS' jaw clenches.)*

JESUS. *Señora, tu tienes un perro?*

CINDY. Excuse me?

JESUS. Do you have a dog?

*(CINDY stares at him, confused.)*

*(forceful but without rancor)* Because if I win this game, I get my diploma. Maybe one day in the future, your dog, he gets sick. You drive a long way, through neighborhoods you don't know. The Animal Clinic. Open all night. I'm there, in my white coat. You're surprised. You give your dog to me, and what do I do? *(a beat)* I take his life in my hands. *Comprende?*

STOP

CINDY. *(a strained smile)* My goodness. Who's to say? *(trying to talk them)* Okay! Who's gonna end up winning this truck?

*(a few meagre cries)*

VARIOUS CONTESTANTS. Me. No, me. Me.

CINDY. *(joyless)* Then get to it!

*(MIKE and CINDY retreat back to the dealership. Once they're gone, EVERYONE stares down HEATHER.)*

HEATHER. *(meekly)* What're you all looking at me for?

*(meanwhile, inside)*

CINDY. What is going on out there, Mike?