

NORMA/RONALD

18

HANDS ON A HARDBODY

START

JESUS. *Oral, musica religiosa.*

RONALD. (to NORMA, loudly) That'll keep you awake, won't it?

NORMA. (pulling an earphone aside) Is it too loud? Some people think it's annoying.

RONALD. No! *Fortifyin'*. My daddy always told me, you live long enough, you gonna see problems only prayer can solve.

NORMA. Amen. My husband and I been praying for a truck, and I believe that this is what God wants me to do.

RONALD. Your husband? Where's he?

NORMA. Ramon? Over at unemployment.

RONALD. How come he send a lady to do a man's work?

NORMA. I think waiting there's worse than waiting here. Then he's gotta pick up our kids from school.

RONALD. You must be lonely without them kids.

NORMA. Oh, I'm not alone. I don't got people with me, but I got their prayers. Over at our church, they made a prayer chain for me. About a hundred families asking God to let me win. My brother in San Antonio, he started a chain at his church, too, so that's another six hundred or so. And my cousin in Waco, she goes to one of them Mega-Churches, they call 'em "Prayer Warriors" down there, must be two thousand. So every day, the Lord's got almost three thousand people prayin' "Give Norma that truck!" So I feel real blessed.

RONALD. Me, it's about glucose. When I was training back in high school, training for track, I used to eat an orange and a Snicker and that would carry me through the day.

(NORMA smiles at RONALD sweetly, and replaces her earphone. JESUS turns to HEATHER:)

JESUS. Oye, Miss. *A Toda Madre!* Nice truck, eh?

HEATHER. (best hostess smile) I'm so sorry; I don't *habla español*.

STOP