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ArtAge is more than a catalog. We also supply information, news, and trends on our top-rated website, *www.seniortheatre.com*. We stay in touch with the field with our very popular enewsletter, *Senior Theatre Online*. Our President, Bonnie Vorenberg, is asked to speak at conferences and present workshops that supplement her writing and consulting efforts. We're here to help you be successful in Senior Theatre!

## We help older performers fulfill their theatrical dreams!

## **ArtAge Publications**

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### WARNING: THIS IS COPYRIGHTED MATERIAL

FreeView

BILLY BUCK & JO-JO

By

Frank Canino

**CAST** 

BILLY BUCK: A worn-out rodeo performer, well into his sixties.

JO-JO: A rodeo clown, also in his sixties and equally worn out.

<u>Place</u>

A room anywhere, close to eternity.

Time

The present and sometime in eternity.

Setting: A perfectly bare, symmetrical and colorless room.

At Rise: In blackout, there's a loud BANG. Lights flash up on two men who stare ahead in numb astonishment, then at the room around them, and finally at each other.

The two men are of a certain age --- or even beyond. They are seated on a small couch. On stage left, Billy Buck is in faded jeans and jacket, ragged leather chaps and scuffed boots. He speaks with a Southwestern drawl. On stage right, Jo-Jo is in a rodeo circus clown outfit, including a garish shirt, a woman's skirt, traces of clown white on his face, and a clown mask perched on his skull like a hat. JoJo's accent is suspiciously close to the Bronx or Brooklyn. Jo-Jo holds an AK-47 semi-automatic rifle. He stares at it and then abruptly puts it down as if it were a dangerous animal. Billy Buck touches his own head gingerly and then starts to hit Jo-Jo.

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BILLY BUCK: Goddam son of a bitch, you did it!

JO-JO: (overlapping) What? I didn't mean —

BILLY BUCK: (*overlapping*) I told you: wait till I —

JO-JO: (overlapping) I barely touched it –

BILLY BUCK: (overlapping) Always fuck everything up.

JO-JO: (overlapping) I didn't mean to pull the ----.

BILLY BUCK: And where the hell are we?

JO-JO: I don't know. Some kind of holding place. Before they send us on.

BILLY BUCK: But for how long?

JO-JO: Who knows? Forever maybe.

BILLY BUCK: With you? (feeling his head) Oh my Jesus, feel the size of that hole.

JO-JO: Mine's bigger I bet. See?

BILLY BUCK: But I don't feel nothin'. Do you?

JO-JO: (*shaking his head*) We're beyond that now.

(BILLY BUCK crawls around the room, looking under the couch and in the corners.)
BILLY BUCK: And where's the damn bullet. It's not in my skull or your empty --

JO-JO: Who cares? We're gone, aren't we?

BILLY BUCK: I just want to see what landed us here.

JO-JO: Not gonna do us any good.

BILLY BUCK: Where's that rifle? I swear I'm gonna kill you, boy.

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