

Jus 'Tus

Linda LaRocque



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ArtAge Publications

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JUS 'TUS

by

Linda LaRocque

CAST

NELL: Middle age female.

WALLY: Middle age male.

Place

Nell's much used older kitchen.

Time

The present.

At rise: NELL is seated at a worn kitchen table. She is drinking coffee from a chipped mug and reading from a magazine. SOUND CUE: a car pulling into the driveway off stage.

WALLY: (O.S.) Hey, Nell. Are ya home? It's me, Wally.

NELL: Yeah. Come on in. Door's open as usual.

(WALLY enters. He is dressed in a Sheriff's uniform.)

WALLY: Are you busy?

NELL: Nope. Just having a cup of coffee is all. So how's the good Sheriff these days?

WALLY: Not too bad.

NELL: Care for a cup?

WALLY: No. I've had my share already today. Trying to cut down, you know, but thanks anyway.

NELL: I can't say I blame ya, Wally. I can't make a decent cup of coffee to save my soul. Tinker never liked my coffee. Said it was the worse tasting stuff around.

WALLY: Speaking of Tinker, how are you doing without him these days?

NELL: Oh, pretty good, I guess.

WALLY: Well, it was sure a shock to all of us. Him...dying, I mean.

NELL: I know.

WALLY: It's probably none of my business, Nell, but have you got everything worked out with his estate yet?

NELL: Pretty much, I guess.

WALLY: You should be all right though with his railroad pension and all them widows' benefits. Yeah, you should be in fine shape.

NELL: That's nice of you, Wally, to be so concerned about me. I thank you.

WALLY: Think nothing of it. You see, I was in the lumberyard a couple days ago and Ruby tells me you are getting yourself a fancy, brand spankin' new kitchen.

NELL: I am.

WALLY: I sure can't imagine old Tink spending good money to put in a new kitchen. I do believe he'd turn over in his grave if he knew what you are fixing to do.

NELL: Now, Wally, you were right about one thing.

WALLY: Yeah? And what's that?

NELL: This is definitely NOT any of your business, and you would do well to stick to being a good Sheriff.

WALLY: One thing about you, Nell, is you are always pretty darn direct. Folks know where they stand with Nell Cleveland.

NELL: I'm not so sure about that.

WALLY: And you can hold your own, too. Ain't no secret that old Tink was a wanderer. You always looked like the long suffering wife, but something always told me you knew what was going on. You ain't no fool, Nell. Nope, you are one, sharp lady.

NELL: I'm not sure if that's a compliment or not, Wally, but just in case it is, I thank you.

WALLY: Well, it must have been hard on you being married to such a skirt chaser and all. I mean, that boy had quite the reputation. Of course most of them stories is just that...crazy old stories. Plain old gossip is what I always say. I never did believe that stuff myself. Ain't no man that good. Why to hear some folks talk, they had old Tink sparkin' just about every woman in the county.

NELL: Is that right?

WALLY: So when you starting on the kitchen? I'll bet you're gonna get yourself a dishwasher. Probably one of them built in ones, too.

NELL: I'm not sure what I'm doing yet.

WALLY: What do you think really happened that night? Only witness was that little motel clerk who said she saw some man leave that side of the building and get into a green pickup and drive off. She said she thought she heard a shot but wasn't real sure and of course, she never took down a license number.

NELL: I might not get me a dishwasher. Appliances are expensive. I can always get them later.

WALLY: I never could quite figure out why Tink would bring his shotgun with him to the motel that night. It wouldn't be real romantic if he was meeting some lady.

NELL: Well, Wally, if you ain't got nothin' new to say, I'm gonna have to excuse myself. Goodness, I hate to be rude, but I know you'll understand.

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!