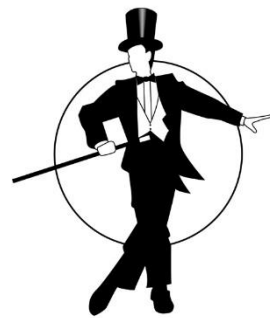


**Jugs**

**Shelli Pentimall Bookler**



**ArtAge**  
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***We help older performers fulfill their theatrical dreams!***

ArtAge Publications  
Bonnie L. Vorenberg, President  
PO Box 19955  
Portland OR 97280  
503-246-3000 or 800-858-4998  
[bonniev@seniortheatre.com](mailto:bonniev@seniortheatre.com)  
[www.seniortheatre.com](http://www.seniortheatre.com)

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JUGS

By Shelli Pentimall Bookler

CAST

LUCILLE: In her 60s +, sassy and spunky.

MARK: Any age, manager of “Jugs” Restaurant.

Place

“Jugs” Restaurant. A restaurant known for its scantily clad, young, and buxom servers.

Time

The present. A weekday afternoon.

## JUGS

*SETTING: A hallway in "Jugs" Restaurant. There are several pictures of young, thin, large breasted women. A door marked "Office" is Stage Left. This is the manager's office. A chair sits outside the door.*

*AT RISE: Lucille enters and sits in the chair. She wears comfortable and appropriate, if not conservative clothes and carries a purse. She begins filling out an application. She looks around the space, at the pictures on the walls, looks at her own chest.*

LUCILLE: Hmmmph.

MARK: *(poking his head out of the office door)* Next!

LUCILLE: *(rising)* Oh, that's me! I'm right here. Here I am.

MARK: *(looking around her)* NEXT?

LUCILLE: It's me. Hello! I'm right here!

MARK: Can I help you?

LUCILLE: I'm here for the interview.

MARK: I'm sorry, Ma'am, I'm only interviewing for potential wait staff.

LUCILLE: And I'm here to be interviewed. I'm very good at waiting. At the bank, at the grocery store, especially on Tuesdays, that's Senior Citizen discount day. It takes me an hour and a half just to buy a damn melon. And it's certainly not me, mind you, I can pick a melon like nobody's business—

MARK: Ma'am—

LUCILLE: I should be an expert just waiting my turn here.

MARK: Ma'am, please. I'm sorry, but you need to leave, I have serious applicants to interview.

LUCILLE: Then you can start with me.

MARK: You can't be serious.

LUCILLE: I am.

MARK: I can't interview you. This is *Jugs*. I don't think you'd...fit in here.

LUCILLE: Why not?

MARK: Because, you're not...you're just too...well, it's just that.

LUCILLE: It must be those articulation skills that got you this job.

MARK: I just don't feel that you're qualified. Next!

LUCILLE: Well, what are the qualifications?

MARK: Have you ever served at a restaurant before?

LUCILLE: I served my husband for over 40 years. Poor man didn't know the difference between the oven and the fridge.

MARK: Well, you need restaurant experience for this job.

LUCILLE: Served all of his friends and family too. And did he have a lot of friends. Mostly from the factory, they used to come over every Saturday afternoon. Talked all day about sports, cars, work...and not one of their wives could cook a meatloaf like I could. They loved my meatloaf.

MARK: Ma'am, I'm really sorry, but I don't have time right now. I have to fill this position immediately. One of our full time waitresses just quit, and—

LUCILLE: Well, I'm trying to tell you I'm available. And I'm good, too. Not one of those fellas had an empty glass in their hand. Not one. Oh, I used to love those fellas. But, not many outlasted me. Betty and Joe Johnson moved out west somewhere, and poor Lou Vitelli just last month passed on...heart attack. Not surprised, he kept me running the most, "More meatloaf, Lucille! I'm a growing boy!" Growing! He was growing in the wrong direction...just like a balloon!

MARK: Ma'am, I'm sorry to hear about your friend— how about you leave the application with me and I'll look at it and give you a call, ok?

LUCILLE: You can look at it now, and interview me now.

MARK: This is ridiculous.

LUCILLE: You bet your petoot it is. I can't even get a fair shot. What ever happened to equal opportunity?

MARK: Look, I've been trying to be polite, but I will not interview you.

LUCILLE: You haven't given me one good reason yet.

MARK: I don't have to. I'm the manager! I worked my tail off for three months to get where I am today.

LUCILLE: That's going to be wasted time if I go to the newspapers and tell them you tried to mug an innocent old lady who came in for a nice lunch.

MARK: I never —

LUCILLE: It'll be your word against mine, bucko, and I'll pull out the pacemaker if I have to get dirty.

MARK: You can threaten me all you like, but the fact remains, you simply are not going to work here. Now, if you like, I could recommend some other places that may appeal to you, there's...um...the Davenport.

LUCILLE: No.

MARK: Or the Brownstone Inn.

LUCILLE: No.

MARK: Maybe one of the hotels could use some help at the front desk?

LUCILLE: No, no, no! Here! It's got to be here.

MARK: Why here? This is the most inappropriate place for a woman of your...um...

LUCILLE: What? Of my what?

MARK: Most of our wait staff have a certain... young, and (*he tries pointing at the posters*) type of youthful, athletic style.

LUCILLE: I could see that. I can keep up.

MARK: It's a fast-paced environment. There's some physical demand.

LUCILLE: Well, you want me to prove myself, that I can handle it, I will.

**END OF FREEVIEW**  
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MARK: Must be tough, walking back and forth all day, carrying a heavy load, keeping up your energy.

LUCILLE: Not so bad.

MARK: Not so good either.

LUCILLE: Well, let me tell you when I was—

MARK: My age?

LUCILLE: I certainly had more respect than you. More respect than you'll ever have. More than you'll ever get. You think those hussies respect you?

MARK: You think I respect them?

LUCILLE: You think I can't take it?

MARK: Well, I am concerned.

LUCILLE: You think I can't do it? That I'm some—

MARK: Look, I just mean—

LUCILLE: Some old hag who can hang in there with the young, beautiful—

MARK: But it's not about that.

LUCILLE: My body may not be so tough, but I am. Maybe I don't have the school—the education, but I have more spunk in me—

MARK: I don't doubt that.

LUCILLE: Than all your young floozies combined. And let me tell you—

MARK: No, let me tell you that I have don't doubt that you have the spunk, the energy, the determination, but it's not about that, I just can't.

LUCILLE: Hire me.

MARK: You're too...

LUCILLE: Say it.

MARK: What?

LUCILLE: Why you won't do it.

MARK: It's not that I won't, I just—

LUCILLE: Can't. Because of what. What? I want you to say it. Look at me and say what you really mean. You have been skirting around it, you're not enough man to admit it.

MARK: Now wait a minute—

LUCILLE: Not enough man to tell me. You think I can't stand to hear the truth.

MARK: I can't hire you because—

LUCILLE: Because I'm too old! Too damn old! Old, wrinkled, withered. That's why you won't tell me. You're too afraid to tell me what I already know. Heck with you.

*(a beat)*

MARK: That's not it.

LUCILLE: The hell it isn't.

MARK: You just assume you know what everyone thinks, don't you? That all I see is an old woman? That's not the reason. That's not it at all.

LUCILLE: Than what is it?

**END OF FREEVIEW**

***You'll want to read and perform this show!***