

Tiger's Claw

by

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Cast of Characters

VIC: 70's
SAUL: 60's
JACKIE: 30's

Place
Vic's house

Time
Evening

2.

Setting: The play takes place inside Vic's house. It's old and unkempt. Everything about it screams upgrade. It has the design of 1960's America.

At Rise: The play opens with Vic and Saul drinking beers in the living room with the TV on with no sound.

SAUL: Eh...

VIC: Eh...

SAUL: Girl is good. She knows what she's doing.

VIC: Eh...

SAUL: Give her a chance.

VIC: If she's anything like that fruitcake you brought me last time, I'm dead.

SAUL: He wasn't so bad.

VIC: Wasn't so bad? Lenny was an absolute dunce. How many times did he bring in junk? We're in this to make some scratch, ain't we? That idiot didn't bring in a single deal worth profit. We LOST money with him. If that girl is anything like him, I'll have another ---

SAUL: Stop, stop, don't talk like that.

VIC: It's true.

SAUL: Lenny tried. Alright? He tried.

VIC: My ass.

SAUL: We fired him, didn't we?

VIC: The damage was done. Might as well given him a hand full of cash and sent him on his merry way.

SAUL: Life ain't worth living if we don't take risks. Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

VIC: What are you the Greek philosopher now? You gonna start reciting me Aristotle?

SAUL: Stop.

VIC: That's your new name, Aristotle.

SAUL: Lenny's old news. You talk about him like it was yesterday. We fired him five years ago.

VIC: I don't forget so easily.

SAUL: FIVE YEARS AGO.

VIC: Arrright, arrright. But you gotta learn from past mistakes or else you are deemed to repeat them.

SAUL: Okay, Socrates.

VIC: When she gettin' here, I'm caught between taking a shit or eating and I'm growing frustrated.

SAUL: You were born frustrated.

VIC: WHEN?

SAUL: She should be here any---

KNOCK on the door.

SAUL: That's gotta be her now.

VIC: Eh...

SAUL: Come in!

Enter JACKIE.

JACKIE: Hey boys.

SAUL: Jackie this is Vic, Vic this is Jackie.

JACKIE: Hi, hi.

VIC: Hello.

SAUL: So, ah---

VIC: What kind of experience you got?

JACKIE: All kinds. I know how to pick good lots. My daddy was a collector, I learned from him.

VIC: What kinda lots?

JACKIE: Oh, you know, wherever there's a pile of rust with gold hiding beneath it. I travel round a lot. Like being on the road, like keeping the wind's momentum pressed down my back. I see a lot, pass through a bunch of towns, villages nobody ever hears of or thinks of, that's where I go, unmapped regions, that's what interests me, the undiscovered, that's where the adventure lives, always has been for me...picked me up some good items along the way, enough to survive, but now Saul here tells me that ya'll wanna put me on some kind of salary, help you find some treasure...I'm game but you can't be wasting my time, my life is good as it is, but I won't say no to a pair of dollar signs...long as we're on the same road then we're gonna be alright. I make my own hours, travel my own destinations, and call you when the time's right...what's it gonna be fellas?

SAUL: Ah, what do ya think Vic?

VIC: I like her.

SAUL: Told you he'd like you!

JACKIE: I really don't give a tiger's claw if ya'll like me or not. This is business. You can call me money.

VIC: Well, uh, Miss Money, I ah, you oughta show us something in order for us to believe who you say you are is true.

SAUL: She's legit, Vic. She got a whole barnyard filled with stuff.

VIC: That true?

JACKIE: Why wouldn't it be?

VIC: If you're so good at what you do, why work with us?

JACKIE: Already told you if I could make a few dollars more, hell, I'm already doing what I love, might as well get paid for my gas.

VIC: We split it eighty-twenty. You get the twenty.

JACKIE: We split it fifty-fifty, plus I make weekly salary. I don't find nothin', that's on you, I still get paid. The second there's any weird shit goin' on where I see any of you scrambling to pay me my money, I'm gone. No fuss, no struggle, just dust.

VIC: What if we split this whole thing three ways?

JACKIE: I'll see you fellas later.

SAUL: Hold on! Just hold your horses...Vic, she's the real deal man...let's get her started and see how she flies.

VIC: Dang it. She got that chip on her shoulder. I ain't for that.

JACKIE: Bye.

JACKIE exits.

SAUL: Vic! What you doin' man. We need her. She don't need us one bit.

VIC: Fuck her.

SAUL: You're fat and you're old. You can't take them long drives through the desert with me no more. Neither can I. She's all we got to go on if we wanna stay in this.

VIC: Speak for yourself, why she talkin' like she owns me or something?

SAUL: That's your ego blaring out. She's eccentric is all. Ain't like your son gonna do any heavy lifting.

VIC: Don't bring that stupid son of a bitch up to me now!

SAUL looks out the window.

SAUL: She's leaving!

SAUL runs out.

VIC (to himself): Damn it to hell. Why do I get myself into these damn situations. Walking around tooting her horn like it's the shiniest one in the band. Well, toot this!

VIC sticks his finger out into the air. He goes into a small cooler next to his couch and takes out a beer.

That's right. (he cracks the beer open and guzzles it)
Ahhh...never like the first time but just as good going down.

SAUL enters the house with JACKIE. JACKIE looks unamused.

SAUL: She said she'll do it if she doesn't have to ever speak to you again...happy?

VIC sits down.

VIC (to JACKIE): Who'd you say your pops was again?

JACKIE: Jeremiah Walkens.

VIC: ...What?

SAUL (to JACKIE): Jerimiah Walkens is your dad?

JACKIE: Sure is.

VIC: Thee Jeremiah Walkens.

JACKIE: What is this Jeopardy? Do I get a hundred dollars for repeating the answer?

VIC: Well, that sort of changes things, don't it?

JACKIE: How so?

VIC: Your daddy, Mr. Jeremiah Walkens is like a God to us.

JACKIE: He ain't no God, he just a man.

VIC: Hold on now, your Paw is legendary, you can't contest that.

JACKIE: I ain't contesting it, but he made me scrambled eggs in the morning and pissed himself repeatedly before he died when I was taking care of 'em, so, excuse me for not seeing your folklore.

VIC: It's an honor to meet you, Jackie.

JACKIE: Why? I ain't do nothin. A moment ago I was some chick you wanted to have a go at and criticize for your own robust ego.

VIC: You really don't need this job, do ya?

JACKIE: Nope. In fact, if I sat home all day making pie, i'd be none the wiser. Daddy left me a fortune.

VIC: I'll bet.

JACKIE: You'd bet wrong...are you done wasting my time?

VIC: Wait! Don't go...uh, I'll take your deal...fifty-fifty.

JACKIE: No.

VIC: No? Why not?

JACKIE: It's changed to eighty-twenty split...I keep the lion's share.

VIC: Oh, hell now, that's completely unfair, how you expect us to make any coin?

JACKIE: Not my problem.

VIC: Seventy-thirty then.

JACKIE: Never happen. We're through.

VIC: Okay! Okay, eighty-twenty. Done.

JACKIE: No.

VIC: What's wrong with that?

JACKIE: I don't like you. Only an idiot would agree to such terms. I can't do no business with a pair of nitwits. Well, maybe not you Saul, I take that back, but Vic, that's another story.

VIC: I'm sorry. Can we make this right?

JACKIE: Only thing right by me is when I walk myself back out that door. Sorry Saul, this ain't gonna work.

JACKIE walks out of the house.

SAUL (to VIC): You messed this whole thing up man.

VIC: Oh, don't go chasing her again, too embarrassing. Why didn't you say her father was---

SAUL: I had no way of knowing.

VIC: Damn it to hell! That would have been a dream come true!

SAUL: Should I get her?

VIC: Let the smoke clear, maybe she's temperamental and needs to come down some. We'll try her again later...I don't know.

SAUL looks out window.

SAUL: Shit. There she goes, driving off.

VIC: Eh...

SAUL grabs a beer out of the cooler and sits.

SAUL: Eh...

END OF PLAY