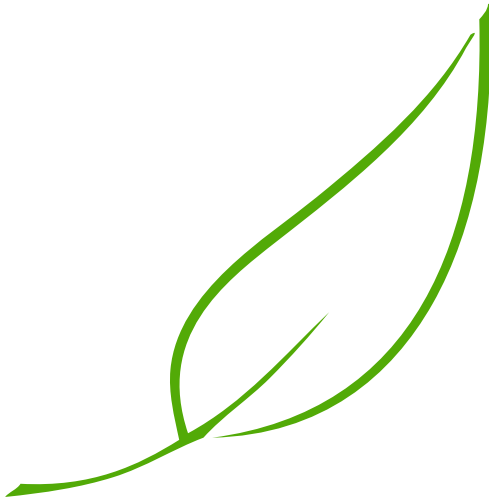


TUMBLERS

by Ken Bradbury



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(Mrs. Nun sits at home, knitting. She is a kindly woman, gentle but determined.)

Ms. Addie Juster (or Mr.): *(entering ... Addie is an officious, no non-sense woman. Few dare say “no” to this lady)*
Excuse me? Mrs. Nun?

Nun: Uh ... I’d ask you to come in but I see you’ve already done a good job of that, honey.

Juster: You are Mrs. Nun?

Nun: Well, you’re not, and there’s only two of us here, so. . .

Juster: Ms. Addie Juster. I’m the agent for Jericho Insurance Associates.

Nun: Really. Did you come to fix the sink? I called two days ago.

Juster: Sink?

Nun: It’s backed up. And the garbage disposal went kablooey, too. Heck of day. I got carrots all over the sink, no where to go.

Juster: Are you the mother of Joshua?

Nun: He can’t fix anything. “Joshua,” I say. “Stay home for once. Help your mother.” Did you know my little puppy Petey hasn’t been taken out in two weeks. He just sits there and swells up. You think you can fix the sink?

Juster: Mrs. Nun, I did not come to fix the sink. Could I have a seat?

Nun: Sure. But don’t sit on Petey. That sucker pops and we’re gonna have a mess like you wouldn’t believe.

Juster: I’ve come to talk about your son, Joshua. I suppose you know what happened in Jericho yesterday.

Nun: Was it yard sale day? By the time I get around to reading the paper, all the good stuff's gone.

Juster: It wasn't a yard sale, Mrs. Nun. It was a disaster.

Nun: Oh, a dance recital. Glad I missed it.

Juster: Mrs. Nun, your son destroyed the city of Jericho yesterday!

Nun: It's been like ever since he was little. I buy him a toy one day and he'd have it broken in pieces by bedtime. Klutzy kid.

Juster: Mrs. Nun ...

Nun: Except for that trumpet. The trumpet, he took care of.

Juster: Please Mrs. Nun ...

Nun: Good thing. Cost me a fortune in lessons. You want some tea?

Juster: Mrs. Nun my insurance company is faced with claims totaling in the millions. Your son is responsible. Where is he?

Nun: Band practice, I think. "Joshua and the Golden Trumpets." You heard their new CD?

Juster: I am not interested in your son's music, Mrs. Nun. It's his destruction of an entire city!

Nun: I told you. The kid's a klutz.

Juster: This was not an accident, Mrs. Nun. He purposely marched his group around Jericho for seven days blowing those trumpets. Then on seventh day he commanded his friends to shout and the place fell into a heap!

Nun: You should see the way he keeps his bedroom. Kids.

Juster: Do you realize the importance of what I'm saying?

Nun: Oh probably not. I'm old. I miss a lot.

Juster: (*moving away a step*) Mrs. Nun, Jericho Insurance stands to lose a fortune because of your son and his trumpet!

Nun: Look out. You nearly stepped on Petey. He's in no mood, believe me.

Juster: We can't stand another minute of this or everything's going to explode!

Nun: That's what Petey said. Look, it's almost time for Days of our Lives. Are you going to stay much longer?

Juster: I am going to stay until this thing is settled! Your son's negligence has totally destroyed an entire city!

Nun: Rotten place anyway. You ever go to Jericho on a Saturday night? Not a decent restaurant in the entire town.

Juster: Mrs. Nun ...

Nun: And the traffic. Awful! Bumper to bumper all morning long! Last week I pushed my hood release and the lady ahead of me got knocked plumb out of her car. Awful town. Awful town.

Juster: I live in Jericho!

Nun: Why am I not surprised? Could you move just a bit? Sammie just told Lucas that their baby was a alien from Utah.

Juster: We are holding you and your entire family completely and totally responsible.

Nun: I've never even been to Utah. Sure you don't want some tea. It's decaf. The other stuff keeps me up all night.

Juster: We are not about to pay damages for what Joshua did to our city. Look at this! Just look at this list! Skyscrapers, housing units, hotels, gymnasiums, swimming pools ... the Hittites were having national conference at the Convention Center ... everything ruined.

Nun: My Uncle Mortimer was a Hittite. Ugly people. They never fry their own chicken for family reunions ... always out of a box.

Juster: Are you understanding me?

Nun: Not completely. Sammie's shouting at Lucas about the baby. Could you turn it up a little?

Nun: The Canaanite Shopping Mall was completely destroyed, the Girgashite Hotel is in shambles ...

Nun: Never trust a Girgashite. That's what my father always said. Anybody with a name that silly can't be trusted.

Juster: We have over six million in claims on the new chain of Amorite restaurants alone.

Nun: You ever had their fries? Cardboard. Like eating Styrofoam.



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