

THIRTY DEEP

By Jordan Morille

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SYNOPSIS: In the last days of Guns-N-Stuff taxidermy shop, Montgomery (owner and operator) is given a unique request: stuff, treat, and mount the dead son of customer Janice. The money's good, enough to keep the place afloat for a while longer, but is it worth it?

DURATION: 80 minutes

SETTING: Guns-N-Stuff Taxidermy Shop.

TIME: Present.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 females, 2 males, 1 extra)

- MONTGOMERY (m)..... Owner of Guns n' Stuff. Best damn taxidermist in a dying town. Aged, burly, and terse. Would make for one hell of a poker-player on account of his face being so damn hard to read but he don't like hanging out with more people than necessary. *(282 lines)*
- WHISKEY (m)..... Montgomery's best friend and hang-around. Talks a whole hell of a lot and has tasted his own foot more than anything else. Means well, and would lay down in traffic for those he loves. *(264 lines)*
- COOKIE (f)..... Operator of Guns n' Stuff and Montgomery's wife of many years. Shoots straight as an arrow and cuts through even deeper. Her cracks really only show when her son is brought up. *(149 lines)*
- JANICE (f)..... A fierce and loyal mother in over her head and desperate. A bit colder than these folks are used to, but she ain't heavy. *(177 lines)*

JEREMIAH (m)Janice's son. To be played by a living, breathing individual. No dummies/mannequins/bundles of sheets/etc. (*Non-Speaking*)

DO NOT COPY

AT START: *Lights up. Guns-N-Stuff Taxidermy.*

It is the last day of business and the shop is mostly boxed up.

There is a gun counter with a register, a small table nearby, and a staircase leading up to an office. A few mounted animals of various kinds litter the shop's walls, while the gun counter is empty, save a few pistols inside and rifles racked up behind.

A mounted whitetail deer hangs prominently; a once-proud beast.

A shotgun is mounted on the wall directly above the counter, with the mount reading "THE GAVEL".

MONTGOMERY is behind the counter. He is working on a mounted beaver. A toilet is flushed, and WHISKEY enters zipping his pants.

MONTGOMERY: You bus' that crapper again?

WHISKEY: It was one time.

MONTGOMERY: Ain't natural what you do in there.

WHISKEY: Natural as anythin' else.

WHISKEY goes to the counter and brings up a bottle of his namesake. He uncaps it and takes a long swig.

WHISKEY: Want some?

MONTGOMERY: Nah.

WHISKEY watches MONTGOMERY as he works on the beaver.

WHISKEY: The hell you still doin' that for?

WHISKEY grabs the beaver and spins it to face him. MONTGOMERY grabs it back.

MONTGOMERY: Get yer dick beaters off my beaver.

WHISKEY: I ain't hurtin' nothin'.

MONTGOMERY: Ain't done on it yet. You grabbin' it like 'at liable offset the glue.

WHISKEY: The hell's it matter? Nobody gon' be here come tomorrow.

MONTGOMERY: Can't leave a job all half-ass like.

WHISKEY leans in at the beaver.

WHISKEY: You been workin' this one a while.

MONTGOMERY: Beavers is tough. Tail's a bitch. Takes the right kinda' finesse.

WHISKEY: The hell's 'at mean?

MONTGOMERY: Skill.

WHISKEY: Well if anyone got it, it's you. Best taxidermist in Loving County.

MONTGOMERY: So you keep remindin' me.

WHISKEY: Who's the beaver for, anyhow?

Nothing.

WHISKEY: That thing die of natural causes or...?

Nothing. WHISKEY reaches up for The Gavel.

MONTGOMERY: *(Stops working.)* Hey, don't be touchin' that now!

WHISKEY: Just packin' up.

MONTGOMERY: Plenty of other things around here to pack. You best leave that gun a' mine alone.

WHISKEY gives in.

WHISKEY: What you gon' do? After.

MONTGOMERY: I'm only thinkin' bout this here beaver. *(Gets back to work.)*

WHISKEY: You ain't gon' leave town are you?

MONTGOMERY: Keep packin'.

WHISKEY moves to some boxes and begins placing various items inside. *COOKIE* enters from downstairs. She approaches *MONTGOMERY*, who stops with the beaver and looks up at her.

MONTGOMERY: Hey, sugar-pop.

COOKIE: Got most of the office all packed. Only the computer's left.

WHISKEY: (*Stops packing.*) You got one of them?

MONTGOMERY: Cookie does. I don't bother with 'em.

COOKIE: You should start. Makes things easier.

MONTGOMERY: Ain't got nothin' too hard goin' on. What's a computer gon' help me with?

COOKIE: Pass the time, then. (*Beat.*) Got card games.

MONTGOMERY: Most expensive deck a' cards I ever bought.

COOKIE: C'mon, you liked it when you seen all them cards move around the screen all fancy after I won.

MONTGOMERY: Don't need a computer to do that. Hell, I can flip out my Bicycle pack just as easy.

WHISKEY: Don't do that, I got enough t'clean up 'round here as it is.

COOKIE: Internet, then.

MONTGOMERY: What?

COOKIE: Lots a neat things on the internet.

MONTGOMERY: I'm fine not knowin' 'em.

WHISKEY: Yeah, I tried that internet.

COOKIE and *MONTGOMERY* turn to him.

WHISKEY: Did one a them datin' places.

COOKIE: Websites.

WHISKEY: Met this ol' gal in prison. Said she needed a man take care a' her when she got out. Went visited her a few times.

MONTGOMERY: No you didn't.

WHISKEY: Ain't lyin'. (*Beat.*) Gave her money.

MONTGOMERY: What fer?

WHISKEY: Said she needed takin' care of, didn't I? How else you gon' take care a' someone all locked up like 'at.

COOKIE: Must a' been some special lady.

WHISKEY: She was.

COOKIE: What was she like?

WHISKEY: Only saw her sittin' down. Had some tig ol' bitties I'll tell you that. *(Beat.)* Sorry, Cookie.

Pause.

WHISKEY: But it didn't work out.

COOKIE: *(Sarcastic.)* With a charming description like that, it's hard to imagine why.

WHISKEY: She got in this fight with a guard or somethin'. Put on death row next day. *(Beat.)* Dust in the wind, man.

MONTGOMERY: An' you wonder why I never hired you.

WHISKEY: 'Cause I's overly-qualified.

MONTGOMERY: Overly-stupid. Throwin' money at some gal saw you comin' a mile away.

COOKIE: Love makes you do crazy things.

MONTGOMERY: Crazy makes you do crazy things.

COOKIE: *(To MONTGOMERY.)* You'll find a reason to like computers. Everyone's got to these days.

MONTGOMERY: I'm just fine with what I got.

COOKIE: Think I'm a go head into town. Pick us up somethin' t'eat.

MONTGOMERY: That'd be fine.

COOKIE: What you want?

MONTGOMERY: Surprise me.

COOKIE: Whiskey?

WHISKEY: Where you goin'?

COOKIE: Ain't decided just yet.

WHISKEY: Buford's Burgers?

COOKIE: Closed. Mr. Buford's mother died so he packed up and moved to Colorado.

WHISKEY: Cactus Flower Grill?

COOKIE: Closed. That raccoon incident in the kitchen.

WHISKEY: Delaney's Cafe?

COOKIE: Open, but I ain't settin' foot in that place. Miss Delaney's a right ol' bitch. *(Beat.)* How's Midway Pharmacy?

WHISKEY: Ooh, they still got them beef sandwiches?

COOKIE: Reckon so.

WHISKEY: Get me one of them. Beef chopped up all fine like snuff. Oh, and some cake.

MONTGOMERY: Cake?

WHISKEY: What I said, cake.

MONTGOMERY: You don't need no cake.

WHISKEY: I like cake.

COOKIE: I think cake is a great idea. I'll get a nice ol' big one. Maybe some candles.

MONTGOMERY: Ain't no one's birthday in here.

COOKIE: Don't need to be a birthday to have candles. I'll be back.

COOKIE kisses MONTGOMERY on the cheek and heads for the door. She exits. MONTGOMERY moves away from the counter, revealing his confinement to a wheelchair. He moves to where COOKIE left and watches.

WHISKEY: You ain't gotta' watch her every time she leaves. She's gon' be fine. Safe town we got.

MONTGOMERY: I know that.

Pause.

WHISKEY: She seems okay.

MONTGOMERY: Why wouldn't she be?

WHISKEY: Shop closin' and all.

MONTGOMERY: Every day's just another with that one.

WHISKEY: So y'all talked all about it? She good with it?

MONTGOMERY: What's there not to be good with?

WHISKEY: This been her life just as much as it's been yers. Figured big ol' changes like that worth talkin' about. Checkin' in and all that.

MONTGOMERY: She's fine.

SFX: The phone rings. MONTGOMERY lets it go a bit before moving to it. He answers.

MONTGOMERY: Guns n' stuff. You bag it we tag it... Uh-huh... Well it's our last... yeah... uh-huh... okay then, bring it on by... I'll see what I can do. *(Hangs up.)*

WHISKEY: Whose 'at?

MONTGOMERY: Some lady. Got somethin' she needs work on.

WHISKEY: You ain't done with the beaver.

MONTGOMERY: I know that.

WHISKEY: How you gon' start somethin' yer last day?

MONTGOMERY: Don't know what it is yet. Could be a bird or somethin'. Them's easy.

WHISKEY: If it ain't?

MONTGOMERY: We'll have to see. (*Beat.*) There was somethin' about her. Seemed all rushed-like, doubt she has the patience for much more than a bird.

WHISKEY: Or fish?

MONTGOMERY: Or that, yeah. Hell, them's real easy. Mostly plastic, anyway.

WHISKEY: No shit?

MONTGOMERY: You ain't seen my molds in the back, there?

WHISKEY: Backroom's all boxed up.

MONTGOMERY: Well, they were there alright.

WHISKEY: You meet 'em yet?

MONTGOMERY: Who?

WHISKEY: Them gon' be takin' the place over?

MONTGOMERY: Once. Seemed nice enough. Harold or Herman or some such. You know how I am with names. Spot his ass out in a crowd, but won't be able to greet him proper.

WHISKEY: And what's he all about?

MONTGOMERY: Openin' a smoothie place.

WHISKEY: A what?

MONTGOMERY: Smoothie place. He explained it to me. It's like a juice thing, you understand, but cold.

WHISKEY: All juice is cold, ain't it?

MONTGOMERY: Frozen. With stuff in it.

WHISKEY: What stuff?

MONTGOMERY: I dunno'. Stuff. Like fer energy, I think. And fer losin' weight.

WHISKEY: Sounds like a gay. He a gay?

MONTGOMERY: What's it matter he gay or not?

WHISKEY: Your daddy built this place. Be rollin' over in his grave he found out a gay was walkin' round here.

MONTGOMERY: Ain't gon' find out nothin'. He's dead.

WHISKEY: He was a mean sonofabitch. I sure as hell wouldn't want that dead old bastard hauntin' me on account of me tamperin' with his legacy, know what I mean?

MONTGOMERY: Legacies are overrated. What business is it of anybody, breathin' or stiff, what folk wanna' do?

WHISKEY: Fair enough.

MONTGOMERY: Harrison. That was it. Harrison.

WHISKEY: Harrison...

MONTGOMERY: Say. Me and Cookie's anniversary is comin' up.

WHISKEY: What you gon' do?

MONTGOMERY: Give her this.

MONTGOMERY moves to WHISKEY and pulls out a small picture from his pocket. It's old. He hands it to him.

WHISKEY: You still got this?

MONTGOMERY: You holdin' it, ain't you? Been carryin' that around since 'Nam.

WHISKEY: I remember. Always be buggin' us about her. Sayin' how pretty she was.

MONTGOMERY: Wasn't lyin'.

WHISKEY: Nah, you weren't.

MONTGOMERY: That picture's what kept me alive.

WHISKEY throws him a look.

MONTGOMERY: And you.

WHISKEY hands the picture back to MONTGOMERY, who puts it back into his pocket.

WHISKEY: She don't know you still got it?

MONTGOMERY: I stole it before we shipped out. Never told her. Didn't know why til now.

WHISKEY: Reminds me of me and Shirley. *(Beat.)* My prison bride.

MONTGOMERY: Bride?

WHISKEY: The one I done told you 'bout.

MONTGOMERY: Gotta have a ring to be a bride.

WHISKEY: Prison it's different than real life. Three visits makes you hitched.

MONTGOMERY: No it don't.

WHISKEY: How would you know? All you know is Cookie. *(Beat.)* Hell, that makes me one of them widows don't it?

MONTGOMERY: Widower.

WHISKEY: What?

MONTGOMERY: Called widower when it's the feller still alive.

WHISKEY: Widower. Ain't that some shit? Whiskey the Widower.

MONTGOMERY: Whiskey the Nothin'. I'll bet all of my money and all of yer crazy on her still bein' alive. Hustlin' some other fool done fiddled around with that internet shit.

WHISKEY takes a long swig from the bottle.

WHISKEY: Want some?

MONTGOMERY: Nah.

JANICE enters, carrying a briefcase. MONTGOMERY and WHISKEY turn to her.

JANICE: Is this... Guns and Stuff?

MONTGOMERY: You bag it, we tag it. You that lady from the phone?

JANICE: We spoke earlier, yes. *(She notices the boxes.)* Is it a bad time?

MONTGOMERY: Same a time as any.

JANICE: Okay, then.

MONTGOMERY: You got a job needs doin'?

JANICE: I do, yes.

MONTGOMERY: What are we workin' with?

JANICE: I have a special project for you that I will be paying rather well for. I'm afraid it's crucial this be completed with the utmost haste.

WHISKEY: She talks funny.

MONTGOMERY: Shut up.

JANICE turns to WHISKEY.

JANICE: Is this the help?

MONTGOMERY: No help at all. Just Whiskey.

JANICE: Whiskey?

WHISKEY: What they call me. (*Indicates bottle.*) On account a this.

MONTGOMERY: Don't pay no mind to him. I sure as hell don't.

JANICE: Noted.

MONTGOMERY turns to WHISKEY.

MONTGOMERY: You been noted. (*He turns back to JANICE.*) So what is it? Bird? Cat?

WHISKEY: Fish?

MONTGOMERY: Or that.

JANICE: No.

MONTGOMERY: Then what?

JANICE begins walking around the shop, glancing around at the various items.

JANICE: Before we continue, I would like to verify a few items first.

WHISKEY: Huh?

MONTGOMERY: She wants to make sure of stuff.

WHISKEY: (*To JANICE.*) What you need to make sure of, lady?

JANICE: Mrs. Rothstein. Janice Rothstein.

WHISKEY turns to MONTGOMERY.

WHISKEY: That's a Jew name. She's a Jew. You got a real life Jew in your store.

MONTGOMERY: Whiskey.

JANICE: I beg your pardon.

WHISKEY: What?

JANICE: Antisemitism is a serious offense, sir.

WHISKEY turns to MONTGOMERY.

MONTGOMERY: Jew-hatin'.

WHISKEY turns back to JANICE.

WHISKEY: Oh, I don't mean nothin' by it, ma'am. Ain't no hate, just never met one a you types b'fore. I'm Whiskey.

He outstretches his hand, as if to shake. JANICE doesn't accept. She turns to MONTGOMERY instead.

JANICE: You are Mr. Grey, correct?

MONTGOMERY: Yes'm.

JANICE: The Montgomery Grey?

MONTGOMERY: That I know of. Could be more some other place.

JANICE: Best taxidermist in Loving County?

WHISKEY: Tol' you.

MONTGOMERY: Supposin' so.

JANICE: And you'll do anything?

MONTGOMERY: Depends on what you call 'anything'.

JANICE surveys the shop a bit.

JANICE: Relocating?

MONTGOMERY: Closin'. Last day.

JANICE: I would assume the best in the county would never have a last day.

MONTGOMERY: Well, you know what assumin' does.

JANICE: (*Slight smirk.*) I've heard once or twice, yes.

MONTGOMERY: Times is changin'. No one really needs my services no more.

JANICE: People still hunt, don't they?

MONTGOMERY: Not like they used to.

WHISKEY: And all the good ones is dead. Or like Montgomery here.

JANICE turns to MONTGOMERY.

JANICE: Disabled?

MONTGOMERY: Pacifists. (*Beat.*) So what's the animal?

JANICE: I'm assuming someone of your caliber doesn't acquire their stature without the... special favor or two—here and there.

MONTGOMERY: What kinda' favor you talkin'?

WHISKEY: If this is a sex thing, I can leave.

JANICE: It isn't.

WHISKEY: Good, 'cause he's married and Cookie liable whoop your ass all up and down the street. (*Beat.*) On account of you messin' with her old man, I mean, not because of you bein' Jewish or nothin'.

MONTGOMERY: Whiskey.

WHISKEY: You know that's a fact. 'Member when that one feller got all testy in here with you and she—

JANICE: No one can know I'm here, Mr. Grey.

MONTGOMERY: Okay. Why?

WHISKEY: You on the lam, lady?

JANICE: ...Not particularly, just want this done in secret.

MONTGOMERY: So, quick and quiet?

JANICE: That's correct.

MONTGOMERY: And the animal?

JANICE: I think it's best for me to disclose the amount of compensation before we commence. (*To WHISKEY.*) Tell you the amount I'm willing to pay.

WHISKEY: Oh, I understood that, I's just waitin' to hear how much.

MONTGOMERY: Sure.

JANICE looks around a bit, then moves to the counter. She sets the briefcase in front of MONTGOMERY.

JANICE: Open it.

MONTGOMERY does. He stares down into the open briefcase.

JANICE: That's thirty-thousand dollars.

WHISKEY: How much?

MONTGOMERY: Unless you got a whale in the back a yer car, I can't think of a single thing cost this much to mount.

JANICE: Is that sufficient, then?

MONTGOMERY: You got whale?

JANICE: Allow me to show you.

JANICE exits. WHISKEY moves closer to MONTGOMERY.

WHISKEY: I never seen this much cash at one time b'fore. This is blood money.

MONTGOMERY: Whiskey.

WHISKEY: What you think she got?

MONTGOMERY: If it ain't whale, I dunno'.

JANICE enters. She is carrying the dead body of JEREMIAH, her son.

WHISKEY: Shit fire, save matches! *(Beat.)* That ain't whale.

MONTGOMERY: Hold on now, lady—Mrs. Rothstein—this ain't that kind a place.

JANICE sets the body near the counter.

JANICE: Best taxidermist in town, right?

MONTGOMERY: Maybe so. But not like that. You need to leave. Take the kid with you.

JANICE: Jeremiah—Jeremy.

MONTGOMERY: What?

JANICE: His name is Jeremy. I'm not leaving until he gets the proper treatment he deserves.

WHISKEY: He deserves a wash. Kid smells somethin' fierce.

JANICE: I assure you, he was washed.

WHISKEY: How's 'at?

JANICE: That's when I took him.

WHISKEY: Took him?! *(Beat.)* He ain't even yer boy?

JANICE gets close to him.

JANICE: *(Seething.)* You watch your hick-mouth, he's my sweet Jeremy!

WHISKEY: Easy, now.

MONTGOMERY: Sorry, ma'am. You at the wrong place for that sort a thing. Them funeral homes where you need to take him.

JANICE: *(Correcting.)* Chevra Kadisha.

WHISKEY: Bless you.

MONTGOMERY: How's 'at?

JANICE: (*Calming.*) There are many laws and... rituals that just my being here are violating, you understand. Jeremy needs to be with his family—with his mother. He's simply too young. Too young and... not ready.

MONTGOMERY: All due respect, ma'am, but he looks about as ready as anything or anyone I've seen. Looks right dead to me.

WHISKEY: Deader'n shit.

JANICE: Isn't that what you do, Mr. Grey? Bring life to dead things?

MONTGOMERY: I don't do human.

WHISKEY: Hell, ain't no different than that ape you done up last month.

JANICE turns to WHISKEY.

WHISKEY: Ain't meanin' yer boy's like a monkey or nothin'. Just sayin'.

JANICE: Saying what?

WHISKEY: Six a one.

JANICE: Of one what?

MONTGOMERY: Six of nothin'. Two things get done 'round here: Sellin' guns and moutin' game. This kinda' work be best done someplace else.

JANICE: That kind of money be better somewhere else as well? (*Beat.*) From the looks of things around here you could use it.

WHISKEY: (*To MONTGOMERY. Hushed.*) Jew lady's makin' sense. That kind of money'll make it so you stay open.

MONTGOMERY: (*Hushed.*) Place done been sold to the smoothie guy.

WHISKEY: (*Hushed.*) Then you buy it back.

MONTGOMERY: (*To JANICE.*) It's about more than money.

JANICE: What's it about, then?

MONTGOMERY: I mean morally it's kinda' twisted, don't ya think?

JANICE: Are you a Christian, Mr. Grey?

MONTGOMERY: The hell's 'at got to do with anything?

JANICE: You have viewings and such at your funerals, yes? (*Beat.*) It's no different than that, really. (*Pause.*) How long do you think this will take, Mr. Grey? I need to know if I should book a motel while I wait.

MONTGOMERY: Hold on, now, I ain't even agree to nothin' yet.

JANICE: Perhaps you should speak your wife. This... Cookie. *(To WHISKEY.)* Is that what you said?

WHISKEY: She's out buyin' lunch.

JANICE: When she returns, then. Shall I wait? *(Looks around.)* Is there even a place for me to wait?

WHISKEY: We got a rinky ol' shootin' range out back. Maybe got a few stools and whatnot. But everything else pretty much all packed up. Furniture all tied down to shit in the bed of my truck I'd rather not undo it all, know what I mean?

JANICE: ...I'll get a motel, thank you.

WHISKEY: Only one left in town. Blacktop Lagoon. About a mile or so south of here.

JANICE: Okay, then.

WHISKEY: They got a pool and everything. It's empty, but there some nice trees and things out there.

MONTGOMERY: Oh damn, the pool's empty?

WHISKEY: Ida couldn't keep it up no more.

JANICE: Ida?

MONTGOMERY: Ol' gal runs the Lagoon.

WHISKEY: You'll meet her, you book a room. She's nice enough, you get her to look away from her crosswords that is.

MONTGOMERY: I did the cougar in her lobby.

JANICE: Not rated five-stars, I take it.

WHISKEY: Shit, any place let me hang my hat after a long day gets all the stars it wants.

JANICE: Fair enough.

MONTGOMERY: Whiskey did the drywall.

JANICE: Drywall?

WHISKEY: The drywall. Did the lobby and three of the rooms. There was a bad fire some years back. *(Beat.)* Shit, I bet you get a good rate, you give her my name.

JANICE: *(Dismissive.)* I'll be sure and do that.

She reaches into her purse once more. She removes a business card and hands it to MONTGOMERY, who takes it.

JANICE: I'll return soon. Call me on my cell if you have any further questions. It's that last number there. *(Beat.)* I'll be needing that briefcase back.

MONTGOMERY lifts the briefcase slowly. JANICE grabs it and begins to exit.

MONTGOMERY: *(Indicates body.)* Ain't you forgettin' somethin' else?

JANICE: *(Stops.)* Oh, yes. *(She turns back to JEREMIAH'S body, strokes his hair and kisses his head.)* Don't disappoint us, Mr. Grey.

She starts to leave again.

WHISKEY: Yer crazy, lady.

JANICE turns to him.

JANICE: No, I'm not. Just a mother. *(Exits.)*

WHISKEY: What's that card?

MONTGOMERY hands WHISKEY the card. He reads it.

WHISKEY: Janice Rothstein. DDS. Pearly White Bright Dentistry. She a teeth person.

MONTGOMERY: Reckon so.

WHISKEY: Ain't them teeth people richer n' hell?

MONTGOMERY: I'm sure if she's any good at it she does right well for herself. But I don't know anything about teeth.

WHISKEY: Knew this feller who messed with teeth.

MONTGOMERY: Your dentist?

WHISKEY: Shit, no. But he had nothin' but money in his pockets and time on his hands.

MONTGOMERY: Yer point?

WHISKEY: Point is maybe all that cash ain't no blood money after all.

MONTGOMERY: Never thought it was.

WHISKEY: Lady drive all the way here, that thing in her car?

MONTGOMERY: Stranger things, I reckon.

WHISKEY: Wonder how many bored, rich folk are into the same kinda' twisted shit as she is.

MONTGOMERY: I ain't got time for wonderin' things like 'at.

WHISKEY: Cookie's gon' shit, she sees that thing in here.

MONTGOMERY: She seen worse.

WHISKEY: What's worse than a dead person just sittin' there like that?

MONTGOMERY: A live one just standin' there like you. Get back to the boxes.

MONTGOMERY moves back to the counter and continues working on the beaver.

WHISKEY: I ain't packin' no more. I am retired.

MONTGOMERY: If you retired you can get out then. Shop ain't big enough for two useless bodies.

WHISKEY: You gon' do it?

MONTGOMERY: What?

WHISKEY: Stuff that feller.

MONTGOMERY: It's mount. And I dunno' yet. Need some more thinkin' time on it. 'Sides I still got this here beaver.

WHISKEY: Ain't got a lot a time left fer thinkin'. Or the beaver.

MONTGOMERY: Ain't gon' take too long fer neither.

Suddenly, COOKIE enters through the door, carrying a large brown sack. She sees JEREMIAH'S body. She stares a bit at the body, then up at MONTGOMERY and WHISKEY. She glances back down at the body, then exits.

WHISKEY: Tol' you.

COOKIE enters and moves straight to MONTGOMERY.

COOKIE: Why is there a dead boy by the counter?

MONTGOMERY: His mama wants him mounted.

COOKIE: This ain't that kinda place.

MONTGOMERY: What I told her.

COOKIE: And where she at?

MONTGOMERY: Gettin' a motel room.

COOKIE: The hell for?

MONTGOMERY: So she's got a thing better to rest and wait on than Whiskey's busted old stools from the range.

COOKIE: Shoulda' took him to the funeral parlor.

MONTGOMERY: She don't mess with no funeral parlors. She was talkin' about some kinda... what she call it, now, Whiskey?

WHISKEY: Chupacabra or some such.

MONTGOMERY: Some such. (*Beat.*) She's Jewish, see, and they got a whole different way of doin' things apparently.

COOKIE: Well you don't. Two things get done around here—

MONTGOMERY: I done told her that.

COOKIE: That don't look like no game to me.

WHISKEY: This side of South America, anyhow.

MONTGOMERY: What?

WHISKEY: You remember Mr. Childress, went over there to hunt water buffalo.

MONTGOMERY: ...Oh yeah. Wanted that big ol' thing treated.

WHISKEY: He was carryin' on to me outside about how he got roped into to some human hunting thing. Shit was wild.

MONTGOMERY: No he didn't.

WHISKEY: What he told me, and Mr. Childress ain't no bullshitter I mean he was right about them geese and the—

COOKIE: I don't give a damn about Mr. Childress. (*To MONTGOMERY.*) You ain't doin' it.

MONTGOMERY: Still thinkin' on it.

COOKIE: Ain't nothin' need thinkin' on.

MONTGOMERY: She riskin' a lot being' here.

COOKIE: Like what?

WHISKEY: With them other Jewish folk, I reckon.

COOKIE: This ain't that kinda place and you ain't that kinda man. You ain't doin' it.

WHISKEY: Payin' a lot fer it.

COOKIE: How much?

MONTGOMERY: She's in it thirty deep.

COOKIE: Thirty thousand?

MONTGOMERY: What I said.

COOKIE turns to JEREMIAH'S body, then back to MONTGOMERY.

COOKIE: Whiskey, help me with the cake. (*Moves to the front door and exits.*)

WHISKEY: I love cake. (*Exits.*)

MONTGOMERY turns to the body and stares. He leans over and pokes it. COOKIE and WHISKEY enter. WHISKEY is carrying a cake with candles.

COOKIE: Got thirty candles here. One for each year you been runnin' the place.

MONTGOMERY: How nice.

WHISKEY sets the cake on the counter.

COOKIE: I'm gonna' go pack up the computer. (*Begins to exit.*)

MONTGOMERY: (*Indicates sacks.*) Ain't you gon' eat first?

COOKIE: Not with that thing in here, I ain't. You liable catch somethin' eating near the dead. (*Begins to exit, but turns back once more.*) And at least spray somethin' while you sittin' there thinkin'. Can't have this place reekin' of death and the like. (*Exits.*)

MONTGOMERY turns to WHISKEY.

MONTGOMERY: Best come do somethin' with him before we eat.

WHISKEY: Do what?

MONTGOMERY: Move him away from the counter, for one.

WHISKEY: I ain't goin' nowhere near that thing.

MONTGOMERY: You is, or you can get out.

WHISKEY: You want it moved so bad, you go on and do it yerself.

MONTGOMERY: I got the beaver.

Pause.

WHISKEY: Fine. Been doin' all the dirty work fer years, why quit now?

WHISKEY moves to JEREMIAH'S body and takes a deep breath and holds it. He grabs the body and awkwardly begins moving him past the counter toward the stairs.

MONTGOMERY: Don't be puttin' him over there. (*Indicates chair.*) Set him upright on that chair.

WHISKEY shifts around and drags the body to the chair. He sets JEREMIAH up in it and moves away. He releases his breath and turns to MONTGOMERY.

WHISKEY: Time?

MONTGOMERY: Time on what?

WHISKEY: My breath holdin'.

MONTGOMERY: Ain't keep track.

WHISKEY: Gotta be some kind a record.

MONTGOMERY: Don't bet on it. There's folk been known hold their breath for days.

WHISKEY: While draggin' a dead thing?

MONTGOMERY: Don't rightly know. Hell, you may have yourself a record there, Whiskey.

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