

**Mayonnaise and Jelly Sandwiches
(or Across The Street From ALLSUP's)**

by

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CHARACTERS

Jack, 20, a good looking guy who eventually wants to become an actor but is still content to experience as much of life as he can.

Neil, 20, a big guy pleasant looking, wants to be a writer, works as a handyman

SETTING

Summer, the present. A small apartment in Santa Fe, New Mexico. It is cheaply furnished and has a temporary feel to it. The furniture is bought from the flea market or found on the street. A number of things are on the floor(stereo, tapes, books, etc.). The apartment is on the side of a highway and is part of a triplex. There is a large Mexican family to the left and a group of twenty-something hippies to the right. Through the window we can see the neon hum of a twenty-four hour ALLSUP'S gas station sign.

LIGHTS RISE ON JACK SITTING ON THE COUCH SMOKING A CIGARETTE. HE IS WEARING DARK BLUE JEANS, BLACK BIKER BOOTS, AND SUNGLASSES. HE HAS A NUMBER OF VISIBLE TATTOOS ON HIS CHEST AND BACK. ENTER NEAL, WEARING A SLEEVELESS WHITE T-SHIRT, AND LAX SHORTS. HE IS ~~SPECKLED~~ ^{SPECKLED} WITH VARIOUS COLORS OF PAINT. HIS HAIR IS GREASY AND HE IS COVERED IN SWEAT.

NEAL

Any luck today?

JACK

I walked from one end of this town to the other. Seven interviews. No hiring. How was work?

NEAL

Hot. Damn hot. You wonder why Mexicans take a siesta in the middle of the day? Try shoveling gravel at two-thirty in the afternoon, you'll take a nap. You found nothing?

JACK

Hey, man, I got blisters on the bottoms of my feet from walking all day. Blisters on the bottom. You ever heard of some crazy shit like that? Every time I take a step, pain shoots right from my heel to my brain. It sucks. We gotta' get a car.

NEAL

What do we have to eat?

JACK

Ramen.

NEAL

I can't eat that shit again. It has no nutritional value. Read the package, it's got zero percent of your recommended daily intake. Zero fat, zero protein, eighty percent sodium, but that's all.

JACK

Beats condiment sandwiches. I tried your *recommended* mayonnaise and jelly tonight.

NEAL

What did you think?

JACK

Not bad, interesting. Sort of a zesty *mélaise* of sweetish grapes and sulfur. I didn't hurl.

NEAL

Any left?

JACK

There's some ALLSUP'S bread in there, it's stale and funky, but it'll hold condiments. When's your next paycheck coming in?

NEAL

Two days.

JACK

Damn. I don't know if I can keep living like this for two more days, bro.

NEAL

I don't know that you have an option. Except, well maybe, what if you got off your ass and got a fucking job? That's a good idea. Why don't you get a job and then we can eat some real food. I know you're trying, but I just don't see what's so fucking hard about it.

JACK

Of course you don't, you had a job lined up when we came out here. I had one too. Unfortunately I didn't know that you had to be twenty-one to *sell* booze in the state of New Mexico, so I got screwed. That was a week and a half ago, right? (*gets the want ads from the table*) Wanted, forty-five waiters, but you have to be twenty-one. Wanted, security guard for ALLSUP'S, but you have to have a car. Wanted, salesmen all colors, shapes and sizes, but you need your own transportation. Wanted, construction workers for hard labor, but **YOU HAVE TO BE A HELL OF A LOT BIGGER THAN I AM!** Do you see now! I bust my ass walking from one section of this town to the other trying to find something, anything, and everyone tells me the same stuff: We're not hiring now, we might be hiring later, we'll call you. So go to the fucking kitchen and make yourself a fucking mayonnaise and jelly sandwich, and fucking make one for me while you're at it! The last one I ate three fucking hours ago is starting to wear off!

NEAL

Do we have any booze?

JACK

We got a little.

NEAL

You want a drink?

JACK

Hell yeah, I want a drink. I'm pouring.

THEY BOTH GO INTO THE KITCHEN. JACK GETS OUT A BIG BOTTLE OF JACK DANIEL'S. NEAL TAKES OUT THE BREAD AND STARTS SMEARING MAYO AND JELLY ON IT. JACK POURS THE DRINKS, NEAL HANDS HIM A SANDWICH AND THE TWO EAT AND DRINK FOR A SECOND. THEN SIMULTANEOUSLY THEY BOTH START TO LAUGH. THIS ESCALATES UNTIL THEY ARE ALMOST CHOKING ON THE STALE BREAD.

NEAL

Holy shit, bro. I can't believe this is life.

JACK

Yeah, man, it's pretty fuckin' cool. I gotta' stop cursing so much. Jesus, I talk like a sailor.

NEAL

You look like a sailor.

JACK

Your mama's a sailor.

WE HEAR A DOOR SLAM FROM THE NEXT APARTMENT OVER. THIS IS FOLLOWED BY A CAR DOOR OPENING AND MEXICAN MUSIC BLASTING FROM THE CAR STEREO.

NEAL

What the hell is that?

JACK

The Mexican-cowboy-car-repair-man must of gotten his drink on tonight. He always hops in his car when he boozes too much. Sometimes he hops in the car to booze. Him, his car, some music, and a sixer of Bud.

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NEAL

There is some funky stuff going on in that apartment.

JACK

What are you talking about?

NEAL

Hey, man, it's none of my business, but I could swear sometimes I've heard some serious slaps through the walls.

JACK

You mean he beats his wife?

NEAL

I'm not saying that, I'm just saying it's a distinct possibility.

JACK

Don't you think we should do something?

NEAL

Like what? What are we going to do? Kick him out of the house and leave those five or eight or ten kids alone with the mother and the sister? Are we gonna' kick his ass next time he does it?

JACK

That would be fair, now wouldn't it?

NEAL

In our world. But, man, we don't know what goes on that house. You think we have it rough, try being them for a week. That's a different culture next door. A different reality. We don't know the rules. We don't know what's right or wrong there. We're just visitors. Passers through. What right do we have in ~~there~~ ^{their} business.

JACK

Sometimes, when I come home and you're still at work and I still haven't found a job, she's here. She's here with her four kids and her daughter's two kids and she's out there on the porch listening to Spanish to English tapes. I come up and she says: "We are learning to speak good English. You want learn Spanish?" I got nothing better to do, so I sit out there with them and we listen to the tapes and her little boy, Eddie, crackhead that he is, jumps all over me, and her daughter tries to make eyes with me and the voice on the tape says: "THE - DOG - IS - BLUE, THE - DOG - IS - BLUE. *El pero es azul.*" I dig it. They dig it. We dig it together. Then the father comes home and the laughter stops, the kids go in, except for Eddie who's still hanging on my leg, and ~~their evening begins on a somber note.~~ The cowboy acknowledges me, I acknowledge him, we both go in. He to his place, me to mine.

NEAL

It ain't our business. I guarantee she would rather have him come home and get drunk then not come at all. Until she comes and asks us for help, we're not gonna' do nothing.

JACK

Sometimes I wish it was our business.

NEAL

Who knows? Someday it might be. I'm gonna' do a little writing. See you in a bit.

JACK

Yeah, a bit.

NEAL GOES INTO HIS BEDROOM AND CLOSES THE DOOR. JACK LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW AT THE NEON LIGHT, THEN GRABS HIS KEYS AND GOES OUT THE DOOR. LIGHTS FADE.