ROY TICKET AGENT

SCENE FIVE

The bus' arrival is heard. Roy (the Ticket Agent) wakes up, turns on the overhead light and checks his watch as he exits upstage left to meet the bus. We hear his first line to Thelma from offstage, to which she answers, "No, thank you!" as she enters.

START → ROY. *(Offstage.)* Want any help with those bags?
THELMA. *(Entering.)* No, thank you.
ROY. *(Offstage.)* Good evening.
MRS. WATTS. Good evening.
DRIVER. *(Offstage.)* Almost missed you.
ROY. *(Offstage.)* That'd be the first time for me.
DRIVER. *(Offstage.)* Take it easy.
ROY. *(Offstage.)* Alright, bye. *(Thelma takes the bags and puts them down beside a bench. She goes over to Roy.)*
THELMA. Excuse me.
ROY. Yes?
THELMA. Is the bus to Old Gulf going to be on time?
ROY. Always is. *(Thelma goes back to her seat near the suitcases.)*
MRS. WATTS. *(To Thelma.)* What time is it, honey?
THELMA. Twelve o'clock.
MRS. WATTS. Twelve o'clock. I bet Callie will be surprised to see me walk in at twelve o'clock.
THELMA. Did you tell her you were coming today?
MRS. WATTS. No. I couldn't. Because I didn't know. I had to wait until Jessie Mae went to the drugstore.
THELMA. My bus is leaving in half an hour.
MRS. WATTS. Oh, I see. I guess I'd better be finding out how I'm going to get on out to Bountiful.
THELMA. You sit down. I'll ask the man.
MRS. WATTS. Thank you. *(She sits on the bench. Thelma turns to Roy. He is busy bringing in boxes left by the bus.)*
THELMA. Excuse me again.
ROY. Yes?
THELMA. My friend here wants to know how she can get to Bountiful.

ROY. Bountiful?
THELMA. Yes.
ROY. What's she going there for?
MRS. WATTS. I'm going to visit my girlhood friend.
ROY. I don't know who that's gonna be. The last person in Bountiful was Mrs. Callie Davis. She died day before yesterday. That is they found her day before yesterday. She lived all alone so they don't know exactly when she died.
MRS. WATTS. Callie Davis!
ROY. Yes, Ma'am. They had the funeral this morning. Was she the one you were going to visit?
MRS. WATTS. Yessir, she was the one. She was my friend. My girlhood friend. *(Mrs. Watts seems very old and tired and defeated. Thelma crosses to Roy.)*
THELMA. Is there a hotel here?
ROY. Yes'm. The Riverview.
THELMA. How far is it?
ROY. About five blocks.
THELMA. Is there a taxi around?
ROY. No, ma'am. Not this time of night. STOP
THELMA. Thank you. *(Roy goes back into the ticket window. Thelma goes over to Mrs. Watts at the bench. She speaks to her with great sympathy.)* What'll you do now, Mrs. Watts?
MRS. WATTS. I'm thinking, honey. I'm thinking. It's come as quite a blow.
THELMA. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.
MRS. WATTS. I know. I know. *(A pause. Her strength and her will reviving.)* It's come to me what to do. I'll go on. That much has come to me. To go on. I feel my strength and my purpose strong within me. I'll go on to Bountiful. I'll walk those twelve miles if I have to.
THELMA. But if there's no one out there what'll you do this time of night?
MRS. WATTS. Oh, yes. I guess that's right.
THELMA. I think you should wait until morning.
MRS. WATTS. Yes, I guess I should. Then I can hire someone to drive me out. You know what I'll do. I'll stay at my own house, or what's left of it. Put me in a garden. I'll get along fine with the help of my government checks.
THELMA. Mrs. Watts, the man says there's a hotel not too far away. I think you'd better let me take you there.