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Product Code A0819-SP

The Throne

A 10-Minute Comedy by

Verna Safran

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The Throne
by Verna Safran

1M / 1F

Approximate Playing Time: 10 Minutes

CHARACTERS

MAN; *the husband*

WOMAN; *his wife*

Plus "A VOICE" heard off

SETTING

Their back yard

The Throne
by Verna Safran

SETTING: *A backyard with a flower garden*

AT RISE: *The MAN is in a lounge chair reading a newspaper. The WOMAN is watering flowers in the garden. A throne slowly descends from on high. It lands between them.*

MAN

What is that?

WOMAN

It looks like a seat.

THEY approach the throne.

MAN

A seat?

WOMAN

For sitting on.

MAN

Doesn't look very comfortable for sitting on.

WOMAN

You'd have to sit up pretty straight.

MAN

I think it's more than a seat. It looks like a throne.

WOMAN

A throne? You mean, like for kings and queens?

MAN

We don't have kings and queens in America. But it's for persons of authority.

WOMAN

In the Kabbala it says that angels sat on thrones.

MAN

You've read the Kabbala?

WOMAN

No, but I heard about it. I took a course once...

MAN

My parents told me if you ever read the Kabbala you'd go crazy.

WOMAN

They ought to know.

MAN

Excuse me? What did you mean by that?

WOMAN

Never mind. So, you think it's a throne?

MAN

Look – it's got all those precious stones on it.

WOMAN

Mmmm. So it does. Do you think they're real?

MAN

Don't know. But they're certainly impressive.

WOMAN

I guess that's the point of a throne. To be impressive.

MAN

I'm going to try it out.

WOMAN

What do you mean?

MAN

I want to sit on it. (*HE does.*) Just to see how it feels.

WOMAN

So? How does it feel?

MAN

It makes me feel... very...

WOMAN
Yes?

MAN
Important.

WOMAN
Important?

MAN
Yes. And powerful. Go get me some cold water. With ice cubes.

WOMAN
Are you talking to me?

MAN
Yes. It's hot out here. Go get some cold water.

WOMAN
Go get it yourself.

MAN
I can't. I'm sitting on the throne.

WOMAN
Big deal. You were my husband before the throne, and you're my husband now. You never bossed me around before.

MAN
I just wanted to see what it felt like. To be powerful.

WOMAN
Why don't you give me a turn?

MAN
A turn?

WOMAN
To sit on the throne.

MAN
Maybe later. Not now.

WOMAN
Why not now?

MAN

Because I'm sitting on the throne now.

WOMAN

Just for a minute or two.

MAN

You are becoming a terrible nuisance.

WOMAN

All right. I won't bother you anymore.

MAN

Bring me my newspaper.

WOMAN

What?

MAN

My newspaper. Bring me my newspaper. It's over there.

WOMAN

All right. (*SHE does.*) Here's your newspaper. I'm going inside.

The WOMAN exits for a brief moment.

MAN

I think I'll issue a decree. (*As if to a crowd*) I hereby decree – Hmm. Can't think of anything I particularly want to decree at the moment. I'm going to have to get myself some advisors.

The WOMAN returns.

WOMAN

There's a phone call for you.

MAN

There is? I didn't hear the phone.

WOMAN

You didn't? Well, maybe you were too busy thinking up a decree.

MAN

Couldn't you take a message?

WOMAN

They said it was very important.

The MAN rises and heads towards the house.

MAN

Oh, very well.

The WOMAN makes a dash for the throne and sits on it.

WOMAN

Aha! Nobody said that you were the one to sit on the throne. Maybe it was meant for me!

MAN

(Turning back.) Why, you treacherous little— You tricked me!

WOMAN

It was the only way to get you off your—

MAN

I sat on the throne before you. I got there first.

WOMAN

Well, it's my turn now.

The MAN takes hold of the throne and tips it over causing the WOMAN to fall out.

MAN

Not if I can help it.

WOMAN

That's not fair! You used brute force!

MAN

Who you calling a brute?

WOMAN

Help me up.

MAN

I will not. I don't trust you anymore. *(HE sits on the throne.)* I think I'll have my supper out here. Maybe my breakfast as well.

The WOMAN gets up and dusts herself off.

WOMAN

Oh, really? You expect me to bring everything all the way out here?

MAN

This is where the seat of power is located. Of course, we'll have to bring the thing inside eventually. If the neighbors see it, they're going to want one just like it. Like they did when I got the new car.

WOMAN

Darling?

MAN

Yes, dear.

WOMAN

Do you think God sits on a throne?

MAN

How should I know? I never took Philosophy in college. I suppose He does.

WOMAN

It's such a hard seat. Do you suppose God has hemorrhoids?

MAN

I don't have time to think about such things. Now why don't you be quiet and let me go over our finances. Need to balance the checkbook.

WOMAN

And what do you want me to do, while you go over our finances?

MAN

You can go putter in the garden.

WOMAN

Putter?

MAN

Yes, or whatever it is you women do.

WOMAN

I don't think I like your tone.

MAN

My tone? My tone? Are you forgetting who puts the roof over your head?

WOMAN

Are you forgetting who cooks your meals, who raised the children? And who put you through college – don't forget that! I was pretty good at finances back then, wasn't I? Now that you're sitting pretty, I work like a demon around here – and this is the thanks I get? You won't even let me sit for a minute on that stupid chair.

MAN

It's not a chair. It's a throne. And you can add one more chore to your list of responsibilities. I want you to polish the throne every day so it shines.

WOMAN

Polish it? With what?

MAN

I'm not sure. Whatever you polish gold with.

WOMAN

(Pause.) Didn't I hear you say you wanted a drink of water?

MAN

Ah, you remembered.

WOMAN

Of course. I remember everything you say to me.

MAN

I think I'll have lemonade. Or soda.

WOMAN

What kind of soda?

MAN

Do we have root beer?

WOMAN

Yes, I think so.

MAN

Root beer, then. It reminds me of my childhood.

WOMAN

If I bring you some root beer, will you let me have another turn, sitting on the throne?

MAN

No, I will not. I'm really beginning to like it here. What I think I need is a scepter and an orb. Whatever the hell an orb is.

WOMAN

Why don't you go look it up?

MAN

Look it up?

WOMAN

Yes. In the dictionary. Or on the Internet.

MAN

What, so you can grab hold of the throne while I'm gone?

WOMAN

You wanted to know what an orb is.

MAN

I don't really care that much what an orb is. If someone gave one to me, I would take it, but I'm not going to go out looking for one.

WOMAN

That's what I hate about you. You have no intellectual curiosity.

MAN

Oh, now you hate me, do you?

WOMAN

When we first married, we would have discussions. Now we never discuss anything anymore.

MAN

You want to talk about orbs, is that it?

WOMAN

No, that's not it!

MAN

You don't make any sense at all.

WOMAN

All right. I'll get you your soda.

The WOMAN exits once again to the house.

MAN

Hmmm. She's probably thinking up some trick so she can take my throne away from me. But I'll be ready for her when she comes back. (*HE gets a shovel from the garden.*) A shovel ought to do it. Ought to scare her, I mean. What she needs is a good scare.

The WOMAN returns with two cans of soda on a tray.

WOMAN

Here you are. So cold the cans are crying.

MAN

That's the way you serve me soda?

WOMAN

What's wrong?

MAN

You don't pour it into a glass?

WOMAN

You always like to drink it out of a can.

MAN

Out of the can? That is so low class! I am sitting on the throne now. I think I deserve a little better treatment.

WOMAN

Okay, okay! I'll bring it and pour it into glasses. Will the everyday glasses do, or shall I bring out the crystal stemware?

MAN

Don't get sarcastic with me.

WOMAN

Why not? I have nobody else to be sarcastic with.

The WOMAN collects the cans on the tray and goes off mumbling.

WOMAN, *Continued*

Can't take a joke.

MAN

Thinks she's pretty funny. Protesters need to be watched. I wonder how I can access her E-mail. I have a feeling she has a lover.

The WOMAN returns with two glasses of soda on the tray.

WOMAN

Here you are, my lord.

MAN

Don't you think you ought to curtsy?

WOMAN

Curtsey?

MAN

Yes, you know, the way they did in the old days.

WOMAN

I don't know how to curtsy. Why don't you get up and show me how.

MAN

Very clever. You'll do anything to get my throne away from me, won't you?

WOMAN

Your throne?

This is Not the End of the Play
Ending Intentionally Omitted for Security Purposes