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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.
You’ve read the Kabbala?

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

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

They ought to know.

Excuse me? What did you mean by that?

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

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

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

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

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

I’m going to try it out.

What do you mean?

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

So? How does it feel?

It makes me feel… very…
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?
Because I’m sitting on the throne now.

Just for a minute or two.

You are becoming a terrible nuisance.

All right. I won’t bother you anymore.

Bring me my newspaper.

What?

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

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

*The WOMAN exits for a brief moment.*

I think I’ll issue a decree. *(As if to a crowd)* I hereby decree – Hmmm. 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.*

There’s a phone call for you.

There is? I didn’t hear the phone.

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

Couldn’t you take a message?
WOMAN
They said it was very important.

MAN
The MAN rises and heads towards the house.

Oh, very well.

MAN
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.

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

WOMAN
Not if I can help it.

MAN
That’s not fair! You used brute force!

WOMAN
Who you calling a brute?

MAN
Help me up.

WOMAN
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 curtsey?

WOMAN
Curtsey?

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

WOMAN
I don’t know how to curtsey. 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