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# Married Not Buried

by Lew Riley

A Not Too Naughty Comedy

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# Married Not Buried

By Lew Riley

## **THE CHARACTERS**

GEORGE WELLS; *a middle-aged man, trying to scratch his 20-year-itch*

CLAIRE WELLS; *George's conservative, good-natured wife*

FLORENCE FLETCHER; *the Wells' ultra-conservative, inquisitive neighbor*

DARRIN DEVEREAUX; *a cocky, young swinger*

GRETCHEN DEVEREAUX; *Darrin's attractive, ditzy wife*

TODD WELLS; *the Wells' collegiate son*

JOYCE MASON; *Todd's mature girl friend*

JENNY SAWYER; *Todd's former girl friend*

## **THE TIME**

*The present*

## **THE SCENE**

*The entire action of the play takes place in George and Claire Wells' living room*

## **ACT I**

**Scene I** – *Sunday morning*

**Scene II** – *The following Friday evening*

**Scene III** – *Sunday evening*

## **ACT II**

**Scene I** – *Next Saturday night*

**Scene II** – *Later that evening*

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**ACT I; SCENE I**

*(AT RISE: Sunday morning, GEORGE and CLAIRE WELL'S living room. The room is nicely furnished; a sofa, which unfolds into a bed, center and to its right a chair and small table. On the table are a lamp, phone and answering machine. Downstage right is an exercise bike. The front door is located upstage right against the back wall and to its left is a closet. A bar with a mirror above is also located on the upstage wall and to its left is a window and further left, the exit to the kitchen. A fireplace, center left, provides a warm, cozy feel to the room. Nearby is a small dinette table with two chairs. There are doors both left and right to bedrooms off. GEORGE, a nice-looking, middle-aged man is seated on the sofa nervously reading a newspaper. He looks at the newspaper, shakes his head, looks back again and thinks for a moment. Then he rises, crosses to the phone and anxiously waits to talk.)*

GEORGE

*(Anxiously)* Hello—yes, I called a couple of minutes ago—but, uh, we were cut off.... Yes, I do want to, uh, purchase your services.... My phone number? But you have my credit card number.... Oh, yeah, that's right. Uh, 555-6168.... Huh?.... Uh, George; what's yours? Oh. *(Feeling a tad silly)* Good-bye. Pandora.

*(GEORGE hangs up, takes a deep breath, and holding the paper in one hand, lounges back on the sofa. His respite is short-lived, however. Hearing the front door opening, He quickly stands, remembers the paper, looks around, sticks the paper under a sofa cushion – just before the door opens and CLAIRE WELLS enters. CLAIRE is GEORGE'S trim, attractive, pleasant wife.)*

GEORGE

Claire!?

CLAIRE

*(Crossing towards closet)* Who else?... *(Hanging up coat)* Missed my appointment.

GEORGE

But I thought it was for 10 o'clock.

CLAIRE

It was.

GEORGE

*(Looks at watch)* But it's only 10:10.

CLAIRE

Correction. 11:10.

GEORGE

What?

CLAIRE

Remember the last thing I said to you last night?

GEORGE

Uh.... That was great, honey.

CLAIRE

Yeah, right. I haven't said that in years. (*Frowning*) What I did say was, don't forget to set the clocks forward tomorrow.

GEORGE

Oh yeah, Daylight Savings Time. I completely forgot.

CLAIRE

Obviously. (*Crosses towards kitchen*)

GEORGE

Hey, you forgot, too.

CLAIRE

(*As exits*) But I didn't volunteer to change all the clocks.

(*As soon as CLAIRE exits, GEORGE hurries to the sofa, picks up the cushion, looks at the paper until he finds the number he wants, then grabs the phone and dials.*)

GEORGE

Hello, Pandora. (*Pause; frowns*) Oh, Cleopatra. Look, I need to speak to Pandora – and hurry. (*Fiddles with his watch*) C'mon, c'mon! Claire re-enters with a glass of water, and George, thinking quickly, resets his watch with the phone resting between his ear and shoulder.

GEORGE

The correct time is 11:12 and 40 seconds. (*Hangs up phone*)

CLAIR

(*Checks her watch, then*) Say, did you do something with the aspirin?

GEORGE

Got a headache?

CLAIRE

Still.

GEORGE

Still?

CLAIRE

Remember, I had a headache last night.

GEORGE

Oh, I thought you were just faking.

CLAIRE

Faking?

GEORGE

You know. To avoid some—

*(GEORGE hits fist of right hand into palm of his left hand.)*

CLAIRE

That reminds me. You better renew your Viagra prescription.

GEORGE

Hey, I don't need Viagra.

CLAIRE

Coulda fooled me. I don't remember the last time, we—

*(CLAIRE hits her fist against the palm of her other hand.)*

GEORGE

Oh, come on, Claire.

CLAIRE

I'm serious, George. It seems like ages.

*(GEORGE frowns as CLAIRE sits on the sofa, directly above the spot where he hid his paper. It makes a noise when she sits. CLAIRE stands, removes the paper.)*

CLAIRE

*(Looking at paper)* George, are you buying this filthy thing again?

GEORGE

It's not filthy – it's sexy.

CLAIRE

Sexy, huh? Look at these ads. *(Reads)* Inflatable rubber doll: 38-24-36. Has everything a real woman has. And she can't talk.... You find that sexy, George?

GEORGE

*(Matter-of-factly)* Not really.

CLAIRE

How about this one? Cheerleaders' Massage Parlor. Free enema with ad.

GEORGE

What's wrong with getting a massage?

CLAIRE

That's the last thing you'd get, I'm sure.

GEORGE

I wouldn't know.

CLAIRE

*(Warily eyes him)* Sometimes I wonder. *(Shakes head)* How can these places stay in business?

GEORGE

A lot of lonely people out there.

CLAIRE

A lot of perverts, you mean. *(Turns paper over)* What's this?

GEORGE

What?

CLAIRE

866-X-T-A-C.

GEORGE

How would I know?

CLAIRE

*(Sounds it out)* Ecstasy.... Oh, come on, George; this is obviously an ad for phone sex.

GEORGE

No idea.

CLAIRE

Someone would really have to be perverted to pay for an obscene phone call.

*(SFX: PHONE RINGS; GEORGE bolts to answer it.)*

GEORGE

I'll get it!

CLAIRE

*(Surprised)* George!

GEORGE

I'm expecting a call.... Hello? (*Relieved*) Oh hi, there.... It's Todd.

CLAIRE

(*Smiles*) Oh.

GEORGE

Toddski, what's up?... Oh, really? Terrific.

CLAIRE

What?

GEORGE

He's coming home next week.

CLAIRE

Great. (*Frowns*) He didn't flunk out, did he?

GEORGE

(*Frowns back*) No, he didn't flunk out. (*Into phone*) You didn't flunk out, did you?... Oh yeah, that's right. (*To Claire*) It's the end of the quarter.

CLAIRE

That's right; I forgot.

GEORGE

What's that?... Lemme check with your mother. (*To CLAIRES*) He wants to bring a friend home.

CLAIRE

Why not. We'd be glad to have him.

GEORGE

Her name is Joyce.

CLAIRE

Oh.... Fine with me. Todd can sleep on the sofa bed.

GEORGE

No problem, son.

CLAIRE

Ask him how his classes went.

GEORGE

Okay, okay. (*Instead, into phone*) Did you see that perfect game on TV last week?.... Yeah, wasn't that great. First one I've seen.

*(A frustrated CLAIRE throws up her hands and with nothing better to do begins leafing through GEORGE's "paper.")*

GEORGE

Hey, the Dodgers are in town this weekend. Let's see a game.... Yeah, the four of us.

CLAIRE

Anything but a doubleheader.

GEORGE

*(Into phone)* What? Oh, that was your mom. She wants to say hi.... What?

*(CLAIRE reaches out for the phone.)*

GEORGE

Oh, really?... Sure, she will. Yes, I will, promise. G'bye.

*(GEORGE returns the phone to the table.)*

CLAIRE

George!

GEORGE

Sorry, honey; he had to hurry to class.

CLAIRE

Oh.

GEORGE

He did say he misses you a lot.

CLAIRE

I can't wait to see him again. Seems like he's been gone forever.

GEORGE

More like three months, dear.

CLAIRE

I guess that means he and Jenny Sawyer are history.

GEORGE

Out of sight, out of mind.... Hey, I thought you liked baseball. *(Crosses to exercise bike)*

CLAIRE

I do. I don't like doubleheaders.... Too much sitting.

GEORGE

C'mon, Claire; you can get lots of exercise at a ballgame. I always do.

CLAIRE

Yeah, getting beer. Then getting rid of it.

*(GEORGE hops on the bike as CLAIRE retrieves the paper.)*

CLAIRE

George, why did you circle some of these "ads"?

*(GEORGE, on exercise bike, pedals three, maybe four times.)*

GEORGE

I thought you might be interested.

CLAIRE

Oh sure. *(Finds ad)* Attractive, middle-aged couple looking for same. Object: fun and friendship.

GEORGE

You can't have too many friends.

CLAIRE

*(Frowns; reads)* Brown Sugar looking for Sugar Daddy.... Nasty black widow wants to make up for lost time with generous gent.

GEORGE

Nice-looking, isn't she.

CLAIRE

I can't believe people actually put their pictures in here.... Look at this one. Beautiful blonde Swedish twosome... *(Turns paper sideways)* ... with large beach estate and ski chalet looking for young, winsome couple to share the good life with.

GEORGE

I wonder if we're young enough.

CLAIRE

Oh, George. You and your fantasies.

GEORGE

I can't help it if you're such a prude.

*(GEORGE gets off the bike and walks toward kitchen. CLAIRE yells after him.)*

CLAIRE

Yeah, I'm a prude. Just like 99 percent of the population.

GEORGE

*(From kitchen)* That's not true. Lots of couples are, uh— *(Entering with drink)* screwing around.

CLAIRE

Yeah, name one.

GEORGE

The Devereauxs.

CLAIRE

The Devereauxs.... Who are they?

GEORGE

I played tennis with Darrin Devereaux last week at the club. Great guy. They live just a couple blocks from here. He and his wife are major swingers.

CLAIRE

How do you know?

GEORGE

He told me. Says it does wonders for the marriage. And he should know.

CLAIRE

*(Pause)* Does he know about sexually transmitted diseases?

GEORGE

Yes, he knows about sexually transmitted diseases. Says he always wears a rubber.... And so would I.

CLAIRE

You hate rubbers.

GEORGE

No, I don't. *(Looks proudly at long-necked bottle)* Not since they started making them extra-large.

CLAIRE

*(Shaking head)* The fantasy continues. *(Moves closer to him)* George, do you love me?

GEORGE

Of course I love you.

CLAIRE

Then why do you want to make love to another woman?

GEORGE

I don't wanna make love to her. *(Moves away)* I just wanna have sex with her.

Oh George.

CLAIRE

There's a big difference, you know.

GEORGE

Be serious.

CLAIRE

I am serious.... Making love is a deep, romantic, emotional act between two people who really care about each other... You and I make love.

GEORGE

Yeah, every once in a lunar eclipse.

CLAIRE

Having sex, on the other hand, is nothing more than raw, unbridled lust – just for the hell of it. No strings attached; no commitment. *(Pause)* Understand?

GEORGE

Yeah, I understand. *(Crosses towards him)* Why can't we "have sex" together? I'd love some of that unbridled lust every once in a while.

CLAIRE

*(Moves away)* Impossible.

GEORGE

Why?

CLAIRE

*(After sipping)* We're married.

GEORGE

George!

*(SFX: PHONE RINGS again. Although GEORGE hurries to answer, he's too far away and CLAIRE reaches the phone first.)*

CLAIRE

Hello?... What? Speak up. *(Sarcastically)* No, this isn't George Wells. Who is this?... Oh. Just a second. *(To GEORGE)* Pandora would like to speak to you.

GEORGE

I don't know any Pandora.

CLAIRE

Well, she claims to know you. Take the phone, George.

*(Reluctantly, GEORGE takes the phone.)*

GEORGE

George Wells.... *(Nervously)* Oh, hi – Dora. *(With hand over phone; to CLAIRE)* A business acquaintance. *(Into phone)* Say, Dora, can I call you back; I'm busy with my wife right now.... Yeah, I'd appreciate it. Bye.

*(GEORGE quickly hangs up.)*

CLAIRE

You've never mentioned a Dora.

GEORGE

I don't mention everyone I do business with.

CLAIRE

What kind of business is she in?

GEORGE

Uh-h.... Telemarketing. *(Quickly)* Look, I better go get baseball tickets.

CLAIRE

Why don't you buy them on the Internet?

GEORGE

And pay those ridiculous "handling fees"? No thank you.

*(GEORGE sets the bottle on the table and crosses to the closet to get a jacket.)*

CLAIRE

Remember, no doubleheaders.

GEORGE

Do the best I can. *(Kisses her on cheek)* Bye, honey.

CLAIRE

Drive carefully.

GEORGE

*(Opens door, closes door and then turns back)* By the way, I invited the Devereauxs over Friday night.

CLAIRE

The Devereauxs?

GEORGE

You know. *(Hits palm against fist)*

CLAIRE

George!

*(Before GEORGE can open the door again, there is a knock on the door.)*

GEORGE

Who is it?

VOICE, *Off*

Flor-ence Fletcher!

GEORGE

Ohmigod, the Whiney Wino!

*(Agony suddenly fills GEORGE'S face; CLAIRE tries to hide behind a nook or cranny.)*

CLAIRE

*(Whispering)* I'm not here.

*(Unfortunately for CLAIRE, GEORGE opens the door revealing FLORENCE FLETCHER, an unsmiling woman in her fifties—at least.)*

GEORGE

Florence.

FLORENCE

George. Is Claire home?

GEORGE

Sure is. Right there. *(Points)*

*(CLAIRE quickly appears before FLORENCE is any the wiser.)*

CLAIRE

Hi, Florence. Come in.

GEORGE

Sorry, can't stay. Just leavin'.

*(GEORGE waves at CLAIRE, then quickly exits past FLORENCE. FLORENCE, a rather stiff, staid woman, enters, wearing her Sunday best set-off with an ungodly hat and carrying a bible indicating she has been to church.)*

CLAIRE

How was church?

FLORENCE

Wonderful. Mind if I sit down?

Oh no, please do.

CLAIRE

Thank you. (*Carefully takes seat*)

FLORENCE

How are you today?

CLAIRE

Not too good; not too good at all.

FLORENCE

Oh, really, that's too—

CLAIRE

Did you hear what our cable company is planning to do?

FLORENCE

No, what?

CLAIRE

Install an X-rated channel.

FLORENCE

Really? By the way, did you know they don't use the letter "X" anymore? Now, it's NC-17.

CLAIRE

Well, it oughtta be S-M-U-T.

FLORENCE

You're obviously upset.

CLAIRE

Aren't you?

FLORENCE

Well.... I don't see what harm it could do as long as there's parental control—

CLAIRE

(*Talking over her*) Oh, it does a lot of harm, believe me. That disgusting filth poisons the mind.

FLORENCE

Think so?

CLAIRE

I know so. Pornography is destroying our civilization. Just like it did The Roman Empire.

FLORENCE

CLAIRE

*(Impishly)* Gee. I didn't think Nero had a TiVo.

FLORENCE

This is hardly a laughing matter, Claire.... I just wish I could destroy every X-rated movie ever made.

CLAIRE

That'd be pretty hard to do.

FLORENCE

Maybe so.... But our homeowners' association can sure as heck keep those degenerates from showing pornography.

CLAIRE

We can?

FLORENCE

We most certainly can. Remember how successful we were in keeping those male dancers out of town.

CLAIRE

*(Wistfully)* Yeah.... I remember. Say, how about some coffee?

FLORENCE

*(Brightening)* I'd rather have wine—red if you have it.

CLAIRE

Wine? In the morning, Florence?

FLORENCE

Wine is the perfect drink anytime, Claire. Especially red. You know it's been proven beneficial for heart health.

CLAIRE

That's what I hear.

*(CLAIRE crosses towards the bar. As she does, Florence adds—)*

FLORENCE

Bring the bottle.

*(CLAIRE reaches the bar and then reaches for a bottle. As she does, FLORENCE looks around and spots GEORGE'S "paper." She reaches over and grabs it.)*

FLORENCE

Mind if I take a peek at your paper?

CLAIRE

What paper?

*(CLAIRE looks at FLORENCE and realizes exactly what she is about to read. She thinks for a moment, then yells—)*

CLAIRE

Florence!!!

*(Forgetting the wine, CLAIRE rushes over and grabs the paper out of a frightened FLORENCE'S hand.)*

FLORENCE

What!?

*(CLAIRE thinks for a moment, then rolls up the paper and begins swatting at the sofa behind FLORENCE.)*

FLORENCE

What's wrong!?

*(FLORENCE leans away and CLAIRE swats at the sofa a couple more times.)*

CLAIRE

Got it!

FLORENCE

What?

CLAIRE

*(Looks at paper; grimaces)* What a mess.

*(CLAIRE quickly walks toward the kitchen.)*

FLORENCE

Claire, what was it?

*(CLAIRE looks at the rolled-up paper.)*

CLAIRE

A nasty black widow.

FLORENCE

*(Recoils anew)* Oh my goodness!

*(With an impish grin on her grin, CLAIRE exits into the kitchen as LIGHTS FADE OUT.)*

End of Act I; Scene I

## **ACT I; SCENE II**

*(AT RISE: The Well's living room five days later. It is Friday evening. GRETCHEN and DARRIN DEVEREAUX are by themselves in the Wells' living room. Tanned and attractive, they are 10 to 15 years younger than the WELLS. DARRIN DEVEREAUX is sitting on the chair next to the sofa, while his wife, GRETCHEN, brushes her hair in front of a mirror.)*

DARRIN

Your hair's gonna fall out if you're not careful.

GRETCHEN

I'm just trying to look good, Darrin.

DARRIN

Honey, you look sublime.

GRETCHEN

Is that good or bad?

DARRIN

You know, Gretchen, you should read a book every now and then instead of watching television 24/7.

GRETCHEN

Who asked you!

DARRIN

Sublime is not a particularly difficult vocabulary word, dear.

GRETCHEN

Hey, you coulda married a librarian, you know. You weren't so interested in big words when we were dating.

DARRIN

Hey, I thought you were just playing dumb.

GRETCHEN

What the hell does that mean!?

*(GEORGE enters from kitchen carrying a tray of drinks.)*

GEORGE

Is everybody happy?

GRETCHEN

*(Forced smile)* Oh yes, we're sublimely happy.

GEORGE

*(Unsure how to react)* Oh.... Well, I thought you two might like an after-dinner cocktail.

DARRIN

You're a mind reader, George, ol' boy. *(Grabs a drink)* Thank you.

GEORGE

You're entirely welcome.... Gretchen?

GRETCHEN

Sure, I'd love one.

GEORGE

Your wish is my command.

*(GEORGE gives her a drink and takes his drink off the tray, leaving one left.)*

DARRIN

Ah, tasty. Say, George, where's that attractive wife of yours?

GEORGE

I don't know. *(Looks back)* She was right behind me. *(Yells towards kitchen)* Claire!

CLAIRE

Yes!

GEORGE

What are you doing!?

CLAIRE

The dishes!

GEORGE

*(Forced smile)* Can't the dishes wait?

CLAIRE

I'm almost done!

GRETCHEN

*(Crosses towards kitchen)* I should probably help.

GEORGE

*(Quickly stops her)* Oh no, Claire has her own special way of doing dishes. You'd just be in her way.

GRETCHEN

*(Stops)* Oh.... Okay. *(Plops on sofa)*

DARRIN

That was a great dinner, George. I'm full.

GRETCHEN

Me too. I wish I could cook half as good as your wife.

DARRIN

So do I.

*(GRETCHEN glares at DARRIN. GEORGE quickly jumps in.)*

GEORGE

Uh, Claire's had a lot more practice, I'm sure.

DARRIN

Say, George, I left something in the car. *(Sets drink down; crosses to front door)* I'll be right back.

GEORGE

Sure.... Take your time. *(Smiles at GRETCHEN)*

DARRIN

Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

*(DARRIN exits. GEORGE takes a seat next to GRETCHEN.)*

GRETCHEN

It's so hot tonight.

GEORGE

Isn't it. *(Mops brow)*

GRETCHEN

Do you have a hot tub?

GEORGE

No. *(Frowns)* But I could dig one. Take about an hour.

GRETCHEN

*(Pause)* My favorite thing in the whole world is kicking back in a hot tub with a bottle of wine.

GEORGE

Yeah?

GRETCHEN

Yeah, I really get crazy.

GEORGE

There's a pool out back.

GRETCHEN

*(Teasingly)* Pools are for swimming, George. *(Rises)* I better go help your wife. I'm sure she could use some company.

*(Despite GEORGE'S sad look, GRETCHEN exits into the kitchen.)*

GEORGE

*(Peeved; talks to self)* I knew I shoulda built that hot tub. *(Mimics CLAIRE)* But, George, shouldn't we spend the money on something we really need? Like a new sofa. *(Kicks sofa)* Ouch!

*(GRETCHEN re-enters in time to see GEORGE kick the sofa.)*

GRETCHEN

Something wrong, George?

GEORGE

*(Forced smile)* Oh, nothing. Is Claire done with the dishes?

GRETCHEN

Yeah.

GEORGE

Good.

GRETCHEN

Now she's mopping the floor.

GEORGE

What!?

GRETCHEN

Cleanest kitchen I ever saw.

*(GEORGE quickly starts to kitchen, but GRETCHEN stops him.)*

GRETCHEN

Uh, George, I need to freshen up a bit.

GEORGE

Oh sure. *(Points)* Bathroom's straight down the hallway; first door on the left.

GRETCHEN

Thank you.

GEORGE

You're welcome.

*(GEORGE smiles until GRETCHEN exits, then quickly storms toward kitchen.)*

GEORGE

Claire!?

*(GEORGE exits to kitchen and moments later, re-enters behind CLAIRE, who's putting on rubber gloves.)*

CLAIRE

But the oven needs cleaning.

GEORGE

The oven can wait.... What's wrong with you, Claire? We have guests over, and you're spit-shining the kitchen. How rude can you get?

CLAIRE

*(Hopefully)* Did they go home?

GEORGE

No, they didn't go home.... Claire, why don't you want to socialize with our guests?

CLAIRE

I don't mind socializing with them.... I just don't want to have an orgy with them.

GEORGE

Oh, come on, Claire. I'm not interested in having an orgy. *(Pause)* Maybe foolin' around a bit.

CLAIRE

Oh George.

GEORGE

You don't think Darrin's good-looking?

CLAIRE

He's very good-looking.... That doesn't mean I want to fool around with him.

GEORGE

*(Pause)* He thinks you're attractive.

CLAIRE

Sure. (*Obviously flattered*) How do you know?

GEORGE

He said so.

CLAIRE

He did not.

GEORGE

Yes, he did. While you were spit-shining the kitchen.

CLAIRE

That reminds me. I have to finish the oven. (*Walks toward kitchen*)

GEORGE

Claire!

(*Despite GEORGE'S protest, CLAIRE exits—just before DARRIN re-enters, holding a liquor bottle and a box of some sort.*)

DARRIN

Where is everyone?

GEORGE

Gretchen's in the bathroom. (*Pause; frowns*) Claire's in the kitchen.

DARRIN

Still?... You know, George, I get the feeling Claire doesn't like me.

GEORGE

Oh no, that's not true. She likes you a lot.... In fact, she just said you're good-looking.

DARRIN

(*Pleased*) Yeah?

GEORGE

Very good-looking, in fact. (*Pause*) What's all that?

DARRIN

Oh, I brought you a bottle of my favorite liquor.

GEORGE

That's nice of you. (*Takes bottle*) Thank you.

DARRIN

Welcome.

GEORGE

*(Examining bottle)* I've never tried ouzo.

DARRIN

Tastes great. Why don't we have some?

GEORGE

Why not.

*(GEORGE grabs some glasses from the bar and prepares to open the bottle.)*

DARRIN

I also brought our trivia game. Thought you two might like to play.

GEORGE

*(As he pours drinks)* To tell the truth, Darrin, I'm no good at trivia. Don't have the memory for—

*(GEORGE is interrupted by GRETCHEN, who reenters.)*

GRETCHEN

You have an awesome house, George.

GEORGE

Yeah. *(Irritated)* Except for no hot tub. *(Quickly)* Say, would you like a drink?

GRETCHEN

Sure.

GEORGE

It's the liquor you and Darrin brought.

GRETCHEN

*(Mispronouncing)* Ow-zo?

GEORGE

No, ouzo.

GRETCHEN

I know, silly. I call it Ow-zo 'cause it's so strong. Don't gimme too much.

DARRIN

It's not that strong, dear. Gretchen thinks any drink without fruit and a plastic umbrella is too strong.

*(GRETCHEN frowns at DARRIN, but quickly smiles as GEORGE gives her a drink.)*

GRETCHEN

Thank you, George.... Is Claire still in the kitchen?

GEORGE

*(Frowns towards kitchen)* Still.

DARRIN

George, whaddya say we swap wives for a while.

GRETCHEN

Darrin!

DARRIN

I always wanted a clean kitchen.

*(CLAIRE enters with a huge tray of food.)*

CLAIRE

Who's hungry! *(Deafening silence)* Don't all speak at once.

GEORGE

Honey, we just ate a big dinner.

CLAIRE

I know. I just thought you might want a little snack.

GEORGE

A little snack? Looks like you're feeding an army.

DARRIN

*(Walks toward CLAIRE)* You know, I'm still a tad hungry.

CLAIRE

Try the canapés. They're my specialty.

DARRIN

*(Moves closer)* Which ones?

CLAIRE

Here. *(Hands one to DARREN)*

DARRIN

Thank you. *(Looks into her eyes)* If they're half as good as your dinner, they're delicious.

CLAIRE

Oh. *(A bit uneasy)* Thank you. *(Moves away)* Anyone want coffee?

GEORGE

No one wants coffee, dear.

CLAIRE

How do you know? Gretchen, would you like some coffee?

GRETCHEN

Oh, no thanks. I never mix my drinks.

CLAIRE

How about you, Darrin?

DARRIN

Oh no. (*Moves closer to CLAIRE*) I'm already stimulated.

CLAIRE

(*Steps back*) Maybe I'll have a cup.

GEORGE

You know you'll be up all night if you do.

CLAIRE

You're right. I think I'll fix some decaf. (*Crosses towards kitchen*)

GEORGE

Claire, for heaven's sake! (*She stops*) The Devereauxs came by to visit both of us. Not just me.

DARRIN

That's right, Claire. It almost looks like you're trying to avoid us.

CLAIRE

Oh no—not at all.

GEORGE

Then have a seat. And a drink.

CLAIRE

I'm not much of a drinker.

GEORGE

It's some Ouzo Darrin brought. At least give it a try.

CLAIRE

Well, maybe one small drink.

GEORGE

That's more like it.

*(GEORGE pours a big drink for CLAIRE.)*

DARRIN

Good for you, Claire.

*(There is A SLOW FADE TO BLACK. Moments later the LIGHTS RESTORE. EVERYONE has been drinking and ALL are highly intoxicated; laughing—including CLAIRE. DARRIN has his shoes off and is standing on the sofa.)*

DARRIN

Did you hear the one about the rich guy who lost a fortune in the stock market?

GEORGE

No—tell us.

DARRIN

Well, this guy comes home to his mansion and tells his wife, "Honey, I just lost a bundle on Wall Street. We're gonna have to fire the cook, so you better ask her to teach you how to cook."... Right away, the wife says, "Well, I guess we'll have to fire the chauffeur, too, so you better ask him to teach you how to screw."

*(ALL laugh, particularly CLAIRE—until GEORGE glares at her. There's a pause and then—)*

DARRIN

Hey, I've got an idea: why don't we play our trivia game.

CLAIRE

Oh no; George hates trivia.

GEORGE

More than anything.

CLAIRE

Except foreplay.

*(Again, ALL laugh—except George.)*

GRETCHEN

Why don't you like trivia games, George?

GEORGE

They just test your memory. And mine's not that good.

DARRIN

Have you ever played Strip Trivia?

GEORGE  
Strip... Trivia?

DARRIN  
Yeah; every time you miss a question, you take off a piece of clothing.

GEORGE  
Let's play!

DARRIN  
What about Claire?

GEORGE  
Naw, she won't play.

CLAIRE  
Whaddya mean? I'm great at trivia.

GEORGE  
But this is strip trivia.

CLAIRE  
I know, George. I heard.

GEORGE  
*(Grabs bottle)* I gotta get more of this stuff.

DARRIN  
*(Rises)* I'll set it up. *(Fetching game)* Let's play the fast version.

GEORGE  
The fast version?

DARRIN  
Yeah; you keep stripping—till you answer a question right.

GEORGE  
Fine with me. What about you, honey?

CLAIRE  
I'm game.

GEORGE  
Hurry up before she changes her mind.

DARRIN  
Go ahead, George; you can ask the questions.

GEORGE

Okay, I'll randomly pick someone to go first.

*(GEORGE puts one hand over his eyes, then moves the other hand around the room quickly, stopping when it points at GRETCHEN.)*

GEORGE

*(Uncovers eyes)* Gretchen goes first.

GRETCHEN

*(Mock anger)* Real random, George.

GEORGE

*(Looks at first card)* One of the most misspelled words in English is "rhythm." Spell it.

CLAIRE

I can!

GEORGE

*(Firmly)* It's not your turn, dear.

DARRIN

Gretchen's a terrible speller. She still can't spell "Devereaux."

GRETCHEN

*(Proudly)* I-T.

GEORGE

What?

GRETCHEN

That's how you spell "it," right?

*(GEORGE pauses; realizes what's happened.)*

GEORGE

No, Gretchen; when I said spell "it," I meant you were supposed to spell "rhythm."

DARRIN

Nice try, dear.

CLAIRE

I vote for Gretchen.

GRETCHEN

Thanks, Claire.

GEORGE

No way, Gretchen. Spell “rhythm”... or pay the consequences.

GRETCHEN

I know it starts with an "r."

GEORGE

Time's running out.

GRETCHEN

*(Frowns)* Oh, I can't spell rhythm. *(Smiles, then shakes hips wickedly)* But I definitely got it.

CLAIRE

*(After a pause)* Rhythm. R-H-Y-T-H-M. Rhythm.

GEORGE

Wonderful, dear. Gretchen, you owe us a piece of clothing.

GRETCHEN

*(Faking displeasure)* All right.

*(GRETCHEN stands up, touches her clothing as if she's going to take off her blouse or skirt—but removes a shoe instead.)*

DARRIN

Two shoes count as one.

GEORGE

*(Quickly)* Yeah.

GRETCHEN

Whatever. *(Removes other shoe)*

GEORGE

Next question. *(Pulls a card)*

GRETCHEN

Gimme one on Brad Pitt.

GEORGE

Sorry.... Who wrote the Pulitzer Prize-winning play "Death of a Salesman"?

CLAIRE

Oh, I know that.

GEORGE

It's still not your turn.

GRETCHEN

Oh, I'm not good at murder mysteries.

DARRIN

I'll give you a hint.

GEORGE

No, don't!

DARRIN

Don't worry; she'll never get it. *(Starts to sing)* Where have you gone Joe DiMaggio—

GRETCHEN

Marilyn Monroe?

DARRIN

See I told you: she's not the sharpest tool in the drawer.

GRETCHEN

What!?

GEORGE

*(Quickly)* Marilyn Monroe was a very sexy actress, Gretchen. Almost as sexy as you.

GRETCHEN

Why, thank you, George.

DARRIN

I bet Claire knows who wrote "Death of a Salesman."

CLAIRE

Arthur Miller.

DARRIN

Claire, you're not only extremely attractive, you're very smart, too.

CLAIRE

Oh, thank you.... And you were on the right track, Gretchen. Joe DiMaggio married Marilyn Monroe before Arthur Miller did.

GRETCHEN

Really? So there, Darrin.

GEORGE

Okay, Marilyn—er Gretchen. You owe us more clothes.

*(GEORGE salivates as GRETCHEN appears to have reached "the point of no return." She grabs for the top button of her blouse, but instead continues to move her hands up until she reaches her eyes and begins fiddling with one of them.)*

GEORGE

Whaddya doing?

GRETCHEN

Taking out my contacts.

GEORGE

That's not fair.

GRETCHEN

Sure it is. I wear contact lenses.

DARRIN

She always pulls this. Don't worry, George; she's just prolonging the inevitable.

GEORGE

Two count as one.

GRETCHEN

I know, I know.

CLAIRE

Can you see without your contacts?

DARRIN

She can't see a thing.

CLAIRE

That'll save George some embarrassment if he has to take off his shorts.

GEORGE

*(Snarls)* Very funny, Claire.

GRETCHEN

I'm just gonna pretend like I took 'em out.

GEORGE

Fine, fine. *(Grabs next card)* Next question. "White Christmas is the best-selling record of all-time. Who wrote it?"

CLAIRE

Oh, I know that.

GEORGE

Claire, please! Why don't you just tell us if you don't know the answer.

GRETCHEN

"White Christmas," huh?

DARRIN

The interesting thing is that "White Christmas" was written by a Jewish composer.

GEORGE

Time's running out.

GRETCHEN

I have no idea.... Adam Sandler.

DARRIN

*(Laughing)* Adam Sandler?

GRETCHEN

He's Jewish, isn't he?

DARRIN

Try Irving Berlin.

GRETCHEN

Never heard of him.

DARRIN

*(Shakes head)* Never heard of Irving Berlin, but she worships Michael Bolton.

GRETCHEN

Hey, what's wrong with Michael Bolton?

GEORGE

*(Quickly)* Nothing, Gretchen. We're waiting.

*(Now down to the "bare essentials," GRETCHEN begins to unbutton her blouse. As she does, she starts humming – or trying to sing– "White Christmas." Unable to contain his enthusiasm, GEORGE begins humming or singing, too; two or three times faster than GRETCHEN.)*

DARRIN

*(As GRETCHEN removes her blouse)* I gave Gretchen that bra on her birthday.

GEORGE

Bet you didn't use much wrapping paper.

DARRIN

Wait'll you see the matching panties.

GEORGE

*(Quickly grabs next card)* Next question, Gretchen. *(Gleefully)* Oh, this could be a tough one.

DARRIN

They're all tough for her.

GEORGE

Be nice, Darrin.... Okay, Gretchen, What is the largest organ in the human body?

GRETCHEN

*(Smirks)* Well, it's not Darrin's willy.

DARRIN

Very funny Gretchen. *(Pause)* In truth, my, uh, willy is more than adequate. And I have more than a few references, believe me...

GEORGE

Oh, we believe you, Darrin... Gretchen, what is the human body's largest organ?

*(GRETCHEN acts stumped, then proudly.)*

GRETCHEN

The skin?

DARRIN

The skin isn't an organ, dear.

GEORGE

*(Looking at back of card)* Oh yes it is. *(Unhappily)* The largest one as a matter of fact. *(Reads)* The skin weighs about six pounds, which is nearly twice as large as the brain or the liver.

CLAIRE

Amazing! How did you know that, Gretchen?

GRETCHEN

*(Smirking; towards DARRIN)* I saw it on Doctor Oz.

CLAIRE

Oh, I love Doctor Oz. He's great, isn't he?

GRETCHEN

For sure. He can give me a physical exam anytime.

GEORGE

Can we discuss doctors later. *(Picks up new card)* We're playing a game.

DARRIN

My turn.

GRETCHEN

Not for long. Darrin's middle name is trivia.

DARRIN

Oh, I miss a question. Every year or so.

GEORGE

Pretty confident, eh?... Okay, according to the famous quote, "Music has charms to soothe the savage" what?...

DARRIN

*(Shakes head)* Slam dunk. Beast. Savage beast.

GEORGE

Darrin blows the lay-up!

DARRIN

What?

GEORGE

It's "Music soothes the savage BREAST."

DARRIN

You're kidding?

GEORGE

I kid you not. Look.

*(GEORGE shows DARRIN the card.)*

DARRIN

That's ridiculous. Must be a typo. Who's ever heard of a savage breast?

GRETCHEN

Darrin, you tell me I have killer breasts.

GEORGE

Touché, Gretchen.

DARRIN

*(Frowning at GRETCHEN)* That's got to be a mistake. *(Pause)* Claire, help me out.

CLAIRE

I always thought it was "savage beast."

Darrin, it's only a game.

GEORGE

C'mon, Darrin; don't be a poor sport.

GRETCHEN

But I know that's the wrong answer.

DARRIN

*(There is an extended pause.)*

If you're not gonna play, neither am I.

GRETCHEN

C'mon, Darrin!

GEORGE

Okay, okay. But I'm playing this game under protest. *(Starts to unbutton shirt)*

DARRIN

Your shirt first?

GRETCHEN

Hey, I won't miss any more questions.

DARRIN

Besides Darrin wants to show us his savage breasts.

CLAIRE

*(After smiling at CLAIRE, DARRIN mimics GRETCHEN by humming or singing "White Christmas" as he takes off his shirt. After removing it, he tosses it at a blushing Claire.)*

Okay, Darrin, who is considered to be the father of exis—existen—uh...

GEORGE

Existentialism. Jean-Paul Sartre.

DARRIN

That's right. How'd you know that?

GEORGE

I was a philosophy major in college.

DARRIN

You were? So was I.

CLAIRE

DARRIN  
Really? Free will or determinism?

CLAIRE  
Oh, free will, of course.

DARRIN  
Me too.

CLAIRE  
*(Expounds)* I am the master of my ship. I am the captain of my fate.

GEORGE  
Say, can we postpone the poetry reading for the time being? We're playing a game.

GRETCHEN  
*(Provocatively)* Your turn, George.

DARRIN  
*(Grabs a card)* Okay, George; your question is on cooking.

CLAIRE  
He might as well strip right now.

GEORGE  
Hey, I can cook.

CLAIRE  
Yeah, you should see what he does with hot dogs in the microwave.

*(CLAIRE makes an exploding sound and gesture, which causes ALL to laugh, save GEORGE.)*

DARRIN  
What is the main ingredient in Welsh rabbit?

CLAIRE  
Oh, that's too easy.

GEORGE  
Welsh rabbit? Trick question, right?

*(GEORGE sneaks a peak at GRETCHEN, who wiggles her fingers above her head like bunny ears.)*

DARREN  
No comment.

Rabbit, what else.

GEORGE

Try cheese.

DARRIN

No wonder your Welsh rabbit tastes so peculiar, dear.

CLAIRE

*(GEORGE frowns at CLAIRE as he begins to remove his shirt.)*

Not your shirt.

CLAIRE

If it's good enough for Darrin, it's good enough for me.

GEORGE

*(After removing his shirt, GEORGE flexes as best he can.)*

Next question, George. What's the traditional gift for a married couple's 20th anniversary?

DARRIN

20th anniversary? Hm-m....

GEORGE

George, you should know this. Our 20th anniversary is this year.

CLAIRE

You guys have been married 20 years?

GRETCHEN

*(Quickly)* I got married at age 12.

GEORGE

*(To Claire)* How old is George, anyway?

GRETCHEN

*(GEORGE and CLAIRE answer simultaneously.)*

34.

GEORGE

42.

CLAIRE

No-o.

GRETCHEN

GEORGE

*(Frowns at CLAIRE)* Thanks a lot, Claire.

GRETCHEN

Hey, as far as I'm concerned, men get better as they get older.

GEORGE

Actually, I'm 43.

DARRIN

Uh, George, you're avoiding the question.

GEORGE

20th anniversary? Um-m.... A noose.

CLAIRE

Oh George! C'mon, it's china.

DARRIN

That's right.

GEORGE

Guess that means I have to strip.

GRETCHEN

Better believe it.

*(GEORGE starts to remove his pants.)*

GEORGE

China this, Claire.

*(GEORGE strips down to comical-looking shorts, decorated with something like hearts or baseball gloves and bats.)*

DARRIN

Next question, George. What's the only bird that can fly backwards?

GEORGE

*(Smug smile)* The hummingbird.... Sorry, ladies.

DARRIN

That's right; I didn't know hummingbirds could fly backwards.

GEORGE

Backwards, forwards, up, down. Claire's got feeders all over the place.

CLAIRE

They're crazy about George's Welsh rabbit.

GEORGE

Loosen up a little, Claire.

DARRIN

Speaking of Claire, it's her turn. *(Pulls out card)* What do you call a horse that's had his testicles removed?

GEORGE

*(Quickly)* Unhappy.

CLAIRE

*(Fake frown)* A gelding.

DARREN

Wrong.

CLAIRE

What?

DARREN

No, you're right. Unfortunately.

DARRIN

That was too easy; let's give her another question.

GEORGE

No way. It's Gretchen's turn... *(Pulls card)* And here's your question, my dear... What's the population of New York City?

GRETCHEN

What?

GEORGE

Within 10 people.

GRETCHEN

That's a tough one.

DARRIN

*(Sarcastically)* Honey, he's pulling your leg.

GEORGE

*(Hopefully)* Not yet. *(Looks at card)* Ah, a question on television.

DARRIN  
She might get this one.

GEORGE  
What comedian was known as "Mr. Television"?

GRETCHEN  
"Mr. Television"? Oh, I know, I know.

DARRIN  
Bet she doesn't.

GRETCHEN  
Mr. T.

DARRIN  
Mr. T.?

GRETCHEN  
Yeah; that's short for Mr. Television.

DARRIN  
(*Shaking head*) Gretchen, Gretchen.

GEORGE  
Milton Berle was called "Mr. Television."

GRETCHEN  
Oh yeah; one of those guys on "60 Minutes."

DARRIN  
No dear; Milton Berle was TV's first big star—back in the early 50s.

GRETCHEN  
How would you know? You weren't even born back then.

DARRIN  
Hey, I wasn't alive in 1780 either. But I know George Washington was our first President.

GRETCHEN  
Aren't you special.

GEORGE  
C'mon, kids; let's not fight.

GRETCHEN  
I need another drink.

GEORGE

Comin' right up.

*(As GEORGE rises to pour another drink, GRETCHEN stands and removes her skirt... A distracted GEORGE can't help but miss GRETCHEN's glass.)*

CLAIRE

George!

GEORGE

Sorry. *(Grabs card)* We're getting down to the nitty-gritty.

DARRIN

Gretchen lost the last time we played, too.

GRETCHEN

I haven't lost yet.

GEORGE

*(Reads from card)* What is the only state in the United States with one syllable in its name?... Ooh, that's tough.

GRETCHEN

I'm not even sure what a syllable is.

GEORGE

No help anyone!

CLAIRE

Oh, c'mon, George. *(Pause)* Hm-m.... A syllable is hard to define. Maybe an example will help. *(Thinks)* Gretchen, both "Brad" and "Pitt" are examples of syllables. One sound without a, um, break in your voice.

GEORGE

That's enough, Claire.

CLAIRE

I gave her very little help, if any.

GRETCHEN

*(Brightening)* You helped me a lot, Claire. I think I know.

GEORGE

Thanks, Claire. *(Pause)* Time's up, Gretchen. What's the only state with one syllable?

GRETCHEN

Um.... Pittsburgh!

GEORGE

*(After some muffled laughs along with DARREN's guffaw)* Wrong, Gretchen. But good guess.

GRETCHEN

But Pitt.... Pittsburgh?

DARREN

That's wrong on so many levels, Gretchen.... First of all—

GEORGE

No time for explanations, Wise Guy. Just tell her the answer.

DARREN

What? Well, uh....

CLAIRE

*(After a long pause)* Maine.

DARREN

Of course.

CLAIRE

That was really hard, Gretchen. Most woulda missed it.

GRETCHEN

*(Pause, then resigned)* Oh, well...

DARRIN

Should have worn your watch, honey.

CLAIRE

Gretchen, you don't have to take off your bra if you don't want to.

GEORGE

Claire!

GRETCHEN

Hey, it's okay; I lost fair and square.... You're all about to see some more of my largest organ.

*(GRETCHEN stands and tries with little success – perhaps on purpose – to unhook her bra.)*

GRETCHEN

George, can you give me a hand.

GEORGE

Certainly. Two hands even.

*(GEORGE quickly hops up to help Gretchen.... As he does, DARRIN moves over next to CLAIRE and semi-innocently throws his arm behind her neck. Unfortunately for GEORGE, he is so excited that his hands are shaking and he's having a tough time undoing the bra.)*

GRETCHEN

Ouch!

GEORGE

Sorry.

*(GRETCHEN'S back is to the audience when GEORGE finally manages to finish the job. Just as he does, the front door opens and a young man enters—specifically, the Wells' collegiate-looking son, TODD. Barely visible behind TODD is his guest, JOYCE.)*

GEORGE

Todd!!!

TODD

*(Simultaneously) Dad!!!*

*(A shocked GEORGE flips the bra in the direction of the visitors.... It's hard to tell who is more stunned, GEORGE or TODD, who, along with JOYCE, is looking at his nearly undressed father face-to-face with a topless woman while his mother sits cozily with another man.... The conclusion to this embarrassing scene is left to the imagination as LIGHTS FADE OUT.)*

End Act I; Scene II

### **ACT I; SCENE III**

*(AT RISE: at the house the following Sunday Morning. No one is in the living room when SFX: PHONE RINGS. When no one comes to answer the phone, GEORGE's curt voice is heard on the answering machine as it begins to play.)*

GEORGE'S VOICE

Wells' home. Leave a message after the tone.

*(There's a short pause, then a BEEP followed by a sultry woman's voice.)*

WOMAN'S VOICE

George, I'd rather moan after the tone. *(Giggles)* This is Pandora, and I'm waiting to tell you how much I'd love to—

*(Before PANDORA can complete her sentence, GEORGE comes running in from the hallway and picks up the phone.)*

GEORGE

Not now, Pandora! I have company. (*Looks nervously toward kitchen*) No, they would not like to listen in on the extension.... Look, I don't think I'll need your services after all.... That's right. (*Frowns*) What!?! You better not bill my credit card.

(*CLAIRE enters from the kitchen.*)

GEORGE

Good-bye! (*Clicks off phone*)

CLAIRE

George, who was that?

GEORGE

Huh?... Oh, just a wrong number.

CLAIRE

Well, you certainly weren't very polite.

GEORGE

C'mon, Claire, how hard is it to dial seven numbers correctly?

CLAIRE

Hey, the kids aren't back, are they?

GEORGE

No, they're not. And Joyce is hardly a kid.

CLAIRE

Her age upsets you, doesn't it?

GEORGE

Well, geez, Claire; she's much older than Todd.

CLAIRE

Just like you're much older than Gretchen Devereaux.

GEORGE

Hey, that's a different story.

CLAIRE

Oh, it is?

GEORGE

Sure it is. Older men and younger women have always been attracted to each other....It's only natural.

CLAIRE

Oh, George—stop kidding yourself.

GEORGE

Well, it's true.

*(GEORGE and CLAIRE sit at the dinette.)*

CLAIRE

*(Pause)* Actually, George, it's much more natural for older women, to, uh, pair up with younger men.

GEORGE

What?

CLAIRE

That's right. According to the experts, a woman reaches her sexual prime in middle age; the male in his late teens—oh, 18, 19, 20....

*(CLAIRE raises one of her hands in a vertical position, then lets it droop after she says "20.")*

CLAIRE, *Continues*

Mother Nature obviously intended younger males to mate with older females.

*(GEORGE is stumped, but only for a moment.)*

GEORGE

You know we got along much better before you started watching Doctor Phil.

CLAIRE

You should watch him. Just last week he said, "You raise your kids the best you can—then hope for the best."

GEORGE

Yeah, well, I wonder how Doctor Phil would feel if his 18-year-old son was getting serious with a much older woman—not to mention a yoga teacher.

CLAIRE

What's wrong with being a yoga teacher?

GEORGE

Aw, c'mon, Claire, how smart do you have to be to teach stretching?

CLAIRE

Joyce is hardly dumb, George. After all, she's one semester short of getting her diploma.

GEORGE

Yeah, a B.A. in nutrition. What kind of Mickey Mouse major is that?... She must be loads of fun at Thanksgiving dinner. *(Mimics)* No gravy or yams for me, thank you.

CLAIRE

*(Pause)* Speaking of nutrition, I'm gonna make some eggs. Want some?

GEORGE

Yeah please, I'm starving. Over easy.

CLAIRE

Yes, I know dear. I've been making your eggs the same way for 20 years. *(Walks toward kitchen)*

GEORGE

I'm just a creature of habit.

CLAIRE

Yeah. Whether it's eggs— *(Impishly)* or the bedroom.

GEORGE

Hey, wait—

CLAIRE

*(Smiling)* Yes?

GEORGE

If I'm so boring, why don't you try Darrin Devereaux?

CLAIRE

Why, so you can "try" Gretchen Devereaux?

GEORGE

It's a thought.

CLAIRE

It's an obsession.

*(CLAIRE exits into the kitchen just before the front door opens and TODD enters holding hands with his new girlfriend, JOYCE. For the first time, JOYCE is completely visible to the audience and it is clear she is at least 10 years older than TODD. GEORGE watches the couple as they enter, noticing, however old she is, JOYCE is attractive and in great shape—and seems to be quite pleasant and not the least concerned about the age difference.)*

TODD

Hi, Dad.

GEORGE  
*(Forcing a smile)* Hi, Todd.... Joyce.

JOYCE  
Good morning, George.

GEORGE  
You two left early this morning.

TODD  
Oh, did we wake you?

GEORGE  
No problem. I love to get up at 4:30 on a Sunday morning.

JOYCE  
We wanted to jog before it got too hot.

GEORGE  
Oh, so you were jogging.

TODD  
Yeah, we ran 10 miles.

GEORGE  
You don't look like you just ran.

TODD  
Afterwards, we went to the gym to lift some weights, then we showered.

GEORGE  
You're "pumping iron," too?

TODD  
Every day. You oughtta try it, Dad. Never felt better.

GEORGE  
Nah, heaviest thing I'll ever lift is a quarter-pounder.

CLAIRE  
*(Entering)* I thought I heard you two.

TODD  
Hi, Mom.

JOYCE  
Hello, Claire.

CLAIRE

Good morning.... Who wants breakfast? I was just about to make some eggs.

JOYCE

Uh, Todd and I were gonna have some granola with flaxseed.

GEORGE

Todd, you'd rather have granola—with flaxseed—than Mom's eggs?

TODD

*(Unconvincingly)* Yeah.

JOYCE

Eggs are the embryos of chickens, you know.

GEORGE

I don't care what they are. They taste good, and that's all that matters.

JOYCE

If it doesn't bother you that eggs contain cholesterol, which is a major cause of heart attacks.

GEORGE

*(Frowns)* Never mind the eggs, Claire.

JOYCE

I didn't mean to spoil your appetite, George.

GEORGE

You didn't! *(Pause, then softer)* No time to eat anyway; we gotta get to the ballpark.

TODD

Oh, I forgot to tell you, Joyce. My dad got us all tickets for a baseball game.

JOYCE

*(Trying to sound enthused)* Oh, how exciting.

CLAIRE

*(Exiting into kitchen)* Have fun.

TODD

Mom's not going?

GEORGE

Not today.

TODD

But she likes baseball.

GEORGE

She does. She doesn't like doubleheaders.

JOYCE

*(Frowns)* We're going to see two games?

GEORGE

*(Devious smile)* Yeah, we'll be gone 6 or 7 hours. At least.

JOYCE

Oh.

GEORGE

Maybe you'd like to stay here and keep Claire Company?

JOYCE

Oh no, I'm game—so to speak. Just give me a second to freshen up. *(Kisses TODD on cheek)*  
I'll be right back, guys.

TODD

*(After JOYCE exits)* Dad, I need to, uh—uh, ask you a very important question.

*(GEORGE assumes a horror-stricken expression.)*

GEORGE

Oh no, Todd; ask me anything but that. Anything.

TODD

What?

GEORGE

Son, use your head; you've only known her a few months—and she's practically old enough to be your mother. Believe me, you need to shop around before you settle down. Don't just marry the first tight butt that comes along.

TODD

Dad!

GEORGE

They'll be plenty more where that—

TODD

Dad!!

GEORGE

What?

TODD

I'm not asking Joyce to marry me.

GEORGE

Oh. *(Pause)* I knew that—but your mother was worried sick....I'll let her know.

TODD

What I wanted to know, Dad, is if you were planning to drink much today.

GEORGE

Well, I plan to have a few beers, sure. *(Frowns)* Why?

TODD

Joyce hates alcohol. She always says, "Lips that touch liquor will never touch mine."

*(A pause as GEORGE curbs the urge to say something he'll regret.)*

GEORGE

Uh, Todd, whatever happened to Jenny?

TODD

Whaddya mean, whatever happened to Jenny?

GEORGE

I thought you two were going together—almost engaged, in fact.

TODD

Yeah, well, college gives you a different perspective on things.

GEORGE

I see. I bet she's really hurt.

TODD

She'll get over it. She's just a kid.

GEORGE

That's right. You are a whole year older, aren't you?

TODD

*(Pause)* You don't like Joyce, do you?

GEORGE

Never mind how I feel. The more important question is, do you like Joyce?

TODD

What? Of course I like Joyce.

GEORGE

Coulda fooled me. As far as I can tell, the two of you have absolutely nothing in common.

TODD

*(Not that convincingly)* Hey, Joyce and I have lots in common. *(Pause)* But even if we didn't, I don't have to justify her to you.

GEORGE

You're right, son. *(Pause)* Just answer me one question.

TODD

What's that?

GEORGE

*(Pause)* Are you having sex with her?

TODD

Dad! That's none of your business

GEORGE

Maybe not. But I certainly hope the answer is no. Take it from one who knows: sex is something that's so special, so intimate... so beautiful that it was meant to be shared only within the sacred bounds of marriage.

*(Holding a bag, CLAIRE enters during the last portion of GEORGE's speech.)*

CLAIRE

Would you please repeat that, George?

GEORGE

*(Caught in the act; looks at watch)* I don't have time, Claire. Where's your friend, Todd? We don't wanna miss the first pitch.

CLAIRE

Speaking of which, I thought you folks might like a snack to take to the game—I mean, games.

TODD

Whatcha got, Mom? *(Takes bag)*

CLAIRE

Oh, a little of everything. Ham sandwiches, chips, homemade chocolate cake.

TODD

Super!

GEORGE

Whaddy mean, super? You can't eat that stuff.

TODD

Why not?

GEORGE

Why not? It's a nutritional nightmare. Loaded with sugar and salt and, uh—preservatives. Joyce would never approve.

*(JOYCE re-enters and TODD quickly hands the bag to GEORGE.)*

TODD

*(Nervously)* Hi honey. Ready to go?

JOYCE

Oh, ready and rarin'.

TODD

You sure you don't wanna go, Mom?

CLAIRE

Never so sure of anything in my whole life.

GEORGE

Your mother would much rather have a piece of chocolate cake— *(Smiles at JOYCE)* while she reads the Sunday paper.

CLAIRE

That's not true, George. I have plenty of chores to do.

GEORGE

Whatever. Let's hit the road. We might be able to grab an autograph or two.

*(GEORGE crosses to the closet to get a jacket and pair of binoculars.)*

CLAIRE

Uh, gee, Joyce; I'm sorry I didn't fix you anything. I wasn't sure what you liked.

JOYCE

That's quite all right. I left some broccoli bars in the fridge. *(Crosses towards kitchen)*

CLAIRE

*(Quickly)* Broccoli bars? I thought they were moldy Snickers—and tossed 'em out.

*(JOYCE frowns while behind her back TODD pumps his arm in celebration and mouths, "Yeah!" She turns in time to catch the tail-end of his exuberance and frowns again.)*

GEORGE

That's okay, Joyce. I'll buy you a couple of foot-long hot dogs and a brewski or two to wash 'em down.

CLAIRE

Remember, George: no more than one beer every three innings.

GEORGE

Unless there's a home run.

CLAIRE

By the HOME team.

GEORGE

Yeah, yeah.

CLAIRE

Have a good time, guys

*(GEORGE, TODD, and JOYCE exit as CLAIRE closes the door, leans against it, smiles, then exits into the kitchen, returning moments later with a piece of chocolate cake and part of the Sunday paper—and wearing a devilish smile.)*

CLAIRE

I lied.

*(CLAIRE sits at the dinette and carefully arranges the paper and the cake in front of her. Just as she's about to take her first bite, however, there's a loud knock at the door. She frowns and doesn't move as if debating whether to answer.)*

MALE VOICE, *Off*

Claire!

*(CLAIRE throws the paper aside, rises and crosses to the front door.)*

CLAIRE

*(Before opening)* Who is it!?

VOICE

Darrin!

CLAIRE

*(Puzzled)* Darrin?

VOICE

Darrin Devereaux.

*(CLAIRE realizes who her caller is. She looks in the mirror, frowns, pats at her hair, frowns again, then opens the door to the trivia-playing DARRIN who is dressed in a sporty tennis outfit.)*

DARRIN  
Hello there.

CLAIRE  
H-hi.

DARRIN  
*(Pause)* I was wrong.

CLAIRE  
Oh really?... About what?

DARRIN  
That quote. "Savage breast" was the correct answer.

CLAIRE  
What?... Oh.

*(As DARRIN talks, he walks a few feet inside the home.)*  
.

DARRIN  
"Savage breast" must be an oxymoron.

CLAIRE  
An oxymoron?

DARRIN  
You know: words that seem like the opposite of each other. Jumbo shrimp. Military intelligence.... Microsoft Works. Savage breast.

CLAIRE  
Oh, I see. Maybe.... Look, Darrin.

DARRIN  
I wanted to apologize to George personally. Is he here?

CLAIRE  
Uh, well, he's not here right now.

DARRIN  
He's not?

CLAIRE  
No. He went to a baseball game—er games.

DARRIN  
Oh. *(Though he's already inside)* Mind if I come in?

CLAIRE

What? No, I guess not. (*Looks outside door*) Where's Gretchen?

DARRIN

Right now? (*Looks at watch*) Watching The Cartoon Network.

CLAIRE

Oh.

DARRIN

Beautiful day.

CLAIRE

Looks like it. I haven't been out yet.

DARRIN

I've already played three sets of tennis.... Do you play?

CLAIRE

No, I don't.

DARRIN

You must do some sort of exercising. To keep in such great shape.

CLAIRE

(*Slightly uncomfortable*) I go to the gym a lot. Look, uh, Darrin—

DARRIN

Claire, I have to be honest with you. I knew George wouldn't be here.

CLAIRE

You did?

DARRIN

He asked me if I wanted to go to the game with him.

CLAIRE

(*Uneasy*) Oh. Don't you like baseball?

DARRIN

I love it.... I just wanted to talk to you. Alone. (*Moves closer*)

CLAIRE

About what?

DARRIN

About... us.

Us?

CLAIRE

(Pause) You know you really excite me.

DARRIN

(Moves back) Now wait just a second.

CLAIRE

Don't worry, Claire. I'd never touch you, I swear. Without your permission, I mean.

DARRIN

Look, Darrin; I really think you need to leave.

CLAIRE

Don't I turn you on?

DARRIN

What? Well, of course not.

CLAIRE

You don't have to get mean.

DARRIN

I'm not mean.... I'm married.

CLAIRE

So am I.

DARRIN

Yeah right.... And does your wife know you here?

CLAIRE

(Matter-of-factly) No. But she wouldn't mind, believe me.

DARRIN

Yes, well, George would mind, believe me.

CLAIRE

I'm not so sure. I'd be willing to bet your husband would be more than willing to partake in some, uh, mixed doubles.

DARRIN

(Pause) And I'd bet you'd lose that bet.... And even if he was interested, I'm certainly not.

CLAIRE

Why not?

DARRIN

CLAIRE

I don't have to give you a reason.

DARRIN

I know. I'm just curious, that's all. Do you want me to leave?

CLAIRE

*(Unconvincingly)* Yes.

*(Now near the still-open front door, DARRIN walks toward it. At the last possible moment, CLAIRE deftly kicks it shut.)*

CLAIRE

I believe in commitment.

DARRIN

And so do I.

CLAIRE

Yeah right! You can't be committed to one woman and make love to other women.

DARRIN

Sure, I can. Gretchen and I are totally committed to each other.

CLAIRE

Yeah, well, you and I must have totally different definitions of commitment.

DARRIN

Look, Claire: I love Gretchen and she loves me. We're totally honest with one another and would never cheat.

CLAIRE

Is that so? Then what are you doing right now—er, trying to do?

DARRIN

I don't cheat, Claire. I never make love behind Gretchen's back. *(Pause)* Usually we're in different rooms.

*(DARRIN smiles; CLAIRE doesn't.)*

CLAIRE

*(After pause)* If you really loved Gretchen, you wouldn't need to make love to other women.

DARRIN

Not true. Look, Claire, I love marriage—but I also like a little variety; I don't care what you're talking about. Food, sports.... or lovers. The same thing over and over gets boring. No matter how great it is. And Gretchen feels the same way.

CLAIRE

The grass is always greener, isn't it?

DARRIN

Not necessarily. But the grass is different. *(Pause)* Believe it or not, Claire, making love to other women makes me love my wife even more.

CLAIRE

That doesn't make sense.

DARRIN

How would you know for sure? Unless you've tried it?

*(CLAIRE has no answer.)*

DARRIN

How long have you two been married? You said 20 years, right?

CLAIRE

Almost.

DARRIN

Nearly 20 years. And unless I miss my guess, George is the only person you've ever made love to.

CLAIRE

That's none of your business.

DARRIN

Aren't you ever the least bit curious what it's like to sleep with another man?

CLAIRE

*(Pause)* Not in the least.

DARRIN

If I'd only been to bed with one other person my entire life, I'd always be wondering what it would be like with someone else.

CLAIRE

That thought never crossed my mind.

DARRIN

So—George has been the only one.

CLAIRE

*(Quickly)* I didn't say that.

DARRIN

*(Pause)* You realize that most of the world practices polygamy.

CLAIRE

Yeah.... Well, we happen to live in the United States, and, here, marriage means one man for every woman.

DARRIN

Yeah, and here, 50 percent of all marriages end in divorce, which—

CLAIRE

Actually, it's 43 percent.

DARRIN

Really? How would you know?

CLAIRE

I saw it on "Oprah."

DARRIN

*(Small smirk)* Whatever.... The percentage would be much less if more couples experimented sexually within a marriage rather than cheating.

CLAIRE

*(Pause)* That's your opinion.

DARRIN

Wow, I would think a philosophy major would be more open-minded.

CLAIRE

So philosophers are swingers, huh?

DARRIN

Hey, Nietzsche said he hoped Dionysus would replace Jesus as a cultural icon.

CLAIRE

Yeah, and Nietzsche went insane.

*(CLAIRE sits on the sofa and places a pillow across her stomach for "protection." DARRIN sits down next to her and grabs the pillow. She quickly grabs another pillow.)*

DARRIN

*(Pause)* So you watch "Oprah"?

CLAIRE

Sometimes. Why?

DARRIN

Did you see her program on swinging?

CLAIRE

No, I didn't.

DARRIN

Well, you should have. Swinging has become very popular in America. In cities, suburbs—  
everywhere.

CLAIRE

I don't believe it.

DARRIN

I'll loan you the DVD.

CLAIRE

No thank you.

DARRIN

*(Pause)* Did you know swinging and wife-swapping are legal in Canada?

CLAIRE

Bully for Canada.

*(There is an even longer pause.)*

DARRIN

I get the feeling you and George haven't made love in quite a while.

CLAIRE

That's also none of your business. *(Pause)* So what makes you think so?

DARRIN

The odds. I read that most married couples don't have sex after 10 years.

CLAIRE

Ten years? That's absurd.

DARRIN

And you've been married twice that long. *(Realizes the need to switch tactics)* Okay, Claire, just for the sake of argument, let's suppose neither of us was married. Then would you be interested in making love to me?

*(DARRIN takes the pillow; CLAIRE grabs the last pillow on the sofa, moving away from him in the process.)*

CLAIRE

But we both are married. *(Long pause)* Besides, you're younger than me.

DARRIN

Oh, so that's the reason.

CLAIRE

No, it isn't.

DARRIN

The real reason you're turning me down is because I'm younger—not because we're married.

CLAIRE

I didn't say that. You did.

*(DARRIN takes the pillow she's holding; CLAIRE counters right as does DARRIN blocking her from running out of the room.)*

DARRIN

*(Gently reaching for CLAIRE, taking her hands and pulling her towards him)* You know of course that a man reaches his sexual prime much sooner in life than a woman.

CLAIRE

Yeah.... So?

DARRIN

So.... We'd be perfect in bed.

CLAIRE

You don't give up, do you?

DARRIN

Not if I really want something. Or somebody.

*(DARRIN leans his head close to hers.)*

CLAIRE

I don't see why you're so persistent. I'm sure there are plenty of women who'd just love to sleep with you.

DARRIN

Oh, I'm sure there are. But it's hard to find someone as attractive, intelligent and sexy as you.... Very hard.

*(CLAIRE appears to be surrendering.)*

DARRIN

Claire, I'd really love to take you to bed.... I bet I'd appreciate you a lot more than George does.

*(DARRIN moves in for the "kill" gently maneuvering CLAIRE onto the sofa. There is a knock at the door....When DARRIN doesn't react, CLAIRE musters all her willpower and taps him on the back.)*

CLAIRE

E-excuse me.

*(CLAIRE manages to push DARRIN away and rise, before composing herself and answering the door.*

CLAIRE

Who is it?

FLORENCE, *Off*

Flo-rence Fletcher!

*(CLAIRE motions DARRIN to get off the sofa, quickly straightens her clothing and hair, walks toward the door, looks in the mirror, shrugs, and opens the door.)*

CLAIRE

Hi, Florence.

FLORENCE

Morning, Claire. *(Pause)* May I come in?

CLAIRE

What? Oh sure.

*(FLORENCE enters wearing her Sunday finery and carrying her Bible as before. She immediately sees DARRIN standing by the sofa.)*

FLORENCE

*(Disapprovingly)* Oh, I didn't know you had, uh, company.

CLAIRE

Darrin, this is my neighbor—Florence Fletcher.

DARRIN

Glad to meet you, Florence.

FLORENCE

*(Unconvincingly)* My pleasure.

CLAIRE

How was church?

FLORENCE

Divine, thank you.

DARRIN

Florence Fletcher? Didn't I read about you in the paper yesterday?

FLORENCE

*(Frowns)* I don't know; maybe.

CLAIRE

What happened, Florence?

FLORENCE

It was no big deal.

DARRIN

The cable company accused her of e-mailing bomb threats.

CLAIRE

Oh no.

FLORENCE

Oh yes. *(Scowls)* The swine.

CLAIRE

Oh, Florence, what a mean thing for them to do.

DARRIN

I'm curious why you wouldn't take a lie detector test?

*(Getting angrier as she responds, FLORENCE walks toward DARRIN, backing him up as she lectures.)*

FLORENCE

Why should I take a lie detector test? I'm not guilty of anything. They're the guilty ones. Planning to show all those filthy movies to innocent citizens—destroying their minds with those so-called "films" that glorify every possible type of depravity. From homosexuality to group sex. And you want ME to take a lie detector? Surely, you jest.

DARRIN

Sorry I asked.

FLORENCE

As far as I'm concerned, this community would be a lot better off if the cable company was bombed.

DARRIN

*(Half-stunned, half-bemused)* I see.... Well, Claire, I better be going.

CLAIRE

Okay.

*(As CLAIRE walks DARRIN to the door, FLORENCE moves toward the dinette. Her mood suddenly changes from anger to delight.)*

FLORENCE

Ooh, chocolate cake. Do you mind?

CLAIRE

Help yourself.

FLORENCE

If you insist. Do you have any wine?

CLAIRE

Yes, can you wait a second?

FLORENCE

If I have to.

*(FLORENCE takes a large piece, sits at the sofa and begins to devour the cake. As she does, DARRIN pauses at the door and talks in whispers to CLAIRE. Though they can't be heard, it's obvious that DARRIN is making some headway, as an apparently clueless FLORENCE eats cake and riffles through the paper. DARRIN's lips move ever closer to CLAIRE, who still is resisting—barely. Though still looking at the paper, FLORENCE suddenly speaks.)*

FLORENCE, *Continuing*

The pastor gave a marvelous sermon today.

CLAIRE

R-really?

FLORENCE

Yes, really.

*(FLORENCE still does not look back at the couple, but does lift her head slightly and proudly announces the title of the sermon.)*

FLORENCE

"Adultery—One-Way Ticket to Hell."

*(The spell broken, CLAIRE quickly slams the door on DARRIN as LIGHTS OUT.)*

End Act I

## ACT II; SCENE I

*(AT RISE: The Well's living room, the next Saturday night. TODD in his pajamas, lies on the sofa which has now been converted to a bed. TODD eats from a bag of potato chips, drinks from a giant 2-liter bottle of Coke and is reading "Sports Illustrated." He appears to be thoroughly enjoying himself—until JOYCE calls his name. Quickly, he folds up the bag of potato chips, caps the cola and hides the "stash" under the sofa bed—moments before JOYCE enters, wearing a bathrobe. TODD seems surprised to see his girlfriend.)*

TODD

Joyce!

*(JOYCE lets her robe open to reveal a suggestive outfit, something that would make even Frederick blush.)*

JOYCE

Like it?

TODD

*(Forgetting stash) Wow!*

JOYCE

I got it just for you.

TODD

You did?

JOYCE

Who else, baby....I thought you were going to join me in bed.

TODD

What if my dad comes home?

JOYCE

*(Moves closer) What if he does?*

TODD

We're not supposed to be sleeping in the same room.

JOYCE

Well, we won't be *sleeping* in the same room. *(Purrs)* At least I won't be.

*(JOYCE kisses him passionately for a few moments—then quickly pulls away and starts spitting.)*

JOYCE, *Continues*

Phew!

TODD  
What's wrong?

JOYCE  
Your lips are all salty.

TODD  
Huh? (*Smacks them*) Oh, that must be because it's so hot tonight. I'm sweaty all over.

JOYCE  
Better take some salt pills.

TODD  
Good idea.  
(*TODD tries to leave, but she pulls him back.*)

JOYCE  
Not now.

TODD  
But Joyce—

JOYCE  
But what?

TODD  
My parents might come home.

JOYCE  
Yeah sure! Right now, they're probably in bed doing the same thing we should be doing.

TODD  
But they're over at the Devereauxs.

JOYCE  
That's right. And the last time we saw the four of them together they were about to get kinky. They're probably having an orgy right now.

TODD  
Not my parents. (*Thinks a moment*) Not my mother at least.

JOYCE  
Talk about a double standard. They're out gang-banging—and they won't let us stay in the same room.

TODD

Hey, we coulda been camping all by ourselves this weekend.

*(Near the exercise bike, JOYCE hops on it and begins cycling. The angrier she gets, the faster she pedals.)*

JOYCE

Yeah sure, camping by ourselves. If you don't count the spiders and snakes and bears and god-knows-what-all. If you'd only bothered to ask me, you would have found out I hate camping—almost as much as I hate baseball. *(Lights from bike to confront him)* Next time you make plans for us, you need to consult me first. Okay!?

TODD

Okay.

*(Her angry face now very close to TODD'S, CLAIRE instantly changes moods—smiling as she pats him on the face.)*

JOYCE

Love you. *(Reaches for something)* I picked up something else that goes just perfect with this.

TODD

What!?

*(Wearing a seductive smile, CLAIRE reveals a pair of handcuffs.)*

TODD

Handcuffs?... Why?

JOYCE

*(Seductively)* Why not?

TODD

Joyce, I don't know.

JOYCE

I do. A little bondage can be a big turn-on. Trust me. Or should I say, TRUSS me. *(Kisses him)* Gimme your hands, Tiger.

TODD

J-Joyce.

JOYCE

Hey, you didn't think you'd like spanking either. *(Spans him with both hands)* Remember?

*(TODD smiles but before JOYCE reacts SFX: HEADLIGHTS FLASH AGAINST THE WINDOW.)*

TODD  
 Migod, my parents! Get outta here!

JOYCE  
 Todd, don't order me around!

TODD  
 I'm sorry, honey, but—

*(A disgusted JOYCE tosses TODD back on the sofa bed and puts the handcuffs around his ankles.)*

TODD  
 Joyce, what are you doing!

JOYCE  
*(As she grabs robe)* If you want the key, you're gonna have to hop into my bed. And I do mean HOP.

*(JOYCE laughs at her own humor as she exits. TODD looks futilely at his "foot cuffs" before covering his feet with his blanket.... Moments later he is surprised by a knock on the door.)*

TODD  
 W-who is it!?

*(TODD is surprised to hear a familiar female voice.)*

FEMALE VOICE, *Off*  
 Jenny!

TODD  
 Jenny?... Just a second!

*(Forgetting that he is "foot-cuffed," TODD rolls out of bed and falls immediately to the floor.... After recovering from the traumatic header, he manages to stand as JENNY continues to knock.)*

TODD, *Continues*  
 I'm coming! I'm coming.

*(TODD manages to hop to the door, open it and peek outside.)*

TODD, *Continues*  
 Jenny, hi.

*(JENNY is barely visible to the audience.)*

JENNY

Hi, Todd. *(Pause)* Can I come in?

*(TODD looks around, then back at JENNY.)*

TODD

Yeah, sure, but gimme a second. I'm, uh, not dressed.

*(TODD closes the door, hops as fast as he can back onto the sofa bed, and pulls the covers over his legs.)*

TODD

Okay!

*(JENNY SAWYER enters, dressed in a cheerleading outfit. She's attractive and a lot younger than JOYCE—an age difference magnified by what she's wearing.)*

JENNY

Todd?

TODD

Over here.

*(Seeing TODD, JENNY walks toward the sofa bed with a bag in her hand. She is very pleasant—maybe too pleasant.)*

TODD

Game tonight, huh?

JENNY

Yeah.

TODD

Who won?

JOYCE

They did—but they were just lucky.

TODD

What was the score?

JENNY

51 to 3.

TODD

Oh.

JENNY

*(Awkward pause, then)* You look good.

TODD

Thanks.... So do you.

*(Another awkward pause.)*

TODD

Uh, how did you know I was back?

JENNY

On accident. I happened to see you driving around today. *(Pause)* With a, uh, woman.

TODD

Oh....

JENNY

Is she your girlfriend?

TODD

As a matter of fact, yes.

JENNY

She looks older than you.

TODD

Yeah. A couple years.

JENNY

*(Looks at bed)* I'm not interrupting anything, am I?

TODD

Oh no. My girlfriend—uh, Joyce—went to bed.

JENNY

Joyce? *(Frowns)* That's my grandma's name. *(Pause)* Are your parents home?

TODD

Uh, no, they're not.

JENNY

*(Speaking rapidly)* I always liked your parents. They're about the only happily married couple I know. I always thought we'd end up just like them.... But that's life, huh?

TODD

Yeah, I guess.

JENNY

(Pause) So how long have you been home?

TODD

About a week.

JENNY

Too busy to call I guess.

TODD

Well—

JENNY

Doesn't matter that we were together two years and seven-and-a-half months.

TODD

That long, huh?

JENNY

Then all of a sudden I find out you've got a new girlfriend. So nice of you.

TODD

Well, I didn't want to lead you on—so I told you.

JENNY

So sweetly too. Let's see, how did you put it? (*Paces as she recites*) Dear Jenny, how are you? Guess what? I've got a new girlfriend, so you're history. Don't take it too hard. Gotta boogie, Todd.

TODD

That's not what I said.

JENNY

No, you didn't say it; you texted it.... Too chicken to call.

TODD

C'mon, Jenny, let's be adults.

JENNY

That would be a first for you. (*Reaches inside her bag*)

TODD

What are you doing?

JENNY

Oh, just returning a few things.

Like what? TODD

Like this. JENNY

*(JENNY pulls out a small object and crosses to him, holding out a ring.)*

My promise ring? TODD

Yes, your "promise" ring. JENNY

Jenny, I don't want that back. TODD

*(Reads inscription)* With all my love—forever and ever. Todd. *(Proffers ring)* Here, you can give it to Joyce; she won't *(Sarcastically)* know the difference. JENNY

C'mon, Jenny, I don't want that. TODD

Well, I sure don't want it. JENNY

*(JENNY disdainfully drops the ring in his hand.)*

Hey, you could sell it. TODD

I could sell it. How thoughtful. *(Reaches into bag)* Well, I know you'll want this back. JENNY

What? TODD

*(Unfolding object)* Your letterman's sweater. JENNY

You don't want it? TODD

Not anymore. JENNY

TODD  
 But. I gave that to you.

JENNY  
 Yeah. (*Mellows*) Remember when?

TODD  
 (*Also mellowing*) Yeah. On the hayride.

JENNY  
 First night you said you loved me.

TODD  
 Yeah. It was?

JENNY  
 I used to think the L stood for love—but now I know what it really stands for. (*Pause, then tosses sweater at him*) Liar!

TODD  
 Jenny....

JENNY  
 (*Reaches into bag*) I have one other thing you can have back.

TODD  
 What?

JENNY  
 Our prom picture.

(*As TODD takes the picture and looks at it, JENNY sits next to him on the sofa bed.*)

TODD  
 We were a cool-looking couple, weren't we?

JENNY  
 That was taken right before you asked me to marry you. Remember?

TODD  
 (*Slightly chagrined*) Oh yeah; I did, didn't I.

JENNY  
 Yes, you did.... And I said, not before you finish college. (*Looks ready to cry*)

TODD  
 Yeah.

JENNY

And then you said we'd name our first child Jennifer—

TODD

I did?

JENNY

Whether it was a boy or girl. *(Begins to sob)*

TODD

Oh, Jenny. *(Puts an arm around her)* Please don't cry, Jenny. You know what that does to me. *(She buries her head in his shoulders and continues to cry)* Jenny, please....

*(After a few bittersweet moments, JOYCE'S VOICE is heard.)*

JOYCE

*(Entering)* Who the hell is that!?

TODD

Huh?... Oh, uh—nobody.

*(JENNY quickly changes from sad to mad.)*

JENNY

Nobody!?

TODD

Jenny, I didn't mean it like—

JENNY

If I was your girlfriend for two years, nearly three, and I'm a nobody—what the freak does that make her!?! *(Points at JOYCE)*

TODD

Now come on, Jenny.

JOYCE

*(Crossing closer to JENNY)* Oh, this must be the child you told me about.

*(JENNY turns her anger towards JOYCE.)*

JENNY

Child!?

JOYCE

That's what I said.

JENNY

Well, if I'm a child, what does that make him? He's only 11 months older than me.

JOYCE

I was referring to your emotional age.

JENNY

Really? You wanna talk child, huh? Does he still watch Saturday morning cartoons?

JOYCE

As a matter of fact, TODD doesn't watch television at all anymore.

JENNY

*(Looks at TODD)* What?

TODD

*(Frowns out of JOYCE's view)* That's right.

JOYCE

The truth of the matter is, Todd doesn't need to get his thrills vicariously.

JENNY

Can't Todd answer for himself? Or do you get some kind of thrill answering for him— vicariously?

JOYCE

You're right, Todd. She does have a big mouth.

JENNY

What!?! *(To TODD)* Oh, so you've been talking behind my back, huh?

TODD

I didn't say you had a big mouth.

JOYCE

No, you said she was a loudmouth.

TODD

*(Quickly to JENNY)* Just when you lose your temper.

JOYCE

Which is quite often, I hear.

JENNY

*(To TODD)* Is that all you ever talked about? Me?

JOYCE

Oh, heavens no.... There are myriad more exciting subjects to talk about than you.

JENNY

*(To TODD)* Do you ever get a word in edgewise with her?

JOYCE

*(Getting angry)* Look, honey, you better toddle off home before you get arrested for breaking curfew.

JENNY

*(Short pause)* At least I won't get arrested for robbing the cradle.

JOYCE

Hey, you better shut your mouth, *(Moves closer)* before I shut it for you.

JENNY

What? Are you serious?

*(Before JOYCE answers, SFX: LIGHTS FLASH AGAINST THE WINDOW.)*

TODD

Oh no, my parents! Get outta here!

*(As JENNY quickly repacks her bag, JOYCE gives TODD a passionate kiss.)*

JOYCE

*(Exiting to bedroom)* See you later.... Tiger.

*(TODD is obviously under JOYCE'S spell; JENNY is obviously hurt.)*

JENNY

I'll be in your pool.

*(JENNY moves quickly to the hallway.)*

TODD

But you can't swim!

JENNY

*(Holding back tears)* I know! *(Exits)*

TODD

Jenny!

*(TODD looks at JENNY as she exits, then looks in the direction JOYCE exited. He makes a quick decision and hops off after JENNY. A few moments pass before GEORGE opens the front door for a sexily dressed – and angry – GRETCHEN DEVEREAUX.)*

GRETCHEN

He thinks he's so smart just 'cause he has a degree. I know a lot of real dumb people who went to college, don't you?

GEORGE

Oh yeah, sure.

GRETCHEN

Did you go to college, George?

GEORGE

Yes, I did, as a matter of fact.

GRETCHEN

I didn't mean everyone who went to college is dumb.

GEORGE

I know you didn't. Hey, how 'bout a drink?

*(GRETCHEN and GEORGE are too preoccupied – at least for the moment – to notice the unfolded sofa bed.)*

GRETCHEN

Thanks. I could use one.... Make it a double.

GEORGE

*(Eyes light up)* You bet. *(Crosses towards bar)* A double what?

GRETCHEN

Oh, I don't know. Light beer.

GEORGE

*(Keeping a straight face)* Sorry, we're all out of light beer. Let me surprise you.

GRETCHEN

Okay. *(Pause)* I was pretty drunk when I left, but that walk kinda sobered me up.

GEORGE

Lucky I saw you walking.

GRETCHEN

We only live two blocks away.

GEORGE

I know.

GRETCHEN

*(Oblivious)* Thanks for following me.

GEORGE

It's dangerous for a woman to be walking alone at night. (*Crosses to her with drinks*)  
Especially an attractive woman.

(*GEORGE offers GRETCHEN the drink.*)

GRETCHEN

Thank you. (*Takes drink*) And thank you.

GEORGE

Welcome. (*They sip*) And welcome.

GRETCHEN

Ooh, what is this?

GEORGE

My favorite. A Tequila Sunrise.

GRETCHEN

It's so strong.

GEORGE

That's why they call it Ta-kill-ya.

GRETCHEN

George.... You are so funny. (*Laughs as she sips*)

GEORGE

That's my motto. Make 'em laugh; make 'em breakfast.

GRETCHEN

Huh?

GEORGE

(*Quickly*) Do you usually storm out of the house when you get mad at Darrin?

GRETCHEN

Only when he puts me down.

GEORGE

You must not spend much time at home.

GRETCHEN

What?

GEORGE

'Cause he puts you down so much.

GRETCHEN

*(Bittersweet laugh)* Oh yeah. You got that right.

GEORGE

*(Pause)* It's really none of my business, Gretchen, but I don't like it either when Darrin puts you down. You deserve a lot more respect than you get.

*(GEORGE takes her wrap and puts it in closet.)*

GEORGE

*(Continuing)* If you were my wife, I wouldn't criticize you like that.

*(GRETCHEN blushes, then turns away.)*

GRETCHEN

The nerve of that guy. Making fun of me just 'cause I didn't know who was buried in Grant's Tomb. *(Turns back)* Did you know who was buried in Grant's Tomb?

GEORGE

Huh? Well, yes, I did.... But I've been to Grant's Tomb.

GRETCHEN

Well, there you go. I've never been there.

GEORGE

Plus, Darrin was only half right.

GRETCHEN

He was?

GEORGE

Absolutely. Most people don't know that Grant's wife is also buried in Grant's Tomb.

GRETCHEN

Really?... Oh, George. *(Happily hugs him)*

GEORGE

Uh, why don't we sit down?

GRETCHEN

Yeah, my feet could use a rest.

*(GRETCHEN crosses around the sofa and notices it's now a bed.)*

GRETCHEN

George, did you do this while I wasn't looking?

GEORGE

Do what? (*Sees sofa bed*) Oh no, Todd's using the sofa bed while he's home.

GRETCHEN

Todd?... He's your son, right?

GEORGE

Right. His girl—er, woman—friend is sleeping in his room.

GRETCHEN

Oh. Are they here right now?

GEORGE

No, they just left on a camping trip. So I have no idea why the bed is down. But gimme a hand and we can fold it up.

*(Instead, GRETCHEN flops on the sofa bed.)*

GRETCHEN

Why?

*(GEORGE sits on the chair.)*

GEORGE

*(Nervous-excited)* Good question.

*(GRETCHEN and GEORGE smile at each other and there's an awkward pause – which GEORGE breaks with a toast.)*

GEORGE

To a very attractive... and intelligent friend.

GRETCHEN

Oh, thank you. *(They drink)* Do you really think I'm intelligent?

GEORGE

Hey, none of the rest of us knew skin was an organ. And we all have college degrees.

GRETCHEN

Yeah—and even though I didn't go to college, I'm still an instructor.

GEORGE

Really? What do you teach?

GRETCHEN

*(Proudly)* Jazzercise.

GEORGE

*(Momentarily speechless)* No kidding? Wow, that must, uh, take a lot of, uh, smarts.

GRETCHEN

Tell me about it. It's not easy picking out the right songs for the right routines.

GEORGE

I'll bet... And that's not something you coulda learned in school.

GRETCHEN

*(Duly flattered)* Yeah. *(Pause)* My turn to make a toast.

GEORGE

Okay.

GRETCHEN

To a very funny guy... who's also very sexy.

GEORGE

Are you serious?

GRETCHEN

Serious about what?

GEORGE

Serious about me being sexy?

GRETCHEN

Very. I like older men.

GEORGE

*(Smiles, then a pause)* Then why did you marry Darrin?

GRETCHEN

*(Smiles)* I like younger men, too. *(They both laugh, then after a pause)* Let's screw.

*(GEORGE, in the middle of taking a sip, nearly chokes.)*

GEORGE

*(Wiping mouth)* Beg pardon?

GRETCHEN

You heard me.... Let's screw.

GEORGE

Uh, can I get you another drink?

GRETCHEN

*(Seductively)* I don't need another drink, Georgie.

GEORGE

Oh.

GRETCHEN

Ya wanna?

*(Now that GEORGE can turn his fantasy into reality, the reality of it all quickly sinks in. Lust has come face-to-face with guilt.)*

GEORGE

*(Unconvincingly)* Are you kidding?... Sure of course.

*(GRETCHEN opens her purse and pulls out various paraphernalia including a string of condoms, KY jelly, and a little stuffed animal that she puts at the corner of the sofa bed—and even a small flashlight she waves around while checking to see if it works.... After recovering from GRETCHEN's ritual, GEORGE nervously responds.)*

GEORGE

Uh, maybe we should go upstairs.

GRETCHEN

Oh no, I never do it in the wife's bed. I'm superstitious that way.

*(GEORGE quickly jumps out of the chair.)*

GRETCHEN, *Continuing*

Where you going?

GEORGE

I'll be right back.

*(GEORGE checks the closet to make sure no one's inside, makes sure the door's locked, and then out of view of GRETCHEN, pulls out some breath spray, which he sprays inside his mouth—and then as an afterthought, under his arms. He is now standing near the sofa bed.)*

GEORGE

What about your husband?

GRETCHEN

What about him?

GEORGE

Would he, uh, mind?

GRETCHEN

Of course not. As long as I tell him.

GEORGE

Oh... You guys are swingers, huh?

GRETCHEN

Hey, you only go 'round once, you know. *(Starts to remove blouse)* What about you and Claire?

GEORGE

What about us?

GRETCHEN

Do you swing?

GEORGE

Oh sure, all the time.... We're married, not buried.

GRETCHEN

Hey, I like that.

*(GEORGE sits on the bed and watches as GRETCHEN deftly unhooks her skirt and throws it aside.)*

GEORGE

Are you sure you want to do this?

GRETCHEN

Positive. *(Crawls toward him)* Aren't you?

GEORGE

Y-yeah.

*(GRETCHEN throws her arms around GEORGE, prior to unbuttoning his shirt.)*

GRETCHEN

Here, lemme get this for you.

GEORGE

I can get it. *(Starts to unbutton shirt)*

GRETCHEN

Is something wrong?

GEORGE

No, of course not.

GRETCHEN

*(Helps take off shirt)* You have such a nice body. I would have never guessed you were 34.

GEORGE

*(Quickly)* 43.

GRETCHEN

*(Cheerfully)* Whatever.

*(GRETCHEN begins nuzzling GEORGE who is torn but finds it increasingly hard to resist.)*

GRETCHEN

C'mon, Georgie. I can't wait much longer.

GEORGE

Okay, okay.

GRETCHEN

*(Easily)* You're married, not buried, 'member.

GEORGE

Yeah.

GRETCHEN

My savage breasts need you.

*(GRETCHEN gently tugs GEORGE over to her side of the sofa bed, then strokes him.)*

GRETCHEN

How does that feel?

GEORGE

N-nice. Very nice.

*(GRETCHEN leans over and kisses GEORGE, who raises his hands briefly, then drops them in surrender.)*

GRETCHEN

I was sure you and Claire fooled around—never mind what Darrin said.

*(This time GEORGE kisses her, but pulls away after several moments.)*

GEORGE

What did Darrin say?

GRETCHEN

He said you and your wife didn't mess around.



GRETCHEN

Nothing, I guess. She told Darrin you two didn't play around. (*Rubs his neck*) She was obviously lying.

GEORGE

Yeah. (*Quickly*) You sure your husband and my wife didn't do it?

GRETCHEN

Oh no, not last Sunday. He woulda told me.

GEORGE

(*Relieved*) Oh.

GRETCHEN

Tonight's a different story.

GEORGE

It is?

GRETCHEN

If I know Darrin, he's got Claire in bed right now.

GEORGE

But we haven't been gone 30 minutes.

GRETCHEN

Yeah, and look where we are.

(*GEORGE reaches in his pocket and takes out his cell phone.*)

GRETCHEN

George! What are you doing?

GEORGE

I gotta make a call.

GRETCHEN

Who are you calling this late?

GEORGE

My wife.

GRETCHEN

Gee, George. I didn't think you were the jealous type.

GEORGE

I'm not! (*Not so frantically*) Just curious.

GRETCHEN  
 Georgie, c'mere. I want you.

GEORGE  
 No answer!

GRETCHEN  
*(Smiles)* Darrin works fast.

*(GEORGE frowns then throws the cell phone on the bed. A moment later, there is a knock at the door.)*

GEORGE  
*(Brightening)* That's Claire!

GRETCHEN  
 Knocking?

GEORGE  
 Probably forgot her keys.

*(GEORGE grabs his shirt, hops over the back of the sofa, and crosses towards the door until an all-too-familiar voice causes GEORGE'S glee to vanish.)*

FLORENCE, *Off*  
 It's Flor-ence Fletcher!

*(Stopping suddenly, GEORGE puts his finger to his mouth to let GRETCHEN know not to say anything.... GEORGE then watches as a key opens the door and FLORENCE enters.)*

FLORENCE  
 George, didn't you hear me?

GEORGE  
 Yes, I did, and how did you get a key to my house?

FLORENCE  
 Claire gave me a key the last time you went on vacation.

GEORGE  
 She did? Well, I want it back.

FLORENCE  
 I'll give it to Claire as I promised. Is she here?

*(GEORGE looks back in time to see GRETCHEN wave at FLORENCE.)*

GEORGE  
No, she's not.

FLORENCE  
Who's that?

GEORGE  
None of your business. Now if you don't mind.

FLORENCE  
I came over to borrow some wine.

*(GEORGE looks toward the bar.)*

GEORGE  
Okay, I'll get you some wine, but don't you move an inch or no wine!

*(GEORGE scurries toward the bar sideways, so he can keep an eye on FLORENCE. He quickly grabs a bottle of wine and walks quickly towards his neighbor.)*

GEORGE  
Here you go!

FLORENCE  
Is it red?

GEORGE  
*(Looks at bottle)* Yes, it's red. *(Hands her the bottle)*

FLORENCE  
*(Looking at label)* Shiraz?

GEORGE  
I don't know. Take it or leave it. But leave!

*(FLORENCE takes the bottle quickly, frowns at GRETCHEN then GEORGE and turns to exit.)*

GEORGE  
You're welcome.

*(FLORENCE looks back disapprovingly before exiting. GEORGE slams the door and crosses quickly to the sofa bed.)*

GRETCHEN  
Who was that?

GEORGE

A holier-than-thou alcoholic neighbor.

GRETCHEN

She looks like a party hearty gal. You and Claire ever swang with her?

GEORGE

Oh god! Not in this lifetime. (Pause) Speaking of which—Gretchen, doesn't it bother you that your husband and my wife are doing it over at your house right now?

GRETCHEN

You're darn right, it bothers me....

GEORGE

If they already haven't finished—

*(GRETCHEN reaches up and pulls GEORGE onto the bed.)*

GRETCHEN

*(Completing her thought)* We got a lot of catching up to do.

*(GRETCHEN pounces on top of GEORGE and begins to rain kisses on him. Legs are flailing in the air as LIGHTS FADE OUT.)*

End Act II; Scene I

## ACT II; SCENE II

*(AT RISE: The Well's living room; later that evening. Some time has passed since an amorous GRETCHEN was about to ravage an anxious GEORGE. There is a lump on the sofa bed, covered by the blanket. JOYCE enters, sees the lump, smiles, crawls into the bed, and starts to fondle the "lump" which appears to like the attention. After some sensuous massaging, JOYCE puckers up, pulls back the top of the cover, and very nearly kisses GRETCHEN. JOYCE screams, GRETCHEN screams, and JOYCE screams even louder.)*

JOYCE

*(Recovering)* Who are you?

GRETCHEN

Gretchen Devereaux. We met last week, remember?

JOYCE

*(Frowns)* Oh yeah, the swinger.... Where's Todd?

GRETCHEN

Who's Todd?

JOYCE

He lives here.

GRETCHEN

Oh, that's right. George's son.

JOYCE

Yes. And that's his bed.

GRETCHEN

*(Looks under the covers; impishly)* He's not here now.

JOYCE

Better not be.

GRETCHEN

Todd's your boyfriend, right?

JOYCE

Ex-boyfriend—if I don't find him real soon. *(Crosses to hallway)*

GRETCHEN

Good luck!

JOYCE

*(Looks back)* Pervert!

*(JOYCE exits. After she does, GRETCHEN rises and crosses towards the hallway.)*

GRETCHEN

George!... Are you okay?

*(GRETCHEN grabs a bottle from the bar, goes back to bed, opens the bottle, takes a swig, and yells "George!" one more time. A moment or two later, she hears someone coming, smiles, and crawls under the covers. Just after she does, TODD, still in his pajamas with ankles cuffed, enters and hops towards the sofa bed.)*

TODD

Jenny?

GRETCHEN

No. *(Pulls back cover)* Gretchen. *(Looks at TODD standing several feet away)* Hi Todd.

TODD

H-hi.... Who are you?

GRETCHEN

I'm Gretchen Devereaux. Remember we met last week.... I wasn't wearing as many clothes.

TODD

*(As she leans over)* Oh yeah. *(Pause)* What are you doing here?

GRETCHEN

Huh? Well, I was waiting for your fa— *(Catches herself)* Hey, I thought you went on a camping trip.

TODD

We decided not to go.

*(GRETCHEN notices that TODD is holding his legs tightly together.)*

GRETCHEN

Oh.... Say do you need to go to the bathroom?

TODD

Huh? *(Looks down)* No—actually, I, uh, have, uh, handcuffs around my feet.

GRETCHEN

How did that happen?

TODD

Don't ask.

GRETCHEN

C'mere; lemme take a look.

*(TODD hobbles towards her and crawls on the bed. GRETCHEN looks closer, then laughs heartily.)*

GRETCHEN

These are supposed to go on your hands.

TODD

Yes, I know.

GRETCHEN

Bingo!

*(GRETCHEN removes the handcuffs and displays them to TODD.)*

TODD

How'd you do that? Without a key?

GRETCHEN

You don't need a key with Lustcuffs.

TODD

Lustcuffs?

GRETCHEN

Yeah, you just press this button. *(Shows him)*

TODD

Oh. *(Rubs ankles)* Say, have you seen a girl wearing a cheerleaders' uniform?

GRETCHEN

No, but I did see a woman wearing a negligee. And she was looking for you.

TODD

Joyce?

GRETCHEN

I think that's her name.

TODD

She's up?

GRETCHEN

And super cranky.

TODD

Which way'd she go?

GRETCHEN

*(Points)* That way.

*(Suddenly, JOYCE'S voice can be heard.)*

JOYCE, *Off*

*(Calling)* Todd!

TODD

Oh god! I'm dead. *(Grabs blanket)* Tell her you haven't seen me.

*(TODD drops his head onto GRETCHEN'S lap and covers his head with the blanket. There is a moment's quiet before JOYCE's voice is heard again.)*

JOYCE, *Off*

Todd!

*(JOYCE enters and walks up to GRETCHEN, who is trying to look pleasant, as if not noticing the lump in her lap.)*

GRETCHEN

Did you find Todd?

JOYCE

No. *(Suspiciously)* But I thought I just heard his voice.

GRETCHEN

Really?

JOYCE

Really. And I think I know where he is. Unless you're pregnant.

*(GRETCHEN doesn't immediately realize JOYCE is making reference to the lump, which she is cradling.)*

GRETCHEN

Pregnant? *(Looks down)* Oh, that's funny.

JOYCE

*(Un-amused)* Ha-ha. Who's under the covers with you?

GRETCHEN

Huh? Oh, just my husband.

JOYCE

*(Short pause)* That would be a first, wouldn't it?

GRETCHEN

What!? Now wait a minute.

JOYCE

No, I won't wait a minute.

*(JOYCE reaches down and rips off the blanket, exposing TODD, holding onto the liquor bottle, curled up in a fetal position.)*

JOYCE

Todd!

TODD

*(Sheepishly)* Oh, hi, Joyce.

JOYCE

I guess I should take a number.

TODD

I can explain.

JOYCE

Like father, like son.

GRETCHEN

I like 'em both.

TODD

Joyce, please.

JOYCE

I can't believe it. Screwing up our relationship—and your liver besides!

*(JOYCE grabs the bottle, picks it up as if she's going to throw it at TODD, but instead tosses it on the bed and quickly walks toward the hallway.... TODD crawls on his knees across the bed.)*

TODD

Joyce! This isn't what it looks like. I never touched her, I promise!

*(In no mood for excuses, JOYCE exits. TODD and GRETCHEN watch after her.)*

GRETCHEN

She doesn't seem like a very nice lady.

TODD

Whaddya expect? She just caught me in bed with another woman.

GRETCHEN

But we weren't doing anything.

TODD

She didn't know that.

GRETCHEN

She coulda at least heard your explanation.

TODD

Yeah, you're absolutely right. *(Takes a swig from the wine bottle)* I trust her. She oughtta trust me. *(Swigs again)*

GRETCHEN

I mean we don't even really know each other. *(Moves closer)* Unfortunately.

TODD

*(Uncomfortably)* Yeah. *(Quickly)* Speaking of explanations, how come you're in my bed?

GRETCHEN

What? Well, uh—

TODD

I thought my parents went over to your house.

GRETCHEN

They did.

TODD

But you're here—

GRETCHEN

Doesn't make sense, does it. I need a drink.

TODD

Okay.

*(TODD takes another swig then hands bottle to GRETCHEN.)*

TODD, *Continues*

You're not, uh— doing it with my dad, are you?

GRETCHEN

Oh no, of course not. *(Softer)* Not right now.

*(GRETCHEN puts one hand behind her back and crosses her fingers.)*

TODD

I mean I can't imagine my dad having an affair. *(Pause)* It's hard enough imagining him making love to my mother.

GRETCHEN

I know what you mean. I wouldn't believe my parents ever did it—if wasn't for me.

TODD

Yeah. *(Pause, then laughs)* Maybe the stork brought us.

GRETCHEN

*(Laughs)* Hey, yeah.... You know you're funny. Just like your dad.

*(GRETCHEN leans over and playfully puts her arm around him.)*

TODD

He is funny, isn't he?

*(They both laugh—until a familiar voice startles them as GEORGE enters and sees TODD and GRETCHEN together on the sofa bed.)*

GEORGE

Todd!!

*(TODD and GRETCHEN look over and see a less-than-jolly GEORGE, dressed in a bathrobe, staring at them.)*

TODD

Dad!

GEORGE

*(Crosses closer)* What are you doing here?

TODD

Where's mom?

GRETCHEN

*(Helpfully)* She's over at my house with my husband.

GEORGE

Gretchen, please!

TODD

So my parents *are* kinky!

GEORGE

Now, Todd, wait a second!

TODD

Joyce was right.

*(TODD crawls over GRETCHEN in an attempt to exit the other side of the sofa bed.)*

GEORGE

Son, I can explain.

*(GEORGE reaches over and grabs TODD, who pulls his father onto the bed. GRETCHEN is caught in between.)*

GRETCHEN

Ouch! Oh no!... Don't move!

GEORGE

What's wrong?

GRETCHEN

My contact lens. I lost it.

GEORGE

Oh great.

GRETCHEN

Be careful. It's gotta be right around here (*Starts to feel around*) Well, don't just sit there. Gimme a hand.

(*GEORGE and TODD also begin feeling around the bed.*)

TODD

I don't even know what I'm looking for.

GRETCHEN

It's small and green.

GEORGE

Are you sure it's not still in your eyes? That happens to Claire.

GRETCHEN

I don't know. Maybe.

GEORGE

Here, lemme take a look.

TODD

What are you gonna do?

GEORGE

Look under her eyelid.

(*GEORGE leans down close to GRETCHEN, who is between him and TODD. TODD also leans down close and watches. Like a surgeon, GEORGE lifts up the eyelid.*)

GRETCHEN

Be careful.

TODD

Ooh, how gross.

GEORGE

Ah, there it is.

TODD

(*Moves even closer*) Where?

GEORGE

There.

TODD

Amazing.

*(JOYCE has entered—and with a horrified look begins to walk a semicircle around the bed to view the proceedings.)*

JOYCE

Oh—mi—god!

*(GEORGE, TODD, and GRETCHEN turn to see a mortified JOYCE.)*

JOYCE

A father and son with the same woman.... Now I've seen everything. *(Hurries to exit)*

TODD

Joyce! I can explain.

JOYCE

*(Seen enough)* There's no way you can explain this. *(Exits)*

TODD

Joyce, wait!

*(TODD rolls over, hops out of bed and runs after JOYCE.)*

GEORGE

Todd! Don't you dare go into her bedroom. Your mother will kill you.

TODD

Hah! You should talk.

*(TODD exits. GEORGE blusters, but realizes his son has a point.)*

GRETCHEN

I can see! I can see!

*(GRETCHEN is ecstatic—until she sees GEORGE frowning at her.)*

GEORGE

I'm gone 10 minutes and you're seducing my son.

GRETCHEN

George, why would I seduce your son, *(Moves closer, sexily)* when I have you.

GEORGE

*(Not in the mood)* I thought they went camping.

GRETCHEN

They decided not to go.

GEORGE

Great.

GRETCHEN

Where did you go? I was starting to worry.

GEORGE

I was trying to find some aspirin. With no luck whatsoever.

GRETCHEN

Aw, George, you got a headache?

GEORGE

I had a headache. *(Touches head)* Now it's a migraine.

GRETCHEN

C'mere, I'll make it feel better. C'mon, sit down.

*(GEORGE sits on the bed.)*

GRETCHEN

I can massage a headache outta anyone. Lay down.

GEORGE

What?

GRETCHEN

Go ahead; lie down and relax.

*(GEORGE thinks a moment, then shrugs "what the hell" and lies back in bed.)*

GRETCHEN

First, we start with the piggies.

*(GRETCHEN is now at the foot of the bed—at GEORGE's feet....She can only massage a couple of times before a voice pierces the air. It belongs to JENNY, who has entered in time to see TODD's dad in what seems to be a compromising position with a strange woman.)*

JENNY

*(Entering)* Mr. Wells!?

GEORGE

Jenny?!

GRETCHEN

What is this? A hotel?

*(As JENNY moves closer, GRETCHEN, resigned, sits on the chair.)*

JENNY

Mr. Wells, I never thought you'd cheat on your wife.

GEORGE

Jenny, you've got the wrong idea. She was just massaging me.

JENNY

Where's Mrs. Wells?

GRETCHEN

Oh, she's over at my house with my hus—

GEORGE

Gretchen, never mind! (*Quickly changes topic*) And what are you doing here, anyway?

JENNY

Well—I came over to see Todd.

GRETCHEN

Your son gets around, doesn't he?

JENNY

Oh, Mr. Wells. I'm so unhappy. (*Starts to cry*)

GEORGE

Jenny.

JENNY

I love Todd so much. And he doesn't care.

GEORGE

Now, Jenny—please don't cry.

(*An upset JENNY crawls into bed next to GEORGE, who shrugs and put an arm around her.*)

GEORGE

Everything's gonna be okay, honey. You have your whole life ahead of you.

JENNY

But I want Todd to be part of my life. (*Cries more*)

(*GRETCHEN is so moved that she even begins to sniffle.... TODD enters from the hallway and can't believe his eyes.*)

TODD

Dad?

GEORGE

Todd?

*(TODD crosses closer, surveying the scene.)*

GRETCHEN

Uh-oh.

TODD

Is that Jenny?

GEORGE

What? Well, of course it's Jenny.

TODD

I can't believe it. My father's not only kinky—he's a dirty old man!

GEORGE

Now, Todd, wait a second. I was only trying to console Jenny. She was crying over you.

*(JENNY breaks away from GEORGE.)*

JENNY

*(With a straight face)* No, I wasn't.

GEORGE

Jenny!

TODD

Jenny, I want to talk to you.

JENNY

Go ahead—talk.

TODD

Alone.

JENNY

No thank you.

TODD

Look, Jenny, I'm not kidding. You get outta that bed right now.

JENNY

Or what?

TODD

Or—I'll pull you out.

JENNY

Oh no, you won't.

*(JENNY rolls over GEORGE so he is between her and TODD.)*

TODD

I'll count to three.

JENNY

Do you know how?

GEORGE

Jenny, I think you better get up.

TODD

One... Two...

JENNY

Don't you dare!

TODD

Three!... Okay, you asked for it. *(Reaches over and grabs JENNY)* C'mere, Jenny.

GEORGE

Son!

*(TODD tries to pull JENNY out of bed, but instead ends up being pulled onto the bed. An excited GRETCHEN exits the chair and crawls onto the foot of the bed to watch the action... JENNY and TODD begin arguing across GEORGE, who is lying between them.)*

JENNY

I thought you said you grew up.

TODD

Looks who's talking.

GEORGE

Trust me, Todd; they don't make 'em much better than Jenny.

TODD

*(Pause)* Jenny, have you been, been—doin' it with my dad?

GEORGE

Oh, come on, Todd.

JENNY

It's none of your business who I've been seeing. *(Seductively to GEORGE)* Is it, Georgie?

GEORGE

Jenny!

*(During the commotion, JOYCE has entered and can't believe her eyes.)*

JOYCE

My god in heaven!

*(Everyone turns to see JOYCE, dressed and holding a suitcase.)*

JOYCE

You are the weirdest, kinkiest bunch of sex fiends I've ever seen... Good-bye, Todd.

TODD

Joyce, wait!

JOYCE

What?

TODD

You forgot your Lustcuffs. *(Lifts cuffs up for her to see)*

GEORGE

Lustcuffs!?

TODD

You can't go. You don't have a car.

JOYCE

I've called a cab.... You can have little Miss Jailbait all for yourself.

JENNY

No thank you; I don't want him *(Jumps out of bed to confront JOYCE)* after you contaminated him.

JOYCE

You've got a real nasty mouth, you know.

JENNY

You started it.

JOYCE

Yeah, and I'll finish it, too. If you don't shut that big mouth of yours.

GEORGE

C'mon, ladies; let's be adults.

JOYCE

She's not old enough to be an adult.

JENNY

I'm old enough to take care of myself.

JOYCE

*(Moves even closer)* Oh yeah!?

JENNY

Yeah!

*(TODD kneels on the bed between the two.)*

TODD

C'mon, you two.

*(JOYCE body slams TODD forward on the front of the bed on top of GRETCHEN.)*

JOYCE

We'll see about that.

*(JOYCE reaches down and grabs JENNY, trying to pull her up. Instead, JENNY pulls JOYCE onto the bed and they start rolling around – and over – the bodies of GEORGE, TODD, and GRETCHEN.... The chaos builds—until they are interrupted by someone knocking at the door.)*

FLORENCE, *Off*

It's Florence Fletcher! Is everyone okay!? Claire!?

*(GEORGE tells everyone "Quiet!" And, with their help, pulls the cover over all their bodies just a moment before FLORENCE unlocks the door and enters.)*

FLORENCE

I heard people screaming.

*(FLORENCE walks toward the bed. Although everyone in bed remains still, it is rather obvious there's a "cover-up" of bodies. As FLORENCE approaches, she becomes more suspicious with each step.)*

FLORENCE

Lovely, just lovely.

*(FLORENCE stops, peeks into the kitchen, then walks back towards the bed, shaking her head.... After a moment or two of indecision, she rips the cover off the bed and her worst fears are confirmed: Five people in various states of dress – or undress – are tangled up in the sofa bed.)*

GRETCHEN

Surprise!

FLORENCE

Oh, dear lord! I think I'm gonna faint.

GRETCHEN

There's still a little room.

*(It takes a moment for FLORENCE to recover.)*

FLORENCE

Heathens! Sodom and Gomorrah had nothing on you.... Especially you, George Wells.

*(FLORENCE crosses towards the front door, but makes a detour to the bar. She opens a cabinet and extracts a bottle of wine. She then marches toward the door slamming it behind her as she exits. After a long pause, during which everyone looks at each other, JENNY and JOYCE start clawing at one another—until GEORGE asserts himself.)*

GEORGE

All right, everybody cool it! Right now.

*(JOYCE and JENNY break apart, and there is calm on the sofa bed.)*

GEORGE

Thank you. It's time we all acted like sensible, mature adults.

*(The calm lasts only for a moment, as SFX: FLASHING LIGHTS AT THE FRONT WINDOW cause the mature GEORGE to react with child-like panic.)*

GEORGE

Ohmigod, my wife! Everybody hide!

*(Once again, the rest start to pull the cover over themselves.)*

GEORGE

Anywhere but this bed! And hurry!!

*(As TODD, JOYCE, JENNY and GRETCHEN quickly exit the bed, GEORGE reaches over and turns off the light next to the bed.... There is a moment of quiet in the darkened room before the front door opens. CLAIRE enters and switches on the light switch next to the door, bathing the room in light. Pretending to be asleep, GEORGE is lying on the sofa bed, the covers pulled up to his neck. CLAIRE, who doesn't see GEORGE because he's shielded by the back of the sofa bed, looks around a moment then removes her coat and walks to the closet. She opens the closet door and TODD is standing there, but she doesn't see him because she is removing her cell phone from her purse. He quietly shuts the door. CLAIRE closes her purse, looks at the closet door, frowns, then opens it again—and is shocked to see TODD standing in the doorway.)*

TODD! CLAIRE

Hi, Mom. TODD

What on earth are you doing in the closet? CLAIRE

Well, uh, I was, uh, looking for, uh, Joyce. TODD

In the closet? CLAIRE

Yeah....I looked everywhere else. TODD

I thought you two went camping. CLAIRE

We decided not to. TODD

Oh.... Isn't that Jenny Sawyer's car out front? CLAIRE

Oh yeah, I guess it is. TODD

Is she here? CLAIRE

Gee, I don't know. I was kinda looking for her, too. TODD

*(There is a pause and then TODD'S saved – sort of – by a commotion emanating from within the closet. It's JENNY and JOYCE yelling at each other, using terms like "Barbie Doll" and "Grandma.")*

What in heaven's sake? CLAIRE

Don't worry, Mom. I'll take care of it. TODD

*(TODD yells into the closet.)*

TODD

Cool it right now! Both of you!

*(The commotion stops and TODD leads JENNY and JOYCE out of the closet as a surprised CLAIRE looks on.)*

JENNY

Hi, Mrs. Wells.

CLAIRE

Jenny.... Joyce.

JOYCE

Claire.

TODD

We'll be in the backyard talking.

*(TODD leads the two females, who continue sniping at one another, toward the hallway. After the trio exits, CLAIRE shrugs, hangs up her coat, and closes the closet door. As she does, SFX: PHONE RINGS. Momentarily startled, she recovers and moves to answer the phone still not noticing GEORGE in the sofa bed.)*

CLAIRE

Hello?... *(Frowns)* No, this isn't George. Is this Pandora?... You really need to talk to George, huh? *(Impishly)* You can probably reach him at *(Thinks a moment)* 555-4371. If he's not there, his friend Florence will be happy to relay your message. No problem. Bye, Pandora.

*(Smiling, CLAIRE hangs up, then redials and waits.)*

CLAIRE, *Continues*

Oh hi, Darrin.... Just calling to say I made it home safe and sound.... What? *(Looks around)* No, I've seen practically everyone but Gretchen.... Wait a second....

*(CLAIRE sets the phone down, walks to the closet, looks in it thoroughly and then walks back and picks up the phone.)*

CLAIRE, *Continues*

No, she's not here.... Yes, I will.... And thanks again, Darrin. I really enjoyed it.

*(At the mention of the word "it," GEORGE'S eyes, which have been shut during the chaos, pop open as his head pops up.)*

CLAIRE, *Continues*

Good-night, Darrin.... What? Oh yes, you too.... *(Smiling)* G'bye.

*(CLAIRE hangs up and then looks around for a moment until she is startled by GEORGE'S voice.)*

GEORGE

What did you mean by "it"?

CLAIRE

George!?

*(CLAIRE looks over to see a frowning GEORGE lying in sofa bed.)*

CLAIRE, *Continues*

George, I didn't see you there. Were you sleeping?

GEORGE

It's rather hard to sleep during a three-ring circus.

CLAIRE

Yes, what's going on here tonight with Todd and Joyce—and Jenny?

GEORGE

No idea. Now please answer my question.

*(GEORGE hops out of bed. Ever the perfectionist, CLAIRE begins to make the bed and fluff the pillows as she talks.)*

CLAIRE

Oh, what did you ask?

GEORGE

I asked what you meant when you told Darrin you really enjoyed "it."

CLAIRE

Oh.... Did you hear that?

GEORGE

Of course I heard that. What did you mean by "it"?

CLAIRE

*(Changes subject)* Uh, is Gretchen here? Darrin wants to know.

GEORGE

No, she's not here. Obviously.

CLAIRE

She didn't come home with you?

GEORGE

*(Pause)* No, she didn't... She—she went to a bar instead.... Now, Claire, please—stop changing the subject and answer my question.... When you told Darrin you really enjoyed "it." *(Pause)* What did you mean by "it"?

CLAIRE

*(After a long pause)* What do you think I meant?

*(GEORGE frowns; gulps.)*

GEORGE

*(Aghast)* You made love with Darrin Devereaux?

CLAIRE

No.

*(GEORGE breathes easier until CLAIRE clarifies her response.)*

CLAIRE

I had sex with him. *(Pause; smiles)* There is a difference you know.

GEORGE

*(Beyond shock)* I don't know what to say.

CLAIRE

I do. I liked IT. A lot!

GEORGE

*(Pause; shakes his head)* I can't believe it. My wife went to bed with another man.

CLAIRE

*(Short pause)* Actually it was on the kitchen counter.

GEORGE

The kitchen counter!?

CLAIRE

*(Remembering)* Yeah. We couldn't wait.

GEORGE

What are you, anyway—some kind of pervert?

CLAIRE

*(Devilishly)* Don't knock it till you've tried it.

*(GEORGE paces, trying to regain some semblance of composure.)*

GEORGE

Migod, Claire; don't our marriage vows mean anything to you? The wife shall not cover her neighbor—or whatever that is.

*(CLAIRE pauses, then counterattacks.)*

CLAIRE

Now wait a second, George. If you'll recall, you encouraged me to sleep with Darrin. Remember? Said it would do wonders for our marriage.

GEORGE

Yeah, but—

CLAIRE

And you know, George, you were right. Having Darrin was great, but it just whets my appetite—for you.

*(CLAIRE moves close to her husband.)*

GEORGE

No, thank you! *(Moves away)*

CLAIRE

But, George—

GEORGE

I can't make love to you.

CLAIRE

Why not?

GEORGE

After you've done it with another man!?

CLAIRE

George Wells! Are you the same man who talked about wife-swapping nearly every night—who begged and pleaded for us to "get it on with another couple"?

GEORGE

Yeah right.... But I just talked about it.

CLAIRE

Where's that paper of yours? The one with the Swedish couple with the ski chalet? Let's give 'em a call.

GEORGE

Migod. I married a nymphomaniac.

CLAIRE

Oh, c'mon, George. I try one other man—at your suggestion. And I'm a nymphomaniac?

GEORGE

*(Disgusted)* I never thought you'd ever really have sex with another man.

CLAIRE

*(Pause)* I'll tell you one thing. It's nice to be with a man who finds me attractive. *(Smiles as she recalls)*

GEORGE

Dammit, Claire; I find you attractive!

CLAIRE

When's the last time you told me?

GEORGE

I don't know. I don't keep track.

CLAIRE

Well, I do.... And it's been a long, long time.

GEORGE

For crying out loud, Claire. You know I think you're attractive.

CLAIRE

Prove it.

GEORGE

No. *(Sits on chair)* I'm too tired.

CLAIRE

*(Seductively)* You're not really too tired, are you?

GEORGE

Yes, I'm too tired.... To do it again.

*(Frowning, CLAIRE backs off.)*

CLAIRE

Again?

GEORGE

That's what I said.

CLAIRE

What did you mean "again"?

GEORGE

*(Pause)* What do you think I mean? *(Pause, then smugly)* Me and Gretchen.

CLAIRE

*(Incredulous)* No?

GEORGE

Oh yessirree.

*(GEORGE presents the Lustcuffs which he took off the bed.)*

CLAIRE

Handcuffs?

GEORGE

No. *(Proudly)* Lustcuffs.

CLAIRE

*(Pause)* But you said Gretchen wasn't here.

GEORGE

I lied.... Of course, Gretchen was here; *(Throws cuffs on bed)* actually, there.

CLAIRE

No?

GEORGE

Oh yeah! And I enjoyed every second of IT.

CLAIRE

Really?

GEORGE

Really. *(CLAIRE moves away)* What's wrong?

CLAIRE

Oh, I don't know.... I just didn't think you'd really sleep with another woman.

GEORGE

Well, I had no intention of doing so.... Until I realized you and Darrin were screwing—  
*(Pause)* like a couple of Welsh rabbits!

*(CLAIRE paces and GEORGE watches her.)*

CLAIRE

*(Finally)* I guess that makes us even.

GEORGE

I guess so.

*(The silence becomes increasingly uncomfortable as the WELLS think about their indiscretions.)*

CLAIRE  
I'm going to bed. (*Crosses towards bedroom*)

GEORGE  
(*Sarcastically*) By yourself this time?

CLAIRE  
You should talk.

GEORGE  
Nympho.

CLAIRE  
Hypocrite.

GEORGE  
(*Gruffly; just before CLAIRE exits*) Do you know where the aspirin is?

CLAIRE  
(*Smugly*) Try the kitchen counter....

(*GEORGE looks daggers at an exiting CLAIRE, then exits dejectedly into the kitchen. Moments later, JENNY'S voice can be heard.*)

JENNY, *Off*  
You can have her as far as I'm concerned.

(*JENNY enters and heads for the front door, with TODD following. JOYCE follows close behind.*)

TODD  
Jenny, wait!

JENNY  
(*Turns back*) What?

TODD  
It's late. Let me drive you home.

JENNY  
I'm not going home.

TODD  
(*Surprised*) You're not?

JENNY  
(*Boasting*) I'm going to a party.

A party? Where? TODD

Todd, I'll give you one more chance. JOYCE

Lexi is having a toga party. JENNY

Really? Can anyone go? TODD

Todd! JOYCE

Do you want to? JENNY

*(TODD looks at JENNY and then at JOYCE—who has walked over to the bed and reclined sexily on it.)*

Which would you prefer, Todd? A girl or a woman? JOYCE

*(After some deliberation, TODD crosses towards JOYCE.)*

*(Lovingly)* Tiger. JOYCE

*(JOYCE reaches for TODD but he reaches for a sheet instead.)*

I'll need a toga. TODD

*(TODD pulls a sheet off the sofa bed, throwing JOYCE off balance. With sheet in hand, he crosses towards JENNY.)*

Jenny, would you wear my ring? TODD, *Continues*

Are you serious? JENNY

*(TODD answers by reaching into his pocket, pulling out the ring, and placing it on her finger.)*

Oh Todd. JENNY

*(Hand in hand, TODD and JENNY are about to exit when he turns back.)*

TODD

Joyce, would you tell my parents I won't be back for awhile.

JOYCE

*(Sarcastically)* Don't hold your freakin' breath.

JENNY

*(To JOYCE)* Nice meeting you.

*(As TODD and JENNY exit, they excitedly make plans.)*

JENNY

After the party we can go to my house and Mom'll make breakfast.

TODD

Pancakes and eggs? Lots of eggs.

JENNY

Yeah—and we can watch Roadrunner cartoons.

TODD

And "Scooby-Doo." Oh Jenny.

JENNY

Oh Todd!

JOYCE

Oh God!

*(After they exit, JOYCE, the self-proclaimed teetotaler, looks around, sees the liquor bottle, shrugs, takes a drink, kind of likes it, and takes another drink. SFX: CAB HORN.)*

JOYCE

I'm coming, I'm coming!

*(Bottle in hand, JOYCE walks to the front door. She opens it, to see DARRIN about to knock.)*

DARRIN

Hey, there's a cab out front.

JOYCE

No shit, Sherlock.

DARRIN

How would you like me to pay off the driver and take you out for a couple of drinks?

JOYCE

*(Smiles)* How would you like me to kick you in the nuts?

*(DARRIN quickly shields his groin with his hands and JOYCE exits. He shakes his head and pushes the door closed.)*

DARRIN

Anyone home!?... George? Claire *(Almost as an after-thought)* Gretchen?

*(Getting no immediate response, DARRIN walks to the exercise bike and begins cycling. As he's feeling his neck pulse while looking at his watch, a disheveled GEORGE appears. Seeing DARRIN, he grabs the fireplace poker [if there's a fireplace] or rolling pin from the kitchen [or some other potentially lethal weapon] and carries it behind him as he approaches his "neighbor.")*

GEORGE

*(Scowling)* Darrin.

DARRIN

Sorry to bother you, ol' boy. The door was open.

GEORGE

What do you want?

DARRIN

Your wife.

*(DARRIN laughs; GEORGE doesn't.)*

DARRIN, *Continues*

Actually, I'm looking for my wife. *(Looks around)* Where is she?

GEORGE

Your guess is as good as mine.

DARRIN

She's not here?

GEORGE

Not now she isn't.

DARRIN

She did come home with you, didn't you?

GEORGE

Yes, she did.

DARRIN

When did you last see her?

GEORGE

*(Pause, then points)* In that bed—about 20 minutes ago.

DARRIN

Hey, congratulations, George. You scored.

GEORGE

Yeah, well—I only "scored" because you were "scoring" with my wife.

DARRIN

Yeah. What?

GEORGE

I said, the only reason I made it with Gretchen is because you and Claire were making it. On the kitchen counter, no less.

DARRIN

What's your problem, then? We're even, right?

GEORGE

Yeah.... But Claire's not a swinger!

DARRIN

Coulda fooled me.

*(CLAIRE enters wearing a robe.)*

DARRIN

Speak of the devil—or should I say, angel.

CLAIRE

Darrin.... Something wrong?

GEORGE

Gretchen seems to be lost.

CLAIRE

She hasn't come home yet?

DARRIN

Nope.

CLAIRE

We better call the police.

GEORGE

Before anyone calls the cops, let me check the house.

*(GEORGE starts to walk away, then turns back and glares.)*

GEORGE

I won't be gone long.

*(After GEORGE exits, DARRIN moves toward CLAIRE.)*

DARRIN

See I told you.

CLAIRE

Told me what?

DARRIN

That Gretchen and George would get together.

*(CLAIRE doesn't respond as DARRIN moves closer.)*

DARRIN

I really, really want you, Claire.... I'd even leave Gretchen for you.

CLAIRE

Are you serious? You'd leave Gretchen?

DARRIN

In a New York minute.

CLAIRE

But she's so sweet—and so sexy.

DARRIN

Yeah. And s-o-o stupid. I'd rather go to bed with a good book.

*(After a pause, GRETCHEN can be heard but not seen.)*

GRETCHEN

A good book, huh!?

*(A shocked DARRIN and CLAIRE look around for GRETCHEN, who is crawling out from beneath the sofa bed.)*

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

## **MARRIED NOT BURIED PANTOMIME CURTAIN CALL**

*(The following numbered scenes represent a quick reprise of the entire play. The action in this "curtain call" can be performed to the tune of "Swing Your Partners" or "Turkey in the Straw." NOTE: Since it would be difficult to turn the sofa bed back into a sofa and then back into a sofa bed again, some liberty must be taken--that is, the sofa bed will remain as is throughout the action, with the actors acting as if it weren't there. Fortunately, most of this curtain call involves action in the last act, when the sofa bed is part of the scenery.)*

1. GEORGE is on the phone when CLAIRE enters. As she does, he quickly hangs up the phone, looks at his watch, and points to it. CLAIRE shakes her head, points at her watch and exits into the kitchen.
  
2. After CLAIRE exits, GEORGE quickly redials, but hangs up hastily when CLAIRE re-enters, holding her forehead. Not convinced, GEORGE hits one fist into the palm of his other hand. CLAIRE frowns, returns GEORGE'S "fist-into-the-palm" gesture and sinks into chair, looking a bit pale.
  
3. The phone rings and GEORGE moves quick as a cat to answer--even before CLAIRE can stand. He looks at her and mouths "Todd"; CLAIRE smiles, and then frowns when GEORGE starts to talk baseball. With nothing else to do, she picks up GEORGE'S "paper" and frowns.
  
4. There's a knock at the door and GEORGE bounds to answer. His enthusiasm dwindles when he opens the door to FLORENCE FLETCHER, who frowns at him as she makes her entrance. GEORGE flashes a fake smile and quickly exits.
  
5. FLORENCE is sitting on the chair reading GEORGE'S "paper," when CLAIRE rushes toward her, grabs it, thinks quickly, rolls it up, and begins swatting near a startled FLORENCE.
  
6. GRETCHEN is combing her hair when DARRIN mouths a snide remark. GRETCHEN snaps back--just before GEORGE enters and mouths, "Is everybody happy?"
  
7. The foursome is playing strip trivia. GRETCHEN is down to the bare essentials, but shocks the rest of the players--particularly GEORGE--by answering a question. GEORGE re-examines the card he is holding to be sure GRETCHEN is correct.
  
8. DARRIN removes his shirt, GEORGE removes his shirt and pants, and GEORGE asks GRETCHEN another question, which she answers incorrectly. He pops up to help her remove her bra, while DARRIN scoots next to CLAIRE. A moment later, the front door opens, and TODD and JOYCE enter—and it's hard to tell who is more shocked as GEORGE flips the bra toward TODD.
  
9. DARRIN is making a major move on CLAIRE at the front door when FLORENCE, sitting on the sofa, looks up and mouths, "Adultery—One-Way Ticket to Hell." CLAIRE quickly snaps back to reality.

10. JOYCE has just patted TODD'S rear when lights flash at the window, causing him to freak. JOYCE scolds TODD before "footcuffing" him then exiting with a taunt.

11. Between JENNY and JOYCE, TODD nervously watches them argue, until lights flash once again. TODD freaks again, JOYCE plants a big kiss on him before exiting, and a forlorn JENNY heads toward the pool. TODD looks both ways, then hops in the direction JENNY exited.

12. GRETCHEN and GEORGE are in bed, and she's all over him—until she says something that makes him forget his amorousness and sit straight up in bed.

13. GEORGE is now standing by the phone, having just dialed a number. He frowns, and then smiles when he hears a knock at the door. His smile changes back to a frown when he opens the door to FLORENCE FLETCHER.

14. GEORGE is standing by the bed, frowning at GRETCHEN. She pulls him onto the bed and attacks him.

15. GRETCHEN is sitting on the sofa bed smiling at JOYCE, who rips off the blanket to reveal a sheepish TODD and a liquor bottle. She storms off as TODD and GRETCHEN watch.

16. GRETCHEN and TODD are now laughing it up on the sofa bed—until GEORGE enters and brings the festivities to a quick halt by mouthing "Todd!"

17. GEORGE, GRETCHEN, and TODD are now in bed. GEORGE is trying to "fix" her contact lens as TODD looks on. Just as he does, JOYCE walks in, registers shocked disbelief and exits.

18. GEORGE is now consoling a distraught JENNY on the sofa bed, as a sympathetic GRETCHEN, liquor bottle in hand, looks on from the chair. TODD enters and registers his own stunned disbelief.

19. Now standing next to the sofa bed, TODD is arguing with JENNY, in the sofa bed, as an exasperated GEORGE looks on. TODD tries to pull JENNY out of bed but instead is pulled onto the bed. Sitting on the sofa, GRETCHEN can't help herself and joins the action.

20. FLORENCE enters to find feet and arms sticking out from beneath the cover of the sofa bed. She removes the blanket—and nearly has a coronary.

21. FLORENCE is gone, and there is peace and quiet on the sofa bed—until lights flash at the window. GEORGE panics and everyone frantically exits.

22. CLAIRE enters, looks around, opens the closet--and is shocked to see TODD. She is even more shocked when she hears noises in the closet and a sheepish JENNY, then JOYCE exit.

23. CLAIRE is on the phone, smiling as she talks. When she mouths "it," GEORGE'S eyes open as his head pops up.
24. Sitting on the chair, a morose GEORGE watches CLAIRE show real concern for the first time. Her frown widens when he proudly displays Lustcuffs.
25. DARRIN is wooing CLAIRE, when an enraged GRETCHEN crawls from beneath sofa bed.
26. GRETCHEN angrily dials phone in front of DARRIN. GEORGE, and CLAIRE.
27. GRETCHEN storms toward door and exits. DARRIN smiles for a moment or two then hurries to try to catch his wife.
28. A puzzled GEORGE is looking at CLAIRE, when she pushes him back onto the bed and flings herself atop him.
29. CLAIRE dangles Lustcuffs in front of GEORGE.
30. FLORENCE, bottle in hand, prepares to dive onto sofa bed.

*(Traditional Curtain Call to Follow)*