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# The INVISIBLE Patriarch

A SHORT COMEDY BY

**Greg Freier**

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# The Invisible Patriarch

by Greg Freier

## CHARACTERS

1W / 2M

*ABE: 40ish. He is the type of man that wants to be successful in life, but without putting forth any effort what's so ever. He is dressed in nice slacks, white tee shirt, and button down sweater.*

*MARY: 40ish; ABE's wife. She is the daughter of NORMAN, and she too wants life handed to her. She is wearing a nice dress, and has the appearance of one who has lived the rich life.*

*NORMAN: He is old, rich, and has a very dignified manner about him. He is impeccably dressed. He wears reading glasses.*

## SETTING

*Gabe & Mary's Living Room in Norman's house*

## The Invisible Patriarch

by Greg Freier

*(AT RISE: A nice living room. ABE and MARY are seated on the couch center stage. NORMAN is seated stage right, reading Shakespeare.)*

ABE

*(Glaring at NORMAN)* Just look at him.

MARY

*(With mild disgust)* He's reading Shakespeare.

ABE

*(With disgust)* He's taking up space is what he's doing. My space.

MARY

It's my space too, even if he is my father.

ABE

That's neither here nor there. The point is, is that he's still here.

MARY

*(Closes her eyes)* I can even still see him sitting there when I close my eyes.

ABE

That makes me want to hate him even that much more.

MARY

It's no wonder my mother died of old age on purpose. It was all she could do to get rid of him.

ABE

Selfish bastard.

NORMAN

*(Doesn't look up from his book)* Pardon me for interjecting here, but it's quite obvious, at least to me anyway, that I am still in fact, in this very room.

ABE

Look at the way his lips move when he reads.

MARY

Pathetic really.

NORMAN

*(Continues reading)* So I gather from your childish game playing over there, that we're playing, "pretend the old chap isn't here." That's quite brilliant for you two. Very ingenious.

ABE

There's only one thing we can do now.

MARY

I totally agree.

ABE

*(Looks at NORMAN)* He's old, mentally incognizant, and he'll be dead soon anyway, so theoretically it would *be* for his own good.

MARY

*(Looking at her father)* And that's all one can ask for. What's best for one's father. *(To ABE)* So, did you get it?

ABE

*(Reaches into a pocket on his sweater; pulls out a brochure)* Got it right here. *(Hands her the brochure)* And you want to know the funny part? The old codger led me right to the place. Went visiting he did. The stupid fool.

MARY

He's never seen the likes of this kind of clever before.

NORMAN

*(Still reading)* At least not outside the realms of the local bowling alley.

ABE

Did you just hear something?

MARY

Probably just your paranoia.

ABE

Right. *(Points to the brochure)* So what do you think?

MARY

*(Reads brochure)* Rosebud Retirement Community, a relaxing journey for those special people who are already more than relaxed.

ABE

It's perfect.

MARY

*(Continues looking at brochure)* It does look promising.

ABE

And you want to know the best part, no culture at all. *(Points to a section of brochure)*  
I mean look at this part; shuffleboard, checkers, tiddlywinks...they even have people that cut  
your food for you. It'll kill him in no time.

MARY

A castration of culture to sterilize his well bred soul.

ABE

And then we can live the carefree lifestyle we've always wanted, but with his money.

MARY

Just like we're doing now.

NORMAN

*(Still reading)* Thoroughly guileless. And to think you created this diabolical intrigue without  
supervision speaks volumes for your fatuous innocuousness. I'm already visualizing my  
quandary of whether to tiddlywink or shuffleboard. Methinks the insanity should come but  
instantly. *(Slight pause)* Idiots.

MARY

How soon until we can get rid of him?

ABE

According to the lady I spoke to today, we could have him out of here by next Monday once  
we give them the deposit.

MARY

In that case we'd best devise a plan.

ABE

True, because we don't want to appear too obvious when we ask him for the \$10,412. Last  
thing we want to do is draw too much attention to ourselves.

MARY

Good point.

ABE

Might be best to ask during cocktails then.

MARY

Perfect. After a few martini's we'll then casually ask him for the money. Say it's for a  
fundraiser of some sort.

ABE

Brilliant. *(Slight pause)* But what kind of fundraiser? He does tend to be rather inquisitive  
when we ask him for large amounts.

MARY

That's one thing about him I've always hated. The way he always has to complicate things that benefit us that are none of his business.

ABE

We could just simplify things by stealing his glasses, putting him on the yacht, and then dropping him in the middle of lake.

MARY

The yacht's being reupholstered. Besides it's winter, the lakes frozen.

ABE

Oh yes, I'd forgotten.

NORMAN

*(Still reading)* Here's a thought, why not merely spend multitudes of quality time with me against my wishes. That would no doubt annihilate my will to live.

ABE

*(Snaps his fingers)* I've got it. What if we say the fundraiser is an effort to bring Shakespeare in the park to an underprivileged tribe of uncultured pygmies?

MARY

A theatrical angle; that just might work.

ABE

You know how he loves to waste money on the arts.

MARY

Makes me sick to even think about it.

NORMAN

*(Continues reading)* Of course it does, refinements for humans. But on the positive side, now at least you'll have something of sustenance to discuss with your pimp on your way back to the trailer park. *(Turns the page)*

ABE

*(To MARY)* Did you say something?

MARY

*(Points at NORMAN)* Probably just a small breeze when he turned the page.

ABE

So how exactly should we entice him for cocktails?

MARY

*(In all seriousness)* By giving him one I would imagine.

ABE

Won't that seem a tad out of the ordinary?

MARY

*(Thinks for a moment)* We'll just say we made a third martini by accident and then offer it to him.

ABE

What if he refuses?

MARY

He'd never do something so droll as that— martini's brim with class.

NORMAN

*(Stands)* While you two are busy completely ignoring me over there, I've decided it might be best if I went and got a spot of tea. *(Exits)*

ABE

*(Extremely surprised)* What in the hell is doing?

MARY

I'm not sure.

ABE

Shouldn't we follow him or something so he doesn't get away?

MARY

I'm sure he just has to go to the bathroom or take his medication or some such nonsense. Nothing we need to panic about.

ABE

*(Somewhat panicked)* But what if he's been listening all along, and then comes back with a bow and arrow?

MARY

Then that will just prove he's insane.

ABE

But what if he shoots the both of us? Who will call the police to tell them?

MARY

Not to worry. He doesn't own a bow and arrow.

ABE

But even still, he could have been listening.

MARY

Quite doubtful, because if he had of been listening, he would have no doubt called that overprotective butler of his, Tomkinson, who in turn would have called the estate security team, who would have then proceeded to rush over armed with your much worried about bows and arrows, and then shot us dead on the spot for conspiring against their beloved leader.

ABE

*(Questionably)* I suppose that sounds reasonable.

MARY

Of course it does. Now let's just get on with our plan before he comes back.

ABE

Where were we?

MARY

I believe we're up to the martinis.

ABE

*(Looks at his watch)* Oh dear God, the time, it's five o'clock. *(Crosses to bar)* Gin or vodka? Which seems more logical?

MARY

Gin. Gin addles his mind a tad more if I recall.

*(ABE pulls out three glasses, a shaker, a bottle of gin and vermouth and begins mixing.)*

ABE

I'll be extra light on the vermouth then.

MARY

And put those little onions in them. I always liked the way that looked.

ABE

Aesthetics. Good plan. Because a pretty drink is a potent drink.

MARY

*(Not quite sure what she's saying)* And a potent drink makes pretty that much more aesthetically pleasing to the subconscious of the drinker through subliminal innuendo.

ABE

*(Slight pause)* I have no idea what you just said, but I like it.  
*(NORMAN enters with his cup of tea and returns to his seat.)*

NORMAN

I've returned my vacuous simpletons, with the hope that your complete and utter idiocy continued on successfully during my minor respite.

MARY

*(Mockingly)* Look at him, with his little teacup and his Shakespeare.

ABE

And on the positive side, at least he's not armed.

MARY

Which will make this as easy as taking the grapes from a Waldorf salad.

ABE

But without the messiness of the mayonnaise getting all over ones hands.

NORMAN

*(Goes back to reading)* And we wouldn't want that, as messy hands are usually the moniker of embryo intelligence, but without the pleasant personality one normally associates with total morons.

*(SFX: PHONE RINGS.)*

MARY

Can you get that; I don't want to break a nail?

ABE

But I was about to take a sip. *(MARY shoots him a very, very dirty look)* Right, of course. I'll get it. I'm just married to the money. *(Picks up phone)* Esquire residence...speaking... *(With increasing shock)* Yes...yes...what? I'm sorry could repeat that?...could you repeat that one more time please...there's got to be a mistake...no mistake...well I think it's a big mistake...absolutely no mistake...you're sure...positive...then bite me. *(Hangs up)* This isn't good.

MARY

What's wrong?

ABE

*(In total shock)* That was the Rosebud Retirement Community.

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