Michael Licwinko





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ArtAge Publications

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THE ROBBIN' HOODS

by

Michael Licwinko

CAST

AL HOOD: In his sixties, he's retired and an actor in a local senior community theatre group.

MABEL HOOD: In her sixties, maybe a couple years younger than Al, a former nun.

GUS HOOD: Al's younger sister, in her late fifties, never married, wealthy businesswoman.

DET. SGT. MARIA LEWIS: With the Chicago Police Department, late fifties, black or Hispanic woman.

ANA: A retired woman, 65, attractive with a nice figure.

BEA: A retired woman, 65, attractive with a nice figure.

CICI: A Chicago detective, undercover.

<u>Place</u>

Al and Mabel Hood's home; Cuisine Françoise Restaurant.

Time

The present. Saturday morning and evening.

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Scene 1

Setting: A dining room table with 4-6 chairs, it has a laptop at one chair and a spiral notebook at another.

At Rise: Mabel brings a plate of cookies and two coffee cups to the table. (*This could take two trips*) She's dressed nicely and wears a noticeably expensive bracelet.

(Al enters carrying a small bag. He's wearing a white shirt, tie and suit pants. Al kisses Mabel on the cheek. He takes off his coat.)

MABEL: Bonne journée, mon amour.

AL: Ah, my hint. Something French, obviously.

MABEL: Oui.

AL: A French person died?

MABEL: Non.

Mabel hums a tune, and she and Al dance.

AL: Someone French is getting married.

MABEL: *Se rapprocher*.

AL: A wedding. With French food.

MABEL: *Exactement*. My friend's daughter's reception is at Café Français.

AL: Wow, that's great! Best restaurant in Chicago.

MABEL: And, you know, Al, we've been wanting to eat there for ages.

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AL: I know. Ok, Mabel, my turn.

(Al plays a tango song on his cell phone or laptop. They dance.)

MABEL: There's a Mexican funeral in Pilsen.

AL: You looked at my laptop.

MABEL: Si' señor.

AL: Yes, there is, but that's not it.

MABEL: Then it must be Florida.

AL: Exactemente.

MABEL: Al, we've been over this so many times.

AL: Have you been outside this morning, Mabel? We need to move to Florida.

MABEL: Chicago is our comfort zone.

AL: Mine is Orlando and all points south. Trust me, we move there we'll live longer and better and with no stress.

MABEL: What about our nest egg?

AL: We've done well enough since my sister, *el diablo*, fleeced us out of our retirement money. It's time to quit before our luck runs out.

MABEL: Just one more year, and we'll have it all back.

AL: Oh, chocolate chip cookies. My favorite.

(Al takes two.)

MABEL: Say grace first.

(Silent prayer, then he inhales both of them.)

AL: Can I have another?

MABEL: Of course, but save some for the homeless shelter.

AL: You're such a giving person, Mabel.

MABEL: You know what I always say, 'You can take the girl out of the habit--

AL: But you can't take the habit out of the girl.

MABEL: I was so sure that they would let us get married. Times were changing. The Second Ecumenical Council so modernized the church.

AL: The convent's loss was my gain. By the way, do you still have your old outfit?

MABEL: You mean habit? Sure. Why?

AL: (*takes a handkerchief from his pocket and puts it around his neck*) It's been quite some time since we've played Sister Mabel and Father Al.

MABEL: Oh, Al, so frisky for a Saturday morning.

AL: You used to love frisky on any morning.

MABEL: It's really not a fit topic when I'm baking for the homeless. And don't forget that you have a cancer patient to drive to chemo this morning.

AL: I remember. We won't need much down there, ya know. Our pensions and social security will be enough to live comfortably.

MABEL: But I love Chicago.

AL: It's getting too risky. Look at your wrist. We said cash only.

MABEL: I couldn't help it. It's so beautiful and accessorizes my new dress perfectly.

AL: You're going to get us thrown in the slammer.

MABEL: Don't be silly.

(Al opens the bag and puts on the mustache.)

AL: Does this make me look Hispanic?

MABEL: *Un poco*.

AL: The last time I wasn't happy with my disguise.

MABEL: Yes, the sombrero and serape were a little over the top.

AL: That's what I get for listening to my sister. You know, I'm convinced she always gives me wrong information just to make me look bad. Like the investment. (*tapping on the computer keyboard*) Okay, I've narrowed it down to two funerals.

MABEL: What about the wedding at Café Français?

AL: One's in Pilsen. Guy's name is Gomez.

MABEL: Thank God it's not another Italian. They seem to be the only ones dying lately. I swear if I have to choke down another cannoli...

AL: And I'm Chianti'd up to my eyeballs. No, this one's ideal, Belle. First, he was ninety-two. Bus driver: All co-workers probably dead. Anybody asks, I'll say I met him just before he retired, when I was just starting out.

MABEL: What if one of his co-workers *is* there?

AL: Easy. I'll use the brief, but lasting impact approach. I met him once, he gave me some good advice, so I felt compelled to pay my respects.

MABEL: You're getting very good at this.

AL: I wanted to be the next Jack Nicholson, ya know.