

Blame Game

Linda LaRocque





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BLAME GAME

by

Linda LaRocque

CAST

DOUG: Middle age male.

KATHERINE: Middle age female

Place

Doug and Katherine's upscale suburban home.

Time

The present

Setting: A lovely table with two chairs, two stemmed glasses, an open bottle of wine in a wine carafe and a vase of flowers.

At Rise: Katherine sits at the table. She is dressed very well. Doug enters. He is also dressed very nicely. A decorative box is on the table.

DOUG: Hello, honey. Whoa, what's the occasion? *(He kisses her)*

KATHERINE: You. You are the occasion.

DOUG: *(looks at the bottle of wine)* You've got my favorite again. I love this stuff. Here, let me fill your glass.

KATHERINE: Thank you, honey.

DOUG: You know you're beautiful? I've got to be the world's luckiest guy.

KATHERINE: Really?

DOUG: Of course. So how was your day?

KATHERINE: Interesting.

DOUG: What do you mean?

KATHERINE: It was just an interesting day. In fact, I wish you could have been here. I can't do these events justice by just telling you about them. It loses something.

DOUG: Now I am curious. Come on. Give it to me.

KATHERINE: How long have we been married?

DOUG: Thirty-five years.

KATHERINE: Thirty-six.

DOUG: I was close. Better than most guys, I'll bet.

KATHERINE: Do I know you?

DOUG: Better than anybody.

KATHERINE: That's what I thought.

DOUG: So what does that have to do with today?

KATHERINE: Not much, I guess. Except I had some company this morning shortly after you left.

DOUG: *(still unconcerned)* Oh yeah, who?

KATHERINE: Two well dressed men in suits from the Internal Revenue Service.

DOUG: *(serious and interested now)* Just what the hell did they want?

KATHERINE: You. But since you weren't around, I had the pleasure of their company all to myself.

DOUG: I suppose like a dope you let them in.

KATHERINE: No. Like the shocked and betrayed wife, I listened while they took me on a tour of our twisted, sordid, and deceit-filled life.

DOUG: (*angry*) Just what the hell do you mean?

KATHERINE: When I woke up this morning, we were a fairly successful, middle-aged couple. We were like old friends. We were a family. You, husband, father. Me, wife, mother. Life was good. We've had problems but always worked them out. Or so I thought.

DOUG: Come on, Katherine. Get to the point.

KATHERINE: Don't you dare interrupt me until I'm through.

DOUG: Let's end the drama right now. We'll never get any place while you're this emotional.

KATHERINE: How could you? (*enraged*) You lying, filthy, deranged excuse of a man. (*She stands up and lunges toward him. DOUG stops her.*)

DOUG: What the hell? What do you mean; I am a lying, filthy, deranged excuse of a man?

KATHERINE: (*She paces and seems crazed.*) Why did you do this to us?

DOUG: Do what? You're making way more of this than necessary. You're exaggerating, as usual.

KATHERINE: I don't think so. I think owing the IRS nearly eight hundred thousand dollars in back taxes is not an exaggeration. It has destroyed our life as we knew it.

DOUG: We'll pay it off. People do it all the time.

KATHERINE: They have seized our bank accounts. We can't write a check for five dollars. We have nothing. I hate you! I hate you!

DOUG: Damn it, Katherine, stop!

KATHERINE: I know it all, Doug. Do you hear me? I know it all.

DOUG: You snooped through my desk, didn't you? Through my personal papers. You talk about deceit. Look at yourself.

KATHERINE: They demanded records, Doug. I had to comply.

DOUG: You're so damn stupid. You didn't have to show them anything!

KATHERINE: Wait a minute. I'm not defending myself. I didn't do anything wrong. You're the one.

DOUG: There you go again. Everything is always my fault. Anything else you care to bitch about?

KATHERINE: How could you, Doug? How could you not pay our taxes? You handled all our financial affairs. I trusted you.

DOUG: I didn't think you were that concerned. You never asked me.

KATHERINE: I didn't know I had to. We had an agreement or so I thought. I handled all the sales and marketing aspects while you handled all the money and accounting aspects. I thought it worked. But how wrong I was. *(beat)* What a difference a day makes.

DOUG: You should have been an actress. You're so damn dramatic and unstable and nosey.

KATHERINE: They wanted documentation and records. I found records all right, stacks of letters from the IRS. Some were never opened. Doug, you're the unstable one. What's the matter with you? Did you really think you wouldn't get caught? You destroyed us.

DOUG: It's not all that bad. I can resolve things.

KATHERINE: You can't resolve this one, Doug.

DOUG: What do you mean? Of course I can.

KATHERINE: While I was *snooping* through your desk and while the agents were waiting, I came across your private collection of...

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!