

Make Mine Metamucil

Dave Silverbrand





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ArtAge Publications

Bonnie L. Vorenberg, President

PO Box 19955

Portland OR 97280

503-246-3000 or 800-858-4998

bonniev@seniortheatre.com

www.seniortheatre.com

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MAKE MINE METAMUCIL

by Dave Silverbrand

CAST

GLADYS: Senior Resident.
MILDRED: Senior Resident.
MORTON: Senior Resident.
CUBBY: Yoga Instructor.
MILES: Scam Artist.
DEVLIN: Scam Artist.
CONNIE: Young Woman.
MARVIN: Senior Patrol.

SCENE 3

Setting: The sunroom of a senior residence. GLADYS scratches notes on a pad as the telephone rings ten times. When it stops ringing she looks up. There's a knock on the door and an elderly man enters. MARVIN is wearing a police uniform.)

MARVIN: Ten a.m. Welfare check. You didn't answer your phone on the ten-count, so here I am.

GLADYS: Thanks, Marvin. What would I do without the Senior Patrol?

MARVIN: I don't know, ma'am. You mean, you're okay?

GLADYS: Yup. Just checking.

MARVIN: Gladys, *(sits down heavily and sighs)* you worry me. What would Seaview do without you?

GLADYS: Thanks, Marvin. And what would I do without you?

MARVIN: Oh, as long as they had someone to make the welfare calls... You don't just retire after 30 years on the police department. Yup, married to my job, I was.

GLADYS: I know, Marvin.

MARVIN: Know every crack in the sidewalks, ma'am.

GLADYS: I know.

MARVIN: Got a sixth sense for crime, too. I can look into a man's soul just by staring at his eyeballs. Comes with knowing the criminal mind. How black the human heart can be.

GLADYS: I'm sure.

MARVIN: You know, ma'am...(pause) By the way, can I call you Gladys?

GLADYS: After thirty years, you're entitled to...

MARVIN: Well, Gladys, the U.S. Constitution don't count for much anymore, ma'am. We've all turned into a bunch of sissies. Afraid to do this. Scared of doing that. The criminal mind is running over us like a steamroller.

GLADYS: You think so?

MARVIN: I know so. I say, if a guy don't look right, lock him up and throw away the key. What's the harm in that?

GLADYS: That's one way of doing it.

MARVIN: It's the only way, ma'am. I spent 30 years tip-toeing around the Bill of Rights, and we aren't no better off than we were.

GLADYS: What can you do?

MARVIN: Well, I'm glad you asked. You see, now that I'm retired, I don't have to worry about being accountable to anybody. I'm a volunteer. I put a red light on my own car, got my own uniform. Even got a pair of hand-cuffs. Now I'm going to enforce the law my way. What are they gonna do, fire me? Excuse me for sayin' so, ma'am, but you're a sittin' duck for crime. You need someone like me to protect you. Whenever you need help, just call, ma'am, and I'll be over here faster than you can say "Phillips Milk of Magnesia."

GLADYS: I appreciate that.

MARVIN: Well, I've always been ready to look out for you, Miss Gladys. You're a one of a kind. A rose among thorns.

GLADYS: Thank you, Marvin.

MARVIN: In fact, I couldn't say this about anybody but you, ma'am. But I'd...Well, I'd...I'd take a bullet for you.

GLADYS: Thanks, Marvin. I'd appreciate that.

MARVIN: A forty-five. *(pause)* Hollow point.

GLADYS: Thanks. *(pause)* Say, Marvin, did you ever wonder how much we depend on numbers?

MARVIN: You mean other than a forty-five? Never thought about it, ma'am.

GLADYS: It's the way they know we're alive.

MARVIN: I guess.

GLADYS: Social security number. Medicare number. Bank number. It's the way we exist.

MARVIN: Yup. Gas is goin' up to four dollars a gallon.

GLADYS: You see?

MARVIN: Another thousand miles and I'll need a lube job.

GLADYS: Exactly. Did you ever wonder what life would be like without numbers?

MARVIN: We'd be half-way to hell in thirty days.

GLADYS: Exactly my point. Marvin, I want to try living in a world without numbers.

MARVIN: How will we get in touch with you?

GLADYS: I mean, a world where imagination runs free.

MARVIN: Is that legal?

GLADYS: It's life, Marvin.

MARVIN: How do you plan to do that?

GLADYS: I want to write.

MARVIN: Write?

GLADYS: Put my heart on paper.

MARVIN: Is there any money in it?

GLADYS: That's just the point. It's not about money or cholesterol or blood sugar. It's about me.

MARVIN: You could talk to me. That's what I'm here for.

GLADYS: (*excited*) That's not the point. Writing is forever. I could write something right now. Then my heart could stop. And my writing would still be here.

MARVIN: Are you okay with your meds?

GLADYS: I want to write a play, Marvin.

MARVIN: Gosh.

GLADYS: Put words on paper. Speak. Connect.

MARVIN: A play? Like on Broadway?

GLADYS: Who knows? That's not the point.

MARVIN: What would it be about?

GLADYS: It would be about life, Marvin. It would be about me...and you...and the rest of us...

MARVIN: Us, who?

GLADYS: The us who live by numbers. The us who have forgotten to live by the sun and the wind and the heart.

MARVIN: (*stands*) I think I gotta be goin'.

GLADYS: A play for people over fifty-five. A play for you...

MARVIN: (*walks to door*) I got to get that oil change...

GLADYS: ...A celebration of life at it's richest...Music without end. Meaning without limit...

MARVIN: (*stops at door*) I hopes it got an intermission. Every half-hour I gotta take a wizz break.

SCENE 4

Setting: *The New York office of DEVLIN and MILES two weeks later. MILES is sifting through the envelopes. Both have blankets over their shoulders and are using flashlights.*

MILES: (*shivering*) Man it's cold in here. When they say they're shutting off the power, they don't mess around.

DEVLIN: We've been in worse situations than this. Quit complaining.

MILES: (*sarcastically*) Oh, I'm not complaining. (*blows out*) I'm just not used to seeing my own breath indoors.

DEVLIN: Don't worry about it. It'll be Spring soon.

MILES: No worries. I'm just wondering...what's first aid for frostbite?

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!

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