The Secret to Making the Perfect Lasagna

Alex Broun





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THE SECRET TO MAKING THE PERFECT LASAGNA

By

Alex Broun

CAST

MAX: Older man who is ready to date again.

WENDY: Met Max in a grocery store.

MARTHA: Max's recently deceased wife.

CAROL: Max's cousin.

CRESSIDA: Max's 'cousin.'

MAY: Max's cousin.

JENNIFER: Max's oldest daughter, a lawyer.

MONICA: Max's friend, also from an Italian family.

VIOLET: Max's daughter, a drama teacher.

JASMINE: Max's sister.

Setting: *A dark stage*.

At Rise: A spotlight opens on MAX at Left Center.

MAX: Bereavement. It's such a nice word for such an awful event. (*He holds a photo*.) Martha, my wife of thirty-two years, passed away. A terrible disease that I'm not even going to dignify by naming. At the end...Well let's just say at the end...she wasn't herself. I don't like to remember that. I like to remember her just like this. (*indicates photo*) Tomorrow it will be three years, two months and eleven days. My friends and even my children say Max... Dad..."You need to get out. Mom wouldn't want you to be sad." At first I resisted. How could anyone take

the place of Martha? My magical, mysterious, magnificent Martha. They persisted and I resisted until one day...

(Stage lights fade up. WENDY enters at Right, pushing a shopping cart. Behind MAX is another shopping cart with a few items in it. Stepping behind the second cart, MAX faces WENDY. She smiles.)

WENDY: I see you here a lot.

MAX: What can I say? I'm a big admirer of frozen peas.

WENDY: Not frozen carrots?

MAX: No, just peas.

WENDY: (checking his cart) Not much of a dinner. Frozen peas and instant lasagna.

MAX: Martha used to...

(His voice trails off. She gives him an inquiring glance.)

MAX: Cook. Martha...used to cook.

WENDY: Who's Martha?

MAX: My wife. She's...

WENDY: What?

(MAX points upwards.)

WENDY: I'm sorry to hear that. (beat) Well hopefully someone else will make you proper lasagna. One day. I love lasagna. (She passes him. Then freezes at Left.)

MAX: And then it happened. It was almost like Martha was tapping me on the shoulder. In the frozen pea aisle.

(MARTHA enters at Right.)

MARTHA: Ask her.

MAX: Martha?

MARTHA: Go on, ask her.

MAX: But how can I? She's not...you...

MARTHA: I'm quite sick and tired of watching you moping around all the time. Ask her.

MAX: What do I say?

MARTHA: You'll think of something. You thought of something to say to me.

MAX: But that was different. That was you. Everything was always so easy with you. I looked into your eyes and I knew everything would be alright.

MARTHA: Ask her. For me. (She exits at Right.)

MAX: (over his shoulder to WENDY) I could make it for you.

WENDY: (over her shoulder to him) Lasagna?

MAX: If you like.

WENDY: (*facing him*) I don't know. I'm pretty fussy with my lasagna. It has to be just right. It has to be perfect.

MAX: This will be perfect. The perfect lasagna.

WENDY: Okay. The perfect lasagna. Next Friday night. And don't buy it frozen and re-heat it. I'll know, and I won't be happy. And you don't want to make me unhappy.

(WENDY exits Left.)

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