

Everybody is Sexy for Somebody

Frank Canino





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EVERYBODY IS SEXY FOR SOMEBODY

By

Frank Canino

CAST

JAN: A domineering housewife in her 60's.

MAX: Her husband, 60's but eager.

BARBARA: Jan's best friend, a follower.

ED: Barbara's husband, 60's but still curious.

Place:

The living rooms of two couples, somewhere in a North American city or suburb.

Time:

The present, any day of any week.

Setting: The living room of JAN and MAX is on stage right. The living room of BARBARA and ED is on stage left. The only set is a small table with one chair and a telephone for each room. Light changes come up to indicate one apartment or both.

At Rise: Telephone rings in blackout. Lights come up on MAX on the phone. Then lights up on ED answering the phone.

MAX: Ed?

ED: Yeah, Max.

MAX: She's ready to leave. What about Barbara?

ED: Walkin' out the door practically. You want I should come down?

MAX: Nah, I told Jan we'd use your car to get to the game.

(BARBARA enters wearing a long coat)

BARBARA: Ed, I left a thermos of chicken soup on the kitchen table. Have you got your tickets? And your pills?

ED: Yeah, yeah! *(into phone)* Max, come up whenever.

BARBARA: Tell him to tell Jan that I'm on my way.

ED: I told him already. So go on.

BARBARA: If the game runs over time, leave a message on the service.

ED: Yeah, yeah, yeah!

(She exits. He chuckles happily into the phone.)

ED: She's on her way down. So get your ass up here.

MAX: I'll be there in five.

(He hangs up. JAN, his wife enters, wearing a long coat, a large handbag, and carrying various items for him.)

JAN: Was that Barbara?

MAX: Yeah, she's coming now.

JAN: Good, that'll give us a good three hours to shop. Here's a thermos of hot tea and sandwiches and your tush pillow.

MAX: For a football game?

JAN: Remember your haemorrhoids last time? And don't jump up and down with your hernia—

MAX: Just get going and don't worry about—

(BARBARA enters)

BARBARA: Yoo-hoo, all ready?

JAN: In a minute.

BARBARA: *(to MAX)* Ed's waiting for you.

MAX: I'm on my way. *(he starts to leave)*

JAN: You forgot something!

MAX: What?

JAN: *(pointing to jacket on chair)* You're going to a football game without your jacket?

MAX: Oh yeah! *(he grabs it and exits)* Have fun shopping.

(A moment's pause. The women look at each other in suspense. They hear the door close. They smile.)

BARBARA: You sure we wanna do this?

JAN: I am all ready. Voila!

(she whips off her coat to reveal a scanty outfit of leather and chains)

BARBARA: Oh my god, it looks—

JAN: Exotic! And erotic!

BARBARA: But why do we have to dress up? No one's going to see us.

JAN: Oh come on, Barbara. Atmosphere! You know, get in character.

(As they talk JAN keeps adding more exotic pieces to her outfit from her handbag)

BARBARA: But I can't wear one of those things!

JAN: So no one asked you. Just back me up. Have you got your script?

BARBARA: Here.

(she takes out her script and glasses)

JAN: Remember: use your Marilyn Monroe voice. And your name is...?

BARBARA: Doll-Girl Desi-ray.

JAN: And I am?

BARBARA: Lady Dominoes?

JAN: DOMINA! For chrissake, Barbara, get it right. We have to sound professional on the phone.

BARBARA: I wish we had more time to practice.

JAN: Think of it as on-the-job training.

BARBARA: I never made money like this before.

JAN: Or had this much fun working for it.

BARBARA: But if our husbands find out—

JAN: When was the last time you and Ed did it? *(BARBARA turns away, embarrassed.)* Right! The only balls that interest them are on a golf course. Talk about losing your hard driver.

BARBARA: *(squirming)* Oh, Jan!

JAN: *(pulling her leather bra on)* Max thinks an erection is something you get in architecture! With any luck in a few minutes, we'll get our first call.

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!