

# Alice and Charlie Forget About Sally and Eddie

Stephen Sossaman





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ALICE AND CHARLIE FORGET ABOUT SALLY AND EDDIE

By Stephen Sossaman

CAST

ALICE: 70+ years old. A prim, proper, controlling exterior, hiding a passionate heart.

CHARLIE: 70+ years old. Alice's husband. Easy going.

SALLY: Stylish and attractive, in the fashion of 50 years ago. Because she is on stage as a memory, she can be played by a woman in her 20s or by a woman 70+. Underneath her confident glamour is a touch of bitter disappointment.

Place

*A living room.*

Time

*The present.*

*Setting: A living room. The floor is littered with shredded photographs and letters. A table center stage has collapsing boxes of old photographs. A shredder sits downstage left, by a chair. The up-stage wall is given to images of old black-and-white family photographs projected onto the wall screen. Each photograph fades in and out slowly. The wall is slowly pulsating with faint images: school pictures, portraits, letters, vacation snapshots, etc.*

*At Rise: The audience hears a dreamy and romantic tune, maybe Tommy Dorsey's "Stardust," and a paper shredder going on and off rhythmically. ALICE and CHARLIE stand on either side of the small table, culling piles of disorganized family photos and letters. The few photos that pass muster are put into a bright cookie tin or fancy box.*

*ALICE is armed with an enormous pair of scissors to destroy unwanted photographs. By the end of the play, the floor is strewn with discarded and mutilated photographs.*

ALICE: Charlie, don't dawdle. The children will be here soon.

*(CHARLIE hands a snapshot to ALICE)*

CHARLIE: I don't remember this couple at all.

ALICE: Miriam and Rob Williams? Maryanne and Bob Wall?

CHARLIE: Wald?

ALICE: Weld?

CHARLIE: Wilde?

ALICE: Weed?

CHARLIE: Jackson! That's it, Jackson.

ALICE: But Weed sounds nicer.

CHARLIE: But the name was really Jackson.

ALICE: But Weed has an elegant little hint of old Luxemburg.

CHARLIE: But that's old Jackson, the assistant district sales manager. He never liked me.

*(ALICE writes on the back of the photograph)*

ALICE: Miriam and Bob Weed...executive...colleague...of...Charles.

CHARLIE: *(hands over a photograph)* Billy will get a kick out of your funny old hat in this picture.

ALICE: Billy will never see this.

CHARLIE: *(hands over a photograph)* Look! Here is Eddie with his first car! *(ALICE grabs the photograph eagerly)*

ALICE: Oh, that Eddie! So handsome! So romantic!

CHARLIE: Here's our old apartment on Swamp Road. Our very first home together.

*(ALICE cruelly slices the photograph)*

ALICE: I never want to think of that old dump again.

CHARLIE: *(all smiles, hands over a photograph)* Remember Sally Smithson?

ALICE: *(smiling at the photo)* Oh, my, yes, Charlie.

CHARLIE: She was a great gal, that Sally. Wonderful girl.

ALICE: A truly wonderful friend.

*(CHARLIE takes back the photograph)*

CHARLIE: I was sweet on Sally.

ALICE: *(stops smiling)* Sally Smithson?

CHARLIE: Sally Smithson. Oooh, yes.

*(ALICE snatches the photograph. During the following dispute, each snatches back the photo before speaking)*

ALICE: Sally was not very respectable.

CHARLIE: A real nice girl.

ALICE: *(correcting his English)* "Really," not "real."

CHARLIE: The fact is, Sally was real nice.

ALICE: Sally used too much makeup. Just look at that.

CHARLIE: She did not!

ALICE: You men never understand these things. Women always know how much makeup is too much.

CHARLIE: Sally had great legs.

ALICE: She was far too thin.

CHARLIE: Too thin!

ALICE: Sally didn't dress well, either.

CHARLIE: Sally sure knew how to dress.

ALICE: It's an injustice when women with bad taste have plenty of money for pretty clothes.

CHARLIE: It was always a pleasure to see Sally.

ALICE: Sally let people see too much.

CHARLIE: I kind of liked that.

ALICE: No one liked Sally Smithson.

CHARLIE: I liked her.

*(ALICE scissors the photograph thoroughly)*

ALICE: You never liked Sally.

CHARLIE: I really liked Sally!

*(During the following dialog CHARLIE continues to look at photographs and hand them to ALICE, and ALICE looks at others on her own. ALICE, near tears, tosses or scissors every one, being especially vigorous when she is annoyed with CHARLIE.)*

ALICE: You were the only one.

CHARLIE: No, Alice, all the guys thought Sally was swell.

ALICE: Only men liked her. No one else.

CHARLIE: Especially Eddie.

ALICE: *(alarmed)* Eddie never liked that woman even one day!

CHARLIE: You used to like Sally, too.

ALICE: I always try to say nice things about dreadful people.

CHARLIE: You always were generous that way.

ALICE: Sally was not like other women.

CHARLIE: (*admiringly*) Oh, no.

ALICE: Sally always did what she wanted to do, regardless.

CHARLIE: Oh, yes. But every woman does what she wants to, regardless.

ALICE: Back then a woman couldn't even get a decent job or decent pay.

CHARLIE: I knew some swell waitresses. They got a lot of tips.

ALICE: They were just employees. Women could not run a business, just make money for the men who ran it.

CHARLIE: Lots of women ran businesses.

ALICE: Really? Name one.

CHARLIE: (*struggling*) Aunt Jemima.

ALICE: Aunt Jemima's nephew ran the company.

CHARLIE: Aunt Jemima never had a nephew!

ALICE: If it were her company, she wouldn't call herself 'aunt.' It would be Mrs. Jemima.

CHARLIE: But...

ALICE: Only a nephew can call his aunt 'aunt.'

CHARLIE: Betty Crocker.

(*ALICE cuts up several photographs without looking at them*)

ALICE: Betty Crocker got where she was by her looks.

CHARLIE: Betty Crocker had looks?



ALICE: In every picture of her on those cake-mix boxes, Betty Crocker had that...that vulgar, come-hither leer.

CHARLIE: I would have noticed that.

ALICE: (*snip!*) That was not very wholesome for food products.

(*CHARLIE hands another photograph to Alice*)

CHARLIE: Who could that be?

ALICE: I don't remember, exactly.

CHARLIE: He looks happy.

ALICE: He certainly acts like he owns the place, smiling at the camera like that. As if he knew we would be looking after all these years. Men can be so confident.

CHARLIE: Here's some guy petting our dear old collie, what's-his-name, the stupid mutt.

ALICE: That was Larry. The handsome accountant from the factory. One day he just quit his job and moved all the way across the state line. He did what he wanted, not what others wanted.

(*CHARLIE hands over a photograph*)

CHARLIE: These guys look happy.

(*ALICE tosses it over her shoulder without looking at it*)

ALICE: Men should be happy, with all that freedom.

CHARLIE: Lots of women did exactly what they wanted to.

**END OF FREEVIEW**

***You'll want to read and perform this show!***