

Forget Me Not

Laura Pfizenmayer





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Forget Me Not

**By
Laura Pfizenmayer**

CAST

Verlon - A 60-something overweight man who is slightly befuddled and forgetful.

Merle - Verlon's 50-something loving wife without whom he would be lost in every sense of the word.

Maevelyn Thienpont - A 60-something church lady, the spinster president of The Society for Better Reading. She's a throwback to the fifties.

Time – Present day, on a Saturday afternoon

Location - A sunny, southern suburban home

AT RISE

(Merle and Maevelyn sit at a small table set for tea/coffee with cookies. Under Maevelyn's chair is her handbag. Verlon enters dressed in "Saturday Casual", a sweatshirt and sweatpants. Verlon has glasses pushed on top of his head.)

Verlon: Merle, I'm going to run down to Lowe's. That commode in the downstairs bath is sticking again and I'm going to fix it this time.

Merle: Verlon, aren't you going to say hello to our guest? Verlon, this is Miss Maevelyn Thienpont from the church.

Verlon: (*Maevelyn extends her hand, which Verlon unconsciously ignores*)
Nice to meet you Miss Teapot. Honey do you know where my car keys are?
(*Merle looks terribly embarrassed as Maevelyn pointedly drops her arm*)

Maevelyn: It's Thienpont not teapot. It's French.

Verlon: I won't hold that against you.

Maevelyn: (*having taken a visible dislike to Verlon*) Well, Verlon aren't you the Francophobe.

Verlon: (*oblivious*) I'm not scared of franks. I like franks just fine, especially with beans. Merle, I can't find my car keys anywhere.

Merle: (*obviously irritated*) On the keyboard by the door.

Verlon: Thanks hon! (*turns to leave*)

Merle: Wait...wouldn't you like to sit down and visit with us for a minute...we're talking about the church book club. Miss Maevelyn is the President.

Maevelyn: (*pretentiously*) We're thinking about expanding our membership. We're considering your wife (*as an afterthought*) and yourself of course. That is, if you're interested in spiritually uplifting fine literature.

Verlon: I'd rather get a root canal. No offense Miss Teapot. (*Verlon exits whistling*)

Merle: Miss Maevelyn you'll just have to excuse Verlon. You know how husbands are.

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Now buy the entire play—such fun!