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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

Act I

Scene 1

Room of a senior residence. A woman in a housecoat sits watching television. It's a soap opera and Gladys is spellbound as she listens to the dramatic dialogue. She is wearing a home battery-operated blood pressure machine. Occasionally, she wipes her eye with a tissue and shakes her head.

Tv Sound Of Weeping Woman's Voice: I told you, I want to run away with you! You're the only one I ever loved. Can't you see that? Sure, you romanced my mother and every other floozy in town. Just because you're the chief physician at this hospital doesn't mean I can't love you. And I don't care about your sex-change operation, Suzette or Sam or whatever your name is. Love me you fool!! (Dramatic music rises)

Gladys: *(Gasps)* I knew it!! I thought he'd look good in an evening gown!!

TV Sound Of Announcer: We'll return to "Secret Passion" in a moment. But first-- cough got you feeling cranky? Try the deep natural heat of Vicks Formula Forty-four. Two teaspoons will

loosen that chest and let you breath again....

Gladys: (*Shuts off television and looks outside*) Enough. The man you love turns out to be Doris Day. And what do you do? Have some cough syrup. Oh, if life were that lively. (*Pushes the button on the machine and watches the numbers.*) Doctor's orders. Seventy-years old. Blood pressure, 120 over 80. Pulse 60. (*Takes off strap and writes down numbers.*) That's as exciting as my life gets. Numbers. Numbers. Numbers. Medicaire number. Social security number. Bank number. That's what I am now. Nothing but numbers.

I wish it didn't have to be that way. I wish I could go somewhere else...be somebody else...just once in a while. And I'll bet I'm not alone. I'll bet anyone who's ever turned 70 has wondered where the years went....wondered what the future holds. (*Picks up magazine and flips through pages*) Senior Moment Magazine. Spring edition. (*Flips page as something catches her eye. She reads it out loud.*) Your story is worth big money. (*Sarcastically*) Sure, it is. (*Continues to read*) Ever thought of a career in movies, theater, television? **You've** got the story. **We've** got opportunity. Send your original ideas to Paragon Productions...New York. (*Looks up and expression brightens*) New York. Wow (*Catches herself*) Oh, I don't know. I wouldn't be any good at it. Somebody would make fun of it and say it wasn't any good. (*Upbeat*) But what would it matter? Once it's done, it's done. (*Snickers*) What are they gonna do to an old lady?

Maybe I should try. See what happens. What do I have to lose? Let's see. I can't write about a cross-dressing surgeon. That's already been taken. Hmmmm. Maybe I should just write down last night's dream. That little affair gave me the sweats.

Looks at a computer keyboard and studies the screen. Excitedly, she punches keys, smiles and prods her chin. Then she slips back into deep thought. She mouths the words as she types them.

Gladys: (*Reads aloud to herself*) **She slips into the Lazy-Boy chair, her silk nightgown draped over the armrest. She reaches for the cocktail glass and delicately sips the dark and mysterious liquid. She feels its warmth touch her lips and caress her chest. It's as if the gentle fingers of a lusty man were grasping the depth of her soul. And she feels alive again. Vicks Formula Forty-four always makes her feel that way.**

Mildred: (*Enters and looks over her shoulder. Then she grasps her cheeks and gasps softly*) Oh my god, Gladys. Are you trying to pick up some guy on the computer?

Gladys: (*Looks up exasperated*) Mildred. Stop reading over my shoulder. I'm trying to concentrate. How am I supposed to write if you keep bugging me?

Mildred: Honey...I can't help it.

Gladys: (*Impatiently*) It won't sound real.

Mildred: What is it?

Gladys: It's just a story. (*Motions to TV*) Can't you watch "Secret Passion" for a while? You'll never guess who the doctor is.

Mildred: It's that slut Suzette. I know. They were talking about it on the sun deck. I thought he looked kind of **swishy**.

Gladys: Mildred, please. I'm trying to concentrate.

Mildred: What turned you into Miss Cranky-pants?

Gladys: I'm not being cranky. I'm trying to write.

Mildred: What's it about?

Gladys: It's about.... (*Becomes exasperated*) I don't know!

Mildred: I thought you had to know what you're writing about **before** you wrote it, not after.

Gladys: No. Sometimes it's good just to write for the sake of it. Let your heart follow the pen.

Mildred: Then what? Send it in as a letter to the editor? People read it once, then put it in the cat's litter box. End of story.

Gladys: You have a better idea?

Mildred: Why don't you write a play? At least you could share it with someone.

Gladys: (*Muses*) A play....

Mildred: You know. A play lets other people tell the story for you. We could do it right here in the sunroom. Just us.

Gladys: That's not a bad idea.

Mildred: Yeah, a play. Maybe there will be a part for me.

Gladys: (*Smiles knowingly*) Oh, now I see where this is going.

Mildred: Well, **can** I be in it?

Gladys: I dunno. Maybe. All depends. Can you remember your lines?

Mildred: (*Defensively*) Remember my lines.

Gladys: Yeah...right. Remember when you tried to pick up the P.G. and E. man? You approached him in the back yard. You said..."Do I come here often?"

Mildred: I got his attention...didn't I?

Gladys: Sure did. He never came back.

Mildred: I was just flirting.

Gladys: (*Typing again*) Just the same...I've got work to do. (*Lost in thought again while Mildred looks over her shoulder. Reads as she writes.*) **As she lies back in the recliner...a tall slender man in a trench coat steps from behind the curtain.**

Mildred: (*Reading script*) You go girl!

Gladys: *She didn't look up. She knew who it was. She could tell by his seductive wheezing.*

Mildred: (*Puzzled*) Seductive **wheezing?**

Gladys: (*Annoyed*) Hush. I'm trying to think. (*To herself again. She purrs her own words as she reads the script.*) **"I knew you would come darling. I've been waiting."**

Mildred: And he says: **"I'd have been here sooner but I got stuck in traffic."**

Gladys: (*Mouths words quizzically*) Traffic?

Mildred: (*In man's voice*) **"And I had a flat."**

Gladys: And she says: **"Take off your things. This could take a while."**

Mildred: And he says: **"Should I have brought my toothbrush?"**

Gladys: And she says: **"Just put your lips on mine."**

Mildred: Wow! Talk about temptation! What I wouldn't give for forty days and forty nights with that man.

Gladys: (*Catching herself*) Mildred...hush. You're breaking my concentration. How the

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