

# Under a Full Moon in November

Paul Pastore





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UNDER A FULL MOON IN NOVEMBER

By Paul Pastore

CAST

BARBARA ALLEN: 70's, an active adult grandmother with a Mae West attitude.

CHARLIE MILLER: 70's, Barbara's live-in boyfriend with a heart of gold.

RITA CARPENTER: 65-70, a retired high school english teacher with strong liberal views.

TOM CARPENTER: 65-70, Rita's husband, a retired college professor with even stronger liberal views.

SELENA CARPENTER: 43, their unmarried daughter, a down-on-her-luck real estate agent.

DAWN NICHOLSON: 60's-70's, a potential Condo Buyer. \*

DIANA NICHOLSON: 60's-70's, Dawn's partner. \*

KIKI DANIELS: 65-70, a retired magazine photographer with strong conservative views.

MIKE DANIELS: 65-70, Kiki's husband, a retired airline pilot with even stronger conservative views.

JASON DANIELS: 43, their son, an Iraqi war veteran and current helicopter test pilot.

FRED: 60's-70's, Jason's wartime buddy. \*\*

MILTON: 60's-70's, Jason's other wartime buddy. \*\*

FRANCIS FALCO: 60's-70's, an affluent Real Estate Agent.

VALENTINA VESPERA: 60's-70's, a potential Condo Buyer

\* (Can double for FRANCIS or VALENTINA to decrease the cast size)

\*\* (Can double for FRANCIS or eliminated to decrease the cast size)

Place:

*A courtyard in front of four condominiums at an active adult community.*

Time:

*Saturday morning in June.*

ACT I  
Scene 1

*Setting: A courtyard in front of four condo units at an active adult community in Western Connecticut. At Center Right is the door to condo 272-A belonging to RITA and TOM CARPENTER. At Up Right is the door to condo 272-B. A sign next to the door reads: FOR SALE - SELENA CARPENTER, REALTOR. Up Left is the door to condo 272-C. A sign next to this doorway reads: SOLD - HERITAGE VILLAGE REALTY. At Center Left is the door to condo 272-D which belongs to Barbara Allen. In front of 272-D is a small cafe table and two chairs. Throughout the courtyard are green shrubbery, flowers, and three benches. Two of the benches are in front of the proscenium arch at Down Right and Down Left. The third is Up Center between condos 272-B and 272-C. There is a rolled up garden hose next to 272-D door.*

*At Rise: BARBARA ALLEN sits at the cafe table in front of her condo typing on her laptop computer. Dressed in a red high heels, black capri pants, and black tank top, she looks more like a lady of the night than a grandmother. Clipped to the waistband of her capri pants is a cell phone. On the table beside the computer is a cup of tea.*

BARBARA: Ah, nuts!

*(Standing, she grabs her right earlobe with her left thumb and forefinger and her left earlobe with her right thumb and forefinger. She and takes an exaggerated deep breath and does a deep knee bend. On the way up, she exaggerates exhaling.)*

BARBARA: *(counts each rep)* One . Two. Three. Four.

*(CHARLIE MILLER enters from condo 272-D with a kettle of hot water. He is dressed in casual slacks, light blue work shirt, and sneakers.)*

CHARLIE: How's your column coming along, Barb? *(seeing her)* Barbara Allen! What the heck are you doing?

BARBARA: Superbrain Yoga. It was developed by an ancient Chinese Yoga master to help boost brain power. It's supposed to help you write better. Xaviera Hollander swears by it.

*(she reaches ten and stops)*

CHARLIE: Who cares what she did to improve her brain? It's her body that made her famous.

BARBARA: Don't start with me, Charlie. Just pour the water.

CHARLIE: (*pours the water*) I take it then that you've run into a small case of writer's block.

BARBARA: That is an understatement. (*he stops pouring*) Thanks. It's just so damn frustrating. I mean, my words flow so easy when I'm standing naked in the shower, but whenever I come out here to type I freeze up like a virgin at the senior prom.

CHARLIE: Perhaps if I grabbed the garden hose?

BARBARA: Don't be silly, Charlie. What would the new neighbors think if, on their very first day here at Heritage Village, they saw me standing naked on the deck taking a shower?

CHARLIE: You're right. We better wait until next week.

BARBARA: But what do I do about this week's column? It's due on Monday and I don't have a clue what to write.

CHARLIE: I don't want to say I told you so, Barbara, but I told you when you came up with the idea for this column that it wasn't going to be easy.

BARBARA: Yes, I know.

CHARLIE: And I told you that writing a weekly column in the *Heritage Villager*, a publication with high journalistic standards, was going to be a Herculean task, even for someone thirty years younger than you.

BARBARA: Yes, I know.

CHARLIE: And I also told you, that if you were going to write a column it should be something that you were not only an expert in, but something that would appeal to a majority of Heritage Villagers.

BARBARA: Yes, I know.

CHARLIE: Okay, so tell me, why the heck did you ever want to write a column called, "Sex and the Village?" I mean, what were you thinking, Barbara? You're a grandmother with twenty grandchildren, what makes you think you're an expert on sex?

BARBARA: (*in his face*) The twenty grandchildren!

CHARLIE: Fine. But even if you think the Village is ready for a sex-advice column, what do you expect all your readers to do after they read it?

BARBARA: I expect them to have sex. People our age shouldn't stay shut up alone in their condos feeling guilty that they're still alive. They need to get out and get their blood circulating. They need that special intimacy of another human being close beside them.

CHARLIE: I don't think many Villagers share your liberal views on sex, Barbara. After all, we're not living in the sixties anymore.

BARBARA: Oh, pooh, Charlie. Some of us didn't *live* in the sixties even when we were living in the sixties. Sex was just as taboo then as it is now, and it really shouldn't be. Why, sex is the single most essential tool a person needs to maintain a healthy body, mind, and soul.

CHARLIE: I'll remember that the next time I go to Home Depot.

(*RITA and TOM CARPENTER enter Down Left. She wears Lycra shorts, a t-shirt and sneakers. He is dressed in running shorts, an Obama For President t-shirt and sneakers. He also wears eye glasses.*)

RITA: Good morning, Barbara! Good morning, Charlie! How are my two favorite neighbors?

BARBARA: Oh, heck, Rita. Charlie and I are your only neighbors.

TOM: Not for long. A moving truck just backed into the parking area. Hope you got a chance to get your car out of the garage.

CHARLIE: Thanks for reminding me, Tom.

BARBARA: Oh, damn you, Charlie! I told you a thousand times yesterday to make sure that car was out of the garage before eight o'clock this morning. A thousand times!

CHARLIE: Yes, I know. A thousand times.

*(He exits Down Left. BARBARA turns back to the RITA and TOM.)*

BARBARA: I swear, sometimes I just want to drown that old goat in the Long Island Sound.

*(TOM sneaks a peek at Barbara's laptop)*

TOM: So what are you writing about this week, Barbara?

BARBARA: I haven't decided yet. It's either a book review of "The Happy Hooker" or a recap of last week's meeting of the Heritage Village Swingers' Club.

RITA: A Swingers' Club? In Heritage Village?

TOM: *(bewildered)* Strange, I've never seen a listing for it in the Village directory.

BARBARA: That's because we need at least twenty people to sign our charter petition before the Village Board will recognize us.

RITA: How many people are in the club?

BARBARA: Over a hundred.

TOM: A hundred!

RITA: Then why won't the Village Board recognize you?

BARBARA: Because nobody in the club, including half the members of the Village Board, have the guts to sign the petition. Say, how would you two like to be the first? After Charlie and me, of course.

*(TOM removes a handkerchief from his pants pocket and in a daydream-like trance removes his eye glasses, blows on them in his mouth, and wipes them clean with the handkerchief. This is a ritual he repeats whenever he is nervous.)*

RITA: I don't think so, Barbara. I mean, Tom and I were married right after college, and after forty-four years I don't think we could ever feel comfortable having sex with anyone else. Isn't that right, Tom? *(he does not answer)* I said, isn't that right, Tom?

TOM: *(snaps out of his trance)* Oh, yeah. Yeah. That's right. I mean, we may be card carrying liberals, Barbara, but we're not that liberal. After all, that sort of promiscuity can only lead to disaster.

RITA: *(proudly grabs him by the arm)* That's right. Did you ever cheat on any of your husbands, Barbara?

BARBARA: Not as much as they cheated on me.

TOM: What about Charlie?

BARBARA: Well, first of all, Charlie and I aren't married. And second, even if we were, we both agreed we could see other people. *(Her face lights up.)* Excuse me. I feel my cell phone vibrating. *(answers her cell phone)* Hello! Oh, hello, Martin. The column? Oh, it's coming along. Tomorrow? Two o'clock? Well, sure, if you say so. Yeah. Bye. *(clips cell phone back onto her leotards)* Ah, nuts!

RITA: What's the matter?

BARBARA: That was Martin, my editor. He says he'll be out of town on Monday so he's going to print this week's edition tomorrow night, which means he needs my article by two o'clock tomorrow. Excuse me, but I think I'm gonna be sick.

*(As BARBARA exits into her condo Center Left, SELENA CARPENTER enters Down Left with two potential buyers, DAWN and DIANA NICHOLSON. SELENA is dressed in a skirt, blouse, and realty-style blazer. DAWN and DIANA are both dressed in casual spring outfits.)*

SELENA: I think you two are really going to love this unit. *(sees RITA and TOM)* Good morning, Mom! Dad! How was your walk today?

RITA: Not so good. I only had five men honk at me this morning in this outfit.

TOM: And I think the last guy was honking at me.

SELENA: I'm sure he was, Dad. *(steps back)* Mom? Dad? I'd like you to meet Dawn and Diana Nicholson. *(to them)* Dawn? Diana? These are my parents, Rita and Tom Carpenter. They live right next door to the unit I wanted you to see.

*(RITA graciously shakes hands with both DAWN and DIANA. TOM is more reserved.)*

RITA: It certainly is nice to meet you both.

TOM: Are you two sisters?

*(DAWN and DIANA look slightly offended)*

SELENA: No, Dad. Dawn and Diana are married.

TOM: Oh.

SELENA: I'm sorry, Mom, but we're in a rush. I didn't realize someone was moving in today.

RITA: Oh, we understand. *(to DAWN and DIANA)* You two are gonna love Monica's old place. It's just the cutest little condo with a view of the golf course you will die for. Monica and I used to walk it every day. It was one of the saddest days of my life the day she left us.

DAWN: *(genuinely concerned)* I'm so sorry. Did she pass away?

TOM: Oh, no. She met a hedge fund CEO a few years ago. She's living with him now just outside Seattle...in his tree house.

*(DAWN and DIANA give each other that 'I-think-we're-making-a-mistake' look. SELENA quickly opens the door to condo 272-B.)*

SELENA: Why don't we take a look inside? You'll just love all the upgrades.

*(DAWN and DIANA exit Up Right into condo 272-B.)*

**END OF FREEVIEW**

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