

Still Twenty-Nine

Wendy Vander Velde



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ArtAge Publications

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STILL TWENTY-NINE

by Wendy Vander Velde

CAST

AILEEN: An older woman who, despite her age, maintains a fun, youthful spirit.

EARL: Aileen's husband. An older man who is somewhat stodgy.

Place

The home of the two retirees.

Time

The present.

Setting: The living room of AILEEN and EARL. A clean, well-kept home with plants, books, etc., an end table, or coffee table, and possibly a fishbowl.

At Rise: EARL sits in his chair reading a newspaper. AILEEN enters through the door carrying several shopping bags.

AILEEN: Hi, sweetie.

(EARL mumbles an indecipherable greeting from behind his newspaper)

AILEEN: Whatcha reading?

EARL: Paper. Like always.

AILEEN: I saw the craziest thing this morning on *Yahoo News*. Scientists have discovered an enormous squid in the ocean's depths that measures over two stories tall. Two stories. Like the creature of ancient legend, only real. Isn't that remarkable?

(Another indecipherable grumble comes from EARL)

AILEEN: Who knows what else is down there? Marcie said to tell you hello.

EARL: What's that?

AILEEN: Marcie. She and Fred say hi.

EARL: *(not looking up from his paper)* Oh, yeah. Hi.

AILEEN: There were quite a few good sales today.

EARL: That's nice, dear.

AILEEN: I bought some new shoes from a nice young man at Macy's.

EARL: That's nice, dear.

AILEEN: And I decided to join a nudist colony and dance naked for Japanese tourists.

EARL: *(He begins to say "That's nice, dear," in his same automatic tone, but then it registers what she said)* That's – what?

AILEEN: Just wanted to make sure you were listening.

EARL: Very funny. *(grumbling)* Dance naked for tourists.

AILEEN: I do have a surprise for you though.

EARL: *(completely monotone)* You know how giddy I get about surprises.

AILEEN: I think you're going to like this one.

EARL: A giant squid?

AILEEN: Of course not, Earl. We'd need a larger aquarium.

EARL: What then? You know I can't handle the suspense. *(flipping through his paper)* It agitates my ulcer.

AILEEN: All right, all right...I got a new outfit.

EARL: Well. That is a real shocker.

AILEEN: I got one for both of us.

EARL: For you and Marcie?

AILEEN: No, silly, for you and me.

EARL: Oh...It's not my birthday is it?

AILEEN: No.

EARL: Thank, God. I'm still twenty-nine.

AILEEN: That's right, dear.

(She approaches him with her shopping bags in tow and kisses him lovingly on top of his head)

AILEEN: Still twenty-nine. Would you like to see my outfit?

EARL: I had my heart kind of set on the squid.

AILEEN: Hey! *(she playfully bats him)* Be glad it's not an electric eel.

EARL: Ow. Fine, fine. I'll take a look.

(He reaches down for one of her shopping bags, but she snatches it away)

EARL: So, where is it?

AILEEN: Not yet. I want you to see it on.

EARL: Okay. Then go put it on.

AILEEN: All right, but no peeking.

(AILEEN stands behind a couch or chair and begins to discretely change her clothes)

EARL: I can't vouch for the neighbors. *(picking up his newspaper, he begins reading once again)* You may want to close those blinds.

AILEEN: You may want to close that paper.

EARL: (*wryly*) Ha, ha. Such a kidder.

(EARL reads his paper while AILEEN continues changing during the following dialogue. She is eventually outfitted in tight leather pants, knee high leather biker boots, and a Harley Davidson jacket (any black leather, or biker-looking jacket will do). Absorbed in his paper, EARL doesn't notice her new look while she changes, or even when she is completely dressed. Once she is re-outfitted, she attempts to stand in eyeshot several times to no avail. He remains oblivious, reading his paper and consistently turning his head the wrong way at just the right moment)

AILEEN: So, what's new with the world?

EARL: Besides giant sea creatures? Same old political crap. What a mess. Things never used to be this complicated, ya know?

AILEEN: So you say.

EARL: What ever happened to good old-fashioned American politics?

AILEEN: We could always run off to Canada.

EARL: Too cold. I still think John Wayne would have made the best president.

AILEEN: What's that, dear?

EARL: I'd vote for John Wayne as president.

AILEEN: John Wayne's dead, dear.

EARL: I know.

(EARL picks up a book from an end table and stares at the cover)

EARL: But he would have made a damn good president.

AILEEN: Are you staring at that picture of John Wayne again?

EARL: No.

(he puts the book down and goes back to his paper)

AILEEN: I never should have bought you that biography. Do you have any plans for tonight?

EARL: No. Why?

AILEEN: I thought we could go out.

EARL: Aren't you and Marcie playing Bridge?

AILEEN: Not tonight.

EARL: But it's Thursday.

AILEEN: I know.

EARL: You play Bridge every Thursday night.

AILEEN: Usually. Not tonight.

EARL: How am I supposed to have my girlfriend over?

AILEEN: Ha, ha.

EARL: Why aren't you playing?

AILEEN: I thought I'd try something new. I thought we could try something new together.

EARL: What, like the movies? There's not usually much I care to see, but I'll take a look. *(searching through the paper)* Where's the Entertainment section?

AILEEN: I took it.

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!