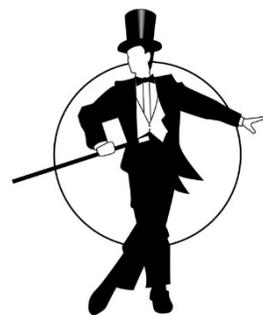


# Maisie Drags Grover to the Theatre

Tony Vellela



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MAISIE DRAGS GROVER TO THE THEATRE

By Tony Vellela

CAST

MAISIE: late 70s, wife of Grover

GROVER: late 70s, reluctant theatre-goer, husband of Maisie

Place

Theatre

Time

The present

MAISIE DRAGS GROVER TO THE THEATRE

*Maisie and Grover wander into theatre after the audience has been seated, and the lights have gone down. A dim spot, or area lighting, catches them as they make their way down the aisle and stand at the front. GROVER is waving two tickets in the air.*

GROVER: Give me those. I'm not too hot on us going to the theatre. But I'll try.

MAISIE: Try? Last time we went to the theatre, to support the paperboy's school group, you fell asleep.

GROVER: I told you then, I was resting my eyes.

MAISIE: You were snoring.

GROVER: What are we even doing at a play for corn's sake?

MAISIE: I already *told* you, just after you ran the car over the rosemary at the side of the house.

GROVER: Rosemary who?

MAISIE: The herb.

GROVER: I ran over two people? Who are Rosemary and Herb?

MAISIE: My mistake. They got away. I already told you. The tickets are a gift for our wedding anniversary from the kids.

GROVER: But a *play*!!

MAISIE: It's their clumsy way of getting us out of the house while they set up the surprise party. When we get back, they'll all be there.

GROVER: Oh, hell. All of them? Even June Anne's latest husband, that...termite salesman?

MAISIE: He don't sell termites. He sells the stuff that kills termites.

GROVER: Maybe he'll test some of it on himself.

MAISIE: Speaking of little pests, I need to talk to you.

GROVER: Me? A pest?

MAISIE: Yes, you. A pest. The best pest. World-class. Once we get home, and the party gets going, don't keep takin' bites of stuff, then spittin' them back into your napkin. People see that, they give me this 'can't you do anything with him'? kinda look.

GROVER: Yeah? Well, don't you follow me around tellin' me not to suck on my ice. I'm 79 years old. I'll suck on anything comes my way.

MAISIE: Grover, the kids and grandkids organized this party to celebrate our sixtieth anniversary, and before I let you ruin it, I'd sooner dance naked at the church picnic. Now, close up those Polident choppers of yours before I glue 'em shut.

GROVER: You're right, darlin'. I don't wanna go messin' things up. Is that all?

MAISIE: Well, matter of act, no. Tomorrow morning, after --here. Lemme fix that. [*pulls one suspender away from his shirt and smooths out shirt and collar*]. Tomorrow, after everybody's gone, and we're alone ...

GROVER: Yes, dear ?

MAISIE: I want a . . . di-voice. (*she pronounces it DEE-voice, accenting the first syllable*) (*lets suspender go, and it snaps hard against his chest, nearly knocking him over backward.*)

GROVER: Whaaa? You wanna . . . howzat again?

MAISIE: A di-voice. It's over, Grover. Over. (*looks at him closely*) C'mere, c'mere. You're collar's messed up.

(*he instinctively listens, walks closer, and she fixes his collar*)

MAISIE: Now. All set.

GROVER: All set? Didn't you just say . . .? Oh, I know. You said you want a sea horse.

## END OF FREEVIEW

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