

Let's Make a Deal

Scott Mullen





ArtAge supplies books, plays, and materials to older performers around the world. Directors and actors have come to rely on our 30+ years of experience in the field to help them find useful materials and information that makes their productions stimulating, fun, and entertaining.

ArtAge's unique program has been featured in *Wall Street Journal*, *LA Times*, *Chicago Tribune*, *American Theatre*, *Time Magazine*, *Modern Maturity*, on CNN, NBC, and in many other media sources.

ArtAge is more than a catalog. We also supply information, news, and trends on our top-rated website, www.seniortheatre.com. We stay in touch with the field with our very popular e-newsletter, *Senior Theatre Online*. Our President, Bonnie Vorenberg, is asked to speak at conferences and present workshops that supplement her writing and consulting efforts. We're here to help you be successful in Senior Theatre!

We help older performers fulfill their theatrical dreams!

ArtAge Publications
Bonnie L. Vorenberg, President
PO Box 19955
Portland OR 97280
503-246-3000 or 800-858-4998
bonniev@seniortheatre.com
www.seniortheatre.com

NOTICE

Copyright: This play is fully protected under the Copyright Laws of the United States of America, Canada, and all other countries of the Universal Copyright Convention.

The laws are specific regarding the piracy of copyrighted materials. Sharing the material with other organizations or persons is prohibited. Unlawful use of a playwright's work deprives the creator of his or her rightful income.

Cast Copies: Performance cast copies are required for each actor, director, stage manager, lighting and sound crew leader.

Changes to Script: Plays must be performed as written. Any alterations, additions, or deletions to the text must be approved.

Permission to Film: You do not have permission to film, record, or distribute the play in any medium. You are also not allowed to post on electronic services such as, but not limited to, YouTube. Exceptions must be granted by written permission from the publisher.

Royalty: Royalties are due when you perform the play for any audience, paying or non-paying, professional or amateur. This includes readings, cuttings, scenes, and excerpts.

The royalty for amateur productions of this show is posted online. It is payable two weeks prior to your production. Contact us for professional rates or other questions. Royalty fees are subject to change.

Insert the following paragraph in your programs:

Performed with special permission from ArtAge Publications' Senior Theatre Resource Center at 800-858-4998, www.seniorthatre.com

Let's Make a Deal © 2019 by Scott Mullen

LET'S MAKE A DEAL

By Scott Mullen

CAST

JUNE: The appraiser. Nice, serious.

MAGGIE: Outgoing and likable.

HARRY: Maggie's husband. Quiet, amiable.

The characters can be any age, though they should all be roughly the same age.

Place

An antiques fair. Two chairs around a low table, and perhaps a sign reading
"ANTIQUES ROADHOUSE" nearby.

Time

The present.

LET'S MAKE A DEAL

At Rise: *June is seated at the table. Maggie enters.*

JUNE: Welcome to Antiques Roadhouse at the Greenport Antiques Fair!

(Maggie looks out at the audience, awed. She waves.)

JUNE: Please pretend that the cameras aren't there.

MAGGIE: But they are!

JUNE: This isn't live.

MAGGIE: Oh.

JUNE: It'll all be edited. Sit.

MAGGIE: *(sitting, excited)* I can't believe I'm sitting here with June Bowman! We watch your show every Sunday!

JUNE: What's your name, darling?

MAGGIE: Maggie.

JUNE: And what have you brought for me to appraise.

MAGGIE: A watch. *(loud)* A WATCH!

JUNE: You don't have to speak loudly, there are microphones all over.

MAGGIE: Sorry, I'm nervous.

JUNE: May I see the watch?

(Maggie holds out her arm, revealing the watch.)

JUNE: Oh...you're wearing it.

MAGGIE: Why wouldn't I?

JUNE: It tends to lower the value.

MAGGIE: Well that's silly. If I had a painting, I'd look at it, right? If I had a fancy car, I'd drive it. Watches were made to be worn. My father wore this watch every day for 37 years. And just before he died, he gave it to me, and I've worn it every day since. The watch has done its job well. That should make it the most valuable watch in the world!

JUNE: That's not how it works.

MAGGIE: Well it should.

JUNE: May I examine it?

(Maggie takes off the watch, and hands it over)

JUNE: Oh...it's a Maupausett Grande.

MAGGIE: Is that good?

JUNE: They are quiet, rare, and quite valuable. If it had been left in a box, unworn...it might sell for half a million dollars.

MAGGIE: That's crazy.

JUNE: But it's a little worn.

MAGGIE: It's 45 years worn! That should make it worth a million!

JUNE: And the band isn't original.

MAGGIE: Of course not. It's been replaced a lot. Because it's a watchband!

JUNE: But I'd say, at auction, on a good day...this might sell for three hundred thousand dollars.

MAGGIE: Are you serious?

JUNE: I am.

MAGGIE: That's amazing. That...that changes everything. (*Maggie puts the watch back on, as Harry enters*)

HARRY: Hey, honey, what are you doing?

MAGGIE: Getting my father's watch appraised.

HARRY: Oh, my goodness, it's June Bowman!

MAGGIE: This is my husband, Harry. (*Harry waves at the camera, excited*) It's not live.

HARRY: Oh. Wait, you're thinking of selling the watch? You love that watch!

MAGGIE: I just wanted to know what it was worth.

HARRY: So, what's it worth?

MAGGIE: About...one hundred dollars.

HARRY: That's amazing! But don't sell it. It keeps good time.

MAGGIE: Tell June what you've been doing today.

HARRY: Looking for quilts!

MAGGIE: Harry collects quilts.

HARRY: And sheep!

MAGGIE: Anything with a sheep on it, Harry buys it. (*to Harry*) Go find some more sheep.

HARRY: I'm on it! (*he exits*)

JUNE: He seems sweet.

MAGGIE: Oh, he's sweet. Sweet, boring Harry.

JUNE: Hey—quilts are wonderful things.

MAGGIE: I'm glad you think so...can I get something else appraised?

JUNE: We really should move on. There's a line.

MAGGIE: I need you to appraise Harry.

JUNE: What?

MAGGIE: Yes. Tell me what my husband is worth.

JUNE: It doesn't work like that.

MAGGIE: Tell the camera guys to take five.

JUNE: I can't—

MAGGIE: I need to know what the market for Harry is. If I leave him, I want to make sure he's going to land on his feet. Please.

JUNE: Fine. Take a break, guys. (*Maggie watches the unseen men go*) You're going to leave your husband?

MAGGIE: This is what he's into: soup. He loves making soup. He could talk about soup for hours. Sheep. There are sheep all over the house. I mean, you wouldn't believe they could make so many things shaped like sheep. And quilts. There's a room in our house that's full of quilts. Lining the walls. Tacked to the ceiling. Piled on the floor.

JUNE: Wow.

MAGGIE: I should be listing his good points, right? He's nice. Wouldn't hurt a fly. Loyal to a fault—I don't think he'd know what to do if another woman threw herself at him. Stays in at night—I wish I could pry him out to go dancing, but no, he's a homebody. I guess some women like that, right? That adds value. Is there a market for him?

JUNE: This is not my area of expertise.

MAGGIE: I've put a lot of time and effort into trying to refurbish him, but he is who he is. But he's reliable. He has a lot of good years left. He's good around the house, he has

all his teeth, he has all his marbles, and he doesn't need the little blue pill, not yet. That's worth something, right?

JUNE: I...don't know what you want me to say.

MAGGIE: Harry is like the perfect bra—comfortable, supportive. When you find the perfect bra, you never want to take it off—why would you? It's the perfect bra! But then you realize, maybe I wasn't meant to wear a bra at all. Maybe they were meant to be free. You look like a bra gal.

JUNE: Maggie—

MAGGIE: I want to sell my father's watch and travel the world. I want to sleep under the stars in Iceland. I want to box with a kangaroo, and swim with the penguins. I think if I do that for a year, then I'll know who I am, and I can figure out the rest of my life. But Harry will never go with me—he's not a traveler. And honestly, I'm not sure I'd want him to. I want to be able to dance nude on the Great Pyramid!

JUNE: I'm not sure that's legal.

MAGGIE: That's what Harry would say! And you're not married—

JUNE: How did you know that?

MAGGIE: We're fans! Especially Harry—he never misses a show. I think he has a crush on you. Which used to make me jealous—but now I think it's perfect! Fifty bucks, and he's yours.

JUNE: No!

MAGGIE: I'm sorry, what am I thinking? You're the appraiser. Make me an offer.

JUNE: I'm not allowed to purchase anything brought in for appraisal.

MAGGIE: The cameras are gone. Tell me what you'll give me for him.

JUNE: What I'll give you is advice. You have a sweet man who loves you. Do you know how amazing that is? I'd give anything for that. But I'm not going to buy him—when I find the man I love, I'll know. He'll know. And it'll be magic - he'll reach out, and take my hand, and we can just sit there in a comfortable silence.

MAGGIE: That's nice.

JUNE: Will that ever happen for me? I don't know. I hope so. But in the meantime, you should count your lucky stars.

MAGGIE: Twenty bucks.

JUNE: What's wrong with you? Twenty bucks?!? I'm not shopping in the discount aisle for my future soulmate!

MAGGIE: I thought, as an appraiser, you'd be a better negotiator. But if you want to pay more—twenty thousand dollars.

JUNE: I'm not going to pay you twenty thousand dollars!

MAGGIE: Fine. Make me an offer.

JUNE: I'm not going to give you anything!

MAGGIE: You know what? I like you. You look like a librarian, but you're secretly feisty. But in a good way. A safe way. A stay-in-on-Friday-night-under-a-quilt way.

JUNE: There's nothing wrong with that.

MAGGIE: No. There isn't. And because of that—you can have him for free. Just take care of him, okay? He deserves it. Shhh—here he comes.

HARRY: *(returning with a quilt)* Look what I found!

MAGGIE: That's awesome! Listen, I need to run to the ladies' room, why don't you sit here and talk with June? I bet she really likes soup.

HARRY: Soup is amazing. *(he sits down. Maggie touches his arm fondly, then exits)* My favorite soup is a split pea. I make it from scratch—I have a friend who has a pea patch, and he gives me a bucket of fresh peas every Friday. I put in a little ham, carrots, potatoes and a little marjoram. It's really lovely on a cold night.

JUNE: It sounds nice.

HARRY: What's your favorite soup?

JUNE: I guess I love a good chicken soup. My mother used to make it when I got sick. She used to put in lemon and a lot of garlic—

HARRY: Yes!

JUNE: And some lemongrass.

HARRY: That's amazing!

JUNE: It really was. *(June smiles at him. Harry looks at her)*

HARRY: She's not coming back, is she?

JUNE: No, I don't think she is.

HARRY: It's probably for the best.

JUNE: I'm sorry.

They sit there. And Harry reaches out and takes her hand. June looks down at it. Harry feels self-conscious and moves his hand away—but then June reaches out and takes his hand.

And they just sit there, in a comfortable silence.

THE END