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SF PERUSALS

Nana's Naughty Knickers

by Katherine DiSavino

A Samuel French Acting Edition

SAMUEL FRENCH

FOUNDED 1830

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In addition the following credit *must* be given in all programs and publicity information distributed in association with this piece:

NANA'S NAUGHTY KNICKERS was originally produced at the Rainbow Dinner Theatre in Pennsylvania in the Spring of 2010

NANA'S NAUGHTY KNICKERS was first produced by the Rainbow Dinner Theatre in Paradise, Pennsylvania on February 5, 2010. The play was produced by David DiSavino and Cynthia DiSavino, with direction, set, and costume design by Cynthia DiSavino and sound design by David DiSavino. The production stage manager was Scott Russell. The cast was as follows:

SYLVIA CHARLES . . . . . Sherry Konjura
VERA WALTERS . . . . . Lois Sharrot
BRIDGET CHARLES . . . . . Sarah Buck
TOM O'GRADY . . . . . Craig A. Smith
MR. SCHMIDT . . . . . Joe Winters
HEATHER VAN PREE . . . . . Maria Jones
CLAIR . . . . . Casey Allyn
VOICE . . . . . Scott Russell
UPS MAN . . . . . Robbie Ringer
OTHER UPS MAN . . . . . John Delancey

CHARACTERS

SYLVIA CHARLES – In her early eighties, living like she's in her early twenties. The mastermind behind Saucy Slips, Etc., and the proud tenant of a rent controlled apartment.

VERA WALTERS – Sylvia's aged accomplice: equipped with two hearing aids and a collapsible walker.

BRIDGET CHARLES – Sylvia's unsuspecting, 20-something, soon-to-be-law-student granddaughter.

TOM O'GRADY – The newest cop on the force, happily assigned the beat where Sylvia's apartment is.

GIL SCHMIDT – The landlord, overly eager to rid himself of his aged tenants. 60s.

HEATHER VAN PREE – Employee of Saucy Lips, looking for better opportunities, a modeling career, or just her boxes.

CLAIR – The big client. Mid 60s.

VOICE – The man at the front desk. Slightly bored and always sarcastic. Can double as one of the UPS men.

UPS MAN – Cute and a little lonely.

OTHER UPS MAN – The strong and silent type. For doubling purposes, this could be the same actor that plays Heather, Clair or Mr. Schmidt, as long as the audience doesn't recognize them as such.

A NOTE ON THE SET

I realize that not every theatre will have the capabilities to create a set which functions the exact way that is described in the script. If you can't do it the way that it's written, that does not mean you can't do this play! Instead, use what I've written in the set descriptions as a guideline and find ways that work for your space to do the big reveals. A production of *Nana's Naughty Knickers* took place in North Carolina at a theatre entirely in the round, which meant that there wasn't a physical "set" at all – no doors or walls. So instead of the walls of the set functioning as the hiding places for Sylvia's collection of lingerie, physical set pieces had to serve this purpose instead.

The point is, have fun with whatever set you choose to build for your production. I wish you all the best of luck.

-Katherine DiSavino

ACT ONE

(Lights up on a well-decorated, albeit cluttered, apartment on the Upper East Side of New York City. A large comfortable couch is the prominent feature of the living room: worn and welcoming with throw pillows of a decidedly more modern mode.

There is a hallway that leads to an unseen part of the apartment where the study and guest room are located; on the opposite side of the stage is the front door. On the upstage side of the front door is a simple coat rack with wooden pegs attached to the wall. It has a shelf over the top of the pegs, enclosed by a decorative captain's rail. Further upstage from the pegboard is a large bookshelf.

A fireplace is opposite the front door.

There is also a bedroom door, a kitchen door, a bathroom door and a closet door. The closet door must be placed on a wall where the interior of the closet can be seen.

BRIDGET *and* **TOM** *enter through the front door.* **BRIDGET** *has a rolling suitcase, a large bag and a box in her arms.* **TOM***, in his NYPD uniform, is struggling to balance two large boxes and one medium sized one – clearly straining under their weight – and valiantly trying to hide it.)*

BRIDGET. Nana? Hey Nana? *(crosses to the downstage left side of the couch.)(To* **TOM***)* Thank you so much for helping me with these boxes!

TOM. Well, I figured I should help unload before I give you a ticket for double-parking.

BRIDGET. Right! Ticket! *(pause)* What?

TOM. Just some law enforcement humor. *(laughs nervously, hovering by the door, a stack of heavy boxes in his arms)* You should move your car, though…It's blocking the street.

BRIDGET. Of course! No, you're right – I'll move it right away. I really appreciate all your help. I know you're "on duty" and everything…

TOM. My pleasure, Bridge – I was keeping an eye out for when you'd come…

BRIDGET. Really? Wow, Tom, that's so –

TOM. Um, Bridget?

BRIDGET. Yes?

TOM. These boxes are really heavy – Can I – ?

BRIDGET. Oh! Sure! Sorry. Just put them here. You okay?

TOM. I'm fine Bridge. No worries! *(pause)* Do you know a chiropractor?

BRIDGET. *(Laughing. Stops.)* Wait, are you serious? Oh! Sit down. D'you want advil? A heat pack? Some –

TOM. No, no, it's okay. I'm just kidding – sort of. Hey, how long did you say you were going to be staying here?

BRIDGET. Just for the summer. I want to have my own place by the time I start classes –

TOM. Law school, right?

BRIDGET. Yeah. How did you –?

TOM. Sylvia told me. She's pretty excited you're moving in – even if it's only temporary.

BRIDGET. Since when did you get on a first name basis with my 83 year-old Nana, Tom?

TOM. Ever since I programmed the speed dials into her cell phone three months ago.

BRIDGET. You're the culprit! She's been calling me non-stop!

TOM. Yeah, I know. I put you as number two.

BRIDGET. Who's number one?

TOM. Me.

BRIDGET. You're the local law!

*(***BRIDGET** *and* **TOM** *sit on the couch together – but not "together" – a slightly awkward, very sweet duo.)*

TOM. Well, now she can call if she needs help and I can come right up. A lady her age – I don't like to think about her all by herself.

BRIDGET. *(scoots closer to him on the couch)* Well, it's really sweet of you. It means a lot to me – her having someone like you around, I mean.

TOM. Yeah? I hoped it would. Mean a lot to you, that is.

BRIDGET. Really?

TOM. Yeah. *(Closes the gap between them. Faintly romantic.)* Bridget, can I ask you something?

BRIDGET. *(big breath)* Anything.

TOM. Well – *(He reaches towards her cheek.)* Sometimes… does she *(He kind of rubs at her face a little.)* You know…Does she always find dirt on your face?

BRIDGET. *(crestfallen)* Huh?

TOM. I've been wondering for a while if it's just me. You know, like I walk around with smudges on my nose all the time and never realize it –

BRIDGET. What?

TOM. You know – with the –

(He licks his thumb and tries to demonstrate by rubbing something off of **BRIDGET***'s face again.)*

The dirt-rub!

BRIDGET. *(She swats his hand away.)* Yes, yes, yes – okay! –She does that to everyone. You're lucky she only points out the dirt to you – for me, it's the zits.

TOM. You wouldn't think a lady her age would have eyesight that sharp.

BRIDGET. No, her eyesight is fine - her taste I'm starting to question. Look at these pillows. When did she get these?.

TOM. A few weeks ago. Said she was going for a different "feel" in here.

BRIDGET. Yeah. I guess you could call it that.

TOM. It's cute! She's just trying to bring a younger vibe to the place since you're here now, I bet. Hey, is it okay if I wash up in the bathroom before I head out?

BRIDGET. Yeah, sure!

*(***TOM** *exits into the bathroom. As soon as the bathroom door snaps shut,* **SYLVIA** *– 80 years young – bounds through the front door of the apartment in a sweat suit with matching sweat bands on her forehead and wrists, and a folded up walker held above her, like a trophy.)*

SYLVIA. Made it all the way down to 49th and back in forty-five minutes and I didn't even break a sweat! Or a hip! *(seeing* **BRIDGET***)* Hello Pumpkin Face!

(She hugs **BRIDGET***, pulls back and holds her at arms length, inspecting her.)*

Oh. Bridget! You have one heck of a pimple on your chin. Let's pop it!

*(***SYLVIA** *lunges at* **BRIDGET***, eager to pop the offending pimple.* **BRIDGET** *dances out of the way.)*

BRIDGET. Whoa, Nana! I'll get it later – Hey, I didn't know you had a walker.

SYLVIA. This? Oh no, sugar, this isn't mine. I took it from Vera – we're doing a new kind of therapy together.

BRIDGET. Physical therapy?

SYLVIA. No, motivational therapy. She wants her walker back, so she's motivated to chase me down Fifth Avenue to get it.

*(***SYLVIA** *walks to the open front door and yells into the stairwell –)*

VERA, let's get a move-on! They'll have my headstone carved by the time you make it up here!

VERA. *(off)* I don't know what the hell you're shouting, but I'm waiting for the elevator.

*(***SLYVIA** *rolls her eyes and crosses to the bathroom.)*

BRIDGET. Oh, no, Nana. Tom – I mean *Officer* O'Grady's in there. He helped me carry some of my things up.

SYLVIA. Tom's here? Such a good little police officer… Bridget, have you noticed what a wonderful little officer Tom is?

BRIDGET. Nana.

SYLVIA. And single, too. He's single, Bridget.

BRIDGET. *Nana.*

SYLVIA. You know, I was just telling him the other day about how you couldn't stop talking about him after you two met a few months ago!

BRIDGET. Nana!

VERA. *(stands in doorway, clinging to the frame)* My God, Sylvia, give me that walker so I can beat you over the head with it!

BRIDGET. Hi Vera!

VERA. Hey, kid. Don't mind me while I lay down in the doorway and die.

SYLVIA. Stop being so dramatic. You almost caught up to me outside of Saks Fifth Avenue.

VERA. That was only because you stopped to look at the lingerie display!

SYLVIA. I couldn't help myself. I spent twenty years working for Maidenform!

VERA. Bras on the brain – oh God, my heart. *(She clutches dramatically at her chest.)*

SYLVIA. Shut up.

VERA. *(recovering immediately)* You shut up.

BRIDGET. Let me help you to the couch.

SYLVIA. I know what'll cure your heart ailments, Vera -

VERA. What?

SYLVIA. Officer Tom.

VERA. Oh! He's here? Where? Hey, kid, how do I look?

BRIDGET. Like you just chased Nana twenty blocks.

SYLVIA. You've got a little smudge right here –

(She starts towards **VERA**. **VERA** *holds out her hands to stop her.)*

VERA. I'll get it! *(rubbing her face)* I must admit, I have a very strong *grandmotherly* interest in that boy.

TOM. *(enters)* Good afternoon, Sylvia. Hello Mrs. Walters. Nice to see you both.

SYLVIA. Thomas, you were so wonderful to help Bridgie with her things – such a Big, Strong Police Officer like you – you know, you're a real comfort to have around.

TOM. Hey, thanks Sylvia! I'm still kind of new on the force, you know, and the other guys sort of hassle me –

SYLVIA. No.

TOM. Yeah, 'cause they say I'm too soft. *(looks at* **BRIDGET**) I mean – that's not true or anything. I just like helping people.

SYLVIA. Of course you do, dear. Hold still just one second, you've something on your cheek. *(She removes it for him.)* Your skin is so soft! What kind of lotion do you use?

BRIDGET. *(mortified)* Nana…

SYLVIA. You come by during your break and I'll have some cookies ready for you. Bridget will help me make them, won't you Bridget?

BRIDGET. You don't bake!

SYLVIA. Well, Thomas, we don't want to keep you from your job any longer. You come by soon!

TOM. Yeah! Okay – I will. Oh, Bridge, did you need me to help you get these boxes into your room or anything?

BRIDGET. Actually, that'd be great. That one has my dishes and things in it, d'you think you could help me shove it onto the top shelf in the closet?

TOM. Yeah, sure! No problem.

(He picks up the box and moves towards the closet. **SYLVIA** *maneuvers herself in front of the door, blocking it.)*

SYLVIA. No! Nonsense! Put that box down there and don't worry about a thing.

TOM. Really, it's no problem.

SYLVIA. *(forcefully)* I don't want you to strain yourself.

BRIDGET. Nana, it's not a strain – he's actually tall enough to reach it.

SYLVIA. I'll put it up there later.

VERA. How? I thought you stopped being able to lift your arms over your head back in '98.

SYLVIA. I'll use a ladder. *(sweetly)* Now, Thomas dear, I don't want you to get in trouble. You really ought to be going.

TOM. *(confused)* Well, okay – *(He puts the box down next to the couch.)* …'bye ladies.

*(***BRIDGET** *walks with him over to the front door. Opens it for him.)*

Bye Bridget.

BRIDGET. Bye Tom.

(They stand awkwardly at the door for a moment.

At the same time, **TOM** *holds out his hand for a shake and* **BRIDGET** *opens her arms for a hug. Beat. They switch,* **BRIDGET** *going for a handshake and* **TOM** *for a hug. Beat.* **TOM** *pats* **BRIDGET***'s arm, awkwardly. He exits.)*

BRIDGET. What on earth was wrong with Tom going into the closet?

SYLVIA. It's like I said! I didn't want him to strain himself. Oh, come on now, Cornflake. I wasn't embarrassing you in front of anybody – Vera probably can't even hear me.

VERA. I can, actually. I just wish I couldn't.

BRIDGET. It was just weird, that's all.

SYLVIA. Nonsense – I didn't want him to over-exhert himself! I take care of all the men in my life in special ways.

BRIDGET. Men?

SYLVIA. Yes. There's sweet little Thomas, of course. And old Mr. Tompkins, the man at the desk downstairs. I give him treats now and then, as long as he's behaving.

BRIDGET. You – what?

VERA. There are many things in that sentence you don't want to know about.

SYLVIA. And of course there's Mr. Schmidt.

BRIDGET. Who's that?

SYLVIA. Our landlord.

BRIDGET. I thought Mr. Haven was the landlord –

SYLVIA. Oh no, dear, not anymore. His son-in-law took over six or seven years ago. Mr. Schmidt.

VERA. That penny-pincher! He charges the highest rates this side of the Duck Pond – except for Sylvie, of course.

SYLVIA. I got in on the ground floor – rent control

keeps me paying a fraction of what everyone else has to. Mr. Haven never minded, but it really gets under Schmidt's skin.

BRIDGET. So how do you take care of him?

SYLVIA. I act like Vera. The more senile he thinks I am, the happier he gets. The frailer I act, the closer he thinks I'll be to that rent-free apartment in the sky. Or assisted living. I don't think he has a preference.

VERA. Nothing like the prospect of a good funeral to get people light-hearted again!

(The intercom buzzes. **SYLVIA** *crosses to it.)*

SYLVIA. Yes?

VOICE. Mrs. Charles? Your dry cleaning was just dropped off. Do you want one of the boys to run it up?

SYLVIA. My dry cleaning?

VOICE. The frilly stuff you insisted –

SYLVIA. *(Cutting him off. Loudly.)* Oh yes! Of course. Well – do you think you could –

BRIDGET. Nana, everything okay?

SYLVIA. Yes dear! Why wouldn't it be?

BRIDGET. You look worried –

VERA. She's probably constipated.

SYLVIA. Do you think you could send it up later?

VOICE. Okay, Mrs. Charles –

BRIDGET. Nana, if you don't want them to send it up, I can go get it – *(***BRIDGET** *starts towards the front door.)*

SYLVIA. NO! No, dear. No. You've had a long day. You needn't run downstairs and get anything. *(to the intercom)* Yes, are you still there?

VOICE. It would seem so.

SYLVIA. I'll be right down to get it!

BRIDGET. Nana, I could –

SYLVIA. *(still at the intercom)* No!

VOICE. No you won't be down?

SYLVIA. No! No, yes I will. Be down. But wait for me. Only me! Over and out!

VOICE. 10-4, good buddy.

BRIDGET. Nana, are you sure you're okay?

SYLVIA. I am absolutely fine – but you! You look tired. Why don't you go and lie down?

BRIDGET. I'm wide-awake, Nana.

SYLVIA. Nonsense! You look tired. Doesn't she look tired, Vera?

VERA. *(didn't hear the question)* Yes, I am tired, actually.

SYLVIA. Vera, you help Bridget make up her bed and get settled in while I pop downstairs! Oh, and Bridget, see if you can find the hearing aid batteries for Vera. I keep a spare set here. *(She runs out of the apartment, slamming the door behind her.)*

VERA. *(didn't hear)* What? This damn thing keeps shorting out on me –

BRIDGET. C'mon Vera, do you know where your batteries are?

VERA. No idea. Hey kid, you want a drink?

BRIDGET. It's not even noon, Vera.

VERA. Good point. How about a Bloody Mary? *(She exits into the kitchen with her walker.)*

BRIDGET. I have a feeling this is going to be an interesting summer… Okay. Well, if I were hearing aid batteries, where would I be?

*(***BRIDGET** *begins searching the living room for likely places for batteries. We hear* **VERA** *rattling around the kitchen.* **BRIDGET** *checks a small chest of drawers, the bookshelf and a few knick-knacks around the room before moving to the fireplace.)*

VERA. *(off)* CELERY?

BRIDGET. I'm sorry?

VERA. What?

BRIDGET. What did you say, Vera?

VERA. *(poking her head out of the kitchen door)* DO YOU WANT CELERY?

BRIDGET. FOR WHAT?

VERA. For what? Honestly! You don't deserve celery in your Bloody Mary! *(She's back in the kitchen.)*

*(***BRIDGET** *faces the fireplace. There are several small decorative boxes on the mantel and she opens each one looking inside for a hearing aid battery.*

She opens the largest box on the upstage side of the mantle. As soon as the box is open, the faux-grate on the fireplace slides to the side.

Like a tongue, a rack of geriatric walking shoes made to look like frilly, colorful bedroom slippers rolls forward out of the fireplace.

BRIDGET *does not notice, because at the same moment, there is a loud CRASH! in the kitchen.)*

BRIDGET. *(turning towards the kitchen door)* VERA? Are you okay?!

*(***BRIDGET** *absentmindedly shuts the box lid, still facing the kitchen, alarmed.*

The shoe display rolls back into the fireplace.

The faux-grate slides back into place.

BRIDGET *pauses. Faces the audience. Beat. She looks at where the shoe display had been moments before. She looks at the audience.*

CRASH! **VERA** *rams her walker into the kitchen door.)*

VERA. *(Enters with a lemonade pitcher perched on her walker and three large Santa mugs.)* Sylvie might have to get a few more glasses. I seem to have dropped a lot of them. Drink?

BRIDGET. A lot of them?

VERA. All the clean ones! *(She places the lemonade pitcher and mugs on the coffee table.)*

BRIDGET. Oh Vera, honestly. Did you clean it up?

VERA. Are you kidding me! After that death march I just took? Do you want me to have a heart attack?

BRIDGET. Fine, fine. *I'll* clean it up. *(She exits into the kitchen)*

VERA. *(She pours some Bloody Mary mix into a Santa mug and follows* **BRIDGET** *into the kitchen.)* I'll help supervise!

*(***SYLVIA** *clandestinely opens the front door and sticks her head inside. Seeing that the living room is empty, she enters and shuts the door behind her with a small snap. She is carrying a large amount of dry cleaning, all encased in see-through plastic. Every item is a lingerie article. See-thru, frilly, silky – all in a variety of colors, shapes and sizes.)*

BRIDGET. *(off)* Nana?

SYLVIA. Uh…*(looking for a place to hide things.)* Uh – yes. It's me!

BRIDGET. *(poking her head out the kitchen door)* We'll be right out. Vera sort of…

VERA. *(pulling* **BRIDGET** *back into the kitchen)* Tattle-tale!

BRIDGET. *(off, but to* **VERA***)* Just sweep the glass off the stove!

SYLVIA. Take your time!

(Frantic, **SYLVIA** *runs to the closet and opens the door. She pulls the light cord.*

Instead of a light going on, the fake panel painted to look like a closet slides to the side, out of sight behind the wall.

On a platform, the hidden interior of the closet rolls forward, similar to the fireplace, like a mechanized tongue.

*The actual coat rack is attached to a pole, and is spinning slowly and of it's own accord, like a display case, or a dry-cleaner's clothing holder.**

Every article on the rack is a lingerie item. In varying shapes, sizes and colors. Enough lingerie to run a store.

SYLVIA *hurriedly begins to remove what's in the dry cleaning bags and place it on the rack. Each article has its particular place, based on color, sizing, etc.*

The phone rings.

SYLVIA *crosses to the peg-board coat rack on the downstage side of the front door. She pushes the downstage left corner of the pegboard up, tilting the whole unit so it is vertical on the wall instead of horizontal.*

The bookshelf on the upstage side of the front door swings open.

In a hidden, slightly recessed nook – shallower than a closet – is more lingerie. This is clearly **SYLVIA***'s pink collection, as every silky article is a different shade of pink – bubblegum, rose, peach, even Barbie™ pink.*

On the back of the bookshelf unit, there is a large, full-length mirror with oversized light bulbs running around the edges of it.

The phone rings.)

BRIDGET. *(off)* Vera! Not with your bare hands! Hey, Nana? The phone's ringing!

SYLVIA. I hear it!

*(***SYLVIA** *puts clothes away more quickly. She flits between the closet and the bookshelf, nervously checking to see if anyone is coming into the room while she puts the lingerie in the appropriate places.*

The phone rings.)

* See illustration on page 78. Please note that the clothes rack rotating is optional. It doesn't have to move, it just needs to exist in some form.

BRIDGET. *(off)* Nana!

SYLVIA. I know!

*(***SYLVIA** *has finished.*

She pushes the downstage right corner of the peg-board up, righting the unit so it is back in its original position. The bookshelf swings shut.

She crosses to the closet and pulls the light cord. The platform containing the hidden interior of the closet rolls back inside. The painted panel of the fake closet slides into place.

She shuts the closet door, holding the dry cleaning bags in her hands, unsure of where to put them. Finally, she decides to stuff them under the couch.

The phone continues to ring.

VERA *enters from the kitchen and stands in the doorway. She has a dust pan in one hand and her Santa mug in the other.* **SYLVIA** *is on her hands and knees in front of the couch, 'putting the bags away.' They look at each other. Beat.)*

VERA. *(loudly and slowly, as one would say to a deaf person)* Phone. *(She exits.)*

SYLVIA. *(She gets up and grabs the portable phone on the side-table.)* Hello? Oh! Did you get my confirmation call? You didn't? I'm so sorry…No, I just called early to let you know that – *(She casts a nervous look towards the hallway).* Your order will be ready this afternoon…One-fifteen is a perfect time to drop by…Yes, the shipment came in today, and should be here well before then. I'll have everything ready for you…No! Thank *you.* I certainly appreciate your business, and I look forward to seeing you soon!

*(***SYLVIA** *hangs up.* **BRIDGET** *re-enters with* **VERA** *in tow.)*

VERA. I'm just saying that a man appreciates a woman who knows how to clean!

BRIDGET. With your coaching, I'll be a pro in no-time.

VERA. Who was on the phone?

SYLVIA. *(serving drinks)* What?

VERA. Who?

SYLVIA. Who was who? On the phone?

BRIDGET. Yes – the *phone,* Nana. Are you both deaf now?

VERA. *(didn't hear)* Huh?

SYLVIA. *(searching)* It was my bridge partner.

VERA. Your what?

SYLVIA. Bridge. Cards. She had to cancel tonight. Lost too much at Bingo the night before or something like that. Bridget, would you like a Bloody Mary?

BRIDGET. I'm good, thanks Nana.

SYLVIA. Vera? Oh, you already have –

VERA. You don't play bridge.

SYLVIA. Do you have enough celery?

VERA. I've been asking you to be my partner for *years* and I could never get you to say yes –

SYLVIA. I think I have more in the kitchen –

VERA. You've been holding out on me, haven't you?

SYLVIA. *(brightly)* Be right back!

*(***SYLVIA** *exits into the kitchen to find celery.)*

VERA. I'll be damned. I bet she plays Texas hold 'em without me, too.

BRIDGET. You play poker?

VERA. Look at this face, kid. Born to bluff.

BRIDGET. I feel like this summer is going to be an interesting learning experience.

VERA. Darn tootin' it will be! Hey, move this damn box, will you. It's blocking my walker's parking space.

BRIDGET. Nana won't mind if I just shove them in the closet will she?

VERA. Shove away, kid. It'll save me having to help her later.

*(***BRIDGET** *has her hand on the closet doorknob just as* **SYLVIA** *enters from the kitchen.)*

SYLVIA. What are you doing?

BRIDGET. *(with her hand still outstretched)* I was just going to put some of my boxes away –

SYLVIA. Don't be silly.

(She swats **BRIDGET***'s hand away from the handle and shoos her away from the door.)*

You don't have to do that.

BRIDGET. It's really not a –

*(***SYLVIA** *blocks her.)*

SYLVIA. No! I insist you leave that for later. I have something else for you to do.

BRIDGET. Nana, it's not a problem –

SYLVIA. I insist.

VERA. She insists.

BRIDGET. So I see. Okay. We can do it later.

SYLVIA. Good! Because, there's a favor I want to ask you –

VERA. I knew it. Every time I come over here I get caught up in some manual labor.

SYLVIA. Taking a walk is not manual labor.

VERA. We don't go on "walks." We go on death marches.

SYLVIA. Anyway, the manual labor isn't for you, Vera. Bridget dear, I have a picture I want hung.

BRIDGET. *("Oh God.")* Picture? Couldn't that wait until later, too? *(faking a yawn)* Whoa! All of a sudden I'm so tired!

VERA. That never works, kid.

BRIDGET. Nana, why do you want to hang up more pictures? You have so many already.

SYLVIA. I'm going for a new look in here – a new vibe. I've already started. *(She gestures to the couch where silky, rather modern looking pillows decorate the grandmotherly upholstery.)*

BRIDGET. I see – I was wondering about that...

SYLVIA. *(Exiting into the bedroom and returning a large picture frame.)* Besides, there's no such thing as too many pictures.

(She hands **BRIDGET** *the frames and crosses to the small breakfast table to get a chair, which she carries back to* **BRIDGET** *surveying the room.)*

Now, where do you girls think should we put this?

VERA. *(pointing)* Over there?

SYLVIA. No.

BRIDGET. *(pointing)* Over there?

SYLVIA. No.

BRIDGET & VERA. *(Both pointing in different directions.)* Over there?

SYLVIA. Right here. *(She moves towards the front door, the side with the coat rack on it.)* What do you think?

VERA. Well –

SYLVIA. It'll be perfection. Bridget, bring that chair over here?

*(***BRIDGET** *slides the chair over to the wall, between the bookshelf and the pegboard.)*

BRIDGET. *(climbing up on the chair, looking at the picture)* A little racy, isn't it Nana?

SYLVIA. The female form is au natural, Muffin. Nothing scandalous about that –

VERA. Besides, you can't see any of the goods. It's all blacked out.

SYLVIA. Lift it a little higher.

VERA. More to the right.

SYLVIA. No, more to the left.

VERA. Down a little bit –

SYLVIA. Not that much!

BRIDGET. My arms are going to fall off.

SYLVIA. Vera, we need –

VERA. *(crosses to the highboy and opens a drawer to retrieve the items)* I know, I know. It's not like this is the first time we've done this.

BRIDGET. Vera – hurry.

VERA. I'll try, but after that death march today I'm feeling weak.

SYLVIA. It was not a death march! It was motivational therapy! Bridget, put it higher.

BRIDGET. I can't reach any higher.

SYLVIA. Stretch.

VERA. Here, kid.

*(***VERA** *hands* **BRIDGET** *a hammer and nail and crosses downstage to rest on a chair, her back to* **BRIDGET**, **SYLVIA** *and the bookshelf.*

BRIDGET *places the picture on top of the coat rack, neatly resting it inside the captain's rail. She faces the wall and begins to hammer the nail in.*

The weight of the picture frame makes the pegboard tilt vertically on the wall.

The bookshelf begins to open.

BRIDGET *hammers her thumb.)*

BRIDGET. OW!

SYLVIA. *(Seeing the bookshelf)* Oh no!

BRIDGET. No, it's okay. I'm okay. *(She goes back to hammering the nail into the wall.)*

*(***SYLVIA** *runs to the bookshelf and forces it closed.*

The pegboard straightens on the wall. **BRIDGET** *and* **VERA** *are oblivious.*

BRIDGET, *having finally got the nail in the right spot, reaches for the picture frame. She picks it up, and puts the hammer in it's place. She turns to face the wall.*

The weight of the hammer makes the pegboard tilte vertically on the wall.

The bookshelf begins to open.

BRIDGET *can't get the picture frame to catch on the nail.*

SYLVIA *sees the bookshelf and gasps. She runs and shuts it again, just as* **VERA** *turns to look at her.*

The pegboard straights on the wall.)

VERA. What are doing? *(She stands up and crosses to the pegboard.)*

SYLVIA. *(hovering nervously by the bookshelf.)* Nothing. I'm not doing anything.

*(***VERA** *looks at the pegboard, and then at* **SYLVIA**. *She pushes the downstage right corner of the pegboard, tilting it vertically on the wall.*

The bookshelf begins to open. **SYLVIA** *slams the bookshelf closed.*

The pegboard returns to its vertical position.

VERA *tilts the pegboard. The bookshelf opens.)*

SYLVIA. STOP THAT!

*(***SYLVIA** *shuts the bookshelf and runs at* **VERA**. *They circle each other, waggling their fingers.* **BRIDGET** *continues to struggle with the picture frame, oblivious.*

VERA, *having lured* **SYLVIA** *to her side of the room, tilts the pegboard on the wall. The bookshelf swings open before* **SYLVIA** *can get to it.*

SYLVIA *lets out a cry of despair just as* **BRIDGET** *manages to hang the picture and turn around. She sees the lingerie inside the bookshelf and presses herself against the wall.)*

BRIDGET. WHOA! Nana? What's that?

SYLVIA. *(wildly)* That's mine!

BRIDGET. That's yours?

SYLVIA. Well, yes. Kind of.

BRIDGET. *(stumbling off her chair)* What do you mean that's yours? Nana, that is a lot of –

SYLVIA. Oh, don't ask questions, Bridget! An old woman is entitled to her little oddities.

VERA. Oddities, schmoddities. Having ten cats is odd; *this* is suspicious! *(enjoying the idea)* Did you steal this off the back of a truck?

SYLVIA. Vera! How could you accuse me of doing something like that!

VERA. *(still inspecting the coat rack peg)* I always wondered why you never let anyone hang their jackets up themselves!

BRIDGET. You never let us hang anything up…anywhere.

(Beat. **BRIDGET** *and* **VERA** *look at the closet.* **SYLVIA** *looks nervous. As one, all three start towards the door.* **BRIDGET** *gets there first and opens it. Nothing happens.)*

Is there something in the closet, Nana?

SYLVIA. Yes, it's your Christmas present. Stop snooping.

VERA. How can you see anything without turning on the light?

*(***VERA** *reaches up and yanks the light cord.*

The fake panel painted to look like a closet slides to the side, out of sight behind the wall.

On a platform, the hidden interior of the closet rolls forward like a mechanized tongue, the lingerie spinning slowly on its circular rack.)

SYLVIA. Now you've gone and ruined everything.

BRIDGET. Nana, what is all this? Is it some sort of… fetish?

SYLVIA. No!

VERA. Are you running a brothel?

SYLVIA. Listen, just because I happen to have a *few* lingerie articles –

BRIDGET. A *few*? Nana, you could clothe all of the Rockettes for a slumber party and still have outfits to spare!

SYLVIA. I am not running a brothel, and I'm not clothing the Rockettes –

BRIDGET. So what exactly are you doing?

SYLVIA. *(resentfully)* Well, I wasn't going to tell you, but clearly you two busybodies have given me no choice –

VERA. Quit stalling and get to the juicy details – Do you have all of these naughty nighties for a raucous love affair you haven't told me about? I know! You're having a fling with that sculpted piece of man-meat on the force, aren't you?

BRIDGET. Let's leave Tom out of this for a minute, okay?

SYLVIA. I made all of these.

BRIDGET. Come again?

SYLVIA. I make lingerie. And then I sell it.

BRIDGET. Sell it? What do you mean by "sell it"?

SYLVIA. Oh, Bridget. You know - people come into the apartment and give me money in exchange for the lingerie. The company is actually getting quite popular –

BRIDGET. Company?

SYLVIA. Yes! "Saucy Slips, Etc."

VERA. Say that again?

SYLVIA. *(She is deaf.)* Saucy Slips, Etc.

BRIDGET. Are you kidding me? Saucy…Saucy Slips?

SYLVIA. Etc. Lingerie designed specifically with the senior citizen in mind!

BRIDGET. *(exasperated)* Why didn't you just call it Nana's Naughty Knickers?

VERA. No, no, don't change the name. Saucy Slips, Etc. has a good ring to it!

SYLVIA. *(flattered)* Thank you! I actually, I had flyers made up –

BRIDGET. For what?

SYLVIA. To hand out to people, of course. Last night was Bingo night at the Presbyterian Church down the block. I attended the festivities handed out the flyers. To my target audience! Here, I'll show you – *(***SYLVIA** *disappears into her bedroom.)*

BRIDGET. *(catatonic)* I need to sit down. *(***BRIDGET** *sinks onto the couch.)*

*(***SYLVIA** *re-enters with a box of flyers, plops it down next to* **BRIDGET** *and hands a stack to her and* **VERA**.*)*

SYLVIA. Ta-da!

BRIDGET. *(reading out loud)* "Saucy Slips, Etc.: Designing lingerie that'll fire men up for a price that won't burn a hole in your wallet…"?

VERA. I don't have my damned glasses on, what's this say?

SYLVIA. *(Looks at her paper. Happily.)* No sales tax charged.

BRIDGET. You're not charging retail sales tax?

SYLVIA. No. New York sales tax is much too steep, and since I'm not giving any of the money to the government, it wouldn't be right to tax my clients.

BRIDGET. Nana, I'm almost afraid to ask you this. Do you have a license to sell things on private property?

SYLVIA. *(laughing)* Oh apple pie, you're adorable. Of course I don't!

VERA. What'd she say? I think my hearing aid just died on me –

BRIDGET. Nana!

SYLVIA. That's why Mr. Schmidt, our landlord, can't find out about any of this. He's dying for an excuse to evict me.

BRIDGET. Nana…what you're doing is illegal. You're breaking the law.

SYLVIA. Well I don't see how anyone could find out about it.

BRIDGET. You just advertised publicly at a senior citizens' Bingo game!

SYLVIA. All of my clients know perfectly well not to breathe a word to anyone. And since I never file the extra income in my taxes, I really don't –

BRIDGET. What? *(She stands up, spilling the flyers that were on her lap.)*

VERA. I actually *didn't* catch that, dear. *(fiddles with hearing aid)*

BRIDGET. Now you're breaking *several* laws. Nana, you can't do this.

SYLVIA. You see? This is why I didn't want to tell you! I knew you wouldn't understand.

VERA. Forget her – why the heck didn't you tell me Sylvie?

SYLVIA. I did, Vera. I tried to tell you. Several times. I don't think you heard me, though –

VERA. Huh? You what?

SYLVIA. I did tell you. I told when I first opened the business: I said "Vera, I'm going make lingerie for my living."

VERA. Oh! I thought you said you would make lasagna for Thanksgiving. When I never got any lasagna, well, I was disappointed. Now it all makes sense.

BRIDGET. *(is getting a headache)* How long did you say you've been…doing this?

SYLVIA. Going on six years now.

VERA. No lasagna for six years. I kept waiting!

SYLVIA. After your grandfather died I was – well, I was bored, to be perfectly honest. So I thought – "Hey, Sylvia! You know what you should do? You should get a hobby." And then I realized that I hate knitting, and I can't bake, and nothing really seemed very interesting to me – and then I thought of –

VERA. Lingerie?

SYLVIA. Exactly!

VERA. Bras on the brain –

SYLVIA. I was always happiest when I had a job, so I thought – why not make my own business? It was rocky at first, but after a few years I started to get a steady clientele, starting with one particularly good customer who has been with me since day one.

BRIDGET. Who?

VERA. *(pouting)* Well it sure as hell wasn't me. *(reflecting)* And all this time I thought those old broads you always had coming and going were part of some elaborate nude painting you were doing!

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