SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

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SF PERUSALS

Samuel French Acting Edition

Blood Play

Written by
Hannah Bos & Paul Thureen

Developed by
Oliver Butler

Made by
The Debate Society

SAMUEL FRENCH

SAMUELFRENCH.COM SAMUELFRENCH.CO.UK

ISBN 978-0-573-70374-4

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BLOOD PLAY was first produced by The Debate Society and presented by The Bushwick Starr in Brooklyn, NY in October 2012, with scenic design by Laura Jellinek, lighting design by Mike Riggs, sound design by Ben Truppin-Brown, costume design by Sydney Maresca, masks by Jason Leinwand, and properties by Noah Mease. Stage management was by Amy Ehrenberg, production management by Josh Kohler, Producer was Dorit Avganim, Assistant Stage Manager was Shelley Miles and interns were Eileen Casterline, Michael Newton and Shanan Wolfe. It was directed by Oliver Butler. The cast was as follows:

BEV . . . . . Hannah Bos
MORTY . . . . . Michael Cyril Creighton
GAIL . . . . . Birgit Huppuch
IRA . . . . . Ronete Levenson
SAM . . . . . Hanlon Smith-Dorsey
JEEP . . . . . Paul Thureen

During the extension, the role of Ira was played by Jenny Seastone and in subsequent presentations by Emma Galvin. Additional sound design by M.L. Dogg. ***BLOOD PLAY*** went on to be produced as part of Under the Radar at The Public Theater, The Next Thing Festival at ArtsEmerson and at Williamstown Theatre Festival as part of their 2013 season.

Development and touring of ***BLOOD PLAY*** was supported by the New England Foundation for the Arts' National Theater Project, with lead funding from the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation.

BLOOD PLAY was developed in part at a Clubbed Thumb/Playwrights Horizons SuperLab and The Bushwick Starr and made possible by grants the Jerome Foundation and the Six Points Fellowship for Emerging Jewish Artists and made possible with major funding from UJA-Federation of New York as well as public funds from the New York State Council on the Arts.

CHARACTERS

BEV FEINBERG – mid 30s, sweet, desperate to fit into the new neighborhood.

MORTY FEINBERG – late 30s, affable, wildly in love with his wife, wants to be a great neighbor.

IRA FEINBERG – 10 years old, fragile and small for his age. An old soul.

SAM FOGELBERG – late 30s, slightly dim but lovable guy's guy.

GAIL FOGELBERG – mid 30s, neighborhood queen bee. Cold. Hard to please.

JEEP MATSON – early 40s, single, odd. Covers his awkwardness with a smile. Walks with a slight, stiff-legged limp.

SETTING

Skokie, Illinois

TIME

Late August. 1951.

To our Grandparents, their children and basements

(A brand new early 1950s basement. Linoleum flooring with a shuffleboard pattern and knotty pine paneling. Close to the ceiling, a window looks out onto the back lawn where a small canvas tent is pitched. It's dusk and a light glows in the tent. Inside the basement, parallel to the back wall on the stage left side is a teal formica-topped bar with bar stools, stocked with full bottles and new glassware. The stage right wall is an Asian-themed mural. Along the wall is a sofa. Stage right is the stairway.)

(Thunder. Darkness on stage. Distant sounds of a campfire and children singing in a round.)

GROUP 1.

WING AWAY WHIPPOORWILL,
WING AWAY WEST
WING AWAY WEST WHIPPOORWILL,
WING AWAY WEST

(repeat)

GROUP 2.

WHIP-OR-WILL,
WHIP-OR-WILL,
WHIP-OR-WHIP-OR-WHIP-OR-WILL.

(repeat)

GROUP 3.

MOUNTAIN LION!

*(***GROUPS 1** *and* **2** *scream.)*

(The children's playful screams merge into the shrieks of an adult woman.)

BEV. Ahhhhh! Oh my God! Oh God! Oh my God!

(Lights up on the basement bar. Water is spraying from a ceiling pipe. The furniture is soaked. There's a puddle on the floor. The images on the mural are smeared and running.)

BEV. *(cont.)* MORTY! Come down here!

MORTY. *(from upstairs)* What?! Wha wha wha what?!

BEV. OH MY GOD!

*(***MORTY** *rushes downstairs.)*

It's everywhere! Ohh!

MORTY. Oh my God. The valve. The valve.

*(***MORTY** *rushes to the water shut-off valve, standing on a bar stool to reach it.* **BEV** *stands on the couch and tries to stop the spray.)*

BEV. Oy, look at the mural!

MORTY. No. Noooo!

BEV. I know.

*(***MORTY** *turns the valve, the spray slows to a dribble.)*

MORTY. BEV, are you ok?

(He goes to **BEV**, *who is soaking wet, and hugs her.)*

(investigating the ceiling) There. There's a crack right there.

BEV. I'll get towels. This house. This house is killing me!

*(***BEV** *goes upstairs.* **MORTY** *looks at the pipe. He gets an ice pick from the bar, climbs up on a chair and starts jamming the ice pick into the cracked pipe.* **BEV** *comes back down with towels and puts them on the puddle.)*

MORTY. You know it's not so – Oh my God it's bad, it's very bad!

BEV. This is terrible. This is very bad for the tile…and the upholstery.

MORTY. What the heck?

BEV. What?

MORTY. It's a root.

BEV. What?

MORTY. And dirt. There's roots growing in the pipe.

BEV. *(sopping up water, looking at the painting)* Oh my goodness… The Oriental children look like they're melting. The sofa's ruined!

*(***BEV** *goes upstairs.* **MORTY** *looks at the mural. He's destroyed. He tries to blot it with a rag. He goes back to the pipe.)*

MORTY. Bring me a bucket!

BEV. *(from upstairs)* They're all down there.

*(***MORTY** *grabs a bucket from behind the bar and puts it underneath the slow drip.* **BEV** *comes downstairs with a fan, plugs it in and points it towards the sofa.* **MORTY** *ties a rag around the crack, stopping the drip.* **BEV** *continues sopping up water.)*

MORTY. I'll call a pipe guy tomorrow.

BEV. A plumber?

MORTY. Yeah, a plumber.

(doorbell rings)

Oh shoot.

BEV. Oh shoot.

MORTY. It's Sam. *(begins to exit)* Oh shoot.

(He stops, comes back, grabs a cowbell which is sitting on the bar. He goes upstairs. **BEV** *is alone looking at the smudged mural. Upstairs we hear* **MORTY** *answer the door.* **BEV** *goes to the window, opens the curtains and yells into the backyard.)*

BEV. Ira, come inside, let me check on you.

(pause)

Ira, do you need to come inside?

(no answer)

Ira…

IRA. *(a voice from outside)* I'm ok.

BEV. Are you sure? Can you check?

(pause)

IRA. I'm ok.

*(***BEV** *wipes up more of the water. She walks behind the bar and grabs some more rags. She drops the rags down on the water puddles and steps on them with her heels. She shakes her head at the mess. During this, we have been hearing fragments of the following conversation upstairs.)*

JEEP. Hello sir, I'm Jeep Matson.

MORTY. Morty Feinberg. What can I do for ya?

JEEP. Well, as you can see, I'm a photographer, door-to-door actually.

MORTY. Door-to-door photography, huh? Isn't that something.

JEEP. Well it sure is, you know I was just over at –

MORTY. I'm sorry fella… Jeep, is it?

JEEP. That's right, Morty. Jeep. Just like a Jeep.

MORTY. We're having a little…water disaster in the basement at the moment so it's not a terribly good time.

JEEP. Well certainly, sorry to hear that.

MORTY. But sounds interesting. Could you swing on by next time you're in the neighborhood?

JEEP. How does next Tuesday sound.

MORTY. Fine, just fine.

JEEP. Pleasure to meetcha.

MORTY. Enjoy your weekend!

*(***BEV***, mopping up the last of the water on her hands and knees, yells upstairs.)*

BEV. Does he like it?

MORTY. Wasn't Sam. It was a salesman.

BEV. Not now!

MORTY. I know, I told him!

*(***MORTY** *comes downstairs.)*

That was a door-to-door-photographer. You wanna get your picture took on Tuesday?

BEV. My luncheon's ruined.

MORTY. Oh Bevy.

BEV. Everything's going to be damp tomorrow. I'll have to move the girls upstairs. It was going to be so charming down here.

MORTY. I can make the cocktails and bring 'em up on a tray.

BEV. No it's ok, Morty.

MORTY. It'll be like I'm the butler.

(Squeal of tires and an "oof" from outside. **MORTY** *and* **BEV** *look at each other.)*

Ira.

BEV. Ira!

(They both run upstairs.)

Ira!

MORTY. Ira!

(Sound of front door opening and closing. Muffled chaos. We hear the door open again. The basement is empty. During the following, very subtly, the house seems to settle a little with a low rumble from the earth.)

(from upstairs:)

SAM. No, no, I'm alright, I'm alright.

JEEP. I'm so sorry, I didn't even see –

SAM. These things happen.

BEV. Do you need a hot water bottle Sam?

SAM. No, no.

MORTY. Sit for a moment.

SAM. Alright, that'd be good.

BEV. You can't sit at the table – Cookies on the chairs, cookies on the chairs!

SAM. Op! Cooking a feast, eh?

MORTY. Bev's getting her luncheon together. Let's go downstairs, get you lying down.

BEV. Morty –

MORTY. Bevy, there's no place to sit up here.

SAM. I'm fine, I'm fine.

MORTY. Well I think a little nip will do you good.

SAM. Alright. That I'll take you up on.

JEEP. Here, let me…

(They all come downstairs. **JEEP***, visibly upset, is helping* **SAM***, who is wearing the back half of a handmade two-person cow costume. The utters are made of two sets of pink dishwashing gloves sewn onto his belly.)*

SAM. It's all finished, it looks great!

BEV. I apologize. It's a mess, we just had a catastrophe.

JEEP. I'm sorry, Sam.

SAM. Thanks Jeep, I can take it from here. You know, Jeep here took pictures of the whole family today. Color too!

JEEP. And then I tried to kill you tonight.

BEV. Oh you're the photographer.

JEEP. Yes ma'am. Jeep Matson.

BEV. Jeep?

JEEP. Yes ma'am. Jeep. Just like a Jeep.

*(***SAM** *starts to sit on the sofa.)*

BEV. Sam, it's wet!

MORTY. Careful.

SAM. Which?

MORTY. The sofa.

SAM. Oh.

JEEP. No, I tell ya, I didn't even see him. He came from behind your shrub and I just backed straight into him.

*(***SAM** *goes to sit on the coffee table.)*

BEV. Sam, that's not gonna hold you!

SAM. Oh. Ok.

BEV. Get a folding chair.

*(***MORTY** *runs upstairs to grab a folding chair.* **BEV** *continues cleaning.)*

(to **JEEP***)* Are you the guy with the pony?

JEEP. *(quietly)* No.

*(***MORTY** *enters with chair.* **SAM** *sits.)*

SAM. MORTY, this guy is good at his job. Great bed-side manner. No – What do you call that for a picture taker?

JEEP. Oh, just being a good guy, I guess.

SAM. Well, I can't wait to see the photographs. *(looking at the broken pipe)* What happened to your pipe?

MORTY. We're putting a shower in the middle of the room.

SAM. Why? That's gonna get everywhere.

*(***BEV** *laughs and shakes her head.)*

MORTY. The roots broke the pipe.

BEV. That's why it's such a mess.

MORTY. It's from the darn willow we just cut down.

SAM. Ah jeepers, that's a pain. How much is that gonna set you back?

MORTY. Sit Jeep, sit.

JEEP. Listen, let me get out of your way here. Sam, here's my card. I know you already have one, but please, take another.

SAM. Ah gee, thanks Jeep.

JEEP. I'm just awful sorry about all this, please, ring me if you find out anything's wrong or –

SAM. Oh, I'm fine, I'll be fine.

JEEP. And your photograph is on me, no arguing, I insist on it. Tuesday. I'll bring it by on Tuesday.

SAM. Listen Jeep…if you insist, I guess my hands are tied. But if that's the case *(***SAM** *gets up and walks towards the bar.)* I insist on buying you a drink. Morty, a drink for the photographer.

MORTY. *(whispering to* **BEV***)* Get ice!

*(***BEV** *exits.)*

SAM. Put it on my tab.

MORTY. *(in his "bartender voice")* Aw, Sammie, you know yer money's no good here!

SAM. Even better.

MORTY. Jeep, what'll ya have?

JEEP. No, it's out of the question.

SAM. Jeep, I insist on it.

JEEP. Well…

MORTY. Whatever you want. I got everything.

JEEP. Will you fellas join me?

MORTY. Certainly.

SAM. Oh yes.

JEEP. Well, then… I'll have the house special.

MORTY. Water on the rocks and two aspirin, coming right up.

BEV. *(entering with a full ice bucket, shaking her head, laughing at* **MORTY***'s dumb joke)* No!

MORTY. No! How about a Street Light?

JEEP. Sounds fine!

*(***MORTY** *starts fixing the drinks.* **BEV** *continues to straighten up.* **JEEP** *stands awkwardly, desperately uncertain of what to say and do.)*

This is a nice basement.

BEV. Thank you, we just finished it.

SAM. Ours is similar, but we don't have the knotty pine. Same bar set-up.

MORTY. I just stocked it for Bev's party.

BEV. I'm hosting my first luncheon tomorrow. The Sisterhood, *(explaining to* **JEEP***)* the ladies from our Synagogue, are attending. We're new to the neighborhood, and I'm trying to get in.

SAM. I've heard all about it from Gail. She's looking forward to it.

BEV. Well, I've taken a lot of her advice. She's such a good host.

JEEP. Well you see, me doing what I do, I knew you were pretty recent. Last year, this lot was empty, if I remember right.

MORTY. That's right.

BEV. That's right. Excuse me a moment, gentlemen.

*(***BEV** *exits upstairs.)*

JEEP. So…what business are you in, Morty?

MORTY. I run a little trophy shop.

JEEP. You don't say!

MORTY. It's called The Trophy Shop. Just moved it here from where we used to be on the South Side.

JEEP. That must be a very in-demand product.

MORTY. Oh yes. It depends on the season of course –

JEEP. Of course.

MORTY. But we do all kinds of things: plaques, medals, medallions, honor statues, you name it. So we keep pretty busy. Starting to do some engraving on personal items as well. Lockets, anniversary plates, pocket knives…

JEEP. Good, good.

SAM. You did great work on those medals for the boys' fishing expedition. Fine work. I tell you, Noah wore his to bed that night. Where did Ira place?

MORTY. Well Sam here, he does the REAL interesting work.

JEEP. Oh, insurance you said, is that right Sam?

MORTY. Is that all he said? Well it is a bit more interesting than *that!*

SAM. Eh.

MORTY. Sam is in the *boat* insurance business.

JEEP. Is that right?

SAM. Always loved boats.

JEEP. Oh yes.

SAM. I get to go out in a lot of 'em. Make a lotta enjoyable trips.

MORTY. Sam, you said you were gonna take me out on the lake this summer.

SAM. I've been busy. The season's sorta dying down now… but… I can ask around.

MORTY. Maybe next summer.

(The phone rings.)

(yelling upstairs) Bev!

BEV. *(yelling downstairs)* Got it!

MORTY. Here's your Street Light. Sit, Jeep.

JEEP. Thank you, Morty.

*(***JEEP** *sits at the bar.)*

- - - -

(phone call under dialogue)

BEV. Feinberg residence… Oh hello Mother, I can't talk right now we have guests…yes, I will. Bye.

- - - - -

MORTY. Sam?

SAM. Could I have a Robin Red Breast?

MORTY. Sure.

SAM. Do you know how to make that?

MORTY. Sure do.

*(***MORTY** *goes to the bar. He secretly consults his bartending handbook. He begins making the drink.* **BEV** *comes downstairs. She is carrying a hairdryer.* **JEEP** *sips his drink.)*

JEEP. Now doesn't that go down smooth!

BEV. It was my mother. I said I'll call back.

SAM. So your luncheon tomorrow…what are you ladies gonna do all afternoon?

*(***BEV** *turns on the hair dryer and begins blow drying the sofa. She speaks loudly over the noise.)*

BEV. Just converse and play a little mahjong. I have several courses of goodies.

MORTY. *(yelling over the noise)* Bevy, sweetheart!

BEV. I'm sorry. *(She turns off the hairdryer.)* It's brand new. So, sweets and candies. And… I have a party game up my sleeve.

SAM. A party game? Now we're talking.

BEV. It's rather complicated but very fun. I just read about it…and it's wild. It's called Needle in a Haystack. But it's not actually about needles. It's about pins!

JEEP. I like Bee Pee Bo. Have you played that one?

BEV. Not for a while. Morty adores it.

MORTY. I'm quick. Bev's a genius with riddles though, so it evens out in the end.

BEV. I don't know about that.

SAM. We can *not* play that in my house. Gail and I had a very bad Thanksgiving one year because of Bee Pee Bo.

JEEP. Now, what's the game with the pins?

BEV. Well, everyone gets a handful or so. Safety pins that is. And then you hide them somewhere on you. And then if you cross your leg and someone catches you, you lose a pin. So you win by catching the most pins. But there's more to it than that.

JEEP. Now that sounds fun.

SAM. We should all play.

MORTY. No, it's for ladies.

BEV. No that's a hoot. We should all give it a whirl.

*(***MORTY** *gives* **SAM** *his drink. He's made a drink for himself as well.)*

SAM. Thanks Morty.

MORTY. I'll get the pins. They're on the table, sweetheart?

BEV. No those are for the party. The pastels match my motif. But we can use my sewing safeties.

*(***BEV** *goes into her sewing basket and counts out pins for everyone.)*

SAM. I'm gonna win. I don't cross my leg.

JEEP. Now look at me, I woulda lost a pin if ya caught me.

*(***SAM** *and* **JEEP** *laugh and cheers their glasses.* **BEV** *passes out safety pins.)*

BEV. Here ya go. Here ya go. Here. And I think you hide them on you, pinned inside your skirt or jacket…or costume… So no one else knows how many you have left. And then we can add other rules… I guess…oh, I know what would be fun! If you put your drink down. You lose a pin… If someone catches you.

MORTY. Oh, Bevy! That sounds like fun. But we need to get you a drink.

BEV. Oh! Well…alright.

MORTY. *(bartender voice)* What'll ya have sweet-haht?

BEV. Um…oh! Fix me up a Saw Blade.

MORTY. Coming right up.

(He pulls out an orange and a beet and during the following slices them as thinly as possible.)

BEV. This will be fun. A trial run for tomorrow. Did I explain it well enough? Was it clear?

(in unison:)

SAM. Oh yes.

JEEP. Very clear.

MORTY. Very clear.

BEV. Phew.

SAM. Oh Bev, Gail said she wanted me to tell you something.

BEV. Yes?

SAM. Something about the Brownies next Thursday.

BEV. Oh, really?

SAM. What did she say? Time change or actually I have no idea.

*(***SAM** *starts wandering around the basement, walking off the limp and checking everything out.)*

JEEP. You lead Brownies?

BEV. No, I'm the helper. It's a wonderful way to meet the ladies in the neighborhood.

SAM. Bev's real helpful, that's what Gail said.

BEV. She did?

SAM. I think so. *(He stops in front of the smeared mural and stares at it.)* Wow, look at this… It's swell.

*(***JEEP** *joins him.)*

JEEP. Is it a story?… Are we supposed to piece together something?

MORTY. Nope. Just a scene.

JEEP. Well it certainly is.

MORTY. *(holding out a glass)* Here you are dear.

BEV. As soon as I take my drink…we'll start. Does everyone remember the rules: You're not allowed to cross you leg or put down your drink. And if you do and someone catches you…you lose a pin!

SAM. Should it be legs *and* arms?

(in unison)

BEV. Yes!

MORTY. Yes.

JEEP. Oh!

*(***BEV** *slowly takes her drink.)*

BEV. Go.

(Everyone stops talking and watches each other. For a long time.)

Oh…well… I think the game is supposed to be part of the party. Not stop the party. We just carry on, and chat, and if anyone sees…did I explain it badly?

(in unison)

JEEP. No, no!

SAM. No!

MORTY. Oh no no, we're just going to carry right on. Ah… Jeep, you listen to the fight last night?

JEEP. No, I was at a wedding.

MORTY. A gig or a guest?

JEEP. As a guest. I strictly stick to the door-to-door work. Weddings are whole 'nother…

MORTY. I see.

JEEP. Was a buddy of mine. Got married at the Edgewater.

BEV. Oo, very nice.

SAM. So just door-to-door keeps you going?

JEEP. Oh yes. With all the Jewish folks moving in, business has been real good!

*(***SAM** *steps towards* **JEEP**, *getting very serious.)*

SAM. What, we like getting our picture took more than the rest?

JEEP. No no, just more people here is all.

SAM. I'm just giving you a hard time.

*(***SAM** *laughs, followed by everyone else.)*

JEEP. I follow ya. Say, who won the fight?

MORTY. Sully in 6. Dull fight.

SAM. Sure was.

JEEP. Ah. Well.

(an awkward moment)

MORTY. Photographs.

JEEP. Yes sir!

MORTY. You probably find yourself doing a lot of favors I imagine.

JEEP. Oh yes, lots of perks for my pals. Everyone wants a good deal. Too good.

MORTY. I'm the same. I need to mark things up twenty percent 'cause everyone asks for favors…but it makes people feel good. Word of mouth is what makes the business go.

SAM. Bev, I'm going to have to ask you for one of your pins.

BEV. What? *(realizing she's put her drink down)* Oh no!

MORTY. He gotcha, Bevy.

JEEP. Well!

BEV. He sure did. Isn't this a little swell?

JEEP. Sure!

*(***BEV** *takes off a pin and presents it to* **SAM**.*)*

BEV. Here you go. You won this fair and square.

SAM. This is a great game.

JEEP. Sam, I got to ask you a question.

*(***SAM** *affixes the pin.)*

SAM. Sure Jeep.

JEEP. Why do you have cow udders on?

MORTY. Oh, that's what he wears daily.

BEV. *(enjoying his joke)* No.

MORTY. No.

BEV. He doesn't really.

SAM. One of the clubs at our temple is having a barnyard square dance tonight with a costume contest.

JEEP. Oh, I see.

SAM. Gail is very competitive and she made these for us.

JEEP. I see.

SAM. It's better when we're in the room together.

JEEP. Ah-ha. I shoulda put that together. Your wife mentioned something about a dance tonight while your boys are camping…oh, well, now I'm REALLY putting it all together. Your boys are here camping I see.

MORTY. Oh, no, that's just our son Ira out there camping by himself. Sam's boys are out on an expedition with the Junior Cherokees Troop.

BEV. Tribe.

MORTY. Tribe.

BEV. Ira's not feeling so well, so he's staying home.

MORTY. But he really wanted to go so he set up camp in the yard.

BEV. I scattered cherries all over the lawn so he can scavenge like a real Indian.

SAM. What a shame. Noah and the little one have been poppin' their tops, ready to go.

JEEP. Oh, well they sure were.

SAM. Sure hope the picture doesn't come out blurry, the boys were roughhousing so much.

JEEP. Oh, I think it'll come out just fine. Your wife looked lovely and the boys looked great in those, whatdaya call 'em – …

SAM. Cherokee headdresses!

JEEP. Well that's right. You have some boys, Sam.

SAM. Oy, they are a handful.

JEEP. They seem like good strong boys. That Noah…

SAM. Sharp as a tack and he can use a knife.

JEEP. Oh, I'll bet! Well I'll tell ya what Sam, the photograph on the sofa, that'll be the one I think.

SAM. Oh?

JEEP. Oh yes, that will be the one.

MORTY. You want to hear something odd?

SAM. Yeah, of course!

MORTY. Well…you know they're putting in all those new phone lines for the new phones that – I don't even know how they're supposed to work – but they're putting them in and apparently there was a three man crew…up working on the lines…they just dropped dead. Fell to the ground. Broad daylight and –

BEV. Well, now, couldn't it be that they just touched the wire and –

MORTY. Dear, these are phone wires, not electrical wires.

BEV. Oh yes, that's right. Well that's just awful.

JEEP. Where was this did you say?

MORTY. Not certain. Someone told me in the shop yesterday.

SAM. In the city I heard.

BEV. Do you know what I heard?

SAM. What?

BEV. This is just terrible, but… Gail was saying, so Sam, I'm sure you know, that the Sterns have been fighting so bad that someone called the police and when the officer showed up they blamed it on the radio show. And their kids both have the driest skin on their faces, had to go to the doctor because the constant crying is causing some sort of irritation. But it's none of my business.

*(***BEV** *crosses her leg.)*

SAM. Bev.

BEV. Yes?

SAM. Pin please.

BEV. Oh!

MORTY. Gotcha again, Bevy!

(blackout)

(Darkness in the house. A glowing tent is seen in the backyard through the basement window. **IRA***'s voice is heard.)*

IRA. Those aren't my real parents…but they're wearing my real parents' clothes. They used to say that there was something that lived under the ground that could make things happen. Some bad things that happened happened because of this thing. Things that couldn't be explained. But that was even before people. So who was saying that?… Rah!

Alright. Story time is over Junior Cherokees. Now it's time for…for…the awards. Tonight's award goes to – the award for very Best Brave goes to… Ira!

My fellow braves. I wanted to thank you all for choosing me this evening. I am honored to get this for all my courage and for how fast and strong I am. I will do my best to lead according to the Pledge of the Cherokee. *(He starts to cry.)* It's very fun to be here tonight doing all of these things with you.

(He stops crying. A growl is heard.)

Hello?

- - - - -

(Lights up. Moments later, inside the basement…)

BEV. Oh I don't know them. Wait, are they the people who used to live in Mexico?

SAM. That's right.

BEV. Huh, they brought us that liquor when we moved in.

SAM. He's got a stammer.

BEV. Ah, that's right.

MORTY. Alright, who needs another. *(bartender voice)* Belly on up!

*(***JEEP** *stands to go.)*

JEEP. Morty, Bev, thanks for the drink and the hospitality. I should –

MORTY. No Jeep. I'm making you another. And there's nothing you can say about it.

*(***MORTY** *takes* **JEEP***'s glass.)*

Alright.

(Everyone gathers around the bar. **BEV***'s about to place her empty glass on the bar, then stops herself.)*

BEV. Oh! Now this could be complicated!

SAM. I suggest a bartending exemption.

JEEP. Fine idea.

(Everyone puts their glasses down on the bar and laughs.)

SAM. Let's see…what do I want? Oh: a Pick-a-dilly!

MORTY. They say for good luck, the second round should always be rum. Everyone game?

JEEP. Fine!

BEV. Sure!

SAM. Well then save the Pick-a-dilly for my third.

MORTY. Rums all around!

SAM. Say Morty, if you want help with fixing that pipe I think I have tools.

BEV. We're calling a plumber.

JEEP. I know a fella.

MORTY. Who?

JEEP. I can find you his telephone number. He's a very good plumber in Rogers Park. Always looking for work.

MORTY. Well thanks, Jeep. I figure we'll see if there's someone local first, and if not, I'll let you know.

JEEP. Sure thing.

BEV. Is gin a beer?

MORTY. What?

BEV. Gin. Is gin a beer? Gin.

(pause)

MORTY. What?

BEV. In the movies, when someone drinks a gin…forget it.

SAM. I'm hungry.

*(***BEV** *looks at* **MORTY**.*)*

MORTY. Do you want Bev to fix you something?

BEV. Would you like a nosh?

SAM. Sure. I'll take a sandwich or…what smells so good?

BEV. I was making chopped liver and onions but that's for the luncheon tomorrow.

SAM. Can I taste it?

MORTY. Give him some.

BEV. … Sure.

*(***BEV** *goes upstairs.* **MORTY** *continues to make drinks,* **SAM** *surveys a trophy on a shelf. A momentary lull, then…)*

JEEP. You know a game I used to play as a boy… Grandfather Clock.

SAM. Oh yes!

MORTY. *(yelling upstairs)* Bev, sweetheart! Bring down two potatoes! Large ones. And some twine.

BEV. *(from upstairs)* What?

MORTY. Two potatoes and twine. For –

BEV. Oh boy! We're gonna play Grandfather Clock!?

SAM. Do you play with blindfolds?

MORTY. Not indoors.

JEEP. Morty, there to there? There to there? There to there?

MORTY. There to here.

JEEP. Alright!

(The guys clear things out of the way. **BEV** *comes down with two potatoes and string.)*

BEV. Who will be the first clocks?

SAM. Morty, I challenge you to a round of Grandfather Clock. Do you accept?

MORTY. Tick tock… I accept!

(They all laugh.)

JEEP. All right!

*(***BEV** *hands* **SAM** *and* **MORTY** *potatoes and string.)*

SAM. Uh…truce during preparations?

EVERYONE. Truce!

*(***SAM** *and* **MORTY** *put their glasses on the coffee table and then tie the potatoes to the strings and then tie the strings around their waists.)*

JEEP. I'll make a finish line.

BEV. I can be the referee.

MORTY. Jeep, take two oranges from the bar.

JEEP. Alright!

SAM. Oo boy. I can't believe we're playing Grandfather Clock. You know we called it "Father Time" in my neighborhood.

MORTY. Father Tom?

SAM. Father Time.

*(***MORTY** *and* **SAM** *are finished preparing. The potatoes swing between their legs.* **JEEP** *sets the oranges on the floor as* **MORTY** *and* **SAM** *take their positions.* **SAM** *corrects* **JEEP**…*)*

Oh, starting line *here.*

JEEP. Oh yes!

*(***JEEP** *repositions the oranges.)*

SAM. Drinks up.

MORTY. Drinks up!

JEEP. Drinks up!

SAM. Ready.

BEV. Alright, all set?

SAM & MORTY. Yes!

JEEP. Yes!

BEV. 10 o'clock!… 11 o'clock!… MIDNIGHT!

(The game begins! **SAM** *and* **MORTY** *laugh and swing their potatoes at the oranges trying to get them to roll across the room.* **JEEP** *and* **BEV** *cheer them on.* **GAIL** *comes down the stairs. She wears the top half of a strangely creepy cow costume. Mask and all. She stands there for a while unnoticed. The game finishes, everyone cheers.* **BEV***'s face drops as she spots* **GAIL**. *The others turn and see her as well.)*

SAM. Hiya Chicken!… I was coming right back.

GAIL. I've been waiting for over a half an hour…like this. I'm stuck.

*(***SAM** *unties a ribbon in the back of the costume and carefully lifts the cow head mask off of his wife.)*

What's the hold-up, Sam?

SAM. I got hit by a car.

GAIL. WHAT?

SAM. It was an accident.

GAIL. Does this mean we're not going to the dance?

MORTY. Nice get up Gail.

JEEP. Hello there Mrs. Fogelberg.

GAIL. Hello. *(to* **BEV***)* Why isn't Ira with the boys?

BEV. He's not feeling well.

GAIL. Oh.

BEV. Gail, may I offer you a drink?

MORTY. Yeah, you want me to fix ya something sweet?

GAIL. No thanks.

BEV. Mine's got no alcohol.

MORTY. Yes it does, sweetie.

BEV. It does? Which one is this?

MORTY. A Tahitian Tease.

BEV. It's so good!

GAIL. Well, what happened? Are you ok?

SAM. It was just a little tap.

JEEP. They have a bush that really blocks the way, I didn't see him.

BEV. *(overlapping with* **GAIL** *and* **SAM***)* Morty, we need to take care of that before the party tomorrow.

GAIL. *You* hit him?!

SAM. *He* backed into *me*, it was both our faults.

JEEP. I'm very sorry.

GAIL. Well, can we go?

SAM. I dunno…

GAIL. I'm not going alone…like this…

(pause)

Sam.

SAM. The dance is going all night, Chicken.

GAIL. Sam.

SAM. Chicken.

(a heavy pause)

GAIL. May I have a ginger ale Morty, with a cherry?

MORTY. Big glass or a little glass?

GAIL. Little.

*(***GAIL** *walks to the sofa to sit down.)*

JEEP. Careful Mrs. Fogelberg, the sofa's wet!

BEV. Oh…

GAIL. Well…where would you like me to sit.

MORTY. Would you like to take a seat at the bar, Gail?

BEV. No, no… Hold on, I'll take care of that right away.

*(***BEV** *runs upstairs.)*

GAIL. Jeep, do you get into a lot of accidents?

JEEP. No.

SAM. It was both of our faults sweetheart.

MORTY. *(handing* **GAIL** *her ginger ale, a couple of cherries perched on the top)* Here you are Gail.

*(***MORTY** *knocks on the window.)*

Ira turn off the sprinkler!… On the side of the house…

GAIL. Sam, I'm not staying here.

MORTY. Turn it clockwise…to the right…to the right.

BEV. *(heard from upstairs)* Ira don't play with the sprinkler!

MORTY. *(yelling up)* I told him to turn it off.

BEV. *(from upstairs)* Oh sorry, honey. Sorry, Ira!

*(***BEV** *comes down with a shower curtain and starts spreading it on the sofa.)*

It's Taffallure. It's waterproof. It hasn't been used.

*(***GAIL** *stares at the sofa, then sits uncomfortably on the shower curtain. She puts down her drink.* **SAM** *quietly motions to everyone to let it go. She then crosses her legs and arms. Everyone watches, trying not to laugh… saying nothing.* **GAIL** *notices something's up.)*

GAIL. What?

(Everyone breaks into crazy laughter.)

SAM. *(laughing very hard)* You crossed your arms and leg. And you put down your drink.

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