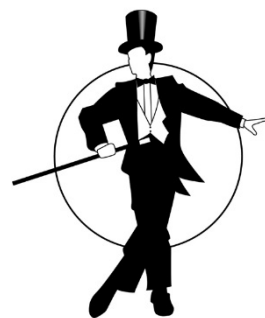


# Maisie Drags Grover to the Theatre

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-voce. (*she pronounces it DEE-voce, 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-voce. 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.

MAISIE: A sea horse? Who do I look like -- Esther Williams? You sure ain't no Fernando Montalban.

GROVER: A di-voxce? But, why ...sixty years of marriage and now you...after all this time, how do you figure that?

(MAISIE whips a pocket calculator out of her bodice.)

MAISIE: Here's how I figure, Fernando. (*calculating*) We have been married. . .sixty years. That's 21,900 days. And nights. Now. If you take away fourteen weeks each for the time leading up to the kids being born, eleven days when you was in the hospital having your bladder flushed, and the time I went with the ladies' auxiliary to Indianapolis to see Englebert Humperdink, the Big Humper!. that comes to . . . 502 days... and nights apart. That means, Grover McDonald, that I have 'experienced' sweating and sliding and moaning and huffing and groaning and puffing and teasing and squeezing and pumping and even, yes, humping - lying on my back, staring at that same bedroom ceiling . . . 21,398 nights - with the same man! Phew! Don't know about you, Grover, but it started to get kinda monotonous about evening number forty-two, and it's been downhill ever since. It's time for a change!

GROVER: A change? What's wrong?

MAISIE: Have you been sniffin' the Vicks Vapo-Rub? If I stood here and counted out everything that's wrong, I'd be here 'til Kraft runs outa things to smother with Velveta.

GROVER: Oh, yeah? Well, you're no bargain yourself. Always treatin' me like I can't take carea myself.

MAISIE: Grover, you still boil two quarts of water to make one cup of Instant Sanka. You still lose a pair of clean socks between the dresser and the bed. And you still...

GROVER: Me? What about you? Every morning, since we bought the Motorola, while I'm havin' my Sanka in the recliner, you got that *Today Show* on. Who gives two hoots what the weather is in Kokomo? Who gives even one hoot what new movie Bruce Willis is in?

MAISIE: There's a real man!

GROVER: A real man? Does he have to listen to those talk shows of yours? Doctor Pill? Oprah Chin-free?

MAISIE: Learned a lot watching those shows. Changed my life. Women today stickin' up for themselves every place. In the courtroom. In the boardroom.

GROVER: Belong in the bedroom. Women fools.

MAISIE: You're the fool, if you think I'm gonna throw what's left of my life at the feet of some insensitive male.

GROVER: Insensitive, is it? Didn't I agree to rinse out the bathroom sink after every time I spit up? Didn't I stop blowin' my nose in the corner of the tablecloth?

MAISIE: Gotta be more to my life that teachin' a grown man where to deposit snot. I want Clark Gable! Fred Astaire! Cary Grant!

GROVER: Well, I ain't much, but I got more life than alla them put together, seein' as how they're all dead.

MAISIE: You! You old horse blanket!

GROVER: Chicken droppin's!

MAISIE: Pig slop!

GROVER: Owl doo-doo!

MAISIE: Like I said - it's over, Grover, over.

GROVER: But you ain't bein' fair. Give me one more chance.

MAISIE: Mmmm, dunno. My logical clock is tickin'.

GROVER: I can wind up your clock.

MAISIE: My springs are pretty tight.

GROVER: Needs a good lube job.

MAISIE: Well. Maybe one more chance. (*lovingly*) You old horse blanket.

GROVER: (*lovingly*) Chicken droppin's.

MAISIE: (*cooing*) Pig slop.



GROVER: *(nuzzling her neck)* Owl doo-doo. Let's go home. A play, for corn's sake.

MAISIE: Wait. One more thing.

GROVER: Anything, darlin'.

MAISE: Tonight -- I'm on top!

*(She snaps his suspenders hard. He kisses her, and they head back up the aisle and out, arm in arm.)*

THE END