



FIRST ACT – SAMPLE

By Robert J. Wheeler, 15 Windsor Cres., London, ON, N6C 1V6 – Revised Jan. 30/25

Setting – Two living rooms.

Run time – Approximately 90 minutes.

Actors – 4 M – 2 F -- 2

Wheeler, Robert J. *Night Heat*. Written and produced 2023. Published May 2023.

<http://wheelerscripts.com/>. Playwrights' Guild of Canada Copyscript.

ISBN: 978-1-7390405-6-7.

My scripts are on PGC site.

<https://www.canadianplayoutlet.com/pages/search-results-page?q=robert%20wheeler>

Email robwheeler999@gmail.com if you would like to read the play
for a possible production and I will send it to you.

FOUR ACTORS REQUIRED

2 males: 30-65 -- 2 females: 30-65

CHARACTER NAME	BRIEF DESCRIPTION	AGE	GENDER
LARRY	Dentist, husband of Lucy <i>(can have English or Irish accent)</i>	30-65	Male
LUCY	Artist, wife of Larry <i>(accent same as Larry)</i>	30-65	Female
RALPH	Teacher, husband of Rose	30-65	Male
ROSE	Massage therapist, wife of Ralph	30-65	Female
V.O. or M.C.	Performs pre-show announcement	Any	Either

SETTING -- One living room.

SPOTLIGHT AT BASE OF CURTAIN:

A master of ceremonies takes the stage DS of curtain, moves into light. (will work with O.S. voice if necessary)

M.C. Welcome everyone to (*name of theatre*) and our production of “Night Heat”. Thank you for coming. We have a short announcement. So everyone can enjoy the play equally, we ask that you refrain from revealing the identity of the interloper appearing in the last scene after leaving the theatre. Thank you.

The master of ceremonies leaves, the curtain rises.

ACT ONE, SCENE ONE

Time: Morning

Place: Ralph and Rose’s Apartment Livingroom

A few bars of “OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING” plays.

LIGHTS UP:

An upscale sofa and sofa chair with a floor lamp by the sofa chair. A large print (20” x 16”) of a flower on a prominent wall.

Ralph sits in the middle of the sofa, reads from the newspaper.

The song ends.

Rose vacuums the floor behind and to the side of the sofa with a loud vacuum cleaner. She is not a casual vacuumer, she is an aggressive vacuumer. She is after every spot of dirt.

Rose reaches the three to four-foot arm of the vacuum over the back of the sofa on the SL end and vacuums the seat beside Ralph.

Ralph notices, is alarmed; she vacuums closer to Ralph; he hedges toward SR of sofa; she gains on him; he is at the SR end of sofa; she gains on him again.

He is about to say something, then she moves her vacuuming to the back of the sofa, is vacuuming the back of the sofa near his shoulders.

Ralph leans forward, lowers the paper.

RALPH *(loud)* Rosie!

Not hearing Ralph, Rose continues to vacuum.

(louder) Rosie!!

Not hearing Ralph, Rose continues to vacuum.

Rosie turns off the vacuum a spit second before . . .

(shouts) Rosie!!!!

ROSE *(jumps back startled, shouts)* You don't need to shout!

Ralph reacts.

RALPH It's Sunday morning. Can't you vacuum when I'm not around? I can't think straight with that thing running.

ROSE No!

RALPH Why not?

ROSE I'm going to invite Lucy for tea, so I want everything clean.

Ralph motions for her to continue. Rose moves the vacuum US.

I'll finish when you're somewhere else.

Ralph reacts as she has decided to do what she said she would not do. He reads his newspaper as Rose sits on the sofa.

RALPH It says here city taxes are going up three point two per cent a year for the next three years. I'm glad we don't live in a house. Although the rent could be going up.

ROSE I like living in our twenty-third floor penthouse apartment, above traffic noise.

Rose stands, slowly moves US of the sofa chair Ralph sits on.

RALPH I just remembered. They can't raise the rent more than one percent a year because of the lease.

ROSE Good. You up for a massage?

(MORE)

Ralph throws down the newspaper, looks suddenly alarmed as Rose moves behind him, massages the back of his neck.

I'm still the best massage therapist in town.

Ralph makes a terrified face, casually stands, hedges away from Rose. Rose moves with him, massaging. He hedges away. (Actor needs to sell his dread.)

RALPH Uh. *(stalling)* Rosie, I was thinking of going *(thinking fast)* of of going somewhere, uh . . . where was it? . . . that's it . . . to the library, yeah, the library.

Rose stops massaging.

ROSE Library?

RALPH *(holds up newspaper)* I'm a reader. Big time reader.

ROSE I've been feeling restless since selling the massage clinic. I thought I could relax your tired, tight muscles. I need the practice.

RALPH *(anxious)* You gave me the full body treatment a couple days ago! I'm the most relaxed man on the planet.

ROSE You're tense! I know you need it.

RALPH *(desperate)* If my muscles relax any more, they'll dissolve! Rosie, listen, we need to establish a monthly massage quota?

ROSE Four times?

RALPH Two!

ROSE Three!

RALPH Two

Rose gives him an intimidating look.

. . . and a half. Done!

Ralph steps away, happy to change the subject.

How about letting Larry and Lucy experience your amazing massage talent?

ROSE They don't have a massage table.

RALPH *(wanting to share the pain)* Too bad. I know Larry would appreciate your talent. I've heard dentist's backs tend to cramp up from constantly bending over patients.

ROSE And Lucy's always at her easel painting something. It's obvious they both need help.

Ralph enjoys the thought of other massage victims.

- RALPH *(eager)* I'll buy them a massage table! I've seen them on sale at . . .
- ROSE *(interrupting)* I've been thinking.
- RALPH *(eager)* About getting them a massage table?
- ROSE The library!
- RALPH Library?
- ROSE You're after a hot librarian!
- RALPH Library sex?
- ROSE Yes, library sex!
- RALPH *(sarcastic French accent)* The allure of the cultured man! Hundreds of hot women readers discarding their books, falling over each other to seduce a charming reader such as I?
- ROSE You're forgetting an important charm!
- RALPH What's that?
- ROSE Me!!!

Ralph mimics being torn between two women.

- RALPH *(sarcastic French accent)* After a tremendous struggle, the spectacled, frumpy librarian was no match for the magnetic allure, the superior charms of wifie Rosie. *(hugs her, speaks normally)* What are your plans for today? More cleaning?
- ROSE I've cleaned everything in the apartment!
- RALPH Again? I declare our entire apartment sanitized!
- ROSE The car needs cleaning. You can walk to the library.
- RALPH Didn't you sterilize it on Saturday?
- ROSE Just the exterior. I'm driving Lucy and a few of the others to mahjong Wednesday night so I need it clean.

Ralph walks around looking for something.

- RALPH Fine. Have you seen my car keys?
- ROSE They'll be . . .
- RALPH *(interrupting)* I know . . . where I left them.

ROSE Exactly.

Ralph continues to look for the keys.

RALPH Didn't you clean the car's interior two weeks ago?

ROSE I did. We've been living with a filthy car for a month.

RALPH Rosie, two weeks isn't anywhere near a month.

ROSE Our car attracts dirt, sucks it in, accumulates a month's dirt practically over night.

RALPH Rosie, listen carefully.

ROSE What?

RALPH Your glass is half empty. You're a glass half empty person.

ROSE Wrong.

RALPH Are you saying your glass is half full?

ROSE No. My glass is clean and in the cupboard.

The phone rings. Rose answers it as Ralph continues to look for his keys.

Hello. *(pause)* Hi Lucy. *(pause)* Shopping? *(pause)* Okay.

A long pause, then turns toward the bedroom, loud to Ralph.

Lucy and I are going shopping while Larry destroys a beehive from under their deck. *(pause)* How would you like to help Larry?

RALPH Sure. A bee elimination adventure! A mini safari. Perfect! I'll get to use my "never fail bee removal system". I haven't used it since before we sold the house.

Ralph EXITS into the bedroom area.

ROSE *(into phone)* Yes, Ralph's eager to help Larry. He has a never-fail beehive removal system.

A pause, then toward the bedroom area.

Lucy wants to know about it.

RALPH *(O.S.)* I put some gas in a metal garbage can, knock the nest into the can, put the lid on, and let the gas fumes do the killing. It's completely safe.

ROSE *(into phone)* Don't worry, Ralph's an old hand dealing with bees.

RALPH *(frustrated O.S.)* Car keys, car keys, where can you be?

ROSE *(into phone)* He's talking to his car keys.

RALPH *(O.S.)* When I say, "I've lost my car keys" I want them to answer "I'm here." There must be an app for that.

ROSE *(into the phone)* Good. I'll drop Ralph off with his bee killing system in about twenty minutes. That is if I don't kill him first. *(pause)* Bye.

Rose hangs up the phone.

(loud toward the bedroom) Try your dresser.

RALPH *(O.S.)* Oh, right. *(pause)* Not there.

ROSE What about . . .

RALPH *(interrupting O.S.)* Yes!

ROSE What?

RALPH *(O.S.)* I found them.

ROSE In the bed?

RALPH *(O.S.)* Housecoat pocket.

ROSE *(perplexed look)* In your housecoat?

RALPH *(O.S.)* Yeah. I was late getting the garbage out so threw on my housecoat.

LIGHTS OUT

End of Act One, Scene One

ACT ONE, SCENE TWO

Time: Evening

Place: Ralph and Rose's Apartment Livingroom

*A few bars of
"OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING" plays*

LIGHTS UP:

*Four pieces of large luggage sit at the front door.**There is a cover over the sofa chair.**Larry sits on the sofa chair reading a large newspaper that covers his upper body.**A can or bottle of beer is on the table beside him.**The song ends.*LARRY *(placid, but loud)* I usually drink lager. I find your ale refreshing.RALPH *(O.S.)* You're not furious?LARRY *(placid, loud)* I have an unusual knack. I've learned to see the big picture.RALPH *(O.S.)* The nasty big picture!*Lucy and Rose ENTER from the DR door, each with a bag of shopping. Lucy sees the luggage.*LUCY *(to Rose)* That's our luggage! *(sees Larry)* What's our luggage doing here?!*Larry jumps up, walks DS, towards them with newspaper covering his upper body, stops, throws newspaper aside.**Larry's clothes are soot covered.**Larry carries a small mirror, has ten bee stings on his face.
(prominent red dots)**The ladies jump back, cringe.*ROSE
and LUCY Aaaaaaah!

LUCY What happened?!!!

Larry picks at his bee stings with the tweezers while looking in the mirror, hesitates.

LARRY Ralph should be the one to impart that tidbit of information with the not so glad tidings. Ralph!

Ralph ENTERS from the kitchen area. He holds tweezers and staggers.

There are seventeen red marks on Ralph's face, puffy cheeks and his hair and clothes are sootier than Larry's clothes.

The song "It Hurts So Bad" plays.

RALPH Buzzing and biting . . . biting and buzzing! On and on. I can still hear those little devils buzzing and biting.

The song ends.

LARRY I've heard bees don't bite; they sting. I would think a teacher would . . .

RALPH *(a killer look at Larry)* Stop!

Larry smiles.

Rosie rushes to Ralph, takes the tweezers from Ralph shaking hand. Rosie tries to take stingers out of Ralph's face, but he waves her off.

ROSE They swarmed you?!

RALPH Like little sharks, stinging and stinging, on and on.

LARRY Swarmed us both, but Ralph got the worst of it because he was closest to the hive.

Ralph gives Larry a 'wish I could kill you' look.

RALPH It was was . . . nothing really.

Larry, Rosie and Lucy look unconvinced at Ralph.

Well, almost nothing.

LARRY Mine feel like sharp needle pricks.

Ralph pretends it's nothing but everyone knows he's in pain.

(to Ralph) It hurts so bad, doesn't it?

(MORE)

Ralph gives a sarcastic twisted smile.

The ladies sit on the sofa.

I was the hero of the day, wasn't I Ralph?

RALPH Larry pulled me out . . .

LARRY *(interrupting)* . . . by the ankles, with no concern for my own safety.

RALPH *(interrupting)* . . . after it went off.

LUCY What went off?

LARRY *(stands)* The gas in the garbage can went whooooosh *(gestures)* exploded.

RALPH Sorry about the deck.

Lucy jumps up distressed.

LUCY Our new deck?! Our only deck?!!

LARRY Blew up. Burned up. One or the other. Gasoline.

RALPH *(motions that it's hard to talk)* Hit the nest with my long pruning sheers; nest was cemented between joists; didn't fall in can; then . . .

LARRY *(interrupting)* . . . the pruning sheers dropped on the metal garbage can, I emphasize metal; then came the whooooosh, probably due to a spark; flames shot up from the gas in the can like a massive blow torch into the bottom of the deck.

Rose stands beside Lucy, puts an arm around her.

LUCY *(distressed)* What about the house?

LARRY Mostly saved.

LUCY *(worried)* Mostly?

RALPH Fire department. Mostly water damage.

LUCY *(distressed)* What happened to the painting I've been slaving over for the last three months?

LARRY The gorgeous nude you painted stepping into a bathtub. *(to Ralph)* I named her Hildie for her hills.

LUCY I painted an abstract.

LARRLY Oh, then Hildi was stepping out of the bathtub?

LUCY I painted a number of horizontal, diagonal, curved lines and various shapes.

LARRY (to Ralph) She was my favorite nude.

LUCY What do you mean by she was your favorite nude?

LARRY (mournful) The experience changed Hildie.

LUCY (irate) Changed?!!!!

LARRY Her hills are gone. Hildie's now . . . (sad)

LUCY What?

LARRY Harry.

LUCY Ahhhhhhhaa!

LARRY One of the firemen offered a hundred for her . . . I mean him.

LUCY Did you sell my painting?

LARRY No! It's still your . . . (shrugs)

LUCY Ahhhhhhhh!

LARRY I saved my ant Fred.

RALPH Your aunt?

ROSE Where is your aunt?

LARRY In the bedroom with the abstract.

LUCY My abstract!

Lucy rushes toward the opening to the bedroom.

ROSE Your aunt's in the bedroom?

Lucy rushes through the opening to the bedroom, returns with a large photo of an ANT (20" x 16") but the back of the photo is to the audience.

When she is DC she turns it to reveal a large picture of FRED THE ANT. (must be sure photo is right side up when turned)

Lucy gives it to Larry. Larry takes the painting of a large flower off the wall and replaces it with the photo of Fred The Ant.

LARRY Fred's my favorite ant, a member of the family. Isn't he a handsome fellow?

LUCY Larry thinks one day insects will be gone because of global warming, so he's photographing insects for posterity. *(to Larry)* We can't live in a burned-up house. What'll we do?

LARRY I called the insurance company.

RALPH

AND

ROSE *(fearful)* And?

LARRY They said they'd cover everything except our accommodations for three months, the time needed to repair the damage.

RALPH You're staying with us!

ROSE *(to Ralph)* In our apartment?

RALPH Certainly! We have enough room.

LARRY Rent free?

RALPH Of course.

LARRY Beer free?

RALPH *(shrugs)* Sure.

LARRY Penthouse living with beer benefits.

Rose leans into Ralph, huddle away from Larry and Lucy.

ROSE Larry's nuts! We can't have crazy people move in with us.

RALPH It was my fault. I burned his deck, house, etc, so I don't see how we can't.

ROSE What about my democratic rights, my nighttime freedom of expression?!

RALPH That won't change. Otherwise, Larry will expect me to pay for them stay in a hotel for three months and I wouldn't blame him. We can't afford to do that!

ROSE Good point.

RALPH *(to Larry)* Larry.

LARRY Yes, Ralph.

RALPH The building comes with a workshop for guys who like to tinker. Interested? It'll take our minds off our discomfort.

Larry shrugs, stands. Larry and Ralph EXIT out the DR door. Rose and Lucy sit on the sofa.

ROSE You and Larry certainly have unusual hobbies.

LUCY I love to paint and Larry loves to snap pictures. Photographs if you ask him.

ROSE Are your walls plastered with photos of giant insects?

LUCY No. He's taken a special liking to Fred.

ROSE Oh?

LUCY Larry likes to jog. Runs through the neighborhood in his tight jogging outfit. I sometimes wonder what kind of exercise he's after.

ROSE Ralph doesn't run. He golfs. He says he spends hours on the course whacking at a little white ball into a small hole. Says he gets it in every time. I don't know if I believe him.

LUCY About getting a ball in a hole or where he's been?

ROSE Both.

LUCY You don't mind having creepy Fred on display?

ROSE It's fine for now, until the novelty wears off.

LUCY Right. Next week Larry could be snapping pictures of butterflies or mushrooms.

ROSE He's a nature lover?

LUCY Weird nature. Larry saved that horrid ant but let my painting suffer. You know what I want to do with Fred?

ROSE No. What?

LUCY I want to see Fred burn!

LIGHTS OUT

End of Act One, Scene Two

ACT ONE, SCENE THREE

Time: Morning

Place: Ralph and Rose's Apartment Livingroom

*A few bars of Restaurant Ambience Music – Cozy
Restaurant BGM, Lounge Music, Dinner Music –
Instrumental Jazz (on YouTube)*

LIGHTS UP:

*Ralph reads from a novel on the sofa chair. Larry reclines
on the sofa sipping a can or bottle of beer. The red bites
and effects from the fire are gone. They are in casual attire.*

LARRY Wives who love to shop gives us a chance to buddy bond.

RALPH *(silently reads)* I don't buddy bond – I read. So, how much longer do you think they'll be?

LARRY Wives?

Ralph looks up from his book.

RALPH Construction! Repairing your house!

LARRY And deck.

RALPH True.

LARRY And the loss of irreplaceable Hildie.

RALPH *(sarcastic)* Oh, the tragedy.

LARRY I hope having us live here for the last month hasn't been too much of an inconvenience. The insurance adjuster said it would be another two months before everything is finished. Is it still okay with you, having us here?

RALPH You're fine, perfectly fine. You're both welcome to stay as long as it takes.

LARRY So, there's no sure fired way you could get rid of a pesky beehive without destroying a house and deck, is there?

RALPH So, I made a mistake! Rose and I have been very accommodating. You're still planning the renovation homecoming party?

LARRY Once everything has been repaired to our satisfaction and we're moved back we'll have the biggest home-coming party ever.

RALPH It's all Rosie talks about.

LARRY The same with Lucy. They love shopping together -- clothes, curtains, furniture for the opening. It goes on and on.

The phone RINGS, Larry, being closest to it, answers it.

(into phone) Lar. and Ralph's joint, Lar. speakin'. *(pause, eyebrows go up)* Yes Monique, he's here. Just a moment.

Ralph snatches the phone from Larry, returns to his chair.

RALPH *(into phone)* Hi Monique. Yes, it's me. *(pause)* Just a friend.

Ralph turns away, tries to muffle his conversation.

Of course, I'll be there.

Larry moves to Ralph trying to hear who he's talking to on the phone.

I'm looking forward to our next meeting. *(pause)* Goodbye Monique.

Larry swiftly returns to his previous position.

Ralph hangs up the phone, sits in the sofa chair and reads from his novel.

A silence between them.

LARRY You've got a girlfriend?

RALPH An associate.

LARRY Young?

Ralph shrugs.

Sounded pretty . . . and extremely friendly.

RALPH *(looks into the book)* Yes, quite.

LARRY I like friendly, could stand some pretty. Could she have an attractive friend? It would help since I've no house, deck, or Hildie to come home to thanks to . . .

Ralph slams down his book, weary.

RALPH *(interrupts)* This is personal, highly personal!

Larry slumps to his knees, begs.

- LARRY Please please please level with me! I've had a severe . . . tragic . . . life altering event. I'm dying for some pretty and friendly. Remember the damage you did to my dear, sweet Hildie? You killed my beautiful, dreamy Hildie. Dream killer!
- RALPH (*reluctant*) Okay. It's a surprise for Rosie.
- LARRY (*lustily look, stands*) Monique sounds like the type of "associate" who'd surprise a wife.
- RALPH Not a girlfriend!
- LARRY (*stands*) Oh, what then?
- RALPH Rosie likes to dance.
- LARRY Rose and Lucy are both good dancers.
- RALPH You're aware I'm a terrible dancer?
- LARRY I won't pick on your dancing. I'm as bad, probably worse. I shuffle to the left, to the right then back to the table as fast as possible.
- RALPH Same.
- LARRY So?
- RALPH (*hesitates*) I'm taking dancing lessons, so once your house grand opening eventually blossoms, I'll surprise Rosie with my dancing expertise. They hold the lessons in the library basement.
- LARRY You'll glide to the music with Rose, and I, the host, will stumble around with Lucy like always. Embarrassing. I wish I could afford dancing lessons.
- RALPH (*hesitates*) If you'll let up about me burning your bee infested house and deck and most of all, about killing Hildie, I'll pay for your dancing lessons.
- LARRY Expensive?
- Ralph gives a sarcastic pained expression.*
- RALPH Five hundred. Ten lessons. Salsa, Tango, Cha-cha, Foxtrot, even some of the new dances.
- LARRY We'll surprise our wives.
- Ralph stands, shakes Larry's hand.*
- RALPH So, no more whining about your burned-up house, deck, etcetera?
- LARRY Okay.

Ralph picks up the phone.

RALPH It's Wednesday nights in the basement of the library.

LARRY The ladies' mahjong night.

RALPH Perfect.

LARRY What'll we do if two hot dance instructors want our bodies?

RALPH In the library? Is that a real problem or an imaginary one?

LARRY I have a good imagination.

LIGHTS OUT

End of Act One, Scene Three

ACT ONE, SCENE FOUR

Time: Afternoon

Place: Ralph and Rose's Livingroom .

LIGHTS UP:

Larry goes to the stereo, takes a CD from a holder, puts it in the player.

The sound of a lively salsa plays. Larry rough dances around the room with an imaginary partner.

The DR door opens, and Ralph ENTERS.

LARRY *(continues dancing)* Greetings to the charmer of the mysterious Monique.

RALPH Me? You've been laughing it up while struggling to dance with lovely Isabella.

LARRY *(continues dancing)* The dancing class has me feeling ten years younger. I'm looking forward to tonight's class.

Ralph sits on the sofa and Larry on the sofa chair.

Isabella's quite the looker. I think she likes me.

RALPH Monique seems to like me, but . . . I'm sure it's just our money they're interested in.

LARRY They spend a lot of time with us.

RALPH It's because we're the worst dancers in the class!

LARRY They kept us after class.

RALPH To demonstrate the basics of rhythm.

LARRY I've been rhythm deprived all my life. Never developed rhythm sense.

RALPH I'm the same. I've seen you dance, and you've seen me, so . . .

LARRY *(interrupting)* We need the extra time. You know, I find I dance better when it's just the four of us, after the other students have left.

RALPH Could it be we don't like others watching our ineptitude?

LARRY That's it. Do you think we can convince them to give us private lessons here?

RALPH Avoid the drive to the library.

LARRY The ladies will be at mahjong.

RALPH We'll have the apartment to ourselves. I'll ask Monique if they could come here after class for our lessons. It'll cost more.

LARRY Teaching us here will give them more time with the others.

RALPH So it might not cost much more.

LARRY Private lessons, ooooh. Sounds sexy.

RALPH They won't want us, just our money . . . but . . . anything's possible.

LARRY I've heard some young women are drawn to older men, even prefer them.

RALPH We are older, so they could be tempted, right?

LARRY Or we could be tempted.

RALPH Takes two to tempt.

LARRY Or four.

RALPH Honestly, what'll we do if they, you know . . .

LARRY *(interrupting)* We'll cross that bridge . . .

RALPH *(interrupting)* . . . if there is a bridge.

Larry nudges the sofa.

LARRY Here's my bridge.

RALPH What about me?

Larry nudges the sofa chair, motions for Ralph to sit.

LARRY Pretend your in your sportscar.

RALPH As if you . . .

LARRY *(interrupting)* Women talk . . . to each other.

RALPH Your Lucy knows about my sex life!

Larry smiles, shrugs, slumps into the sofa chair.

Not with you in the back seat!

Ralph pushes Larry who is on the sofa chair into a corner of the room.

LIGHTS OUT

End of Act One, Scene Four

ACT ONE, SCENE FIVE

Time: Morning

Place: Ralph and Rose's Apartment Livingroom

A few bars of the song
"OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING" plays.

LIGHTS UP:

*Rose cleans the floor with a Swifer-type mop. Lucy rushes
in the front door, throws her coat anywhere.*

The song ends.

LUCY Melony, from my art class called. She was at the library last week and saw my Larry and your Ralph cavorting with two young women in the library basement. She wanted to smack them to wipe the smiles off all their faces.

ROSE Ralph?

LUCY Yes, Ralph and Larry with two attractive young women.

ROSE My Ralph?

LUCY Yes, your Ralph and my Larry! Melony caught her husband cavorting and divorced the jerk. Now she paints men with knives stuck in them and worse.

ROSE Worse?

LUCY Parts cut off.

Nasty looks from both Rose and Lucy.

ROSE Ralph goes to the library a lot. He practically told me he's after the librarian!

LUCY Your Ralph's introduced my Larry to a beautiful librarian!

ROSE Library is first books, then movies . . .

LUCY *(interrupting)* Now cavorting?! Library sex?

ROSE I'm sure of it.

LUCY Our men are cavorting with concubines!

ROSE Concubines? What are they?

LUCY Concubines are women men use for sex!

ROSE I thought that was us.

LUCY A lower form of us. Women without wedding rings.

ROSE Like girlfriends?

LUCY Girlfriends is a dangerous designation. Never use it.

ROSE Why?

LUCY A girlfriend can range from female who is a casual friend to a bitch who's stunned a male into thinking he's in love with her.

ROSE Oh.

LUCY When a man takes a concubine it's like he's taking a new car for a test drive.

ROSE Even though he's got a perfectly good car in his garage at home.

LUCY Right. *(thinks)* Two guys live together in the same apartment, get bored. One eggs the other on, then, here we are, husbands with concubines.

ROSE I don't know.

LUCY What else can it be?

ROSE Hard to fathom.

LUCY Blows my mind.

ROSE Mine too. *(gestures -- exploding mind)* Our husbands are are . . . cheating on us?!

LUCY All married men want young, single, attractive women!

Lucy and Rose jump up, look at each other then DS.

LUCY
AND
ROSE Ahhhhhhhha!.

LUCY What are we going to do?

ROSE Confront them! Let them know that's unacceptable!

LUCY Hold on! Most of the mahjong ladies confronted their husbands, got divorced and are alone. They're on drugs, booze or . . . worse.

ROSE What's that?

LUCY Escorts.

ROSE *(stunned)* Oblivion. How about a gin?

Lucy starts to cry.

LUCY To dull the pain.

Rose moves towards the kitchen.

ROSE Double?

LUCY More!

LIGHTS OUT THEN COME UP AGAIN (INDICATES TIME PASSING)

Rose and Lucy sit upright on the sofa. Rose fills to water glasses half full with gin. They sip them. The bottle is on the end table.

(There can be a hidden pail to pour the gin from the glasses into when the lights are out.)

LIGHTS OUT THEN COME UP AGAIN (INDICATES TIME PASSING)

Rose and Lucy are slumped down a little on the sofa. Rosie fills their glasses almost full of gin. They drink gin like water. Both slur words.

If we never moved in with you and Ralph we would have gone on as always, now . . . ?

Lucy throws arms up. Rose ignores Lucy's comment.

ROSE *(wailing to the ceiling)* Men are impossible to understand.

LUCY *(wailing to the ceiling)* Why me?!!

ROSE Why us?!!!!

LIGHTS OUT THEN COME UP AGAIN (INDICATES TIME PASSING)

Rose and Lucy are flaked out in different positions sliding partly off the sofa or sofa arm, holding gin drinks.

It's Larry's fault!

LUCY Not Larry!

ROSE Not Ralph!

LIGHTS OUT THEN COME UP AGAIN (INDICATES TIME PASSING)

Rose and Lucy are flaked out on the floor in front of the sofa, both drunk. Rose drinks from the bottle, jumps up with the gin bottle.

The queen bee!

Lucy jumps up.

LUCY Right! It's the queen bee's fault!!

ROSE High five!

The ladies wind up for a massive high five, both miss, momentum takes them sprawled on the floor. Both look at their "high five" hands, wondering what happened.

If that queen bee didn't move in under your deck our husbands would still love us not the, the concus.

They each take a swig from the bottle.

LUCY We should declare war on all the queen bees everywhere.

ROSE Buy a dozen cans of bug spray and let 'em have it. Kill 'em all!

LIGHTS OUT THEN COME UP AGAIN (INDICATES TIME PASSING)

Rose and Lucy are passed out in awkward on the floor in front of the sofa.

Lucy groggily awakes, jumps up.

LUCY It's not the queen bee!

ROSE Feels so right.

LUCY *(sober, amazed)* You've got your need to clean! I've got my need to paint!

Rose jumps up.

ROSE *(fully awake, sober)* Are you saying we, us, we're responsible?!!

Rose and Lucy are sober.

LUCY It was my painting!

ROSE And my cleaning!

The ladies flop in unison on the sofa.

LUCY I might be obsessed!

ROSE Our obsessions drove them . . .

LUCY *(interrupting)* . . . toward younger women! It was us!

ROSE How could we not see it?!!!!

LUCY *(eager)* Maybe it's not too late!

ROSE Confronting means divorce!

LUCY We don't confront! We encourage them back!

ROSE Have them re-commit to us, not their sleezy concus, but how?

LUCY We turn up our bedtime feminine charms! Every night we keep them busy with us.

ROSE Yeah. Ralph and I've been stuck in low gear, but we're not stalled!

LUCY It's been a while since . . . you know . . . there was a lot of hot passion with us.

ROSE Hear you. Remote control. We could shop for some, some, uh, flattering fashions?

LUCY Absolutely.

ROSE We'll reinvent ourselves, become hot hot hot for our guys.

LUCY Designer fashions! Do you ever get tired of shopping?

ROSE Never.

LUCY We love shopping.

ROSE It's our DNA. We got the "love to shop" molecules.

LUCY Larry's got the "hate to shop" DNA molecules.

ROSE Same with Ralph.

LUCY They've got other molecules.

ROSE The "constant need for sex" DNAs!

LUCY That's it.

ROSE *(grabs gin bottle)* To shopping.

They drink from the bottle.

LUCY *(grabs bottle from Rose)* To extreme bedtime attention!

They drink from the bottle.

ROSE Extreme!

LUCY Night heat for our guys!

ROSE Nighttime heat equals daytime cold.

LUCY We'll freeze the concus out!

They pass out onto the sofa.

LIGHTS OUT

End of Act One, Scene Five

ACT ONE, SCENE SIX

Time: Morning

Place: Ralph and Rose's Apartment Livingroom

A few bars of the song "LOVE HURTS" plays.

LIGHTS UP:

Ralph, looking dishevelled, in pain, pale and walking like he's been kicked in the testicles, ENTERS from the bedroom dressed in pyjamas, sits in the sofa chair, picks up a book, tries to read, drops the book, curls up to sleep.

Larry ENTERS, staggering in from the bedroom in his robe, walking the same as Ralph walked

The song ends.

LARRY You look like shit.

RALPH So do you.

LARRY I woke up . . . exhausted.

RALPH Insomnia?

LARRY Something else. What's your excuse?

RALPH (*whining*) I don't sleep, so tired . . . no energy.

LARRY Tennis players eat bananas for energy.

RALPH There's a bunch in the kitchen.

LARRY A banana might get me through the remains of my day.

Larry struggles up, EXITS into the kitchen walking like before, ENTERS kitchen walking like before, with two bananas, throws one to Ralph who tries to catch it with one hand, but it hits him on the head. Larry's almost to the sofa when he notices that Ralph has seen his awkward walking.

RALPH What happened to you?

Larry is almost to the sofa, stops.

LARRY (*in pain*) Pulled something.

RALPH Something?

LARRY A muscle. *(loud)* Big one!

RALPH Too much running?

LARRY No. Something else.

RALPH It could be . . . It seems that . . . uh. I'm pretty sure . . .

LARRY What?

RALPH We've pulled the same muscle.

LARRY I don't golf, so . . .

RALPH *(interrupting)* Mine happened in bed. You?

LARRY *(loud)* Right. In bed with . . .

Larry collapses on the sofa.

RALPH *(interrupting, finger to lips)* Shuuuuuush.

LARRY *(softer)* Right.

RALPH *(desperate under his breath)* Don't wake them.

Ralph and Larry simultaneously half peel the bananas.

They start to put it in their mouths, stop, pull it back, look at each other for three seconds, break pieces of the banana off and eat it that way.

Neither wants to give the impression they could be gay.

LARRY I got thirty minutes sleep. A long night.

RALPH Forty-five here.

LARRY Mahjong must be an aphrodisiac.

RALPH It's an ancient dice and tile game! Doesn't encourage sex! Not aphrodisiac.

LARRY Usually we have sex once or twice a week, occasionally we skip a week, depending, but now . . .

RALPH *(interrupting)* More?

LARRY Oh yeah.

RALPH How much?

LARRY A lot.

RALPH My Rose's become a sex machine.

LARRY For the last five nights Lucy's turned into a hot hooker.

RALPH Yeah.

LARRY How do you know?

RALPH I was agreeing. My Rose wants it all night!

LARRY Shusssssh.

RALPH Three times a night for the last five nights. There's a limit.

LARRY Lucky you?

RALPH Why?

LARRY Three and . . . uh . . .

RALPH (*interrupting*) Uh what?

LARRY And a half.

RALPH A half?

LARRY Went unconscious before . . . (*shrugs*)

RALPH (*moaning*) Every night for five nights!

LARRY That's when it started with us!

RALPH Yeah?

LARRY Yeah.

RALPH Weird.

LARRY Could be the moon.

RALPH Not the moon.

LARRY A virus?

RALPH (*shakes head*) If it were a virus, we'd have caught it by now.

LARRY Right. No moon, no virus, no cause.

RALPH But a definite effect.

LARRY Big effect.

RALPH I've never said no to sex.

LARRY Too much is never enough.

RALPH That's been my motto until . . .

LARRY *(interrupting)* Now?

RALPH Yeah.

LARRY What'll we do?

RALPH We're not equipped to deal with sharkie bees or sex-crazed wives.

LARRY We're missing the "say no to sex" molecule. Is there therapy for . . .

RALPH *(interrupting)* A therapist would laugh and toss us out on our ears.

LARRY Right.

RALPH It's Kafkaesque.

LARRY Kafka what?

RALPH Kafka wrote about weird stuff happening.

LARRY We've got weird.

RALPH In his Metamorphosis a man awakes one morning to find he's been turned into a six-foot bug.

LARRY *(jumps up, frozen in fear)* An ant?!!

RALPH Beatle, I think.

LARRY How did it end.

RALPH Not good.

LARRY For the bug or man?

RALPH Both.

Terrified, Larry looks at his hands, arms.

LARRY My stomach is churning. I'm feeling more and more . . . Fred-like!

RALPH You're not turning into an ant! It's a story!

Ralph grabs Larry.

Get a grip, man!

LARRY *(sits)* Thanks. Between Lucy and that damn hound at the other end of the building howling on and on, I don't sleep, I'm utterly exhausted.

RALPH That wasn't a hound.

LARRY Wind? We're on the twenty-third floor. Wind can distort sound.

RALPH Rosie enjoys her night-time freedom of expression.

LARRY Democratic sex?

RALPH Keeps me interested and occasionally awake.

LARRY (*dumbfounded*) I'm living in a silent movie.

RALPH Rosie likes night-time sex drama.

LARRY Is it genuine?

RALPH Don't know. Ever since that eighty's movie with Meg Ryan, Billy Crystal, nobody knows.

LARRY What about the neighbors?

RALPH I've been telling them it's the hound at the other end of the building.

LARRY What'll we do?

RALPH About?

LARRY Our bedtime . . . challenges!

RALPH We could find something to do to get us out of range.

LARRY Good idea.

RALPH Do you golf?

LARRY No.

RALPH But you'll do it?

LARRY (*desperate*) Anything!

RALPH Tomorrow night?

LARRY Night golfing?

RALPH I wish. Afternoons.

LARRY How's that supposed to help?

RALPH If we play eighteen to thirty-six holes, struggle in, say we're too tired. They'll take mercy on us. There's a couple of guys at the club who are looking for golfers – a foursome.

LARRY *(happy)* A night off would be appreciated.

RALPH We'll have to think up other activities.

LARRY I'll give it some thought. How about another banana?

RALPH You get them. I've gone numb from the waist down.

Larry struggles up, takes both banana skins, moves toward the kitchen opening. "LOVE HURTS" plays.

LIGHTS OUT

End of Act One, Scene Six

ACT ONE, SCENE SEVEN

Time: Afternoon

Place: Ralph and Rose's Livingroom

VIGOROUS SALSA MUSIC IS IN THE BACKGROUND.

The furniture is pushed against the UC wall. Ralph and Larry pace back and forth across the living room.

The doorbell RINGS. Ralph and Larry rush toward the door.

VIGOROUS SALSA MUSIC IS IN THE BACKGROUND

LIGHTS OUT FOR THREE SECONDS THEN UP AGAIN

Ralph and Larry are at the half open door. Talk out the door.

THE MUSIC STOPS.

RALPH Thank you so much for the lessons, Monique. You've really helped my . . .

LARRY *(interrupting)* Mine too. Thanks so much Isabella. You've got me moving like . . .

RALPH *(interrupting)* We look forward to sexed Wednes . . . , I mean next Wednesday night.

LARRY *(eagerly)* Drive safe.

Ralph closes the door.

RALPH I've never been so embarrassed!

LARRY You! I'm the embarrassed one!

RALPH You were practically drooling over Isabella. She is trying to get you to move to the salsa and you kept staring at her chest.

LARRY Quite a rack though?

RALPH We hired them to teach us to dance! Think about that, only that!

LARRY I saw you.

RALPH Me?!

LARRY Your hand kept sliding down the curve of her back, landing where?

RALPH I was having trouble getting a grip. Her dress was silk or something.

LARRY *(sarcastic)* Right.

They drag the sofa and sofa chair out. Slump on them.

RALPH No bridge required.

LARRY There's always next Wednesday night.

RALPH You think?

LARRY Nice girls don't get familiar on first visit. Need time to warm up.

RALPH They're nice girls.

LARRY You'd prefer bad girls?

Ralph shrugs. Smiles.

LIGHTS OUT

End of Act One, Scene Seven

ACT ONE, SCENE EIGHT

Time: Afternoon

Place: Ralph and Rose's Apartment Livingroom

A few bars of song "LOVE WILL KEEP US TOGETHER"
plays.

LIGHTS UP:

*Lucy and Rose, provocatively dressed, and made up, each
with a purse, sit on sofa chair and sofa. Music stops.*

ROSE *(checks her watch)* They're out having a good time.

LUCY Probably.

ROSE Without us.

LUCY Yeah.

ROSE With there "other" friends.

LUCY Yeah.

ROSE *(near tears)* Getting sloshed with two hotties!!

LUCY Calendar girls?!

ROSE They're in a bar with scantily clad, young . . .

LUCY *(interrupting)* . . . big titty . . .

ROSE *(interrupting)* . . . tight ass!

LUCY

AND

ROSE Concubines!

SHOCKED, Rose and Lucy jump up.

Ahhhhhha!!!

LUCY *(screams)* We need to stay calm!!!

ROSE *(screams)* Calm?!!!

LUCY *(calmer)* Right, calm.

ROSE *(very calm)* Absolutely calm.

Lucy and Rose sit as before.

LUCY I like your dress.

ROSE Yours looks new?

LUCY New this morning.

Rose takes a spray perfume bottle from her purse, sprays herself with it.

ROSE Ralph loves this dress and this scent.

Lucy takes a spray perfume bottle from her purse and sprays herself with it.

LUCY Larry's crazy for my perfume. Once he sees how hot we are, they'll want just us.

The DR door opens, and Ralph and Larry ENTER, dressed in golfing wear with golf bags and clubs.

They prop their club bags in a corner.

Rose and Lucy stand.

RALPH Hello, Hon.

Ralph kisses Rose on the cheek, makes a quick dash back to the bags where Larry is standing.

LUCY *(moves seductively toward Larry)* Hi, Loooooovie.

Lucy hugs Larry.

LARRY *(defensive)* Hi, uh, Love.

Larry frees himself from the hug, steps back closer to Ralph.

We played golf. So many holes, so much club swinging and walking, long fairways, trudging from hole to hole, I'm . . .

LUCY *(interrupting, shocked)* You don't golf!

LARRY Ralph's teaching me.

Lucy pulls Rose to the side.

LUCY *(sarcastic to Rose)* The bad influence.

ROSE *(to Lucy)* Not my Ralph.

Lucy and Rose turn back to Larry and Ralph.

LARRY I'm a beginner at this.

ROSE A beginner. Hu.

LUCY Which means . . .

LARRY *(interrupting)* It's not something I'm good at yet.

LUCY *(to Rose)* There's hope.

ROSE Did you play the whole eighteen holes?

RALPH We did.

ROSE Just the two of you?

LARRY It was a foursome.

ROSE Kinkie!

The women give each other pained looks.

LUCY You played with two others on the golf course?

LARRY We played on the Tees, fairways and greens. Doing it in the traps was difficult, but we managed.

ROSE *(sour face)* In the sand?

LUCY *(sour face)* That's obscene!

LARRY We managed to stay out of the rough.

ROSE That's something.

LUCY I suppose.

ROSE *(to the guys)* Where's your score cards?

RALPH In our bags.

Ralph and Larry move back to the bags, start to open the zipper compartment.

ROSE The first one to give me their score card wins a free full body massage.

Ralph closes the zipper, turns back to Rose.

RALPH *(a look of horror)* Sorry, Hon. Can't find mine.

Larry pulls the score card from his bag, rushes to Rose with it, hands it to Rose.

LARRY Here's mine?

Larry looks back to Ralph.

I win.

RALPH *(sarcastic)* Lucky.

ROSE *(looks at card)* Not according to the card.

RALPH *(sarcastic)* He's a big massage winner.

LUCY Have either of you noticed anything different?

Larry and Ralph appear confused, look around the room.

RALPH *(sniffs the air)* There's an odor. I smell something.

Encouraged, Rose and Lucy spray themselves with their perfume bottles as the guys sniff the room.

LARRY *(sniffs)* I smell it too.

Rose and Lucy appear pleased.

RALPH There's a definite odour!

LARRY Our mosquito repellant?

RALPH No. Repellant has a heavy, a distinct odour.

LARRY This has a lighter scent.

Rose and Lucy appear extremely pleased.

RALPH I know it, just can't . . .

LARRY *(interrupting)* That's it! Air freshener!!!

Ralph and Larry are excited.

Rose and Lucy appear extremely displeased.

LIGHTS OUT

End of Act One – END OF SAMPLE