



## FIRST ACT – SAMPLE

By Robert J. Wheeler, 15 Windsor Cres., London, ON N6C 1V6 Canada

Revised Jan. 29/25

Setting – Two average living rooms. Run time -- approximately 90 minutes.

Actors – 4 M – 2 F -- 2.

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My scripts are on PGC site.

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

Email [robwheeler999@gmail.com](mailto:robwheeler999@gmail.com) if you would like to read the play  
for a possible production and I will email it to you.

## THE TWO TIMERS

By Robert J. Wheeler

CHARACTER NAME	BRIEF DESCRIPTION	AGE	GENDER
BRIAN	Dentist, husband of Bev <i>(can have English or Irish accent)</i>	30-65	Male
BEV	Artist, wife of Brian <i>(accent same as Brian)</i>	30-65	Female
ALLAN	Teacher, husband of Anne	30-65	Male
ANNE	Massage therapist, wife of Allan	30-65	Female
O.S. VOICE OR MASTER OF CEREMONIES	Performs pre-show announcement	Any	Either

### SETTING

Three living rooms.

HOUSE LIGHTS DIM:

*A light on base of stage or curtain. An O.S. voice or master of ceremonies takes the stage DS of curtain, moves into light.*

VOICE OR M.C. Welcome everyone to (*name of theatre*) and our production of “The Two Timers”. 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

LIGHTS UP:

Time: Morning

Place: Brian and Bev’s House Livingroom

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

*Living room walls are off white, with a solid-colored sofa and matching chair (sofa is DC, sofa chair is DL of sofa), both are covered in matching colorful throws.*

*There’s an end table on either end of the sofa. On the SL end table is a CD player, CD holder with CDs. On the SL end table is a phone that sits vertical on it’s base (V’Tech).*

*A floor lamp sits SL of the sofa chair. The colorful shade sits unfastened on the lamp.*

*In front and far SL of the sofa is an easel with an approximately two-foot square canvass positioned diagonal on stage, it’s back faces audience.*

*There is a 20” x 16” photo of a large flower on a wall. (playwright has the art)*

*Under the sofa is a 20” x 16” blown-up photo of an ant and a traditional print. (playwright has the art)*

*DR is a door into house/apartment with a small porch on the outside of the door.*

*UC are door openings into bedrooms and kitchen areas.*

*Bev stands behind a 20” x 16” canvass, in an artists’ smock. She holds her brush and palette with confidence as she paints in broad strokes, then other strokes are done with precision.*

*Brian ENTERS through the DR door dressed in running attire a little out of breath.*

BEV *(absent minded, glances back)* Good run?

BRIAN *(heavy breathing)* Bev, my love, it's a fantastic Saturday morning.

*Brian does cool down exercises behind Bev.*

*Brian cringes when he sees what Bev is painting.*

BEV What do you think?

*Brian stops exercising, looks closely at the painting, gives a pained expression like he's stubbed a toe, but she doesn't see him.*

*Bev glances back to Brian. Brian instantly changes his expression from pained to pleased. Bev looks at the painting as Brian looks away.*

BRIAN About what?

*Bev turns, motions to the painting.*

BEV My abstract.

*Bev turns to the painting.*

BRIAN Love, I'm not an art critique, just a lowly dentist.

BEV *(glances back)* As my husband, I'd like your unbiased opinion. Honesty is a quality I love about you.

*Bev moves back, stands beside Brian, puts an arm around him as they both observe the painting.*

How does it make you feel?

BRIAN It makes me feel . . . uhhhhh . . . I don't know.

*Bev gasps.*

BEV You don't know?!

BRIAN *(determined)* Okay. Let's see.

*Brian looks critically at the painting.*

*(wrinkles face)* It looks to me that . . . you're having a stroke!

BEV *(aghast)* It's not fine art. It's abstract!

BRIAN Abstract. Humm. *(thinks)* Like a stroke but . . .

*Brian moves closer to the painting.*

Bev, I'm beginning to sense it. A definite presence. It's coming through . . . I'm starting to . . . yes, I feel it!!!

BEV        (*sarcastic shout*) Like flaming hemorrhoids?!!

BRIAN     (*sarcastic shout back*) Not entirely!!

*Bev reacts. Brian gets a new idea while staring at the painting.*

It's got me feeling hungry!! Breakfast?!!

BEV        Food?!!! How does it make you feel inside? Joyous? Happy to be alive?  
(*frustrated*) What?

BRIAN     Visually impaired!

*Bev seethes.*

Is there a demand for blurred art?

*Bev gasps.*

*Brian moves to a different position, views the art.*

From here it looks different. I'm seeing it for the first time!

*Bev's happy to see her painting is having an impact. Bev moves beside Brian.*

It's a beautiful female nude stepping into her bathtub!

*Brian reaches to give Bev a hug.*

*She moves away.*

*He hugs thin air.*

*She gives him a questioning look.*

Stepping out?

BEV        An assortment of colorful, curved, diagonal, vertical and horizontal lines?!  
If I painted a nipple, you'd see an orgy.

BRIAN     I'm calling her Hildie.

BEV        Hildie?

BRIAN     For her hills.

BEV        Food or sex! Nothing else enters man's tiny brain.

BRIAN     Wrong.

BEV        What?

BRIAN     Football. Green Bay Packers.

BEV        How's your picture taking coming along?

BRIAN     I'm a photographer. Photography is my artform.

*Bev moves to the photograph of the flower on the wall.*

BEV        More big flowers?

*Brian joins Bev.*

BRIAN     Big flowers were last month.

BEV        What's big this month?

BRIAN     I've got a fabulous shot of one of my ants.

BEV        Aunt Emily or Aunt Mable?

*Brian takes down photo of the flower, slides it under the sofa, takes the photo of a HUGE ANT from under the sofa and hangs it where the flower was.*

BRIAN     I call him Fred.

*Bev reels back in disgust.*

BEV        *(steps back)* That's creepy.

BRIAN     He's a perfect specimen. Nicely defined.

BEV        What does it say to the viewer?

BRIAN     Fred's a handsome fellow?

BEV        I see something else. A message.

BRIAN     What?

BEV        Run for your lives, monster ants are coming!

BRIAN     Because of global warming insects are dying off. I'm taking pic . . . photographs of every insect species for posterity.

BEV        Or you're corning the entomologist calendar market.

BRIAN     Which is . . . *(bright idea look)* . . . a simpler option.

BEV        How many have you taken?

BRIAN     A few. Fred's my favorite.

BEV        Nice you're getting them in alphabetical order. I expect you'll immortalize bees next.

BRIAN     Yes, I will immortalize one bee for posterity.

BEV        Have you been around the deck lately?

BRIAN     I cut the grass by the deck yesterday.

BEV I've seen bees entering and exiting between the deck boards. Bees are living under our deck.

BRIAN I've never . . .

BEV *(interrupting)* You know I'm allergic to bee stings. You could snap the queen then eradicate the hive.

BRIAN First I'll get my photograph.

BEV Maybe we should have professionals remove them.

BRIAN Nonsense. I've eliminated wild beehives many times before. Not a problem.

BEV There's not a lot of head room under the deck.

BRIAN Stop worrying. Bees like me. I like bees. Once I send out the right vibrations, they'll leave me alone. It's when people get fearful, that's when they strike. Like tiny sharks, they sense fear, then swarm the fearful, and go in for the kill!

*Brian sits on the sofa and looks into his cellular phone.*

BEV Are you doing it today, tomorrow, next week or next year?

*Brian jumps up.*

BRIAN Today! I'm going to the mall for bee removal stuff.

*Brian moves toward the DR door.*

BEV Can you park on the street when you get back? Annie's coming by to wash their car in our laneway. She can't wash it at the apartment.

BRIAN Invite Anne in for tea after the car washing. Introduce her to Hildie.

*Brian moves further toward the DR door. Bev jumps up.*

BEV *(frustrated)* Hildie exists in your imagination!

BRIAN You put her there.

*Bev moves to the painting on the easel, looks critically at it while speaking.*

BEV If I painted a turnip, you'd see a stripper!

BRIAN Quite the talent.

BEV *(waves him away)* I've got work to do.

*Brian moves closer to the DR door.*

BRIAN After the car washing, get Annie to freshen up in the basement bathroom.

BEV        Your workshop bathroom?

*Brian shrugs.*

It's filthy, isn't it?!!

*Bev gives Brian and condemning look.*

BRIAN     She lives to clean, so . . .

BEV        *(interrupting)* We're not taking advantage of Annie's cleaning fetish.

BRIAN     Think symbiosis -- little fish cleaning big fish . . . with a sort of bathroom twist.

BEV        Annie is not a fish! We'll have tea in the kitchen, away from hideous insect art.

*Bev talks while painting till the end of the scene.*

Go ahead, smoke the bees out.

BRIAN     My system is foolproof. Smoke not required.

BEV        I've heard smoke is affective on bees.

BRIAN     Bev Love, trust me. I've done it many times.

BEV        After you've eliminated the bees, we're going to Annie and Allan's for dinner and drinks.

BRIAN     Okay.

*Brian EXITS out the DR door. Bev looks critically at painting.*

BEV        *(scratches her head)* Hildie?

LIGHTS OUT

End of Act One, Scene One



ACT ONE, SCENE TWO

LIGHTS UP:

Time: Morning

Place: Allan and Anne's Apartment Livingroom

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

*The colourful covers are off the sofa and sofa chair, both are a solid color.*

*The floor lamp shade by the sofa chair is a solid color.*

*A traditional print replaces the photo on the wall.*

*The easel is gone.*

*Allan reads from the newspaper on the sofa chair.*

*Anne ENTERS through the DR door in work wear, yellow rubber gloves, Swifer-type mop and mops the floor.*

*Allan reads the newspaper disinterested during the following dialogue.*

ANNE I washed the car.

ALLAN Good.

*Allan shows the newspaper to Anne.*

ALLAN It says here 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.

ANNE All taxes?

*Allan puts down the newspaper.*

ALLAN Everything.

*Anne leans the mop on a wall, joins Allan on the sofa.*

ANNE Then our rent will be going up.

ALLAN We don't need to live in a three bedroom penthouse apartment.

ANNE I like living on the twenty-third floor. Above the traffic noise.

ALLAN I could go back to tutoring.

ANNE You teach for ten months a year. We can afford an increase without you needing to tutor.

ALLAN I remember; they can't raise it more than one percent because of the lease.

ANNE Good. You up for a massage?

*Allan makes a terrified face.*

*Anne moves behind Allan, massages the back of his neck.*

I'm still the best massage therapist in town.

*Allan is uncomfortable, casually stands, hedges away from Anne.*

*Anne moves with him, massaging. Allan moves toward the door.*

ALLAN Uh. *(stalling)* Annie, I was thinking of going *(thinking fast)* of of going . . . to the . . . what was it . . . right . . . the library.

*Anne stops massaging.*

ANNE Library?

ALLAN Books?

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

ALLAN I had a massage a couple days ago.

ANNE *(stops pursuing Allan)* Where did you get it?!

ALLAN Here! You gave me the full body treatment! I'm the most relaxed man on the planet.

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

ALLAN If my muscles relax more they'll dissolve! I've got bruises.

ANNE Bruises?

ALLAN They're invisible.

ANNE I'm especially gentle with you.

ALLAN Annie listen, we need to establish a monthly massage quota?

ANNE Four?

ALLAN Two!

ANNE Three!

ALLAN *(speaks quickly and loud)* Two and a half. Done!

(MORE)

*Allan steps away, happy to change the subject.*

How about having Brian and Bev experience your massage talent?

ANNE They don't have a massage table.

ALLAN *(wanting to share the pain)* Too bad.

ANNE It's obvious they both need help.

*Allan enjoys the thought of other massage victims.*

ALLAN Christmas! We'll get them a massage table for Christmas!

ANNE I've been thinking.

ALLAN *(eager)* About Brian and Bev's massage table?

ANNE The library! You're after a hot librarian!

ALLAN *(makes a weird face)* Library sex?

ANNE You could succumb to the allure of a clever woman!

ALLAN I'll turn on my superior reading charms.

ANNE You're forgetting an important charm!

ALLAN What's that?

ANNE Me!!!

*Allan mimics being torn between two women.*

ALLAN After a tremendous struggle, the spectacled, frumpy librarian was no match for the magnetic allure of the wifie Annie. *(hugs her)* What are your plans for today?

ANNE I need to clean the car's interior. You can walk to the library.

ALLAN It's supposed to be hot later.

ANNE I'll pick you up, so it'll just be one way.

ALLAN *(shrugs)* Shopping again?

ANNE As you might recall, Bev and I go to mahjong Wednesday nights. This Wednesday I'm driving everyone. It's filthy.

ALLAN You cleaned the interior a week ago.

ANNE The interior accumulates a month's dirt in a week.

ALLAN Annie, listen carefully. You're a glass is half empty person.

ANNE No.

ALLAN You think your glass is half full?

ANNE My glass is clean and in the cupboard.

ALLAN    I should have guessed.

ANNE    Bev and Brian are coming for dinner, expected at six, so no dentist jokes.  
          Brian's very sensitive. Bev told me Brian's got an insect problem he needs  
          to deal with, so they could be late.

LIGHTS OUT

End of Act One, Scene Two

ACT ONE, SCENE THREE

LIGHTS UP:

Time: Evening

Place: Anne and Allan's Apartment Livingroom

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

ALLAN (O.S.) We could retire to more comfortable seating.

ANNE (O.S.) Absolutely. Sitting on dining room chairs can be uncomfortable.

*Allan and Anne ENTER from the dining room area holding full wine glasses. They sip wine.*

BEV (O.S.) It was a wonderful meal.

ANNE Unfortunate Brian felt he had to stand the whole time.

*Brian has difficulty speaking over the next few dialogues.*

BRIAN (O.S. painful, stilted talking) Meal was good. What I managed to eat was de . . . good.

ALLAN I wouldn't have thought a few bees could affect anyone's appetite.

ANNE Brian was very brave.

ALLAN Or stupid.

ANNE Allan!

*Brian and Bev ENTER from the dining room area, each carry wine glasses with wine.*

*Brian has ten red dots over his face, his cheeks are puffed out, possibly cotton batten or paper towel.*

*All but Brian sit on the sofa.*

BEV I got the stingers out. Ten bites on the face alone, more elsewhere.

BRIAN There's a grand total?

BEV Face ten, back . . .

BRIAN (interrupting) They don't need to know where!

BEV Forty-seven in all.

*Pained look from Brian and everyone.*

BRIAN Hard to chew, (*motions to face*) Cancelled office appointments for week. Secretary and hygienist got holiday. It cost me a weeks' work!

ALLAN I'll take care of it tomorrow with my never-fail beehive elimination system.

BEV Brian had his bee system. Look at him. Those bees aren't normal. They're demon sharky bees. They read his mind, were on to him from the start.

ALLAN (*to Brian*) Have a seat. After the day you've had, you deserve to relax.

*Brian starts to sit on the sofa chair, stops, tries again, and stops.*

BEV (*to Brian*) Go ahead, Hon, it should be okay.

*Reassured, Brian, slowly, painfully, gingerly, starts to sit on the sofa chair.*

I got most of the stingers out.

*Brian's face explodes with pain as he drops himself into the chair.*

BRIAN (*sarcastic*) Thanks, Hon. Thanks a lot.

ALLAN (*to Brian, feeling his pain*) Got yu.

*Allan and Brian do fist bumps.*

Was it your plan to knock the hive into a garbage can then slide the lid on?

BRIAN Its always worked before. Hit nest with hockey stick, supposed to fall; wouldn't fall; the more I hit it the more that came after me; gave up, crawled out; but they didn't give up; (*voice breaking*) followed me out; stinging and stinging!

BEV You must have given off the wrong vibrations.

*Brian's pain increases with Bev's comment.*

ALLAN Vibrations?

BEV Brian says . . . what was it, Love? Something about if you like bees, bees will like you . . . about sending them happy vibrations? Wasn't that it?

*Brian returns a pained look to Bev.*

They sensed your fear, so they attacked like little sharks. Isn't that right, Love?

*Brian returns another pained look to Bev, then looks to Allan.*

BRIAN (*to Allan*) What's your system?

ALLAN     You gotta use a metal garbage can with a metal lid, with gas in the can. Put it under the beehive, cut the nest down with my long-handled pruning snips, right into the can, then pop the lid on top. Fumes take care of them. I've got the can and snips in the storage area. We can get them out for the onslaught.

*Brian and Allan EXIT through the kitchen entrance.*

BEV        Do you think Allan can send out the right vibrations, manage the garbage can, the lid, gas, and everything else?

ANNE      Allan doesn't believe in vibrations.

BEV        Allan's a teacher.

ANNE      So?

BEV        He's good at instructing. What about doing?

ANNE      Allan can be a mister-know-it-all at times.

BEV        Not a mister-do-it-all?

ANNE      (*shrugs*) He golfs.

BEV        After seeing what happened to Brian, I'd be afraid. Why isn't Allan afraid?

ANNE      (*gleeful*) Allan's never been stung.

BEV        He doesn't know what he's missing.

ANNE      (*gleeful*) I've never taken stingers out before, but it sounds like fun.

LIGHTS OUT

End of Act One, Scene Three

ACT ONE, SCENE FOUR

Time: Evening

Place: Allan and Anne's Apartment Livingroom

*The song "HURTS SO BAD" plays. The song starts to play from the words "Hurts so bad . . ."*

LIGHTS UP:

*Four pieces of large luggage sit at the front door.*

*Brian still has ten bee stings on his face, sits on the sofa chair, drinks a beer from a bottle.*

BRIAN *(placid, but loud)* I usually drink lager. I find your ale refreshing.

ALLAN *(O.S.)* You're not furious?

BRIAN *(placid, loud)* Not particularly.

ALLAN *(O.S.)* How come?

*Brian stands, paces in front of sofa.*

BRIAN *(placid, loud)* I have an unusual knack.

ALLAN *(O.S.)* What's that?

BRIAN *(placid, loud)* I've learned to see the big picture, the entertaining big picture.

ALLAN *(O.S.)* The nasty big picture!

*Bev and Anne ENTER from the DR door.*

BEV *(on seeing Brian)* What's going on?

BRIAN *(placid, stares off into space)* Nothing.

*Bev takes Anne to the side.*

BEV When Brian's overstressed, he mellows out. Outwardly he's placid, but he's screaming inside.

*Bev turns to Brian, pronouncing words slowly.*

Why did Allan telephone to tell us to meet here?

BRIAN *(placid)* Did he?

BEV What's our luggage doing here?!

BRIAN *(placid)* Luggage?

BEV *(to Anne)* See.  
*(to Brian, points to luggage)* That!

*Brian twigs to the luggage, snaps out of placidity.*



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

*Allan ENTERS from the kitchen area. He holds tweezers and staggers.*

*There are seventeen red marks (bee stings) on Allan's face, puffy cheeks and his hair and clothes are sooty.*

*The women jump back.*

ALLAN The bee, uh . . .

BRIAN *(interrupting)* . . . fiasco.

ALLAN *(interrupting)* . . . plan! It didn't go . . . well.

BRIAN The onslaught became an unslaughter.

*Anne moves to Allan, takes the tweezers from Allan's shaking hand.*

*She tries to take stingers out of Allan's face, but he waves her off.*

ANNE They swarmed you?!

ALLAN A swarm of little sharks, biting and biting.

BRIAN I've heard bees sting, don't bite.

*Allan gives Brian a condemning look.*

ANNE Hon, you're a mess.

*Anne looks closely at his face.*

` It was a feeding frenzy.

ALLAN *(waves her off)* It was . . . *(in pain)* nothing.

*Brian, Bev and Anne stare at Allan.*

BRIAN Looks like something to me.

ALLAN Next to nothing.

*Allan is in pain as he tries to sit in the sofa chair.*

BRIAN Go ahead. *(smiles)* I know the feeling.

*Allan gives a twisted smile as he drops on the sofa chair.*

*The ladies sit on the sofa.*

BRIAN I was the hero of the day, wasn't I Allan?

ALLAN Brian pulled me out . . .

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

ALLAN After it went off.

BEV Went off?

ANNE What went off?

BRIAN *(stands)* The garbage can went whooooosh *(gestures)* practically exploded.

ALLAN Sorry about the deck.

BEV Our new deck?! Our only deck?! Please don't . . .

*Bev jumps up distressed.*

BRIAN *(interrupting)* Blew up. Burned up. One or the other. Maybe both. You know . . . gasoline?

*Brian and Anne join Bev.*

ALLAN *(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; they stung and stung me, then . . . *(out of breath)*

BRIAN *(interrupting)* . . . the pruning sheers dropped on the metal garbage can, I emphasize the word 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.

BEV *(moaning)* My deck?

BRIAN Gone.

*Anne stands beside Bev, puts an arm around her.*

BEV *(distressed)* The house?

BRIAN Saved.

BEV *(happy, relieved)* Saved.

BRIAN Mostly.

*Bev reacts.*

Water damage.

BEV *(distressed)* Water?

BRIAN Fire department.

BEV *(distressed)* My abstract?

BRIAN Saved.

BEV *(happy, relieved)* Saved.

ALLAN Mostly.

BEV Mostly?!

BRIAN It has more of an abstract bent.

ALLAN An abstract abstract.

BEV No!!!

BRIAN You remember Hildie, my favorite nude?

BEV I'd like to forget her.

BRIAN *(sad)* Her hills are gone.

BEV Ahhhhhhhh!

BRIAN *(sad)* Hildie's now . . .

BEV *(interrupting)* What?

BRIAN *(sad)* Harry!

BRIAN One of the firemen offered a hundred for it.

ALLAN Brian said he's gay.

*Bev and Anne look horrified at Brian.*

BEV Brian?

ANNE *(to Bev)* Brian's gay!!

BEV *(to Brian)* You're . . .

ALLAN *(interrupting)* Not Brian.

ANNE *(to Allan)* You? You're gay?!

ALLAN *(laughs)* No, not us! The fireman!

BEV *(to Brian)* Hon, you're sure about not being . . .

BRIAN *(interrupting)* Yes, Hon.!!!! I was referring to the fireman, not me!

BEV Oh. Did you sell my abstract to the fireman?

BRIAN No! It's still your . . .

*Brian shrugs, looks to Allan.*

ALLAN *(interrupting)* . . . visually challenging painting.

BEV *(distressed)* Ahhhhhhhh!

BRIAN My ant Fred is dead!

ALLAN I killed your aunt?!!

BRIAN My ant Fred!

ANNE A family member has died?

BRIAN *(near tears)* I'll miss ant Fred. Couldn't take the heat. Cremated. Terrible.

*Anne moves behind the chair Allan is sitting on,  
both horrified.*

ALLAN We should notify the authorities.

BRIAN *(resigned)* Ant Fred was as close to perfect any ant can get. I'll try to forget.

ALLAN Your Aunt Fred lived, died, cremated, remembered, and now forgotten, all in the space of an hour!!

BRIAN True.

ANNE It's a tragedy!

BRIAN Bees are gone, so it wasn't a complete waste.

*Anne and Allan are aghast, mouths agape.*

BEV What'll we do?

BRIAN I called the insurance company.

ALLAN You insured your aunt?

BRIAN Unfortunately, priceless ant Fred was not insured. The house was.

ALLAN  
AND

ANNE *(fearful)* And?

BRIAN Said they'd cover everything but our accommodations for three months, the time needed to repair the damage.

ALLAN You're staying with us!

ANNE *(to Allan)* In our apartment?

ALLAN Certainly! We have three bedrooms, lots of room.

BRIAN Rent free?

ALLAN Of course.

BRIAN Beer free?

ALLAN *(shrugs)* Sure.

BEV Like camping out.

BRIAN Penthouse living with beer benefits.

*Anne leans into Allan, huddle away from Brian and Bev.*

ANNE If Brian has an Aunt Fred, he'll have an Uncle Alice.

ALLAN What are you saying?

ANNE He's nuts! We can't have crazy people move in with us.

ALLAN We've known them for years.

ANNE Does anyone ever really know anyone else?

ALLAN *(reels back)* Yes, we do! It's the strain of the ordeal!

ANNE What about my night-time democratic rights?

ALLAN *(reels back)* What rights?

ANNE My freedom of expression . . . at night?

ALLAN I'm mostly responsible for this disaster, so they'll expect us to pay for them to stay in a hotel for three months, and I wouldn't blame them.

ANNE Good point.

*Allan turns to Brian.*

ALLAN Brian.

BRIAN Yes, Allan.

ALLAN The building comes with a workshop for guys who like to tinker. Interested? *(shrugs)* It'll take our minds off our discomfort.

*Brian shrugs, stands. Brian and Allan EXIT out the DR door.*

*Anne and Bev sit on the sofa.*

ANNE You and Brian certainly have unusual family members.

BEV There's black sheep in every family. We've got our share.

ANNE Would Brian be considered a black sheep or possibly . . . mentally unstable?

BEV Brian's the whitest sheep in his family. Brian's brother is a saxophone player. I could tell you stories.

ANNE Oh?

BEV Brian's a dentist! Dentists are normal people.

ANNE What about the recent death of a family member?

BEV I don't recall one.

ANNE What about Aunt Fred?

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BEV        Fred?

ANNE      Tell me about . . . Aunt Fred.

BEV        Getting rid of ant Fred was the only positive thing to come out of this disaster. Brian's ant was creepy! I'm happy to see that creep burn!

*Aghast, Anne passes out.*

LIGHTS OUT

End of Act One, Scene Four

ACT ONE, SCENE FIVE

Time: Morning

Place: Allan and Anne's Apartment Livingroom

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

LIGHTS UP:

*Allan reads from a novel on the sofa chair. Brian 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.*

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

ALLAN *(silently reads)* I don't buddy bond. I read. *(puts down book)* So, how much longer until your house is repaired.

BRIAN And deck.

ALLAN Right.

BRIAN The insurance adjuster said it would be another two months before everything is finished. I hope having us here for the last month hasn't been too much of an inconvenience.

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

BRIAN Good, since we're here because of your inability to corral a bunch of bees.

ALLAN I was helping you.

BRIAN You destroyed our house!!!

ALLAN Okay, my system was flawed. Satisfied? You're still planning on having a renovation homecoming party?

BRIAN Once everything has been repaired to our satisfaction and we're moved back, we're having the biggest home-coming party ever.

ALLAN It's all Annie talks about.

BRIAN The same with Bev. They love shopping together for clothes, curtains, appliances, furniture for the opening. It goes on and on.

*The phone RINGS, Brian, being closest to it, answers it.*

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

*Allan snatches the phone, returns to his chair. Speaks into it.*

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

*Allan turns away, tries to muffle his conversation.*

Of course, I'll be there.

*Brian moves to Allan trying to hear who he's talking to on the phone.*

Looking forward to our next meeting. *(pause)* Goodbye Monique.

*Brian swiftly returns to his previous position.*

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

*A silence between them.*

BRIAN Girlfriend?

ALLAN Associate.

BRIAN Nice voice.

ALLAN Somewhat.

BRIAN Young?

ALLAN Fairly.

BRIAN Sounded young.

*Allan shrugs.*

. . . pretty . . . and friendly.

ALLAN *(looks into the book)* Yes, I suppose so.

BRIAN I love young, pretty and friendly. It would help since I've no house, deck or Fred thanks to . . .

*Allan slams down his book, weary.*

ALLAN *(interrupting)* This is personal, highly personal.

*Brian slumps to his knees, begs.*

BRIAN Please please please level with me. I'm dying for young, pretty and friendly.

ALLAN *(reluctant)* It's a surprise for Annie.

BRIAN *(lusty look, stands)* Monique sounds like the type of woman who'd surprise a wife.

ALLAN Not girlfriend!

BRIAN *(stands)* Oh, what then?

ALLAN You know Annie likes to dance?



BRIAN Anne and Bev are both good dancers.

ALLAN You're aware I'm a terrible dancer?

BRIAN 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.

ALLAN Same.

BRIAN So?

ALLAN (*hesitates*) I've enrolled in a dance class, learning to dance, so once your house grand opening eventually blossoms, I'll surprise Annie with my dancing expertise. They hold the lessons in the basement at the library.

BRIAN You'll glide to the music with Anne and I, the host, will stumble around with Bev like always. Embarrassing. I wish I could afford dancing lessons.

ALLAN (*hesitates*) If you'll let up about me burning your bee infested house and deck, I'll pay for your dancing lessons.

BRIAN Expensive?

ALLAN Five hundred. Ten lessons. Waltz, Salsa, Polka, Tango, Cha-cha, Foxtrot, Hip-Hop, even some of the new dances.

BRIAN We'll surprise our wives.

ALLAN So we'll have no more whining about your burned-up house, deck, or Fred. I'll get you signed up. It's Wednesday nights.

BRIAN Monique sounded attractive. Could there be a second, young, hot instructor?

ALLAN Monique and Isabella conduct the class together. Both are attractive.

BRIAN (*eager*) Our wives go to mahjong Wednesdays. The apartment will be vacant.

ALLAN What are you getting at?

BRIAN I'm self-conscious about my inability to dance, don't want others to see . . . you know.

ALLAN So?

BRIAN Maybe the class could be here, just for us. Private lessons?

ALLAN Here?

BRIAN Yes. We could move the furniture back.

ALLAN It'll cost more.

BRIAN I'll help with the extra cost.

ALLAN We're both dance deficient, so . . . yes, I'll talk to them after we have our first lesson, see if they can come here after they finish the regular classes.

THE TWO TIMERS

By Robert J. Wheeler

BRIAN     *(big smile)* I've heard young women like older men. It's possible they  
            could teach us more than dance.

ALLAN    *(smiles)* The possibilities are endless.

LIGHTS OUT

End of Act One, Scene Five

ACT ONE, SCENE SIX

LIGHTS UP:

Time: Afternoon

Place: Allan and Anne's Livingroom

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

*Bev sits on the sofa. Bev has a clipboard with  
papers and pen, looks at the clipboard as she  
speaks.*

*Anne ENTERS from the bedroom area, is puzzled  
looks at the sofa chair.*

ANNE Our furniture seems to be shifting.

*Anne moves the sofa chair closer to the sofa, goes  
to the end table and nudges it to the sofa then  
joins Bev on the sofa.*

What have we got today?

BEV It's a long list. We've ordered the curtains and dining room suite. *(looks up  
from clipboard)* We need everything else. I wish I knew more about  
appliances.

ANNE I love appliance shopping. We should get moving. Price matching  
appliances will take time.

*Brian ENTERS from the bedroom doorway  
dressed in casual attire that includes a bright  
shirt.*

BEV What's the occasion?

BRIAN I ran around the building a six times, came in, showered, feel great, so  
wanted to look great.

ANNE I wish I could get Allan to run.

BEV Annie's helping me select appliances and furnishings for the house.

*Bev and Anne move toward the door.*

BRIAN Better Anne than me. I hate shopping.

BEV That's what I told Annie you'd say.

*Bev and Anne EXIT the apartment but leave the  
clipboard behind.*

*Brian looks through the book Allan has been  
reading, shakes his head, puts it down, then goes*

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

*The CD player doesn't need to be plugged in as Brian shows the CD to the audience, stands in front of the player, slides the CD on top of the player. Audience will assume it's in the player.*

*The sound of a salsa song. Brian stiff salsa dances around the room with an imaginary partner.*

*The DR door opens, and Allan ENTERS. He is in casual attire.*

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

ALLAN Me? You've been laughing it up with the lovely Lucille.

BRIAN *(continues dancing)* Dancing is good for us. I've had a run and have energy to spare. The class has me feeling ten years younger. I'm looking forward to our second class. It's good they agreed to have classes here. I'll show Lucille my technique.

ALLAN You're not doing it right. It's all wrong.

*Bev and Anne move onto the DR porch from O.S., hear unfamiliar music, cautiously approach the door.*

You need more flexibility, here . . . I'll show you. Think of me as lovely Lucille.

*Allan salsas with Brian.*

If you move to the music, you'll get it. More flexing.

*Anne quietly pushes the door open.*

*Both women see the men dancing together for about five seconds, but don't hear them. The women show shock.*

ANNE I don't believe my eyes.

BEV Our husbands are dancing?

ANNE Together! Allan dances like a drunken sailor with me, but he's dancing like a Latin lover with your husband.

BEV Brian's a bad dancer; never wants to dance with me, but . . .

ANNE *(interrupting)* They hate dancing with us, but look at them breezing around like pros. It makes no sense.

BEV Yes it does!

ANNE What?

BEV        Our husbands have become fond of each other.

ANNE      No! Not that.

BEV        What else can it be?

*The ladies react. The men don't hear Anne and Bev's comments.*

ANNE      We don't need the clipboard. How about we take a coffee break?

*Anne pulls the door closed. Anne and Bev turn and EXIT.*

*The men do not see the women.*

ALLAN     Now you've got it.

*The men stop dancing. Allan turns off the music.*

*Allan sits on the sofa and Brian on the sofa chair.*

You'll impress Lucille if you dance like that, although you'll need to lead.

BRIAN     Lucille's quite the looker. I think she likes me.

*Allan shrugs.*

ALLAN     I know Monique likes me, but it's probably just the dancing and the money that interests her. It is hard to tell what motivates women.

BRIAN     *(twisted face)* I agree. You could be right about them being pleasant. There's the money. Money talks, *(brightens)* but on the other hand, you might not be entirely right.

*Allan checks his watch.*

ALLAN     Let's move the furniture back. They'll be here in a few minutes.

BRIAN     Right.

*The guys start to move the furniture toward US.*

LIGHTS OUT

End of Act One, Scene Six

ACT ONE, SCENE SEVEN

Time: Afternoon

Place: Allan and Anne's Apartment Livingroom

The song "CHAIN OF FOOLS" plays.

LIGHTS UP:

*Bev and Anne rush into the apartment, sit stunned on the sofa. Bev picks up the clipboard that holds her list.*

*The song ends.*

ANNE If we hadn't returned for the clipboard, we would never have caught them.

*Bev throws the clipboard.*

BEV True.

ANNE I wish we hadn't.

BEV What are we going to do?

ANNE Allan and Brian are so different.

BEV They say opposites attract.

ANNE Yeah!

BEV Your Allan pushed Brian into it! Allan's responsible.

ANNE Not Allan!

BEV Who?

*Anne shrugs.*

The fireman?!!!

ANNE Impossible!

BEV Right. *(thinks)* Two guys live together in the same apartment, what can you expect?

ANNE It's hard to fathom.

BEV Allan and Brian? It blows my mind.

ANNE Mine too. *(gestures -- exploding mind)*

BEV Our husbands are are . . .

ANNE *(interrupting)* Don't say it!

BEV Ho, Ho . . .

ANNE *(interrupting)* No!

BEV I don't know . . . uh . . . how about they have . . . ambiguous sexual preferences?

*Bev and Anne jump up, look at each other then DS.*

BEV  
AND  
ANNIE Ahhhhhhhha!.

BEV What are we going to do?

*Bev starts to cry.*

ANNE How about a gin and tonic?

BEV To dull the pain.

*Anne moves towards the kitchen.*

ANNE Double?

BEV More!

LIGHTS OUT THEN COMES UP AGAIN (INDICATES TIME PASSING)

*Anne and Bev are on the sofa.*

*Anne pours gin into water glasses for her and Bev. Half fills each glass. They drink.*

If Brian and I never moved in with you and Allan we would have gone on as always, now . . .

*Bev throws arms up. Anne ignores Bev's comment.*

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

BEV *(wailing to the ceiling)* Why?!!

LIGHTS OUT THEN COMES UP AGAIN (INDICATES TIME PASSING)

*There can be a hidden pail or plant to pour the gin from the glasses into when the lights are out.*

*Anne is slumped down a little on the sofa.*

*Bev staggers around drinking from a full glass of gin. They drink gin like water. Both slur words.*

BEV I forgot. What are we celebrating?

ANNE Celebrating?! No, we're decelebrating.

BEV Decelebrating?

ANNE      Yeah. Our husbands have become overly familiar. Remember? It's all Brian's fault!

BEV        Not Brian!

ANNE      I know it's not Allan!

LIGHTS OUT THEN COMES UP AGAIN (INDICATES TIME PASSING)

*Anne and Bev have slid off the sofa, both drunk on the floor at the foot of the sofa. Anne drinks from the bottle.*

*Anne jumps up.*

ANNE      The queen bee!

*Bev jumps up.*

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

ANNE      High five!

*The ladies wind up for a massive high five, their hands miss, momentum taking them to the floor. Both look at their "high five" hands, wondering what happened.*

ANNE      If that queen bee didn't move in under your deck our husbands would still love us.

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

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

LIGHTS OUT THEN COMES UP AGAIN (INDICATES TIME PASSING)

*The ladies are passed out in awkward positions on the floor in front of the sofa.*

*Bev jumps up.*

BEV        It's not the queen bee's fault!

ANNE      Feels so right.

BEV        You've got your need to clean and I've got my need to paint!

*Anne jumps up.*

ANNE      Are you saying we, us, we're responsible?!!

*Both are sober.*

BEV        It was my painting!

ANNE      And my cleaning!

BEV        We're obsessed!



ANNE Our obsessions turned them from us . . .

BEV *(interrupting)* . . . toward each other! It was us!

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

BEV *(eager)* Maybe it's not too late. We can encourage our guys back!

ANNE How?

BEV We turn up our bedtime feminine charms!

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

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

ANNE Hear yu. Remote control. We could shop for some, some, uh, flattering fashions.

BEV Absolutely.

ANNE We'll reinvent ourselves, become hot hot hot.

BEV Acquire suggestive fashions. Do you ever get tired of shopping?

ANNE Never.

BEV Never get tired of shopping.

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

BEV Brian's got the "hate to shop" molecules.

ANNE Same with Allan.

BEV They've got other molecules.

ANNE The "constant need for sex" molecules!

BEV That's the ones.

ANNE Let's toast shopping. *(grabs gin bottle)* To shopping.

*Anne takes a slug from the bottle, passes it to Bev.  
She drinks from the bottle.*

BEV To intense bedtime attention!

*Bev takes a slug from the bottle, passes it to Anne.  
She drinks from the bottle.*

ANNE Night heat for our guys!

*They pass out onto the sofa.*

LIGHTS OUT

End of Act One, Scene Seven

ACT ONE, SCENE EIGHT

Time: Morning

Place: Allan and Anne's Apartment Livingroom

The song "LOVE HURTS" plays.

LIGHTS UP:

*Allan, 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.*

*Brian staggers in from the bedroom in his robe, walking the same way. The song ends.*

*Allan notices Brian.*

ALLAN     What happened to you?

*Brian is almost to the sofa, stops.*

BRIAN     *(in pain)* Pulled something.

ALLAN     Something?

BRIAN     A muscle. *(loud)* Big one!

*Brian collapses on the sofa.*

ALLAN     *(finger to lips)* Shuuuuuush.

BRIAN     *(softer)* Right.

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

BRIAN     You look like shit.

ALLAN     So do you.

BRIAN     I woke up . . . exhausted.

ALLAN     Insomnia?

BRIAN     Something else. What's your excuse?

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

BRIAN     Tennis players eat bananas for energy.

ALLAN     There's a bunch in the kitchen.

BRIAN It's your kitchen. A banana might get me through the remains of my day.

*Allan struggles up, EXITS into the kitchen walking like before, ENTERS with two bananas, throws a banana at Brian. Brian tries to catch it with one hand. It hits him on the head.*

Pulled muscle?

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

BRIAN *(interrupting)* What?

ALLAN We've pulled the same muscle.

*The men simultaneously half peel the bananas.*

*Bring the banana toward their mouths, stop, pull it back, look at each other for two seconds, break pieces of the banana off and eat it that way.*

*Neither wants to give the impression they could be gay.*

BRIAN I got thirty minutes sleep. A short night.

ALLAN Forty-five minutes for me.

BRIAN Mahjong must be an aphrodisiac.

ALLAN It's an ancient dice and tile game! Not aphrodisiac.

BRIAN Usually we have sex once or twice a week, occasionally we skip a week, depending, but now . . . it's more.

ALLAN My Anne's become a sex machine.

BRIAN For the last five nights Bev's turned into a hot hooker.

ALLAN My Anne wants it all night!

BRIAN Shusssssh.

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

BRIAN Lucky you?

ALLAN Why?

BRIAN Three and . . . uh . . . for me.

ALLAN And a what?

BRIAN And a half.

ALLAN A half?

BRIAN Went unconscious.

ALLAN Every night for five nights!

BRIAN That's when it started with us!

ALLAN Weird.

BRIAN Could be the moon.

ALLAN Not the moon.

BRIAN A virus?

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

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

ALLAN But a definite effect.

BRIAN Big effect.

ALLAN I've never said no to sex.

BRIAN Too much is never enough.

ALLAN That's been my motto until . . .

BRIAN (*interrupting*) Now?

ALLAN Yeah.

BRIAN Ditto.

ALLAN Yeah.

BRIAN What'll we do?

ALLAN We're not equipped to deal with sharkie bees or sexually deranged wives.

BRIAN We're missing the "say no to sex" molecule.

ALLAN It's our DNA's fault.

BRIAN Therapy?

ALLAN A therapist would laugh and toss us out on our ears. It's Kafkaesque.

BRIAN Kafka what?

ALLAN Kafka wrote about weird stuff happening.

BRIAN We've got weird.

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

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

ALLAN Beatle, I think.

BRIAN How did it end?

ALLAN Not good.

BRIAN For the bug or man?

ALLAN Both.

*Terrified, Brian looks at his hands, arms.*

BRIAN My stomach is churning. I'm feeling more and more . . . (*desperate*) ant-like!

ALLAN You're not turning into an ant!

*Allan grabs Brian.*

Get a grip, man!

BRIAN (*sits*) Thanks. Between Bev and that damn hound at the other end of the building howling on and on, it's left me utterly exhausted.

ALLAN That wasn't a hound.

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

ALLAN Annie enjoys her night-time freedom of expression.

BRIAN Democratic sex?

ALLAN Keeps me interested and occasionally awake.

BRIAN I'm living in a silent sex movie.

ALLAN Annie's got her night-time dramatic bent.

BRIAN Is it genuine?

ALLAN Don't know. Ever since that eighty's movie with Meg Ryan, Billy Crystal, guys don't know.

BRIAN What about the neighbors?

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

BRIAN What'll we do?

ALLAN About?

BRIAN Our bedtime . . . challenges!

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

BRIAN Good idea.

ALLAN Do you golf?

BRIAN No.

ALLAN But you'll do it?

BRIAN (*desperate*) Anything!

ALLAN Tomorrow night?

BRIAN Night golfing?

ALLAN I wish. Afternoons.

BRIAN How's that supposed to help?

ALLAN If we've played thirty-six holes, come in exhausted, they'll take mercy on us.

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

ALLAN We should discover other activities.

BRIAN How about another banana?

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

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

LIGHTS OUT

End of Act One – END OF SAMPLE