

HOME 3

By Glenn Alterman

Copyright © MMXIX by Glenn Alterman, All rights reserved.

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Heuer Publishing LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Heuer Publishing LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Heuer Publishing LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Heuer Publishing LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: *Produced by special arrangement with Heuer Publishing LLC.*

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Heuer Publishing LLC.

HOME 3

By Glenn Alterman

SYNOPSIS: Gayle and her professor are on a coaching Zoom session. They are discussing the Foxglove flower. As they talk we realize that they have a more intimate relationship. Before too long they are interrupted by someone who will change the session dramatically.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 females)

GAYLE (f)..... mid 30's, A graduate student, childlike, impulsive. *(47 lines)*
 JAYNE (f)..... A professor of botany, strong, centered, caring. *(41 lines)*
 GLORIA (f) Gayle's mother, very emotional. *(18 lines)*

SETTING: Zoom call.

TIME: Present, a warm summer day.

AT START: GAYLE and JAYNE are talking to each other on Zoom. GAYLE is holding a photo of a foxglove flower.

GAYLE: (*Sincerely.*) Thank you.

JAYNE: Glad you like it.

GAYLE: It's the most beautiful...

JAYNE: I wanted you to have something nice, especially now.

GAYLE: Yeah, tough times.

JAYNE: Terrible! (*And then.*) So where you going to hang it?

GAYLE: I don't know, front of my bed I guess. For now. But when I get back to Boston... (*Then, impulsive, whispering.*) God, I miss you!

JAYNE: I miss you too.

GAYLE: (*Then, change of mood.*) I hate the world right now!

JAYNE: It's not good. We just have to make the best...

GAYLE: How's work?

JAYNE: (*A sigh.*) A LOT of SKYPE, ZOOM sessions with students. Exhausting. Don't know how I get through the day.

GAYLE: You're strong. (*Smiling.*) And everyone respects you.

JAYNE: That's nice to know.

GAYLE: Can you do something for me?

JAYNE: (*Looking at GAYLE.*) Sure, what?

GAYLE: Come closer to the screen?

JAYNE: Why?

GAYLE: (*Childlike.*) Please. (*JAYNE moves closer to the screen, looking right at her, softly.*) I miss you—terribly.

JAYNE: (*Softly smiling.*) I miss you terribly, too.

GAYLE: (*Moving back from the screen, suddenly very upbeat.*) Can we go to Las Vegas when this is over?!

JAYNE: Las Vegas?!

GAYLE: I heard it's REALLY fun. And they've got great shows, dancers, lights, gambling. All kinds of stuff!

JAYNE: Might be hard for me to get away. My life right now...

GAYLE: I know, but...

JAYNE: We'll talk about it when you're back in Boston. (*A beat.*) So how's it been going at home?

GAYLE: (*Suddenly upset.*) You had to ruin it.

JAYNE: What?

GAYLE: *(Louder.)* It sucks! She's so...! *(Louder.)* And there's no escape, s'too hot to go out. I HATE IT HERE!

JAYNE: Shhh, Okay, sorry I...

GAYLE: *(Louder.)* S'like PRISON! I JUST-HATE-IT!

JAYNE: GAYLE?!

GAYLE: What?!

JAYNE: *(Soft, but commanding.)* Take a breath.

GAYLE: *(Taking a breath. Her mood changes. Suddenly putting her arm on her shoulder, letting it slowly fall to her breast, seductively.) (Smiling.)* Am I still sexy, even here on Zoom?

JAYNE: *(Smiling.)* Always.

GAYLE: *(Smiling.)* Bet you say that to all...

Suddenly GLORIA appears at the Zoom meeting very upset. GAYLE quickly drops her arm.

GLORIA: What's going on?!

GAYLE: Oh jeez, I left the Zoom meeting open on my computer upstairs when I came down for my notebook.

GLORIA: Why all this yelling!—Oh hello, professor. Sorry to interrupt. I could swear I heard her yelling "Hate, HATE!" I looked at the computer and....

JAYNE: No, we were having a loud discussion about the foxglove flower.

GLORIA: A flower, who yells about a flower?

JAYNE: It's one of the plants we've been studying for her botany exam.

GAYLE: *(Holds up a picture of the flower.)* She sent me a picture of it, see? Isn't it beautiful?

GLORIA: *(Dismissing.)* Yeah, s'very nice. *(GAYLE lowers the picture.)*

GAYLE: It's poisonous! You have to be careful, cause if you eat it...

GLORIA: Beautiful flowers can be poisonous, I know that. Poison ivy. Poison oak. When you were young you got very sick from...

GAYLE: *(An attitude.)* I remember, Ma, poison ivy, the bungalow colony in Monroe!

GLORIA: You almost died.

GAYLE: But I didn't.

GLORIA: (*Turning to JAYNE on the monitor.*) The two of them, her and her sister, make me crazy sometimes. You have any kids?

JAYNE: No.

GLORIA: You're so lucky!

GAYLE: Ma!

GLORIA: (*Still ranting.*) We tried to keep 'em in line. Church. School. Discipline. Waste-of-time!

GAYLE: Stop talking about me like I'm not here. I'm a grown woman!

GLORIA: Then act like one! Wash a dish or something. Help out here! (*To JAYNE.*) When their father was alive, there was NEVER any yelling in this house. He never would have put up...

JAYNE: (*Softly.*) She really wasn't yelling. We were just having...

GLORIA: If my husband was still here...! (*Getting emotional, to GAYLE.*) Such a good man your father. Tell her, wasn't he?

GAYLE: (*Softly.*) Yeah, he was Ma. (*A beat.*) Look, we've really got to get back to work.

GLORIA: Sure. I should go walk the dog before it gets too hot out. (*Getting more confused.*) Him and that dog. (*Getting emotional.*) He... Jesus, I don't even know what I'm saying anymore. It's just too much!

GAYLE: (*Gently.*) Ma, relax. Bonny and me will be out of here soon as they say it's okay to travel again. Then you'll have the whole house to yourself.

GLORIA: (*Sadly, looking around.*) Yeah, this whole house... myself.

JAYNE: Things will get back to normal, Mrs. Murano. By the end of summer, they say.

GLORIA: (*Looking at JAYNE.*) Yeah, s'what I hear. Sorry about my "little scene" just now. Things have been kinda crazy lately.

JAYNE: I understand, believe me.

GLORIA: (*To JAYNE.*) Nice seeing you. (*Starts to leave.*)

GAYLE: Mom?

GLORIA: (*Turning to GAYLE.*) What?

GAYLE: (*Tenderly.*) ...I love you. ...Thank you for letting me and Bonny stay here. I won't yell anymore, I swear. And I'll walk the dog and do more stuff.

GLORIA: (*Melting.*) Okay, good, thanks. (*Starting to leave, then turning, looking at her, smiling.*) And for the record, I love you too, I do. (*Smiling at JAYNE.*) She's all yours. I gotta go walk a dog.

GAYLE: We'll be done soon Ma, then we'll have some tea, okay?

GLORIA: (*Touched.*) Tea? Yeah, that would be nice. I'd like that. (*To JAYNE.*) Be well, (*Smiling.*)—wear a mask!

JAYNE: I will.

GLORIA leaves.

JAYNE: So where were we?

GAYLE: We were talking about the foxglove flower, and...

JAYNE: (*Whispering.*) That was very nice what you just said to her, she needed that.

GAYLE: (*Then, softly.*) She's still grieving for my father. Took him so fast.

JAYNE: Fuckin' Covid! Lost so many friends. (*Then.*) Gayle?

GAYLE: What?

JAYNE: She still doesn't know about you being gay, does she?

GAYLE: My mother? No, no way. Devout Christian. Anti-abortion and all that. She could never... And—I don't like people knowing my business.

JAYNE: Gayle, you're not a little girl anymore, you should tell her.

GAYLE: (*Lashing out.*) And you should tell your husband!

JAYNE: (*Looking at her, angry.*) NOW, you're going to bring that up now, NOW?! Look, I don't want to fight, this isn't the time. You knew about him when we first met. We've been through this...!

GAYLE: I'm sorry.

JAYNE: (*A beat, softer.*) Are you okay?

GAYLE: (*Half smile.*) Yeah, sure. (*A beat.*) Jayne, are you seeing other women? Tell me the truth, I won't...

JAYNE: No, just you.

GAYLE: Really?

JAYNE: Yes, (*Smiling.*) you're enough. (*Then.*) Now, c'mon, back to work. I have another session right after this. (*Gently.*)...If you need to talk, call me, okay?

GAYLE: (*Smiling.*) Okay, I will.

JAYNE: But now, work.

GAYLE: (*Looking at her.*) Yeah. Right. Work

JAYNE: The foxglove flower.

GAYLE: (*Looking at the picture.*) This beautiful flower.

JAYNE: Actually, sometimes it's called The Flower of the Fairies.

GAYLE: Flower of fairies, really?

JAYNE: There's a lovely old poem. Part of it goes:

“Foxglove, Foxglove.

What see you now?”

The soft summer moonlight

On bracken, grass, and bough;

And all the fairies dancing

As only they know how.”

GAYLE: S'lovely.

JAYNE: *(Smiling.)* When this is over, you'll come back here to Boston, see your friends, go out again. Life will return to normal, well sort of normal. *(Then.)* I care about you, you know that. But, as you know, my life... is very complicated now, especially with him. So I can't really...

GAYLE: We'll take it one day at a time, okay?

JAYNE: One day at a time, okay.

GAYLE: *(Smiling.)* Just know—I adore you.

JAYNE: Back at'cha. *(Smiling.)* You're my girl

GAYLE and JAYNE look at each other for a moment.

GAYLE: *(Smiling.)* And maybe someday we'll get go to Las Vegas!

JAYNE: *(Softly, smiling, her hand touches the screen.)* Vegas!

GAYLE: *(Smiling, touching the screen, softly.)* Vegas.

THE END