

THE PILL: IBUPROFEN

By James A. Munro and Jamie A. Munro

Copyright © MMV

All Rights Reserved

Heuer Publishing LLC, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

ISBN: 978-1-61588-123-9

Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this work is subject to a royalty. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. All rights to this work of any kind including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing rights are controlled exclusively by Heuer Publishing LLC. Inquiries concerning rights should be addressed to Heuer Publishing LLC.

This work is fully protected by copyright. No part of this work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without permission of the publisher. Copying (by any means) or performing a copyrighted work without permission constitutes an infringement of copyright.

All organizations receiving permission to produce this work agree to give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production. The author(s) billing must appear below the title and be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. All programs, advertisements, and other printed material distributed or published in connection with production of the work must include the following notice: **“Produced by special arrangement with Heuer Publishing LLC of Cedar Rapids, Iowa.”**

There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to the work, including the changing of character gender, the cutting of dialogue, or the alteration of objectionable language unless directly authorized by the publisher or otherwise allowed in the work’s “Production Notes.” The title of the play shall not be altered.

The right of performance is not transferable and is strictly forbidden in cases where scripts are borrowed or purchased second-hand from a third party. All rights, including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing, recitation, lecturing, public reading, television, radio, motion picture, video or sound taping, internet streaming or other forms of broadcast as technology progresses, and the rights of translation into foreign languages, are strictly reserved.

COPYING OR REPRODUCING ALL OR ANY PART OF THIS BOOK IN ANY MANNER IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN BY LAW. One copy for each speaking role must be purchased for production purposes. Single copies of scripts are sold for personal reading or production consideration only.

PUBLISHED BY

HEUER PUBLISHING LLC

P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406

TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011

THE PILL: IBUPROFEN

By James A. Munro and Jamie A. Munro

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 WOMEN, 2 MEN)

- Freddy** Neatly dressed with comfortable clothes, suspenders and sporting a mustache. *(101 lines)*
- Elizabeth** Nicely dressed for working in a doctor's office. *(88 lines)*
- Dolly** Loud clothing; wears jewelry. *(78 lines)*
- Stanley** Under-sized suit coat and nerd glasses. A mother's boy. *(71 lines)*

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

- Act One, Scene 1: Freddy's apartment
Act One, Scene 2: Center stage
Act One, Scene 3: Dolly's apartment
Act One, Scene 4: Park
Act One, Scene 5: Freddy's apartment
Act One, Scene 6: Dolly's apartment
Act One, Scene 7: Freddy's apartment/Dolly's apartment
Act One, Scene 8: Freddy's apartment
Act One, Scene 9: Dolly's apartment

INTERMISSION

- Act Two, Scene 1: Dolly's apartment
Act Two, Scene 2: Dolly's apartment
Act Two, Scene 3: Freddy's apartment
Act Two, Scene 4: Park
Act Two, Scene 5: Park
Act Two, Scene 6: Park
Act Two, Scene 7: Dolly's apartment
Act Two, Scene 8: Freddy's apartment
Act Two, Scene 9: In front of a theater, center stage

PROP LIST

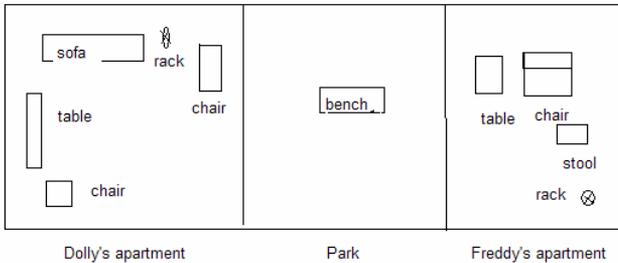
Newspaper with crossword puzzle
Freddy's sweat
Pencil
Derby hat
Red Hat Society scarves, hats, boas etc. [Dolly's set]
Photograph in 8 x 10 inch frame [Dolly's song]
Radio
Dolly's earrings, all types of jewelry
Large scripts
Bird seed in bag
Several small paper bags [hyperventilating bags]
Stanley's nerd glasses
2 fake cell phones

SET

Dolly's apartment is larger than Freddy's. It is more colorful and has a lot of Red Hat Society 'things' all around.

Freddy's apartment is neat and masculine.

set



ACT ONE, SCENE 1

An apartment of an elderly gentleman, nothing fancy. The man is dressed in comfortable clothes, but showing some wear and he doesn't have the best posture. In a folksy manner, he recognizes the audience and talks to them one-on-one. Lights up stage left.

FREDDY: *(Sitting in a chair doing a crossword puzzle, addressing the audience)* I'll be with you in a minute. I'm on a roll. C-A-R-N-A-T-I-O-N, that will fit. Then one is character, C-H-A-R A-C-T-E-R. *(Asking the audience)* What is a four letter word for a Far East nanny. *(If no one from the audience gives the answer, say the following)* I can see you are not going to be much help. *(If person from audience gives correct answer, say)* Are you sure you're right? You're not having a senior moment, are you? Something is wrong here in the corner. *(Looking at audience)* A four letter word, the last two letters are I-T. *(Looking at new area of the puzzle for the clue)* Found on the bottom of a parakeet's cage. Oh! *(Erasing two letters)* that's grit, G-R-I-T. *(If audience calls out "grit," say)* Grit, yes that's right. It's good you were here. Ah, horse manure. Funny, years ago I could get most of these. Now, I'm lucky to get 40 or 50% of them. The problem is that I'll know the answer one day and the next day, I don't have a clue. A week later I will know it again - - so I can forget it the following day. *(Picking a person out in the audience)* I think you know what I'm talking about.

Pause.

FREDDY: *(Continued)* Oh I'm sorry, I have been rude - - hello, my name is Fred. Oh! But call me Freddy - everybody calls me Freddy. It all started with my mother. She would say -

“Look at baby Freddie!” And later when she came it was “Freddeeee, it’s time for lunch.” (*Smiling*) Then my fiancé would call me Fred-e-ee Hooooon-ey! You know you’re in trouble when your girlfriend calls you that. You’re past the point of no return. After we got married it became FREDDIE! (*Laughing, then looking pensive*) Oh!—we were a PAIR! My wife’s name was Mildred. Oh, we were a pair! (*Hesitating, but then giving in*) I have to tell you about the first morning after our honeymoon. I went downstairs and there was my pretty new bride making me my morning tea, you know - - for my toast. Now I had bought a whistling teapot. She was dripping the hot water out of the whistling teapot through the whistle. (*After audience reaction*) It gets worse! - - So being very cautious and diplomatic, I showed her how to pull the trigger to make the flap with the whistle go up revealing the large opening. She looked at me with her beautiful brown eyes and said, “no wonder it took me so long to fill it.” I guess I was lucky that she didn’t take the tea out of the tea bag. Oh!—we were a pair. We owned a hardware store. My wife cut all the new keys for our customers. When she cut a key it worked. No returns. We worked six or seven days a week. We made a decent living, raised three children. The two boys now live out in the southwest. One is in the oil business. The other is in the space business - - NASA. I don’t see them very often. Then later - - much later - - much, much later we had a daughter. Ooops! I wouldn’t have wanted it to be any other way. As they say, it kept us young. My daughter’s name is Elizabeth. She is a wonderful daughter. You couldn’t have a better daughter. I just love her so much! (*Laughing*) Don’t call her Liz, Beth, Betty or anything else, If you call her Liz, she will tell you, “it’s E-LIZ-A-BETH!!” She stops by to see me a couple times a week *to check on me?* (*Nodding head “no”*) It was only a couple of years ago when I was changing her

diapers and now she is checking on me. (*Pensive*) I guess you can see I'm living here alone. My wife passed away several years ago. I miss her! Everyday I miss her. I loved her so much! Today Elizabeth will probably show up. She thinks I should be doing more active things. Whatever, that means. Just let me be. I'm happy doing nothing. (*Laughing*) She is always complaining about the food I eat and the clothes I wear. She says I wear this same old sweater all the time - - well, I liked it when I bought it five years ago and I still like it. Five years isn't too old for a sweater! So I wear it. I don't tell her what to wear! She says, that I should have more interests - - I should be more active. Elizabeth enrolled me into a pottery class. Me! - in a pottery class! The instructor came to me the first day and told me it would be nice if I made a coffee mug and paint my name on it. I told her, "I live alone, am I going to use someone else's mug?" (*After audience reaction*) See. You see the humor in it. It was a joke. She didn't see it that way. She didn't appreciate my joking the second or third day. The fourth day she came to me and said that I wasn't a good fit for her class. So that was the end of pottery class! (*Freddy puts his two thumbs up. Looking troubled, takes a big deep breath*) You know life is funny. Sometimes we are our own worse enemy. Sometimes we hurt the one's we love most. What is really troubling me now is that, I made a decision a couple days ago - - a big decision. A big bad decision. Have you ever made a big bad decision that you wanted to retract if only you could? Well, I made a decision, so now I guess I will have to live with it, just because of my daughter. (*Looking at his watch*) Do you know, that if you live in the tropics, due to the heat a siesta at this time of day is normal. Well, it's pretty hot today and I'm going to take my siesta. I take a siesta because Elizabeth doesn't like me to be napping all the time. (*Hesitating, then deciding to tell the story*) Do you know what I

do? I look for Elizabeth to come up the walk, (*Freddy sits down*) then I sit down on the chair - - open my mouth wide and close my eyes. (*Sits, opens mouth, closes eyes and says*) It makes her go bonkers!

Lights go off on stage right. Lights up center stage. Elizabeth enters.

ACT ONE, SCENE 2

Center stage lights up on Elizabeth. She does not have the best posture. She is looking through her pockets for something she misplaced.

ELIZABETH: I must be going bonkers, I must have left it at home.

My name is E-liz-a-beth I work as receptionist for the local doctor since my husband passed away. It's a good job and I like it very much. There was a time that, I was going to leave this area, but when Dad was left alone I decided to stay close to him. He needs me. Mom and Dad were wonderful parents. They owned a hardware store, a little country store. Dad hated it when anyone called it a (*Making quotation marks with fingers*) "mom and pop" operation. They did everything - - inventory, receiving, advertising, sales, and floor sweeping. If there was a problem, they couldn't call a home office for advice. Our home office was the office in our home. Mom and dad had to solve all the problems. One thing that Dad couldn't do was cut keys - - they never worked. Mom cut all the keys. Mom always enjoyed telling people she was the "key person in their business." Dad would always fake a laugh. If he would have taken his time, I'm sure he could cut key too. He's too HYPER. Dad doesn't say too much about it, but Mom played a major roll. Dad likes to tell the story about his name, Freddy.

What he doesn't say is, that sometimes he'll say something a little off color. That's when Mom yelled Freddy! He still tries to - oh - we won't go into that. Dad really misses Mom. When he thinks about her now he gets melancholy, he starts doing a crossword puzzle. Oh!—by the way, don't get caught by one of Dad's old jokes. When doing a puzzle and there is someone new around, he tells a joke about a parakeet's cage. That's not part of the puzzle. Mom thought she stopped him from saying it, but he continued, just not in front of her. Dad doesn't have any outside interests. I enrolled him into a pottery class. He is the only person I know of that was kicked out of the senior citizens introduction to pottery class at the community center. I think there is more to that story than he is willing to say. I think dad was disappointed that none of us children took over the store. My one brother is a dispatcher for an oil company and the other works for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. He takes tourists around the center. They both live in Texas, not too far from each other. There were tears in mom and pops eyes, when they decided to give up the business and the merchandise was sold at auction. You can rent videos in the building now. I'm going to go see my dad this afternoon. I guess, I just have to realize that he is getting older. He just sits there no interests at all. Every time I go there, he's sleeping away with his mouth wide open. It takes all my energy I can muster to be bubbly and energetic when I go to see him just to put life into him. He has been wearing the same old sweater every day. He bought that sweater 20 years ago. I know it was twenty years ago, because he got it at the same time he bought his new convertible car. My luck may finally be changing. Last month, I met a new male friend, Stanley. A very nice person, but it appears he has more culture than I have. So I have to be on my guard all the time. He took me to the symphony, I did enjoy it. Next month he

wants to go to the opera. I've never been at an opera. I'll just take one thing at a time. His mother is still living. She has her own apartment. Stanley is concerned about her being alone. He has a lonely mother and I have a lonely father. *(Hammy)* Oh! An idea! Well you don't have to be an Einstein. Stanley and I got our parents to make a big decision. To go out on a blind date together.

Lights off center stage.

ACT ONE, SCENE 3

Lights on stage right, Dolly Love. The apartment is a little gaudy and needs a little pick-up, with pin-up pictures of a young Dolly. "Red Hat Society" clothes hang on the hat rack.

DOLLY: *(In old clothes and a once-good tattered boa around her neck. She struts like a has-been TV star)* A blind date together! Oh! Hello, my dears, my name is Dolly. Dolly Love - of course you remember me. Laura, from the soap "Another Day." Sure you remember me. Back in those days we did the shows live. Video tape hadn't been invented. Each day we had new lines to memorize. We went live. We were real actors then. Oh darlings you remember, I was the young beauty on the show, you remember. I had 15 boyfriends during my gig on the soap. Acting has always been a big part of my life. I'm sure you remember, I was nominated 2 times for Emmys. During my acting days I did get married - - to Clark, the actor. It didn't last long - he ran off. You know men! But we had a great son, Stanley. *(Looks around at the clutter)* I must apologize for the way my apartment looks. It's the maid's day off. Stanley works at a bank. He's hoping to become a vice president one day. I keep telling him why not

president. He visits me at least once a week. He thinks I should be doing more. I should have more excitement in my life. He has a lady friend now, someone called Elizabeth. I was told you don't call her Liz - - it has to be E-liz-a-beth. My golly! Who does she think she is? She has him going to the symphony and Opera. My Stanley! I don't believe it. My Stanley going to the opera! Stanley had friends - - female friends. They just didn't work out. My Stanley is special. He needs a good girl. He has high standards. Stanley will probably not ever get married. Evidently this Elizabeth's father is still alive and she wants me to meet him. You know, take me out on a date. But, you know we actors have to be careful. You know men! Of course, I said "NO!" A woman can't be too cautious. But Stanley pleaded with me, so I said, "Yes." If you will excuse me, I received several scripts last week and I must read them and see if I would choose to do one of the plays. Most of the plays I receive have parts for old grandmother types, really! I won't do that type of role. What would I be getting my self into.

Dolly sits down and picks up a shop-worn script, brushes years of dust off it, and begins to read it. Lights go off.

ACT ONE, SCENE 4

Stanley comes into the park. He is dressed in a tight suit and wears glasses. He is a little nerdy.

STANLEY: What am I getting myself into? *(Holding his head)* I have had a simple life, up until a few months ago. *(Pulling both hands down along side of face)* Then I went to my doctor and there I met her, Elizabeth. *(Starry-eyed like a love-struck teenager)* Her friendly beautiful face, her eyes, her smile.

(Pauses, sees audience, talks to them) I'm Stanley, I'm waiting for my girl, ah, my friend Elizabeth. We are going to have a high level meeting. See, Elizabeth came up with the idea to set up a blind date with our parents - - her father and my mother. I think we should have stayed out of things. You don't know my mother. *(Laughing)* You don't want to know my mother. See my mother was an actor and you know actors, need I say more. Back when TV was in its infancy, my mother was on this soap opera "Another Day." She played the town - - how can I say it nicely - - ah - - the town sweetheart. The show only lasted seven years. Mother's career faded as fast as it started. She tells everyone that she had been nominated two times for an Emmy. No one else has ever heard of this and I don't have any proof that it even happened. Knowing mother, if this occurred, it would be in one of her many scrapbooks. But, if it makes her feel good - so be it. She spent most of her life working in the hardware department of a store. She tells me, her most important role was being my mother. She was a good mother! Mother always wanted the best for me and for me to make it in the business world. She wanted me to be an executive in a "Mega Corporation." She was a single parent after my dad ran off. They were later divorced. My father was an actor too. He never really made it in acting. My understanding about the break-up was that, dad couldn't cope with the role my mother was playing on TV. He really loved her, but, some people can have a hard time separating the role from reality. It's a shame they never got back together. But they didn't. Now, mother doesn't like men *(Stuttering)* I - - I mean she doesn't trust men. I can't believe she is going along with this date thing. OH! If she tells you her name is Dolly Love, that's not true, she picked it as her professional name. Her God given name is - - *(Looks around suddenly)* I thought that was Elizabeth. Mother doesn't have

any real interests now. She joined the Red Hat Society - bought the dress, hat and all, but, has not attended one single meeting. Of course, Elizabeth is not my first friend. I thought because of my age, you might had thought girls don't like me. I had three friends just in the past two years. There was Judy - she bagged food at the grocery store. Everything was going great, until she met my mother. I guess my mother didn't care for her. She kept referring to her as the bag lady right in front of her! Then there was Betty, She was a model, not big time, just at the local department store. I think she was too much competition for my mother. It just didn't work out. Then there was Rosie. Everything wasn't "Rosie" with Mother. Need I say more? And now I met Elizabeth. Elizabeth should soon be here. She's a wonderful person. I'm afraid she's a little out of my class. *(In disbelief)* She has me going to the opera. I have to watch how I stand, how I talk, how I eat - - I have to watch everything. But, I love her! Maybe I can talk her out of going to the opera. *(As Elizabeth enters, both see each other and both take on a posture of actors in an old English parlor drama. Their guarded words and manners are evident to the audience)*

ELIZABETH: *(Running on stage)* Oh, Stannnly, I'm sorry I'm a few minutes late. You know working for a doctor, your time's not your own.

STANLEY: I just got here. You look dashing. You look wonderful as always. *(Stanley attempts to go to Elizabeth out stretching his arms. But, Elizabeth, not seeing him, turns to sit down on park bench)* My mother is so looking forward to meeting your father and attending the dance - I mean the gala with him.

ELIZABETH: My father can't keep from talking about it. He talks about it all the time. He is so anxious to meet your mother. Stanley, I can't wait to meet your mother, too.

STANLEY: Oh! Oh, yes, meet my mother, of course. *(A sickening*

look comes across his face)

Lights fade off

ACT ONE, SCENE 5

Freddy's apartment, late Saturday afternoon, the day of the dance. Freddy is preoccupied with a project and he is dressed for the dance. Lights up on stage right.

FREDDY: Of course, I have to go to this dance with a woman I don't even know because my daughter says I must. I just want to sit here in my apartment. And do nothing.

ELIZABETH: *(Elizabeth comes in and looks surprised)* Dad, I finally came here when you are not asleep in your chair.

FREDDY: *(Looking at audience)* Oh, horse manure! *(Looking at Elizabeth)* I was thinking about what I was going to wear to the dance tonight. *(Taking an old sweater off the hat rack)* I'll wear my sweater.

ELIZABETH: *(Shaking her head at Fred and grabbing the sweater and hanging it up)* DAD! You're not wearing that, are you? It doesn't match. And it is not a dance. It is a gala.

FREDDY: Elizabeth, do you know the difference between a dance and a gala? Two hundred dollars a couple. George Burns, 1962.

ELIZABETH: Now Dad, I told you Stanley and his mother are uppity ups. No elbows on the table - - use only one hand to eat. Be careful what you say.

FREDDY: I have that all worked out. I'm going to have to hold my cheeks together when I talk. I will sound more dignified.

ELIZABETH: *(Elizabeth smiling and holding her cheeks attempts to talk)* Like this, Father? - - "Oh, how do you do?"

FREDDY: *(Looking at audience)* Elizabeth, I didn't mean those

cheeks. *(Freddy walks like a wooden soldier)* Oh, how do you do? It's a very nice day today, isn't it?

ELIZABETH: Freddy!! *(Imitating her mom)*

FREDDY: *(Looking up to heaven)* Mildred, did you say something? I'm sorry Mildred. Liz - ah - Elizabeth what would your mother think about me going to this affair with another woman. Let's call it off. I can't dance. My bones hurt too much. I can't hear. My legs won't let me stand long. I don't even know this woman. I don't want to meet another woman!

ELIZABETH: Father relax. Take a few ibuprofen and everything will be fine. Sit down. Take a deep breath. *(Elizabeth and Freddy freeze)*

ACT ONE, SCENE 6

Lights on stage right. Stanley is trying to button the back of his mother's party dress, but the dress is a little too small.

DOLLY: I'm taking a deep breath. Now button them.

STANLEY: Mother, this dress doesn't fit you.

DOLLY: Yes it does, I just have to wiggle a little.

STANLEY: Mother, are you wearing some figure enhancing gadget? This dress is very tight.

DOLLY: Stanley, my body is retaining water, that's all. *(As Stanley looks away, Dolly hides something under a pillow on the chair)* Stanley, try it one more time. This time I will inhale more. *(Stanley is surprised that this time the job is accomplished)* Stanley do you think I should take the pill?

STANLEY: Mother!

DOLLY: Stanley. At my age, the pill is ibuprofen! I don't see how I can go through with all of this with all my aching muscles. I hope there are no stairs that I have to go up. How tall is this Frank?

STANLEY: Now Mother stop that. You know his name is Fred.

DOLLY: He is probably not very interesting. I don't even know what his last name is. What's his last name, Stanley?

STANLEY: It's, ah, it's - - I don't know.

DOLLY: You don't know your lady friend's last name.

STANLEY: Yes, I know what her last name is, but, that's her married name.

DOLLY: Married!!

STANLEY: Oh, I guess I hadn't told you that.

DOLLY: She's married now, is she?

STANLEY: Oh no! Her husband passed away a long time ago.

DOLLY: What else haven't you told me.

STANLEY: Nothing else Mother. She is a very nice lady. I do hope that you two will get along.

DOLLY: Your choice of friends is totally up to you. I'm not the type of mother that would interfere. Never let it be said that I, would try to control my son's life.

STANLEY: Mother, I love you. But, you don't have to be so dramatic. This isn't one of your soaps. Mother I am very interested in Elizabeth. So please Mother - - (*Dolly interrupting*)

DOLLY: I never knew you felt this way. I think I will go lay down. I feel a little nauseated.

STANLEY: Mother, I'm not going to let you do this to me again, Mother! I, I love - - I love Elizabeth.

Lights off stage left; lights up stage right.

ACT ONE, SCENE 7

Freddy's apartment.

ELIZABETH: I love Stanley, Father. I hope that everything goes

all right. Father, I know that you will like him - he's sweet and very loving. And I am so lonely.

FREDDY: Elizabeth my darling, I hope everything works out for you and Stanley. If you like him, I like him. Elizabeth, do I still have to go to this dance.

ELIZABETH: Father, everything will be okay. Now, I want to call Stanley on his cell phone at his mother's.

FREDDY: Oh, one of those 'can-you-hear-me-now' phones? Why do you young people use them? They are so expensive.

Elizabeth dials her cell phone. Stanley's phone rings. Lights up stage right.

STANLEY: Hello - - hello - - hello,

ELIZABETH: Hello? Stanley, hello?

STANLEY: Hello, hello - -

ELIZABETH: Hello Stanley, hello Stanley - - this is Elizabeth.

STANLEY: Hello? Hello Elizabeth, can you hear me now.

ELIZABETH: *(Getting louder)* Yes!

STANLEY: Elizabeth can you hear me now?

ELIZABETH: Yes. Yes!

STANLEY: Can you hear me now, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH: Yes, I can hear you now!

FREDDY: *(Knowingly looks at audience)* See! I told you so! I'm not going to the dance. Tell Stanley my legs hurt. My arm aches. My tongue is swollen - and I'm going blind.

STANLEY: What is your father saying?

ELIZABETH: He is saying he's looking forward to tonight.

FREDDY: That's not what I said.

ELIZABETH: *(Motioning to Freddy to keep quite)*

DOLLY: Tell Elizabeth I'm sick and I'm going to bed...forever! A mother shouldn't have to go through what I went through today. My own son is going against me. Tell her I'm on my death bed.

ELIZABETH: Stanley, what did your mother say?

STANLEY: She said she couldn't wait to meet your dad.

DOLLY: Ask her what her father's last name is so you can invite him to my funeral.

FREDDY: Tell him I have to go to the hospital for two weeks.
STARTING RIGHT NOW!

ELIZABETH: Is everything okay for tonight?

STANLEY: Just fine.

DOLLY: Tell them they canceled the dance.

FREDDY: I'm going to a dance with a woman and I don't even know her name. What is her name?

ELIZABETH: *(Very loud)* It's Dolly Love.

FREDDY AND DOLLY: I'M NOT GOING AND THAT'S IT!!!!

Lights off stage left.

ACT ONE, SCENE 8

Seconds later. Freddy's apartment.

ELIZABETH: Now Dad, relax. Everything will be fine, you will see.

FREDDY: What is a two letter word that starts with the letter "N" and ends in "O," which means never in a million years! I'm definitely not going - - NO WAY!

ELIZABETH: Now it will not be as bad as you think. You'll enjoy yourself, I know it.

FREDDY: Why is it that everyone else knows something that I don't? No one can possibly know if I will enjoy myself tonight.

Elizabeth, you are right. It is true I will enjoy myself tonight. I'm going to take my crossword puzzle and go to bed. Good night. Lock the door as you leave!

Freddy starts to leave, Elizabeth grabs him.

ELIZABETH: Now Dad, tell me what your problem is. I have never seen you act like this before. Let's sit down and talk about this. *(Freddy doesn't sit down)* Dad, for your daughter Elizabeth. Please?

FREDDY: *(Freddy gives up and sits down on the edge of the chair, so he can make a quick get away)* Okay Elizabeth, I'm sitting.

ELIZABETH: *(Massaging his shoulders)* Dad, tell me. Why are you so upset? Let's just talk about it. Relax and just tell me.

FREDDY: Oh, that feels good. Keep doing it. I'm relaxed. Okay! I'm taking it nice and easy. Okay! I - am - not - going. Is - that - clear. I am not - going. Good night! *(Freddy starts to leave in a hurry)* Turn the lights off.

ELIZABETH: Dad you have a choice, either you go to the dance or - - or I'll - I'll, ah, I'll shoot you. Well?

FREDDY: I'm thinking, I'm thinking. Jack Benny 1948 - - I had to wait nearly 60 years to use that punch line.

ELIZABETH: Dad, you are afraid of women!

FREDDY: I'm not afraid of women. I, ah, ah, I, ah I like to know who I will be with. What if she is like that mysterious old lady in the park that doesn't want anything to do with people. She hides in a remote part of the park doesn't look at anyone or talk to anyone. She just feeds the birds *(Bends over as he imitates the lady)* here birdie birdie birdie, and doesn't talk to anyone. What if it's a person that looks like my fourth grade teacher? She was mean. Did you ever think that if you married a teacher you would live in a house of correction for

the rest of your life?

ELIZABETH: Dad, I'm sure Stanley's mother is a wonderful person. And, Dad, it's only for a couple hours.

FREDDY: She is probably fuzzy. Elizabeth, what would your mother think of me? I loved your mother. We were a real pair. We meant so much to each other.

ELIZABETH: Dad, you're just going to accompany a lady to a dance, that's all. Tomorrow everything will be back to normal.

FREDDY: Horse manure!

ELIZABETH: Dad, now stop using that word!

FREDDY: Horse manure! Horse manure! Horse manure!

ELIZABETH: Stop saying that!

FREDDY: I can't. Do you know it took your mother twenty years to get me to use "manure."

ELIZABETH: I know Bess Truman about President Truman - 1947.

FREDDY: 1948, and besides you can't teach an old dog new tricks. I'm still not going! Besides, I can't dance. Your mother and I faked it. We just moved our feet to the music. Besides, your mother led. I didn't like that.

ELIZABETH: Dad, that's what dancing is: moving your feet in time to music. See! You do know how to dance.

FREDDY: Horse manure!

ELIZABETH: Come on Dad, stand up. I'm going to teach you to dance: 1-2-3-4-5-6 (*Etc.*)

FREDDY: (*After dancing several seconds*) Stop! Stop I have a cramp in my leg. (*Freddy breaks away from her and sits down*) And besides, you were leading.

Lights off stage right.

ACT ONE, SCENE 9

Lights up stage right. Dolly's apartment. Stanley is refreshing his mother's dancing.

STANLEY: Mother you're leading again. 1-2-3-1-2-3, men don't like ladies that try to lead.

DOLLY: Why would I care if a man likes it or not. I don't like men and I don't trust them. If anybody should know that, you should, Stanley.

STANLEY: Mother you never really told me about my father. I don't remember ever seeing him. He never held me or said he loved me. I never had a father, a true father.

DOLLY: *(Dolly drops her facade and starts to speak honestly.)* Stanley, he was just thinking of himself.

STANLEY: Mother, are you being dramatic. You're not in a soap now.

DOLLY: Stanley, always think well of your father. We were very young. Looking back now, I guess we both were only thinking of ourselves. He was handsome, he was kind, he was - - Stanley, no man is ever going to do that to me again!

STANLEY: Where is my father now?

DOLLY: Years ago, the last time I heard about him, he was in Rhode Island running a summer theatre and teaching acting in one of the local colleges. Funny, he married the local librarian. Their marriage lasted.

STANLEY: Mother, you did love, didn't you?

DOLLY: *(Going back to her normal self)* Men can't be trusted.

STANLEY: Mother, what town is father living in?

DOLLY: Men just think of themselves. And us women - -

STANLEY: Mother, which town?

DOLLY: I'm not going to the dance. I have some scripts I have to look at. You know if I don't get back to them I could miss out

on a part.

STANLEY: Mother, now stop that. I never talked to you this way, but those script are old - - they been on that table for years. Now mother you are going to the dance, and that's final.

DOLLY: Stanley!

STANLEY: *(Trying to smooth things over)* Mother...Mother, I'm hyperventilating. *(Stanley breaths heavily)*

DOLLY: Stanley, you are hyperventilating. Get your bag out and breathe into it. Now go out for your walk and relax. Everything will be alright. *(Addressing audience)* Stanley never really knew his father. *(Stanley leaves with bag against his mouth and nose breathing heavily. Dolly starts thinking and picks up an old picture of Clark she had hidden and brushes the dust off it)* Clark. Clark. *(To Audience)* Stanley's father should have been here for him. I know that. I tried. God knows I tried. Stanley is a good boy. He has good values. I made sure of that. It's hard for a mother to be both a mother and father. But, you just do it. What more could I have done? Stanley doesn't understand. How could he understand? At first, I thought it would be better for his father to stay away. I see now, I was probably wrong. Clark and I were very young. Filled with our own selves. When he left, he didn't have to say Goodbye. We had been growing apart. Clark is an excellent actor. But then again, there were hundreds of handsome young men going for the same roles. Luck is a big part of a success in this profession. He decided to go back to school and at some point teach acting at a college. The baby was born. I was out of work for months. Financially, his job as a waiter became more important. He could have said goodbye.

She holds the picture close to her chest, looks at it from time to time.

DOLLY: *(Continued)* I couldn't hold him back. It would not have been right. To be honest, I guess I always knew he would leave. He had dreams he held inside that became very important to him. There were goals he had to pursue. A part of him would die if he would have stayed. In love you take a chance and you enjoy it while you can. Now, I'm better off alone, than to live with the thought that I held him back. Why? Because I loved him with all my heart and soul. I love him even now. Today, if I could look him in the eye, I would have to ask him, why he didn't even say goodbye. He couldn't even say goodbye.

She puts the picture away, blows her nose and talks to the audience.

DOLLY: *(Continued)* I'm not going to that dance. It's not me. *(She gets a good idea. She gets a boa and red hat off the rack, turns toward the audience, and swings her hips, etc.)* Oh! Laura would love to go. My soap character would love to go.

*Lights out. **END ACT ONE.***

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from THE PILL: IBUPROFEN by James A. Munro and Jamie A. Munro. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

Heuer Publishing LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-800-950-7529 • Fax (319) 368-8011

HITPLAYS.COM