



Eugene Shear

Norman Maine Publishing

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The Matchmakers

3

*To  
Players Ring,  
Portsmouth, NH*

The Matchmakers

4

The Matchmakers was first produced by Players Ring, Portsmouth, NH, on Jan. 2, 2009: Tim Robinson, director.

**OCTOBER:** Carol Davenport

**MAY:** Constance Witman

**APRIL:** Katherine Horrigan

**TEX:** Thorpe Feidt

**ANDY:** Stan Zabecki

**TOM:** Norm Smith

## The Matchmakers

**ROMANTIC COMEDY.** Three single brothers—a firefighter, a mailman, and an accountant who carries around his dead wife’s ashes—arrive at a time-share for a relaxing weekend getaway and think they are in luck when they meet three single sisters staying in an adjacent time-share. The sisters include a no-nonsense bounty hunter, a cheerful nurse, and a Broadway costume designer and former actress who, when under stress, thinks she’s Cleopatra, Ophelia, or Blanche DuBois from “A Streetcar Named Desire.” Twists and turns abound as the brothers and sisters conspire to play matchmaker for each other by any means necessary even if it involves feigning infatuation or trying to make each other jealous. The drama never ends in this hilarious romantic comedy!

**Performance Time:** Approximately 90-120 minutes.

## Characters

(3 M, 3 F)

**OCTOBER DELACROIX:** No-nonsense bounty hunter; eldest Delacroix sister; never married; wears slacks and a shirt.

**MAY DELACROIX:** Broadway costume designer and former actress who, when under stress, thinks she's Cleopatra, Ophelia, or Blanche DuBois from "A Streetcar Named Desire"; middle Delacroix sister; recently separated from her husband; wears a leopard-skin dress.

**APRIL DELACROIX:** Cheerful nurse; youngest Delacroix sister; divorced; wears a nurse's uniform.

**TEX MILLER:** Oil well firefighter; eldest Miller brother; never married; wears cowboy boots, blue jeans, and a cotton shirt.

**TOM MILLER:** Mailman; middle Miller brother; recently divorced; wears slacks and a short-sleeved shirt.

**ANDY MILLER:** Neurotic, perfectionist, clean freak accountant; youngest Miller brother; widower who carries his dead wife's ashes with him wherever he goes; wears all-black clothing and dark sunglasses.

## Setting

Southern Connecticut, May. The living room and kitchen of a time-share.

## Set

**Time-share living room and kitchen.** The set is the same for the brothers' and sisters' time-shares except that there is a Jackson Pollock and an Andy Warhol print to designate the brothers' time-share and two impressionist prints to signify the sisters' time-share. On the SR wall are a counter, kitchen cabinets, and a refrigerator. A kitchen island runs parallel, midway between the front of the stage and the back wall. There is a microwave, toaster, and coffee press on the island. A dining room table with six chairs sits DSL. A sofa, end table, and armchair are USL. A DSR door leads to a hall. There are three doors on the wall SL: the upstage door leads to a bedroom, the middle door leads to a bathroom, and the downstage door leads to the second bedroom.

## Synopsis of Scenes

### **ACT I**

**Scene 1:** Miller brothers' time-share, Friday evening.

**Scene 2:** Delacroix sisters' time-share, a bit later.

**Scene 3:** Miller brothers' time-share, a half hour later.

**Scene 4:** Delacroix sisters' time-share, a few minutes before.

**Scene 5:** Miller brothers' time-share, late Saturday morning.

### **Intermission**

### **ACT II**

**Scene 1:** Delacroix sisters' time-share, Saturday evening.

**Scene 2:** Miller brothers' time-share, late Sunday morning.

**Scene 3:** Delacroix sisters' time-share, late Sunday afternoon.

## Props

1 Jackson Pollock print	6 Plates
1 Andy Warhol soup can print	Silverware
2 Impressionist prints	6 Coffee cups
Microwave	Coffee carafe
Toaster	Platter with 12 muffins
French Coffee press	Butter dish
6 Suitcases	Orange juice
Suit bag	Cream pitcher
Paper shopping bag	Sugar bowl
Boom box	Piece of whittled wood
Bottle of tequila	Lace doily
2 Pillows	Yardstick
Dark sunglasses, for Andy	Vase filled with flowers
Bottles of water	Pretty dress, for April
Small urn	Attractive pantsuit, for October
2 Water glasses	Red dress, for May
Large kitchen knife	Handgun
Quarter	Shoulder holster
Time-share packet	Napkins
Wedding ring, for May	Wallet
Small hand-held electronic device (or iPod)	6 Cell phones
Paper towels	Bottle of beer
Red dress, for May	5 Glasses of wine
Alcohol swab	Hawaiian shirt, for Andy
Band-Aid	Attractive pantsuit, for May
Piece of paper	Small paper bag
Pen	Ashes
Bathrobe, for May	Purse
Dress pants, dress shirt, and sports coat, for Andy	Pitcher of mimosas
	Loaf of banana bread
	Magazine

Bottle of wine	Jar of peanut butter
Suit coat or jacket, for May	Spoon
2 boutonnieres	Bar of soap carved in the
Large shopping bag	shape of an oil well
CD	

## Sound Effects

Toilet flushing	Bathtub filling with water
Classic heavy metal song	New age music
Ring tone, for April's cell phone	Gunshot
Ring tone, for May's cell phone	Classic rock-n-roll song
	Motown type ballad

“It says here  
we share half  
of our DNA  
with bananas.”

—Tom

# Act I

## Scene 1

*(AT RISE: Friday evening, inside the Miller brothers' time-share. Tex enters DSR, dressed in cowboy boots, blue jeans, and a cotton shirt. He is carrying a suitcase and a paper shopping bag. Tom enters, wearing slacks and a short-sleeved shirt. He's carrying a suitcase and boom box.)*

TOM: I don't care what they say about funeral directors. George is a mensch, lending us his time-share for the weekend. It's so close!

*(Tex puts the shopping bag on the counter.)*

TEX: He didn't think Andy should travel in the state he's in.

TOM: He does miss Priscilla something awful.

*(Tex goes to the door DSL and peers in.)*

TEX: She was sweet. Remember when [Dr. Phil] called and asked her and Andy to be on his show? Priscilla thought she'd died and gone to heaven! When she really did— *[Or insert the name of another suitable TV talk-show host.]*

TOM: Shaking [Dr. Phil's] hand was too much for her. Andy said she dropped like a stone. She wasn't smitten, she was smote! *(Reflecting.)* I'm amazed Andy agreed to go on ["Dr. Phil."]

TEX: Priscilla told him she'd leave if he didn't.

*(Tom takes a bottle of tequila out of the bag.)*

TOM: You don't think he wore her out, do you? Before she had the big one?

*(Tex opens the door USL and looks in.)*

TEX: Heart trouble runs in her family. He's a piece of work, though.

*(Andy enters DSR, pulling a large suitcase with two pillows stuffed under his arm. He's dressed in black and is wearing sunglasses. He walks heavily to the sofa and then collapses onto it.)*

TOM: *(To Andy.)* You want some water?

*(Andy nods yes. Tom takes a bottle of water out of the bag and gives it to him. Andy takes a swig and then looks up at Tex and Tom.)*

ANDY: *(Melodramatically.)* It's over.

TOM: Your mourning?

ANDY: My life.

TOM: Your life's not over.

ANDY: *(Looks at his watch.)* Nine hours, 14 minutes to go.

TEX: Until what?

ANDY: The anniversary... *(Tex and Tom look at him blankly.)*  
...of the handshake. *(He stares into the distance, then comes back to himself. He unzips the suitcase, takes out a small urn, and places it on the end table. Stares at the urn.)* That's all she left.

*(Tom walks over, picks up the urn, and flips it in the air.)*

TOM: *(Weighing urn with hand.)* Is that it? My ex-wife's poodle's ashes weighed more than that.

*(Andy snatches the urn back.)*

ANDY: It's her traveling urn!

TOM: How many are there?

ANDY: Three. There's one at home and another at work.

TEX: I'm surprised you don't have one in your glove compartment.

*(Pause.)*

ANDY: *(Guiltily.)* I put Priscilla through a lot. Some people say I'm a... *(Looks at Tex.)* ..."piece of work."

*(Tex walks back into the kitchen and unscrews the cap from the bottle of tequila.)*

TEX: Mom said we were all a piece of work.

ANDY: Mom's gone, too! *(Crying, he buries his face in his hands.)*

TEX: And Dad! *(Takes two glasses from a cabinet and pours two shots of tequila. To Tom.)* I miss them. They were a pair!

TOM: Who else sang opera while they walked the cat?

TEX: Or ate cucumber sandwiches watching the Super Bowl?

TOM: *(Raising his glass.)* To Mom and Dad!

TEX: *(Clinking Tex's glass.)* May we be worthy of your name! *(He belts down his drink and smacks his lips.)* Ahh! *(To Andy.)* C'mon, Andy. Have a shot!

ANDY: *(Keeping his face covered, grumbles.)* I'd rather be shot.

*(Tom goes over to Andy and puts his hand on his shoulder.)*

TOM: You'd feel better if you took off your sunglasses. *(When Andy doesn't respond, Tom looks at Tex. Tex mimes taking off a pair of glasses. Tom bends down, putting his hands on the ear pieces of Andy's sunglasses.)* Why don't you let me help—?

*(Andy shrinks back, clutching his sunglasses.)*

ANDY: They prevent cataracts.

TOM: We're indoors.

ANDY: There's bad light indoors! *(Recovers and takes a deep breath. To Tom.)* What about your divorce? This weekend's supposed to be for both of us.

*(Tom walks over to the Jackson Pollock splatter print.)*

TOM: It's over, thank God!

TEX: Are you dating?

*(Tom takes the print off the wall, examines it, and then turns it upside down and looks at it.)*

TOM: Kathy and I met on the rebound. I don't want to do that again.

ANDY: We had a bet—how long before she left.

TOM: Who won?

ANDY: *(Gloomily.)* Tex. *(To Tex.)* I wish you hadn't changed your name. What was wrong with Ted?

TEX: Tex is good for business.

*(Tom puts the print back on the wall.)*

TOM: *(To Andy.)* He could have changed it to Rex.

ANDY: *(Ignoring Tom's attempt at humor. To Tex.)* You were smart not to marry.

TEX: I've never had a girlfriend who was comfortable with what I do. *(To Tom.)* What did you bring for music?

*(Tom takes the Warhol soup can print off the wall.)*

TOM: New stuff. You?

TEX: Fifties, 60s, and 70s. *(They look at Andy, who is staring at the far wall.)* Andy?

ANDY: What? I was going to bring Stephen Foster, but it doesn't matter now.

TEX: Stephen Foster?

ANDY: He was a great songwriter! He wrote "I Dream of Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair." He composed it for his wife, but she ended up leaving him anyway. *(Notices Tom peering at the Warhol print. To Tom, irritated.)* You've seen a can of soup before, haven't you?

*(Tom puts the print back on the wall and gazes at it.)*

TOM: What a concept! *(Notices Andy's empty bottle.)* You want another one?

ANDY: I'll get it. *(Walks to the counter, takes a bottle of water out of the bag, and stops. Stares at the countertop.)*

TEX: What?

ANDY: Dust! *(Wipes his index finger on the surface.)* Millions of motes invading our lungs!

TEX: Relax. George uses formaldehyde.

ANDY: Really?

*(Tex gives him a look, but Andy is too busy inspecting the dust on his finger to notice.)*

TOM: What's the bed situation?

TEX: The room on the left has two twins. The right has a queen.

*(Andy puts his head at eye level with the counter and looks down its length.)*

ANDY: How are the mattresses?

TEX: Try them yourself, Goldilocks.

TOM: We'll check. You know how he likes them.

TEX: Not too hard...

TOM: Comfy...

TEX: But not too soft.

*(Tom and Tex exit USL. Andy abruptly straightens up. He opens a drawer on the SR side of the island, hunts through it, and closes it. As he opens a second drawer, Tom and Tex enter USL, and he quickly closes the drawer.)*

TOM: You're in luck. The left one is *just* right.

ANDY: *(Innocently.)* Could you check the queen?

*(Tom and Tex give Andy a look and exit DSL. Andy hurriedly opens the drawer again and takes out a large kitchen knife with his left hand. He examines the blade and gingerly runs its edge on his right wrist. He grimaces, sets the knife on the countertop, and massages his wrist. Tex and Tom enter.)*

TEX: *(To Andy.)* Not up to your standards, I'm afraid.  
*(Notices Andy rubbing his forearm and the knife on the counter.)*  
What are you doing?

*(Andy quickly puts the knife back in the drawer.)*

ANDY: Seeing if it's sharp.

TEX: You test a knife with your *finger*.

ANDY: Right. *(He picks up the pillows and urn and goes USL, pulling the suitcase behind him.)* So the left one's mine? Who wants to share a room? *(Tex and Tom look at each other. Tex reaches into his pocket, takes out a quarter, and puts it on his thumb.)* Hey!

TEX: I thought you'd never ask.

*(Andy exits. Tom and Tex exchange worried looks.)*

TOM: Is he all right?

TEX: I don't know. Remember when Mom died? At the funeral home?

TOM: When he threw himself into the casket? It took three of George's men to pull him out. They had to use a two-by-four!

TEX: He needs a woman. You know any?

*(Tom picks up his suitcase and walks toward the DSL door.)*

TOM: None that would take him on. I can think of someone for you.

TEX: I'm set. You?

TOM: Same here. *(They stare at each other for a moment.)*  
Maybe he'd feel better if I put on some music.

*(Tex exits USL and spies the boom box.)*

TEX: *(Indicating boom box.)* Is that new?

TOM: Wait until you hear the volume.

TEX: What about the neighbors?

TOM: George says the woman next door's deaf. The unit across the hall's never occupied.

*(They exit. Blackout.)*

## Scene 2

*(AT RISE: Delacroix sisters' time-share. Note: Same set as the brothers' time-share but there are two impressionist prints hanging on the walls. October enters DSR, followed by April and May. Each is pulling a suitcase on wheels; May is carrying a suit bag as well. October is dressed in slacks and a shirt, April is wearing a nurse's uniform, and May is dressed in a leopard-skin dress.)*

MAY: *(Distraught.)* I can't believe Roger waited until now to tell me!

APRIL: And on our drive up. On your cell phone.

OCTOBER: Maybe he thought you'd take it better if you weren't alone.

*(May sits down at the table.)*

MAY: If he were leaving me for a younger woman, I might understand. But an older man! *(She lays her head on the table and lets out a loud wail. She's silent for a moment and then stands and looks straight ahead, as if in a trance. À la Blanche DuBois in "A Streetcar Named Desire," in a southern-accented voice.)* "I've always depended on the kindness of strangers."

OCTOBER: May?

MAY: *(A la Blanche DuBois.)* Stella?

*(October grasps May by the shoulders and looks her in the eye.)*

OCTOBER: It's October!

MAY: *(As Blanche DuBois.)* "Why are you looking at me like that? Is something wrong with me?" *(As October gives April a worried look, May comes out of her trance. Confused. Normal voice.)* What happened?

*(April takes May by the arm.)*

APRIL: *(Comforting voice.)* You thought you were Blanche in "Streetcar."

*(April leads May to the sofa.)*

MAY: Was I good?

*(April helps May lie down.)*

APRIL: You were great.

*(May looks pleased. October checks to see that May is all right.)*

OCTOBER: *(Indicating surroundings.)* So what do we think?

APRIL: A galley kitchen, an island...even a coffee press!

MAY: It looks like your basic time-share to me. They're probably all the same.

*(October opens the cabinets and checks off items on the paper.)*

OCTOBER: If your friend Sandy hadn't forgotten about her lip-reading workshop, we'd be paying for a hotel.

MAY: It should be quiet. She says a funeral director owns the place next door.

*(April goes to the armchair and sits down.)*

APRIL: *This* is comfortable! We haven't spent a weekend together in...how long?

OCTOBER: Wasn't it...? *(Her face changes expression.)*

MAY: It was after Bob left.

APRIL: For Sylvia. She was so much younger...

OCTOBER: You know how we're not supposed to tell guys our age? That's the first thing you should tell them.

MAY: You know what? I've had it with guys. *(To October.)* I'm going to be single, like you.

OCTOBER: That's what you said after Bob.

MAY: You don't believe me? *(She stands up, takes off her ring with a flourish, walks to the middle door SL, and exits. A moment later, the sound of a toilet flushing is heard. She enters, holding her bare ring finger up in the air.)* Ta-da!

APRIL: *(Admiringly.)* It took me six months to take mine off. *(To October.)* You haven't had that problem.

OCTOBER: *(With some bitterness.)* I've never had a boyfriend who cared for someone besides himself.

APRIL: What about Ray?

OCTOBER: Remember the woman who tried to run me down with her convertible? When I told him about it, he asked one question.

APRIL: What?

OCTOBER: What make of car it was.

APRIL: He did love automobiles.

MAY: *(To April.)* Here we are, going on about ourselves, when we should be celebrating your divorce.

OCTOBER: *(To April.)* I wish you'd thrown Fred out a long time ago. How many times did he cheat on you? Three?

APRIL: Six...that I know of.

*(Awkward silence.)*

MAY: Hey! Who's counting? *(To October.)* I wish I had your strength. Celibacy won't be easy.

OCTOBER: Have you ever not had a boyfriend?

MAY: Girl Scout Camp. All they let us do was sing, roast marshmallows, and Pledge Allegiance.

*(April sits down in the armchair.)*

APRIL: What a nice weekend we'll have. Catching up, relaxing...

*(A classic heavy metal song from the late 60s like Led Zeppelin's "Whole Lotta Love" suddenly blasts through the back wall. The Sisters look at each other in disbelief.)*

OCTOBER: *What the...? (She flips to the second page of the time-share sheets she's holding, runs her finger across it, then shouts over the music. Reads.)* "TVs, stereo systems, etc. shall not be played at a volume that disturbs other occupants." That's it!

*(October heads toward the DSR door. Before she can reach it, May jumps up and snatches the time-share packet from her.)*

MAY: Allow me. *(Exits DSR.)*

APRIL: *(Shouts over the music.)* Should we go with her?

OCTOBER: She'll feel better if she yells at someone.

*(Slight pause.)*

MAY: *(Offstage, shouts.)* Are you trying to make us deaf?  
*(Music stops abruptly.)*

OCTOBER: I guess she made her point. *(Glances at DSR door.)*  
Remember the last time she thought she was Blanche?

APRIL: When she went to Las Vegas and became an exotic dancer? She hooked up with...Guido, was it?

OCTOBER: We had to get a court order.

*(May enters.)*

APRIL: *(To May.)* How did it go?

MAY: Piece of cake. It's three brothers. They thought we were Sandy. *(Hands October the papers and sits down on the sofa.)* Tom, the one who put on the music—he's cute. He actually felt bad about bothering us. *(She stares into the distance for a moment, musing. Turns to April.)* You were saying...?

APRIL: Oh, yes. Just the three of us, no distractions... *(The ring tone to "What the World Needs Now is Love, Sweet Love" or a similar song is heard. To her sisters, apologetically.)* It's for me. *(Puts her cell phone to her ear. Into phone.)* Fred?...I'm fine. You?...That's wonderful. Did you remember it was the anniversary of our... *(Pause.)* ...divorce. *(Surprised.)* You want that? *(October catches April's eye and mouths "What?" April waves her hand at her.)* Tell her to chop a tablespoon of ginger, add a fourth cup lemon juice, a fourth cup soy sauce—

OCTOBER: Can I talk to him?

APRIL: October wants to say hello.

*(April hands October the phone.)*

OCTOBER: *(Sweetly, into phone.)* Do us a favor, Fred... *(Shouts.)* ...stuff it! *(She hangs up and hands the cell phone back to April. Looks at April with concern.)* Your problem is that you don't have a selfish bone in your body.

APRIL: *(Dismayed.)* I know. How do I get one?

MAY: [Miss Piggy]. Think of her as your role model. *(Frowns.)* Maybe I'll feel better if I change. *[Or insert the name of another suitable celebrity.]*

OCTOBER: *(Looking at April's uniform. To April.)* Don't you want to get out of that?

APRIL: I lost track of time. I was taking care of a patient.

MAY: We should decide on rooms. Do you mind if I take the single? It's been such a shock.

APRIL: *(To October.)* We'll share.

OCTOBER: How does she always end up with her own room? It was that way growing up.

MAY: *(Waving her hand.)* My childhood was tumultuous. I needed a refuge. *(Picks up her suit bag and heads SL.)* Which has the single?

OCTOBER: On the right. *(April holds the door for May as she exits. October watches May exit and looks at April. To April.)*  
What do you think?

APRIL: She's never lived alone. Do you think she changed after that accident in "Mary Poppins"?

OCTOBER: She never had spells before that. *(Pause.)* How've you been?

APRIL: All right. I'm glad I've had my daughter to talk to. She says hello, by the way.

OCTOBER: She called to tell me she'd passed her boards. *(Looks at her.)* My partner always said if it weren't for Fred—

APRIL: He's very sweet, but—

OCTOBER: Not your type?

*(April looks at October with a studied expression.)*

APRIL: You like being single, don't you?

OCTOBER: I thought so, but lately... *(Stares into the distance.)*

APRIL: There's a guy at work you might like. If you want...

OCTOBER: *(Back to herself.)* I'm fine. Are you looking?

APRIL: After Fred? I don't think so. *(Heads to the USR exit, pulling her suitcase behind her.)* We should find someone for May.

*(October walks beside April pulling her suitcase.)*

OCTOBER: I don't want to take on Guido again.

APRIL: Remember when you took out your gun and cleaned it in front of him? I thought his eyes were going to pop out!

OCTOBER: I'd never have guessed he could be so reasonable.

*(April and October exit. Blackout.)*

### Scene 3

*(AT RISE: Brothers' time-share, a bit later. Tom and Tex are seated next to each other at the table watching a video on a small hand-held electronic device. Tom looks enthralled. Tex is bored. Andy is standing in the galley kitchen. He frowns as he holds a water glass up to the light.)*

ANDY: Water spots! You can't trust dishwashers.

TEX: *(To Tom.)* "Are you trying to make us deaf?!" How's that for an introduction to our neighbor?

*(Tom turns the video off.)*

TOM: The music *was* loud.

ANDY: She should have had you arrested. On the first anniversary of Priscilla's death, you put on a heavy metal anthem? This was what...your idea of cheering me up?

TOM: I thought you loved [Led Zeppelin]. [Or insert the name of another band.]

ANDY: I love ["Stairway to Heaven."] *[Or insert the name of another song.]*

TOM: Something must have been bugging her. No one gets that mad over loud music.

ANDY: Mom did. Remember when she threw your Jimi Hendrix album in the fireplace? After she'd told you a hundred times to turn it down?

TOM: "Are You Experienced?" The amazing thing was when it caught fire.

TEX: The smoke turned blue. "Purple Haze!"

ANDY: It didn't turn blue. You were buzzed, that's all.

TEX: *(To Tom.)* How's my favorite nephew?

TOM: Doing well. He's selling his pots.

TEX: How does he like life off the grid?

TOM: He loves it. *(To Andy.)* He'd like you to visit, you know.

*(Andy looks at Tom doubtfully.)*

TEX: *(To Andy.)* You'd enjoy it. Mom and Dad had a great time.

ANDY: The generator broke. Dad couldn't use his Water Pik. *(Hurt.)* So you don't want to know about your favorite niece?

TEX: I spoke to her on our way up, remember? *(He pauses, then looks guiltily at Tom and Andy.)* Speaking of Mom, there's something I've been meaning to tell you. Before she died, she told me I was her favorite. She made me swear I'd take care of you. *(Andy and Tom look at each other. Short silence.)* Don't take it too hard.

TOM: *(Breaks into a grin.)* She told me the same thing.

TEX: She did? There you go!

*(Tom notices Andy, who looks stricken.)*

TOM: *(To Andy.)* Didn't she tell you that you were her favorite?

ANDY: She did, but she made me swear I'd take care of myself! *(He stands up with sudden resolve, goes to the kitchen drawer, takes out the knife, and holds the blade against his wrist. Note: For safety, a large plastic knife can be used, if desired.)* Gentlemen, it's been a pleasure, but I must leave you now to be with Priscilla. She will understand! *(He presses the knife down and his attention is caught by the blade. He holds the knife up and peers at it.)* Food stains! *(As Andy examines the knife, Tom and Tex stand and approach quietly. Andy sees them and takes a step backward.)* It's my knife! You can't have it!

TEX: Give it to me, Andy.

*(Andy backs toward the SR door.)*

ANDY: I want to see Priscilla!

*(Tom and Tex advance on him.)*

TOM: You're not making sense, Bro.

ANDY: Leave me alone! *(Andy bumps into the doorknob. Startled, he turns and looks behind him. Tex lunges for his wrist. A struggle ensues. As Tex wrests the knife away from Andy, the blade nicks Andy on the finger, drawing a drop of blood. Andy looks at his finger with horror.)* My arm!

*(Andy's knees give away and he passes out. Tom and Tex catch Andy and lower him to the floor.)*

TEX: *(To Tom.)* Damn! I forgot he's a fainter. Did you bring a Band-Aid?

TOM: I forgot.

TEX: See if the neighbor has one.

*(Tom runs to the DSR door and stops. He hurries back and picks up the knife and puts it in the drawer.)*

TOM: No point in raising questions.

*(Tom exits. Tex tears off a piece of paper toweling. He spies the bottle of tequila and grabs it.)*

TEX: *(To himself.)* This should bring him to. *(He puts the towel on Andy's finger, then tilts the tequila over his face, unscrewing the cap. Some of it spills onto Andy's face. Andy moans and turns over. The DSR door opens and Tom runs in followed by April and October. April has on her nurse's uniform and is hastily buttoning up the front. Tex notices April's uniform and makes room for her. To April.)* It's his little finger.

*(April kneels next to Andy. May enters wearing a red dress. She stops, looks around the room, and turns to October.)*

MAY: *(To October.)* I knew the time-shares were all the same.  
*(She sees Andy on the ground and clutches her chest.)* Is he dead?

APRIL: It's just a scratch. *(Wipes Andy's finger with an alcohol swab and puts a Band-Aid on his finger. To Tom and Tex.)* Does he faint at the sight of blood?

TOM: At the sight of blood, when he sees snakes...

TEX: In open spaces, closed spaces...

TOM: In-between spaces. He's an equal-opportunity fainter.

OCTOBER: *(Looks around the kitchen.)* How did he cut himself?

*(Tom and Tex answer simultaneously.)*

TOM: He was slicing a lime for a gin and tonic.

TEX: He was slicing a lemon for a Bloody Mary.

*(Tom and Tex look at each other. Again they answer simultaneously.)*

TEX: He was slicing a lime for a gin and tonic.

TOM: He was slicing a lemon for a Bloody Mary.

*(Pause.)*

TOM/TEX: He was slicing a lime for a gin and tonic!

*(Andy opens his eyes and sees April.)*

ANDY: Priscilla, my love! *(Looks at her more closely and is obviously disappointed.)* You're not Priscilla. *(Looks around.)* I'm not in heaven? *(Sniffs his shirt collar and frowns.)* There aren't margaritas in heaven.

TOM: *(Intrigued by the idea.)* We don't know that.

OCTOBER: *(To Tex and Tom.)* He should be on the sofa.

*(October bends down and takes Andy by one arm. Andy notices the Band-Aid. He looks at Tex and Tom.)*

ANDY: *(To Tom and Tex, angrily.)* If it weren't for you—

TEX: *(To Tom.)* You hold his back. We'll lift him from the side.

*(October, Tex, and Tom support Andy as he stands up. They start to usher Andy to the sofa.)*

ANDY: *(To Tom and Tex.)* Careful with the arm! You'll cut off the blood supply to my pinkie.

TEX: We should cut off the blood supply to your brain.

OCTOBER: *(No-nonsense tone, to Andy.)* Lie down!

*(Andy obediently lies down. Tex gives October an appraising look. April kneels next to Andy. He struggles to sit up. April gently pushes Andy back down.)*

APRIL: *(To Andy.)* You should rest.

*(Now fully conscious, Andy gazes at April with a beatific smile.)*

ANDY: I may not be in heaven, but I know an angel when I see one. *(April blushes and stands. Holds his finger up to his face, worried.)* Did you clean the wound?

APRIL: Wash it with soap when you feel better.

ANDY: Antibiotic?

*(April pats Andy on the arm.)*

APRIL: Plain'll do. *(Andy relaxes and closes his eyes. To Tex and Tom.)* If you don't need us...

TEX: We can manage.  
*(October, May, and April head to the DSR exit. Andy opens his eyes and sees that April is leaving.)*

ANDY: *(To April, distressed.)* I don't know your name.  
APRIL: April. *(Points to her sisters.)* May and October. We're named for our birth months.

*(Andy sits up and then grabs a hold of the sofa arm to steady himself.)*

ANDY: I'm Andy. *(Waves his arm to indicate his brothers.)* Tom and Tex. *(To April.)* How will we know where to find you?  
APRIL: We're next door.  
ANDY: What if we can't reach you?

*(April looks puzzled.)*

TEX: If we were overcome by carbon monoxide...  
TOM: There was an earthquake...we were buried under rubble...  
MAY: I know what to do for that.  
ANDY: What?  
MAY: Drink your pee! When they pull you out, you'll be as fit as a fiddle.  
TOM: Andy isn't a drink-your-own-urine kinda guy.  
MAY: It's more sanitary than the alternative. *(To Tom, smiling.)* Thanks for letting us help. After our last meeting...  
TOM: You had every right.

*(April takes a piece of paper, writes something on it, and puts it on the end table.)*

APRIL: *(To Andy.)* My cell phone. In an emergency.

*(Tex helps Andy stand up.)*

TEX: *(To Andy.)* You need to go to your room. *(October, May, and April start to exit DSR. To October.)* Thanks.

OCTOBER: *(Stiffly.)* You're welcome.

*(October, May, and April exit.)*

ANDY: *(To Tex, freeing his arm.)* I can walk by myself.

TEX: Are you all right?

*(Andy walks unsteadily to the door USL.)*

ANDY: Am I going to kill myself, you mean? I needed to get it out of my system. *(Exits.)*

TEX: *(To Tom.)* He needs a woman *now*.

TOM: None of the sisters were wearing wedding rings...

TEX: May's out. They wouldn't last five minutes.

TOM: She reminds me of my high school girlfriend.

TEX: *(Warning tone.)* She looks like a handful.

TOM: Right. What about April? Andy thought she was an angel.

TEX: He'd burn her out. How about October? He'd never have to make a decision.

TOM: I thought you were interested in her. *(Tex looks at him with surprise.)* You looked at her when you thanked them.

TEX: We're talking about Andy. He isn't a bad catch. Why don't we invite them over? Say we want to thank them?

TOM: He's handsome...

TEX: A great cook...

*(Tom picks up the piece of paper with April's number and starts to exit DSL.)*

TOM: An awesome housekeeper...

TEX: *(Grins.)* What more could a woman want?

*(Tom exits DSL. As Tex opens the door USL, Andy enters. For a moment, they face each other, and then Andy walks around him. Andy goes to the counter.)*

ANDY: I'm thirsty. *(Tex looks at him doubtfully.)* I said I'm all right. *(Tex studies him for a second, shrugs, and exits. Andy watches the door close. He opens the drawer and takes out the knife. After running its blade over his wrist, he hears a noise SL and hastily puts the knife back. He opens a cabinet, removes a glass, takes a water bottle, and pours water into the glass. As he lifts the glass to his lips, he stops, and smiles. Sings.)* "I dream of...April with the light brown hair." *(He sets the glass on the counter and walks with new energy to the USL door and exits. Blackout.)*

## Scene 4

*(AT RISE: The sisters' time-share, a few minutes before. October enters DSR.)*

OCTOBER: Did you believe that gin and tonic story? All I saw was a bottle of tequila.

*(April enters with May.)*

APRIL: Tex could have put the gin away.

*(October sits down on the sofa.)*

OCTOBER: And the knife and the lime? They rolled under the refrigerator? If you ask me, Andy tried to cut himself, and Tom was covering up.

*(April sits next to October.)*

APRIL: Andy's nice. He looks like the faithful type.

MAY: April?

APRIL: *(Hastily.)* I'm kidding. I'm happy single.

OCTOBER: You are?

APRIL: *(Not quite meeting her gaze.)* Yes. Look, if I do something stupid, you can stop me.

OCTOBER: I'll remember that.

MAY: And if you did something foolish, you'd let us help?

OCTOBER: Of course. Now, where were we?

APRIL: We were catching up.

OCTOBER: So what do we want to talk about?

*(Pause.)*

MAY: *(Brightly.)* Disease! The possibilities are endless.

OCTOBER: Are you sick?

MAY: You wouldn't believe my frown lines. *And* my brow furrows!

OCTOBER: (*Looking at her closely.*) They don't look bad to me.

MAY: That's because they're not yours. I'll bet you're in perfect health.

(*October examines the index finger of her right hand.*)

OCTOBER: I've got arthritis in my trigger finger. It's not as limber as it used to be.

APRIL: What do you do for that?

OCTOBER: Learn to shoot left-handed, I guess. How about you?

APRIL: The usual...breast sag, bone loss, gray hair.

MAY: Getting old is like a demolition derby.

OCTOBER: Without being able to crash into somebody. You remember Sophie? She used to hobble around something awful. Double knee replacement!

MAY: No! How's she doing?

OCTOBER: Better. Of course, 15 years from now, she'll need new ones.

APRIL: They don't last forever. What about Ginger's facelift? Not good!

MAY: Really? What happened?

APRIL: Her cheeks are so high, she has a permanent smile. When she went to her mother-in-law's funeral, everyone thought she was happy as a clam.

OCTOBER: Was she?

APRIL: Yes, but she wanted to pretend she wasn't.

OCTOBER: Isn't it great to know there are people worse off?

APRIL: And we've barely scratched the surface. My friend Karen has this *wicked* goiter on her neck—

(*Ring tone of "You Are So Beautiful" or another suitable song is heard.*)

MAY: That's me! *(Into cell phone.)* Hello? *(Pleased.)* Roger? You've reconsidered?... *(Frowns.)* ...It's out of the question... *(Upset.)* ...Then take me to court! *(Hangs up.)*

APRIL: What is it?

MAY: He wants Richard Burton...without Elizabeth Taylor!

APRIL: That's terrible! You can't separate them.

OCTOBER: They'd waste away.

MAY: Parrots mate for life! I don't believe this! When they were babies, who chewed their food before they ate?

APRIL: You did.

MAY: And what did Roger do for them?

OCTOBER: Fly to Africa and get them?

MAY: Taught them dirty limericks, that's what! My chicklets!

*(May puts her hands over her ears, runs to the middle door SL, and exits, slamming the door behind her.)*

OCTOBER: *(To April.)* If she comes out as Blanche, we've got a problem.

*(May's voice is heard from behind the door.)*

MAY: *(Offstage, as Ophelia. With an English accent.)* "They bore him barefaced on the bier; Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny; And in his grave rain'd many a tear: Fare you well, my dove!"

APRIL: *(To October.)* Oh, my gosh! She thinks she's Ophelia, before she drowns herself.

OCTOBER: Has she been her before?

APRIL: After Bob left. He played Hamlet.

OCTOBER: Was that when she joined the convent?

APRIL: She changed her mind when they wouldn't let her design her habit.

MAY: *(Offstage, heard through the door. As Ophelia.)* "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts."

*(The sound of a bathtub being filled with water is heard. October and April look at each other. They run to the middle door SL.)*

OCTOBER: *(Pounds on the door.)* May?! Come out right now!

*(October and April wait a few seconds. When there's no reply, October reaches for the doorknob. The door opens. May is standing in the doorway in her bathrobe looking annoyed.)*

MAY: *(In a pronounced Brooklyn accent.)* What? Can't a girl take a bath around here?

APRIL: We thought you believed you were Ophelia before she—

*(Pause.)*

MAY: You thought I was going to kill myself? For that... *(Scornful.)* ...home-wrecker? *(Smiling sweetly.)* Now, if you'll excuse me? *(She gives them a look and slams the door shut.)*

APRIL: *(To October.)* None of the brothers had on wedding rings...

OCTOBER: Andy's out. He needs more care than she does.

APRIL: May pressed Tom's arm when we left...

OCTOBER: I say Tex. She needs someone good in a crisis. I just hope he isn't part of the business.

APRIL: The business?

OCTOBER: Andy must be the funeral director Sandy was talking about. Aren't funeral homes usually family run? May would never go for a mortician.

APRIL: I wonder how he manages, fainting at the sight of blood.

OCTOBER: Maybe Tom's the embalmer.

APRIL: I suppose. So how do we get them together?

OCTOBER: Borrowing a cup of sugar won't work. All they have is tequila.

*(April's ring tone is heard. She looks at October.)*

APRIL: What if it's Fred?

OCTOBER: Think [Miss Piggy].

APRIL: *(Takes a deep breath, into cell phone.)* Hello? *(Relieved.)*  
Tom?...We're doing fine. How's Andy?...Wonderful...You'd  
like to thank us? That's very kind, but we couldn't—  
*(October waves her hands.)* Excuse me. *(She puts her hand over  
the cell phone.)*

OCTOBER: What does he want?

APRIL: He's inviting us over for coffee. *(October gives her a  
what-are-you-thinking look. Into phone.)* Oh! *(Removes her  
hand.)* We'd love to. Can we bring anything? Just  
ourselves? See you then. *(Hangs up.)*

OCTOBER: What luck! All we have to do is sell May to Tex.

APRIL: She loves animals.

OCTOBER: He'd be the best-dressed guy on the block.

*(April starts to exit USL.)*

APRIL: We can do this.

*(October starts to exit USL.)*

OCTOBER: She'll thank us.

*(October and April exit USL. Pause. May enters from the middle  
door SL.)*

MAY: *(As Ophelia.)* "There's fennel for you, and  
columbines..." *(Shakes her head and comes back to herself. She  
looks around confused. Normal voice, to herself.)* What did I come  
out for? My hair dryer? *(Starts to open the door DSL but pauses.)*  
Funny how something can pop into your head. "Tom, Tom  
the Piper's son, Stole a pig and away he run." *(She smiles and  
then looks concerned.)* What about April? She needs somebody.

Andy's got problems, but she isn't happy unless she's taking care of someone. I'll talk him up to her, get them together...  
*(She exits. Blackout.)*

## Scene 5

*(AT RISE: Brothers' time-share, late Saturday morning. Tex and Tom are dressed as they were the day before, while Andy has on a pair of dress trousers and a sports coat. The table is set with six plates, silverware, cups, a coffee carafe, a dozen muffins, butter, cream, and a sugar bowl. New age music is heard coming from the boom box. As Andy makes adjustments to the place settings, Tom performs tai chi. Tex lies on the sofa, his feet propped up at one end, whittling a piece of wood. Andy takes out a lace doily, puts it in the middle of the table, and places the urn on top of it. He walks to one end of the table, crouches, then peers at the urn like a golfer lining up a putt. He stands, moves the doily a quarter inch to the left, then gets a yardstick and begins measuring the distance between the placemats. Tom and Tex watch in disbelief.)*

ANDY: *(Measuring.)* Thirteen and an eighth...

TEX: *(Exasperated.)* I wish you'd stop doing that.

TOM: *(To Andy.)* The table looks great.

ANDY: *(Moves a place setting slightly to one side.)* To you.

TEX: No one'll notice if they're exactly apart.

ANDY: *(Making another adjustment.)* You'll see. *(There's a knock at the door DSR. Tex stands up and puts the knife in his pocket. Tom ends his tai chi. Andy conceals the yardstick behind the refrigerator, turns off the boom box, and goes to open the door. As he does, Tom hastily removes the urn and hides it in a cabinet. April, May, and October enter. April is carrying a vase filled with flowers. She has on a pretty dress. October is wearing an attractive pantsuit. May is wearing a red dress.)* Come in.

APRIL: We know you said not to bring anything...

*(Andy looks at the flowers with delight and takes the vase from her.)*

ANDY: *(Sniffing each flower in turn.)* Peony, lily, rose, lavender... *(Picking out a stem and holding it up to the light.)*

And what have we here? *Latulipa psittasiformas!* (*Others look at him blankly.*) Parrot tulip! (*To Sisters.*) They're beautiful...like their bearers.

*(May, April, and October smile. Tex approaches Andy and puts his hand on his shoulder.)*

TEX: (*To October, indicating Andy.*) He has a great eye.

OCTOBER: I can see that. (*Notices the table and walks over to it.*)

This is so...symmetrical. Who set it?

TEX: (*Winks.*) Andy again. (*To Andy.*) And we were giving you a hard time.

*(Andy sets the flowers on the table and looks at the Sisters.)*

ANDY: (*Indicating seating arrangement.*) I thought boy/girl? (*Gesturing to April.*) If you'll sit here, I'll sit next to you, then May, Tom, October, and Tex.

*(October sits down and then realizes May and Tex aren't sitting next to each other. October stands up.)*

OCTOBER: I hear better on my left side. I won't be able to listen to... (*Looks at Tom.*) ...you! You have so much to say about...music. (*To Tex.*) You won't mind switching seats?

*(Tex stands up and exchanges seats with Tom.)*

TEX: Not a problem. (*Sits down and realizes that Andy and October are seated apart. To Andy, standing up.*) Wouldn't you be more comfortable next to April...being left-handed? (*Andy and Tom start to exchange seats and he realizes that he's inadvertently put Tom and May next to each other.*) On second thought, if Tom and October could change places, then Andy and April...

*(Others look at him in disbelief. No one moves.)*

APRIL: Why don't we sit across from you?

TEX: Perfect.

*(They take their seats at the table.)*

APRIL: *(To Tex.)* Is it true more people are being cremated?

TEX: *(Taken aback.)* That's what they say. I plan to be.

APRIL: You do? Would you let your brothers do it? Or is it like doctors not treating their own families?

TOM: Andy and me cremating Tex? Talk about male bonding!

ANDY: *(Appalled.)* Aren't there laws against it?

OCTOBER: I'm sure they'd make an exception for you...for sentimental reasons.

ANDY: What's sentimental about shoving your brother's corpse into an oven? And where would you find one? It's not like you can go to your local pizza place.

APRIL: You don't have one at your parlor?

ANDY: A crematorium? In my parlor? I don't *have* a parlor.

OCTOBER: What kind of funeral business do you run?

ANDY: I'm an accountant!

APRIL: You do the books! We wondered how you could be around all those fluids.

*(Speechless, Andy just looks at April.)*

TOM: *(Realizes.)* You must have us confused with George. He's a funeral director. He lent us his time-share for the weekend.

*(April, May, and October look at each other with relief.)*

APRIL/MAY/OCTOBER: Ooh!

*(Andy picks up the plate of muffins.)*

ANDY: *(To April.)* Would you like one?

APRIL: Thank you. *(Takes a muffin and passes the plate.)* They smell wonderful!

ANDY: *(Beaming.)* I made them myself. *(Pours her a cup of coffee.)* Weren't you in a nurse's uniform yesterday?

APRIL: That's right. I work in the ICU.

ANDY: Tom's a mailman, and Tex—

TEX: I put out oil well fires.

MAY: You and October should get along. She's a bounty hunter. She was on "America's Most Wanted" ... *(Brothers stare at October.)* ...as a guest.

TOM: What do you do?

MAY: I'm a costume designer.

OCTOBER: *(To Tex.)* On Broadway.

TEX: Very impressive.

APRIL: *(To Andy.)* You mistook me for someone yesterday?

ANDY: *(Suddenly morose.)* My wife, Priscilla. She died a year ago.

APRIL: I'm so sorry. How did it happen?

*(Andy looks stricken.)*

TOM: She had a bad heart. But she was in good hands.

OCTOBER: May's had a shock, too.

MAY: Yes! My African Grey, Richard Burton—

OCTOBER: I meant your other shock.

MAY: Oh! Can you believe, on our way up, my husband called me and said he was leaving? I had *no* clue.

OCTOBER: I thought he told you he'd rather be married to [Leona Helmsley]. *[Or insert another suitable celebrity or well-known personality.]*

MAY: That was after I said I'd rather be married to [Donald Trump]. *(Airily.)* We kidded around a lot.

OCTOBER: That was kidding?

MAY: If I were serious, I would have said [Dick Cheney].

*(Leans toward Tom.)* Do you collect stamps?

TOM: How did you know?

MAY: Lots of mailmen do. I collect, too.

*(October and April look at May with surprise.)*

TOM: Really? Did you see that a 1911 25-cent Rodgers "Vin Fiz" is coming up at auction? *(May looks at him blankly.)* It honors the first airplane flight across the United States?

MAY: *(As if it had momentarily slipped her mind.)* Of course!

TOM: Now *there's* a stamp to die for. Is there one you dream about?

MAY: *(Taken aback.)* There is. I'd love a...1974 20-cent Richard Nixon Watergate commemorative. It honors the first break-in of a national political headquarters.

TOM: I've never heard of it.

OCTOBER: Few have. *(To Tex.)* How'd you choose your work?

TEX: It pays well, I get to travel, there's not much competition... *(October gives him a questioning look. With a twinkle in his eye.)* If you don't get it right...

OCTOBER: *(Amused.)* The next time a contract comes up, you're not around to bid?

*(Tex looks at October with new interest.)*

TEX: How'd you become a bounty hunter?

OCTOBER: I read an article about a bondswoman when I was a girl.

APRIL: *(To Tex.)* She was murder at hide-and-seek! You know what our family pet was? A bloodhound!

OCTOBER/MAY: *(Recalling happily.)* Sherlock!

*(Andy, who has been staring at the rear wall, suddenly points USR.)*

ANDY: Did you see that?

TEX: What?

ANDY: The cockroach? In the corner?

*(Others turn and look.)*

TOM: *(Squinting.)* Periplaneta americana. Or is it Blattus orientalis?

*(Andy shrinks back in his chair.)*

ANDY: I don't care what it is! *(Shouts.)* Get it outta here!

*(Tex and Tom stand. October draws a gun from a shoulder holster inside her jacket, takes aim, and fires. There's a loud gunshot and then silence. The others look at her, stunned.)*

APRIL: October? Are you all right?

OCTOBER: *(Staring at her pistol, amazed.)* I don't believe I did that.

*(Awkward pause.)*

TEX: I never liked those things. *(Walks upstage, bends down, examines the floor, and stands up. To October, teasing.)* Right between the eyes! What do you do for ants?

MAY: She uses an Uzi.

*(Tex sits back down at the table.)*

TEX: *(To October.)* You must go through a lot of Sheetrock.

*(April's ring tone is heard. She takes out her cell phone.)*

APRIL: *(Into phone.)* Hello?...Fred?... *(Incredulous.)* ...You want that? *(Incensed.)* How do you know I won't need

it?...Fred?...You...you... *(Shouts.)* ...suck! *(She hangs up and looks at October and May.)* How was I?

MAY/OCTOBER: *(Clapping.)* Bravo!

*(April beams. Andy, worried, looks at April.)*

ANDY: *(To April.)* Was that your husband?

OCTOBER: Her ex. *(To April.)* What did he want this time?

*(April looks embarrassed.)*

MAY: *(To April.)* Not the ceiling mirror? Over the bed? *(April blushes. October looks at May, askance. Hastily.)* Fred was...disabled. He had to dress on his back.

ANDY: He must have needed a lot of care.

OCTOBER: She had plenty of help.

TOM: *(To May.)* Do you live far from here?

MAY: In Brooklyn. We all live in New York.

ANDY: *(To April, beaming.)* So do we. Tex has a place in Houston.

APRIL: *(To Andy.)* Where do you live? Let me guess! The Upper West Side.

ANDY: 82<sup>nd</sup> St., off Broadway!

APRIL: Two blocks from Zabar's!

ANDY: I love Zabar's! The olives, the smoked salmon, the brie!

APRIL: We could have breakfast there!

ANDY: On a Sunday! Walk to Central Park, take a stroll...

*(October stands up abruptly.)*

OCTOBER: I'm sorry, but we have to do our...meditation. Ladies?

*(Surprised, April stands up.)*

APRIL: We do? I...forgot.

MAY: What's this?

*(October approaches May.)*

OCTOBER: *(To Brothers.)* Roger, Richard Burton... *(Yanks May's chair out. Looks at her intently.)* It's been such a shock, hasn't it?

*(Reluctantly, May stands up.)*

MAY: *(To Brothers.)* October's so transcendental. The sound of her Smith and Wesson just *fills* me with inner peace.

*(Tex and Tom stand up.)*

ANDY: *(Distressed.)* Do you have to go?

*(May follows October and April as they start to exit DSR.)*

MAY: *(To Brothers.)* We'll get together soon. *(Gives October a look.)* When we don't have to meditate.

OCTOBER: *(To Brothers.)* It was a pleasure.

*(October and April exit.)*

TOM: *(To May as she is about to exit.)* Do you ever act?

MAY: Sometimes.

TOM: Would you mind if I called? I'd love to see you on stage.

*(May starts to answer but is interrupted by October's voice offstage right.)*

OCTOBER: *(Offstage.)* May?

*(May looks in the direction of the exit and frowns.)*

MAY: *(Calls.)* Coming, Mother! *(She takes a pen from her pocket and grabs a napkin from the counter. She writes her phone number on it and hands it to him.)* Leave me a message if I'm not there.

*(May flashes Tom a smile and exits. Puzzled, the Brothers look at each other.)*

ANDY: Did I say something?

TEX: They said they'd have us over...

ANDY: You never know with women. One minute it's great, then they tell you if you don't go on TV and spill your guts in front of ten million people, it's over! *(Goes to the middle exit SL and opens the door.)* Can you get the dishes? I have to floss. *(Tex and Tom roll their eyes. With a superior look.)* We'll see who has their teeth in 20 years.

*(Andy exits. Tex and Tom start to clear the table. Tex goes to the counter.)*

TEX: October didn't buy Andy.

TOM: She seemed more interested in you.

TEX: You think? *(Smile flits across his face.)* What was going on with you and May?

TOM: *(Unconvincingly.)* It was the cleavage.

*(The middle door SL opens. Andy starts to enter. When he hears his name, he stops, leaving the door slightly ajar.)*

TEX: Andy likes April, but I still think October would be better for him. Did you think she was trying to hook me up with May?

TOM: It seemed like it. *(Puts dishes on the counter.)* We'll get another chance when we go over there.

*(Andy enters. He goes to the table and starts to clear the dishes.)*

TEX: *(To Andy.)* How're the gums?

ANDY: Pink. *(Smiles innocently.)* Why don't you let me do the dishes? It would take my mind off...you know.

TEX: Fine with me. *(To Tom.)* There's something you wanted me to hear?

*(Tom starts to exit DSL.)*

TOM: I brought some great [gangsta rap]. *[Or insert another type of music.]*

TEX: *(Dryly.)* What are we waiting for?

*(Tom and Tex exit DSL. Andy continues to smile as they close the door, then hastily takes out his wallet, removes a piece of paper, and unfolds it. He get his cell phone and punches in some numbers.)*

ANDY: *(Into phone.)* April?...You haven't started?...  
*(Casually.)* ...Can I speak to May? I want to ask her something. *(Pause. Andy looks anxiously DSL.)* May? *(Goes to the middle door SL.)* Are you alone? I'll wait. *(Pause. In a hushed voice.)* I overheard my brothers talking. They're trying to fix me up with October... *(Opens the door.)* ...You think your sisters are trying to fix you up with Tex? Ridiculous! *(Closes the door behind him.)* We should exchange phone numbers. *(Exits middle door SL.)* I have an idea... *(Blackout. Intermission.)*

**[END OF FREEVIEW]**