

SCRABBLE

Scene:

A large traditional kitchen. Tidily kept, but with a lived-in look. Mother and Father sit at the kitchen table, with a Scrabble game and a Crown Royal bag of letters between them. Mother knits between turns. Father is absorbed in drawing lines in the score-book for future games. All dialogue is spoken by Mother.

- Do the English spell 'ANAEMIA' with an extra 'A' in the middle?

(Mother sorts her letters with a look of concentration. Finally she makes a word on the board.)

- Oh well. 'ENEMA'. Not a very nice word. But it was the only way I could get the double. And 'ANAEMIA' wouldn't fit in anywhere, no matter how many 'A's I stuck into it.

(Mother reaches into the Crown Royal bag and fishes around for more letters.)

- If I don't pull out some consonants this time, I'll have to trade them all in next turn.

(She sets the bag down beside Father and rearranges her new letters with a sigh. Then she turns the board to face him.)

- It's your turn.

(She picks up her knitting. Father continues drawing lines in the book.)

- Did you mark down my score for 'ENEMA'? It was sixteen points. The 'E' is on a double word. Let me see the score sheet.

(She takes the score book from Father and flips back the pages.)

- I didn't think you had done it. Now put down your ruler and write it over here. And stop drawing lines. You've set up enough pages for a month of Sundays already.

(Father puts his ruler down, and Mother hands him the score book. Then he picks up his pencil.)

- Sixteen points. That puts me back in the lead.

(Father marks in the score. The telephone rings off-stage.)

- That must be Donna. She said she'd call about the shower she's having tomorrow. Make your word, and then you can dry the dishes while I'm on the phone.

(Mother goes to another spot on-stage where she answers the telephone. When she is gone, Father goes to her side of the table and looks at her letters. Then he takes his letters, puts them back in the Crown Royal bag, and sorts through it for letters of his own choosing. Gradually he selects enough letters, and makes a word on the board, very pleased with himself. When he is done, he counts up his points, records his score, selects more letters and turns the board toward Mother's seat. Then he gets back up to dry the dishes.)

- Hello?
- Yes Dear. I thought it would be you.
- Oh no. Just playing Scrabble with your Father.
- Our second game, actually. I won the first. What about the shower?
- Good. I made a jellied salad this afternoon.
- The usual. Orange. With carrots and pineapple. Why?
- Oh Phoo!
- Never mind. If Dorothy mentioned one of those I'll bring a green one instead.
- I always say you can't have too much jellied salad at a bridal shower. Have you got everything else you need?
- I know. There are so many things to do at the last minute. You'll be busier than a barrel of monkeys.
- I'll tell you what. I'll have your Father drop me off about an hour before. If I can get him moving.
- Yes, it can be quite a chore.
- Honestly Donna, I'm beginning to worry about your Father.
- What can I say? For five years we've been visiting Aunt Ginger at Wintergreen Gardens every Tuesday. You'd think he'd know by now. But this week when it was time to go, I found him washing his car! He hadn't even shaved! Finally we left thirty minutes late, and arrived just as jiver-cise was over. You can imagine how disappointed Aunt Ginger was, when we couldn't go down to jiver-cise. She looks forward to it all week.
- Of course I go along with her. She always needs my help with the harder steps.

- No. Your Father waits in the lobby. He can't keep track of those things.
- Yes, I think we should. After the shower's over.
- What?
- Alison has a riddle? Then I'll just have to talk to her!
- Now don't forget about the jellied salad. Let me know for sure.
- Bye Dear.
- Hello? And how is Alison today?
- I bet you're getting excited about your birthday next week.
- That's right. Seven years old! What a big girl you'll be.
- Yes. Grandpa and I will be there.
- Your Mommy told me you had one of your riddles.
- What did the ocean say to the beach?
(Father starts to wave his tea-towel.)
- I'm sure the answer is very clever.
- No, I can't guess.
- You won't tell me? You little tease!
- Then I'll just have to think about it for a while.
- Not now. I'm playing Scrabble with your Grandpa. I see him calling me back.
- I love you too, Sweetheart! Bye-bye.
(Father stops waving his tea-towel and returns to his seat as Mother walks back into the room. Mother inspects the Scrabble board. Father starts drawing more lines.)
- Look! You got the triple word score. 'USURP'. Oh Phoo. Look at all those 'U's. That the last two of them, and I just picked up the 'Q'!
(Mother picks up her knitting and studies her letters.)
- I hope you told Herb you couldn't go golfing with him next week. It's Alison's birthday party. I've got to get this sweater done by then.

- Let me see... The word 'V-A-P-I-D'. Or is it 'V-A-P-P-I-D'? I don't think I've ever heard anyone say it out loud. It looks like it should have two 'P's. Never mind. I'll make 'PLAID over here, and get the 'P' on a triple letter. That's thirteen points. Now remember to write it down!

(Mother puts down her knitting, makes her word, turns the board and takes her new letters. Father marks the score)

- When I see Dorothy at the shower tomorrow I'll have her tell Herb about the golf. That's the best way.

(Father makes his word. Mother looks on.)

- 'DOSE' And 'ENEMAS' with the 'S' in the other direction. That reminds me. Have you taken all of your pills today?

(Father marks the score, takes his letters, etc. Mother gets up and searches in a corner of the kitchen. She finds a dosette pill-box divided into seven compartments. One for each day of the week. She looks inside.)

- Where are we... Sunday, Monday, Tuesday... There's still a blue one in here. You should have had it before dinner. The doctor said you've got to eat something after you take the blue ones.

(Mother takes out the pill and puts it on the table. The telephone rings.)

- That's probably Donna again. Boil the kettle while I'm on the phone. We can have the rest of our dessert with some tea. And you can take your pill.

(Mother leaves the room. Father picks up the pill and sticks it into an African violet plant. Then he fills the kettle and plugs it in. He comes back to the table, empties out the remaining pills from the container and sticks them into the African violet too. The plant looks very healthy with many blooms. When he is done, he continues drying the dishes.)

- Hello?
- Yes Dear. Did you talk to Dorothy?
- Oh. She is...
- Well, I'll make another one. The kind Alison calls 'slime green'.
- It's no trouble, really. I'll do it first thing in the morning so it'll set on time.
- Don't worry about that. Your Father will eat it. He likes orange. If only his pills were orange, instead of blue.

- Yes, I'm beginning to worry about your Father. Aunt Ginger and I missed jiver-cise this week. All because he decided to wash his car at the last minute. Aunt Ginger was madder than a barrel of monkeys.
- Of course I like jiver-cise too. But it didn't bother me that much. I'm just wondering if I can still depend on him.
- I know. He handles who, what, where and why pretty well. But he seems to have a problem with 'when'.
- Use it or lose it? Yes, I suppose you're right.
- Let's get this shower finished first. Then we'll talk it over.
- Alison wants to know if I have the answer?
- The riddle. Yes, I remember. What did the ocean say to the beach?

(Father starts waving his tea-towel.)

- Tell her I'm still working on it. But right now I have to get back to the Scrabble game with her Grandpa. It's my turn and the kettle's boiling for tea.
- OK. See you tomorrow. Bye for now.

(Mother re-enters the kitchen, sits down, looks at her letters and starts knitting. Father makes the tea and serves it.)

- There are peanut butter cookies in that jar over there. Let's have some of those.

(Father gets the cookie jar. He sits down. They both take one.)

- Have you taken your pill already then? I see it's gone

(Mother puts down her letters.)

- 'BALLS'. And 'DOSES'. The 'S' makes it a triple word both ways. I reckon fifty-four points altogether. That must get me back on top of the score-sheet.

(Mother watches closely as Father records the score. She empties the last letters from the bag, shaking it out. Then she resumes knitting smugly.)

- That's all the letters used up.

(Mother touches the African violet.)

- I don't know what keeps that plant so healthy. It's lucky if it gets watered once a week.

(Father dumps all his letters on the board and fumblingly arranges them.)

- 'Nothing'! That's a seven-letter word!
- Oh Phoo! You finished the game with a fifty point bingo! And here I am stuck with the 'Q'. That's ten points off for it alone. Never mind. You win.

(Mother keeps knitting, while Father scores and then cleans up the letters.)

- Tomorrow night while I'm at the shower, you might as well watch the ball-game with Herb. You won't want to stay at Donna's with a house full of women all evening. I'll tell Dorothy you're coming.

(The telephone rings.)

- Who could that be now?

(Mother leaves the room. Father puts the rest of the Scrabble letters in the bag, clears the cups from the table, and dries the remaining dishes.)

- Hello?
- Oh Donna. It's you again.
- No, it's all right. We just finished. Your Father won this time.
- But I wanted to tell you, Dear. I'm beginning to worry about your Father. We nearly missed our visit with Aunt Ginger at Wintergreen Gardens this week. He was washing his car...
- That's right. No jiver-cise. How did you know?
- I did? Oh Phoo. Never mind then.
- Yes. Let's. But we'll get Alison's birthday behind us first. I've got a lot of knitting to do between now and next week.
- All right.
- You want me to speak to Alison? Isn't it past her bedtime?
- Oh. I see.
- Alison, is that you?

- Your Mommy tells me you won't go to bed until I've solved your riddle. You know - you're as saucy as she was when she was your age!
- Now let me put my thinking cap on... What did the ocean say to the beach?
(Father starts waving his tea-towel wildly.)
- You give your Grandma such hard puzzles, my Dear.
- No, my thinking cap is working fine. It just needs a little clue to help it get started.
- Nothing? Is that a clue? It just waved?
- Of course. The ocean said nothing. It just waved.
(Mother laughs quite moderately nicely.)
- Oh that's cute. Now off to bed with you. And remember me and Grandpa when you say your prayers!
- Nightie-Night!
(Father is folding his tea-towel when Mother re-enters the kitchen.)
- That Alison! She's smarter than a barrel of monkeys!
(Father and Mother sit back down at the table. Mother resumes her knitting.)
- Well? Should we make it best two out of three? I've got to keep knitting this sweater. And we won't be able to play at all tomorrow.

THANKS FOR READING SCRABBLE.

**PLEASE CONSIDER DONATING TO SUPPORT
THE SITE.**

www.storyfreeforall.com

**AND IF YOU DECIDE TO PERFORM THE PLAY,
PLEASE LET ME KNOW !**