

Out of This World

Linda Larocque



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ArtAge Publications
Bonnie L. Vorenberg, President
PO Box 19955
Portland OR 97280
503-246-3000 or 800-858-4998
bonniev@seniortheatre.com
www.seniortheatre.com

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OUT OF THIS WORLD

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CAST

SHARON: A middle-aged to elderly female.

JOYCE: A middle-aged to elderly female.

KAY: A middle-aged to elderly female.

Time:

Present day.

Place:

A trendy wine bar in any city USA.

At Rise: SHARON and JOYCE are enjoying a glass of wine seated at a table with three chairs. Their glasses are empty and the bill is on the table.

SHARON: I'm so glad we were able to get together today and catch up. We need to do this more often.

JOYCE: I completely agree. Look Sharon, I hope you're not mad, but I had a call from a gal I used to work with. We haven't seen each other in a couple months, and we were supposed to meet today, and I think I might have told her or maybe I forgot but so, ummmm.

SHARON: So she's joining us?

JOYCE: Yeah. How did you guess?

SHARON: It's easy.

JOYCE: Whatd'ya mean?

SHARON: I know how you operate. You probably double booked us both for today and remembered a couple hours ago and didn't want to call her...

JOYCE: That's exactly what happened.

SHARON: I hope for her sake she's supposed to meet you here.

JOYCE: Yeah she is, and thanks for not being mad.

SHARON: Why would I be mad? Meeting new people can be fun. Besides I'm basically a wonderful person!

JOYCE: That's a great attitude. (*looks around*) Look. I just want to brief you a little. Her name is Kay and she's...well...she's different...but a lot of fun. She can come up with more stuff. Just overlook it. You'll love her. Really.

SHARON: Great. Not to worry then. As they say...a friend of yours, Joyce, is a friend of mine.

JOYCE: (*starts waving wildly as KAY enters. She is dressed in as much glittery silver clothing as possible.*) Over here, Kay! Over here!

KAY: Hi Joyce! It's so good seeing you. Hey, I'm not interrupting anything, am I?

JOYCE: No, no. Silly me, I just double booked, as usual.

SHARON: (*definitely notices KAY's attire*) And she's been known to do that a time or two. Oh, I'm Sharon and I've got to tell you, that outfit is really interesting.

JOYCE: Wait a minute, Sharon, let me introduce you. Kay, this is Sharon and Sharon this is Kay.

SHARON: (*a wine glass is suddenly knocked over*) Oh no. I'm sorry. Clumsy me.

JOYCE: So, it was empty. No big deal. But, if the glass had been full...that would have been an entirely different story! Nothing's worse, right ladies, than wasting a good glass of wine?

KAY: (*sits down with them*) Don't worry. It wasn't your fault. It was me. That happens whenever I come around.

SHARON: You weren't even sitting down yet. (*rights the wine glass*)

KAY: I don't have to be sitting down. I just have to be nearby. That's all it takes. Full glass or empty glass. Plastic or aluminum. Doesn't matter. I'm surprised the lights haven't flashed off and on yet.

SHARON: What are you talking about?

KAY: I'll have one of whatever you're drinking when the waitress comes by. *(pause)* Well here we go again. Look out there. See, his car won't start. *(points to an imaginary window)* Forget my wine, girls. I probably ought to leave. He doesn't stand a chance as long as I'm around.

JOYCE: Come on, Kay. You can have a glass of wine. It's alright.

KAY: No, I better leave. That poor guy's car will never start until I do. I'm too close.

JOYCE: You're too close?

SHARON: Would one of you mind telling me what's going on? I think I've missed something. Maybe we could start this conversation all over? Or maybe you could go out and come back in again? Or maybe I should?

KAY: *(to JOYCE)* Oh, that's right, she probably doesn't know. You never told her?

JOYCE: We didn't have enough time. Besides I don't understand it all myself.

KAY: I'm sorry, Sharon. I just figured you knew about me. Or that you could tell I was different.

SHARON: Other than looking like a gigantic baked potato...you appear fairly normal. *(pause)* But Joyce did say you were...

JOYCE: *(interrupts)* A lot of fun.

KAY: *(looks around)* Sharon...I'm an alien.

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!