

**Something Old, Something New**

**Margie Semilof**





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SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW

By Margie Semilof

CAST

BEVERLY: an older woman looking to jazz things up, any race

AL: Beverly's older husband who has lost his mojo, any race

Place

Beverly and Al's kitchen.

Time

The present.

SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW

*At rise: (Al enters the kitchen and notices a small box on the kitchen table. Beverly is at the table, reading a piece of paper. He sits and points to the package.)*

AL: What's this?

BEVERLY: It's a surprise. Something for us to try.

AL: Beverly, you know I don't like your surprises.

BEVERLY: For god's sake, Al. Make an exception.

AL: All right, all right. What is it?

BEVERLY: Why don't you open it up and see?

*(he removes the top and looks inside the box.)*

AL: It's a plastic egg?

BEVERLY: Read the box.

*(Al scrutinizes the box.)*

AL: Whoa! Is this what I think it is?

BEVERLY: What do you think it is?

AL: It's a, it's a—you know.

BEVERLY: It's called a vibrator, Al.

*(he abruptly puts it down like its kryptonite.)*

AL: Where did it come from?

BEVERLY: I ordered it on the internet. And since I know you will ask, it cost \$100 plus tax.

AL: You bought yourself a \$100 sex toy on the internet?

BEVERLY: It's not for me. It's for us!

AL: What the devil has gotten into you?!

BEVERLY: Aren't you going to take it out and look?

AL: I can see it just fine in the box.

*(Al stands over the box and looks inside.)*

BEVERLY: I thought it would be something fun to try.

AL: We've been married 40 years and now you want something fun?

BEVERLY: I feel like we're in a rut.

AL: A rut? We just got home from two weeks of camping and fishing up at the lake!

BEVERLY: I know. I've still got piles of laundry.

AL: That was a great time!

BEVERLY: Glad you thought so.

*(she turns her attention back to the instructions.)*

AL: Honey, you ran the camp like a real boss!

*(ignoring him, she points to the paper)*

BEVERLY: Young women today really know how to take charge.

AL: Young women like camping and fishing. Always have.

BEVERLY: I'm talking about this! *(points to box)* It was designed by a young woman engineer. She trained at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Isn't that wonderful?

AL: Ask her parents who paid her tuition and see if they think it's so wonderful.

BEVERLY: She has her own company and it makes lots of money. They should be very proud.

AL: Call me an old fart, but I don't think I could tell the guys that my daughter's company made sex toys.

BEVERLY: You're an old fart.

AL: Hey!

BEVERLY: You told me to call you an old fart, so I did! Al, listen to me. Young women today ask for what they want when it comes to physical intimacy.

AL: Well good for those young women. What does that have to do with you?

BEVERLY: You can find your own dinner tonight. And tomorrow night.

AL: I was just making a joke! You know I think you're the most beautiful woman in the world.

BEVERLY: Good recovery.

*(he looks in the box again)*

AL: I didn't think vibrators looked like this.

BEVERLY: Oh?

AL: Yeah, I thought they all looked like, you know.

BEVERLY: You mean, like a penis?

AL: Well, yeah.

BEVERLY: For god's sake, Al. You can't even say the word.

AL: I can so say the word.

BEVERLY: Then say it, Al. Penis! Penis! Penis!

AL: *(simultaneously, fingers in ears)* Lalalalala! Good god! What's gotten into you today!

*(she dismisses him and returns to reading the instructions)*

BEVERLY: Oh look. It has a three-speed motor. I can't say the same for you.

AL: Now don't be mean.

BEVERLY: Let's see how this attaches to the body.

AL: Does it hook on with prongs or something?

BEVERLY: Prongs?! Ouch! I hope not!

AL: Well I don't see any belt here.

BEVERLY: Not a belt, Al. It's hands free! There are two wings that fold up inside of the woman's la—

*(before she can say the word he again interrupts and again, plugs his ears with his fingers)*

AL: La, la, la, la, la, la, la!

*(she reaches into the box and removes the device. She holds it up. Al jumps up and runs over to a window to pull down a window shade.)*

AL: You're going to get us arrested!

BEVERLY: Arrested? For what?

AL: Those Gregory's are always peeking through their blinds!

BEVERLY: Come away from that window!

AL: They're probably watching us right now!

BEVERLY: Well let 'em! When did you become a puritan?



AL: I am not a puritan! (*Beverly looks at Al and shakes her head. Al sits back down.*)

BEVERLY: A buckle-headed puritan! A prude!

AL: I am not a prude! I just think some things should be kept, ya know, personal.

BEVERLY: What happened to that dynamo I married? That guy had big hair and followed rock bands around the country.

AL: Those were the days. I was so dumb I didn't know fear!

BEVERLY: You were a man of adventure.

AL: It's a scarier world today, Bev. Everything happens so fast. I just want it to slow down.

BEVERLY: You can't stop progress, Al. No one can.

AL: And here you spring this thing on me! It's a bridge too far, Beverly. A bridge too far!

BEVERLY: Oh, stop it. You spring things on me all the time.

AL: Like what?

BEVERLY: Remember years ago when you bought that Indian book with all the sexy pictures?

AL: We were so young.

BEVERLY: I could never get my body to twist into those shapes.

AL: My back hurts just thinking about it.

BEVERLY: And there was that time you wanted to try the thing with the clothes where you—

AL: Let's not go there, okay?

BEVERLY: And I fished around in my closets for some of those—

AL: I had too much to drink that night!

BEVERLY: My point is that I went along with it.

AL: You're a good sport, Bev.

BEVERLY: I want you to be happy. Here I want to try something, so I'm hoping you'll go along with it, too.

AL: Oh, I get it. It's all part of women wanting more equality.

BEVERLY: What?!

AL: Yep. I'm all for it. Always have been. You know that.

BEVERLY: Al, this is about having a better experience as a human female. We women want to talk about OUR ORGASMS!

AL: Jesus, Beverly! Why do you have to say everything OUT LOUD!

BEVERLY: How else would I say it but OUT LOUD!?

*(Al shifts uncomfortably in his seat as he gathers courage.)*

AL: Okay. This is what bothers me.

BEVERLY: I knew it! There had to be something else.

AL: We always discuss things. You ordered this egg thing without asking me.

BEVERLY: You think I should have asked you for permission?

AL: Well you said you bought it for "us." So, you should have talked to "us" about it.

BEVERLY: I told you, it was a surprise! I thought it might get you a little, you know, revved up.

AL: You might as well tell me that I'm not good in bed. And now you're bringing in substitutes. Back up forces!

BEVERLY: Women are more complicated than men. For us, it's all up here (*points to her brain*) I've spent 40 years trying to teach you that.

AL: You always seem to be having a good time.

BEVERLY: I do have a good time. I want a better time. And speaking of discussing things together, who is the one that secretly test drove a new Corvette last month?

AL: How did you know!?

BEVERLY: A little birdie at the grocery store told me all about it.

AL: Lynette has a big mouth. Anyway, I wasn't actually going to buy the car.

BEVERLY: This vibrator only costs \$100. That car costs more than our first house.

AL: Can't a guy have a decent fantasy without interference?

(*She gets up and stands over him, wraps her arms around his shoulders.*)

BEVERLY: Don't you see what that car means to you? It's a symbol! And here I'm offering you the real thing!

AL: That car is just a toy!

BEVERLY: The vibrator is just a toy! (*pause*) Can you put me first for once?

AL: Baby! I always think about you!

BEVERLY: Do you? Well think about this. I will try it myself. In our guest room. Where I will now be sleeping.

AL: What?!

BEVERLY: You heard me.

AL: You want to move to the guest room?

BEVERLY: We hardly ever use that room. I could turn it into my own little sanctuary. Just the two of us. Me and this egg.

AL: Aww! Don't do that!

BEVERLY: You won't even miss me.

AL: That's not true!

BEVERLY: Maybe you'll miss the clean sheets. Or cuddling with a warm body on cold nights. What you do in your room is up to you.

AL: You would let this egg take my place!?

BEVERLY: I sure as heck won't miss the *(makes snoring sounds)*.

AL: Come on, Bev! You know I can't get to sleep without you next to me.

*(she wraps her arms around his shoulder again and gets close. She whispers something in his ear, and he looks at her. He whispers something back and she giggles.)*

BEVERLY: You dog!

*(he picks up the instructions)*

AL: Okay. Okay. So how does it really work?

BEVERLY: I don't know. Let's do a test drive.

AL: See there? I'm not too old to try something new.

BEVERLY: I knew you'd come around.

*(they both laugh, and she hugs him. After a pause she speaks.)*

BEVERLY: Is now a good time to show you my new tattoo?

*(Al's eyes open wide.)*

The End