

# Snow and Seven Marshmallows

Susan Steadman





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**SNOW AND SEVEN MARSHMALLOWS**

by

Susan M. Steadman

**CAST**

RON: 60s. Retired to Florida from the North. He has a generally upbeat disposition and is delighted that he can play golf so frequently.

PHYLLIS: 60s. Married to RON. Also retired, but depressed, she misses the North, her former house, her friends and, yes, even snow.

Place

The living room of a Florida condo.

Time

The present. Mid-morning on a typically warm, sunny day.

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*Setting: The living room of a small Florida condo. The furniture includes two chairs and a table with books, newspapers, and mail on it. A golf bag leans against a wall. The sliding glass door which leads to the common area in back of the condo may be created through the actors' pantomime.*

*Notes on the set: The living room need not be elaborate. A couple of chairs and a small table will do. The sliding glass door is created for the audience by the actors' miming the movement of opening and closing it. It is suggested that the director place the sliding door downstage, so that Phyllis is facing the audience as she watches the 'children.'*

*At Rise: PHYLLIS, wearing bathrobe and slippers, holds a small pad and pencil as she looks intently through the sliding glass door at something the audience cannot see. RON, dressed in golf shirt and slacks, studies her with a puzzled expression.*

RON: Nine minutes and twenty-one seconds.

PHYLLIS: What?

RON: You've been staring out the sliding glass doors for nine minutes and (*checking his watch*) thirty seconds.

PHYLLIS: Uh-huh.

RON: What's so fascinating?

PHYLLIS: The snow.

RON: The snow. Oh. (*beat*) What snow?

PHYLLIS: Outside. There. I'm watching the snow come down. I measured it awhile ago. Almost three inches. It's got to be, what? Three and five-eighths inches deep by now.

RON: Oooo-kay. (*He scowls, studying Phyllis.*) Are you feeling all right?

PHYLLIS: I'm great. What makes you ask?

RON: You're measuring. You're measuring... (*can't get the word out*)

PHYLLIS: I thought you'd be thrilled. I've taken up your passion. Numbers.

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RON: But you've never... Look, Phyllis, maybe I should cancel golf today. I'm supposed to meet Dave in (*checking his watch*) seven minutes and fifteen seconds.

PHYLLIS: I'll be fine, Ron. (*sitting*) I predict another two and three-eighths inches of snow blanketing our patio. That's what that bald guy used to say on the news at home, isn't it? Blanketing?

RON: We *are* home. Lake Worth. Lake Worth, Florida, 33467. And he wasn't bald. Necessarily. He shaved his head. (*He touches his hair.*) Why do men *do* that, anyway? Of course, forty-six percent of balding men are self-conscious,.

PHYLLIS: But only three percent shave their heads to hide their rapidly thinning hair.

RON: You're making that up. (*beat*) Aren't you?

PHYLLIS: (*peering outside*) Hm. I may need to revise my estimate. (*She scribbles on the pad.*) I now predict another two and *seven*-eighths inches of snow blanketing our patio.

RON: I'll just call and cancel. (*He takes a cell phone from his pocket.*) Hope he remembered his phone for a change.

(*Phyllis rises, gets a blanket or shawl, drapes it around her shoulders, and then returns to her chair.*)

RON: Straight to voice mail after only five rings. Yeah, Dave. It's me. Ron. I won't be able to make it to the course today after all. Phyllis is, uh...we have a...situation here. Call me, okay? And why do you even bother to have a cell phone when sixty-seven percent of the time you forget it? (*He disconnects, then pulls a chair over to Phyllis and sits. They both stare at the "snow."*) Why does he even bother to have a cell phone when—

PHYLLIS and RON: Sixty-seven percent of the time—

RON: He forgets to charge it or leaves it home.

PHYLLIS: That's just Dave. You need to learn to accept people for who they are.

RON: You've told me that—

PHYLLIS: Seventeen times since—

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RON: Since we moved here.

PHYLLIS: And now it's eighteen. Which reminds me. Go play golf.

RON: You need to find a hobby, Phyllis.

PHYLLIS: I'll take it under advisement, Ron.

**END OF FREEVIEW**

***You'll want to read and perform this show!***