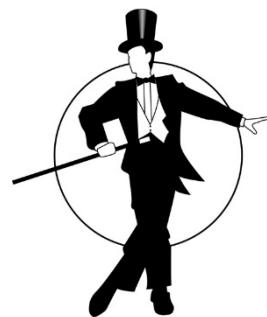


Your Girlfriends Know Too Much

Lennie Singer



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Your Girlfriends Know Too Much

YOUR GIRLFRIENDS KNOW TOO MUCH

By Lenny Singer

CAST

WALTER: A resident at the Villa Estates, and waiter at Villas Grill. He carries a lot of years, and shuffles when he walks, yet has a quick wit and even disposition. He can't hear for beans, and loves to tinker with modern electronics.

AGNES: A seventy something divorcee. Pushy, edgy, and a bit crass. But she'd do anything for her bosom buddies.

ROSIE: Seventies. Wants to live life to the fullest. She's all energy and laughter. Vivacious and fun. Not the sharpest pencil in the box, but very caring.

BEA: Late seventies, early eighties. Still on the newest fad diet after all these years. She's very careful about her appearance and primps a lot.

GLADIS: Late seventies, early eighties. Tends toward gossip and is incredibly flighty. Always trying to fix things.

PHARMACIST: (voice over) Male or female. Cheerful, helpful, and somewhat confused. Can be played by a Chorus member.

SIRI: (voice over) Formal. Robotic. Can be played by a Chorus member.

ALEXA: (voice over) Very formal and robot-like. Can be played by a Chorus member.

CHORUS: A Greek-inspired speaking chorus .The preference is to have seven members, with the 7th having the most solos and the troublemaker. The number may change according to the needs of the producing theatre company.

Place

The Villa Estates Grill.

Time

The Present.

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Chorus rises, holding cell phones, (except for Chorus #7, who is looking for his phone.) In unison they lift cell phones and begin typing on them as they speak.

CHORUS: We remember dial phones.

 Typewriters we could set.
 Good old days kept our lives in sync,
 No such thing as internet.

Chorus #7: Anybody seen my phone?

CHORUS: People spoke to one another.

 Face to face—to me or us.
 No secret microphones were hidden
 In a handheld apparatus.

Chorus #7: Found it! Hello? No reception.

CHORUS: All the new electronics
 Fill us with much dread.

Chorus # 7: Anybody seen my charger?

CHORUS: We'd rather go back to a rotary phone
 And stream-less TV instead.
 Who needs gizmos with batteries
 That speak to distribute knowledge.
 Don't need the internet's highway
 //We've got higher learning, like college!

*Chorus retreats to bench and, in unison, slam down their phones on the bench.
 Agnes, Rosie, Bea, and Gladis enter stage left, wearing jackets, sweaters, outerwear, hats.
 They've been shopping and carry bags. They chatter as they sit sharing new perfumes and
 lipsticks they just purchased. Walter enters with four cups and a coffee pot. He pours, puts the
 coffee pot down, leans down to kiss his new bride on the top of her head, and sits down in 5th
 chair stage left, next to Rosie. Ladies continue chatting and cooing over his sweet kiss. He pulls
 his phone out of his pocket and begins pushing buttons*

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ROSIE: Smell this! Isn't it just too too? Walter is going to just love it. (*looking at her watch.*) Sorry ladies, I have a doctor appointment. Gotta go. Walter, darling, would you call a cab to take me to my doctor appointment? (*Looking through her purse for her phone book.*) It's Dr. Goldfarb. Here. I'll look up the address in my book. I'll just get it out.

WALTER: Wait! Wait! Look. Not necessary. I'll ask Siri.

BEA: Sir who? There's no one here but us.

WALTER: (*Shushing Bea and holding his phone high and yelling into it.*) Siri. Please give me the address for Doctor Goldfarb.

AGNES: Who's he talking to?

GLADIS: Shh. I hear something.

VOICE OF SIRI: There are two Doctor Goldfarbs. Which one would you like?

(*The women all gasp.*)

WALTER: (*reading the text on his phone*) Which one? The Gynecologist or the Urologist?

AGNES: Wh? Whaaa? How does she even know that?

GLADIS: (*Whispering to Bea and Agnes*) Maybe Walter has a girlfriend?

WALTER: Siri says there're two here. One's a Gynecologist, the other a..

ROSIE: I heard you. It's the (*whispers*) other one. And why are you on the phone asking your friend? It's none of her business.

WALTER: No. It's this newfangled phone, shnookums. It's called uh uh "you phone," or. Uh "me phone" or...

AGNES: I think it's an "iPhone" Walter. For heaven's sake.

WALTER: Well, whatever they call it, I'm not talking to a friend. It's got this thing here...see? Listen. Siri, give me the address to Dr. Goldfarb, the Urologist.

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VOICE OF SIRI: (*speaking at the same time Rosie is yelling*) The address for Dr. Goldfarb, the Urologist, is 224 McCall Drive. Would you like directions?

ROSIE: (*yelling at the same time*) I don't like this, Walter. I think it's shameful for you to talk to friends about my personal activities. It's not nice. You tell this Serious girl I don't want her passing around to all her friends that I'm going to a (*whispers*) Urologist. It's none of her business, I said!

WALTER: Sweetheart, she's not a...

ROSIE: Don't sweetheart me! You seeing another woman? Were you planning to bring her to meet me? You know how humiliating that is for me? How do you think it'll look when I meet her, knowing she knows my, my uh, bladder issues!

GLADIS: Disgraceful!

AGNES: Shh. Stay out of it.

BEA: Ladies. This isn't our business.

(*Ladies and Chorus all lean in to hear more of the battle*)

ROSIE: Never mind. I'll call a cab.

AGNES: I'll take you, Bea. (*to Walter*) Shame on you!

ROSIE: I'm not a child. I'll call a cab! I've got the number here in my book. (*again, flipping through her purse and getting her address book*)

AGNES: Don't be foolish. I'll take you!

BEA: You mustn't be embarrassed, Rosie. I went to a Urologist once. All that happens is you pee in a cup.

WALTER: I got this. Siri, pull up the Uber app on my phone.

VOICE OVER SIRI: Pulling up Uber app.

GLADIS: Again, you're asking your girlfriend? You can't do anything without consulting her first? What's wrong with you Walter?

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AGNES: Maybe she makes good casseroles
(exits)

ROSIE: I'm cancelling my appointment with the doctor. I'm too upset. I'm heartbroken, Walter, just heartbroken. (*thumbing through her phone book*) Where's his number?

BEA: Tsk tsk. Walter, you're playing around and you've only been married three months! Shameful! (exits)

WALTER: (*shaking his head in exasperation*) Siri, the phone number for Dr. Goldfarb.

(*Chorus member steps forward to act as Siri.*)

SIRI: The phone number for Dr. Goldfarb is 555-894-5497. Would you like me to call it for you?

ROSIE: (*yelling as Walter says yes to Siri. She grabs the phone and yells into it.*) Sora! Sushi! Or whatever your name is...I don't need your help. I'll call myself. Hang up right now! Now! (*beat*) I've got to go lie down. I'm mortified.

(*Rosie exits. Walter follows, pleading.*)

Music segue.

Gladis, Bea, Agnes are at table eating muffins and drinking coffee from Starbucks.

GLADIS: (*dealing cards*) I'm still appalled at what happened yesterday with that Sashimi lady on the phone.

BEA: Poor Rosie.

(*Rosie enters. They quit gossiping*)

AGNES: Oh, Rosie. Did you get things straightened out with the uh, the girlfriend issue?

ROSIE: (*she sits and picks up cards.*) He slept on the sofa.

WALTER: (*enters with a single rose.*) A rose for my Rosie. Listen, Rosie, honey. I handled that all wrong yesterday. It's just technology though. Honestly. But I won't call Siri anymore. (*he kisses her on top of her head, and hands her the rose.*) Siri is kaput...over...out.

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(*Agnes gives them both the "thumbs up."*)

WALTER: Listen, I brought you something. A present. (*pulls out Echo Dot.*) I want you to meet Alexa.

ROSIE: A new girl? How could you do this to your new bride?

GLADIS: So where is she? This Alyssa?

WALTER: (*to Gladis*) It's Alexa. You all got it wrong. All wrong. She's here to help you, Rosie. Sometimes, when I'm at the restaurant waiting tables, she can help.

ROSIE: What? Is she a maid or nurse or something? I don't need a nurse. I'm perfectly capable.

WALTER: No. She's just going to help answer questions and some stuff around the house. Here, let me show you. (*he plugs in the Echo Dot, then speaks directly to it.*)

(*Chorus member steps out to act as Alexa*)

WALTER: Alexa, say hello to my beautiful Rosie.

ALEXA: Hello my beautiful Rosie.

BEA: Insolent!

(*Rosie stands and looks around to find Alexa.*)

AGNES: Who's he talking to?

GLADIS: I think he's gone off the deep end since his marriage to Rosie.

BEA: Yeah, maybe she was a little too, you know, feisty for him.

END OF FREEVIEW
You'll want to read and perform this show!