

Something Wonderful

Leah Halper





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SOMETHING WONDERFUL

by

Leah Halper

CAST

SILVIA: Well dressed, attractive, brunette, any age over 60. Speaks standard American English but her name is pronounced the Italian way, *Sil-via*. Gestures a bit more than the American norm but not excessively.

DALE: Casually dressed, male or female, around Silvia's age.

Place

An apartment.

Time

The present.

Setting: *DALE's living room, with a kitchen attached.*

At Rise: DALE checks oven nervously, dips finger into a pot, tastes, perfects table setting, checks watch, sits down, pops back up to stir pot. Knock at door. DALE checks mirror, leaves kitchen, opens door to SILVIA, who carries a large box.

DALE: *(taking box)* I was getting worried. You found the place.

SILVIA: You bet. Looked forward all week. *(she pecks DALE)* Are we kissing?

DALE: *(gently setting down box)* Absolutely. *(DALE holds her and they kiss)* I hope we're beyond kissing. I hope we're...well, one thing at a time.

SILVIA: That's inviting. What a nice place. Thanks for asking me. *(They kiss. She sniffs)* Smells like...

DALE: We'll take it slow. Right? Dinner first. Right? *(they kiss again)*

SILVIA: *(smiling)* Well, I place myself in your hands. But I can hope.

DALE: You don't know how I've looked forward...but one thing at a time or I'll get nervous. Actually, I'm already nervous. Dinner. *(taking box)* What's all this?

SILVIA: *(She moves towards chairs. DALE follows)* My contribution.

DALE: *(setting box down, removing items)* A nice cognac. A very nice red wine. That'll go perfectly. *(shakes a Tupperware container)* This is...?

SILVIA: *(sits)* Hors d'oeuvres. I know you like mushrooms, right?

DALE: *(He tastes one, offers. SILVIA takes one)* Ummmm. Absolutely, Wow. Good. And — *(lifts lid on another Tupperware)*

SILVIA: *(chewing)* I had some soup. If you can't use it tonight, just eat it later.

DALE: *(uncertainly, swallowing)* Thanks. And...bread?

SILVIA: *(helpfully)* The best sourdough. From the bakery near the bus station. I wanted you to try it.

DALE: *(excavating heavy container, peeking inside)* You cooked a roast? *(rummages further)* What's this?

SILVIA: Just a few cookies I had around...

DALE: *(sets cookies down heavily)* I don't know what to say.

SILVIA: *(pleased)* They're amaretto. You'll love the texture.

DALE: You forgot a tablecloth. *(Triumphantly, SILVIA produces one, but DALE doesn't notice, having turned away to survey the pile. Puzzled)* I invite you to dinner, and you bring the meal.

SILVIA: *(guiltily stashing tablecloth, smile fading)* I forgot a vegetable. But we could run to the store...

DALE: *(turning towards her)* Are you provisioning to stay the week?

SILVIA: I'm not even assuming you want me for the night, Dale. It's just stuff I had around.

DALE: You had a roast warm from the oven around? When I've been cooking since yesterday? You always bring the food when you go to someone's place for dinner?

SILVIA: Dale, you're not someone. I've told everybody how much I like you.

DALE: I like you, too. And I know you're a great cook. But Meals on Wheels seems premature. *(picks up one of the containers, looks inside)* If you're worried—

SILVIA: *(takes it from DALE, sets it down)* If you're sensitive...

DALE: *(sits, fights emotions)* Our first misunderstanding.

SILVIA: *(sits)* God, I'm really sorry. I didn't mean to. Should I leave?

DALE: Not until you explain.

SILVIA: *(teary)* Oh, first explain, then leave? *(starts to gather stuff)*

DALE: *(stops her)* Can you just tell me?

SILVIA: *(gathers stuff again, brushing a tear)* Maybe my sister's right.

DALE: About what? *(silence)* Silvia. Without communication we have nothing. What is it?

SILVIA: It's just that...you know I'm Italian.

DALE: *(touches her face)* I love that you're Italian. I love this dark beauty.

SILVIA: Italians love...to eat. *(with difficulty, taking his hand)* And...at least in my family...maybe not other Italians, but everyone I know...we don't really like other people's food. I mean, sometimes it's fine. But we'd really rather—

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!