

# Blame it on the Bossa Nova

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# BLAME IT ON THE BOSSA NOVA

by

Shirley King

## CAST

LIZZIE: An elephant's child?

JACKSON: Wild about the Bossa Nova.

EMILY: Come the Armageddon, she'll stick around just long enough to say, "I told you so."

FRANKIE: Grandchildren first, laundry second.

JOAN: Likes Lizzie's story, up to a point.

### Place

An apartment complex.

### Time

The present.

*Production Notes: Lizzie and Jackson are imaginative and colorful. They dress things up a bit while touching base with the truth now and then. How often? Well, who's counting?*

*Setting: A laundry room.*

*At Rise: A table and bulletin board are on stage. JOAN and FRANKIE are sorting laundry. EMILY enters with a basket of clothing. She stands there, hands on hips. JACKSON enters, carrying a duffel bag stuffed with laundry.*

JACKSON: Hi there! Fine day, isn't it? I'm Jackson Crandall. Pleased to meet you lovely ladies.

JOAN: Right back at you. I wonder, should I use powdered or liquid bleach on these blouses? Would you happen to know?

FRANKIE: Joanie, why are you asking? Of course he doesn't know.

EMILY: Forget about clothes. Come the Armageddon true believers will be set free of their garments and we will be transported to glory.

JACKSON: Hey, you're one funny lady.

JOAN: That's not how I would describe Emily.

JACKSON: Look, I just moved in last week and I'm not sure how this laundry stuff works. Do I need quarters here or what?

EMILY: Didn't you hear me? Disbelievers are doomed. You will suffer locusts, frogs, flash mobs, hip-hop music...

JACKSON: *(walking over to the bulletin board)* Speaking of music, how about this notice? The Senior Center's got a Branson tour scheduled. Think I might get to see Lawrence Welk?

FRANKIE: Not a snowball's chance. He's no longer with us.

*(LIZZIE enters, carrying laundry)*

EMILY: Prepare yourself, Lizzie! The day will come when famine covers the land!

LIZZIE: Emily, are you stuck on all that doomsday stuff again?

EMILY: Don't you dare make fun of my beliefs.

LIZZIE: Oh, I'm not. It's just that they're all so gloomy. She's waiting for the apocalypse to wipe out all sinners. That means just about everybody but her.

FRANKIE: You know, I just want to do my laundry and get out of here. My grandchildren are taking me to lunch.

JACKSON: Ladies, what's the drill?

LIZZIE: You just need to be selective. I mean, about Emily's beliefs. Take the parts you like and try to overlook the rest.

EMILY: That does it. I'm taking my laundry to the other room. *(to JACKSON)*  
This is the sorting room. Next door is the washing and drying room. That's how  
they do things here so we never get confused. Not that I would. *(EMILY exits.)*

JACKSON: How come Emily's so down on everything?

LIZZIE: Who knows?

JOAN: I'm surprised she even bothers to do her laundry.

JACKSON: Good, we're back to laundry. Do I separate the blues from the  
greens? Like my jeans and this shirt. Do they go together?

LIZZIE: Didn't your wife ever tell you?

JACKSON: We never got around to talking laundry but she might be stopping  
by tomorrow.

FRANKIE: Oh. You don't live together?

JACKSON: It's okay, we still talk. About this Emily, I'm guessing she didn't  
inherit The Happy Gene like I did. Nothing bothers me except the Cubs. How  
many ways can they find to lose?

LIZZIE: You like baseball? Me too. I'm a Giants fan. What's your story?

JACKSON: Well, Lizzie, my parents passed away very young and I got sent to a  
foster home. My foster parents were Hollywood hairdressers, so I grew up with  
the rich and famous. And it goes without saying, I love the Bossa Nova.

FRANKIE: Then why did you say it? Is this leading up to something?

**END OF FREEVIEW**

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