

Sylvia and Myrna

Bob Rinfret





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SYLVIA AND MYRNA

by

Bob Rinfret

CAST

MYRNA HOWARD: Later 70's. Ex-Hollywood actress.

SYLVIA GOLDSTEIN: 60 to 70. Typical senior.

Setting: Day room at an upscale retirement home in Florida.

At Rise: At opening, we see MYRNA sitting at a writing desk. There is a large set of windows, with the curtains drawn, off to one side. She has many letters and correspondence around her. SYLVIA enters and stands off to one side. MYRNA doesn't notice her. SYLVIA clears her throat to finally get noticed.

MYRNA: Oh, I'm sorry dear, I didn't see you there, is there something I can help you with?

SYLVIA: Don't play coy with me. You know exactly what I want.

MYRNA: *(thinking for a second)* Oh, of course. *(she gets a sheet of paper and begins to write)* What's your name dear?

SYLVIA: What? My name is Sylvia, but...

MYRNA: Ah! *(reading what she is writing)* "To Sylvia...Best wishes...Myrna Stringer"...Here you go.

SYLVIA: What's this?

MYRNA: Oh, I'm sorry, I assumed you wanted me to make this autograph out to you, but if you have someone else in mind...?

SYLVIA: Autograph? You think I came here for your autograph?

MYRNA: Oh, it's alright dear, I'm used to it. Don't feel embarrassed. I've given out more autographs, in my career, than I can remember. You know, you could probably get a few bucks for that on E-Bay.

SYLVIA: I'll have you know that I did not come here for myself. I came here for my husband.

MYRNA: Oh, he wanted the autograph?

SYLVIA: No, I want him back!

MYRNA: Back from what dear?

SYLVIA: Back from you!

MYRNA: Me? Really dear, I've had six husbands, what makes you think I want yours?

SYLVIA: Don't give me that, I know you've been seeing him. And my name is Sylvia...Sylvia Goldstein.

MYRNA: Well, Sylvia Goldstein...I assure you I don't have yours or anybody else's husband. Now, if there is nothing else, I really do have to get back to these letters.

SYLVIA: No!

MYRNA: I beg your pardon!

SYLVIA: I said no!

MYRNA: I heard that part, I just didn't quite understand it.

SYLVIA: I mean, I am not giving up that easy. You can't get away with this. Jerry and I have been married for forty-five years and I won't lose him to some washed-up Hollywood floozy.

MYRNA: Really, I may not have had a movie in a year or two, but I would hardly consider myself wash-up. I am supposed to do *The View* in a few months.

SYLVIA: You know what I mean. Jerry's not much, but he's all I got, and you ain't getting him. *(she puts down her purse on the table and takes a fighter's stance, hands help up as if to box)* Come on sister...let's see what you got.

MYRNA: *(trying to be a peacemaker)* Now...what was your name again?

SYLVIA: Sylvia...Sylvia Goldstein...and don't change the subject, come-on...put-em'-up!

MYRNA: Sylvia, listen. I think we should sit down and think this through. *(she motions to an empty chair.)* Please sit down. *(Sylvia thinks about it)* Please. *(Sylvia finally sits in the chair)* Now, you say I've stolen your husband...I'm sure I don't even know your husband.

SYLVIA: Yes you do. He's Jerry...the guy at the front gate. You know, the guard!

MYRNA: Oh, that Jerry! Yes of course I know him.

SYLVIA: There, see...you admit it!

MYRNA: Well, of course I admit it. I didn't know his name until now, but I know him. Everyone knows him. We see him everyday. But that doesn't mean I *know* him.

SYLVIA: Don't give me that, your all he talks about. Myrna this. And Myrna that. We've got every picture you've ever made. He has your pictures and your magazine articles and you're all he ever talks about.

MYRNA: Well Sylvia, that's all innocent, I assure you. I've had to deal with that my entire career. Hundreds of men, and woman, I might add, have written to me, telling me that they adore me, or want to run away with me or want to be like me. It's flattering, but harmless, for the most part.

SYLVIA: Well I've got proof! *(she starts to look in her purse)*

MYRNA: Proof of what?

SYLVIA: That you two are fooling around...now where did I put that?

MYRNA: Sylvia...I assure you, your Jerry and I are not fooling around!

SYLVIA: (*finding what she was looking for*) Ah ha! Here it is. (*she puts a piece of paper in front of her*) There, see this? Right there is black and white.

(*Myrna takes the paper and starts to read it.*)

SYLVIA: Well? What have you got to say about that!?

MYRNA: (*reading aloud*) "Myrna, my sweet, meet me after dark for a rendezvous. My wife will be asleep and we can finally be together. Yours Truly. Jerry." Oh dear!

SYLVIA: So you admit it!

MYRNA: Oh no, not again.

SYLVIA: What, not again?

MYRNA: I was so hoping to get away from all this?

SYLVIA: Away from all of what?

MYRNA: This sort of thing. I thought that when I moved away from Hollywood that I wouldn't be bothered with this sort of thing again.

SYLVIA: So you admit your having an affair. (*she gets into her fighting stance again*) O.K. Sister! Come on, best two out of three!

MYRNA: Sylvia...please...calm down, I've dealt with this kind of thing before.

SYLVIA: (*relaxing*) What kind of thing?

MYRNA: Please, sit down. (*she sits*) Let me ask you a question? How are you and...(*forgetting the name*) what's his name, getting along?

SYLVIA: His name is Jerry, and we were getting along just fine until you showed up.

MYRNA: Really?

SYLVIA: What do you mean, really? Of course.

MYRNA: There weren't any problems?

SYLVIA: What kind of problems?

MYRNA: Oh you know. He forgets your birthday. Or, doesn't pay as much attention to you as he used to or forgets to put down the toilet seat. Although you've told him to a thousand times!

SYLVIA: Well yes, but that's normal right? All couples go thru that. After all we've been married forty-five years. Although he does get on my nerves from time to time.

MYRNA: Right, and I'm sure you get on his.

SYLVIA: What? Me! Never.

MYRNA: Come on now, not ever a little?

SYLVIA: Well, only when he deserves it.

MYRNA: Right. And maybe you aren't paying as much attention to him as you used to, right?

SYLVIA: Well, I get tired easily and I don't need all that...contact, if you know what I mean, but he's like a school kid at times.

MYRNA: Well then, don't you see what this is?

SYLVIA: No, what is it?

MYRNA: He's using me to make you jealous!

SYLVIA: What? No that's impossible.

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!