

Standing Tall

Marv Siegel



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ArtAge Publications

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STANDING TALL

by

Marv Siegel

CAST

FRED: In his sixties.

SHIRLEY: In her sixties.

Place

A living room.

Time

The Present.

Setting: A living room. There is a telephone.

At Rise: Fred bursts into the room with Shirley on his heels. They are wearing bathrobes or pajamas. Shirley is yawning.

FRED: (*extremely agitated*) Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God! What are we supposed to do? I don't believe this is happening!

SHIRLEY: Fred, you have to calm down!

FRED: I can't calm down. How am I supposed to calm down? This is terrible. I knew this was going to happen. I knew it.

SHIRLEY: Stop panicking. It's going to be okay.

FRED: That's easy for you to say. I knew it. I never should have listened to you.

SHIRLEY: Oh now it's my fault?

FRED: Yes it's your fault. It was your idea. I didn't want any part of it.

SHIRLEY: What are you talking about? You were the one who said you wanted to try it.

FRED: You lured me into it.

SHIRLEY: Lured you? We've been married for thirty-eight years. My luring days ended in the 1970's.

FRED: Don't tell me you don't lure. You lure.

SHIRLEY: How do I lure? Tell me how I lure.

FRED: You paint a picture. You make something seem very enticing and then I fall into the trap. Over and over and over. Remember when you lured me into buying those futon things? They destroyed my back.

SHIRLEY: I didn't lure you into buying those. You bought them off the back of a truck at the side of a highway. I wasn't even there.

FRED: I don't remember that.

SHIRLEY: And I suppose you don't remember the oil painting you bought the same way.

FRED: Look at this. Look at how you deflect. All of a sudden we're talking about futons and oil paintings. You lure and you deflect. That's your M.O., lure and deflect.

SHIRLEY: You brought up the futons.

FRED: Enough about the futons. We have to deal with this situation that you lured me into. I certainly didn't get the stuff I used tonight off the back of a truck. I had never even thought about it till you told me about Herb and Vivian.

SHIRLEY: I was talking to you over breakfast. You say I never tell you anything interesting so I told you something interesting.

FRED: Well you made it sound way more interesting than you should have. You should have just stated the facts instead of putting in all that window dressing.

SHIRLEY: What am I, the six o'clock news? We were holding a conversation.

FRED: But you didn't have to paint a picture of two wild kids on a fling. Herb is sixty-three. You should have painted a picture of two senior citizens bouncing and jiggling in all the wrong places. That would have ended all thoughts of following in their footsteps.

SHIRLEY: I didn't paint a picture of wild kids. I painted a picture of love continuing despite our age.

FRED: Love could have continued just fine without dabbling in the *(searching)* supernatural.

SHIRLEY: Supernatural? What on earth are you talking about?

FRED: Sometimes medical science goes to places better left untouched. And now I'm the Frankenstein monster and you're *(searching)* Doctor Frankenstein.

SHIRLEY: Oh no, I'm not taking responsibility for this. We both agreed. It was a joint venture. *(reflecting and bursting into laughter)* Ha ha ha ha ha. Get it? A joint venture.

FRED: You think this is funny?

SHIRLEY: Well actually...

FRED: Don't you dare! This isn't funny. This is serious and we have to deal with it right now.

SHIRLEY: Alright. I have an idea.

FRED: Okay, now we're getting somewhere. What's your idea?

SHIRLEY: Round two.

FRED: *(no clue)* Round two? *(slowly getting it)* Round two? Will you just listen to yourself? All you care about is satisfying your own carnal needs.

SHIRLEY: I don't have carnal needs. I'm just thinking that maybe a second round will do the trick.

FRED: Sure it's easy for you to think that. You don't have to do any work. Dammit Shirley, what the hell is wrong with you?

SHIRLEY: What the hell is wrong with me? I'm trying to help. It's two in the morning and believe me I'd rather be asleep. But if another round solves the problem I'm here for you.

FRED: *(sarcastic)* Right.

SHIRLEY: Do I have to remind you that you're the one with the problem?

FRED: No! *(resigned)* No, you don't. *(looking at his watch)* And it's 2:15 to be exact. It's been almost six hours. Let me see the bottle again.

SHIRLEY: Why do you need to see the bottle again? The writing's not going to change.

FRED: Just let me see it please. *(She takes a pill bottle from her pocket and hands it to him. He reads aloud)* If your erection lasts for more than four hours, seek medical help. We should have dealt with this two hours ago.

SHIRLEY: Two hours ago we were asleep. We fell asleep when we were done. We always fall asleep when we're done. Sometimes before we're done.

FRED: But I've never taken Viagra before. And now I've had an erection for six hours.

SHIRLEY: Well maybe you haven't had an erection for six hours.

FRED: What are you saying?

SHIRLEY: Maybe your erection went down for a while and then it came back.

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!