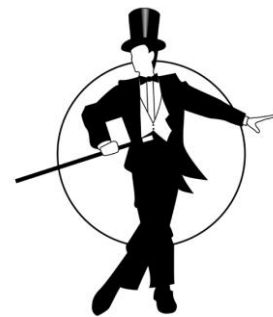


Bernie and the Beast

Marsha Sheiness



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BERNIE AND THE BEAST

A comedy in one act

by

Marsha Lee Sheiness

CAST

BERNIE: Middle 70's

EVELYN: Late 60's

Both **BERNIE** and **EVELYN** are small in stature but giants in spirit.

Place

BERNIE and EVELYN, married for forty-two years, are lost somewhere in South Dakota. As the evening unfolds at the Blue Lagoon Motel they reveal their many levels of love and dependency as well as a solid commitment to a loving, enduring relationship.

Time

The present.

At Rise: A room at the Blue Lagoon Motel. Summer, just after sundown. We hear a key in the lock. The door opens. BERNIE enters, wearing a hat. HE feels along the wall for a light switch. EVELYN enters and stays in the doorway.

BERNIE: Where's the damn light switch?

EVELYN: What's that over there?

BERNIE: Over where?

EVELYN: Between those two beds, there's a lamp. Try turning it on.

BERNIE: *(crossing to lamp)* Probably doesn't work.

EVELYN: There's one way to find out.

(BERNIE turns on the lamp, it works. EVELYN surveys the room)

EVELYN: Tacky, tacky, yuck! I don't like your Blue Lagoon Motel one bit.

BERNIE: Since when is this my motel? I don't remember signing any papers.

EVELYN: You picked it.

BERNIE: You told me to pull in.

EVELYN: I said, "There's one."

BERNIE: I told you we should have stopped ten miles back before it got dark.

EVELYN: Wasn't ready to stop ten miles back.

BERNIE: I'm not the one who's afraid to drive at night. What do you want me to do?

EVELYN: Nothing to do except get the bags. I don't drive nowhere after dark-thirty.

BERNIE: I'm not going to drag them in here if you're going to change your mind in five minutes.

EVELYN: I'm making no promises.

BERNIE: Maybe I can make it worth your while. Will a hundred do it?

EVELYN: Chicken feed.

BERNIE: How about two?

EVELYN: Chickie, chickie, chickie! El Cheapo!

BERNIE: El Cheapo? Since when am I El Cheapo?

EVELYN: Ever since our first date.

BERNIE: Two-fifty is my final offer.

EVELYN: You've got yourself a deal.

BERNIE: *(reaches for his wallet)* You got change for a hundred?

(EVELYN opens her bag, takes out a fifty-dollar bill. THEY exchange bills)

EVELYN: Sugar Daddy.

BERNIE: How do you figure that after forty-two years?

EVELYN: Sweet and Sour Daddy.

BERNIE: That sounds more like it. I'm going to check in. (*gives her a kiss on the cheek*)

EVELYN: Leave my makeup case under the seat. I won't be needing it.

BERNIE: Since when?

EVELYN: Don't know how long I'll be staying. Haven't made up my mind.

BERNIE: We made a deal and you're going to stick to it.

EVELYN: Maybe I will and maybe I won't.

BERNIE: Damn Beast. (*HE exits*)

EVELYN: You got that right. (*SHE opens door to the bathroom, turns on the light, and looks it over. Tests both beds, one is very firm, one is very soft. SHE turns on the air-conditioner, then opens a curtain that covers a clothes rack*) Damn flea-joint!! (*SHE turns the TV set on and off, lifts the receiver on the telephone, listens for dial tone, replaces receiver. Opens each drawer of the chest-of-drawers to check for cleanliness as BERNIE enters carrying two heavy suitcases*)

BERNIE: Where do you want me to put these?

EVELYN: Where's my makeup case?

BERNIE: I thought you said you didn't want it.

EVELYN: Changed my mind.

(*BERNIE puts the two suitcases down*)

BERNIE: I should have married your twin sister.

EVELYN: It's not too late! She's looking for her third husband. And she still has all her teeth.

BERNIE: What else do you want out there?

EVELYN: All I want is my makeup case. (*BERNIE has a severe pain in his stomach that forces him to lose his breath and sit*) What happened? (*HE is unable to answer*) Did you take your medicine?

BERNIE: (*with effort*) When did I have time to take my medicine?

EVELYN: It's past due.

BERNIE: I know that. Where is it? (*Checks his pant pockets*)

EVELYN: In that pill caddy I bought you. I saw you use it this morning.

BERNIE: Then you were hallucinating. That pill caddy is at home in my desk drawer. Look in your purse. I may have put the pills in your purse this morning.

EVELYN: (*looking through her purse*) What's wrong with that pill caddy?

BERNIE: I can never get the damn thing open without hurting my thumb.

EVELYN: If you're not going to use it then I want it back.

BERNIE: You can have it back.

EVELYN: (*finds his pills in her purse and hands bottle to him*) Here. What the hell are your pills doing in my purse?

BERNIE: You really are a beast!

EVELYN: Brutal beast.

BERNIE: Mean. (*takes out a pill*)

EVELYN: Mean and ornery. Sit still, I'll get you some water. (*goes into the bathroom*)

BERNIE: How 'bout some news, Beast? (*turns on the TV set, gets snowy static on all channels*) Don't tell me the damn TV doesn't work!

EVELYN'S VOICE: The air-conditioner works fine.

BERNIE: I'm not talking about the air-conditioner. I want to watch the news.

EVELYN'S VOICE: Then turn on the television set. (*enters*)

BERNIE: I've got it on. I can't get a picture. (*turns TV set off*) Dammit!!

EVELYN: What's the matter with you?

BERNIE: If we'd have stopped ten miles back, we'd have a decent place to stay and a TV that works.

EVELYN: (*sitting on a bed*) You were driving. — Which bed do you want?

BERNIE: I don't care!

EVELYN: This one is hard as a rock, (*sits on the other bed*) and this one stinks. Sit on it.

(*BERNIE sets water glass down, and then crosses toward the bed*)

BERNIE: What's wrong with it? (*sits and sinks into the mattress*) Ninety-eight a night for this?

EVELYN: Plus tax. -- I'll sleep on it.

BERNIE: What's the other one like?

EVELYN: Hard as a rock. I want my makeup case.

BERNIE: I'll get it.

EVELYN: That's a good Bernsie.

BERNIE: Who do you think you're talking to? We left the dog at home.

EVELYN: Should have brought him with us.

BERNIE: Sure. Then we'd never find a place to stay.

EVELYN: We could sleep in the car.

BERNIE: Since when would you agree to sleep in the car?

EVELYN: Since I don't have to. -- If you want to listen to the news, why don't you bring the transistor radio in when you get my makeup case?

BERNIE: Where is it?

EVELYN: Where it always is -- in the glove compartment.

BERNIE: Since when is it always in the glove compartment?

EVELYN: Since I put it there.

BERNIE: Then why didn't you say so?

EVELYN: Do you speak English?

BERNIE: I was under the impression that I did.

EVELYN: Perhaps you've been under a false impression.

BERNIE: I don't seem to have any trouble with anyone but you.

EVELYN: That's what you think. What about the gas station attendant?

BERNIE: That was three days ago. Any idiot ought to know not to put regular gas into a brand new Caddie.

EVELYN: Sorry I brought it up.

BERNIE: You don't know what happened anyway, you were in the little girl's room.

EVELYN: I was in the women's room.

BERNIE: Same thing.

EVELYN: Are you telling me you don't know the difference between a little girl and a grown woman?

BERNIE: Yes, I know the difference! The fact is -- you weren't there! I told the idiot to fill the tank up with premium. Now I don't think the word premium sounds anything like the word regular. What was I supposed to do -- watch him put it in?

EVELYN (*backing down*) Don't know.

BERNIE: And furthermore -- I've known the difference between a girl and a woman for a very long time. (*exits to get her makeup case*)

EVELYN: Okay. (*picks up her suitcase, puts it on one of the beds. Unpacks everything; puts clothing into the chest of drawers. Takes an alarm clock, winds it, sets the time and the alarm and places it on table between the beds*)

BERNIE: (*enters with her make-up case and the transistor radio*) What are you doing?

(*EVELYN takes bathroom articles into the bathroom*)

EVELYN'S VOICE: Thought we might stay here for a few days. We're on vacation, aren't we?

BERNIE: I don't even know where we are. (*SHE enters*) Let's see the map?

(*EVELYN opens her makeup case, takes out a road map, and hands it to him. SHE also takes out a bottle of whiskey and two glasses*)

BERNIE: I don't know why you call that your makeup case.

EVELYN: Because that's what it is.

BERNIE: Then why don't you ever carry makeup in it?

EVELYN: There's no room! (*pours whiskey into two glasses*)

BERNIE: (*reads road map*) Where did you say we were?

EVELYN: I didn't. Happy Hour.

BERNIE: It's a little late for that, isn't it?

EVELYN: Never too late for happy hour. *(hands him his drink)*

BERNIE: I don't think so. My stomach's still a little sour.

EVELYN: More for me.

BERNIE: You could pour it back.

EVELYN: Read your map.

BERNIE: I would if I knew where we were.

EVELYN: Call the office and find out.

(HE picks up telephone receiver, waits; pushes button up and down)

BERNIE: Nothing's happening. *(pushes button up and down)* Why isn't anything happening?

EVELYN: Don't ask me. All I know is that we're stranded in some god-forsaken broken down motel without a restaurant within fifty miles.

BERNIE: I'm going to try dialing operator. *(HE dials. WE hear ringing though the wall)*

EVELYN: What's that?

BERNIE: That did it. It's ringing.

(The phone stops ringing when the night clerk answers)

EVELYN: It stopped. It came from over there. *(crosses to the wall to where the sound came from)*

BERNIE: (*into telephone*) I'm calling to find out where we are. I just checked in, 1A. I've got my map right in front of me. --What do you mean you're not on the map?

EVELYN: Figures.

BERNIE: Well, what's in between? Yeah, I found it -- okay, go on. -- How could that be, that's about a hundred miles from here. -- I don't know how good you have to be in geography to know where the hell you live on a map. What about something to eat around here? Where's your nearest restaurant, can you give me directions? -- Why not? -- Closed?! -- Did you know the TV doesn't work in here? How about giving us another one? Then how about giving us a discount on the room? Well, where is the manager? I'll give him a call -- Why not? -- Well, when can I reach him? -- Next month -- a lot of good that does me. (*slams receiver down*) -- That really burns me up!

EVELYN: So you're lost for the night somewhere in the state of South Dakota.

BERNIE: I'm not lost!

EVELYN: Do you know where you are? No. I don't care. But you do -- therefore you are lost and I am not.

BERNIE: If I had two or three glasses of whiskey, I wouldn't care where we were either.

EVELYN: I'm hungry. How about you? It's time for my emergency stash. (*opens her makeup case, takes out a paper bag that contains two sandwiches*)

BERNIE: What is it?

EVELYN: Don't look a gift horse in the mouth.

BERNIE: Yeah, you might find out you want to give her back.

EVELYN: In about a New-York-Minute you're going to spend a cold, lonely night without dinner.

BERNIE: You'd let a poor old man starve.

EVELYN: Not if he sings for his supper, something short and sweet.

BERNIE: I'd like to know what I'm singing for.

EVELYN: Peanut butter and jelly -- and -- peanut butter and jelly.

BERNIE: What kind of jelly?

EVELYN: Sing. (*pours herself another drink*)

BERNIE: Where'd those sandwiches come from?

EVELYN: Wyoming.

BERNIE: Are they safe to eat?

EVELYN: You'll never know at the rate you're going.

BERNIE: (*sings*) SHE'S THE ROSE THAT GROWS
IN NO-MAN'S LAND
AND SHE'S BEAUTIFUL TO SEE
SHE'S THE ONE RED ROSE
A SOLDIER KNOWS
IN MY GARDEN OF MEMORY
-- IN MY GARDEN OF MEMORY --
I can't remember the rest of it.

EVELYN: Tough titty!

BERNIE: Forget it. (*opens his suitcase, looks for his pajamas. Finds the bottoms, continues to look for the top*)

EVELYN: No sulking.

BERNIE: Who's sulking? I'm looking for my pajamas.

(*WE hear, the song, "THEN YOU CAN TELL ME GOOD-BYE" coming through the wall*)

EVELYN: What's that noise?

BERNIE: I don't hear anything.

EVELYN: Turn up your hearing aid.

BERNIE: I can hear just fine.

EVELYN: (*crosses toward the music*) It's coming from over here. Somebody must be having a party.

BERNIE: I'll call the office. (*lifts receiver, dials*) He sure does take his time answering this phone.

EVELYN: Is the office on the other side of this wall?

BERNIE: I think so.

EVELYN: Then the music is coming from the office.

BERNIE: Music? (*into telephone*) What's that noise? Sounds like it's coming from your office. (*to EVELYN*) He says it is coming from his office. (*into telephone*) How about turning it down. Okay? (*hanging up phone*) Did he turn it down?

EVELYN: If you'd turn up your hearing aid like I told you, you could hear for yourself. I don't know why you spent all that money on a hearing aid if you're not going to wear it. You're hard enough to live with -- let alone if you're going deaf.

BERNIE: I hear everything I want to hear.

EVELYN: Even your nose brother, Seymour, wears his hearing aid.

BERNIE: So? He's not married to you!

EVELYN: I wouldn't marry that leech if he was the last man on earth -- You have it with you?

BERNIE: No, I don't have it with me. I don't even know where it is.

EVELYN: It's right here!! (*takes hearing aid out of her makeup case*)

BERNIE: What the hell is it doing in there?

EVELYN: Waiting for you to put it on.

BERNIE: Well, I guess it has a long wait. Now do you mind if I listen to the news? (*turns on the radio, there is no sound*)

EVELYN: Go right ahead. I'm going to have my dinner. (*unwraps one of the sandwiches and eats*)

BERNIE: Now what?

EVELYN: It needs new batteries.

BERNIE: Now she tells me. (*opens back of radio*) It doesn't have any batteries in it at all. I don't suppose you have any batteries in your makeup case?

EVELYN: What would I be doing with batteries in my makeup case?

BERNIE: You carry everything else in there -- how's that sandwich?

EVELYN: It stinks.

BERNIE: When do I get mine?

EVELYN: Never.

BERNIE: I better take my medicine first.

EVELYN: I thought you took it. I brought you a glass of water two hours ago.

BERNIE: I don't feel so hot.

EVELYN: Where's your medication?

BERNIE: You said it was in your purse.

EVELYN: That was before I took it out and gave it to you. What did you do with it?

BERNIE: I never saw it.

EVELYN: You're getting too old for me. I think you're ready to be taken to the dumpster.

BERNIE: Will you please help me find my pills?

EVELYN: I'm eating my dinner. Look in the medicine cabinet in the bathroom.

BERNIE: I haven't even been in the bathroom since we got here.

EVELYN: Are you bragging or complaining. -- What's that on the television set?

BERNIE: *(crosses to TV set, picks up bottle of pills)* How'd they get over here?

EVELYN: Beats me. *(picking up what was BERNIE'S glass of water, SHE drinks)*

BERNIE: I think you're drinking my water.

EVELYN: Finders keepers, losers, weepers. There's another glass in the bathroom.

BERNIE: Thanks loads! *(exits into bathroom, carrying his pajamas and bottle of pills. (HE closes door)*

EVELYN: Want me to unpack for you? -- I'm only going to ask once. *(music comes through the wall again)* Not again! Rattrap! *(listens, then begins to dance quietly to the music)* BERNIE! How long does it take to take a lousy pill? Bernie! *(opens bathroom door.)*

BERNIE'S VOICE: *(indignant)* Do you mind?

EVELYN: I'm talking to you. Why don't you answer?

BERNIE'S VOICE: Shut the door! *(SHE shuts door)*

EVELYN: I'm having another cocktail. Do you want one?

BERNIE: You call straight bourbon having a cocktail?

EVELYN: Did you take your pill?

BERNIE: It doesn't work that fast. *(HE comes out of bathroom dressed in pajamas)*

EVELYN: I'm going to unpack. *(begins to unpack his clothes)* Don't like living out of a suitcase.

BERNIE: For one night?

EVELYN: Am I bothering you?

BERNIE: Yes!

EVELYN: If you'd mind your own business, you wouldn't be bothered.

BERNIE: I thought my suitcase was my business.

EVELYN: Who packed it in the first place?

BERNIE: It's still mine. *(HE has a pain in his chest)* Ouch! That hurt -- what's going on here?

EVELYN: What hurt?

BERNIE: Nothing, it wasn't that bad.

EVELYN: Why don't you lie down?

BERNIE: Did you run across my slippers yet?

EVELYN: They're right here.

BERNIE: *(putting his slippers on)* So how much longer do you want to be on vacation?

EVELYN: Don't know.

BERNIE: I'm getting tired, aren't you?

EVELYN: Not particularly -- maybe. -- We need more hangers -- these places never have enough hangers.

BERNIE: Can't you just wait?

EVELYN: Too late now, everything's put away.

BERNIE: No TV and the damn radio doesn't work.

EVELYN: (*handing him a book*) Why don't you read?

BERNIE: (*taking book*) I'm ready to head for home.

EVELYN: Party pooper.

BERNIE: We've been on the road now for nearly four weeks. I should think that would be enough sightseeing for anybody. I'm ready to sleep in my own bed.

EVELYN: What's so great about your bed?

BERNIE: It's mine. If I have to explain it to you –

EVELYN: Explain it to me. That old bed of yours should have been tossed into the dumpster ten years ago.

BERNIE: I want to see my dog.

EVELYN: You don't even feed him.

BERNIE: What are you talking about? I feed him every day.

EVELYN: And anyway, you're nothing but a dog thief. Sylvia gave that dog to me.

BERNIE: She did not. She gave him to both of us.

EVELYN: For my birthday?

BERNIE: What's all this got to do with going home?

EVELYN: Dog thief! I ought to have you thrown in jail.

BERNIE: At least I'd get to stay in one place.

EVELYN: You want to go home -- go! I'm not stopping you.

BERNIE: I feel terrible. Maybe you'd better call a doctor.

EVELYN: Why didn't you say something?

BERNIE: What do you think I'm doing?

EVELYN: I mean before -- before it got so bad.

BERNIE: Ohhh! I think I'd better sit down.

EVELYN: (*looking around*) Is there a phone book around here? I'd *better* call a doctor.

BERNIE: Get a number from that guy in the office. -- Is it hot in here?

EVELYN: (*picks up receiver. Dials zero*) Dammit, Bernie, why didn't you say something?

(*WE hear phone ringing through the wall as BERNIE collapses*)

EVELYN: (*slams phone down, goes to him*) Get up you damn bastard. Don't you dare die on me. (*covers him with bedspread. Puts pillows under his head. Rushes into bathroom, returns with wet washcloth, put it on his forehead. The same music comes through the wall. SHE grabs the phone, calls office again*) I'm in room 1A, I need to reach a doctor right away, my husband is sick. -- I don't know what's wrong, if I knew what was wrong, I wouldn't need a doctor, could you look a number up for me, preferably an internist. -- Well, where is it? -- Under the bed, what's it doing under the bed? Never mind! (*slams phone down, looks under the bed, pulls out the phone book, opens it*)

BERNIE: Ohhhhh what happened?

EVELYN: You fainted.

BERNIE: I most certainly did not!!

EVELYN: Then what the hell are you doing on the floor?

BERNIE: That's what I'd like to know! -- in the meantime could you stop screaming and get me something to drink. I'm talking about water.

EVELYN: Get it yourself.

BERNIE: I would if I could.

EVELYN: (*handing him the glass of water SHE didn't finish*) Here. (*he cautiously sips the water*) Do you still hurt?

BERNIE: No, I think the pill started to work.

EVELYN: When we get home I want you to have a complete physical check-up.

BERNIE: How many physical check-ups can a person have in one year? I've already had two.

EVELYN: So you'll have three.

BERNIE: All I had was a little pain in my chest.

EVELYN: Since when are you having pains in your chest?

BERNIE: Since tonight.

EVELYN: I'm going to find the name of a doctor just in case –

BERNIE: Just in case what? I'm fine. Forget it. I see enough doctors when I'm home, I certainly don't intend to spend the rest of my vacation in a doctor's office.

EVELYN: It was your idea to call in the first place.

BERNIE: Since when do you ever listen to me?

EVELYN: (*continues to look for doctor's name*) Be quiet, I'm concentrating.

BERNIE: This place is not even on the map.

EVELYN: I found one! Dr. Allan Anderson.

BERNIE: (*getting up slowly*) Isn't there a Bernstein or Goldstein in there?

EVELYN: Where do you think you're going?

BERNIE: To the bathroom, do you mind?

EVELYN: I'm coming with you.

BERNIE: Oh, no you're not. Stop fussing over me.

EVELYN: See if I care if you drop dead right on the spot.

BERNIE: What do you care? My will is made out. -- Will you please get out of my way?

EVELYN: (*moving out of his way*) Leave the door open.

BERNIE: So you can spy on me (*HE exits into bathroom, closes door. SHE nervously waits for him, then gets her suitcase, puts it on the bed, and begins to pack both his and her clothes. HE enters*) Now what are you doing?

EVELYN: Packing. Don't like it here. First thing in the morning we'll point the car south and head for home.

BERNIE: I'm not so sure I'll be up to it by morning.

EVELYN: If you go to sleep right now and get a good nights rest you'll feel fine in the morning. You always feel fine after a good night's sleep.

BERNIE: I do, huh? I'm getting the feeling that you're worried about me, Beast.

EVELYN: Wouldn't waste my time.

BERNIE: You wouldn't, huh?

EVELYN: You're going to outlive me, damn-dog-thief.

BERNIE: Nobody's going to outlive you, Evie, my dear.

EVELYN: Well you better.

BERNIE: Thought you were looking forward to being a rich widow.

EVELYN: Who ever told you could think? (*opens phone book, searches*)

BERNIE: I think you can forget about finding a doctor, I feel pretty good now.--
How about that sandwich?

EVELYN: You can eat?

BERNIE: Of course I can eat.

EVELYN: (*giving him sandwich*) So you're feeling better?

BERNIE: I'm feeling fine.

EVELYN: I don't trust you.

BERNIE: That's a fine thing to say after forty-two years.

EVELYN: Forty-two no goodnik years living with a gypsy.

BERNIE: You loved it.

EVELYN: So?

BERNIE: So?

EVELYN: So what?

BERNIE: What are you complaining about? You've got a brand new house, a new Caddie, a washing machine and a dryer, a garbage disposal and you can name the rest.

EVELYN: Personal possessions -- don't mean a thing to me. A piece of furniture -
- who needs it -- anybody wants anything I got -- they can have it.

BERNIE: Anything?

EVELYN: Except you. I don't know who would want you anyway.

BERNIE: I sure can't think of anybody.

EVELYN: So you don't need a doctor?

BERNIE: Not anymore.

EVELYN: Okay (*tears up paper with doctor's number on it*)

BERNIE: Are you ready to head for home?

EVELYN: If that's what you want to do.

BERNIE: I told you not to unpack all those things.

EVELYN: What's the big deal? All I have to do is throw them back in the suitcases.

BERNIE: Do you mind not throwing my green shirt; it gets full of wrinkles.

EVELYN: If you're so particular all of a sudden, you can pack your own things.

BERNIE: What's wrong with being particular?

EVELYN: If you're so damn particular why don't you take better care of yourself? You've only got a few good years left you know.

BERNIE: So? I'm not complaining.

EVELYN: Who needs you anyway? I can do just fine without you, you broken-down decrepit piece of nothing.

BERNIE: Evie, I didn't know you cared.

EVELYN: I don't.

BERNIE: I married a beast.

EVELYN: Brutal Beast.

BERNIE: I ought to sue my cousin Izzie for introducing you to me.

EVELYN: Think you can stay awake long enough for me to put my pajamas on?

BERNIE: As long as you don't take two hours.

EVELYN: When you check out in the morning, buy me some postcards.

BERNIE: What do you need all those postcards for? You never send any of them.

EVELYN: That's my business. Maybe I'm a collector. What's wrong with that?
(exits into bathroom, taking her pajamas with her)

BERNIE: *(sings)*

SHE'S THE ROSE THAT GROWS
IN NO MANS LAND
AND SHE'S BEAUTIFUL TO SEE
SHE'S THE ONE RED ROSE
A SOLDIER KNOWS
IN MY GARDEN OF MEMORY --
IN MY GARDEN OF MEMORY --
Damn, what's the rest of it?

(Again we hear the same music through the office wall. BERNIE crosses toward the music)

BERNIE: Music. That's not so bad. Hey, Beast, get out here. Hurry it up!!
(SHE rushes out: worried that something has happened to him. SHE has her pajama tops over her slacks, her slippers are on and SHE has a toothbrush in one hand)

EVELYN: What? What is it?

BERNIE: What's the matter with you?

EVELYN: You scared me.

BERNIE: How could I scare you, all I did was ask you to get out here.

EVELYN: Well, I'm out. What's going on?

BERNIE: Thought you might like to dance with an old man.

EVELYN: Are you crazy?

BERNIE: Do I have to answer that?

EVELYN: I'm not dressed for the occasion.

BERNIE: You're dressed just fine. *(puts his arms and SHE crosses into them. THEY dance)*

EVELYN: You know what I'm going to do if he plays that song one more time tonight?

BERNIE: I'm afraid to ask.

EVELYN: Then I'll tell you free of charge. I'm going to go over there and take that record and stick it up his you know what!

BERNIE: That's not very lady like.

EVELYN: I never said I was a lady, did I?

BERNIE: No, my dear, you never did.

(THEY continue to dance as lights dim to black)

End