

Mauí Wowee!

by

Gene Kato

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In Order of Appearance)

STANLEY

RENEE

GILLIAN

RON

SAL

ROGER

CRAZY HAWAIIAN

HOSTESS

WAITER

FANCY SKIRT NELSON

LEILANI

KOHO'KAHOA

AUTHOR'S NOTES

MAUI WOWEE! is a true labor of love. I got the idea for writing this play while vacationing on Maui in July of 2005. It's funny how sometimes it takes certain projects several years to finally make it to the page. It would appear that in the past year or so, I've been taking the things that I love the most and putting them into a canon of work that will, ultimately be, what I will be remembered for as a writer. **18 Holes** took my love of golf, the Texas Gulf Coast, and my sense of nostalgia for relationships gone by and melded them into something that simply explores the human condition. **10 Pin Alley** allowed me to have fun with the game of bowling and cut loose a little as a writer. Not many people know that at one point, I wanted to be a professional bowler. Now, **Maui Wowee!**, will allow me to visit my favorite place on Earth time and time again - while examining certain aspects of my personality that are not as tolerant as they probably should be. It's my hope that you enjoy this play for what it is – a fun romp across the Valley Isle melded with an exploration of how/why we hurt those we love.

A NOTE ON PRODUCTION - The tendency will be to play the Hawaiian dialogue in English. Don't do that. That's a cheap and easy way out. Directors should be able to direct actors to convey what the character is saying without performing the translations. That would just diminish the sense of "Hawaii". Also, I would warn producers/actors to fight against the urge to play Sal over the top for the entire play. It will get old very quickly- despite his neurosis, he's still a real person. We're not going for caricature. Keep him grounded. Mahalo!

Gene Kato
February 8, 2012

MAUI WOWEE!

The baggage claim area at Kahului airport - Kahului, Maui. STANLEY stands with carry-on bags draped over him.

AIRPORT P.A. SYSTEM. Welcome to Kahului, Airport. Please follow signs to Baggage Claim and Ground Transportation.

STANLEY. I'm *in* Baggage Claim!

AIRPORT P.A. SYSTEM. Mahalo. (*STANLEY'S wife, RENEE, walks up. She seems slightly agitated*)

RENEE. Who are you shouting at now?

STANLEY. I wasn't shouting.

RENEE. Yes, you were. People are staring at you.

STANLEY. It's not shouting if it's to a recorded voice. Their feelings don't get hurt.

RENEE. Shouting is shouting. Look it up in the dictionary.

STANLEY. Renee, we just got here. Let me at least stretch first. My butt hurts from sitting so long.

RENEE. Fine. I'll go get the rental car. You stay here, yell at the air, and wait for the bags. (*RENEE walks off. STANLEY sighs. His daughter, GILLIAN and her fiancé' RON (both in their mid-twenties), walk up.*)

GILLIAN. I just want you to know as a strictly unbiased observer, you did yell.

STANLEY. Gillian . . .

GILLIAN. I'm just throwing it out there.

STANLEY. Fine. You've thrown. Now, go away. Go help your mother. (*GILLIAN stares at him*)

GILLIAN. You want me to help her rent a car? While she's mad at you? No thanks. I think she can handle it.

STANLEY. Then go look for bags. Be useful.

GILLIAN. They haven't started coming out on the baggage carousel yet.

STANLEY. Gillian. . .

GILLIAN. Honestly, Dad. I can't get what's not there to be gotten.

STANLEY. Then go do something else. Just do it somewhere away from me.

GILLIAN. Fine. Be that way. Aloha. (*GILLIAN walks away, leaving RON standing with STANLEY.*)

RON. Do you want some help with that carry-on luggage? It looks heavy.

STANLEY. I'm fine.

RON. You sure? It's no trouble. I can just . . .

STANLEY. Really, Ron. I'm fine. (*Awkward silence. RON nods and starts to walk away.*) Ron? (*RON stops. Turns back*) I'm sorry. That came out wrong. I appreciate the offer. Really. I do. (*RON nods and walks away in the direction GILLIAN exited. STANLEY stands alone for a moment. Hawaiian music plays over the P.A. System. SAL enters dancing to the music. STANLEY sees him, tries to ignore him, but only succeeds in attracting him*)

SAL. Aloha!!!

STANLEY. Hi.

SAL. NO! NO! NO! When in the islands you must speak as the Hawaiians do! Aloha! (*STANLEY just stares*) That means hello.

STANLEY. I know.

SAL. Then embrace your surroundings, my friend.

STANLEY. Aloha.

SAL. There you go.

STANLEY. I was using the other meaning.

SAL. I love you? Sorry, Fella, I'm spoken for - but I sure do appreciate the offer.

STANLEY. I meant the *other* meaning. Goodbye.

SAL. That's right. It means three things. Hello, I love you, and goodbye. Sort of like a verbal tri-fecta, huh? Aloha, aloha, aloha. "Hello. I love you. Goodbye." (*He laughs*) That should be the travelogue slogan for San Francisco, right?

STANLEY. Yeah. I guess.

SAL. Well, you guess right.

STANLEY. Sure.

SAL. Mm-hmm.

STANLEY. Right. (*They stand in an awkward silence. SAL starts whistling "Aloha Oi".*)

STANLEY. Excuse me. I don't want this to come off as rude . . .

SAL. Is it?

STANLEY. Is it what?

SAL. Rude? What you're about to say. If someone were about to say it to you, would there be a chance *you* might misinterpret it?

STANLEY. Well . . .yes.

SAL. And would your feelings be hurt?

STANLEY. Possibly . . .

SAL. Would you cry?

STANLEY. No.

SAL. Would you want to?

STANLEY. I don't cry.

SAL. But if you did . . .would you? (*Long Silence*)

STANLEY. Possibly.

SAL. Then why say it? Why cause such emotional destruction? Why release that into the world if you know darn well that I could walk away dejected and broken? Why do that? Do you want to start my vacation off in hysterics?

STANLEY. Well . . .no.

SAL. Good. Then it's settled. Zip it island style, Bugaboo. Zip it island style and make a friend. (*Hawaiian Hula Music begins playing, SAL begins performing a makeshift Hula. STANLEY looks around, terribly self-conscious*)

STANLEY. Is it absolutely essential that you do that?

SAL. Do what?

STANLEY. That! Hula Dance! Can't you wait until I leave?

SAL. No one is telling you to stay. (*Pause. He stops*) If you are the least bit shy, then you are on the wrong side of Paradise, My Friend.

Welcome to Hawaii! Land of sun, surf, Samoans, and Same-Sex seductions. (*He whispers*) Seductions is my code word for Marriage. It makes it more exotic.

STANLEY. Are you insane? You seem a little nuts.

SAL. Maybe. I'm what's known back on the Mainland as a "kept queen".

STANLEY. A what?

SAL. "Kept queen". It's the homosexual equivalent of being on welfare. I do nothing all day but pine away.

STANLEY. Pine away for what?

SAL. Something. Anything. All that Over the Rainbow type stuff. If kept queen-dom were a religion, then Judy Garland would be our Messiah. It's sad - but still a better habit than crack cocaine. *(Pause)*
You here alone?

STANLEY. Sort of. I'm with my family.

SAL. Oh, God. That just might be the saddest response to that question I've ever heard. Family in conflict? Wife cheating? Daughter pregnant? Details! Details!!

STANLEY. I hardly know you.

SAL. That's why you should tell me!!!

STANLEY. No.

SAL. Why not?

STANLEY. Because, it's none of your business.

SAL. Oh. I see. I've offended you. I'm sorry. That happens sometimes. Usually when I talk. I . . . sorry. *(SAL (on the brink of tears) walks dejectedly away, then disappears. STANLEY looks after him, then back in the direction the family departed. After a second, SAL walks back on no longer the least bit upset.)* Is it because I've not shared anything with you? You maybe feel like you can't talk to me because we're not even?

STANLEY. No, I . . .

SAL. *(overlapping)* Hold it! Let me tell you a little something about me, then we'll see if you feel comfortable sharing.

STANLEY. Honestly, I can't see me . . .

SAL. *(overlapping)* I was a gypsy child.

STANLEY. A what?

SAL. A gypsy. . . child. My mother was a . . . *(Looks around, then whispers.)* gypsy. *(Silence. The two men stare at one another.)*

STANLEY. Go on.

SAL. It's true. I was the product of a hot Sicilian night, too much wine, and the sexual tension that only the "chika-chika" of a tambourine and some colored streamers can produce. Did you see *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*?

STANLEY. Yes.

SAL. My mother was the very embodiment and sole inspiration for Esmerelda..

STANLEY. Ok. I wouldn't consider her Sicilian, really . . .since Notre Dame is in France.

SAL. Whatever, European is European - they all love the tambourine. *(Pause)* Anyway, my mother was known throughout the land, as Fancy Skirt Nelson.

STANLEY. Fancy Skirt Nelson?

SAL. Yep. Fancy Skirt Nelson.

STANLEY. Again, this is another reason for me to doubt your story. Fancy Skirt is not the name of a gypsy - it more like the name of a lady that calls the Square Dance at the East Wichita VFW Hall. Nelson isn't even Italian.

SAL. Excuse me? Who's telling this story?

STANLEY. *(Sighing)* You are.

SAL. That's right! If you saw her, you'd see.

STANLEY. Why would I see her?

SAL. She's here – but she doesn't like people. They annoy her. She's afraid they might give her shingles, or the mumps, or athlete's foot or something. *(SAL stares blankly)* You made me lose my train of thought.

STANLEY. Your mother was a tambourine playing, wine guzzling Sicilian named Fancy Skirt Nelson that drove men wild on hot Italian nights and inspired Disney cartoonists.

SAL. Oh, yeah. *(Pause. He clears his throat.)* Okay - this is the story of how I was born. My mother -

STANLEY. Fancy Skirt Nelson.

SAL. *(Continuous)* -was a world traveler. By the time she was fourteen, she had scaled Mt. Everest, swam the English Channel, saw a show at the Sydney Opera House, and challenged thirty-six Chinese dignitaries to a footrace along the least straight section of the Great Wall of China. At fourteen, everyone knew her name.

STANLEY. I've never heard of her.

SAL. Perhaps - but at that time she didn't go by the name of Fancy Skirt. She went by her birth name - a name that she still goes by today - a name that I can't repeat because she's too famous. The only thing I'll say is...my last name is Streisand. *(SAL stares at STANLEY, who stares back, expecting more. Silence.)* So? What do you think of that?

STANLEY. What do I think of what?

SAL. My story.

STANLEY. That wasn't a story. That was a made up version of a Cliff Notes life. *(ROGER walks up. He's in his early thirties, slightly agitated.)*

ROGER. Okay, let's go. I got our luggage loaded and our car is ready.

SAL. Oh, Good! *(SAL kisses ROGER. STANLEY flinches.)* Roger, this is . . .? Oh, God! I've been talking to you all this time and I just realize I don't know your name.

STANLEY. Stanley. *(He extends his hand. Roger shakes it.)* It's Stanley.

SAL. Well, I'm Sal - and this is Roger. . .

ROGER. *(Overlapping)* Hello. Sorry if he's been a bother. He's sort of his own personal lampoon. It happens when he's all keyed up. Aloha.

STANLEY. Aloha.

SAL. *(Continuing)* . . .my fiancé. *(Silence. They stare.)*

STANLEY. Fiancé? You mean you two are . . .

SAL. Getting married!!! Yes! Isn't it exciting?

STANLEY. They'll let you do that? *(ROGER is a little put out with that statement.)* I thought even in Hawaii. . .

SAL. *(Overlapping)* Let them try and stop us!

ROGER. *(To SAL)* Come on. *(To STANLEY)* Nice meeting you.

SAL. Wait! *(To STANLEY)* Where are you staying?

STANLEY. The Royal Lahaina -- in Ka'anapali.

SAL. Us, too!!!! How exciting! We're going to be neighbors for a few days!!! Look us up!! We'll be the ones that look like us!!! Alllooooo-ooohhhaaaa! *(ROGER drags SAL off as he waves, screams goodbye, blows kisses, etc. RON walks up. He drags four large suitcases with some difficulty.)*

RON. I got the luggage. Gillian just sent me a text. The car is being pulled around - we're supposed to meet them out front. *(STANLEY nods and reaches for two of the suitcases.)*

STANLEY. Ron? You dead set on getting married?

RON. Well, not this week, for sure.

STANLEY. A little word of advice. If you want to see what Gillian is going to be like in twenty years - give her mother a hard look.

(STANLEY walks off. RON follows. The scene changes to a hotel room at the Royal Lahaina resort. RENEE enters and walks to the patio door)

and opens it. The sound of the ocean plays throughout the scene as long as the door is open. GILLIAN enters and throws herself onto the bed.)

GILLIAN. God! Just listen to that sound! I swear, Mom - there's nothing better on Earth.

RENEE. Mmmmmmm, tell me about it. Finally, a moment's peace.

GILLIAN. We're here for a whole week! Paradise incarnate! Maui is supposed to be one of the most relaxing places in existence.

RENEE. Yeah. *(Pause)* I should unpack. They'll be up here with the rest of the bags any minute now. *(RENEE grabs her suitcase and goes off into the bathroom.)*

GILLIAN. Mom?

RENEE. *(Offstage)* Yes?

GILLIAN. What's wrong?

RENEE. *(Offstage)* What do you mean?

GILLIAN. *(Laughing slightly)* Don't start this trip off by lying to me.

RENEE. *(Entering)* No - but, you're on vacation. We're supposed to be celebrating your college graduation. I don't want to burden you with problems, now. This is supposed to be a happy time.

GILLIAN. Right. But you're not happy.

RENEE. Oh, Honey - take my word for it - when you get to be my age, happiness is a luxury that you learn to live without. *(RENEE'S cell phone rings. She answers it and becomes immediately self-conscious.)*

RENEE. Hi. Yeah, we landed about an hour ago. *(She looks at GILLIAN, who just stares at her)* Hang on a sec. *(To GILLIAN)* I'm going to take this outside. *(She quickly exits onto the balcony. RON enters, dragging suitcases.)*

RON. So far - Paradise is a little strenuous. How is it I've gotten more of a workout since we've landed than I have in the past six months? *(He drops the suitcases. GILLIAN jumps up and pulls them onto the bed.)*

GILLIAN. Hey! Watch it! Those suitcases are worth a fortune!

RON. Sorry. I . . . my back is just . . . sorry. Here let me get those. *(GILLIAN checks the suitcase for scratches, RON walks to the patio door.)*

RON. Your mom is already taking in the beach and the view, huh?

GILLIAN. Yeah - more or less. Where's Dad?

RON. He'll be here shortly. They want you to use the valet service. If you don't, they punish you by making you walk across four parking lots.

(Pause) He didn't want to use the valet. So much for the "Spirit of Ohana".

GILLIAN. Hawaii *is* part of the U.S., Ron.

RON. *(Unsure)* What?

GILLIAN. Capitalist society - even out here in the South Pacific. You like the view, you like the weather, you pay heavily. Dig deep into your wallet. By the way - aloha!

RON. I love you, too.

GILLIAN. I was just saying "hello".

RON. Oh. *(He looks at her slightly uncomfortably)* Hello. *(STANLEY enters)*

STANLEY. Okay! Finally, I can catch my breath. Relax. Sit.

GILLIAN. You sat the entire time we were on the plane.

STANLEY. Yes, but that wasn't productive sitting. That was necessary confinement. Two completely different animals. *(He looks around)* Where's your mother?

GILLIAN. On the phone. She went out on the balcony.

STANLEY. On the phone?

GILLIAN. Yes. On the phone.

STANLEY. The telephone?

GILLIAN. Yeah - the gramophone was hurting her ear and it was a real pain to crank - so, she had to stick with the old cell phone. Slummin' in the islands and all that. *(She rolls her eyes and grabs her bikini from her suitcase.)* I'm going to the beach. *(She exits to the bathroom to change. RON and STANLEY stand in awkward silence.)*

RON. Did you get the car parked? *(STANLEY just stares at RON. RENEE enters from the balcony.)*

STANLEY. There she is!!!

RENEE. *(Without looking at Stanley)* Here I am. *(RON looks back and forth at the couple, then slowly begins to excuse himself.)*

RON. Tell Gillian I'm in our room. When she's ready to head to the beach she can just come get me. *(No response)* Okay. Well . . .okay. *(He exits)*

STANLEY. Good chat?

RENEE. Don't start, Stanley. We just got here.

STANLEY. I didn't mean anything by it, I just ...

RENEE. *(Overlapping)* You ‘Just’. You always “just”. *(Pause)* Please. Just don’t “just”, okay? I’m not in the mood for “justing”.

STANLEY. You don’t even want to talk to me? Not even about the trip?

RENEE. Look. This trip is about Gillian, okay? It’s not about you and I. Let’s just get rid of that misnomer from the get-go. Not. About. Us.

STANLEY. It could be.

RENEE. How? *(Silence)*

STANLEY. I...well....

RENEE. That’s what I thought. *(STANLEY reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small wrapper.)*

STANLEY. Coconut candy? *(RENEE shakes her head and begins unpacking.)*

RENEE. I think the best thing we can do is just try to steer clear of fighting so our daughter can have a good trip. We owe that to her as her parents, right?

STANLEY. I don’t want to argue...

RENEE. *(Overlapping)* Great! Then this should be easy.

STANLEY. I suppose. *(GILLIAN enters unseen and quietly watches.)*

RENEE. Okay, then. We finally agree on something. Maybe there is hope for this week, after all. *(STANLEY stands chewing candy. RENEE grabs her purse.)* I’m going down to Front Street to do some shopping. I’ll be back later. *(GILLIAN retreats back into the bathroom. RENEE exits. STANLEY stares at the suitcases, then goes out onto the balcony. The sound of waves crashing on the shore. GILLIAN reappears and exits the hotel room. STANLEY re-enters as a knock is heard at the door.)*

SAL. *(Offstage)* Aloha!!!

STANLEY. Jesus. *(He crosses the door and opens it. SAL pops in.)*

SAL. Aloha, mi hombre!!! That’s a new language I created. Tejwaiian. Part Spanish. Part Hawaiian. All me!! *(He bursts into the room)* Look at your view! *(He runs out onto the balcony and screams like a little girl.)*

AUGH! You have a front row seat to the Luau!! I LOVE LUAUS!!

They’re already down there getting it ready!! *(He yells at some unseen people)* Hello Hawaiian people!! ALOHA!! I’m American!! No puu puu, Caballero!! *(He re-enters, laughing)*

STANLEY. What did you just say to them?

SAL. Who knows? They probably don't speak English, anyway. Just island gobbledeegook. *(He turns back to him smiling)* So! Why am I here, you might ask? *(Silence. They stare.)* I...am here to extend an invite to you and your family for dinner. I thought it would be nice for all of us to break bread together since we are - kind of - more than acquaintances. You guys up for it?

STANLEY. Well . . .um . . .actually, we sort of wanted to spend the evening in and relax. We're all pretty tired. Long flight and all, you know?

SAL. *(Snooping around the room)* I know. I was on it with you. I sat there for so long I thought I was gonna Dairy Queen soft serve my seat cushion. I had to unscrew myself from the chair. Lefty loosey and all, you know? *(Pause. They stare at one another)* Anywhoo - we're paying. It's our treat because I need people. Who knows? The sound of the ocean, A romantic dinner. Maybe you and the wife can get a little Haupia Aloha action going on.

STANLEY. I'm not gonna ask what that is.

SAL. Sweet Coconut Pudding Love, My Friend! Sweet Coconut Pudding Love! Get it while you can and get it often. So says Dick Cavett. *(He heads for the door)* Anyway - invitation extended. Shall we say 7:00? Mama's Fish House in Paia? I'll drive? Romantic? Seaside restaurant? The wife will love it.

STANLEY. *(After a hesitant moment, then relenting)* Fine.

SAL. YES???!!!!

STANLEY. Yes...we'd love to come, I guess. So, yes.

SAL. OH MY GOD!!!! YAY!!! *(He kisses STANLEY directly on the mouth)* I'M LIKE SALLY FIELD ON ASH WEDNESDAY!!! I'M SO HAPPY I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!! Okay okay okay - gotta go - lots to do. Reservations, buy some new clothes, and get a massage and a bikini wax. My dance card is full. Tick-tock tick tock. *(He opens the door)* Until then! TA!!!

STANLEY. Is your mother coming?

SAL. No! Why would she do that? *(He laughs and exits. Stanley half-smiles, shakes his head and walks onto the balcony. A cell phone rings and transitions us to a grassy patch of Banyan Tree Park just off Front Street in Lahaina. Renee sits on the grass talking on the phone.)*

RENEE. *(Into phone.)* No, I'm actually worried. I came off a little strong. *(Pause.)* Well, maybe. You know how he is, though. *(Pause.)* It's like I've been saying – that's where we are. Anticipating a fight is like opening a door with us these days. *(She laughs.)* A door...more like Pandora's Box. *(Roger enters carrying a bundle of Hawaiian artifacts and a piece of abstract Hawaiian art. As he passes Renee, he accidentally drops a bag and struggles to pick it up.)* No, it's not fair to say that. I know he's not completely to blame. I know that. I...hang on a sec...*(To Roger)* Do you need some help?

ROGER. Yes. Mental.

RENEE. *(Into phone.)* I'll call you back. *(She hangs up and walks over to Roger, who places everything on the ground.)* That should at least make your load seem lighter...at least temporarily.

ROGER. Temporary is right. Who knew Hawaiian kitsch would be not only ugly but a disk-slipping, hernia inducing ticket to a Polynesian witch doctor.

RENEE. *(Laughing.)* Oh, it can't be that bad. This is paradise, right?

ROGER. That's what all the tourists tell me. At least if I throw it all on the ground, it takes my mind off the fact that most of this is going to be displayed in my house in less than a week. This is the better place, I think. I ought to take it over to those rocks and throw it in the ocean, and just be done with it. *(He extends his hand.)* Sorry, I'm being rude. Roger.

RENEE. Renee. *(Pause.)* I know who you are.

ROGER. Oh, god. I have a reputation thousands of miles from home, now.

RENEE. I saw you at the airport. Your friend was talking to my husband.

ROGER. My friend? Oh, Sal. You met Sal.

RENEE. Oh, no, I haven't met him. I just saw him. My husband met him. *(Pause.)* Well, as he put it, he was "descended upon by" your friend.

ROGER. He's not my friend. We're here to get married. *(Renee laughs.)* What? What did I say that was funny?

RENEE. Nothing. I'm sorry. *(She keeps laughing. Roger smiles.)*

ROGER. What?

RENEE. I was just thinking, usually you have to *be* married before you start telling people your spouse is not your friend. I just found it funny, that's all. *(Roger starts chuckling.)* See?

ROGER. I suppose so. I guess. I just hope that after I say "I do", Sal will stop buying stuff. It's killing me.

RENEE. Marriage, huh? They'll let you do that?

ROGER. Oh, I remember your husband, now.

RENEE. Yeah. He was the pissed off one yelling at the airport PSA.

ROGER. He also asked me the same question you just did. *(Silence.)*

RENEE. Oops. Sorry. I guess that was tacky to ask, wasn't it? *(Roger looks at Renee for a long moment, then, sits next to her.)*

ROGER. Only because the answer is "no".

RENEE. I didn't think so. *(Pause.)* Seriously, I don't mean that to sound crass, I just honestly wondered how one might make something that is banned happen.

ROGER. Well, it's not all that dramatic. I mean, don't think of me like Voltaire here. There's no Candide-like marriage license.

RENEE. And this isn't the 1930's.

ROGER. No, it's not...just the mindset is. *(Long Pause. The sound of waves.)* Anyway, we were just going to have a private little ceremony on the beach. See?

RENEE. I see.

ROGER. You see.

RENEE. I do.

ROGER. You do.

RENEE. Do you?

ROGER. I'm sorry?

RENEE. I was just asking because you were talking in the past tense. It threw me. You said "were". You "were" going to have a ceremony on the beach.

ROGER. Yes.

RENEE. Implying that you now...are not. Are you? Not?

ROGER. No.

RENEE. Is that no meaning yes or no?

ROGER. I thought no always meant no.

RENEE. So did I. Then, nine months later... *(Awkward pause.)*

ROGER. No, we didn't come all this way to not go through with it.

RENEE. Go through with what?

ROGER. The ceremony.

RENEE. You mean the one that really doesn't count for anything?
(Roger smiles and starts to collect his things.)

ROGER. I should be moving along.

RENEE. I've offended you.

ROGER. Kinda.

RENEE. More than kinda...I'm sorry.

ROGER. Don't mention it. It's nothing. Aloha. *(He starts out.)*

RENEE. I didn't mean anything by it, you just seemed a little . . .
.unsure is all. *(Roger stops and turns back.)* It was just something I noticed. It's not all bad if the answer was no, right? I mean, what is the real harm? You're not legally bound to anything if you don't want to be. If you do, then...great! The symbolism of what you're undertaking won't be lost on anyone, but if not...and I'm not saying you shouldn't...let me make that perfectly clear. Given the sorry state I've brought myself to, I'm not in the business of giving anyone marital advice. *(Roger sets his packages down again.)*

ROGER. Does it really show?

RENEE. Does what really show?

ROGER. My hesitancy.

RENEE. I think everyone is always a little hesitant when it comes to tying the knot. Or at least they should be. I've been sitting here for the past two hours just looking out over the ocean – looking at the lovers walking by, wondering why I can't or don't, for a better word, feel like that any longer. I love my husband, I love the life I lead, but I don't think I love the life I live. Does that make any sense? *(Roger is silent.)* When I first got married, I think perhaps I had it all mapped out a little too perfectly. Anyone who's said I do and stayed married any length of time at one time of another had to have wonder why the "did". In my case, it's not a statement of "I do", it's more a question of "do I"?

ROGER. If you love your husband, why is it a question? If you don't mind my asking.

RENEE. I think I just want...more.

ROGER. Of?

RENEE. There ya go. I don't know. I get up in the morning and I look around and I wonder...is this it? Gillian, my daughter, is on her own

now. She's prob-ably thinking about getting married herself soon, and Stanley and I are faced with the unthinkable idea of having to actually talk to one another. *(Pause.)* And the thought of that is terrifying. The thinking becomes an unthinkable thought. *(Silence. The sound of waves.)*

ROGER. If you could do it all over again? Would you?

RENEE. *(Renee laughs a little.)* Honestly? No.

ROGER. That wasn't the answer I was expecting.

RENEE. Me either. *(Renee suddenly breaks into tears. Roger instinctively crosses to her and puts his arms around her.)*

ROGER. It's okay. You didn't mean it, clearly.

RENEE. No, I do. I wouldn't. *(She cries even more.)* For the simple reason that I love Stanley so much that I can't bear the thought of *not* being in love with him. I just can't bear that. *(Renee continues crying...the sound of the waves takes us to a beach at Ka'anapali. Ron and Gillian sit in beach chairs. Gillian wears sun-glasses and looks completely at ease while sunbathing. Ron looks like a ghost under too much sunscreen. He is fixated on the sand in front of his chair.)*

RON. There's another one! They're everywhere! Jesus Christ!

GILLIAN. They're not gonna hurt you. Calm down.

RON. They're looking at me.

GILLIAN. They're not looking at you.

RON. Beady little eyes and shifty little feet!

GILLIAN. Ron...

RON. *(Overlapping)* This is why I don't go to the beach. I suffer from crabaphobia. You know that! It's a serious condition

GILLIAN. Crabaphobia?

RON. The irrational fear of crustaceans! Look it up in National Geographic!! It's real. *(He jumps farther into his chair)* OH MY GOD!!

GILLIAN. Ron...

RON. *(Overlapping)* That one just held up his pinschers and licked his lips!!!

GILLIAN. Crabs don't have lips.

RON. Well, he licked something!

GILLIAN. I'm not even sure they have tongues.

RON. Gazillion of those chop-lickin' freaks all over the beach!!

GILLIAN. Ron....

RON. Are they on me?

GILLIAN. Ron, focus . . .!

RON. They're on me, aren't they? I feel like they're all over me!! *(She grabs his hand and places it on her breast. He immediately goes silent.)*

GILLIAN. Focus. *(More silence)* Okay. Now. Put your feet in the chair and relax. *(He does)* Okay. Good. Give me a break. I get enough yelling at home. I don't need to be high strung on the beach as well. The crabs couldn't care less about you - they deal with people every day. If they can put up with you, then you should be able to put up with them.

Symbiosis is what it's all about. Symbiosis. Mother Nature's maiden name. *(Quiet. The sound of waves)* Are you calm? *(He nods)* Really? *(He nods)* Okay. Good. You can let go of me now. *(He doesn't)* Ron? Take your hand off my tit. *(He does. The sound of more waves crashing)*

RON. So - are you parents going to split up?

GILLIAN. No.

RON. You sure about that?

GILLIAN. No. *(Pause)* I don't want to talk about it. It stresses me out more than you and the crabs. *(A CRAZY HAWAIIAN walks up)*

CRAZY HAWAIIAN. Well, what have we here? Let the games begin! *(GILLIAN looks at him over her sunglasses, then turns back to sun-bathing)* Wanna come back to my place, baby? I'll show you the real Hawaii. *(He sits in the sand next to GILLIAN.)*

GILLIAN. Oh, god. Always the same. Even half way around the world. *(To CRAZY HAWAIIAN)* No, thank you. I have a guy.

CRAZY HAWAIIAN. You got a guy - but you need a man! A man! That's me! Not that haole boy!! Ku wale mai no, ka huila wai. A`ohe wai `iau, E nini u ai

GILLIAN. Whatever. Look I don't speak Hawaiian. *(CRAZY HAWAIIAN mumbles something under his breath. RON gets a panicked look on his face. CRAZY HAWAIIAN touches GILLIAN'S hair.)*

GILLIAN. *(Knocking his hand away)* Hey! No touching, Buster! *(She turns to RON)* Are you just gonna sit there and let him touch me? Do something!

CRAZY HAWAIIAN. Aloha `ia no, `o`i `o lele, I sa lele ahea, i no ka moana

RON. Right! *(He stands)* Um...excuse me, Sir, but she is with me. So, I'd consider it a personal favor if you would be a good Polynesian and

just . . .move along. Okay? *(He smiles.)* Shoo! *(GILLIAN and CRAZY HAWAIIAN stare at RON.)*

GILLIAN. Shoo? **CRAZY HAWAIIAN.** Shoo?

(CRAZY HAWAIIAN touches GILLIAN'S hair again. She pulls away)

GILLIAN. Get away from me, you freak!! Ron? Do something!

(CRAZY HAWAIIAN starts to perform a Polynesian dance and chants randomly.)

GILLIAN. What's he doing?

RON. He's dancing.

GILLIAN. I can see that, Einstein! Why is he doing that?

RON. He's . . .nuts . . .maybe? I hear the mentally unstable often hear the sound of kettle drums inside their head. Maybe he's dancing to the drum beat.

GILLIAN. That's your analysis? He has "kettle drum head"?

RON. Mixed with hula feet...possibly. *(CRAZY HAWAIIAN'S dance becomes more frenetic. GILLIAN retreats to behind RON. CRAZY HAWAIIAN leaps toward the couple. RON screams and faints. ROGER appears)*

ROGER. Hey! *(CRAZY HAWAIIAN stops dancing and looks back at ROGER. He advances on him.)*

CRAZY HAWAIIAN. Well, okay! Look at what we got here! Finally a real man to tackle. What you want, Bro?! She's a little young for you - but don't ask - don't tell, right? Aloha `ia no, o Waiohinu Ka pali lele wai, a ke ko ae Mai noho `oe, a ho`o poina I kahi pikake, ulu ma`ema`e Ha`ina `ia mai, ana kapuana A`ohe wai ia `u, e niniu ai

ROGER. I don't understand what he's saying.

CRAZY HAWAIIAN. *(Laughing)* Yeah - you can't understand me - but I understand you. You want to fight for her. Okay. I'll fight you, Bro. I'll even give you the first swing. Come on. Take a pop at me!!

GILLIAN. I think he wants to fight you.

ROGER. *(To GILLIAN)* That much I understood. *(To CRAZY HAWAIIAN)* That's not a good idea, My Friend. I'm a champion kickboxer.

GILLIAN. Kick him in the head!!

CRAZY HAWAIIAN. Yeah, Haole! Kick me in the head!

ROGER. I don't want to kick him in the head.

CRAZY HAWAIIAN. Kick me in the head!

GILLIAN. He wants you to!

CRAZY HAWAIIAN. If you think you can - take a kick! You just better make sure when you do - that you get me good and square - otherwise, you're gonna feel a world of hurtin' coming down on you like warm rain!! So, do it, Bro!! Do it!! DO IT!!!! (*CRAZY HAWAIIAN takes a threatening step towards ROGER, who simply punches him in the face. CRAZY HAWAIIAN drops to ground...out cold*)

ROGER. So...I was sent out here to let you know - dinner is at 7:00. (*GILLIAN looks at the scene for a moment. ROGER simply turns and walks away. RON and CRAZY HAWAIIAN lie on the ground. The scene changes to Paia. Outside Mama's Fish House. ROGER and SAL sit on a bench. SAL is visibly upset. The sound of the ocean waves fill the scene*)

ROGER. We just need to take the time we have to really look at what we're getting into. That's all I'm saying.

SAL. You don't want to marry me?

ROGER. (*overlapping*) Sal...

SAL. Oh my god! What did I do? You at least owe me that much!

ROGER. You didn't do anything, Sal. I...look....this is a huge step!

SAL. Of course it is!

ROGER. A HUGE STEP!

SAL. I KNOW!! I GET IT! IT'S A HUGE STEP! STOP SAYING IT LIKE THAT!

ROGER. Calm down. You're making a scene.

SAL. That's what you're worried about? Me making a scene in front of strangers? Appearances? Really? Are you kidding me? For better or worse, in mainstream America, we're already the albatross on the dining room table. So, what's a little yelling? (*A HOSTESS walks over*)

HOSTESS. It's still going to be a few minutes - can I get you something to drink while you wait?

ROGER. No, thank you. We're fine. The rest of our party will be here soon.

SAL. Yes! Something strong, Hawaiian, and alcoholic! Can you get me Don Ho?

HOSTESS. I'll see what I can do. (*She exits*)

ROGER. Look, we can talk about this more later on.

SAL. Later? Are you kidding?

ROGER. I don't want to discuss this in front of everyone.

SAL. Oh, okay. I'll just forget anything was even said and enjoy dinner. ARE YOU NUTS?!! If you wanted a quiet, fun dinner, then why did you bring it up? How can I not think about it?

ROGER. I just wanted to tell you how I was feeling - we always said we would do that.

SAL. Yeah? Well, I lied.

ROGER. What?

SAL. Don't "what" me! You know goddamn well what I mean! I said that when everything was new and you didn't know the real me. I was putting forth a good front! Playing the old personality peek-a-boo that everyone does! It was new. I wanted you to feel comfortable. I said that in case we hated one another. That was the safety net. The escape clause. It was a lie! I didn't mean it!

ROGER. So - you're a liar?

SAL. Of course I'm a liar! I'm not gonna parade my faults in front of the world. When I came out of the closet, there was a ton of room left behind me. There's only so many Argyle sweaters I could've thrown in - so I filled up the rest of it with my faults and skeletons, then slammed the door behind me. Just like everyone else!

ROGER. If that's the case, how am I supposed to believe anything you say?

SAL. Oh! Listen to the saint speak!

ROGER. I was being honest, Sal.

SAL. Yeah. You were honest. Honest about everything *except* "I'd like to go to Hawaii and marry you, Sal." You're a fucking white night, aren't you?

ROGER. This what I'm talking about.

SAL. What?

ROGER. THIS!

SAL. "This" covers a lot of ground, Roger! I don't know what "this" is.

ROGER. This! The way you're over-reacting!

SAL. I can't help it! I'm upset! What did you expect?

ROGER. I don't know....maturity?

SAL. You son of a bitch! I'm not that old!!

ROGER. From a relationship standpoint, you're pretty much antiquitous.

SAL. Antiquitous isn't a word!

ROGER. Then it fits you perfect - it's beyond definition!! (*The HOSTESS returns with a Mai Tai. The garnish for the drink is only a sword stuck through a cherry - no pineapple*)

HOSTESS. Here you go. We ran out of cut pineapple at the bar.

SAL. (*Pulling out the sword and cherry and holding it up*) This is great. I come here for romance and matrimony - and all I'm left with is symbolism.

HOSTESS. Your table will be ready in a few minutes. (*The HOSTESS walks off. RON walks up.*)

RON. Hi. They're parking the car. (*ROGER stands and walks over to RON.*)

ROGER. Okay, that's great. You hear that, Sal? They're here.

SAL. I heard, Roger. I may be unlovable, but I'm not deaf. Hi, Ron. (*RON waves*) Thank you for coming to my last supper. I may end my life before the evening is over.

ROGER. (*to SAL*) Stop it.

SAL. Depression can do strange things to people, Roger! It can cause them to have a very irrational response to life. They over-eat, they kill themselves, or they become mimes. It happens! Fragility begets instability. That's a fact. I didn't say that.

ROGER. Yes, you did.

SAL. No. Someone famous said that. I think it might have been Winston Churchill - or William Hung - or someone. Anyway, the point is - I'm not responsible for me from this point forward.

ROGER. You're not going to kill yourself.

SAL. Then I'll become French! Either way - an emotional revolution is at hand, Bucko!

RON. Is this a bad time?

SAL. No, of course not. Let's all pull up a chair and celebrate my pre-marital divorce.

ROGER. (*To RON*) It's fine.

SAL. Absolutely.

ROGER. Good.

RON. Really?

ROGER. Yes.

SAL. Of course.

RON. Okay.

SAL. Why not?

ROGER. Stop it!

SAL. No way.

RON. You sure.

SAL/ROGER. *(Smiling through gritted teeth)* We insist. *(STANLEY, RENEE, and GILLIAN walk up. STANLEY and RENEE have obviously been in the middle of an argument.)*

STANLEY. *(To RENEE)* Please? Can we just keep it pleasant through dinner?

SAL. Hello! Thank you for coming. My god!! People! I need you tonight!

RENEE. You must be Sal. I've heard so much about you.

SAL. Well, check with me first on the facts. I'll let you know if they're right, wrong, legendary truths, or just plain old Kentucky Bluegrass bullshit. *(An awkward silence follows. The HOSTESS appears.)*

HOSTESS. Your table is ready. If you'll follow me, we'll get you seated.

ROGER. Okay. Great. Shall we?

SAL. Well, we'll certainly try. Let's crank this evening up, People! *(SAL walks into the restaurant. Everyone awkwardly follows. The scene changes to the interior of Mama's Fish House. Everyone sits at the table. The mood has lightened a little and there is a little laughter that has infiltrated the room)*

SAL. And the man says, "Why would I want to go to Manitoba anyway?" *(Everyone laughs, except ROGER and RENEE)*

STANLEY. I think I've heard that one before, but it's a good one.

SAL. I love it. Jokes about Canadians warm my soul. Those crazy bacon eaters! *(SAL laughs really hard)*

GILLIAN. Mom is from Ontario. *(Silence.)*

ROGER. *(to SAL)* Nice one.

RENEE. It's fine really. I've lived in the States for most of my life.

ROGER. Still, I apologize.

SAL. *(to ROGER)* I beg your pardon? Did you just speak for me? It was just a joke.

ROGER. Well, it wasn't funny.

SAL. I thought it was.

ROGER. It was offensive...to Canadians. (*SAL bursts out laughing.*)
What?

SAL. Offensive to Canadians?

ROGER. Yes.

SAL. All of them?

ROGER. Possibly.

SAL. But only one heard it.

ROGER. That's not the point, Sal, and you know it.

SAL. Oh, come on! Do you know how many times something offensive has been tossed my way? All in the name of humor?

ROGER. A lot. A whooooooollllle lot. (*Silence.*)

STANLEY. It's fine. Really.

RENEE. (*to STANLEY*) Okay, now it's my turn. Did you just speak for me?

STANLEY. I wasn't speaking for you.

RENEE. Then what would you call it?

STANLEY. I...was...reinforcing your earlier sentiment...through...
.vocabulary.

SAL. (*to RENEE*) I'm sorry if I offended - and for the record - I love Michael J. Fox. (*Silence. A WAITER walks up*)

WAITER. A -lo -haaa!

EVERYONE. (*Quietly. Little enthusiasm*) Aloha.

WAITER. Oh, come on. You can do better than that. A-looooo-haaa!

EVERYONE. ALOOOOHAAA!!!

SAL. Oh, YAY! It's like we're at a Hawaiian birthday party.

WAITER. Welcome to Mama's. Are we ready to order?

SAL. We're having an awkward evening. Keep the Mai Tai's coming.
This round is on me.

ROGER. The whole evening is on you.

SAL. I thought we were splitting this. You're making me pay for everything?

ROGER. We're all at dinner on your invitation. It's only proper that you pick up the check. Etiquette and all. Right?

STANLEY. It's okay. We can pay for our part.

SAL. No, Stanley. It's fine. You're my guest. I'll pay. I'll just chalk this up to useful info. My "maybe fiancé" is cheap. Good to know. He knows etiquette for others but not how to not hurt me to the core. (*Pause*) So?

Up Country Beef and Mahi-Mahi for everyone! In fact, let's do 30 year-old Port!

STANLEY. We shouldn't drink Port.

ROGER. He was kidding about the Port.

RON. What exactly is Port?

ROGER. It's really fine alcohol.

GILLIAN. Why can't we have any? We're with you.

ROGER. They probably don't serve it, anyway.

SAL. It doesn't matter. Don't even look at the right side of the menu. You're my new friends and I want to welcome you the Valley Isle in style.

STANLEY. Am I safe in saying we appreciate your generosity?

RENEE. Of course you can say that.

STANLEY. I just didn't want to speak for you when it was inappropriate. *(Pause)* I never know these days.

SAL. *(overlapping)* So! You guys are here celebrating an anniversary? Vacation? What?

STANLEY/RENEE. We're here to - *(They look at each other)* Okay, you tell it. *(They look at each other again)* No...go... *(They both go silent.)*

SAL. Jesus. What just happened? It was like you were pod people for a second.

RENEE. That happens when you know someone forever. Not only do you start speaking *for* someone - you occasionally have the utter misfortune of speaking *as* them. It's sweet at first, then it becomes nauseating.

STANLEY. We don't do that often.

RENEE. More than I'd like.

STANLEY. What does that mean?

RENEE. It's not important.

STANLEY. You can't just say that and then end the chat.

RENEE. It's called not airing our troubles.

STANLEY. No, it's called conversational blitzkrieg.

GILLIAN. I can vouch that it doesn't happen very often. You guys have pretty much stopped talking, altogether. *(Silence. No one knows what to say)*

SAL. Well, maybe we should have the Port, after all.

RON. My parents don't like each other. (*More awkward silence*)

RENEE. Ron, I'm sure that's not true.

RON. No, it is. Last winter my mother tried to make my dad overdose on Ex-Lax.

SAL. You can't O.D. on Ex-Lax. Too much will just keep you from getting invited to Christmas parties.

RON. Maybe I'm speaking out of turn and being grossly unfair to them - but I don't think they like one another anymore. Every year they spend most of their days either fighting or not speaking. It a shame really. I can remember when I was about eight years old. I wanted to have a birthday party where all of my friends were invited. You know? The first one complete with invitations? Well, anyway. I used to love the circus.

Actually, love is kind of a soft word. I was obsessed with the circus.

Ringmasters, clowns in funny cars, cotton candy, the trapeze - you name it, I was a fan - but the lions were my favorite. So, I wanted to have a circus party where lions were the focus. Well, my mother decided she was in charge of the amenities and Dad was in charge of the entertainment. Having grown up with this monster amount of arguing and heated interactions that were so regular you could set your watch by them, I was amazed almost to the point of giddiness that they were able to pull it together and actually get along. At least for a day - it would seem, anyway. Apparently, though, there was some fighting going on behind the scenes that no one knew about. So, my Dad proceeded to get drunk while he was out wrangling up the entertainment. In his drunken stupor, he hired a stripper named "Kitty" - still keeping with the "cat theme" but with a slightly skanky twist. My mother was infuriated - and her anger got the best of her. She announced in a rather loud voice that she was sorry but when she sent her husband out to find a lion she had no idea that he would quote "spend the day trolling for pussy" end quote. The party came to a halt, the children were ushered away, my parents lost all of their friends. Our family hasn't been right since. (*Silence. Everyone is stunned. Ron loudly slurps his water.*)

SAL. (*Whispering at STANLEY*) Did he just say "pussy" in this nice restaurant? (*The WAITER arrives with small glasses of Port*)

WAITER. Here you go. 30 year-old Port for everyone.

SAL. Oh, Jesus! I . . .nevermind. Thanks.

WAITER. Have any of you eaten here before?

ROGER. No - we're new on the island.

SAL. Fresh off the boat is more like it. Are we ready to order? *(To WAITER)* You don't serve catfish or tiger shark do you?

WAITER. No.

SAL. Good. We have a bad cat theme running through this group at the moment.

WAITER. I'm sorry?

RON. I'm sorry. I was just telling a story.

SAL. No, I mean the cat fighting.

RENEE. What does that mean?

SAL. *(To WAITER - regarding RENEE and ROGER.)* Our girls are picking on us tonight.

RENEE. Excuse me?

SAL. *(To WAITER)* We're gonna need another moment or two. *(The WAITER nods and exits)*

RENEE. Stanley, we're leaving.

STANLEY. What? We just got here.

RENEE. I'm not staying. I've just been insulted.

STANLEY. How?

RENEE. How? He just said we were cat fighting. *(Pause)*

STANLEY. Well, I think he's right.

RENEE. Oh, really?

ROGER. Jesus, Sal! Now look what you've done!

RENEE. Give me the car keys.

GILLIAN. Mom! Come on!

RENEE. I WANT THE CAR KEYS, STANLEY!

STANLEY. No.

SAL. What did I do? I was just telling it like it is!

STANLEY. He was just telling it like it is.

GILLIAN. Dad!

ROGER. Sal!

STANLEY. What?

SAL. What?

GILLIAN. Apologize.

ROGER. This is absolutely the last time you are going to embarrass me in public, Sal. That was completely uncalled for. *(To RENEE)* You were

right. *(Silence. A shocked moment hangs in the air. Finally, SAL turns to ROGER.)*

SAL. She was right?

STANLEY. Right about what?

SAL. Yes, right about what? *(The WAITER walks over)*

WAITER. Have we had. . .

EVERYONE. *(overlapping)* NOT NOW! *(The WAITER quickly exits.)*

RENEE. Stanley, I don't want to make a scene in front of all of these strangers.

STANLEY. Then I suggest you start talking because if you did what I think you did, a "scene" is about to become imminent.

RENEE. Nothing has to be imminent. *(She stands)* I'm not going to stay here and...

STANLEY. *(overlapping)* Sit down.

RENEE. No.

STANLEY. If you don't want a scene, then I recommend - strongly - that you sit back down until we get this sorted out.

ROGER. Please, Stanley. Don't be upset with your wife. She didn't do anything on her own. I asked a question and she was brave enough to answer it honestly.

STANLEY/SAL. What question? *(Pause. ROGER looks at RENEE, who nods to go ahead.)*

ROGER. You have to understand, I am about to make the biggest commitment of my life. Well, of course you understand. You've already been there and done that. Marriage. You know? So, I have been wondering what I might be giving up by "taking the plunge" - so to speak. So, I thought it would be best if I asked a stranger for advice. *(He drinks a sip from his Port)*

STANLEY. Advice?

ROGER. Yes. I wanted advice. I couldn't ask people who know me because everyone that has a vested interest in me and my "happiness" just tells me what they think I want to hear. I needed to borrow the ear of a stranger.

STANLEY. And, just what "advice" did my wife give you?

ROGER. I asked her if she ever regretted getting married. *(Silence)*

SAL. Oh, my god.

ROGER. I wanted to know her answer. You two have been plugging away at the married life for twenty years. I wanted to know if she thought it was worth it, you know? If she could go back to the beginning and undo that decision, would she? *(Pause)* And she was kind enough to give me her honest answer.

STANLEY. Which was? *(Silence hangs in the air)*

ROGER. Are you sure you want to hear this?

SAL. Oh, Jesus! This evening is about to take a horrible turn in the next sentence or two!

GILLIAN. Dad. Don't do this. Let's just have dinner and . . .

STANLEY. *(Overlapping)* No, it's okay, Honey. I think we should know if we were worth it to Mom.

RENEE. That's not fair, Stanley.

STANLEY. No, it's not, but neither is being judged behind your back - and it looks like that's the path we've taken. *(RENEE gets up and walks out of the restaurant, STANLEY follows.)* Excuse us, Everyone. *(He finds RENEE "outside".)* I have never been so embarrassed in all of my life.

RENEE. Then, you've obviously led a much more sheltered life than I thought.

STANLEY. Why, Renee? Just tell me why!

RENEE. Why what?

STANLEY. Why what?

RENEE. Yes. Why what?

STANLEY. Oh, come off it. You know what I'm talking about! That! In there! The big scene!

RENEE. Do you really want to know?

STANLEY. I'm asking, aren't I?

RENEE. You sure?

STANLEY. Renee -

RENEE. I'm just asking, Stanley, because once I say it...it's out there. I can't take it back.

STANLEY. Now you decide to be tactful? Where was it at the table when you were dismantling those gay guys' relationship?

RENEE. Those gay guys? Sal and Roger, Stanley. They have names!

STANLEY. Sal and Roger. Yes. I know their names! Sal and Roger!

RENEE. Then call them by their names! God! That's just one more thing about you that is so unbelievably irritating! It makes them sound like objects instead of human beings!

STANLEY. Oh, really?

RENEE. Yep. Really!

STANLEY. Well, you're one to talk! You want the "human touch" of the name references, but the freedom to act inhuman by destroying their relationship!

RENEE. I gave my opinion on marriage, Stanley! I didn't tell the big boys what to do! *(She starts to walk away)*

STANLEY. Don't you dare walk away from this!

RENEE. I will walk away from whatever I choose!

STANLEY. No! Not this time! I want to know the answer to the question, Renee! I have stood by you for twenty years! Twenty years! I need to hear from you that it was or wasn't "all worthless"!

RENEE. It wasn't all worthless!

STANLEY. If you would go back and undo it all - then of course it is...was...!!! So, I want to hear it from you. I am asking you point blank!! If we were to go back and I were to propose to you all over again . . . knowing what you know now. . . would you turn me down?

RENEE. YES! *(She can't believe she said it, then calmly.)* Yes. I would say no. There. Are you happy? *(Silence. The sound of waves crashing.)*

STANLEY. Happy? *(He looks to be on the verge of tears)* What on Earth do I have to be happy about? *(STANLEY walks off the beach leaving RENEE alone with the sound of the crashing surf. The lights fade on RENEE as she exits. A small pool of light comes up on SAL on his cell phone. We hear a phone ringing. Another pool of light comes up on a wing-back chair facing away from the audience. A hand picks up the phone. We do not see the occupant.)*

SAL. Mother? It's me. I'm coming back to the hotel . . .and I need you!!! *(Blackout. The sound of the surf.)*

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