

WELL DONE

a one-act

CHARACTERS: (2)

RALPH, male, senior

RUBY, female, senior

SETTING: A front porch with a rocking chair

LIGHTS UP

(Man is sitting on his front porch, rocking.)

RUBY: (calling from inside the house, behind the man.) Are you coming in?

RALPH: (Does not reply.)

RUBY: I said, are you coming in?!

RALPH: (plays with a flashlight, shines it toward the audience)

RUBY: What are you doing out there?

RALPH: (Sees another flashlight from the back answering him.) (Waves his flashlight.)

RUBY: I know what you're doing.

RALPH: (Hides his flashlight under his cushion.)

RUBY: Go ahead. I don't care. Have an affair with your flashlight! Maybe it'll get you off the porch! Besides, what good is a flashlight in the daytime?!

RALPH: I'm just watching the traffic. They need to put a stop sign up there where the road bends.

RUBY: (Does not answer.)

RALPH: I said, they need to put a stop sign up.

RUBY: You need to get a TV.

RALPH: I won't watch that boob tube.

RUBY: It's not all boob tube. I watch it.

RALPH: You're not gonna make me watch it, that's for sure.

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RUBY: It'll get you off that damned porch.

RALPH: No way! I need my Vitamin D. (Basks in the sun shine, face uplifted.)

RUBY: That'll age you.

RALPH: The human body needs Vitamin D.

RUBY: The human body needs exercise!

RALPH: Why exercise when you can just sit here and the world comes to you?

RUBY: How many times can you watch the cars go by?

RALPH: It's not just cars. It's also trucks, campers, motorcycles, and pedestrians.

RUBY: And raccoons and possums.

RALPH: Damn right. Saw a skunk get it about an hour ago. Splat!

RUBY: I think you enjoy seeing poor animals killed out there.

RALPH: Well, if they're so dumb they don't even look when they cross the road, then they get what they deserve.

RUBY: They're animals! They can't help it.

RALPH: Saw a wiener dog get hit the other day. Rushed out into the middle of the road like an idiot, to greets its owner. Splat! Splat! Got it from two different RV's at the same time.

RUBY: You're awful.

RALPH: It's better than TV. At least it's real.

RUBY: Who did I marry?!

RALPH: Your dreamboat.

RUBY: Yeah, right.

RALPH: If you'd look out here, you'd see me at my best: The sunlight is making a rainbow on my nose.

RUBY: What?!

RALPH: Yep. The light comes through the glass of the porch and makes a rainbow. (Indicates the invisible glass in front of him.)

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RUBY: Yeah, you're the rainbow boy!

RALPH: Come out and look at it.

RUBY: No.

RALPH: Come on.

RUBY: No, I'm making a pie.

RALPH: (under his breath) Oh god, not another huckleberry pie.

RUBY: I heard that.

RALPH: (under his breath) No you didn't.

RUBY: I almost heard it. You love huckleberry pie.

RALPH: I do not.

RUBY: You do too!

RALPH: Why don't you make a skunk pie?

RUBY: What?!

RALPH: From the road kill out there. (Points.)

RUBY: I'm not using any road kill for one of my pies!

RALPH: You use a killed chicken for your chicken pot pies.

RUBY: They're not road kill!

RALPH: Same difference.

RUBY: Not so!

RALPH: The road kill is probably more humane than the factory farm!

RUBY: Oh, you! Why do you have to be so negative about everything?

RALPH: Why do you have to be in denial about everything?

RUBY: You should be grateful I'm in denial about some things.

RALPH: What's that supposed to mean?

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RUBY: I swear one of these days I'm gonna divorce you.

RALPH: Hah!

RUBY: You think I'm joking?

RALPH: You couldn't live without me.

RUBY: Don't tempt me.

RALPH: I'm keeping this house.

RUBY: I'd get half.

RALPH: It's in my name.

RUBY: Community property in this state.

RALPH: My lawyer can beat up your lawyer.

RUBY: I'll claim you tried to sodomize me.

RALPH: Who'd want to sodomize your old tired butt?!

RUBY: You used to like my butt well enough.

RALPH: That was then. This is now.

RUBY: You're awful.

RALPH: You're awfuler.

RUBY: (Bangs a knife.) You hear that?

RALPH: What is it? Your old ass clanging around?

RUBY: It's a knife, a big one.

RALPH: (sarcastic) I'm terrified.

RUBY: One of these days you're gonna wind up in one of my pies.

RALPH: Yeah, Huckleberry Ralph, that's me.

RUBY: I'd feed that pie to the pigs. Maybe save a little piece for me.

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RALPH: You do that, and I swear on the Holy Book I'll back up on you and make you puke for days.

RUBY: Hey, look at that: I just shat out Huckleberry Ralph.

RALPH: Ruby! You're gross.

RUBY: I can beat you any day.

RALPH: Can't.

RUBY: Can too. (Bangs the knife again.) You hear that, Ralph?

RALPH: Come on, bring it on out here!

RUBY: I'll do it when you're sleeping.

RALPH: They'll catch you and burn you alive in the electric chair.

RUBY: They don't have the electric chair anymore.

RALPH: How are you gonna explain my slit throat? A suicide?

RUBY: Who said it would be a slit throat? I'd stab you up the ass. No autopsy would ever want to look up there! Then I'll have the house, and you'll be moldering.

RALPH: I'll burn this house down before I'd let you get it.

RUBY: You sleep like a drowned fart, and wouldn't know what hit you.

RALPH: What's a drowned fart?

RUBY: Believe me, you don't want to find out.

RALPH: Oh, there she goes now, Ms. Ruby, galliflitting [*sic*] all over the county, living off her poor, dead husband's money, like the thieving bitch she is and always was.

RUBY: Pie's almost ready!

RALPH: Yummy! What kind is it again?

RUBY: Just the kind you can't get enough of – puppies!

RALPH: Didn't we have puppy pie yesterday?

RUBY: Yes, sir, we did. But I know how much you love your puppy pie.

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RALPH: They have a dog meat festival somewhere over there. You want to go?

RUBY: I know! I already entered it.

RALPH: You did not!

RUBY: You don't hear Sport anywhere, do you?

RALPH: You wouldn't. You didn't.

RUBY: Call him.

RALPH: Sport! Here, boy! . . . Sport!

RUBY: Is he coming?

RALPH: He's off sleeping in the barn.

RUBY: Or is he?

RALPH: He'll come when he wakes up.

RUBY: How's your road kill working out?

(Ralph shades his eyes, surveys the landscape.)

RUBY: Isn't it about time for your dialysis?

RALPH: What do you care?

RUBY: I care because I don't want to see you acting all sick cuz you didn't get that guck out of your blood.

RALPH: You're all heart.

RUBY: Mostly, I just want to get you out of the house.

RALPH: So your boyfriend can come over?

RUBY: All sx of 'em! Now get out!

RALPH: I am out of the house.

RUBY: Go and blow the stink off of you.

RALPH: You love my stink.

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RUBY: I think it's you that's the road kill. Pew!

RALPH: Where's that huckleberry pie? I'm starving.

RUBY: Hold your horses.

RALPH: I really do like your pies, Ruby. I guess I don't tell you that often enough.

RUBY: I love you too.

RALPH: I don't know what I'd do without you.

RUBY: Probably die.

RALPH: I would. I would. I don't deny it.

RUBY: And I'd die without you too, Ralph. Who would I argue with night and day?

RALPH: It's the hate that keeps us both going.

RUBY: You may be right.

RALPH: Did you really cook Sport?

RUBY: Not yet!

RALPH: Don't cook him.

RUBY: I won't.

RALPH: He's a good dog.

RUBY: That he is.

RALPH: If anything ever happened to him . . .

RUBY: He is seventeen years old.

RALPH: I know. And I know we all have to go sometime.

RUBY: Yep You first.

RALPH: You're a corker!

RUBY: How's your flashlight friend?

RALPH: (grabbing the flashlight from under the cushion) (Waves it.) Hot and horny?

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RUBY: How about a three-way?

RALPH: Ruby! You're scandalizing me.

RUBY: Let me get my flashlight.

RALPH: (putting the flashlight away) All right, all right!

RUBY: You want to see my flashlight?

RALPH: I've seen it.

RUBY: (shining a flashlight from inside the house) See that!

RALPH: (underwhelmed) Wow.

RUBY: How about this? (Moves the flashlight around wildly.)

RALPH: (underwhelmed) Oh, baby.

RUBY: You got to try, Ralph.

RALPH: I've tried for forty years. It's like huckleberry pie. You might love it, but you won't want it forever!

(Ruby turns off her flashlight.)

(Ralph rocks hard in his rocking chair.)

RUBY: I'm sorry I flashed you.

RALPH: I'm sorry, Ruby, if I hurt your feelings.

RUBY: (hurt) You didn't hurt my feelings.

RALPH: I'm sorry if I did.

RUBY: I'm gonna take a nap.

RALPH: You do that now. I may take a nap out here.

RUBY: Don't fall asleep in the sun.

RALPH: Is the huckleberry pie in the oven?

RUBY: Sure is.

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RALPH: Don't let it burn. I want a big piece later, after it cools.

RUBY: Duly noted.

RALPH: Have a nice nap now.

RUBY: Any more road kill to report?

RALPH: (shading his eyes, looking at audience) Not lately.

RUBY: Don't let the pie burn if I'm still napping.

RALPH: I won't.

RUBY: Promise you'll get up off your butt and turn it off.

RALPH: I promise.

RUBY: Have a nice rainbow on your nose.

RALPH: I will. The sun's nice and bright today.

RUBY: Nighty night.

RALPH: Don't let the bed bugs bite.

RUBY: I do love you, you bastard.

RALPH: I know that. Me too.

(Ruby goes back further into the house.)

(Ralph rocks a bit, checks on the flashlight, leaves it under the cushion.)

(Ralph settles into his rocking chair, enjoying the warmth of the sun.)

RALPH: (eyes closed) I loves me some sun. I'm the rainbow boy. (After a few moments, he falls asleep.)

(The lights dim, indicating that time has passed.)

RUBY: (inside) Ralph?

RALPH: (Doesn't answer.)

RUBY: You let the pie burn!

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RALPH: (No answer.)

(Ruby comes out onto the porch.)

RUBY: Ralph? Are you asleep?

RALPH: (No reply.)

RUBY: Are you dead? (She comes closer to Ralph.) Are you?

(She reaches out and touches Ralph's cheek.)

RUBY: Oh, my God, you got too much sun. You're cooked!

(Falls to her knees, distraught.)

How am I going to survive without you, Ralph? How
am I ever going to survive without you?

(She kisses him on the forehead.)

(She notices the flashlight, which Ralph is still
holding.)

(Slowly, not comically, she holds the flashlight in one
hand. She kisses the flashlight. Slowly, she turns it on, then
shifts it from one side to the other, signaling just three times
as the lights fade.)