

I DREAM OF EDNA IN A LIGHT GREEN DRESS

A Comedy in One Act

by

Bradley Hayward

Copyright 1996

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CHARACTERS

(2M)

SEAN, 29 GARFIELD, 60

SETTING

The present. A big city.

SCENE

A small living room of a small studio apartment. There is a door to the hall and a door to the bathroom. There is also a hide-away bed. The apartment is nothing elaborate and furnishings are humble. An intercom box is directly beside the door to the hall on the wall.

(AT RISE: The opening music continues and we discover SEAN coming from the bathroom door in a bathrobe with wet hair. He is obviously lonely. He searches for something to do. He sits on the daybed and counts his toes. After that, he tries to do sit-ups since he is alone and no one can make fun of him, but his back is out of shape so he stops after one. He starts to read a book, but is bored with it in seconds.)

(Finally, as the music fades, he decides to call someone, but not on the phone. He presses the intercom button.)

SEAN

Garfield.

GARFIELD

(over intercom and very monotone)

Yes?

SEAN

Can you come up here and talk with me?

GARFIELD

Who is this?

SEAN

Sean Fields from apartment 22 T.

GARFIELD

I'm watching the door.

SEAN

I know. Never mind.

(SEAN paces, but is still bored. He pushes the intercom button again.)

GARFIELD

Yes?

SEAN

Can you come up here and talk with me? I'm lonely.

GARFIELD

Who is this?

SEAN

Sean.

Sean who? GARFIELD

Sean Fields. SEAN

From? GARFIELD

Apartment 22 T. I just rang for you. SEAN

Sorry. I'm watching the door. GARFIELD

For two minutes? SEAN

Do I know you? GARFIELD

Well, not really. SEAN

Who are you? GARFIELD

Sean Fields from apartment 22 T! SEAN

Oh. Hey, wait...I knew that. I mean, what do you look like? GARFIELD

I'm about six feet tall, thin, twenty nine years old and I have dark hair. SEAN

Do you live here? GARFIELD

Well, of course. SEAN

(pause) GARFIELD

No, I don't recall you. How do you know me? SEAN

You're the door man. I thought you may have seen me go by. SEAN

Sorry. So we haven't met? GARFIELD

SEAN

Not formally.

GARFIELD

Okay, then. Good night.

(SEAN waits a second, tries to think of something to do, but goes back to the intercom and presses the button.)

GARFIELD (Continued)

Yes?

SEAN

Hello, Garfield. Are you sure you can't come up to talk?

GARFIELD

Who is this?

SEAN

Sean Fields!

GARFIELD

Sorry. Never heard of you.

SEAN

You were just talking to me!

GARFIELD

Was that you?

SEAN

Yes! Honestly.

GARFIELD

What do you want?

SEAN

I need someone to talk to. I miss my wife.

GARFIELD

You're married? Then talk to her.

SEAN

She's gone. And so beautiful! She has long blonde...Oh, I suppose you don't want to hear me go on and on about her, do you? I just can't help it. I miss her so much.

GARFIELD

One moment. I have someone else calling me.

SEAN

Certainly.

(SEAN waits for him to call back. He flips open a laptop and begins typing.)

SEAN (Continued)

Oh, Pheobe! I miss you so! That long blonde hair. That milky white skin. The tender lips you use to kiss my body. The honeysuckle gleaming from your cheeks. Oh, and those gorgeous cobalt blue eyes set high above your chiseled cheek bones. How I wish it was our wedding night as our bodies were pressed together like one mass of glorious passion. How I wish it so! The flaring tempers as we fought over who would uncork the champagne took us to new realms of ecstasy. Why did you have to go so far away and leave me dreaming of our honeymoon?

(he's practically humping the laptop)

Oh, Pheobe. I can't wait until you return so that I can take the journey to our new beginning. Once our honeymoon begins, nothing can interrupt us.

(The intercom buzzes. SEAN slams down the laptop screen, rushes over and answers it.)

SEAN (Continued)

Yes?

GARFIELD

Me again.

SEAN

Who was calling you?

GARFIELD

Just some psychopath that wanted to talk. Now talk.

SEAN

Do you mind listening?

GARFIELD

No. I need a good rest. Now go on. Tell me about your wife and why you miss her.

SEAN

Well, her name is Pheobe.

(Pause.)

GARFIELD

Am I supposed to say something? I'm not much into participation.

SEAN

No, no! Just isn't Pheobe the greatest name you've ever heard?

No. GARFIELD

No?! SEAN

No. I suppose you want to know what that name is. GARFIELD

Do you mind? SEAN

No. GARFIELD

Well... SEAN

Don't laugh. GARFIELD

I won't. SEAN

People have before. GARFIELD

I won't. SEAN

Edna. GARFIELD

Edna? SEAN
(shocked)

Yes. I've always liked that name. It's so sexy. I've always wanted to shout out to a woman in bed, "Edna! Edna! You are my world! Oh, Edna! Right there, Edna" GARFIELD
(SEAN starts to laugh, silently.)

Are you laughing? GARFIELD (Continued)

No. SEAN
(stifling his laughter)

Good. GARFIELD

SEAN

Are you sure you don't mind listening to me babble.

GARFIELD

No, that's what I do all day long. Is get calls from all the tenants in this god-forsaken building. Day in and day out, I stand at this door as if I were a therapist. An unpaid therapist. No, I don't mind. Go on.

SEAN

Well, you see, my wife...

(sighs)

...Pheobe...is gone for seven days. We scheduled our honeymoon for this week. Two tickets to Disneyland. She wanted to go to the Cayman Islands, but ever since I was a kid and accidentally saw up Minnie Mouse's dress, I wanted to ride the Matterhorn with the woman I love. Besides, I couldn't afford the Cayman Islands. I can barely afford pineapple juice. She offered to have her father pay for the trip. He is rich, you know. Oh, I suppose you don't. Well, when she said that, I felt crushed that I couldn't give her all she wanted. She got upset that I was upset. That's just the way she is. She sure sounds sweet, doesn't she?

GARFIELD

A darling.

SEAN

Anyway, I turned down the offer. She was kind of upset that we couldn't go, but I don't want to take advantage of her family like that. I saw that she was upset in her eyes. Her eyes tell a story, you know. Oh, I guess you don't know. To get back to my story, she's gone for one week. She's off to some seminar she says she can't pass up. It's some class in Milan on how to bolster your cleavage without silicone. I told her that I love her boobs as they are, and saw no reason to postpone our honeymoon to change them. She said she knew I loved her boobs, but that it's a tough world out there. She's a model, you know. Oh, I suppose you don't know. She hasn't had any big jobs. None on her boobs, anyway...yet. Just a catalogue here and there, but so far Versace hasn't knocked on her door. I try not to focus on her beauty, though. It all seems kind of meaningless.

(He becomes enraptured again by her beauty.)

SEAN (Continued)

Sure, her slender hips and long, luscious legs and her remarkable hair and her pearly white teeth and her bow tied lips and her sapphire eyes and...well, they're all very nice.

(MORE)

SEAN (Continued)

However, it's what in here...

(he points to his chest)

...that counts. I just pointed at my chest. Her beauty is often discouraging. Sometimes I see people walking down the street, pointing at us. Asking what a woman like that sees in...him. Me. It's kind of depressing. Have you ever had a beautiful woman around your arm, wondering if the rest of the world was asking, "what is she doing?"

(Pause.)

SEAN (Continued)

Garfield?

GARFIELD

(suddenly more interested, but still monotone)

Your wife is a model?

SEAN

Have you even been listening?

GARFIELD

I've been listening. I'm just kind of stuck on "my wife is a model."

SEAN

I try not to dwell on that. If you ever have the privilege of meeting her, you'll see what I mean. Can I ask you a question?

GARFIELD

Fine.

SEAN

How long have you been the doorman here?

GARFIELD

About thirty years.

SEAN

And how many people do you know in this building? Personally, I mean. Not through your intercom therapy.

GARFIELD

Well, lets see. There's Marge and...no. Dead. Um, Sally and...no. Dead. I guess there's Kate Wilkes that live in the penthouse.

SEAN

You mean to say that you've worked here for thirty years and only have known three people? All women, no less.

GARFIELD

Just wait a minute. She's dead too. Nope. Nobody.

SEAN

That's absurd!

GARFIELD

Would you count the people that I hate?

SEAN

Hate?

GARFIELD

Because if you do, there's a couple upstairs I kind of know.

SEAN

What do you mean, kind of?

GARFIELD

Well, they come and take peaches...

(It sounds as if he has more to say in his sentence, but he is finished.)

(Pause.)

SEAN

And?

GARFIELD

And what? That's what I mean. They come and take peaches.

SEAN

Peaches?

GARFIELD

From the complimentary fruit bowl in the lobby. They use them to entertain their guests.

SEAN

Entertaining? How do you know what they use them for?

GARFIELD

I've seen the people they bring in here. Every morning I bring in a new bag of peaches, only to be stolen by some treacherous...fruit lovers or something! I swear, the next time they come by and try to swipe all of my peaches, there will be more being pitted than the peaches.

SEAN

Are you like this to all of the people you know here?

GARFIELD

Like I said, I don't know anybody here. If I do get acquainted with someone, they'll probably turn out to be fruit thieves. And I don't like anyone playing with my fruit. So I don't become acquainted with anyone.

SEAN

This is some forbidden fruit.

GARFIELD

You bet your life it's forbidden fruit. Now listen to me, babbling on like a blubbering idiot over the intercom. You wanted to talk to me, yet I'm doing all the talking. Blubber away, boy. Blubber away.

SEAN

No. I enjoy listening to you talk. I takes my mind off of Phoebe.

GARFIELD

I don't think I could take your mind off Pheobe if I doused you mind with dishwasher detergent and let the you two soak over night.

SEAN

Was that a joke? Way to go, Garfield.

GARFIELD

Yeah, well. Make that the last time. Cynical people drive me nuts. Any time I hear anything sarcastic come from someone's mouth, it makes me wonder how long they've been planning that comeback. I just want to rip down their throats and pull up a kidney.

SEAN

My, my, my, Garfield. Aren't we bitter.

GARFIELD

I'm sixty years old. I'm too old to have a decent erection. What else do you expect?

SEAN

From the sounds of it, not much more.

GARFIELD

Damn right!

END OF EXCERPT. For a complete script or to apply for production rights, visit: www.bradleyhayward.com