

OLD-HAVES, NEW WANTS

By,

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CHARACTERS: MAN, old but lively, has a bad back, bag, 64
WOMAN, old and reserved, weak hands, purse by side, has
knitting, 62

SCENE: Park Bench, bushes, shrubbery, painted "park/city"
landscape background

AT RISE: MAN and WOMAN sitting at park bench

(WOMAN is knitting, MAN is spacing out)

(WOMAN stops knitting, looks at man, notices he is spacing
out.)

(WOMAN clears throat to gain mans attention, MAN shakes
out of it)

(WOMAN starts knitting as if nothing happened)

(MAN, slightly annoyed, shakes head at woman)

(MAN opens backpack, takes out the following one by one a
spoon, a bowl, a carton of milk, and a box of cereal)

(MAN makes bowl of cereal)

(WOMAN glances over, still knitting, and lets out annoyed
sigh)

(MAN stops chewing, puts bowl on lap)

MAN

What?

(WOMAN pretends nothing is wrong)

WOMAN

Nothing.

MAN

Tell me what.

WOMAN

I said nothing.

MAN

I know you said nothing, but tell me what.

WOMAN

It's nothing.

MAN

What's nothing.

WOMAN

Nothing.

MAN

Ok.

(WOMAN sighs)

MAN

Honey. What.

WOMAN

Nothing.

MAN

Will you please just tell me what's bothering you?

WOMAN

Nothing's bothering me.

MAN

Something's bothering you.

WOMAN

Why does it matter?

MAN

Because I love you.

WOMAN

I'm sorry.

MAN

For what?

(WOMAN sighs)

MAN

What.

WOMAN

Sometimes I just feel like you don't care.

MAN

Care about what?

(WOMAN sighs)

MAN

We've been together for 50 years. Why would you think that I don't care.

WOMAN

I don't know.

MAN

Can you please be straightforward with me.

WOMAN

I don't know what you're talking about.

MAN

You're not telling me how you feel.

WOMAN

Yes I am.

MAN

No, you aren't. You're being vague about everything.

WOMAN

I'm not being vague about anything.

MAN

Please tell me what's bothering you.

WOMAN

Nothing is bothering me.

MAN

Can you be honest with me?

WOMAN

I'm being honest with you.

(MAN becomes slightly irritated)

MAN

No. You aren't.

(MAN sits in silence, expecting an answer)

MAN

(softens voice)

What's wrong?..

(WOMAN stops knitting)

WOMAN

Nothing's the same anymore.

MAN

What do you mean?

WOMAN

Before we had jobs. Before we were married. Before we had kids. It was so... easy.

WOMAN

...We'd do everything together. We would go on our little adventures and do so much together..It was fun..

WOMAN

Once our lives started, when we started college, got jobs, raised our two children.. The fun just disappeared. We became too busy with everything and we forgot how to have fun..Our lives just became the process of completing task after task. The same rote daily routine.. Now were here, with all of this freetime and we've forgotten how to use it.

(MAN stands up)

WOMAN

What are you doing?

MAN

You mean, what are we doing?

(WOMAN stares at man)

MAN

Well we can't just learn how to have fun sitting on a park bench.

(WOMAN gives a slight smile)

MAN

Come on! Get up! Let's go do something!

(WOMAN gets up)

WOMAN

Like what?

MAN

There's no fun in plans.

WOMAN

How are we going to have fun if we don't even know what we're doing?

MAN

We'll go for a drive and see where it takes us.

(WOMAN looks down at what she has been knitting.)

WOMAN

Maybe tomorrow..I really want to finish this..

(WOMAN sits back down, begins knitting)

(MAN becomes slightly disappointed, sits down)

MAN

Do you know why we had so much fun when we were younger?

WOMAN

We were youthful..

MAN

We were spontaneous..

(WOMAN continues knitting)

(MAN pulls out a book and starts to read)

MAN

You complain about being in a daily routine.

WOMAN

Yes?

MAN

Yet you do nothing to get out of it.

WOMAN

You have no right to say that. I try everyday to get you do things with me but you always have an excuse not to do them. I'm surprised you even came with me today you usually sleep in on Tuesdays.

MAN

I can make..

WOMAN

You'll say that you will make it up to me, But you won't actually do anything about it. You always think just for yourself.

MAN

I don't think just for myself. All my life I've put you before me. I might not be young, and capable, but I still love you.

WOMAN

I'm going home. You can finish your damn novel by yourself.

(WOMAN gets up, flustered, struggles with her bag)

(MAN gets up and stands in front of WOMAN)

MAN

I'm not letting you leave upset.

WOMAN

(looking at shoes, avoiding eye contact)

You should let me be upset if I want to be upset.

MAN

No.

WOMAN

You always told me I should do what I want to do, not what other people expect me to do.

MAN

Well sometimes what you want to do isn't always the right thing to do.

(WOMAN looks at shoes)

MAN

(Softly)

Hey..

(WOMAN continues looking at shoes)

MAN

Do you remember our first date?

WOMAN

(PAUSE)

At Somantos?

MAN

No. Our first date.

WOMAN

I don't remember..

MAN

I was taking a break from painting fences. I was sitting on the side of the road in the grass with my lunch box at my side, about to eat my sandwich. And I noticed you came around the bend on that fancy bike of yours. I called to you and you stopped and I offered you my lunch.

WOMAN

That wasn't our first date. That was the first time we met.

MAN

It was lunch was it not?

WOMAN

I suppose.

MAN

And after that we talked for the entire afternoon..

WOMAN

You had paint on your nose.

MAN

I did not.

WOMAN

(laughs)

You mean you never noticed?

MAN

(Smiles)

No. I guess not.

WOMAN

You're hair was messy too..Like you had just come out of bed.

MAN

I can guarantee that you're hair was messier than mine.

WOMAN

I had an excuse. I was on my bike.

MAN

Hey. Let's say we go for a walk?

(MAN and WOMAN exit, Both in inaudible conversation, WOMAN
laughs as they leave stage)

ENDSCENE