



SPARKLE TIME

An Original One Act

by

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Directed by Allison Gold

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STANFORD
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SPARKLE TIME

CAST OF CHARACTERS

ANNE, a woman.

GREGORIO, a man.

TOM, a man.

LUCINDA, a woman.

SETTING: A nicely decorated living room reminiscent of 1950s America, full of wood and pastels. There's a full length mirror to stage right, angled toward the audience. To the rear of the stage are two doors. One is a main door; the other leads to the bedrooms. Both swing outward into the living room. Strewn among the room are two or three enormous trunks, folded clothes and knick-knacks. Somebody is obviously in the middle of packing.

SPARKLE TIME

(Zen music.)

To stage right is ANNE, stuck in a downward dog position on a yoga mat. One of her legs is in the air. Crouched behind her is GREGORIO, a yoga instructor clad in sparkly, bright purple spandex.)

GREGORIO

Oh – *(He kisses her feet.)* My – *(An ankle.)* Sweet – *(A knee.)* Honey – *(A thigh, then intensely, in a grimly macho roar:)* Tiramiiiiisuu.

ANNE

Darling, I think that is enough.

GREGORIO

No!

ANNE

I mean it. I think we've had quite enough for today, Gregorio.

GREGORIO

You really think so?

ANNE

Yes, quite sure.

GREGORIO

You reject my pleasure pose. I am unhappy.

ANNE

Well, be unhappy! *(She stands.)*

GREGORIO

But you are so sweet...so firm...

ANNE

We only have ten minutes.

GREGORIO

(He looks. He sighs.) Like *al dente* pasta.

ANNE

You trying to make me blush?

GREGORIO

You know you like it. *(He leers.)* I know you like it.

ANNE

Ahhh. Maybe...Yes.

(She looks at him. He's a predator. There is an awkward beat. ANNE proceeds to hastily tidy up a corner of the room.)

GREGORIO

La mia zucca.

ANNE

Sorry?

GREGORIO

Pumpkino, pumpkino! Why are you so nervous? You do not like sparkle time? *(He gestures to his body.)* Why, is Tom coming home soon?

ANNE

Well, no, actually. He's not supposed to be home till later. Lucinda's coming to visit.

(ANNE stops fidgeting and perches herself on the sofa. She sighs.)

GREGORIO

...Ah.

ANNE

Indeed.

GREGORIO

Sister Lucinda.

ANNE

Quite soon, actually. To talk about Aunt Hatty's...demise. You know, our favourite aunt. A little off her rocker toward the end but we loved her to death, quite literally. She choked a few weeks ago on some bagels we mailed her. *(She pauses, face twitching in sorrow.)* Quite a pity. So we're packing up her stuff. *(ANNE waves vaguely at the half-opened chests scattered around the room.)* God, It's messy.

GREGORIO

Ah...*(He stares at her, then suddenly presses himself close.)* But we have a little bitty bit of time left, my Anne, *il mio amante reale!* You are so sweet! You are sugar-crusted!

ANNE

You know I would love to, Gregorio, but –

GREGORIO

- ah! You say you love! *LOVE TO!*

ANNE

But this time I can't –

GREGORIO

(Overlapping.) Love to make sweet, sweet love?

ANNE

No.

GREGORIO

We can use our newest pose.

ANNE

Yoga pose?

GREGORIO

Yesss. (Viciously.) The camel!

ANNE

Is this about the humps again?

GREGORIO

You do not like it?

ANNE

(Ruefully.) Well, it's debatable.

GREGORIO

Even though I am – *(He straddles her.)* So – *(He bends into her face.)* So delicious?

ANNE

Yes. No. Yes. Maybe.

(A moment. ANNE falters and in a rush, he pounces on her. She tries to push him away. There is much scrabbling and occasional yodelling.)

(The doorbell rings.)

ANNE

(Pushing GREGORIO off.) Goddammit –

GREGORIO

- Chaos!

ANNE

Shut up.

GREGORIO

(Looking furtively around.) Where should I –

I don't know.

ANNE

Upstairs?

GREGORIO

No...she might come up!

ANNE

Chaos!

GREGORIO

(Panicking, ANNE throws open a trunk.) Get in.

ANNE

(Beat.)

It is a box.

GREGORIO

Hurry.

ANNE

But it is too small.

GREGORIO

You do *yoga*. You're *flexible*.

ANNE

(ANNE shoves GREGORIO into the trunk, then slams it down on him. She tries to straighten up her clothes, then, purring –)

Lucinda!

ANNE

(She flings open the door. There stands TOM, tall, blocky, a little too serious.)

Ehm. Well. Not Lucinda!

ANNE

Hi honey.

TOM

I...Ha. Ha. *(ANNE rushes up, gives TOM a little kiss.)* Baby! Tom! I'm, well...just a little shocked! I thought Lucinda was about to visit, and that *you*, you, my sweetie bumpkins, weren't coming home til later.

ANNE

TOM

Yes, well. That was true about an hour ago.

ANNE

...ah.

TOM

Lucy called, though. Said she was coming up, wanted me to look over that case of hers.

ANNE

Excuse me?

TOM

The case.

ANNE

Her *case*? Since when were you in charge of it?

TOM

Well, yesterday.

ANNE

(Weakly.) Ah.

TOM

She's trying to negotiate better terms on the divorce. The last time I met her, she didn't want to support "that blood-sucking willy," if I remember correctly.

ANNE

Ha! Ha! *(She clears her throat.)*

TOM

You seem surprised.

ANNE

Ohhh no. It's just that...she seemed so down about Aunt Hatty the last time we met. In fact, she was coming by to talk about her. You remember Aunt Hatty?

TOM

Your favourite aunt?

ANNE

The dead one. Crazy too. Really enjoyed nudity in her last days, which was quite the tragedy.

TOM

You could call it free-spirited.

ANNE

I think the psychologists agreed on “batty.”

TOM

That’s another way of looking at it.

(Beat. Suddenly, TOM looks at ANNE, curiously. She has not succeeded much in righting her dishevelled look.)

TOM

Is everything all right?

ANNE

Oh?

TOM

You look a hot mess.

ANNE

Oh...*this*. Just, you know. Working out. Aerobics videos nowadays...you have to be a little violent to stay in shape. New theory, you know, about burning calories. Kung fu...leg breaking...all that.

TOM

That doesn’t sound very safe.

ANNE

Oh, trust me, it’s not.

(The door bursts open. In sails LUCINDA.)

LUCINDA

Darlings!

TOM

Hello, Lucy.

ANNE

Lucinda...

LUCINDA

Babe, I go by “Lucy” now, don’t be slow off the boat! Tom got that pretty fast, didn’t you, Tom.

TOM

Thanks.

ANNE

You never told me you asked Tom to take up your case.

LUCINDA

Oh! Tom, he deserves a break.

ANNE

This is as much of work as all his other cases are, if I do say so myself.

LUCINDA

Darling. *Anne*. This is *far* more interesting than all those lame matrimony ones Tom slaves over all day. Poor Tom! This one...*my* case! It actually involves justice.

ANNE

Justice.

LUCINDA

Oh I'm so mad that you scoff, Annie. It's so true! I married the worst blood-sucking willy on the planet and all he wants is to steal my money! Oh, *fuck* that goddamn lying man, all he does is sit around and live off me! I need *justice* for this! JUSTICE!

ANNE

Aren't you exaggerating just a little?

LUCINDA

I couldn't possibly!

TOM

He did have a paying job at one point, so his willy can't have been that blood-sucking.

LUCINDA

Well in my book, honey, it wasn't any proper job. Goddamn yoga doesn't count a bit!

(ANNE chokes.)

TOM

(Overlap.) Yoga?

(ANNE continues choking.)

TOM

You okay, honey?

ANNE

Ah. Dust. Dust in my throat.

LUCINDA

Must be all those violent aerobics you do.

TOM

Well I didn't know Gregorio was a yoga instructor.

ANNE

That he is.

LUCINDA

And he's also a lying, cheating bastard!

(ANNE chokes some more.)

TOM

Honey...

ANNE

...Water. Going to get some water.

TOM

Why don't you stay here, baby? I'll get some for you.

ANNE

I. Thanks.

(Exit TOM.)

LUCINDA

Oh, don't you have such a fine husband.

ANNE

Yes, Tom is rather nice.

LUCINDA

If only I had made better life decisions!

ANNE

Gregorio was quite nice too.

LUCINDA

(LUCINDA shoots her a withering stare.) Nice in bed, maybe.

ANNE

Ah...

LUCINDA

Nice in bed...to too many people!

ANNE

Too many? There were many?

LUCINDA

One, a few, many, it doesn't matter.

ANNE

So maybe you mean...just one. (*Catching herself.*) Or two.

LUCINDA

I don't care...to be honest, Annie baby, he still has holds over my heart.

ANNE

I thought you hated the man! That's why he was looking for...for someone *else* special...

LUCINDA

Annie, you're right, I did hate the man...

ANNE

So you can't possibly like him that much. Right?

LUCINDA

Oh-so-wrong!

ANNE

But your favourite term for him's a "blood-sucking willy."

LUCINDA

Out of endearment.

ANNE

Lucinda...

LUCINDA

Lucy.

ANNE

I'm sorry.

LUCINDA

You should be.

ANNE

I mean, your attitude toward Gregorio has really proven otherwise.

(*A beat.*)

LUCINDA

(*Dramatically.*) It was a love-hate thing and now it is just LOVE! Oh, Annie Annie Annie Annie...

ANNE

Okay, calm down. Calm down, let's...you know what, how about a distraction, eh? Weren't we going to talk about Aunt Hatty's death ?

LUCINDA

I think I still love him.

ANNE

Aunt Hatty –

LUCINDA

But I hate him at the same time, but only sometimes, but I do, but I love him, and it's so confusing, Annie, I just don't know what to do. Sometimes I want him back and then I don't and then I think I love him, which I do –

(ANNE is about to speak, but is interrupted by the unstoppable –)

LUCINDA

And sometimes, just sometimes, I think to myself that if only. IF. ONLY. I could find that bastard, I would twist off his testicles and make them *burn!*

(A thunk, coming distinctly from the trunk. ANNE suddenly remembers GREGORIO.)

LUCINDA

What was that ?

ANNE

Oh ! AUNT HATTY !

LUCINDA

What ?

ANNE

Ohhhh Aunt Hatty ! It makes me so sad...Lucy, I cry every day!

LUCINDA

Annie, love, you all right ?

ANNE

I'm just...so, so sad. *(She sniffles.)*

LUCINDA

Do you miss her?

ANNE

Just...just so sad! Lucy, can you just...I need some Kleenex.

LUCINDA

Where can I find some...

ANNE

Oh no Kleenex here, none...not at all. None in this room! Could you...*(She sniffles again, louder this time.)* In fact, there are plenty in my room upstairs...

LUCINDA

I didn't know you cared so much for Aunty, Annie.

ANNE

(Bawling.) OUR FAVOURITE AUNT!

LUCINDA

Annie.

ANNE

KLEENEX!

LUCINDA

Okay, okay, I'll get you some.

(Exit LUCINDA. ANNE rushes to the trunk, throws it open. GREGORIO emerges, obviously alarmed but also terribly stiff (that is, his limbs). In loud, hushed whispers –)

ANNE

Greggy, it's bad, you need to get out of here.

GREGORIO

She is going to burn my testicles !

ANNE

That's why you need to get out, now !

GREGORIO

I like my testicles.

ANNE

I like them too, now get your Spandex-covered buttocks out of my living room.

(GREGORIO turns, about to leave.)

GREGORIO

Wait.

ANNE

What ?

GREGORIO

Goodbye kiss.

What the fuck.

ANNE

Baby...

GREGORIO

Don't be stupid.

ANNE

TOM
(Offstage, calling.) You want limes in your water, honey?

ANNE
(Trying to fend off GREGORIO's embraces. To TOM.) Ah. Nooo...thank you!

TOM
(Offstage, calling.) Good, I haven't been able to find any.

ANNE
(To GREGORIO.) Leave!

GREGORIO
No more sparkle time?

ANNE
Leave!

GREGORIO
Okay! I leave.

(GREGORIO is about to head out when TOM swings in with a glass of iced water. Panicking, GREGORIO ducks into another big trunk, and pulls it shut above him.)

TOM
What was that?

ANNE
Ow. Owwww.

TOM
Honey?

ANNE
Bashed myself doing that new aerobic move, what a silly mistake!

(She flails around.)

ANNE

That new aerobics video you bought me...quite a strainer!

TOM

Well I've got your water.

ANNE

You are an absolute sweetie.

TOM

I don't want you to get ill, that's all.

ANNE

Yes! This exercise is taking quite a toll on my body.

(ANNE collapses dramatically onto a sofa.)

TOM

Where's Lucy?

ANNE

Oh! What a great question. Do you think you could find her?

TOM

I'll just call.

ANNE

Don't yell! It would hurt my ears so badly, and I *do* feel so frail from my afternoon work-out.

TOM

Anne, are you all right?

ANNE

I just want Lucy by my side...go get her. *(She pushes at TOM.)*

TOM

(Uncertain.) You're just a little strange today, Anne, but I'll go find Lucy if you'd –

(Enter LUCINDA, blowing in through the stairwell.)

LUCINDA

Your Kleenex, honey!

TOM

There she is!

ANNE

Oh...*(A beat, then ANNE begins crying.)* Aunt Hatty... Ohhhh!

TOM

Anne?

LUCINDA

Shh, she was very upset.

ANNE

You just don't know how much her death meant to me. It's so hard packing her things away...

LUCINDA

Poor baby... *(She rubs at ANNE's face somewhat ineffectively.)*

(A few moments of ANNE's sobbing filling the room.)

TOM

(In an equally ineffectively hushed whisper.) She wasn't like this just a few minutes before.

LUCINDA

I heard emotions come in swings.

TOM

(Clearing his throat.) You all right, Annie?

ANNE

OH GODDD!!!

TOM

Well I guess we could help.

LUCINDA

What's that?

TOM

With packing up Hatty's stuff.

LUCINDA

How about my case?

TOM

We'll do that right after.

LUCINDA

It's very important.

TOM

We'll be done in a jiffy, just take care of Annie and I'll just open up a few of the trunks –

ANNE

(Standing up hastily.) NO! No. Definitely not.

TOM

You really aren't well today.

ANNE

It's precious. Aunty's things. I want to fold every moth-eaten piece of clothing myself!

LUCINDA

True labour of love.

ANNE

I must.

TOM

Anne, I insist you lie down.

ANNE

I...just...don't touch the trunks.

LUCINDA

You heard her, Tom. Now how about my case?

TOM

You should at least lie down.

ANNE

I'll be quite fine.

TOM

How about you go lie down, and I promise I won't touch the trunks?

ANNE

I don't see the point.

TOM

I'm just worried.

ANNE

In which case you worry too much.

LUCINDA

How about my case?

TOM

How about Lucy takes you up? You can lie down, and in a few moments, Lucy and I will talk over the cases, and neither of us will touch the trunks.

(*Doubtfully.*) I mean...

ANNE

I insist.

TOM

You promise...

ANNE

No trunks.

TOM

And my case?

LUCINDA

Very soon. Very, very soon.

TOM

Okay.

ANNE

All *I'm* saying is, as long as we're not wasting time!

LUCINDA

Yes, come on, Anne. Come on. (*He presses LUCINDA toward her.*)

TOM

(*Being led out by LUCINDA.*) No trunks!

ANNE

None! On my grave. I swear it.

TOM

(*Exit LUCINDA and ANNE. TOM sits on the couch, thumb-twiddling. A protracted silence as he looks around, then looks at the trunks.*)

(*To himself.*) No trunks...

TOM

(*TOM fidgets, opens his briefcase, rifles through his papers, then shuts it again. He is evidently tempted by the trunks.*)

Well, they're taking some time.

TOM

(*He stands, walks over to a trunk. He stares at the trunk GREGORIO is in. Knocks on it.*)

TOM

Hmm, pretty solid cases, Hatty had.

(He walks over to another trunk, this one already open and spilling out with lacey objects. TOM looks at it, then looks at GREGORIO's trunk. He looks at the open trunk again, and then looks around. There is nobody around. He reaches quickly into the open trunk, and pulls out a lacey thong.)

TOM

Oh my, Hatty.

(He holds it up. Looks at it, then looks around again. He looks at it for a second time, then stuffs it into his pocket. An evident treasure. TOM then strides quickly away nervously from the trunk.)

TOM

Nothing wrong, nothing wrong.

(He looks around, then calls.)

TOM

Annie?

(Silence. Making a very quick decision, he strides to the connecting door of the stairwell and bars it with a chair. His heart is thumping. He dives into the open trunk, very quickly pulling out a series of objects.)

TOM

(Muttering to himself.) Goddamn it...too many, too many to pick from.

(He pulls out a petticoat, a sparkly corset, a pair of frilly gloves, and a pair of pantyhose in sequence, and lays them out.)

TOM

Which one...*(He looks at himself.)* Which one fits...*(He takes the glove, and tries it on. It's too small.)* Goddamn. *(Still wearing it, he holds the pantyhose up to his legs.)* Goddamn small old ladies...*(Then, the sparkly corset. He holds it up. It's a prize possession. He holds it up to himself, then looks at the door. He holds it up to himself again.)* Come on, Tom. Come on. *(He puts it on.)* Come on...*(When it fits, it's a relief. He looks at himself in the full-length mirror, admiring himself.)* Well, if I do say so myself...

(The trunk swings open with a bang, and GREGORIO emerges. Looking at each other, both men scream.)

JESUS. JESUS.

TOM

(*Overlap.*) MAMA MIA!

GREGORIO

Jesus, I...*Gregorio.*

TOM

Aunty Hatty!

GREGORIO

I...what?

TOM

Aunty Hatty, what are you...ohh la la, I think this place is empty but...there is a *ghost!*

GREGORIO

I...oh...I...oh...yes! I'm... (*He puts on a falsetto.*) I'm Aunt Hatty. (*He throws the petticoat over his head and ties it around his face like a scarf.*)

TOM

You have come back, but why are you a man now?

GREGORIO

Are you stupid?

TOM

I do not understand!

GREGORIO

What are you even doing here?

TOM

I am...I am practising!

GREGORIO

What the hell are you doing?

TOM

My yoga!

GREGORIO

Your yoga?

TOM

I come here to do yoga, but it is a disaster, and now I see a ghost!

(A bang as the LUCINDA tries to enter, only to be blocked by the chair.)

TOM

Holy shit.

GREGORIO

What is happening?

TOM

It's Lucy... goddamn... *(He frantically tries to take off the corset.)*

GREGORIO

Lucinda!

TOM

(In hushed whispers.) Shut up... *(He's struggling.)* Shit. You... help me!

GREGORIO

But... I do not understand.

(LUCINDA bangs on the door.)

LUCINDA

(Calling.) Tom!

GREGORIO

Tom?

TOM

I'm *Tom*, you idiot.

GREGORIO

Tom!

TOM

Annie's husband!

GREGORIO

I... Mama mia, Annie! The husband of Annie! *(He watches TOM struggle on.)* And you want me to help you with the lacey underwears! *(He watches TOM struggle some more.)* But still... you want to burn my testicles for Lucinda!

(Pause.)

GREGORIO

I think something does not add up here.

(LUCINDA bangs on the door again.)

TOM

God, I will help you with anything, anything you want, just get this thing off of me!

GREGORIO

Hohoho! You call me God!

TOM

I will call you anything you want. What do you want? I'll give it to you...anything! Just! Help!

GREGORIO

What do you think I want?

TOM

What, goddamnit?

GREGORIO

It is a very sexy thing.

TOM

I...

(Beat. A look of realisation dawns upon TOM. In horror –)

TOM

No...

GREGORIO

You are horrified.

TOM

Please, not the thong.

(Silence.)

GREGORIO

I do not understand?

(LUCINDA bangs on the door.)

LUCINDA

(Calling.) Tom?

TOM

(Overlapping, to GREGORIO.) No, it's nothing.

GREGORIO

I want my gym.

TOM

I'm sorry?

GREGORIO

She has my gym. My gym for my yoga. I want my gym.

TOM

I'll give you your gym.

GREGORIO

No, I must have a promise.

TOM

I promise...*I promise*. I'll give you your gym. Now help me, please. *Please*.

(A look of suspicious consideration flickers on GREGORIO's face. Then, with lightning speed, GREGORIO whips the corset off in a second. TOM shoves everything into the open trunk, and whips the petticoat off his head.)

TOM

Get into the trunk.

GREGORIO

My gym. Or else...I will talk about the lacey underwears!

TOM

I'll get you the gym.

(TOM shuts the trunk on top of GREGORIO's mutterings. We hear the sounds of ANNE and LUCINDA talking behind the door. LUCINDA is frantic. TOM kicks the chair aside, opening the door.)

LUCINDA

Oh, Tom. You ought to fix that door! I was frantic. I thought I'd be stuck in that narrow little corridor forever!

ANNE

That's never happened before.

TOM

Sorry, I was in the kitchen...I didn't hear...I mean...How are you, Anne? Got some rest?

ANNE

It's only been five minutes.

TOM

Power napping works wonders. Plus, no trunks! On my part, I mean.

ANNE

Good.

LUCINDA

Well, weren't we going to talk about my case?

TOM

You're right. Your case. Right now...

LUCINDA

Anne, didn't you say you wanted to sort Aunty's things?

ANNE

(Evidently unenthusiastic.) Well, so I did! Ha. Let me. Come on, go. Talk, talk.

(ANNE shooes TOM to the sofa, plants his briefcase on his lap, and retreats to the back. As TOM rifles through stacks of papers, she looks at GREGORIO's trunk, then discreetly dumps a load of ugly clothes on top. She considers the pile, considers it still risky, then sits on top. She grabs a pile of particularly frilly dresses and begins folding nervously.)

LUCINDA

So. The case.

TOM

You want to negotiate better terms?

LUCINDA

He can't have my summer cottage *and* my yacht.

TOM

He has that and...uh, well. Also your downtown gym room right now. *(Pause.)* According to these papers, of course.

LUCINDA

Oh that blood-sucking willy...you're right. That gym of mine.

TOM

Give and take, though!

LUCINDA

Oh but I don't want to be too soft on him.

TOM

I don't think so. It normally *is* a fifty-fifty split. Plus, do you run yoga classes? I think...not!

LUCINDA

But look what he's done to me!

TOM

Blood-sucking willy, I get it.

LUCINDA

And more!

TOM

Wait, more?

LUCINDA

Ohhh, he was terrible.

TOM

Anything that could change the terms?

LUCINDA

HE BROKE MY HEART!

TOM

(Clearly relieved.) Oh. Well, I guess the gym's still in his favour!

LUCINDA

The worst thing is, Tom, he still has a hold on it. *(She grabs at her left bosom.)* Sometimes it hurts so much it *burns!*

ANNE

Heartburn?

LUCINDA

Certainly not!

TOM

(Dubiously.) Your favourite term for him *is* a "blood-sucking"...

ANNE

That's what I said.

LUCINDA

Annie! *(To TOM.)* As I told her, completely out of endearment.

TOM

So you still *do* like him!

LUCINDA

I don't know.

ANNE

Well I sure hope you don't.

LUCINDA

(Indignant.) And whyever not?

ANNE

I mean, you'd be wasting Tom's time, otherwise, chatting about the divorce.

TOM

Hold up, I really don't mind.

LUCINDA

See?

TOM

About my time, I mean. But Annie's right. Do you still like him?

LUCINDA

Like him? Not a chance! Love him? That's the problem.

TOM

I don't get it.

LUCINDA

He makes my heart go thump-a-wump. Like a first love! Do you know how rare that is, Tom?

TOM

Yes! So maybe you could be a little more generous with your terms...

LUCINDA

Oh the terms. That...

TOM

You know, the gym.

LUCINDA

And our marriage was so exciting! Looking at all those other couples out there, living their dry, boring lives? You know, working, coming home. "Hi honey, I'm back." "What's for dinner?" "Oh, turkey." "That's okay."

(She pauses.)

LUCINDA

(Vehemently.) I didn't want to be one of those couples. And it wasn't like that, with Gregggy. He was dashing! He talked about pasta and Rome! We had great sex!

TOM

(Uncomfortably.) Great...

LUCINDA

GREAT SEX!

ANNE

(Sourly.) Thank you, Lucy.

LUCINDA

Oh darlings. I wish you understood. Who needs stability? Who needs long after dinner conversations about mundane everyday things? Is that important? Can I just come home and be cheered up with a bang?

(An awkward pause.)

ANNE

I guess that could get unfulfilling after some weeks.

LUCINDA

How would you know?

ANNE

Er well. I guess I don't.

LUCINDA

You clearly don't, Annie, because after our two years together, I still *wanted* Gregorio! There are many types of love, you cannot deny. And so, I guess...guess...I still *love* him! I would have continued loving him if only he hadn't been such a loose, loose man.

TOM

He may have been loose, but you shouldn't be too hard on him. You know. *(He waves the papers around.)*

ANNE

So, did you *like* him?

LUCINDA

That's not important.

TOM

So...so you think he's a *decent* man.

ANNE

She's saying it's not important. She's talking about his looseness.

TOM

Why don't we focus on the positives?

ANNE

What are you talking about? Lucy wants to burn his testicles.

LUCINDA

Only because he applied them to so many different situations! His genitals, if that's what we're still talking about. His looseness! Babes, I felt betrayed. But I want to take him back. But I don't. But I do!

TOM

Well, as long as he gets his gym!

ANNE

Who's side are you on?

TOM

Lucinda's, of course! Anne, you know I'm the best matrimony lawyer within a hundred mile radius. But you can't take without giving some. And I know that gym would delight him.

LUCINDA

I...that's true.

ANNE

So it would mean his willy no longer needs to suck Lucy's blood?

LUCINDA

I just want to make him happy...

(A thunk from the trunk.)

LUCINDA

What was that ?

ANNE

Eh? What?

(A muffled noise of somebody moving around.)

LUCINDA

That. I hear something.

TOM

Uhh well. It seems like it's from the trunk.

ANNE

...how very curious.

LUCINDA
It's coming from under you, Annie.

ANNE
Uhh, really?

TOM
Yes...really?

LUCINDA
Darlings, you two are *impossible!*

(LUCINDA strides over. ANNE struggles, but knows all is lost. LUCINDA throws open the trunk.)

ANNE
Hey, watch the clothes!

LUCINDA
(Overlap.) Gregorio!

GREGORIO
It is ruined! My foot! It is ruined!

LUCINDA
Your foot is ruined?

GREGORIO
It is cramping. And I am discovered!

(Beat.)

GREGORIO
And maybe you want still to castrate me.

LUCINDA
I...well.

GREGORIO
But do not touch me! *(He makes motions trying to fend her off.)* Do not touch Gregorio!

ANNE
(Trying to melt away.) Oh god.

LUCINDA
What are *you* doing here?

GREGORIO
Uh.

ANNE

Uh, he has...

TOM

(Suddenly.) He's...He's been...SPYING! On you, Lucinda!

LUCINDA

On me?

ANNE

(Hastily.) I have no idea why!

TOM

Out of love! LOVE! He loves you so much he'll trespass and risk a lawyer's wrath! My wrath! He'll risk it!

LUCINDA

Is that what he really did? Greggy?

GREGORIO

Oh my! I...I...*(Suddenly noticing...)* ANNE! Pumpkino, bambino, sugar-crust!

ANNE

Ah, hello. Do you remember Tom, *my husband?*

LUCINDA

Gregorio, answer the question, *what* are you doing here?

GREGORIO

Well today I receive a phone call from A-

ANNE

(Sticking herself between them.) Aren't we victimising the poor fellow now!

GREGORIO

Yes -

TOM

He must have broken into our house just for you!

LUCINDA

Baby, you broke into their house just for me?

TOM

A violation of property laws for you!

GREGORIO

Annie, please save my testicles!

ANNE

I'm not going to save – you!

LUCINDA

You don't want *me* to save you?

TOM

Maybe he deserves the gym?

LUCINDA

But how did you get in?

GREGORIO

I tell you, yoga –

ANNE

He's flexible! Veeery flexible! He probably squeezed in through a heating vent.

LUCINDA

Greggy, I've never seen such dedication.

GREGORIO

But you want to castrate me? So I cannot make great love? So there is no more sparkle time?

LUCINDA

Sparkle time...oh, how I've missed it.

GREGORIO

But if you want, you will get sparkle time anytime you want!

LUCINDA

Wait, really?

GREGORIO

But of course! Gregorio can give you sparkle time any time!

LUCINDA

If this is true...Greggy, you've proven yourself. What generosity! Now if only you promise now to come back to me, I'll forgive you for all your affairs, past and present!

GREGORIO

How about future?

LUCINDA

Well *that* might involve castration.

GREGORIO

No!

LUCINDA

But if you can tuck yourself nicely into your pants, you can come back. It'll be like true love again.

GREGORIO

You will not touch me? With a knife?

LUCINDA

I won't, but only if you say you love me. Do you?

GREGORIO

Well, then...yes!

ANNE

Gregorio!

TOM

What are *you* getting antsy about?

ANNE

She doesn't even like him that much.

(Overlap.)

LUCINDA

If you stop all contact with that blonde lady down the road, Miss Wiggins, was it? And Miss Loh from around the block...if you promise! And oh, what was that final one? Mr. Minden, was it?

ANNE

MR MINDEN?

LUCINDA

Nothing to be rueful about.

TOM

Wasn't he your Art History professor, Lucy?

LUCINDA

Oh don't forget, he was Annie's too.

TOM

All in the past, I hope.

LUCINDA

Past?

ANNE

(Faintly.) Oh my god.

LUCINDA

Well all of *those* affairs were very much ongoing until several minutes ago, I believe. Gregggy, you cute slut.

ANNE

Ongoing! All of them! MR MINDEN!

TOM

Now let's be open-minded here. Plus, wasn't the purple spandex symbolic?

ANNE

I...I never thought about it that way.

GREGORIO

No more Wiggins! No more Loh! No more Arthur!

LUCINDA

(Aside.) Arthur Minden.

GREGORIO

Take me back, Lucinda. I surrender myself to you! I LOVE YOU!

LUCINDA

I LOVE YOU!

GREGORIO

I LOVE YOU!

(They smooch. TOM and ANNE look on, a little ill at ease, for, evidently, different reasons. LUCINDA and GREGORIO break apart.)

TOM

Well, I guess this means Gregorio still has his gym?

LUCINDA

And my love. You forget my love.

ANNE

(Sarcastically.) Well of course that's the most important.

TOM

(Overlap.) You *hear* that Gregorio? You've got your gym! Hey hey!

GREGORIO

Ahh yes I hear. And the love.

LUCINDA

The most important.

ANNE

Well the both of you do change quickly, it seems.

LUCINDA

And...leave quickly! Sadly Greggy and I should have some alone time now, to tie up loose ends...and perhaps tie the knot again! Ho-ho!

ANNE

Wait, how about Aunt Hatty? Didn't you come over to discuss...*(She waves her hand around.)*

LUCINDA

Weren't you going to pack those laces off on your own, though? You *were* so upset this afternoon.

ANNE

(Visibly miffed.) I mean, there *are* quite a number of suitcases...

LUCINDA

Oh, but Greg and I are about to reunite, so don't poop our party with your sad, sad tears. Aunt Hatty wouldn't have liked that, and don't you want to make her happy? Now...Romeo! Where art thou, Romeo?

GREGORIO

Bambino! *Sono qui, bambino!*

(They exchange a romantic look, then sweep out of the house.)

ANNE

(Staring after them.) I think "sugar-crust" came after that phrase.

(TOM shuts the door, a little relieved.)

TOM

I do wonder how he got in, though.

ANNE

Oh, ha. Ha! Why, I must have left the kitchen door open as usual! You know I always do.

TOM

That's true. How coincidental.

ANNE

Indeed! You know, I would ponder over it more but you know, busy time! You know me, busy as always! I'm busy, I'm...I guess I'm off to pack those laces now.

TOM

Now!

ANNE

A woman must do what a woman must do.

TOM

I mean, you were quite unwell, Annie. I don't want to upset you but...you should rest. Let me figure out the trunks.

ANNE

Really?

TOM

It's been a tiring afternoon for all of us.

ANNE

Oh Lucy was right. What a fine husband I do have.

TOM

Of course, love. Best matrimony lawyer in town. Now just you recline here...right, just like this...shut your eyes now. Don't open them til I'm done....everything will be sparkling clean...right? Our own sort of sparkle time?

(ANNE reclines as TOM wheels her armchair around, facing away from the trunks. He looks at her, checking that her eyes are closed, then strides quickly to the opened trunks.)

ANNE

(Eyes closed.) You know, babe. I realised. One *can* have too much sparkle time...I mean, the purple spandex variety. This, though...our own sparkle time...the *normal* sparkle time, the quiet sparkle time...I quite like it.

TOM

You're quite right there.

ANNE

And you are so good to me.

TOM

Why thanks, honey.

ANNE

(She sighs. A beat.) Yes. I do like it normal. It's pleasant. Calming. Don't you think so?

TOM

Oh...yes. (*Reaching into the trunks, he pulls out the serious of objects he had before – the corset, the pantyhose, the gloves.*) Normal, pleasant, calming...all of that. All of that. (*A bra. A very sparkly bra.*) Oh. Oh...yes.

THE END