

Lady parts.

**STACY.** Is that the medical term for it?

**MICHAEL.** Women want children, okay. If you're not gonna be the one to make that happen, they need to move on before, you know...

*(Motions to his lower area.)*

Dust bowl.

**GRANDMA.** I have a dust bowl... I keep plastic fruit in it.

**MICHAEL.** Women have a plan. They don't just meander through life, like you. They want a ring. A big one. Which means you need to make more money, and get a better job.

**CARL.** I have a good job.

**MICHAEL.** Writing a gossip column?

**CARL.** It's not a gossip column, it's a "human interest" column.

**UNCLE BOB.** Ya want my advice?

**CARL.** Oh, wow, umm -

**UNCLE BOB.** Don't worry, I'm qualified, okay, 'cause I was married once before, in the eighties. Then another two times in the nineties. So, I'm pretty much an expert.

**CARL.** Apparently.

**UNCLE BOB.** Tell her what she wants to hear. It's easier. Ya won't fight as much. Then, if things go off the rails, ya just move out in the middle of the night. No forwarding address. Change your phone number, too. At first it's tough on the kids, but eventually they forget ya.

**CARL.** Is that what *you* did?

**UNCLE BOB.** Yes, it is.

**CARL.** How did that work out for ya?

**UNCLE BOB.** Not well at all.

**MOM.** Your son still not talkin' to you?

**UNCLE BOB.** Not for a couple years.

**MOM.** What goes around, comes around.

**GRANDMA.** That's my nickname in Sun City.

**MOM.** *(Re: GRANDMA.)* So proud of you.

**STACY.** *(To UNCLE BOB.)* You should call your son.

**UNCLE BOB.** Oh, he doesn't wanna talk to me.

**GRANDMA.** Well, we can't solve everything. Now, let's get back to Carl and Rita.

**CARL.** Oh, great.

**GRANDMA.** Carl, honey, I'd like to tell you a story about another little girl, just like you.

*(CARL reacts to "just like you.")*

She was full of hope and promise, too. As fortune would have it, that little girl met a little boy. We'll call him... "Magic Mike." They quickly fell in love and did things that kids do, ya know, ice fishing with dynamite, bootlegging. Then one day that little girl left Magic Mike. She just couldn't commit to one man. So she committed to the U.S. Navy. Until they ran out of penicillin... You get what I'm tryin' to tell ya?

**CARL.** No.

**GRANDMA.** You need to jump ship and swim back to Rita before your dingy turns green.

**MICHAEL.** Grandma's right.

**CARL.** She is?!

**MICHAEL.** Yeah, you should go back to her.

**CARL.** I don't know if I can do that.

**STACY.** Baby.

*(GRANDMA sniffs CARL.)*

**CARL.** What are you doin'?

**GRANDMA.** I think your diaper needs changing.

**MOM.** *(Changing the subject.)* Okay, this might be a good time to make an announcement.

**GRANDMA.** *(Making an announcement.)* Cheez Whiz does not contain "whiz."

**MOM.** *(After a beat, she ignores GRANDMA.)* If everyone is good this Christmas, I'll give all of you a big surprise.

**GRANDMA.** Okay, when you say "good this Christmas," how long are we talkin', like an hour? 'Cause that's my limit.

**MOM.** If everyone is good tonight, starting right now, and ending at midnight, I'll give everyone a big present.

**UNCLE BOB.** Am I part of this?

**MOM.** Sure.

**GRANDMA.** What are the ground rules?

**MOM.** You have to be good.

**UNCLE BOB.** Can ya be more specific? 'Cause some people's idea of good is different than others.

**GRANDMA.** Last Halloween in Sun City I dressed up like Eve, ya know, in the Garden of Eden, and all I wore were three oak leaves...

*(Motions with her hand where the oak leaves were placed.)*

Until a stiff breeze came up, and "whoosh" off they went.

**MICHAEL.** That's disturbing.

**UNCLE BOB.** Do ya have any pictures?

**STACY.** So many things wrong with that.

**MOM.** Is there a point, Grandma?

**GRANDMA.** The point is, I was bad. But that was actually good, according to the Sun City Nudist Club.

**MOM, STACY, CARL & MICHAEL.** *(Groaning.)* Ohh.

**GRANDMA.** Hot yoga every Tuesday.

*(She bends over.)*

**MOM, STACY, CARL & MICHAEL.** *(Groaning.)* OHHH!

**UNCLE BOB.** Is there a sign-up sheet?

**MOM.** Okay, back to the contest. I'll be more specific. You have to do something unselfish for someone that you care for.

**GRANDMA.** Pass.

**MOM.** You can't pass.

**MICHAEL.** Why the contest, Mom?

**MOM.** Oh, I don't know, honey. Life is short. We need to seize the day, and do something nice for those we care for.

**UNCLE BOB.** Okay, what do we win? What's the prize?

**MOM.** Something great. And there will be a grand prize for the best unselfish deed.

**UNCLE BOB.** I'm in.

**STACY.** Me, too.

**MICHAEL.** Me, too.

**CARL.** Me, too.

**GRANDMA.** Can ya put a monetary value on the prize? I don't do unselfish deeds for free.

**MOM.** It's priceless.

**GRANDMA.** I don't know. It's a lot of pressure. I mean, I have no control over what I'm gonna say. Or my bladder.

**STACY.** C'mon, Grandma, you gotta be in on this.

**GRANDMA.** Can I get a handicap? Like, let me do five inappropriate things.

**MOM.** You've already done five inappropriate things.

**GRANDMA.** Okay, fine, I'm in. I just need tequila and a Xanax.

**MOM.** That's six.

**STACY.** Ya need any help in the kitchen, Mom?

**MOM.** Sure.

**GRANDMA.** You stay, I'll help her. I need to check on the lutefisk.

**EVERYONE.** *(Groaning.)* Ohh.

**UNCLE BOB.** Can I help?

**MOM.** *(Surprised he asked.)* Oh, umm...sure.

**GRANDMA.** He's tryin' to score points for the contest.

(**GRANDMA, MOM, and UNCLE BOB** go into the kitchen.)

**STACY.** Okay, be honest. What do you guys think about me getting married?

**CARL.** I think the minute ya marry someone, you've established a motive for murder.

**STACY.** Very helpful. Michael?

**MICHAEL.** Well, in all fairness, marriage can be really hard work, okay, and a lot of the time you'll be discouraged and let down and ignored, and you just want to leave and never come back, and sometimes you wanna kill your spouse but you don't because they have laws.

**STACY.** (*Waiting for more. After a few beats.*) Well, that was inspirational. Carl, any other pearls of wisdom?

**CARL.** I think if you wanna get married, that's fine. My only question is, why would you ever wanna get married? Seriously.

**STACY.** It's legal.

**CARL.** I know. And that's another thing. Why would you ever want it to be legal? Do you have any idea how great you had it when it wasn't legal? I'm hoping some day they outlaw heterosexual marriage. If they did that, I'd still be in a relationship today. "Hey, honey, I'd love to marry you, but you know what, it's not legal. I'm really sorry but my hands are tied. I wish I could do something, I really do, but I can't. It's the law. Now, let's go to the Olive Garden."

(**GRANDMA** enters, carrying salt and pepper shakers. She sets them on the dining table.)

**MICHAEL.** You're never gonna find anyone as good as Rita.

**CARL.** I was thinkin' the same thing about you and Jill.

**STACY.** (*To CARL.*) Why don't you and Rita live with each other for awhile. Kind of a trial run.

(**UNCLE BOB** enters.)

**GRANDMA.** We never "lived with each other" when I was your age. It was all or nothin'. You kids with your "living in sin." It's like Sodom and Gomorrah these days, with your "sexting" and your "twerking." I got your twerking right here.

(*She twerks.*)

Here ya go. Here's your twerking. Badonka donk. How do ya like that? Huh? Huh? Break it down, break it down, feed the chicken, pop and lock, shake and bake, now, we're talkin'.

(*One final butt thrust.*)

Bam!

(*She stops.*)

**CARL.** I will never un-see that.

**MICHAEL.** I'm scarred for life.

**UNCLE BOB.** (*Pulls out a dollar bill, holding it out.*) Will you do that again?

**MICHAEL.** You know what, Carl, Rita might not be the one for you. Face it, you may not be able to work out your differences.

**CARL.** Yeah, whatever. It's not like you and Jill haven't had your problems.

**MICHAEL.** Why? What did you hear?

**CARL.** (*Suspicious.*) Nothing. Is there something you'd like to tell me?

**MICHAEL.** No. Stacy, did Mom say she had cheese and crackers?

**STACY.** Uh-huh.

(*She doesn't move.*)

**MICHAEL.** Could you get it for us, please?

**STACY.** Sure.

(*As she goes into the kitchen.*)

Hey, Mom, I'm doin' somethin' unselfish for someone I care f—