

LOST IN PLACE

ANTHOLOGY

Five Short Intersecting Plays

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BARBARA & JODY

Synopsis

A few weeks into a world-wide pandemic, Barbara is called into a police station to provide a witness statement. Jody, the detective assigned to the case, has a special request.

Characters

BARBARA Female, Late Sixties

JODY Any Gender, Thirties or Older

Time

Present.

Setting

A small American town. Winter. Evening. Witness Interview Room at a Police Station.

(AT RISE: A witness interview room with a table and a chair. Barbara meanders in. She is wearing a mask. She appears puzzled. She looks around. Suddenly, a voice over the intercom.)

JODY: Go on and have a seat, Barbara.

BARBARA: *(Startled.)* Oh! Christ on a cracker! You scared the hell out of me. You should never sneak up on an old lady; you know that, right?

JODY: Sorry about that.

BARBARA: And call me Barb.

JODY: Okay. My apologies, Barb. We're, uh... we're just gettin' used to the new procedures 'round here. I mean, I prefer to be in there with you, 'course. But well, uh... you know, what with all the new health and safety guidelines, etc., etc.

BARBARA: Yeah, no I understand; I get it. So, I should have a seat here? *(She points to the only chair available.)*

JODY: Unless you see another chair in there you'd favor.

BARBARA: *(Looking around.)* Uhhhhh... no, I do not. This appears to be the only one.

JODY: All right then. So, then if you don't mind settlin' in, that'd be great. Oh, and if you're, uh... comfortable takin' off your mask, then feel free to do so.

BARBARA: I think I will. Thank you kindly. *(She sits and takes off her mask. Silence.)* It's kinda sparse in here, don't ya think?

JODY: Yeah, well, uh... we, uh... we try not to make things too cozy; you know. The holdin' cells are fully furnished, though. So, uh... let me know if you'd like to check out the inside of one of them sometime.

BARBARA: Haha. That's very funny - I'm sorry, what's your name?

JODY: Jody.

BARBARA: Yeah, well that's very funny, Jody, but I think I'll pass on your generous offer.

JODY: Fair enough. So, uh... do you need anythin' before we get started? Water? Coffee? Soda?

BARBARA: No, I'm good. Thinkin' maybe it's best we just get this over with.

JODY: Right. Understood. Well, this shouldn't take too long.

BARBARA: Good to hear. My programs start in about an hour, you know.

JODY: Mm hm.

BARBARA: And it'll take me about ten minutes to get home.

JODY: Gotcha.

BARBARA: And to be perfectly honest, I shouldn't be drivin' after dusk. I've got that nyctalopia.

JODY: I'm sorry, you've got what?

BARBARA: Night blindness. So, I'm hopin' that maybe we can get this all wrapped up in about fifteen to twenty minutes or so, give or take, but mostly take.

JODY: Well, uh... no offense, Barb, but you're the one who seems to be holdin' us up here.

BARBARA: Huh. Hard not to take offense when you phrase it that way, Jody, but I do get your point.

JODY: All right. Why don't we just get down to business then. Hm?

BARBARA: You got it.

JODY: So, uh... accordin' to my notes here, you stated that, uh... Ginny Lumley approached you recently. Is that right?

BARBARA: S'right. Over at the Walgreens.

JODY: And you're employed there.

BARBARA: Mm hm. I work there part-time, stockin' shelves.

JODY: And Ginny spoke to you there?

BARBARA: That's correct. Just Tuesday mornin' last. 'Round eight thirty or nine, I guess. In the sexual wellness aisle.

JODY: I see.

BARBARA: We got a new shipment of lubricants in, so I was just puttin' them up.

JODY: Right. Well, I, uh... I think we can skip those particulars if you don't mind. And maybe just, uh... focus on what Ginny said to you.

BARBARA: 'Course. Well, she asked me if I might know someone who'd be willin' to kill her daughter-in-law.

(Silence.)

JODY: Mm hm. And that's all she said?

BARBARA: For the most part, yes. Except she also said she didn't know who else to ask, but she heard I might have "connections".

JODY: Connections? How do you mean?

BARBARA: Oh, boy. Okay, so, listen. I don't much like talkin' about it, but, well, a long while back I was married to this fella went by the name, Mabry-Five-Second-One-Shot. They called him that on account his name was Mabry, and he gave you five seconds to run before he could kill you with one shot.

JODY: Really? So, he, uh... he was what? Some kinda gangster?

BARBARA: S'right. But we parted ways a very long time ago. Turns out, I wasn't mobster wife material. Mostly because it was just too much work. I mean, I enjoyed the money and livin' in the big city and all, but there was some "expectations" that came along with it, if you know what I'm sayin'. And I just did not have the inclination nor the energy. Anyway, so for some reason, Ginny got it into her head that I might still have "associates" in those "circles".

JODY: I see. And did Ginny say why she wanted Marlene dead?

BARBARA: She really didn't go into any details as such. Just said, "Can't stand that bitch no more."

JODY: Right. And, uh... how did you respond?

BARBARA: Well, the first thing I asked her was, "Isn't Marlene pregnant?"

JODY: I'm sorry, what!? Marlene's pregnant?!

BARBARA: Exactly! Now why on earth would anyone wanna kill a pregnant woman?

JODY: And what'd Ginny say?

BARBARA: She said, "Well, I ain't no animal. It'll have to happen after the baby's born."

JODY: Jesus Christ.

BARBARA: I know. She's awful.

JODY: So, then what'd you say?

BARBARA: Oh. Well, I just said, "Let me think on it a bit and I'll get back to you."

(Silence.)

JODY: And that was it?

BARBARA: Mm hm. She left and then I called here. To report what happened.

JODY: That was surely the right thing to do, Barb.

BARBARA: Was it, though? I mean, it's all kinda sad, don't you think? Because I'm wonderin', "What've I gotten myself into here?" Some crazy old bag wants to kill the woman carryin' her grandbaby. It's unthinkable. And who does she come to for help? *(Beat.)* And you know, I'd like blame Mabry for all of this. But what good would that do? 'Cept maybe take a little bit of the guilt away. It's all bullshit, though. Because I knew who and what Mabry was when I met him. And I fell for him anyway. And that's the bed I made and laid in for nearly eight years. *(Beat.)* I never meant anyone no harm. But the choices I made over five decades ago brought Ginny Lumley to me in the sexual wellness aisle over at the Walgreens. So, in many ways, I suppose I'm an accomplice to her dumbass scheme. *(Beat.)* Maybe I should take you up on your offer to put me in one of them holdin' cells.

JODY: No, well that's not gonna happen, Barb. We, uh... we don't arrest innocent people. Not around here anyway. I am curious though.

BARBARA: What's that?

JODY: How does a woman go about partin' ways with a gangster? Seems like that might've been a dangerous move on your part.

BARBARA: Oh. Well, perhaps I wasn't clear. Turns out, even Mabry wasn't able to get very far in five seconds.

JODY: *(Chuckling.)* Okay, well say no more, Barb.

BARBARA: So, you get my meanin' then.

JODY: No, I do not entirely get your meanin'. That's why I'm askin' you to say nothin' more about it. I think we can just let that sleepin' dog lie.

BARBARA: Yeah, that's what I thought at the time.

JODY: *(Chuckling.)* All right then. So, listen, Barb. I'm gonna need you to do somethin' for me.

BARBARA: Oh yeah?

JODY: Yeah. And it's gonna involve you and Ginny. And it might be a little tricky, but I'm confident that you're gonna do just fine. And if you agree to it, then maybe it'll help ease some of that guilt you're feelin' 'bout all this.

BARBARA: Hm. Well, okay. So, lay it on me, Jody. Whatta you got? Oh, and make it quick. It's nearly sundown.

(Lights to black.)

HANK & TEDDY

Synopsis

Early into a world-wide pandemic, good-natured Teddy, from across the road, checks in on his surly neighbor, Hank. A delicate exchange results in a bad decision.

Characters

HANK Male, Early Fifties

TEDDY Male, Mid Thirties

Time

Present.

Setting

A small American town. Summertime. Early Morning. Hank's porch.

(AT RISE: Hank is sitting on an old, rusted metal chair and drinks from a bottle of whiskey. Maybe he smokes. Teddy approaches but keeps his distance.)

HANK: Somethin' I can help you with?

TEDDY: It's Hank, right?

HANK: S'right. Who's askin'?

TEDDY: Yeah. Sorry. My name's Teddy. Me and my wife, Danielle, we moved here a few months back. We're just across the road here. The yellow house with the gray trim.

HANK: Aw, damn. Looks like you drew the short straw, Teddy. Livin' next to them lesbians.

TEDDY: Oh. Well, they seem all right to me. Adele pretty much keeps to herself and, Rhonda... well, she's a character for sure, but she's harmless. She's got shitty taste in beer, though.

HANK: Well, my condolences, nonetheless. So, what can I do for you, "Teddy from across the road"?

TEDDY: Nothin' really. Just thought maybe I'd check in on you. What with the pandemic and all. Felt like it might be the neighborly thing to do.

HANK: Ah. Well, I appreciate your concern, but I think I got everything under control over here.

TEDDY: You sure?

HANK: I just said as much, didn't I?

TEDDY: You did, yes.

HANK: So, maybe our business here is finished.

TEDDY: If you say so.

HANK: I do. (*Teddy lingers.*) You ain't gonna leave, are you?

TEDDY: Yeah, no I'm leavin'. It's just that...

HANK: What?

TEDDY: Listen. It's a small town, you know. And people talk.

HANK: They sure do.

TEDDY: Right. And look, I get it. We don't know each other. And truth is, ain't none of it any of my business really...

HANK: Accurate on all accounts, Teddy.

(*Beat.*)

TEDDY: It's a tough time to be on your own, though. Don't you think?

HANK: Like I said. I got everything under control.

(*Beat.*)

TEDDY: Understood. Sorry to have bothered you. You have a good day, Hank.

(*Teddy starts off.*)

HANK: It's a hoax, you know.

TEDDY: What's that?

HANK: The virus. It's all bullshit.

TEDDY: You think so?

HANK: I know so.

TEDDY: Lots of people are sick. And lots of 'em are dead.

HANK: It's the flu. Okay? People get sick every year from the flu. And people die from it too. It is what it is. But all of a sudden, here we are on lockdown. I mean, come on now. When in the history of this country did we ever quarantine healthy people. Huh? You quarantine sick people, not healthy people. It's a joke.

TEDDY: I ain't sure I follow. I think it's a little more complicated than that, don't you?

HANK: Hey, listen. You want the government regulatin' what you do; you go right ahead. Okay? You like havin' your brain washed, that's your problem. But that ain't how I live my life. And anyway, I don't see you wearin' a mask, Teddy. So, somethin' tells me you might be a little skeptical yourself.

TEDDY: Honestly, I can't make heads or tails of nothin' no more. I'm just doin' what I can to protect me and my wife.

HANK: You're plenty young enough. You ain't got nothin' to worry about.

TEDDY: Well, we're tryin' to start a family, you know. So, I guess I'm just bein' a little extra careful right now.

HANK: All the more reason to steer clear of that garbage vaccine they been peddlin'. That shit'll mutate your sperm.

TEDDY: What? Noooo. You're puttin' me on. That can't be right.

HANK: All I know is, it does more harm than good.

TEDDY: Oh, I don't know about that, Hank.

HANK: Look, I'm just providin' you with the facts. Okay? Feel free to take heed or don't. Your choice.

TEDDY: Well, I appreciate the information.

(Silence.)

HANK: My wife left me.

TEDDY: Oh. I, uh...

HANK: All right now, you don't have to make like you didn't know. That's why you came over here, ain't it? That's what you meant when you said, "Now's a tough time to be on your own." Am I right? *(Teddy nods.)* Thought so. *(Beat.)* Yeah, she took the kids and ran off a few weeks back. In the middle of the night.

TEDDY: I'm sorry, Hank.

HANK: She left a note, though. You wanna hear it?

TEDDY: Uh... No, I'm sure it's...

HANK: I don't mind. Got it right here.

(Beat.)

TEDDY: All right

(Hank pulls a letter from his pocket and reads it.)

HANK: Dear Hank, I suppose there ain't no easy way to put this. Your test came back positive. For sheer stupidity. Sadly, it's just what I expected. A very rare strain of foolishness has crept inside your nasal cavity, dug its way through the soft tissue, and has settled inside your brain. In the coming weeks, I imagine you'll find yourself expostulating out loud and to no one in particular, insisting that your rights are being violated and that the ice bucket challenge was in fact a satanic ritual meant to cleanse large numbers of people in preparation for the greatest

human sacrifice in recorded history. Should you come across anyone who voices an opposing viewpoint, you will likely defend your position shamelessly and with remarkable ignorance. I also expect you'll be dead within a few months. Or at least, one can only hope. Meantime, the kids are safe with me. Or, more to the point, safe without you. Yours in perpetual bewilderment, Charlene.

(Silence.)

TEDDY: Damn, Hank. That's... that's rough.

HANK: Charlene thinks I'm a whack job.

TEDDY: Well, there's two sides to every story. Right? So, what? So, you've got... sophisticated opinions. I mean, just because you view the world a little different than others, don't mean you're altogether wrong.

HANK: Aw shit, Teddy. You just twisted yourself into knots there tryin' to pacify me, didn't you?

TEDDY: Well, I'm just aimin' to be neighborly, I guess.

HANK: So, you've said. *(Hank offers the bottle to Teddy.)* You want a swig?

TEDDY: Uh... No, I think I'll pass. Thanks, though.

HANK: Come on now. Might help you to loosen up.

TEDDY: No, I'm not really into the hard stuff.

HANK: You worried I got it?

TEDDY: I'm worried we all got it.

HANK: Fair enough.

(Silence.)

TEDDY: We're hopin' for a girl.

HANK: Sorry, what?

TEDDY: Danielle and me. We'd like to have a baby girl.

HANK: Oh yeah? Well, most men want boys. I know I did. But, well, three strikes and I was out.

TEDDY: Oh, come on now. It can't have been all that bad.

HANK: Be careful what you wish for, Teddy.

TEDDY: To be truthful, I don't much like how I turned out. As a man, I mean. You see, my dad was a real hard-ass, and my mom... Well, she sorta faded into the background a lot of the time. Easy for her to do I guess, bein' surrounded by mostly boys and an overbearin' husband. *(Beat.)*

My oldest sister – my only sister – Carol, she, uh... Well, I guess - though I'm not entirely sure – that she had a lot in common with Rhonda and Adele across the way, if you know what I mean. *(Beat.)* She died several years back. Long before... all of this. We were never real close. Partly because she was nearly twenty years older than me, but mostly because my family kinda treated her like an outcast. Maybe I was too young to really know any better, but I took part, nonetheless.

HANK: Listen. You can't hold yourself responsible for the choices other people make.

TEDDY: Well, I don't think Carol had much choice in the matter. Though I know I sure did. I failed her. So, I suppose – selfishly - I'm wishin' for a little girl, so that I can maybe somehow make it up to her. By givin' my daughter somethin' my sister never got. Unconditional love.

(Silence.)

HANK: I miss the old days.

(Teddy smiles knowingly.)

TEDDY: Right. Well, I won't keep you any longer, Hank.

HANK: Startin' to warm up anyway. I'll probably head back into the house to cool off.

TEDDY: It was nice to meet you.

HANK: Likewise.

(Teddy turns to go, but then stops.)

TEDDY: Before I go though...

HANK: Yeah, what?

TEDDY: I suppose I'll take you up on your offer for a swig of that whiskey. And only because it seems like the neighborly thing to do.

(Lights to black.)

MARLENE & GINNY

Synopsis

Early into a world-wide pandemic, Marlene and her mother-in-law, Ginny, decide to get fancy and make martinis. Their fun, however, is interrupted by that damn lesbian from next door, who's hell-bent on stealing their rutabagas. Seems Dwayne, Marlene's infant child, has slept through the whole ruckus.

Characters

MARLENE Female, Late Thirties

GINNY Female, Late Fifties

Time

Present.

Setting

A small American town. Autumn. Dusk. The Lumley living room.

(AT RISE: Two armchairs several feet apart. Ginny sits in one of them. She's absentmindedly watching TV; the volume is on low. A landline phone sits on a small table nearby. A moment passes before Marlene enters. She has a fresh spit-up rag draped over her shoulder and a full bottle of baby formula in her hand. She sits in the other armchair. Silence.)

MARLENE: Whatta you watchin'?

GINNY: *(Preoccupied.)* What's that?

MARLENE: I asked you what you're watchin'. On the TV here.

GINNY: Can't you see for yourself?

MARLENE: Well, I can see there's a commercial on, but I ain't got no idea what program you're watchin'.

GINNY: Oh. I guess I wasn't payin' attention. I think it's, uh... whatta you call it...? Well, it's that cop show; always ends with a courtroom scene.

MARLENE: Law and Order

GINNY: That's the one. Anyway, they got a marathon goin'; every episode over the last - shit, I don't know - fifty thousand seasons.

MARLENE: I like that show. Oh, and that fella who plays Lennie Briscoe is a goddam comedic genius.

GINNY: Jerry Orbach. Damn fine actor. Dead, though.

MARLENE: Oh yeah? I didn't know that.

GINNY: Yep. He died years ago. Some kinda cancer, I think.

MARLENE: That's too bad.

GINNY: Yep. (*Silence.*) Sounds like Dwayne finally settled down.

MARLENE: Yeah, well he's restin'.

GINNY: His fever break?

MARLENE: I believe it has.

GINNY: Oh, well that's good. Poor little guy. He's been sick for weeks.

MARLENE: Almost four months now.

GINNY: That long? S'awful. Just awful. Virus don't care about who it infects, not even an innocent little baby.

MARLENE: He's all right now. (*Silence.*) Have you talked to Barb, lately?

GINNY: Dammit, Marlene. That ain't funny and you know it?

MARLENE: I agree. It ain't.

GINNY: And besides, Barb hasn't spoken to me since... well, you know damn well since when.

MARLENE: Can you blame her?

GINNY: Shit, you're never gonna let that go, are you?

MARLENE: Oh, I don't know, Ginny. Maybe someday, I suppose.

GINNY: Well, I've apologized about a million times now. I don't know what more I can do.

MARLENE: Thanks to you, I've learned to sleep with one eye open.

GINNY: Oh, for... Ain't I the one who went ahead and put a lock on your bedroom door? And a loaded gun in your nightstand? For your protection?

MARLENE: Yeah, that was you.

GINNY: I mean, come on. It's not like I'm gonna try and kill you again. What would be the point? And you know, maybe I oughta be the one worryin' about whether you're gonna try and kill me.

MARLENE: You're nuts.

GINNY: It ain't so farfetched. Maybe you wanna get back at me, you know? Payback and all that?

MARLENE: I suppose I haven't ruled it out.

GINNY: See there. You've got the gun. And you've got the means and the motive.

MARLENE: Is that your closin' argument, Mr. McCoy?

GINNY: As a matter of fact, it is. So, do you think we could just drop it altogether? Hm? And maybe never speak of it again?

MARLENE: Hell no.

GINNY: Fine then. I don't give a rat's ass anymore, anyway. *(Silence.)* I need a drink. You want one?

MARLENE: Sure.

GINNY: What'll you have?

MARLENE: Surprise me.

GINNY: Well, I used to make a mean martini. Haven't had one of them in ages. Whatta you think? We can be all classy and shit.

MARLENE: Sounds good.

GINNY: Gin or vodka.

MARLENE: Gin.

GINNY: Good. I prefer gin too. Vermouth or prussic acid? *(Marlene shoots Ginny a look.)* I'm just screwin' with you. Vermouth it is.

(Ginny exits. Marlene sits quietly for a moment. The phone rings.)

MARLENE: Well, who the hell could be callin' us? *(She gets up and answers the phone.)* Hello...? *(She puts her hand over the receiver and calls off to Ginny.)* Aw, Jesus. It's one of them lesbians!

GINNY: *(Off.)* Which one!?

MARLENE: Rhonda!

GINNY: *(Off.)* Well, what the hell does she want!?

MARLENE: *(Back to the phone.)* No, yeah, I'm here, Rhonda... Yeah, sorry about that. My mother-in-law was just hollerin' at me about somethin'. You know how she gets...

GINNY: *(Off.)* Go to hell, Marlene!

MARLENE: *(On the phone.)* Mm hm... Well, no, I ain't seen Adele at all today; didn't realize it was my day to keep track of her... My apologies Rhonda, I was just tryin' to be funny... I'm sorry, what? Check where...? Our backyard...? Are you serious...? Well, ok. *(Calling off to Ginny.)* Ginny!

GINNY: *(Off.)* Keep your pants on! I'm just about finished with these drinks!

MARLENE: It's not about the drinks! I need you to look out the kitchen window! See if Adele is fumblin' about in the backyard!

GINNY: *(Off.)* Why the hell would she be back there!?

MARLENE: I don't know! Just take a look! *(Back to the phone.)* Hang on, Rhonda. We're checkin'.

GINNY: *(Off.)* Well, I'll be damned! She sure is back there! Looks like she's makin' off with a bunch of our rutabagas, stuffin' 'em into her cargo shorts!

MARLENE: You're lyin'!

GINNY: *(Off.)* I am not! Come see for yourself!

MARLENE: *(Back to the phone.)* Rhonda... Yeah, well listen, your... your lady pal is hijackin' our rutabagas. I'm gonna head out back now, but I suggest you get your ass over here asap... Yeah, all right. Bye. *(She hangs up the phone. To herself.)* Dammit.

(Marlene heads off. We hear a screen door opening and slamming shut. The stage is empty.)

MARLENE: *(Off.)* Hey Adele! Yeah, I'm talkin' to you, old lady! Put 'em rutabagas back where you found 'em and get the hell off my property, you hear me!?! Now listen, I am deadly serious! Just empty your pockets and go home! Yeah, well you can give me the bird all day long; I don't care! Just get the fuck outta here! Go!

(Silence. Ginny enters with two martinis. She sets hers down somewhere near her chair and Marlene's down somewhere near hers. She then settles in and begins sipping her drink. We hear a screen door opening and slamming shut. Marlene enters in a huff.)

MARLENE: Can you believe that bitch?

GINNY: Ok, now. Sit down and enjoy your martini. I found some olives, so I decided to make 'em dirty.

MARLENE: That took some real balls.

GINNY: What's done is done. Just sit down and relax.

(Marlene relents and lets out a big sigh. She then settles into her chair. She begins to sip her drink. Silence.)

GINNY: Did she leave the rutabagas?

MARLENE: She did not.

(Marlene looks to Ginny, exasperated. Ginny starts to laugh quietly. Her laughter gets louder and louder until Marlene joins in. Their shared laughter lasts a moment and then subsides. They both let out a sigh and continue to drink. Silence.)

GINNY: We should check on Dwayne, don't you think?

MARLENE: Let him rest, Ginny. He's fine.

GINNY: You sure? I mean, I just can't believe we haven't heard a peep outta him. Especially considerin' all the ruckus.

MARLENE: Leave him be. I'll look in on him in a bit.

GINNY: *(Skeptical.)* All right.

(They drink. Silence. Ginny rises out of her chair.)

GINNY: You know what? I'm just gonna peek in. Just to make sure he's okay.

MARLENE: What did I just say?

GINNY: Yeah, I heard you, Marlene, but there ain't no harm in it. So, why don't you just shut up about it? Okay?

MARLENE: Fine. Suit yourself.

(Ginny exits. Marlene drinks quietly. A long moment passes before Ginny re-enters. She is pale and appears spooked.)

GINNY: *(Quietly.)* Marlene.

MARLENE: Yeah, Ginny?

GINNY: What have you done?

(Marlene takes another sip of her martini and then turns to Ginny.)

MARLENE: I think he's suffered enough. Don't you?

(Lights to black.)

TRINA & ADELE

Synopsis

A year or so into a world-wide pandemic, Adele pays Trina a visit to follow up on a commitment she made.

Characters

TRINA Female, Mid Sixties

ADELE Female, Late Fifties

Time

Present.

Setting

A small American town. Summertime. Midday. Trina's porch and living room.

(AT RISE: Trina is sitting in a very worn armchair. She appears to be asleep. A basket of dirty laundry sits nearby. Adele approaches the porch. She looks on the porch and around it, searching for something. She crosses to the screen door and taps lightly on the frame.)

ADELE: Trina? Trina, you home? *(To herself.)* What the hell am I sayin'? 'Course she's home. She's always home. Dumpy little hermit...

TRINA: I can hear you, Adele.

ADELE: Aw shit.

TRINA: I'm in my chair.

ADELE: Okay, well it's noon, Trina. And your wash ain't on the porch.

TRINA: I know.

ADELE: It's supposed to be on the porch.

TRINA: I know.

ADELE: So, where the hell is it?

TRINA: It's in here with me. On the floor. Just a few feet from where I'm sittin'.

ADELE: A lotta good that does me. How am I supposed to get your wash done if it's in there with you?

TRINA: *(She winces.)* My back went out.

ADELE: What's that?

TRINA: My back. It went out. I was bringin' the basket out to the porch, and it just seized up. I barely made it to the chair. And my gout's been flarin' up.

ADELE: Well, that sucks for you, don't it? Guess you'll have to go without clean clothes for another few days then.

TRINA: Guess so. I would've called to let you know, but well, I'm stuck in this goddam chair.

ADELE: Hopefully, your back will sort itself out.

TRINA: It usually does.

(Silence.)

ADELE: You know I can't come in there and help you, right?

TRINA: I know. It's fine. I'll be fine. I can't make it to the fridge neither, so I suppose it's really a blessin' in disguise.

ADELE: I hear that. *(Beat.)* Oh, and by the way. Rhonda and me, we got that vaccine. But apparently it don't work too well. Thought you should know.

TRINA: Yep. Saw that on the news. Sneaky little virus keeps mutatin'. Can't keep up with it.

ADELE: End times for sure.

TRINA: I suppose that's true.

ADELE: I should also probably let you know that I'm gonna start handwashin' your things and hangin' 'em out to dry.

TRINA: Now, why on earth would you do that when you got a perfectly good washer and dryer set at home? I mean, the whole reason you offered to do it in the first place was because my set broke down.

ADELE: You're lucky I'm doin' it at all.

TRINA: Exactly my point. You're just makin' more work for yourself.

ADELE: Well, I'm tryin' to do my part, you know. Conservin' water, and savin' the environment, and all that fuckin' nonsense.

TRINA: Okay. Well, it don't matter to me either way. Though I expect my delicates'll be happy to have your gentle touch.

ADELE: Yeah, well don't get me started on your delicates because they're anythin' but.

TRINA: Right. Sorry about that. It's rough bein' an old lady.

ADELE: Anyway, I'm just lettin' you know in case your things come back all stiff and stretched out.

TRINA: Well, there's an easy fix for that, you know. The trick is to shake the clothes out before you put 'em up on the line. And anythin' heavy you just lay out on a rack to dry.

(Beat.)

ADELE: Yeah, so like I said, "Don't be surprised if they come back all stiff and stretched out."

TRINA: Duly noted. Thanks.

ADELE: Happy to help. *(Silence.)* Okay then. I guess I'll just head on home...

TRINA: Why do you do it, Adele?

ADELE: *(Inappropriately defensive.)* All right. Now there's no need to get belligerent with me, Trina. I steal vegetables from everyone's garden 'round here. And truth is, it's slim pickins' at your place. You don't exactly have a green thumb, now do you?

TRINA: Well, I wasn't talkin' about that. But since you just confessed, may I ask, "What the hell is the matter with you, stealin' from peoples' yards?"

ADELE: Aw shit. Okay, well, let's not get off topic now. I think maybe you was askin' about somethin' else I might be doin' that I'm hopin's a little less criminal in nature?

TRINA: You are somethin' else, Adele.

ADELE: Ain't that the truth.

(Beat.)

TRINA: No, it's just that... Well, I been wonderin'. Why do you come visit? And why're you helpin' me out? You know I don't much like bein' 'round people.

ADELE: Well, that's somethin' you and me have in common then, ain't it? 'Cept whereas you keep to yourself, I generally tell people to their face that I don't like 'em.

TRINA: You haven't answered my question, Adele.

(Silence.)

ADELE: Listen, it ain't no secret that I'm an unpleasant woman. But bein' unpleasant is all I know. Okay? It's all I can muster. There ain't never been real joy for me in my life. Except for Rhonda, I suppose. Other than that, it's just been sorrow mixed with rage. Some days it's like pushin' through quicksand just to get out of bed. And it feels like my skin has fallen away. And like I'm on fire all the time. Always burnin' up with no way to put out the flames.

(Beat.)

TRINA: Well, that sucks for you, don't it? But what's any of that got to do with me.

ADELE: Well, Trina... Bein' 'round you is like if a bird shit on my head. It turns my stomach, but it's considered good luck when it happens.

TRINA: It's hard to take somethin' like that personal when the feelin's mutual.

ADELE: So, have I answered your question?

TRINA: You have.

ADELE: Good. So, can I go now?

TRINA: Not before I clear somethin' up first. For the record, I don't dislike people. There was a time, though, when I didn't like myself. So, I decided that I needed to be alone to sort things out; to maybe find a way to learn to love myself; to get away from it all; to mend; to heal. But then after a while, I realized how peaceful life was bein' alone, so I purposely chose to just settle into it. I'm content now, Adele. And I wouldn't have it any other way.

(Beat.)

ADELE: Well, goody for you, Trina. *(Beat.)* So, I'm gonna head on home now. Before Rhonda starts to worry.

TRINA: All right.

ADELE: I'll check in on you tomorrow.

TRINA: Sounds good. *(Adele starts off.)* Hey, Adele.

ADELE: What the hell is it now?

TRINA: You ain't actually gonna do it, are you?

(Beat.)

ADELE: Oh, I don't know, Trina. I might.

TRINA: Well, I prefer you didn't. But if you do decide to go through with it, make sure you get my laundry done first.

ADELE: If it's the last thing I do.

(Lights to black.)

RHONDA & DANIELLE

Synopsis

Two or more years into a world-wide pandemic, next door neighbors, Rhonda and Danielle, gossip with one another while dealing with the loss of their significant others.

Characters

RHONDA Female, Late Fifties

DANIELLE Female, Mid Thirties

Time

Present.

Setting

A small American town. Summertime. Late afternoon. Property line between two yards. Four lawn chairs arranged in pairs at least six feet apart.

(AT RISE: Rhonda enters and carries a six pack of beer. She sets it down on the ground next to one of the chairs on her side of the lawn. She looks to the other chair, reaches for it, folds it closed and then carries it off. Danielle enters. She carries boxed wine and a plastic cup. She sits in one of the chairs on her side of the lawn and pours herself some wine. She drinks quietly, looking off. Rhonda reenters. Danielle turns to Rhonda, nods and smiles. Rhonda nods back and smiles. She sits and opens a beer. She drinks and looks off.)

DANIELLE: I see you took the chair away.

RHONDA: I think it was about time.

DANIELLE: Good for you.

RHONDA: And you?

DANIELLE: Oh. Well, I suppose I'm not ready just yet. I mean, what's the rush anyhow?

RHONDA: True enough. *(Beat.)* I was thinkin' I'd might make a ceremony of it.

DANIELLE: Whatta you mean? A ceremony how?

RHONDA: Well, you know. I've been agonizin' about it for a long time now. And I've been thinkin' about what might be the right way to do it.

DANIELLE: To do what? To get rid of the chair?

RHONDA: Mm hm. My first thought was that maybe I'd just put it up on a pile of sticks and then set it on fire. Or maybe dig a hole out back, bury it there, cover it in dirt and soil, and then plant some nice jewelweed on top of it. Maybe say a prayer over it.

DANIELLE: Aren't you an atheist?

RHONDA: I'm kind of agnostic now. Though I might be a full-on Christian by tomorrow. Who knows?

DANIELLE: That's funny.

RHONDA: Well, it was meant to be.

DANIELLE: No, not that. It's just that I feel like I've been headed the other direction lately. Losin' my faith in God. I mean, what's the point? We're all bein' punished. Every last one of us. Ain't no one gettin' spared.

RHONDA: Maybe it's God's way of tellin' us that She meant every word when She said we were all equal in Her eyes.

DANIELLE: You really think God's a woman?

RHONDA: There's no man smart enough or ruthless enough to pull off somethin' like this.

DANIELLE: Fair enough. *(Beat.)* And you know, God never said that by the way. About everyone bein' equal.

RHONDA: No?

DANIELLE: Not exactly. No.

RHONDA: Oh. Okay. Well, I'm new to this.

(They drink.)

DANIELLE: So, what'd you decide?

RHONDA: Hm?

DANIELLE: The chair. What'd you do with the chair?

RHONDA: Oh. I just put it out with the trash. At the end of the driveway there. By the road.

(Danielle rises a little out of her chair and looks to the road.)

DANIELLE: You sure did. Well, you know damn well it's just gonna sit there. They haven't collected garbage in... How many months do you think it's been now?

RHONDA: I've got no idea how long it's been.

DANIELLE: Well, the smell is awful when the wind starts comin' through, that's for sure.

RHONDA: I've gotten used to it.

(They drink.)

DANIELLE: Oh, hey. I put together a basket of vegetables for you from the garden. Some carrots, cabbages, red and yellow peppers, radishes, tomatoes, beans, lettuce... All the usual suspects. I did real good this year.

RHONDA: Sounds nice.

DANIELLE: I'll scrub 'em down and leave 'em on your porch before I go to bed tonight. You should probably give 'em another scrub before you go cuttin' 'em up and cookin' 'em though.

RHONDA: I will. Thanks.

DANIELLE: 'Course. I mean, it's the least I can do. With all the preserves you been sendin' my way, I been bakin' up a storm over here. Muffins, cakes, bread... Oh, and I made a scrumptious vinaigrette the other day. I'll leave some of that for you as well. You can make a nice salad with it.

RHONDA: I'm happy that you're makin' good use of 'em.

DANIELLE: Well, there's a million different things you can do with preserves. So, they're not gonna go to waste, that's for sure. *(They drink. She looks across the road.)* I see they finally pulled Hank Ouellette out of his car.

RHONDA: Yeah. Just yesterday actually. Two women in hazmat suits came for him.

DANIELLE: He was in there a long while.

RHONDA: Yep. Dropped dead in the driver seat. And on display for all the world to see. Or at least for those passin' by on the main road here. I suppose he was tryin' to get to the hospital.

DANIELLE: Well, even if he made it there, I doubt he woulda been able find someone to help him.

RHONDA: True enough.

(They drink.)

DANIELLE: So, that leaves what? All the houses on that side of the road empty now.

RHONDA: No. Trina Patterson's still 'round. Saw her this mornin'.

DANIELLE: Trina Patterson?

RHONDA: Yeah. She lives in that gray ramshackle house about a hundred yards that direction.

DANIELLE: I don't think I ever met her.

RHONDA: Oh. Well, she's always kept to herself. She's one of 'em... whatta you call 'em...? introverts. A recluse. Good thing too. It's probably what's gonna keep her alive in the long run.

DANIELLE: In the long run? Hell, I'm not sure I'd actually wanna be here when the long run comes 'round.

RHONDA: Hm. Well, I hear that. *(Beat.)* Anyway, so looks like we got Trina on that side of the road, and I guess you, me, and then Marlene Lumley and her mother-in-law, Ginny, three houses over on this side of the road. Everyone else is gone.

IF YOU'D LIKE TO READ THE FULL ANTHOLOGY, PLEASE CONTACT CRAIG HOUK BY EMAIL AT HOUK1969@GMAIL.COM.

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