

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

By
Lou Clyde

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

© 2023 by Lou Clyde

CAUTION: Professionals and Amateurs are hereby warned that performance of **HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX** is subject to payment of a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of The United States of America, and of all countries covered by the International Copyright Union (including the Dominion of Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth) and of all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, the Berne Convention, and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations. All rights, including without limitation professional/amateur stage rights, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all other forms of mechanical, electronic and digital reproduction, transmission and distribution, such as CD, DVD, the Internet, private and file-sharing networks, information storage and retrieval systems, photocopying, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. Particular emphasis is placed upon the matter of readings, permission of which must be obtained from the Author in writing.

The English language stock and amateur stage performance rights in the United States, its territories, possessions and Canada for **HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX** are controlled exclusively by Next Stage Press. No professional or nonprofessional performance of the Play may be given without obtaining in advance written permission and paying the requisite fee. Inquiries concerning production rights should be addressed to genekato@nextstagepress.com

SPECIAL NOTE

Anyone receiving permission to produce **HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX** is required to give credit to the Author as sole and exclusive Author of the Play on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. The name of the Author must appear on a separate line, in which no other name appears, immediately beneath the title and in size of type equal to 50% of the size of the largest, most prominent letter used for the title of the Play. No person, firm, or entity may receive credit larger or more prominent than that accorded the Author.

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX is a revision of Heck the Dolls with Chardonnay, which was originally produced by Chapin Theatre Company in Chapin, South Carolina. It was directed by Jim DeFelice, stage managed by Lindsay Leigh Brown, the lighting and sound design was by Gabriel Marchant, and featured the following cast:

Old Sue.....Lou Clyde
Emma.....Emma Bagley
Sue.....Tiffany Dinsmore
Becky.....Jessica Francis Fichter
Mammogram Tech/Shopper....Sandy Steffen
Bob.....George Dinsmore
Scott/Best Buy Guy.....David Fichter

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

CAST: 3M, 4F (Doubling)

SUE GRIFFIN (OLD SUE) 70s, living in retirement home

WALTER GRAY Late 30s, Black maintenance worker

SUE GRIFFIN (YOUNGER) Late 40s

BOB GRIFFIN Late 40s, married to Sue

BECKY HAYES Late 30s, best friend of Sue

MONIQUE (RADIATION TECH), ANNOUNCER/WORKER,
SHOPPER, AND OLD BECKY played by one actor

SCOTT HAYES OFFSTAGE VOICE, AND BEST BUY GUY played by
one actor

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

ACT 1
SCENE 1

Lights rise in the room of SUE GRIFFIN at the Aged Oaks Retirement Home. The year is 2047. Old Sue is sitting on an easy chair reading a magazine. A blanket rests on her lap. Maintenance worker WALTER GRAY enters carrying a toolbox.

WALTER. Maintenance.

OLD SUE. Oh boy! A visitor.

WALTER. Maintenance.

OLD SUE. I heard you. (*Beat.*) Haven't seen you around this joint. You new?

WALTER. What?

OLD SUE. Are you newly employed at this castle?

WALTER. Yes.

OLD SUE. My, aren't you friendly.

WALTER. (*Sighs, then disingenuous.*) How are you today?

OLD SUE. (*Blowing into hand.*) Still breathing.

WALTER. I'm here to fix your thermostat.

OLD SUE. Good. It's like a meat locker in here.

WALTER. Yes, Ma'am. (*Walter walks toward the thermostat and sets the toolbox on the floor.*)

OLD SUE. What's your name?

WALTER. What?

OLD SUE. Your name? You do have one, right?

WALTER. (*Hesitating.*) Walter.

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

OLD SUE. Tell me, Walter. Is it true that you guys set the thermostats equal to the resident's age? Or is it just a coincidence that the 90-year-olds' rooms are set to 90 degrees and the 80-year-olds' are set to 80?

WALTER. *You control the temperature in your room. (Walter starts examining the thermostat.)*

OLD SUE. Good because I like the temperature set lower than my age.

WALTER. *(Smirking.)* Lower than 39 degrees?

OLD SUE. Good one Walter. Unless you were talking centigrade.

WALTER. *(Handing Old Sue a device.)* Here. You'll use this to set the temperature.

OLD SUE. Hallelujah.

WALTER. You can also adjust the humidity, the lighting levels, and the air scent.

OLD SUE. You mean I can get rid of the cinnamon?

WALTER. Ma'am?

OLD SUE. Cinnamon. The smell is everywhere. Used to make me hungry. Now it makes me nauseas.

WALTER. Yes, Ma'am. There are fifteen options ranging from vanilla bean to sage. You can pull it up in the scent menu. *(Walter returns to the thermostat. Poor guy just wants to get his job done.)*

OLD SUE. What about Vicks VapoRub?

WALTER. Ma'am?

OLD SUE. Is that an option? I love that smell.

WALTER. I don't think that's an option, Ma'am. *(Walter continues to work.)*

OLD SUE. What about Play Dough?

WALTER. No.

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

OLD SUE. Dirty socks?

WALTER. Are you messing with me Ma'am?

OLD SUE. Come on, Walter. Loosen up. I don't get many visitors here.

WALTER. (*Big sigh.*) I'm not a visitor.

OLD SUE. I know. You're fixing my thermostat.

WALTER. Well, Ms. Griffin, if you really want dirty socks, I could bring you some from my kid's gym bag.

OLD SUE. Is he a teenage boy?

WALTER. Yes.

OLD SUE. Yay! Teenage boy dirty socks are the best.

(Walter takes out tools and continues to work on the thermostat. Sue studies her device.)

OLD SUE. Can I order a pizza from this thing?

WALTER. Only from the cafeteria.

OLD SUE. Then forget it.

ANNOUNCER. Attention residents. This is the final reminder for our Tuesday Night craft extravaganza. Come on down to the gathering room to make your very own Glitter Macaroni Cork Reindeer. This will be the last craft extravaganza in 2047, so don't miss it.

WALTER. (*Under his breath.*) Dammit.

OLD SUE. What?

WALTER. Nothing.

OLD SUE. Talk to me, Walter. Are you disappointed that you can't make your own Glitter Macaroni Cork Reindeer?

WALTER. No.

OLD SUE. Then what's wrong?

WALTER. I'll be cleaning up glitter from every square inch of this place tomorrow.

OLD SUE. Not from this room.

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

WALTER. You're not going?

OLD SUE. Hell, no. I'd rather get a root canal. (*Looking at device.*) Oh look! I can order glitter from this device!

WALTER. What?

OLD SUE. Just messin' with you, Walter.

WALTER. Huh.

OLD SUE. You know, my daughter had Thanksgiving at her mother-in-law's house, so I had the privilege of eating here this year. Quite the meal. Turkey loaf, mashed potatoes, some sort of orange casserole - coulda been squash - maybe pineapple, apple sauce, pumpkin pie. (*Beat.*) And Girl Scouts.

WALTER. Uh-huh.

OLD SUE. Hundreds of them. Singing Christmas carols. They sounded like a bunch of chipmunks. I unplugged my hearing aid. (*Reaching up to her ear to demonstrate how to adjust the volume.*) They sounded much better when I couldn't hear'm.

WALTER. Uh-huh.

OLD SUE. So how was your Thanksgiving dinner, Walter?

WALTER. Ma'am?

OLD SUE. How was your Thanksgiving dinner?

WALTER. It was fine.

OLD SUE. Did you make a turkey?

WALTER. Fried it.

OLD SUE. Oh yeah? Was it good?

WALTER. Yeah. Not the same as roast turkey. I missed the stuffing.

OLD SUE. That reminds me of a time when an old friend of mine made her first turkey. (*Waiting for Walter to respond. He ignores her.*) It was classic. (*Waits again for Walter to respond. He ignores her again.*) So, you want to hear what happened?

WALTER. Do I have a choice?

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

OLD SUE. No. My friend Becky had always gone to her sister's house for Thanksgiving. And I had a hard time believing that at 40 she'd never cooked a turkey before!
(Blackout.)

SCENE 2

Lights rise on Hayes' Kitchen. BECKY HAYES and SUE GRIFFIN are standing behind a kitchen island. Becky looks as though she's been through a war. Sue appears completely relaxed. They each hold a glass of wine.

SUE. I find it hard to believe that at 40 you've never cooked a turkey before.

BECKY. Hey! I'm 39, thank you very much. And in my defense, we always go to my sister's house.

SUE. Remind me why you didn't go to her house this year?

BECKY. They went on a cruise. *(Finishes glass; pours another.)* Damn cruise.

(BOB, offstage, reacts loudly to a bad call on football game.)

SUE. *(Looking over her shoulder.)* Damn football! *(Beat.)* So, cooking the turkey wasn't as hard as you thought, right?

BECKY. Seriously? I had to take a class.

SUE. What? They have classes? Where'd you take it?

BECKY. YouTube. Yeah, I know. But hey- the class was only seven minutes and 27 seconds. Of course, I had to watch it 15 times. Spent nearly two hours watching that damn video.

SUE. Why? Was it porn?

BECKY. I set the iPad right in front of me on the counter. And it's a damn good thing I did because cooking a turkey is complicated.

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

SUE. What's so complicated about it? (*Stifles a laugh.*) Sorry, Becks, but there's really not that much to it.

BECKY. (*Picks up turkey baster and levels it at Sue.*) Don't make me beat you with this.

SUE. There, there now. Tell Sue all about it.

BECKY. Where do I start? I didn't even think I'd get it out of the packaging. First off, you have to cut away those little plastic fishnet nylon thingies that they shove the bird into. Then there's plastic wrap underneath the fishnets. I mean, really! How are you supposed to remove all that without giving the poor turkey a flesh wound? By the time I got it free of the packaging I was ready to throw up.

SUE. Wow. You got the turkey out of the packaging AND you lived to tell the tale.

BECKY. (*Pointing turkey baster at Sue.*) It gets worse. So, I put the turkey in the sink. The YouTube video guy- did I tell you his name was Sal? I mean who names their son Sal?

SUE. Sounds like he should be teaching you how to make a pizza.

BECKY. I know, right! So anyway, Sal tells me to take the "contents" out of the turkey's insides. I had to stick my hands into the turkeys'.... nether regions (*Gags.*)

SUE. Deep breaths. (*Sue hands Becky her wine glass.*) Big swig. (*They both clink, then drink.*)

BECKY. And you would not believe what I found inside....

SUE. What?

BECKY. (*Stage whisper.*) Its penis.

SUE. No!

BECKY. It was like Lorena Bobbitt had gone to town on that poor guy. And I had to take it out. No way I was touching that.

SUE. What did you do?

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

BECKY. I used an inside out bag. Like when I pick up Blueie's poop at the dog park.

SCOTT. (O/S.) Hey Becky! Can you make me a turkey sandwich?

BECKY. (To Sue.) Seriously? (Picks up baster and "beats" him, then loudly, toward offstage living room.) You just finished eating 20 minutes ago!

SUE. Are you sure it was a penis? I'm pretty sure they don't put the turkey's penis inside its... cavity.

BECKY. For God's sake, Sue. I'm not three years old. I think I can recognize a penis when I see one.

SUE. A turkey's penis? I'm not sure I would.

BECKY. It was a penis. I'm positive.

SUE. What did you do with it?

BECKY. I threw it in the trash.

SUE. Can I see it? (Becky pulls the bag out of the trash and hands the turkey penis to Sue. Sue sizes it up, holds it "in position", giggles, then snorts.) Does Scott's penis really look like this? This I gotta see. (Toward living room.) Hey Scott! Would you come in here for a minute?

BECKY. Shut up!

SCOTT. (O/S.) What for?

BECKY. Forget it. Nothing.

SUE. That's the turkey's neck, genius.

BECKY. No shit? (Beat.) Well, neck, penis- who cares. It's still an amputated body part that shouldn't be stuffed inside the turkey's torso.

SUE. Terrible.

BECKY. But wait; it gets better. (Beat.) Or worse. (Beat.) Anyway, I decided to stuff the turkey. Sal told me I should. Oh

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

my God! I watched that damn video 10 times just to figure out which end was up! I mean really, how can you tell?

SUE. What do you mean?

BECKY. I was dealing with a turkey torso. No head! If it had a head, I would have known which end was up. And there was not one, but two cavities. And, of course, his penis was missing, so that wasn't much help now, was it?

SCOTT. *(O/S.)* Becky, could you hurry it up with that sandwich? I'm starving.

BOB. *(O/S.)* Hey Sue, could you grab me a beer?

SUE. Just a second, Bob. *(To Becky.)* So, did you get it stuffed?

BECKY. Yep, I stuffed both holes. And if that wasn't bad enough, I had to *(Gagging again.)* ...sew him closed.

SUE. That's why I don't stuff turkeys.

BECKY. Tell me about it. Sal told me I had to close the doors on those nether regions. There were these little flaps of skin....

SUE. *(Covering ears and singing.)* La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la.

BOB. *(O/S.)* Sue! Can I have that beer sometime this quarter?

SUE. We wouldn't want to miss a second of the game now, would we?

BECKY. Anyway, I was just about to put it in the oven when I realized that the cooking time was based on how much the turkey weighed. And I had no idea how big it was.

SUE. It's written on the package.

BECKY. Sue, Sue, Sue. Remember the great struggle to free the turkey of his fishnets and the plastic? *(Becky holds up the remains of the destroyed packaging.)*

SUE. Oh, yeah. So, what'd you do? Guess?

BECKY. No. I sat him on the bathroom scale. *(Beat.)* What a mess.

SUE. I can only imagine.

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

BECKY. But I finally got him in the oven.

SUE. I thought it was delicious. What did you think?

BECKY. It was good. Surprisingly good. Actually, I'd say it was excellent. But I'm not sure it was worth the permanent psychological damage I've sustained.

(Bob and Scott cheer for touchdown.)

SCOTT. *(O/S.)* Hey Becky! Where's my sandwich?

BECKY. *(Perturbed for a moment, then smiles.)* Coming right up. *(To Sue.)* Hand me that loaf of bread will ya? *(Sue hands her the bread. Becky opens the package and lays a piece on a paper plate. She pulls the turkey neck out of the bag and slaps it on the bread and covers it with another piece of bread. She grabs a beer and exits with sandwich and beer. Sue laughs, adds wine to each of their glasses. Becky returns.)*

SUE. So, you survived your first turkey. Think you'll do it again next year?

BECKY. I don't think//

SCOTT. *(O/S.)* // Hey, Becky. This sandwich is great! Love the texture of the meat.

BECKY. You know what? Maybe I will. *(Sue and Becky clink glasses. Blackout.)*

SCENE 3

Lights rise on the Retirement Home. Walter is leaning against the wall next to Old Sue's chair.

WALTER. Damn. He didn't actually eat that sandwich, did he?

OLD SUE. Nah. A couple minutes later he came into the kitchen and said, "Hey Becky, there's a bone in this meat."

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

Then he opened the sandwich, pulled out the turkey neck and said, "What is this? A turkey dick?"

WALTER. You're messing with me.

(Sounds of children singing Christmas carols are heard faintly in the background.)

OLD SUE. Oh, no. Don't tell me they're back.

WALTER. That friend of yours sounds crazy.

OLD SUE. She wasn't. Becky was my next-door neighbor. And best friend. We always had so much fun together. We were like Lucy and Ethel.

WALTER. Who?

OLD SUE. Lucy and Ethel.

(Walter shakes his head no.)

OLD SUE. Laverne and Shirley?

WALTER. Are they a band?

OLD SUE. Never mind. Let's just say Becky and I were best friends who always seemed to be getting into... predicaments.

WALTER. Sounds like a gang.

OLD SUE. Kind of. A gang of two. Becky would do anything for me.

WALTER. Like what?

OLD SUE. Well, there was that infamous cookie exchange.

WALTER. Ma'am?

OLD SUE. Yeah. I was in this boring Book Club with a bunch of pretentious snobs. Becky had already dropped out of the club because she couldn't stand any of the members. But for some stupid reason I was bound and determined to make a positive impression on those women. So, they always held a big holiday cookie exchange, and I talked Becky into helping me frost my cookies.

WALTER. Nothing' wrong with that.

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

OLD SUE. Yeah, except the cookies had to be perfect. *(Beat.)*
After what happened the year before.

WALTER. What happened?

OLD SUE. Well, they nearly booted me out of the club!

WALTER. Why?

OLD SUE. Well, it certainly wasn't because of my Santa cookie. He was adorable.

(Blackout.)

SCENE 4

Lights up on Sue's kitchen. There are about 10 different bowls with knives in them and 5-6 bottles of candy decorating shakers on Sue's island. Sue and Becky have a stack of unfrosted cookies between them. Becky has about 5 times as many frosted cookies in front of her compared to Sue. They are wearing aprons and drinking wine.

SUE. *(Holding up Santa Claus cookie.)* Isn't he adorable?

BECKY. Yeah. Santa, right?

SUE. Who else would it be?

BECKY. Could be anybody. It took you so long to frost, your cookie grew a beard.

SUE. Very funny.

BECKY. I'm serious, Sue! We gotta get movin'!

SUE. Why? What time is it?

BECKY. 5:30.

SUE. Crap! I gotta get outta here by 6.

BECKY. You'll never make it.

SUE. Sure, I will. How many more do we have to frost?

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

BECKY. You're supposed to bring 6 dozen, right? How many is that?

SUE. What? Seriously?

BECKY. I'm not good at my 12's. (*Beat.*) Don't judge. 12's are hard.

SUE. (*Shakes head in disbelief.*) No, they're not. 8's are hard. (*Beat.*) 72.

BECKY. Huh?

SUE. 72. Six dozen is 72.

BECKY. I knew that. OK, how many did we frost so far? (*Counting cookies.*) 5 -10-15-20...

SUE. Oh, you're quite good at your 5's.

BECKY. Don't interrupt! Crap! 5-10-15-20-25-30-35-40. We frosted 40 so far.

SUE. Let's see, that leaves. (*Sighs.*) I think I need an abacus.

BECKY. Isn't he the guy from "To Kill a Mockingbird"?

SUE. You're hysterical. Wait- did you say we only frosted 40? Are you kidding me???

BECKY. Don't blame me. I did way more than you.

SUE. Obviously.

BECKY. What does that mean?

SUE. Look at mine compared to yours. Yours are so... monochrome.

BECKY. Mono what?

SUE. Monochrome! Just one color.

BECKY. Well, who are you, Rembrandt?

SUE. Maybe. I mean, look at your Christmas tree. There's no star.

BECKY. (*Picks up a green Christmas tree cookie.*) Yes, there is. It's a green star. It took about 10 seconds to frost.

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

SUE. Yeah. It looks it. (*Holds up brightly decorated tree cookie.*) My tree not only has a star, it has lights, ornaments, and a stump. It is a work of art//

BECKY. //That took you 45 minutes to decorate.

SUE. Your wreath looks good, but you should have painted the bow red.

BECKY. That's an elf.

SUE. Come on, Becks! Those Book Club women take their cookie exchange seriously. You do remember what happened last year don't you?

BECKY. You mean when you almost got kicked out?

SUE. Can you believe it? Just because I tried to pass off store-bought cookies as homemade.

BECKY. You probably should have brought something other than Oreos.

SUE. Lesson learned. But just wait until they see these cookies. (*Places arms around stack of cookies.*) They are going to revel in my artistic brilliance.

BECKY. Wait a minute. I know I frosted an angel. Where did it go?

SUE. Was it all white?

BECKY. Yeah. Like an angel.

SUE. It looked like a ghost.

BECKY. What?

SUE. So, I ate it.

BECKY. You ate my angel? How could you!!?

SUE. You should have painted her halo yellow.

BECKY. What? Why?

SUE. Then it would have looked more like an angel.

BECKY. Right.

SUE. Ghosts don't have halos.

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

BECKY. What? Hey! What happened to the Santa hat cookie I frosted?

SUE. What Santa hat cookie? What did it look like?

BECKY. A Santa hat. A pink Santa hat.

SUE. Oh. That looked like a Valentine. (*Beat.*) I ate that, too.

BECKY. What? You thought my Santa hat was a valentine?

SUE. Maybe if you frosted white fur along the brim it would have looked more like a Santa hat.

BECKY. Oh, excuse me.

SUE. And a white fur ball at the end.

BECKY. You are unbelievable.

SUE. And talented. (*Holds up a candy cane like Vanna White.*) I mean, check out this candy cane.

BECKY. Lovely.

SUE. Not only does it look perfect, the frosting is mint flavored, so it even tastes like a candy cane.

BECKY. Wow.

SUE. Wait.....didn't you frost a candy cane?

BECKY. That's what that was!

SUE. What do you mean?

BECKY. (*Holds the candy cane up next to an upside-down candy cane painted pink.*) It kinda looked like a turkey penis so I frosted it pink.

SUE. Let me see that thing. (*Sue grabs the cookie and takes a big bite.*)

BECKY. I cannot believe you ate my penis!

SUE. Come on, Becks. I will not bring pornography to the cookie exchange.

BECKY. Why not? It might liven things up.

SUE. Excuse me?

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

BECKY. I don't know why you stay in that group. What a snore. I couldn't last two meetings.

SUE. That's not why you dropped out.

BECKY. What do you mean?

SUE. You could never finish a book!

BECKY. Maybe if they read porn. (*Snorts.*)

SUE. You should rejoin. It'd be way more fun with you there.

BECKY. Only if I don't have to read the books. Oh, and now that you've eaten my turkey penis cookie, we're down to 39.

SUE. What?

BECKY. I only count 39 frosted cookies.

SUE. Oh.

BECKY. Which means we have 33 left to frost.

SUE. Wow! You can't multiply by 12, but you can borrow in your head?

BECKY. Huh?

SUE. I have never been able to do that. I need to write it down. Or use my Atticus. Wait....do we even have 33 cookies left to frost?

BECKY. Uh-oh. We only have 28. How many did you eat?

SUE. I don't know. A few. Twelve-ish.

BECKY. Jeez. We're short 5 cookies. That is as long as you don't eat any more. I guess you'll have to put 11 cookies in 5 of the boxes.

SUE. Are you kidding? They'll REALLY kick me out if I short them on cookies.

BECKY. They won't notice.

SUE. (*In growly voice.*) They count.

BECKY. What choice do you have?

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

SUE. Wait. Hand me that church. (*Becky hands it to Sue and Sue breaks it in half and holds up both pieces up.*) Now it's 2 churches.

BECKY. Brilliant. Except that one has no steeple.

SUE. (*Holds up the one without the steeple.*) Jehovah's Witnesses. (*They clink glasses.*)

BECKY. But we're still short four cookies. What now?

SUE. (*Starts rifling around in the cupboard and pulls out a box of Pop Tarts.*) A-ha!

BECKY. Oh no Sue. If there's one thing more recognizable than an Oreo, it's a Pop Tart.

SUE. Not if it's disguised. (*Sue smiles, pulls out a Pop Tart and cuts it into 4 pieces with a knife.*) Watch this. (*Sue frosts the Pop Tart pieces. Holds up one frosted chocolate with a red (preset) bow.*) This is no longer a pop tart. It is four beautifully wrapped Christmas presents.

BECKY. Each containing a pop tart. You've stooped to new levels, Sue.

SUE. No, I haven't.

BECKY. This is pop tart forgery. All because my cookies weren't up to your "standards".

SUE. For the last time, I cannot bring boring cookies to the Book Club cookie exchange! (*Beat.*) Especially pornographic ones. (*Sue starts putting the final cookies into the Tupperware.*)

BECKY. Yeah. I know. We wouldn't want any porn at the Book Club. (*They both laugh.*) By the way, what are you guys reading this month?

SUE. Fifty Shades of Gray. (*Beat.*) Again.

BECKY. You know, maybe I will come back. (*They clink wine glasses. Blackout.*)

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

SCENE 5

Lights rise on Retirement Home. Walter is sitting in the chair next to Old Sue's.

WALTER. *(Standing.)* I thought Pop Tarts already had frosting.

OLD SUE. So, I gave'm another layer. And they looked great. Beautifully decorated, if I do say so myself. Chocolate frosting with bright red bows.

WALTER. Uh-huh...

OLD SUE. But I thought I was frosting a Cookies and Cream Pop Tart. Turned out to be Sour Green Apple.

WALTER. Damn.

OLD SUE. Yeah. Chocolate and sour green apple. Not the best combination for a Book Club cookie exchange. *(Sounds of children singing Christmas carols are heard faintly in the background.)* Crap! I think they're getting close!

ANNOUNCER. Attention ladies don't forget to sign up for your hair appointments. Shirley from Heavenly Locks will be here tomorrow morning to roll and style your hair just in time for the holidays. The first five to sign up will get a free Rudolph the Reindeer shower cap. And, of course, Christmas cookies will be served.

OLD SUE. Last time I let Shirley from Heavenly Locks near me she used so much hairspray that my head literally did not touch the pillow for days.

WALTER. I better get back to the thermostat. *(Walter returns to wall, bending down to pick up a tool.)*

OLD SUE. Where'd you work before this place?

WALTER. Lotsa places.

OLD SUE. Always in maintenance?

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

WALTER. Why you want to know?

OLD SUE. Sorry. I didn't mean to pry. (*Silence for a few seconds.*) I just shared some stories with you. Thought you might open up a little with me.

WALTER. I don't like to talk about myself.

OLD SUE. So, you have a teenage son?

WALTER. I told you. I don't like to talk about myself.

OLD SUE. Fine. (*There's a knock on the door and a staff member enters with mail.*)

STAFF MEMBER. Good afternoon, Sue. Got some mail for you.

OLD SUE. My lucky day. (*Staff member exits. Sue opens her mail.*) Look at this. Got a Christmas card from my old insurance agent. (*Beat.*) I haven't driven a car in five years. He thinks I've switched to Geico.

WALTER. Huh.

OLD SUE. I don't get many Christmas cards anymore. I used to get a bunch. People used to send letters in their cards so you could keep up with their lives. My friend Becky and I had so much fun reading those letters.

WALTER. Huh.

OLD SUE. And making fun of them.

WALTER. Why am I not surprised?

OLD SUE. Especially the one from the Maxwells. (*Blackout.*)

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

SCENE 6

Lights rise on center stage where Sue is sitting on a kitchen chair and on Becky's unoccupied kitchen. Sue is dialing her cell phone. Becky's phone rings as she enters her kitchen. There's a bottle of wine and a glass on the kitchen island.

BECKY. Hello.

SUE. Hey - Becky it's me! I got a good one. From the Maxwells!

BECKY. Let's hear it.

SUE. Pour yourself a glass of wine. You'll want to sit back and enjoy every word.

(Becky gets a box of wine out of the fridge, setting it on the counter.)

BECKY. Is it better than the one from your friend whose daughter travelled to South Africa to find a cure for Ebola?

SUE. You tell me.

(Becky pours herself a glass.)

BECKY. Hit it!

SUE. "Dear Friends. 2017 has been a very good year for us."

BECKY. They always start that way, don't they?

SUE. *(Giggles and starts reading dramatically with a British accent.)* "In February, David was asked to assume the role of President of the Phoenix Symphony. After careful deliberation and prayer he humbly accepted the offer."

BECKY. Humility is his middle name.

BOB. *(O/S.)* Sue, have you seen my grey sweatpants?

SUE. *(Looking down at Bob's sweatpants that she is wearing.)*
No, Bob.

BECKY. Are you wearing Bob's clothes again?

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

SUE. May I continue? *(Clears throat and reads with British accent.)* "Since stepping in as Symphony President, David achieved a balanced budget for the first time in seven years, received more than \$1 million in blah-blah-blah..."

BECKY. Is this a Christmas card letter or a resume? *(Becky removes her shoes and socks.)*

SUE. I know, right?! New paragraph. "We were saddened by the loss of David's Aunt May in June."

BECKY. Are you sure it wasn't his Aunt April in May? Or Aunt June in July? *(Puts feet on the island and starts inspecting her toes.)*

SUE. Stop interrupting! "Aunt May died of complications from hemorrhoids."

BECKY. Been there.

SUE. She was 94.

BECKY. 94. Remind me if I'm 94 and still have hemorrhoids to shoot myself. *(Becky climbs up on island, pulls out nail clippers and starts clipping her toenails.)*

SUE. "After May's funeral we decided to do some traveling."

BECKY. Oh, how nice. I guess David was in Aunt May's will.

SUE. Yeah. They went to Europe.

BOB. *(O/S.)* Sue, where's the dental floss?

SUE. In the bathroom.

BOB. Really? Thanks for the help.

SUE. Anytime, Bob. *(Into phone.)* "While in Europe we had the opportunity to see the theatre where Mozart's Don Giovanni was premiered" blah-blah-blah-blah-blah!

BECKY. Wake me up when it's over.

SUE. I know, right? *(Beat.)* Wait a minute! Their son got married! Get this. "The rehearsal dinner was held at the Duke

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

Mansion and 28 of our closest friends were able to attend the wedding in Charlotte”????? (*Looks at phone.*) What the hell?

BECKY. Were you invited?

SUE. I wonder why not. (*Starts pacing back and forth.*)

BECKY. You make fun of them every year.

SUE. I know, but she doesn’t know that! And we worked together for years. We were good friends. And I’m not in the top 28? What the heck!

BECKY. You sort of make trashing their Christmas letter an annual event. (*Uses her hand to brush a pile of toenail clippings into her hand and looks around for a place to put them.*)

SUE. I can’t help that.

BECKY. I wonder what you are.

SUE. What do you mean?

BECKY. Are you number 29? Or maybe 57? Did you even make the top 100?

SUE. Shut up. I wonder who got invited.

BECKY. Not you.

SUE. They stopped at our house on their way to Charlotte one time. Come to think of it, their car leaked oil all over our driveway.

BECKY. Did it leave a stain?

SUE. Nah, I just dumped some kitty litter on it. Took it right up.

BECKY. I didn’t know you had a cat! (*Wants to get a refill of wine but can’t figure how to do it while holding the phone in one hand and the nails in the other. Drops nails onto counter so she can pour another glass of wine. Puts phone down, brushes nails back into her hand and picks up phone.*)

SUE. We don’t. Bob’s allergic to cats.

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

BECKY. Then why did you have kitty litter?

SUE. Oil spills. *(Beat.)* Hold on. I'm getting another call. Hello. This is Sue. Yeah, I'll be there. 10:00 tomorrow. Thanks. *(To Becky.)* I'm back. Doctor's office reminding me of my mammogram.

BECKY. Sounds like fun. I'm glad I'm not old like you.

SUE. Yet. Just wait. It's my first one. I'm a little nervous about it.

BECKY. Why? You didn't find a lump or anything did you?

SUE. Nah. It's just the thought of someone squeezing my girls into a Panini maker.

BECKY. Take notes. It'll probably make a good story. Anything else of interest to report from the Maxwell family?

SUE. Just that Marcia got new braces.

BECKY. I didn't even know she had teeth.

SUE. Yeah. *(Sue rolls the letter into a ball and throws it at the waste basket. It misses.)* Another exciting year in the life of the Maxwell family. I hate them.

BECKY. If it makes you feel any better, you're in MY top 28.

SUE. Whew. You had me worried.

(Offstage there is a loud crash bag noise as something big falls.)

BOB. *(O/S.)* Dammit!!! Sue! Where the hell is the kitty litter?

SUE. Garage - Second shelf- between the weed whacker and the tulips.

BECKY. Actually, you're number 1.

SUE. Awww.

BECKY. My turn. *(Drops the clippings onto the floor and rubs hands together.)* Wait till you hear this one. *(Opening letter. Reading with a Long Island accent.)* "Dear friends. 2017 has been a very good year for us." *(Blackout.)*

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

SCENE 7

Lights rise as Walter is sitting in the seat next to Old Sue's chair.

WALTER. Maybe I should get some kitty litter for this place.

OLD SUE. Not sure it works on glitter. But it does the trick for most spills. I suppose holiday letters became obsolete with social media.

WALTER. *(Walking back to the thermostat.)* Never got one. Never sent one.

OLD SUE. Of course, you never sent one. You don't like talking about yourself.

WALTER. People know what I want'm to know.

OLD SUE. So, you prefer to be invisible around here?

WALTER. Yes, Ma'am. That way nobody bothers me.

OLD SUE. Seems kinda lonely.

WALTER. I get my job done and I go home.

OLD SUE. I hope I'm not bothering you.

WALTER. I'm not exactly making progress on this thermostat.

OLD SUE. I'm in no hurry. Take your time.

WALTER. Shouldn't be much longer.

OLD SUE. So, Walter, did you grow up around here?

WALTER. Uh.

OLD SUE. Uh yes or uh no?

WALTER. Ma'am. Okay. Yes. I grew up on the East side.

OLD SUE. Thank you. *(Beat.)* Remember that mammogram I had scheduled?

WALTER. Oh, no. I don't need to hear nothin' about//

OLD SUE. //Walter, come sit. You'll want to hear this.

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

WALTER. Why would I want to hear about something like that? Not my business.

OLD SUE. Trust me. You'll be telling all your friends about my first mammogram after you hear this story.

WALTER. You don't know my friends.

OLD SUE. Really. Sit.

WALTER. *(Reluctantly sits, sighing loudly.)* Better be good.

OLD SUE. It is. So, I was like a fish out of water at that mammogram. I'd never had one, so I had no idea what to expect. And that Radiation Tech? She was something else. *(Blackout.)*

SCENE 8

Lights rise on MONIQUE, a Radiation Tech who has done 5,000 mammograms during her life, as she is polishing her ironing board. Sue enters Mammogram Central looking overwhelmed.

SUE. Hello.

MONIQUE. *(Steps out from behind the ironing board.)* Merry Christmas. *(In a flat voice, overflowing with insincerity.)* Name?

SUE. Oh. Sue. Susan Griffin.

MONIQUE. Routine?

SUE. Huh?

MONIQUE. This your annual or did you find a lump?

SUE. Oh! Yeah. My annual. *(Beat.)* Actually, my first annual. I'm 48.

MONIQUE. Oh, boy. A virgin. And you're 8 years late.

SUE. Huh?

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

MONIQUE. You supposed to get your first mammogram at 40.

SUE. I'm sorry. I promise to be on time for my next one.

MONIQUE. Right. Walk this way. *(Monique, who clearly has bad hips, picks up the ironing board and heads to downstage center. Sue limps along imitating Monique then stops abruptly when Monique turns around. Monique loudly opens the ironing board and motions for Sue to stand between the ironing board and the audience. Sue has her back to the audience during the next sequence.)* Now, slip your right arm out of the gown. *(The gown is held out so that the audience cannot see Sue's boobs.)*

SUE. Okay.

MONIQUE. We're gonna place your breast on this shelf.

SUE. We are? *(She turns her face to the right as if face is leaning against the Mammogram machine.)*

MONIQUE. Lean forward a bit.

SUE. *(Leaning.)* Like this?

MONIQUE. More.

SUE. *(Butt sticking out.)* Like this?

MONIQUE. More. Stand on your tippy toes.

SUE. *(Singing.)* I could have danced all night. *(Sue stands on tippy toes, butt sticking out, precariously off-balance.)*

MONIQUE. Good Lord. I need more breast on the shelf.

SUE. This is all I have.

MONIQUE. Lean in more! *(Sue bends even further.)* Don't move. *(Monique uses her arm to hold Sue's boob in place and picks up the iron with her hand and dramatically compresses from the top.)*

SUE. Oh my God! How'd you do that? I look like a Pop Tart.

MONIQUE. Don't breathe. *(Monique limps her way offstage stage where she pushes a button. A loud buzzer sounds. She returns.)* Relax.

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

SUE. (*Shakes her arms out, wiggling shoulders.*) Is that it? I'm done, right?

MONIQUE. You wish. (*Monique limps back to center stage and sets closed ironing board on floor pointing up.*) Turn sideways and stick your armpit into the point here. Wrap your right arm around the back and grab the end of the bar.

SUE. Say what?

MONIQUE. (*Big sigh. Patronizing.*) Turn sideways. Now place your armpit into the point.

SUE. It hurts.

MONIQUE. Good. Now wrap your arm around the back of it.

SUE. Like this?

MONIQUE. Keep your breast on the plate!

SUE. It won't stay. It keeps slipping off.

MONIQUE. For God's sake. If Bruce Jenner can do it, you can do it.

SUE. He won the Decathlon. (*Struggling.*)

MONIQUE. There. Now grab the end of the bar. (*Monique picks up the iron and holds it against Sue's boob.*) Hold this for me, will you? (*Monique hands the iron to Sue who holds it with her left hand.*) Don't breathe. (*Monique hobbles offstage to push button. Buzzer sounds. Monique returns.*) Relax.

SUE. (*Shaking her arms out, wiggling shoulders.*) Do you serve wine?

MONIQUE. One more view. Put both arms straight out in front of you. Palms up. Waist level.

SUE. Like this? (*Sue puts arms out as directed, with back to audience.*)

MONIQUE. Perfect. (*She places folded up ironing board across Sue's arms.*) Now place your breast on the plate.

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

SUE. Um. (*Sue moves the ironing board up and down like a teeter totter. The audience sees Sue from the back, while she tries to place her boob on the plate. Lots of struggling action.*) How? (*Sue tries to use her knees and feet. Looking over her shoulder to audience, breaking the 4th wall.*) Am I on Candid Camera?

MONIQUE. Virgins. (*Beat.*) You can't pay for entertainment like this. I'll do it. (*Monique stands behind Sue, reaches underneath both of Sue's arms, grabs Sue's boobs to place them on top of the ironing board.*)

SUE. My God. I haven't had this much action since 10th grade.

MONIQUE. (*Rests the iron on Sue's boob.*) Don't breathe. (*She hobbles offstage, buzzer sounds, returns.*) Relax.

SUE. Are we done?

MONIQUE. Exactly how many breasts do you have?

SUE. If I say one can I leave?

MONIQUE. No.

(*Lights down. From the dark we hear three rounds of grunts and groans and "Don't breathe", "Relax". Lights up as Sue steps back onstage, wearing a bra with rectangular cups. She buttons her blouse over the bra.*)

SUE. Thanks for squeezing me in.

MONIQUE. Virgins. (*Blackout.*)

SCENE 9

Lights rise as Walter sits next to Old Sue's chair. He is stunned.

WALTER. I really had to hear that?

HECK THE DOLLS WITH CHARDONNAY IN A BOX

OLD SUE. What?

WALTER. You think I'm gonna tell my friends your
mammofram story?

OLD SUE. *(Laughing.)* What? Didn't you like it?

WALTER. *(Standing.)* You crazy.

END OF ACT 1

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS—
ORDER A COPY AT WWW.NEXTSTAGEPRESS.COM***