

Give Her Rose Bowls

from *Son of Pew Prompter*

By Larry & Annie Enscoe

Cast

CHRIS: *a man in his 30s to 40s*

MAGGIE: *a woman in her 30s to 40s*

Scene

A New Year's Eve party

A front room

Props

Party hats

Confetti

Streamers

Glasses

Armchair

TV

TV remote

Picnic basket

Picnic food

Thermos

Blanket

Costumes

Modern

Running Time

6-7 minutes

New Year's Eve, 11:55 P.M.

*("Auld Lang Syne" is playing. And there are sounds of a party in full swing.
(A light goes on.*

(MAGGIE and CHRIS. Party hats on. Confetti dotting their hair. Streamers across their clothes.)

MAGGIE: Do you mean it?

CHRIS: That's my New Year's resolution, honey. I want to spend more time with you and less time in front of the tube watching ESPN.

MAGGIE: And ESPN 2?

CHRIS: Yes.

MAGGIE: And *Prime Sports*?

CHRIS: That's right.

MAGGIE: And *American Gladiators*?

CHRIS: Why don't you just let me kill myself right now?

MAGGIE: And you won't get all nifty-eyed at *Sports Illustrated* commercials?

CHRIS: Whaddayou want? I'm an emotional type'a guy. Honey, I really want to . . . I don't know—go on picnics with you. Snuggle up. Take walks. Go to museums.

MAGGIE: Museums?

CHRIS: I got caught up in the moment.

MAGGIE: Picnics and walks would be wonderful. I mean it. I want time with you. I need it.

CHRIS: You'll get it. *(Beat)* What about you?

MAGGIE: Me?

CHRIS: Yeah, what about your New Year's resolution?

MAGGIE: I . . . want to learn more about football.

CHRIS: You're kidding.

MAGGIE: Football, baseball, basketball, roller derby. You love it so much, and maybe I could get to know it better, and we could enjoy watching it together.

CHRIS: When we're not walking and picnicking?

MAGGIE: Exactly.

CHRIS: Wow.

MAGGIE: We start tomorrow?

CHRIS: Tomorrow.

VOICES (*offstage*): Five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one! Happy New Year!

(*Noisemakers and cheering. MAGGIE and CHRIS turn to one another.*)

CHRIS: Happy New Year, sweetheart.

MAGGIE: Happy New Year.

(*They kiss.*)

(*Blackout*)

New Year's Day, 11:55 A.M.

(*In darkness, the sound of a football game.*)

(*Lights.*)

(*CHRIS in an armchair in front of the TV. He's watching the Rose Bowl game. And enjoying himself.*)

CHRIS: That was not offsides! That guy barely moved. Well, maybe he had an itch, for Pete's sake!

(*MAGGIE comes in carrying a picnic basket, fully loaded.*)

MAGGIE: Chris?

(*CHRIS looks at her, still caught up on the ref's call.*)

CHRIS: The man's blind. Ray Charles could've seen he wasn't offsides. That ref couldn't see his own wife standing in front of him with a picnic basket!

(*He turns back to the TV. Then his synapses fire, and he realizes his wife is standing in the living room with a picnic basket! He looks back at her.*)

Oh, honey, you've got to be kidding.

MAGGIE: Tomorrow. Those were your words last night. You said, "We start tomorrow."

CHRIS: I know, but—

MAGGIE: I've got chicken sandwiches, potato salad, and those disgusting Rice Krispie treats you like.

(*CHRIS is trying to do the all-American fakeout of talking to his wife and watching the game.*)

CHRIS: Honey, I know I said we'd start today, but you've got to understand that—that idiot grabbed his mask!

MAGGIE: What?

CHRIS (*covering*): We'd have to wear masks.

MAGGIE: Masks?

CHRIS: Ski masks. It's the 35 yard line out there. (*Beat*) I mean, it's 35 degrees out there.

MAGGIE: I've got hot soup and blankets. And we can do some of that snuggling you talked about last night.

CHRIS: Maggie, I'm not going to beg like some typical male sports addict, OK? But if you let me finish this game, I'll take you to every museum in the state.

(*She stares at him. He falls to his knees.*)

Ohpleezeohpleezeohpleezeohpleeze!

MAGGIE (*unmoved*): Would you please go get the Thermos of hot coffee? I left it in the kitchen.

(*He's still on his hands and knees. He starts crawling toward the kitchen.*)

Chris. The TV?

(*CHRIS crawls back to his chair. Picks up the remote. Aims it at the TV. Can't bring himself to do it. Crawls toward the TV, holding the remote up. Wanting to wring every last second of the game out of . . .*)

Chris.

(*He remotes off the TV. Then stares at the dark screen. He sighs. He goes to set the remote down. The TV pops back on.*)

CHRIS: Wow. How did that happen?

(*He watches the game for a second.*)

MAGGIE: Chris.

(*He remotes it off. He stands there.*)

Look, just forget it. This picnic was a stupid idea. I just wanted to start the year off right. But if the Rose Bowl means that much to you—

CHRIS: Thanks, honey.

(*He turns it back on and sits. Then he looks down. He turns it off.*)

No. It doesn't mean that much to me. Nothing means more than you. I know that. And I want you to know that.

(*He walks toward the kitchen.*)

I'll go get that Thermos.

(MAGGIE watches him leave. Then she smiles, pulls back the armchair, and flaps out the blanket. Lays it on the floor. Sets the basket down and pulls out the food. Then she grabs the remote and sits in front of the picnic feast.

(CHRIS comes back in with the Thermos.)

Aren't we going on a picnic?

MAGGIE: You think I'm an idiot? It's 35 degrees out there!

(He smiles. Sits down on the blanket. She hands him a sandwich. Then she remotes on the TV. The sounds of the Rose Bowl can be heard.)

Look at that. Fourth down, line of scrimmage. How much you wanna bet the quarterback goes over the top for the TD?

CHRIS (*amazed*): Wait a minute. I thought you didn't know anything about football.

MAGGIE: I didn't say I didn't know anything. I said I wanted to get to know it better. Maybe if you got to know me better, you'd know that.

CHRIS: Wow.

(*She's engrossed in the game. He's engrossed in her.*)

MAGGIE: See that? He went over for the TD.

CHRIS: Honey, turn the game on.

MAGGIE: I told you he'd do that.

CHRIS: Maggie, turn off the TV.

(*She's still watching.*)

Honey . . . ?

(*The lights begin to fade.*)

Honey, your soup is getting cold.

(*Blackout*)



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