

PLENTY PAPAYA

A ten-minute play

by

Dale Griffiths Stamos

Adapted fromt the short story, "Red Hot Mama," by Nancy Lamb

[EXCERPT]

The living room/kitchen of Margaret Longstreet's home. There is the sound of a key in the lock. ANNA TAGGERT enters. She is carrying two bags of groceries. She begins to put the groceries away.

ANNA

Mama, I've got some groceries for you. Mama...? Ruby...? getting no response, she goes into living room, looks around
Anybody here?

(sees closed bedroom door)

Are you still asleep? It's past noon!

(goes toward bedroom)

And where the hell is Ruby?

(ANNA heads into the bedroom. We hear:)

ANNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Oh my God! What are you...!? Jesus!

(She hurries back out into the kitchen. She has clearly seen something she shouldn't.)

(An elderly gentleman, VICTOR, comes rushing out of the bedroom - to the extent that he can rush. He is zipping up his pants. Which is a challenge, since he is also walking with a cane.)

VICTOR

I'm so sorry, Missy. You weren't supposed to see that. You're Anna, aren't you? It's been a long time. I hear you just had a gallery opening. I'm delighted to see you again.

(he reaches out the hand that had been fiddling with his zipper. Anna, looking disgusted, doesn't take it. He withdraws it sheepishly.)

ANNA

You're... you're Victor Garnet.

VICTOR

In the flesh. Well, so to speak.

ANNA

Governor Victor Garnet.

VICTOR

Former.

ANNA

Yes, well--

VICTOR

Oh dear. I assume your mother didn't... I made her promise she would tell you... You don't know about me.

ANNA

No! And... Where is Ruby?

VICTOR

Oh, we like to give her the afternoon off, the days I visit.

ANNA

The days? How long has this been...?

VICTOR

Coming up on 6 months now.

ANNA

So... right after my mother's stroke?

VICTOR

Your mother is still a vital woman, Anna, believe me.

ANNA

My mother is eighty-two years old!

VICTOR

Well, I'm eighty-three. You got a problem?

ANNA

Yes, I have a problem, I damn well have a--

(At this moment, MARGARET comes buzzing in, in her wheelchair.)

MARGARET

Young lady!

(These words can still stop
Anna in her tracks)

Where are your manners?

ANNA

My... manners? My God, Mother, where are yours?

MARGARET

What I do in the privacy of my own home...

ANNA

Please, don't you think this is just a little inappropriate?

MARGARET

No. I do not. And if you would just be a little more...

VICTOR

Listen... ladies, I see you need to talk this out. I'm going to leave you alone.

(beat)

Happy to see you again.

(ANNA just glares at him.)

Yes, well, better circumstances and all that...

(to MARGARET)

We'll rendezvous later?

MARGARET

Save a place for me at Bingo?

VICTOR

You got it, darlin'!

(He blows her a kiss, she catches it.
He exits.)

ANNA

Mother!

MARGARET

What?

ANNA

Hell, Mama, you can't even move half of your body!

MARGARET

I can still move the parts that count.