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American Association of Community Theatre AACT NewPlayFest Winning Plays: Volume 2 (2016)

Lighthouse by
WILLIAM BAER

Laguna Beach, Ohio by
MALCOLM MACDONALD

Wash, Dry, Fold by
NEDRA PEZOLD ROBERTS

Gracefully Ending by
A.J. DELAUDER

The Emperor of North America by
THOMAS HISCHAK

Shades of Valor by
KAREN L. LEWIS

Get Out of Dodge by
JEANNE DRENNAN

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INTRODUCTION

The American Association of Community Theatre (AACT) is proud to present the seven winning scripts and playwrights of the second AACT NewPlayFest cycle. AACT NewPlayFest is an initiative by AACT to address the critical need for new, high-quality plays for community theatre audiences around the globe. It has been embraced by playwrights and theatres across the country, bringing exciting theatrical journeys to producing companies and joyful realization and anticipation to playwrights and their work.

AACT is pleased to partner with Dramatic Publishing Company for this program. AACT NewPlayFest is unparalleled in new play competitions, providing full productions of the winning scripts, plus publication and rights representation by a major theatrical publisher. Also thanks to Texas Nonprofit Theatres, Inc., for pioneering the way. Its TNT POPS! New Play Project served as the model for AACT NewPlayFest.

This second cycle of AACT NewPlayFest, ending in 2016, proved even more successful than the first. More scripts were submitted, and seven theatres across the country produced world premieres of winning scripts. This festival continues to benefit the producing theatres by giving them the excitement of bringing new works to their patrons, and the playwrights by experiencing quality productions of their work, and publication and representation by Dramatic Publishing. The benefits of AACT NewPlayFest will expand as additional theatres produce these top-notch plays.

We hope you will consider one of these plays for your next season.

Break a leg,

Julie Crawford, Executive Director
American Association of Community Theatre

The American Association of Community Theatre is the resource connection for America's theatres. AACT represents the interests of more than 7,000 theatres across the United States and its territories, as well as theatre companies with the U.S. Armed Services overseas. To learn more about AACT NewPlayFest and AACT go to *aact.org*.

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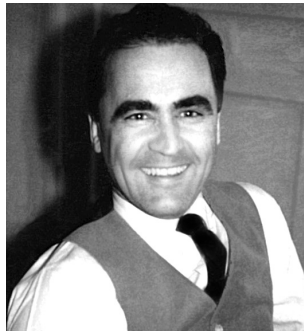
FOREWORD

Jack K. Ayre, born in Pittsburgh on July 9, 1921, celebrated his 90th birthday before passing away in December 2011. At his birthday party in Sunnyvale, Calif., he sang with a barbershop quartet—one of his favorite activities—and celebrated with his cousin and lifelong friend, Frank Ayre Lee. Though as adults they lived on opposite sides of the country, the cousins kept in touch through letters that displayed a love for the written word and an irreverent sense of humor. Jack had participated in theatre productions at Drew University in New Jersey and at a community theatre in Connecticut in his younger years, and continued that interest when he moved to California.

Frank, a chemical engineer by profession, was also an avid aficionado of theatre and had dabbled in playwriting, adapting Rudyard Kipling's *The Jungle Book* for a children's theatre production, and penning *McSteg*, a tongue-in-cheek discourse ribbing his cousin Jack and based on a scene in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*.

The Jack K. Ayre and Frank Ayre Lee Theatre Foundation has been created by the children of Frank as a tribute to their father, who passed away in August 2012, and a legacy for the creative endeavors of Jack, who was an advertising executive and public relations director. The family is pleased to honor both men through a lasting legacy promoting new works for theatre.



Jack K. Ayre

Frank Ayre Lee

Photos: Courtesy of the Jack K. Ayre and Frank Ayre Lee Theatre Foundation.

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Gracefully Ending

By
A.J. DELAUDER

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Gracefully Ending was premiered by Theatre Arlington in Arlington, Texas, on July 1, 2016, with the following cast:

Beth ..... Lindsay Hayward
Andrew ..... Parker Fitzgerald
Margret ..... Sherri Britton
Hank ..... Dave Harper
Dr. Jimenez ..... Omar Padilla

Production:
Director ..... Jim Johnson
Stage Manager ..... Ashley Moseley
Scenic Design/Technical Director ..... Anthony Curtis
Lighting Design ..... Kyle Harris
Sound Design ..... Bill Eickenloff
Costume Design ..... Costumes by Dusty
Properties ..... Cathy Prichett
Scenic Artist ..... Roxanne Mather
Sound Operator ..... Fay Brewer
Backstage Crew ..... Maria Pope
Graphic Designer ..... Jewel Kissell
Photographer ..... Eric Younkin

In addition to the information on the Important Billing and Credit Requirements page (p. 3), all producers of the play must include the following acknowledgment on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the play and on all advertising and promotional materials:

"*Gracefully Ending* was premiered in the American Association of Community Theatre's AACT NewPlayFest by Theatre Arlington in Arlington, Texas."

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Gracefully Ending

CHARACTERS

BETH: A middle-aged woman.
ANDREW: Beth's adult son.
MARGRET: Beth's elderly, widowed mother.
HANK: Margaret's deceased husband.
DR. JIMENEZ: A local practitioner from Nicaragua.

TIME: 2009
PLACE: Margaret's rural, mountian home in West Virginia.

For Dorotha and Donna

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Gracefully Ending

ACT I

SCENE 1

(December, 2009.

As the lights come up, BETH is sweeping in the kitchen. She sweeps up a pile of dirt and looks around for a dustpan. Eyeing the dustpan across the room, she retrieves it and begins struggling to single-handedly sweep the pile into the dustpan.

After three or four attempts, she succeeds and empties the pan into an empty trash bag.

ANDREW enters during the process and watches her strained efforts. He holds several boxes in his arms. BETH finishes, stands up and catches his stare.)

BETH. No, it's fine. I'll take care of it. Don't worry about helping. *(Looks at her watch.)* Something happen to your car?

ANDREW *(sets down the boxes)*. No. My car is fine.

BETH. I thought we agreed to meet at six.

ANDREW. There wasn't any agreement. You commanded me to be here.

BETH. Well, I release you. Go on home.

(BETH crosses into the bedroom, retrieves some clothes and reappears a few seconds later. She dumps the clothes on the floor of the living room. ANDREW stares, unmoving.)

BETH *(cont'd)*. Bring me one of those boxes.

(He does so.)

ANDREW. It's a forty-five minute drive back. I didn't come all the way over here just to drop off a few boxes. *(He takes off his jacket and puts it on the coat rack by the door.)* Where do you want me to start?

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(BETH points to a pile of magazines in the middle of the living room.)

BETH. Take a trash bag from the kitchen and go through those.

(He does so.)

ANDREW. What do you want to do with them?

(BETH begins folding clothes and resolutely stuffing them into the box as she speaks.)

BETH. Throw them away or keep them, doesn't matter to me.

(ANDREW sits down and examines the magazines.)

ANDREW. What would I do with an *AARP Monthly*?
BETH. Then it's trash.
ANDREW. Just like that? You're not keeping any?
BETH. There's no room for nostalgia. Toss 'em.
ANDREW *(reading)*. What about *Better Homes and—*
BETH. I don't want them, Andrew. Unless you want one of them, they all go in the trash. Everything goes in the trash. *(She forcefully continues stuffing.)* Are you going to be decent and tell me your excuse?

(ANDREW tosses a magazine away.)

ANDREW. For what?
BETH *(stops and looks at him)*. Showing up an hour late.
ANDREW. I had to stop in town to get gas.
BETH. I didn't know filling up a car took so long.
ANDREW. You know how that place is—you walk in and see everyone. I got sucked into conversations.
BETH. With who?
ANDREW. Lots of people. Dane Sanders was there. Tim Stemple from out on Horton's ridge. Jessie was there with his dad checking in a deer …
BETH *(begins throwing clothes in the box again)*. Jessie, of course Jessie was there. I'm glad to know plans with your mother fall second to gas station conversations with people like him.

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ANDREW *(stops sorting)*. You want help or not?

(BETH finishes packing the first box, folds it closed and begins packing a second box. Her head is down and her voice quietly seethes.)

BETH. I want a son who lives up to his word. You know, I'm flexible. I can adjust. But you have to tell me. I don't want to be out here by myself, working like an idiot, when I've got other things to do. And I especially don't want to do it when the one person who was supposed to help me is screwing around with his friends down at the gas station … And hurry up with those magazines.

ANDREW. I'm working! I'm working! *(He resumes his work.)* Did you want an apology or something?

BETH. This past month hasn't been enjoyable for me, Andrew. And tonight's work was probably going to be the hardest.

ANDREW. It hasn't been all flowers and parties for me, either.

BETH. Oh no?

ANDREW. No … I broke up with Chelsea yesterday.

BETH. The Lord answers prayers after all!

ANDREW. You know, if you aren't unhappy with my choice in friends, you're moaning and complaining about my choice in girls. If both of those seem to fit your bill, for some mysterious reason, then you complain about where I'm working or my job or going back to school or … or … anything! It just never stops with you! And I'll say this much for Jessie—at least *he* knows how to pick up a phone when I call him and ask for help.

(BETH and ANDREW continue to stuff magazines and clothes into their respective containers, the force of their efforts gradually increasing as the conversation heats.)

BETH. You shouldn't have been making that call in the first place.

ANDREW. You could've at least picked up the phone.

BETH. I don't answer calls after midnight, Andrew.

ANDREW. I don't usually make them!

BETH. Let's hope so. Getting rid of that girl was a good start. She was trailer park trash, Andrew. Plain and simple. You deserve better than that.

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ANDREW. Maybe I do, maybe I don't. Either way, she wasn't trash. You made her into that *after* you found out she grew up in a trailer park. You wanted to make her into a stereotype for your own convenience.

BETH. Andrew, there's a fine line between living in a trailer park and acting like you live in a trailer park. Don't get the two confused. I never said there was anything wrong with growing up poor—there's even some pride in it. But that girl falls on the wrong side of the fence! And those tattoos! What kind of a self-respecting girl gets those? If your grandmother caught me with something like that on my body, she would have carved it off with a steak knife!

(BETH finishes packing the second box and closes it up.)

ANDREW. And everyone knows how happy she made you.

BETH. Andrew …

ANDREW *(cinches the garbage bag)*. Don't shoot the messenger. I'm just callin' it like I see it. Or saw it, rather. And it's a little hypocritical for you to judge anyone's home situation when you barely have one yourself.

BETH. I don't need reminders.

(BETH crosses into the kitchen, grabs some plates from a cabinet, brings them back to the boxes in the living room and begins opening a third box. ANDREW also crosses to the kitchen, where he grabs an unopened garbage bag off the kitchen table. He speaks as he walks back.)

ANDREW. I wouldn't want reminders, either. Who wants to be reminded of their own faults when they're busy enjoying the troubles of others? That takes all of the fun out of it. *(Stuffs a magazine in violently.)* How is the half-way house, by the way?

(She slams a plate back on its stack, creating a loud noise.)

BETH. Stop it!

ANDREW. Oops. I said something I wasn't supposed to, didn't I?

(BETH puts her head down and then goes back to work. ANDREW watches for a second before doing the same.)

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BETH *(softly)*. Did you come all the way up here to belittle me?

ANDREW. You *made* me come up here, remember?

BETH. No, I *asked* you to come up, and I *told* you a time so we could meet. And because I thought you cared about your grandmother! Because I thought you might want to remember her in some way.

ANDREW. Where did you get me not caring about her? I cared about her. I still do.

BETH. You didn't seem enthused when I called.

ANDREW. You called on short notice and on the same day that I broke up with my girlfriend. I'm sorry if I didn't jump at the chance to rifle through a bunch of my deceased grandmother's magazines. I'm sorry I'm not jumping for joy over the prospects of divvying up a bunch of ancient khakis from the seventies. Then again, I'm not the one who needed a place to live, am I? But, I'll tell you what—I did at least pick up the phone when you called.

BETH. Please. I don't want to fight, just a reason.

ANDREW. But you wanted an apology. You always want me to apologize.

BETH. I just wanted some help. But you're right—this is going to be my house and it's my responsibility. So, if you're unhappy, you don't have to stay.

ANDREW. Fine.

(ANDREW goes to exit and is nearly out the door before BETH speaks.)

BETH. Wait, Andrew … I …

ANDREW *(turning)*. What is it now? You got something else you need to get off your chest? Don't like my clothes? Maybe my shoes aren't the right color? What?

(BETH reaches into her pocket and pulls out a bottle of prescription pills.)

BETH. No. I—I found this under the counter.

ANDREW. What are those?

BETH. They're the meds I got for Mother, the ones she got so upset about.

ANDREW. I'm surprised they're not in the garbage.

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BETH. They probably should be. Things got a bit crazy.
ANDREW. So? Big deal. Throw them away.
BETH. They were a mistake, weren't they?
ANDREW. It was a wild night. A lot of things happened … I don't think it was a mistake. Then again, I didn't order them up, so that's for you to decide.
BETH. You know, after she passed, I blamed myself. I thought, oh my god, what if I did something that contributed to her passing away? What if they caused it? I didn't know any of the side effects.
ANDREW. There's not a jury in the world that would convict you.

(BETH sits back down at the boxes of plates and begins gently folding them shut.)

BETH. I'm not worried about going to jail, Andrew. It's not like that. I simply wanted to, I don't know—It was all I could think of. Maybe it was unoriginal …
ANDREW. The whole country is messed up, believe me. It's totally unoriginal. But giving an old woman anti-depressants isn't illegal.
BETH. There's just so much that you didn't know about her and I did.

(She finishes closing up the boxes and tries to lift the plate box. He crosses to her and takes it. She then grabs the remaining two boxes of clothing.)

ANDREW. You can't know everything … Where are we taking these boxes?
BETH. Out to the porch. I'm taking them to the Salvation Army tomorrow … Andrew, I knew more about her than she knew about herself, especially at the end. She was losing it. I had to do something.
ANDREW. I know. I was there.

(They walk into the mudroom and set down the boxes.)

BETH. But it was so much more. *(Turning back around and looking inside.)* Oh, grab those magazines. We'll take them down to the fire pit. I don't want to trip over them all night.
ANDREW. OK.

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(ANDREW crosses back into the living room and grabs the bags of magazines. She speaks to him as he crosses.)

BETH. Now, like I was saying, you only witnessed a portion of it. I was the one who came over first and discovered her … Well, you wouldn't believe it, but I'll get to that. Anyway, I had gotten a call that morning from Tom and Anita, from down the road, and they said that the night before they saw her lights on at two in the morning and became concerned …

(ANDREW crosses out of the living room and the stage lights go down slightly. MARGRET appears opposite and slowly begins entering while holding an old military jacket. BETH closes the door behind ANDREW once he crosses, and they slowly begin exiting through the mudroom.)

BETH *(cont'd)*. Tom came over and found her face down in the middle of the kitchen floor. She had … dooty on herself, I suppose that's the polite terminology, and she wasn't in her night gown. He cleaned her up and put her into bed.

(BETH and ANDREW exit. BETH continues in voice over.)

BETH *(cont'd, V.O.)*. But she never gave a reason for the accident. I was scared when I found out, because Tom and Anita were going South the next day, and Mother would've been left alone out here on the farm, not to mention there was that horrible snowstorm coming in. I knew I had to help her in some way …

(Lights fade.)

SCENE 2

(November, 2009. One month before.

The stage is now set without the magazines and without the boxes. A wild, almost jazz-like clarinet solo begins. MARGRET sits in her chair, staring at the jacket and slowly swaying back and forth.

BETH enters unnoticed, holding two white lunch bags, watching the dance. As BETH speaks, the music slowly dies out.)

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BETH *(loudly).* Mother?

(MARGRET stops swaying.)

MARGRET. Oh.

(BETH comes to her side.)

BETH. What are you doing with Daddy's jacket?
MARGRET. What?
BETH *(loudly).* I said, what are you doing with Daddy's jacket? It shouldn't be out.
MARGRET. I was just … What are you doin' here?
BETH. It's Saturday.

(MARGRET hangs the jacket on a coat rack near the kitchen door.)

MARGRET. It's what?
BETH. It's SATURDAY. I BROUGHT FOOD.
MARGRET. Say again? I didn't realize it was—
BETH *(still loudly).* Mother, where is your hearing-aid?
MARGRET. I put it on the … it's on the … *(Looks around and gestures.)* It's on the table.

(BETH gets it for her.)

BETH. Will you put it in? For my sake, please?
MARGRET. I don't need it. *(She puts the device in anyway.)*
BETH. There. Better?
MARGRET. I didn't need it.
BETH. Sure. Let's try this again. I said I brought food.
MARGRET. Well, good. Is it from the Woodmill?
BETH. Yes, but I want you to know I had to wait for nearly half an hour to get it. The place was packed to the gills.

(MARGRET sits at the kitchen table.)

MARGRET. It's morning time. Fannie always has a good crowd in the morning.
BETH. She needs to hire more staff. Why don't we try the new place out on Lake road?

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MARGRET. Absolutely not. I've been eatin' food from the Woodmill for a long time, and I don't have any plans on changin' now. What'd you get me?

(BETH joins her at the table and hands her one of the food bags.)

BETH. A BLT, what else? Fannie put an extra pickle in there.
MARGRET. Of course she did. She always does. She's a sweetheart, that Fannie.
BETH. She'd be more of a sweetheart if she hired a few staff members.

(MARGRET begins eating with moderate success. BETH watches for a second and then unwraps her food.)

BETH *(cont'd, looking at MARGRET's bandaged arm).* What happened to your arm?
MARGRET. What?
BETH. Don't start playing that again. I know you can hear me. I said what happened to your arm.
MARGRET. It's nothin'. Nothin' to worry about.
BETH. Mother!
MARGRET. I said not to worry about it. Eat your food.
BETH. I'm not ten years old. I want to know what happened.
MARGRET. If I tell you, will you let it be?
BETH. Probably not.
MARGRET. Well, I was walkin' back to the bedroom, and I ran right into the bedroom door frame. I suppose I lost my balance a bit. Didn't realize I'd hurt myself till I looked down and saw a little blood drippin' out. Then I went into the bathroom and bandaged it up … And that's all there is to it. See? Nothin' to worry about.
BETH. Uh huh.
MARGRET. Did you happen to talk to Fannie today?
BETH. She was too busy. Sent the food out. I'll try and talk to her the next time I'm in … So, you just bumped into the door frame?
MARGRET. Yep.
BETH. Seems like you must've bumped it pretty hard to draw blood.
MARGRET. I guess I did. Like I said, I didn't realize it until I looked down … Did I ever tell you that Fannie and me accidentally got goosy once at the Harvest festival? We were there to meet this fella by the name of Rod from Tunnelton—

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BETH. Yes, you've told me. At least a dozen times. Now, how did you wrap up your arm? Are there blood marks on the floor between the bedroom and the bathroom?

MARGRET. Why, no … I suppose I wrapped my hand around it and hurried to the sink. There wasn't much blood. It's just a scrape.

BETH. But you said you saw it dripping?

MARGRET. I know what I said. How is work at the bank?

BETH. It's great. Fine. Business as usual. But—

MARGRET. How is everything else? You seein' anybody?

BETH. Only you, if that counts.

MARGRET. You oughta find yourself a nice fella, like that Shaffer boy. You ever call him like I told ya to?

BETH. Daniel Shaffer wouldn't stoop to pay me attention.

MARGRET. But he's a good man, got a good job at the university. He's smart.

BETH. I wouldn't know the first thing to say to him.

MARGRET. How about starting with "hello"?

BETH. Drop it, Mother.

MARGRET. But it wouldn't hurt you to—

BETH. Mother.

MARGRET. All right. Then read me the paper.

BETH. Right now?

MARGRET. No, next month.

BETH. I don't appreciate being commanded.

MARGRET. Are ya gonna read me the paper or not?

(BETH pulls out the newspaper.)

BETH. Give me a second … *(She opens it.)* The headline reads: Giant snowstorm bearing down on—

MARGRET. No, no, I don't want to hear that. Read me the obituaries.

BETH. Why? There's happier news on the front page. This snowstorm is a big deal.

MARGRET. I'm not concerned about it. Storms only matter to those out in 'em, and I ain't got plans. 'Sides, there won't be no snowstorm. The first big snow of the year can't come until the river is high, and it ain't been rainin'.

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BETH. You don't know that for sure. *(Reads.)* Says snow is going to start falling this evening, possibly up to six to eight inches by tomorrow morning.

MARGRET. Won't happen. Read me the obituaries.

(BETH flips to the page.)

BETH. Anyone you're looking for in particular?

MARGRET. Oh, no one in particular. Everyone's a good candidate.

BETH *(reading)*. All right. Here's the first—Trisha Marie Rodeheaver, age seventy-four, from Morgantown—

MARGRET. Next. I don't need to hear about people dyin' in another county.

BETH. Dale Everett Hauser, age eighty-nine, from Lennox—

MARGRET. Next. Don't know anyone in Lennox.

BETH. Here's one not too far away. Steven Joseph Clinton—I wonder if he's any relation—Steven Joseph Clinton, age seventy-seven, from Oakdale.

MARGRET. Liked the president, but never heard of him. Next.

BETH. Oh. I didn't know about this …

MARGRET. What?

BETH. And his wife just passed away five weeks ago …

MARGRET. Who is it?

BETH. Bob Van Dern passed away.

MARGRET. He did? Well, then the fires in hell must be burnin' a little brighter today.

BETH. Are we talking about the same person? The man who ran the feed store?

MARGRET. One and the same.

BETH. I went in his store dozens of times, and he was never anything other than extremely nice. Andrew used to ride his bike over when he was little, and Bob would let him have sodas for free. Where'd you get that he was bad?

MARGRET. Robert—no one called him Bob back then—tortured me for two whole years in high school. Stole my books, put things in my hair, said horrible things about me. I couldn't stand him. If it hadn't been for your father protectin' me, I don't know what I woulda done.

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