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Dramatic Publishing

PANDORA'S REVENGE

A One-act Sinister Comedy

by

PAT COOK



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • London, England • Melbourne, Australia

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(PANDORA'S REVENGE)

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**“Produced by special arrangement with
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PANDORA'S REVENGE

**A One-act Sinister Comedy
For 1 man and 1 woman**

CHARACTERS

IDA SIMPKINS . . . A quarrelsome woman in her mid-70s.

**MARVIN HANOVER A pushy, sharp-tongued
insurance salesman.**

TIME: The present.

PLACE: Ida's living room.

PANDORA'S REVENGE

SETTING: *This quaint intrigue is set in the living room of IDA SIMPKINS. The room is very old-fashioned to match the personality of IDA herself. Various old gilt-framed pictures populate the walls and yellowing embroideries decorate the furniture. There are three doors utilized in the floor plan. The first, or front, door is located R and leads out. The second door, which leads to the kitchen, is located on the U wall and the third door, leading to the bedroom, resides on the L wall. The furniture is of the overstuffed variety of years ago. A couch and matching chair and a coffee table reside almost C in the room. A small writing table with accompanying chair is located on the L wall. On this table sets a radio, a clock and a framed picture with its back to the audience. The rest of the room is rounded out with various small tables, lamps and knick-knacks befitting the owner.*

BEFORE THE LIGHTS COME UP: *A radio news broadcast is heard.*

ANNOUNCER. ...and the Governor pledges to look into the matter if he can get out of his golf game with Japan's Prime Minister. A little matter of goodwill and hands across the sea, he replied. Locally, a terrible accident occurred last night at the twenty-four-hundred block

of Cypress when a hit-and-run driver ran down a young couple just after nine o'clock. Harold Borden and his wife, Arlene, were walking down to the corner store when they were struck down. The couple was discovered by a neighbor, but no one has come forward with a description of the driver or the vehicle. Presumably drunk, the driver also ran over several trash cans, a park bench and a Siamese cat. (*Lights come up in the room.*) Police advise that if anyone has any information regarding the accident, please contact them immediately.

(*IDA enters from the kitchen with a tray containing a pitcher and two glasses.*)

ANNOUNCER. You may call your local station house or simply dial 911. (*IDA places the tray on the coffee table. She then looks at the radio and shakes her head.*) Again, that was the twenty-four-hundred block of Cypress about nine last night. (*She moves to the radio.*) As to the weather, we seem to be in for another round of evening thunderstorms. Now, to our staff meteorologist, Troy Mondello...

IDA (*turns off the radio*). Meteorologist. He intones like he's some bigwig or other. (*She yells at the radio.*) He's a weatherman! (*Back to talking to herself.*) Meteorologist, hmp! Makes it sound like he just got off a spaceship or something. (*She moves to the couch.*) Not newsmen anymore, either. They're either some "staff analyzer" or "behind-the-scenes researcher." (*She sits on the couch and pours a glass of tea.*) People these days. Can't trust any of them. Bunch of pompous rowdies trying to get away with something and then when they get

caught, they up and sues somebody else! People should learn they have to pay for what they do. You play the tune, you have to pay the piper, that's what Daddy used to say. 'Course you can't call him "Daddy" anymore. No, he's a parental unit! This decade stinks. *(She starts to sip her tea.)* Whoa, better not. Save it for company *(She then looks at the clock.)* Where is that insurance man? 'Course he's late. I'm sure when I tell him he's late he'll probably blame his watch and then try to sue the maker. *(She puts her glass down and moves to the front door.)* People these days! Can't depend on any of them. *(She looks out the peephole in the door.)* Where IS he? I hope he's one'a those flashy types, I'm sure he is. *(She moves back to the couch.)* Probably can't call him an insurance salesman either, I'll bet you. He's probably a "lifestyle adjuster" or something stupid like that. He'll probably ask me how many years YOUNG I am. That's what they always say when you're old. How many years YOUNG. Like it takes you seventy-four years to get YOUNG. That's a long time to wait to get young. *(Her doorbell rings.)* There's that flashy creep with all his political correctness and snappy jargon. *(She rises and moves to the door.)* I'll fix him, he won't get past me.

(She opens the door and MARVIN enters, carrying a briefcase.)

MARVIN. Good evening. Ms. Thorndyke?

IDA. It's Mrs., I ain't afraid to say it.

MARVIN. Fine. *(He enters and looks around the room.)* I believe we have an appointment.

IDA. You're late.

MARVIN. Oh, yes, terribly sorry. *(He shakes his wrist.)*

My watch must be running slow.

IDA. Then you'll fit right in here. Sit down.

MARVIN *(indicates his watch)*. Look at this thing. One of the best on the market, Swiss movement.

IDA. You ought to buy American.

MARVIN. Oh, I do. This was a gift. My car is an American brand.

IDA *(looks out the door)*. Yeah, I'm impressed. *(She looks hard.)*

MARVIN. Oh, you're one of those no-nonsense types, I like that.

IDA *(closes the door)*. Then you'll be just tickled with me. *(She moves to MARVIN and feels his sleeve.)* What a coat.

MARVIN. Oh, this is a Jordan Kartrell spring-and-summer-disco-blazer.

IDA. Yeah? We used to call them "coats."

MARVIN. You like it?

IDA. Looks like an awning down on Travis. *(She moves to the couch and indicates the chair to MARVIN.)* Park it.

MARVIN. Thank you. *(He places his briefcase on the coffee table.)* Is that iced tea?

IDA. Yep. *(She sits.)* 'Course, I call it a Lipton spring-and-summer-afternoon-thirst-slaker.

MARVIN. Uh, that's good.

IDA *(hands him the glass of tea)*. Have some.

MARVIN. Don't mind if I do. *(He takes the glass.)* You say you're married?

IDA. I was. Husband passed away eight years ago

MARVIN. Oh, I'm so sorry.

IDA. Why? It wasn't your fault.