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The May Queen

By

MOLLY SMITH METZLER

Dramatic Publishing Company

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“*The May Queen* was further developed and produced by Geva Theatre Center, Rochester, N.Y., Mark Cuddy, Artistic Director, Tom Parrish, Executive Director.”

The May Queen was commissioned and premiered by Chautauqua Theater Company on July 18, 2014.

CAST:

David LundGreg Fallick
Mike Petracca..... Joe Tippett
Gail GillespieMary Bacon
Nicole Chee..... Kate Eastman
Jennifer NashEmma Duncan

PRODUCTION:

Director Vivienne Benesch
Scenic DesignerLauren Helpern
Costume Designer..... Tracy Christensen
Lighting Designer Scott Bolman
Sound Designer..... Steven Cahill
Stage Manager Bonnie Brady
Assistant Stage Manager.....Jessica Kidwell
Production Assistant..... Jade Cagalawan
Assistant Director..... Britt Faulkner
Dramaturgy Marlee Koenigsberg

The May Queen

CHARACTERS

DAVID LUND (29-30): Extremely hardworking and sensitive; goes to school full time while working full time. Has never sat at the cool table, missed a day of work or purchased an item he didn't first research on *Consumer Reports*. An only child from the really poor part of Kingston. Dresses like the guy in *Blue's Clues*.

MIKE PETRACCA (35-36): Charismatic. Handsome. Big-brotherly. Warm. Always looks like he has just gone for a run and often has. Has a mysterious, winning confidence—kinda like Derek Jeter's. Popular with the ladies. But he has spent more nights on a bar stool than he should and is maybe on the sad side of 35 now.

GAIL GILLESPIE (late 40s): Mom of two. Positive. Always smells good. Always looks good. Makes perfect brownies. Has never been to Europe (or college). Is also a licensed freelance masseur, fitness instructor and craft enthusiast. Watches *Dr. Oz* every day for age-fighting tips.

NICOLE (23): Their supervisor. Younger than all of them by a lot. In fact, she should look way too young to be in any kind of managerial position period. Not from this town. Painfully needy. Physically tiny, if possible.

JENNIFER NASH (33): Back in her hometown for the first time since 1999. She is kind. Just a sweet soul through and through.

PLACE

We are in a boutique insurance company in Kingston, N.Y., (90 miles north of New York City) called The Vallor Group. The office is small, recessed, out of date and not thriving. The entire play takes place in a “pod,” a cubicle structure containing four desks/work stations (with swivel chairs) for four employees.

The four desks in the pod look like this:

1. A pristine, immaculate desk (Dave’s)
2. A bomb-went-off desk covered in Taco Bell wrappers (Mike’s)
3. An over-decorated, tiki-themed desk complete with bamboo rug, hanging beads, island flowers, totem pole trinkets, beach-scene wallpaper, exotic lamp and fake palm tree (Gail’s)
4. An empty desk, with a nonswivel chair

TIME

Late winter, not quite spring. The time of year that is sludgy, sad and your taxes are due.

The May Queen

SCENE 1

(In the darkness, we hear Caribbean, calypso, happy-hour music, something in the vein of “Awimaway.” It plays through a stanza or two.

Lights up on the empty pod.

The only movement are the sound-activated dancing hula girl toys GAIL GILLESPIE has all over her desk—they go off at nine o’clock every day and jam out to the song.

DAVID LUND enters. He looks at the fiesta happening on GAIL’s desk. Sighs. I hate this place. Makes his way to his desk, turns his lamp on and starts drinking a huge coffee while turning his computer on.

The music ends, and GAIL’s screen saver kicks in—the sound of sqwawking seagulls and crashing ocean waves. MIKE PETRACCA enters.)

MIKE *(turning GAIL’s computer way up)*. YES! Turn it up!
I love these seagulls! *(In perfect unison with the seagulls.)*
BA-CAWWW!!!! BA-CAW / WWWWW!

DAVE. Mike? ... What are you / doing here?—

MIKE. Wait wait wait, hold up—here he comes—The Big Guy. *(In perfect unison with the seagulls.)* BA-SQWACK
BA-SQWACKAWW ... BA-SCWAAAANK ... BA-
SCAWWWWWWWWW!! *(Laughing.)* YEAH BIG GUY.

DAVE. You’re *not* supposed to be in the office today, Mike—

MIKE. I had *great* weekend, thanks. *(British accent.)*
Indubitably I did.

DAVE. You're not allowed to be in the office today, Mike.

You're *suspended* from / the office—

MIKE. Will you Relax? I'm just dropping off a cupcake. It is my God-Given right to drop off cupcakes if and when I so elect to drop said cupcakes in this country of America, *Dave*.

(MIKE holds up a cupcake from Crumbs, then proceeds to drunkenly place it in the drawer of the empty desk.)

DAVE. Oh my God are you drunk?

MIKE. Nothing. What do you even? What's that supposed to—?

DAVE. It's nine o'clock in the morning. Who gets drunk at nine o'clock in / the morning?—

MIKE. Not me I don't know what's talking. All I've had to drink is Gatorade, *the Fresh Maker*. No wait that's Mentos!
(Laughing.)

DAVE. Oh. My. God . . . Mike, you didn't *drive* here, did you?

MIKE. No, man, I walked. On the wild side. Doo do-do, doo do do do doo / do do do oo

DAVE. OK we gotta get you outta here—did anyone see you come in? Did you talk to anyone?

(MIKE won't stop laughing.)

DAVE *(cont'd)*. Mike! Have you interacted with anyone in the office?

MIKE *(pointing at DAVE's striped shirt, cannot stop laughing)*. Sorry . . . your shirt. The *Blue's Clues* shirt. I just . . . I can't take you seriously when you're wearing that . . .
(Laughing hysterically.)

(DAVE exits to the hallway, investigating who's here, what to do.)

MIKE (*cont'd*). No wait, don't leave, don't leave, Dave.

Dave! Did you get your paper done? (*Beat.*) DAVE! DID YOU/ GET YOUR—

DAVE (*coming back in*). Shut up! Yes. I got my paper done.

MIKE. *Boom!* You got it done. Got it did. How long was it? (*Beat.*) DAVE! HOW / LONG WAS IT?

DAVE. Shut up! It was twenty five pages. OK, no one's in the hall—we'll go out the back.

MIKE. Are you mad at me?

DAVE. No.

MIKE. Who are you calling?

DAVE. Gail.

MIKE. Oh. I like Gail. Tell Gail about Cupcake—It's Red Velvet. Not Blue Velvet. *That* is a movie. (*Laughing, like Fresh Maker.*) *The Fresh Movie.*

DAVE. Here, I want you to drink this water—

MIKE (*vehemently knocking the cup of water*). NO.

DAVE. Then put your head down and be quiet.

MIKE (*sadly*). ... I'm thirsty.

DAVE. *You put your head down right now— (Into his phone.)*

Hey, are you almost here? (*Turning, into the phone.*) Can you pull up out back by the loading dock? (*Whispers.*) Mike's drunk.

MIKE. TELL GAIL I SAID HI.

DAVE. Shut Up! I'm serious—*Nicole is here*—and / I don't want you to get fired—

MIKE. Oh, *Nicole's* here. Well that Changes Everything. I didn't know that / *Nicole's* here.

DAVE (*into his cellphone*). Hey—OK—thanks, we'll be right out— (*To MIKE.*) Why are you taking your pants off?

MIKE. I'm going to show Nicole my anus.

DAVE. No. Cmon. Let's get / your pants on—

MIKE. Was it single-spaced or double, Dave? The paper.

DAVE. Double. OK, come on, work with me—we're going to / the loading dock—

MIKE. DOUBLE-SPACED! YEAH! GO HIGH!!! I'm proud of you, little Dave Man. *(Suddenly very earnest.)* Little Dave Man's getting an A. No seriously, I feel it. *(About the coat DAVE's trying to put on him.)* No! A Triple A-plus. And then you're gonna graduate magna cum lochness and then you're gonna GET THE HELL OUT OF THIS OFFICE *WHERE BITCHES WORK!* THAT'S RIGHT I'M TALKING TO YOU, NICOLE, YOU STEAMING PIECE OF BEAST SHIT / FLOATING IN A TOILET OF HELL NAMED NICOLE! I HATE YOU, NICOLE, YOU ASS-BITCH! I HATE YOU, I HATE—

DAVE. OK—shhh—Cmon—shhh—cmon—shhh! SHH! SHHH!

(DAVE puts the coat over MIKE's head and physically carries him out.)

MIKE. Tell her Cupcake's from me, Dave! TELL HER CUPCAKE IS FROM ME!

(Lights down.)

SCENE 2

(In darkness, we hear the same Caribbean, calypso, happy-hour music from the top of the show. Again, it plays through a stanza or two.

Lights up on the empty pod.

DAVE enters, dressed in new clothes. Otherwise, it's Groundhog Day: he looks at the fiesta on GAIL's desk, sighs, I hate this place, goes to his desk, turns on the lights and drinks a huge coffee.

GAIL enters.)

GAIL. Woo! Are we having a great morning or what?! I just taught two Zumba classes, ran a three-k, and made blueberry pancakes using Organic blueberries and you know what? They *do* make a difference, Dave. They're less tart and more plucky. And Ron was like, "FEED ME, SEYMOUR!" You know, from *Little Shop of Horrors*? And we all *laughed and laughed* and it was a moment of true joy ... and *that* is where I'm going to focus my energy today. On *positivity*.

DAVE. Bad morning, Gail?

GAIL (*yes*). She's trying to kill me, Dave. She got *fired* from Claire's Boutique, which means she's done it, Dave. My amazing daughter has successfully gotten herself fired from *every* store listed on the damn directory at the Hudson Valley Mall. But wait, I need to tell you the best part, Dave, are you ready for this? Guess *when* she got fired.

DAVE. When.

GAIL. *Six weeks ago*. Oh yes. She's just been *letting me and Ron drop her off at the mall every morning* so she can spend all day eating Pinkberry with her friends and spray-tanning herself a deep oompa loompa bronze. She's a monster, Dave, and she's never moving out of my house and I have to teach six extra classes this week to support my loser family but *that's not where I need to focus my energy today*, is it.

DAVE. No.

GAIL. *That's not where I need to focus my energy!* (*Perky!*)
So how are you? You having a good morning?

DAVE. No.

GAIL. Well, you better get yourself a second cup of Keurig then, Grumpy, because your day's about to get a whole lot worse ... didn't you see what's out in the hallway for us???

DAVE (*the audit*). ... Oh no. No no / no—

GAIL. YEP!

DAVE. But I was going to write a paper today for psychopathology class—

GAIL. NOPE it's audit time baby! And we're already down a set of hands with Mike out so we need to get pumped and excited! / Are you pumped and excited?!

DAVE. Son of a bitch.

(DAVE puts his head down.)

GAIL. OK, honey, you take a few minutes over there and feel your feels. It's a very important thing to do. Otherwise, that negativity can fester up inside. *(Bringing in boxes.) Speaking of—did Mike swing by your house last night? (Impatient.)* David.

DAVE. Yes. Mike stopped by my house last night and told me his feels.

GAIL. And? What'd ya get?

DAVE. A bottle of Jameson. With no sense of irony.

GAIL. Well, *I* got a dozen gerber daisies, a bottle of my favorite bath salts, *and* he took my car to get it detailed this morning. He must be feeling really bad this time, the poor kid.

DAVE. The "poor kid" is thirty-five, Gail. And barfed in your car after trying to show Nicole his Drunk Anus.

(GAIL laughs.)

DAVE *(cont'd)*. It's *not* funny.

GAIL. Oh, it's deeply funny, honey. That little twerp deserves some ass in the face.

DAVE. Gail.

GAIL. What? Haven't you ever had a few too many and done something hilarious?

DAVE. No.

GAIL. Well I have and I can tell you: it's a normal part of life.

Ron and I still get blitzed every third Saturday with Greg and Darla and it's *essential* to do from time to time. Gotta let off steam.

DAVE. At nine a.m.?

(GAIL laughs again.)

DAVE *(cont'd)*. It is not funny. Nothing about yesterday was funny, *especially* since Mike's not supposed to drink to excess, not ever, and, *as we both know— (Quietly.)* he was that drunk in here like that on Thursday, too.

GAIL *(terrible liar)*. ... When? *Last Thursday?* I didn't notice—

DAVE. Yes you did. He came back from Bennigans all red-faced and said, "Where's the stapler," but he said it like, *(Slurs.)* "Wheresss the sstaplerrrr," and then he spent forty minutes Xeroxing his face.

(Beat.)

GAIL. All right, fine. Fine. So he's been hitting the bottle a little hard recently, but I don't think we need to call that *Intervention* show.

DAVE. No but Something's *up* with him the last few weeks. And I don't just mean the drinking ... *(Listing.)* Always scrolling through his phone, not listening, tapping his feet nervously, repeating the same stories ... *(Carefully.)* You don't think he might be regressing?

GAIL. *No*. I think he's a little bit nervous about something and it'll pass.

DAVE. Yeah but what's he nervous about?

GAIL. I dunno—maybe the fact that Kingston is the new Winterfell and Spring is Never Coming because it's NOT.

DAVE. ... OK, I'm good—this is—

GAIL. *Give me the weight of your / head—*

NICOLE (*harsh clearing of throat*). *Ahem.*

(They turn. NICOLE is standing there, wearing an overstated suit. She is insanely young. When she speaks, it is with bone dry and humorless awkwardness, but she somehow also comes across as deeply needy.

There is a woman with her, hovering behind her. This is JENNIFER NASH.)

NICOLE (*cont'd*). Gail. David.

(Beat.

Beat.)

NICOLE (*cont'd*). I thought we spoke about massage therapy in the office.

(Beat.)

GAIL. Oh—hey—Nicole—good morning. Yeah, no—Dave just had a kink in his neck so I was—

NICOLE. Doing massage therapy in the office. Yet again.

(Beat.)

NICOLE (*cont'd*). Gail. Massage therapy is one of your many freelance businesses and is therefore not appropriate in the work place. Also, massage therapy in the work place is a violation of health and personal space codes, not to mention that the “pleasure sounds” wafting from this pod could negatively affect the productivity of the entire Vallor Group team. *(Beat.)* Do you understand or do I need to write you up. Yet again.

GAIL. Yes, I understand the severity of my misconduct, Nicole, and I thank you for your patience and kindness, which reminds me of our good Lord, Jesus Christ's, amen.

NICOLE. David, you were compliant. Do *you* understand?

DAVE. Yes, I understand, Oh Captain my Captain, and I thank you not only for your patience and clarification but also for your remarkably slow *cadence*, which was easy for me to fol ... low.

(Beat.)

NICOLE. Gail. *(Beat.)* David. *(Beat.)* I'd like for you to meet Jennifer. Jennifer will be joining us for one week of temporary employ. She comes to us via the temp agency ManPower of Kingston, and I'm told that Jennifer is a standout in the areas of *(Looking on a sheet.)* "data entry" and "English-speaking." So let's give her a warm welcome. *(Beat.)* *Let's give her / a warm welcome—*

GAIL *(simultaneous with DAVE)*. Hey, hon! Welcome aboard! Yeah!

DAVE *(simultaneous with GAIL, robot voice)* Warm. Welcome.

(Beat.)

NICOLE. Jennifer. *(Beat, pointing to the empty desk.)* *This desk* is for you. *(Beat.)* Do you have any questions?

JEN. Uh, yes. What am I doing here?

NICOLE. The binder explains all that. Here is the binder. *(Beat.)* Any other questions?

JEN. Yes. *(Hopefully.)* ManPower said this could potentially become a permanent position?

(NICOLE looks at GAIL and DAVE. Caught. Looks away. Looks awkward.)