

Sunday Players

Drama Resources

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Sticky Friends

By Melanie West

Theme: A once-popular woman has lost her 'social appeal' after her husband's death. Most of those she used to mingle with have moved on to other crowds, but one friend still comes to visit.

Cast: Two women, Margie and Liz, and one man, a Broom Salesman. (SM)

Setting: A living room (perhaps just have two chairs) with many brooms scattered around. The door can be implied, but will need a 'knocking' or doorbell sound effect.

Scene opens with Margie reading a book in her chair. Broom Salesman knocks. Margie puts her book down and opens the door.

Margie: Oh, no! I don't want any more brooms!

SM : Oh, but these are different! We have a whole new lineup!

Margie: I have more brooms than I could ever use as it is. Please go away (closes the door, mimes leaning against it with her back)

SM: These are the cleanest sweeping brooms ever! And I know how you love to clean.

Margie: No, none of that stuff I told you was true. I was just so lonely for company that even a salesman seemed better than nothing. But you're only a friend for as long as I buy your wares. I'd like you to leave now.

SM: Oh, but you haven't seen...

Margie: (picking up one of her brooms and wields it as a weapon. Tone of voice becomes hostile) If you don't leave now you're going to be packing your merchandise in a whole new way!

SM: Okay, Okay, I'm outa here! Our new line comes out in March, just in time for spring cleaning. I'll see you then!

Margie drops the broom against the chair and collapses into it. Then she hears another knock at the door. Furious now, she grabs her broom and walks over to the door.

Margie: I thought I told you to leave!

Liz: Margie?

Margie (still holding broom like a weapon, opens door) : Oh hello, Liz!

Liz (enters): Hi, Margie! I know I usually call first. I hope it's not a problem, me stopping by unannounced (looks at broom as she speaks).

Margie (embarrassed, sets broom down and hugs Liz) : Of course not, Liz! It's always good to see you. Have a seat. (sitting down) I'm sorry I had to leave your art show early last week. Did you win any of the usual awards?

Liz (modestly): Oh, yes. First place in two categories.

Margie: Let me guess, "Best of Category" in acrylics AND watercolor!

Liz: Yes. I felt a little bad, actually. There were some new artists there that had done some very promising work. I was hoping they'd receive some encouragement!

Margie: Oh, I'm sure they got plenty from you. You know, I heard there was a party at the Boswell Mansion last Friday night. I figured you must have been invited.

Liz: Yes, I made an appearance. Marty and Renaldo were there. Remember them?

Margie: Of course. Let me guess, she drank too much and he was boasting about how quickly he can spend Daddy's Money.

Liz: Pretty much. Carol and Stan were there, too. And Janet and Carl.

Margie: Oh, what a grand soiree it must have been! (jumps up, grabs broom like a microphone) That Carol can sing! I remember how she'd get onstage

with the band sometimes, filling the room with her beautiful, strong soprano voice! And she and Stan were such storytellers. (leans on broom, looking wistful) Some nights I was so happy just to listen to them! And Janet and Carl are the best dancers. (begins to 'waltz' with broom) I enjoyed dancing with Carl almost as much as with Bob. Between the two of them there were some nights when I never left the dance floor! (continues dancing with broom, then swirls and collapses into her chair, now less joyful) I miss being a part of all that excitement. Since Bob's death I don't receive the invitations anymore. Everyone's lost interest in me. Everybody, that is, except you and a few assorted salespeople. I used to feel so important, but I realize now that it was my husband the politician that made me important. Now almost everyone that attended our parties and seemed to love us has just moved on.

Liz: Your parties were always the best!

Margie: Oh, you're so kind. I'd have more of them, if I could! As it is I'll be paying Bob's medical bills for some time to come. Throwing parties like those costs a bundle!

Liz: I'm sure that's true, but that wasn't what made them good. You knew how to make your guests feel important. Remember how I was just a struggling artist when I met you? If it hadn't been for your encouragement and help I might never have succeeded! And you affected so many people that way.

Margie: I don't think so. If I affected so many people, where are they now?

Liz: If you can forgive me for saying so, I think they're blinded by their pride. You were so successful at building people up, they now think they're too good for you. Apparently it's easy to forget where our blessings come from.

Margie: So you don't count your visits to me as a charitable tax deduction? Until now I could never figure out why you kept in touch unless it was that. I was afraid to ask or you might have said "Come to think of it, I really don't know why I come here." And that'd be the last I'd see of you.

Liz: (laughs) No, Margie, I've read enough history to know that in a hundred years my name will be all but forgotten and my awards will fill some great-grandchild's attic. But our friendship will always be precious to me. (grabs a broom) And a good source of cleaning supplies.

Margie: Well, my brooms and my friendship will always be here for you

(both women rise so Liz can exit)

Margie: You know, I've been so afraid to mingle again because of the rejection I felt. Maybe...if there's more people like you... how would you feel if I signed up for one of your art classes?

Liz: I would be honored. I didn't know you were an artist.

Margie: Not yet, but I've always had an interest. I have some good ideas for a broom sculpture. (holds 2 or 3 together)

Liz: You know you may be onto something...

(both women exit)