

# Love in the Time of Tourette's

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a one-act play

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## SCENE 1

The scene opens up in the living room of the MCAFEE dining room. Modestly furnished, it has a table and four chairs with a vase filled with flowers around it. Tea cups are neatly arranged and a place of cookies can be found in the middle. Near the table is the family couch and chair, currently occupied by MR. MCAFEE, 50's. MRS. MCAFEE, 50's is nervously trying to arrange the place settings for afternoon tea while CELESTE MCAFEE, 30's, is busy playing on her iPad.

MRS. MCAFEE

How can you just sit there?

MR. MCAFEE

What do you want me to do? Roll out the red carpet?

MRS. MCAFEE

Oh dear. I mean Celeste. But you could do something you know.

MR. MCAFEE

I am. I'm trying to read the paper.

MRS. MCAFEE

Celeste!

Celeste is too busy playing her game to notice. Mrs. McAfee takes the tablet out of her hands and places it on the table.

CELESTE

Hey! I was in the middle of the game.

MRS. MCAFEE

Look at the time. He's going to be here any minute now!

Celeste picks up her iPad and resumes playing her game. Mr. McAfee puts the paper down and grabs a cookie from the table.

MRS. MCAFEE  
(slapping his hand)

Those are for the guests!

MR. MCAFEE

I'm a guest!

MRS. MCAFEE

You are not, now stop that.

MR. MCAFEE  
I WISH I was a guest. Guests don't asked to do manual labour AND they get to eat cookies.

CELESTE  
POOPY!

MRS. MCAFEE  
What??

CELESTE  
Poopy, poopy, poopy...ppp.. ppp.. POOPY!

MRS. MCAFEE  
What in the world?

MR. MCAFEE  
It's her condition. She can't help it.

MRS. MCAFEE  
But she said poopy!

MR. MCAFEE  
So? Last week it was.. What was it dear?

CELESTE  
SUSHI!

MR. MCAFEE

Ah yes. UGH! And the week before that it was...

CELESTE

Choo choo!

MR. MCAFEE

Ah yes.

MRS. MCAFEE

I was trying to forget those.

MR. MCAFEE

She can't help herself. It's the Tourette's.

MRS. MCAFEE

Oh please. It's in her head. I think-

CELESTE

(interrupting)

POOPY!

MRS. MCAFEE

Oh for heaven's...

Mrs. McAfee grabs a cookie and starts eating it.

MR. MCAFEE

Hey! Those are for the guests!

Mrs. McAfee shoots him a look of death.

MR. MCAFEE

We can make an exception.

Mrs. McAfee sits down beside Celeste and puts the iPad down.

MRS. MCAFEE

Dear, I'm sorry. But you know how worried I am about you.

CELESTE

Worried? About me?

MRS. MCAFEE

Well of course I am!

CELESTE

Come off it mother. You're worried about YOU!

MRS. MCAFEE

Whatever do you mean?

CELESTE

You know very well. POOPY!

MRS. MCAFEE

(to Mr. McAfee)

There she goes again. How can she ever expect to get married if she keeps on doing that?

CELESTE

Married? Mother, is that all you ever think about?

MRS. MCAFEE

Well?

Mr. McAfee gets up from his chair, starts to look around frantically and begins moving the dishes on the table while searching for something.

MRS. MCAFEE

Whatever are you doing?

MR. MCAFEE

Where is it? I know I saw it recently.

CELESTE

Where's what daddy?

MR. MCAFEE

Oh you know... what's it called?

MRS. MCAFEE

What's what called?

MR. MCAFEE

If I knew what it was called then I would tell you what I'm looking for.

MRS. MCAFEE

So why won't you tell us?

MR. MCAFEE

Oh for heaven's sake. You know. That thing that changes the t.v. station.

CELESTE

(giggles)

You're looking for mother?

Beat.

MR. MCAFEE

The REMOTE. I'm looking for the remote.

MRS. MCAFEE

Oh for heaven's...did you check the chair dear? Can't you see I'm trying to talk to your daughter?

Mr. McAfee goes back to his chair and fishes the remote from the chair cushion.

MR. MCAFEE

Why is it whenever you're upset with her she's MY daughter. Why can't she ever be OUR daughter or YOUR daughter?

MRS. MCAFEE

As I was saying...how can you EVER expect to find a man if you keep on saying... you know.

CELESTE

Say what?

MRS. MCAFEE

You know very well. Don't make me say it.

Mr. McAfee, who has been overhearing every word rushes up behind Mrs. McAfee, scaring her in the process

MR. MCAFEE

POOPY. Poopy, poopy, poopy!

Celeste starts to laugh hysterically much to her mother's chagrin.

MRS. MCAFEE

Now stop that. What's wrong with the both of you. Would you talk to your daughter?

MR. MCAFEE

There you go again. MY daughter!

MRS. MCAFEE

Well she is!

MR. MCAFEE

If memory serves, I believe we are both listed as parents.

MRS. MCAFEE

Yes. Perhaps. But she does have YOUR last name!

MR. MCAFEE

Oh for the love of...

CELESTE

Don't worry daddy. I'll ALWAYS be your daughter.

MR. MCAFEE

I know. Thank you dear.

CELESTE

And mother...

MRS. MCAFEE

Yes, yes... I know.

CELESTE

I will always be your offspring.

MRS. MCAFEE

Hmph.

CELESTE

Why can't I have some fun? I'm still young. Why do I have to get married tomorrow?

MRS. MCAFEE

Celeste. It's not tomorrow I'm worried about. It's the day after. And the day after that.

Mr. McAfee, who has since gone back to his chair, is busy trying to use the remote to change channels but to no avail.

MR. MCAFEE

Darn thing doesn't work.

MRS. MCAFEE

Have you tried changing the batteries dear?

MR. MCAFEE

Good idea.

Mr. McAfee takes the batteries out of one remote and tries, unsuccessfully, to replace them in the original remote, dropping them and making a general commotion.

MRS. MCAFEE

Whatever in the world are you doing now?

MR. MCAFEE

I'm changing the batteries like you suggested.

MRS. MCAFEE

I didn't mean by taking from one remote and changing it to another? What are you going to do when you want to use the DVD player and the remote is missing batteries?