

A VISIT DURING COVID

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Non-amazing average, 25 year old Stan, in a tank top, revealing nonamzing muscles, sits on his couch, actively playing a video game. Black, feisty FLO, 55 walks in, stands next to the couch, holding a shoulder bag.

STAN: What are you doing? You're not wearing a mask. (still playing) How... How.... (puts the controller down) How did you get in here? Who are you?!

FLO: (plops down next to Stan) Relax, I don't have covid and I'm not human.

STAN: What?

FLO: I'm your freakin' fairy godmother. (Stan puts the controller down) You got any Diet Coke?

STAN: (Stands) Get out! And why are you near me?

FLO: I don't have Covid. I can't get it. I'm not a human being. I'm here cause you're...

STAN: Get out. (Heads to the door, opens it) I don't know what you're thinking, or who you are, but you have no right to come in here, sit on my couch. (Annoyed, Flo opens her shoulder bag, pulls out a snow globe looking thing) No. Don't take things out of your bag. You're leaving. (She sets the globe on a coffee table in front of the couch)

FLO: My name is Flo.

STAN: Get out, Flo.

FLO: Come.

STAN: What is that? Put it back in your bag.

FLO: That's you in there. Come. Take a look.

STAN: (comes closer) What is that?

FLO:.. You were getting me a Diet Coke.

STAN: That looks like me. That looks like an old me. (Picks up the globe, looks at it closely) I'm all gray.

FLO: Stanley Rosenstein, born July 9, 1996, raised in North Bergen, attended Central Valley Community College, no wife, no children, only four girlfriends in your entire life, no dates for the last five months, can you get me a freakin Diet Coke?!

STAN: How do you know that? I did go on a date.

FLO: You walked into a Chipotle, saw Karen Hughes and asked to sit with her. That's not a date, compadre.

STAN: Technically but... Diet Coke. I do happen to have that. (disappears into the kitchen)

FLO: I know you do. You bought it at Pathway yesterday. Don't drop that crystal ball.

STAN: (OS) You saw me shopping at Pathway?

FLO: Yes. Jill Tobin got Elon Musk. Jeff Billingsley got Brad Pitt.

(Stan comes back with a can of Diet Coke) And I got you, babe.

STAN: Life's a bitch, isn't it?

FLO: Afterlife as well. No glass? Is this how you entertain otherworldly beings?

STAN: Right. (Head back to the kitchen)

FLO: Never mind the glass. I saw how you wash glasses. I'll drink from the can.

STAN: Okay. (He returns, hands her the can, holds a second can)

FLO: Sit.

STAN: No thank you?

FLO: Thank you. Sit.

STAN: (looking at the globe) I look terrible... so gray and sick looking.

FLO: Well, that's the day you die.

STAN: I die? (Slumps down into the couch, staring at the globe) Really? What do I die from?

FLO: Cancer. . seventy one years old... No wife. One child. No savings. No health insurance or you would have caught the cancer early.

STAN: Seventy one? I'd be on Medicare, right?

FLO: Medicare in year 2061 is for 74 year old and up.

STAN: Why?

FLO: Money ran out. They kept raising the age. If you're born in the 2000s, you will have a 50% deductible.

STAN: Where is my child? Is he in the snow globe too? (Searches)

FLO: Blames you for the divorce. He lives in China so he didn't come back when he heard you only had a few days. He barely knew you anyway.

STAN: (stands) This is a joke, right? Some sick joke. How do you get a moving picture in this snow globe? (looks at it from different angles)

FLO: This is your 25 year intervention. You get another at 50, and you would get one at 75 if you live that long.

STAN: Yeah.. thanks a bunch, Tinker Bell. (tosses her the snow globe) David Blaine pulls keys out of his stomach with a coat hangar. You're gonna have to do better than this.

FLO:. (Stands) Eighteen years old... Lamar Country Club...men's bathroom. What did you do with that industrial vacuum cleaner? (She pops open her can)

STAN: Oh... wow.

FLO: And you couldn't shut it off. The janitor raced in and pulled the plug. Were you trying to do liposuction?

STAN: How did you know?

FLO: So anyway, this is your intervention. Things don't have to go badly. You have choices. You don't have to wind up alone, dead, no money, forgotten. (She sits)

STAN: What do I do, Flo? How do I get out of this?

FLO: Oh, I don't know. (she drinks her soda)

STAN: But you're my fairy godmother.

FLO: I can hear your ideas and help you but they have to be your ideas. I can't come up with these without your input.

STAN: Well, I'm really not in a good situation here. It isn't fair. I wasn't given a lot to work with.

FLO:. Okay, so you work at Verizon. You've got an Associates degree in marketing... You had 40,000 points and twelve health on that nonsense. (Points to the television)

STAN: I don't have to play video games. Its just I'm home from the virus and I'm bored.

FLO:. What about doing something to get ahead?

STAN: But I like Verizon.

FLO: You're not gonna be there forever. Think ahead.

STAN: I can be the manager if I'm driven but likeable and not threatening. .

FLO: You're not going to be the manager. You need a situation where you can control your destiny.

STAN: (rings his hand through his hair nervously) Wow.

FLO: Is that a deal breaker?

STAN: I just can't think of anything I'm qualified to do. I mean, I know some marketing. I know cell phones. Sometimes I think maybe I can contact a new... a new Indian cell phone company and handle their marketing in the... the USA? (Flo shakes her head) What?

FLO: Indians? Cell phones? Marketing...it's in their blood. They'll do that themselves. They're not hiring some newbie that vacuums his person.

STAN: Oh. (Flo laughs)

FLO: Hey, it's funny. Sue me.

STAN: The woman I marry... have I met her yet?

FLO: You don't have to marry her, you know.

STAN:. Well, do I love her? Am I gonna love her at some point?

FLO: Yes, but it doesn't matter, cause you know how it turns out.

STAN: But I will love her and she will love me.

FLO:. Yeah. (She drinks)

STAN: Maybe that's good enough. Maybe the memory that I was once in love will be enough. It will help me go through the cancer.

FLO: That's not helping. And it's pretty dumb.