

# OH... MY!

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OH... MY!

(Part Two: OH MOMMA, OH)

SETTING:

The new condo for Stella and Irene.

AT RISE, CAR DOORS SLAMMING outside as Stella, Mark, Irene and Ken are arriving.

CAR DOORS CONTINUE TO SLAM (more car doors than people).

ISABEL (Stella's daughter-in-law) comes hurrying excitedly from the back rooms to the front door, throws it wide open and jumps up and down when she sees STELLA (first through the front door and into Isabel's arms) and then IRENE (Stella's good friend and now condo co-owner), standing there with her arms outstretched to be next in Isabel's arms.

ISABEL

I'm Isabel.

IRENE

I'd know you anywhere. I'm Irene.

MARK (Stella's son), loaded with suitcases ENTERS followed by KEN JACOBS (Mark's good friend) carrying one small overnight case.

KEN

(to Isabel, holding out arms)

Next.

(hugs Isabel)

Where should I put this?

ISABEL

What is it?

KEN

Women stuff. It's heavy.

He hands it to Isabel, turns to get in on the hug with Irene and Stella.

Irene twirls around with arms stretched wide. The living room is ultra modern décor but sparsely furnished.

IRENE

I love it. Love it!

(to Ken)

Who are you again?

KEN

Ken Jacobs, Mark's best friend.

MARK

(still laden with three large and supposedly heavy cases)

Will someone please open the door!

Isabel breaks away from Stella and Irene to open the door to the back rooms for her husband.

KEN

Where's your hospitality, Mark? And champagne.

Mark moves through the door to the back rooms with difficulty. Gives Mark a dirty look.

MARK

Why did we bring you again?

KEN

Because I volunteered to drive.

(in an aside to Isabel...)

We have gotten rid of that taxi character, haven't we?

ISABEL

Sh-h-h-h. We don't mention him.

Stella, who has not overheard Ken and Isabel, turns to her good friend, Irene.

STELLA

Well, Reanie, what do you think? Is it everything I said it was?

IRENE

It's more, my Darling Stel. Our own place! In L.A.! I love it! Thank you, Mark and Izzy for finding this for us.

STELLA

Now let's find a pub with dancing! I'm buying!

ISABEL

But... I made canapes.

STELLA

Oh.

(unenthusiastic)

Good.

ISABEL

I'll be right back with the cheese and crackers.

Isabel EXITS to back rooms.

Stella rolls her eyes at Irene.

STELLA

(whispers to Irene)

Sorry. Miss Velveeta made canapes.

IRENE

Maybe we can get away after they leave.

KEN

(who has overheard; whispers)

Don't forget me. Besides, you don't have a car.

STELLA

(starts to say...)

I know a... here she comes. Act exhausted, Reanie.

Irene plops down on the sofa, exhausted.

Isabel and Mark ENTER, Mark with an opened bottle of champagne. He walks over to a table behind the sofa where glasses are waiting for toasting.

Stella joins Mark, holding up an empty glass.

STELLA

No casualties with the furniture arriving, Mark?

MARK

All that's arrived so far are the automatic beds, that sofa and table and this... What is this anyway?

STELLA

It's a Barcelona knockoff and this...

(throws arms out to include everything in the room)

is the game room. Bridge, backgammon, dominoes and dancing, at least until the rec room is finished.

MARK

That should be fun.

STELLA

Won't it just.

Isabel ENTERS with a tray of cheese and crackers.

ISABEL

Here we are. Just a little something to tide you over until breakfast tomorrow. I have my famous ham and cheese casserole ready to pop in the oven when I get up.

STELLA

(tries to whisper to Izzy)

Sweetheart... Reanie's...

MARK

(sensing what's wrong)

We'll see about that tomorrow, Izzy. Toast, everyone.

Mark passes out the flutes as Ken whispers to Isabel behind the others.

Using a hand to point at Reanie, Ken whispers to Isabel...

KEN

(whispers something...)

(audience hears "ish")

Isabel's face drops.

ISABEL

(whispers to Ken)

I didn't know.

MARK

Here we go.

(holds up his glass to the others)

To a happy home.

ISABEL

I'm needlepointing a pillow with "HAPPY" and a home for each of you.

Stella and Irene look at each other over their glasses, which they use to hide their amusement.

ISABEL (cont'd)

I thought you could put a pillow over this.

(points to the Barcelona)

STELLA

(yawns)

I guess I'm tired after all. Pub hopping another time, Ken.

The automated beds are calling. Hear them? Stel... Reanie...

ISABEL

Let's go, Mark. It's past our bedtime.

Irene, puzzled, checks her watch.

MARK

What are you two doing for a car?

STELLA

Hertz is delivering one tomorrow.

MARK

Mark kisses Stella then Irene. Heads for the front door, yawning.

Irene checks her watch again. Puts it to her ear to see if it's working.

IRENE

I thought you people out here knew how to live.

STELLA

C'mon. I'll read the instructions for the bed. You watch.

Stella giggles as she pulls Irene along with her through the door to the back rooms and Ken, Mark and Isabel head out the front, waving.

LIGHTS DIM

**Scene Two**

The next morning.

A sleepy Stella and wide awake Irene are sitting at the kitchen table having coffee. Both women in bathrobes and slippers.

STELLA

I think I programmed my side of the bed for too much arch.

IRENE

(holding her back)

It probably takes getting used to. I'll read the instructions tonight. You watch.

STELLA

More coffee?

Stella goes to the coffee pot for a refill.

IRENE

No. What we both need is an influx of cash... soon. Like last month. Moving's expensive.

STELLA

We need to get our posters plastered in the village.

IRENE

We have posters?

STELLA

Promised me they'd be here this morning. As soon as they get here, we get out there and meet the neighbors.

IRENE

How old are the neighbors?

STELLA

Our age. I negotiated a fee for every tenant who signs up

and brings a friend to the open house. Don't wear too sexy an outfit when we knock on doors. We want women to join up for games with spouses.

DOORBELL.

STELLA

I'll get it.

Stella goes to the front door, opens it. No one there.

STELLA

Hello?

(looks around, finally down)

The posters are here!

Stella brings in a large package, puts it on the table and opens it.

Inside are a stack of posters advertising classes. Stella looks them over.

Irene comes to look over Stella's shoulder and reads out loud...

IRENE

(reading from poster)

Attn: Residents and Guests.

Come meet your neighbors. Sign up for badminton, pickle ball, tennis, racquet ball... ballroom dancing, bridge lessons, dominoes...

exercise, yoga. Don't see what you like? Call Stella O'Connor or Irene

Mastors at Haven Homes to arrange a class.

Here we go, Stel.

STEL

You take the even address numbers; I'll take the odd.

Be winsome.

The ladies take off their bathrobes. They're both wearing warm-up suits underneath.

IRENE

(picks up a stack of posters)



I need a pen.

Stella hands her one as they proceed out the door.

STELLA

Meet you back here at four.

IRENE

Why so early?

STELLA

We have to change for five o'clock happy hour.

They exit the front door.

BLACKOUT

MUSIC playing, first at normal speed and then slowly at tired, wilting speed.

Clock on the wall spins from behind the set to four o'clock when the two ladies re-enter, dragging their bodies and the posters with them.

Both Irene and Stella plop into seats, exhausted.

IRENE

One old geezer tried to get me into a closet. He said he had a Hanukkah present for me.

STELLA

(on the sofa)

We must have walked ten miles around the complex.

IRENE

Is there dancing at this Happy Hour?

STELLA

Oh, God, no. Not even music.

IRENE

Where is it?

STELLA

Here.

(realizes what she just said)

Holy...

They both jump up, disrobing as they head for the back.

KNOCK on the door.

Another knock. Door opens. A waiter in white coat and tie sticks his head in.

WAITER

Hello. Bar set up.

He proceeds to set up a bar with glasses of all shapes, bottle of booze of all kinds and several ice buckets with white wine chilling. He starts opening red wine to let it breathe.

Stella ENTERS wearing a lovely summer hostess gown

STELLA

Oh, good. Can you zip me up?

(looks over the bar while waiter zips up her dress)

Is there food?

WAITER

Chips and dips and shrimp coming.

Stella starts putting out the remaining posters and pens.

WAITER

How many you expecting?

STELLA

I have no idea. We spread the word this afternoon.

WAITER

Free booze usually gets a crowd.

Stella hears car doors slamming outside. Continual sound of doors slamming.

STELLA

God! Don't these people walk anywhere?

WAITER

You didn't want me to serve, did you?

Waiter hurries out the door.

LIGHT DIMS on the sound of people arriving, a lot of people.

Spotlight on Irene (dressed similarly to Stella) coming into the room from the back, sighing. This is not what she expected.

SOUND OF PEOPLE LAUGHING, with occasional spotlights on Stella and Irene checking their watches, nodding to the men and women who are monopolizing their attention.

Finally front door slams for the last time.

Stella and Irene plop down on sofa, this time not getting up.

After a while, KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

Neither Stella nor Irene arouse.

Sound of expensive car pulling away. Tape used in OH MOMMA, OH. (Gus's Brentley for VIPs)

### Scene Three

The next morning.

Stella ENTERS in p.j.'s. Holds her head as she looks around at the empty booze bottles and empty trays of food. Posters everywhere.

STELLA

This is what caused an end to the sixties.

IRENE

(enters, groans)

Hippies?

STELLA

Not those sixties. OUR sixties.

IRENE

You haven't seen your sixties since twenty fifteen.

Stella plops on the sofa, holds her head.

STELLA

When the room stops moving, I'm going to crawl over to

that table with the posters. If I'm not back in ten minutes.  
report me missing.

IRENE

Okay.

Irene plops in the Barcelona.

STELLA

Our commandant wants a report on how many instructors and  
what kind she needs to hire.

IRENE

When?

STELLA

This morning. How are you at coffee?

IRENE

Better than you.

Stella starts to walk slowly across the floor to the table.

Irene stumbles through brewing a pot of coffee while Stella tries to make sense out of the newest  
signups. She tries to put the posters in categories.

STELLA

Know what everyone wants to do?

IRENE

That crowd? Did they put it in writing?

STELLA

All the men want to play golf and the women want bridge lessons.  
A few women want to learn to play golf. That's it. Golf and bridge.

IRENE

Anybody sign up for ballroom dancing?

STELLA

No.

