

WAITING FOR BORDEAUX

by Burton Bumgarner

Copyright © MMXXV by Burton Bumgarner, All rights reserved.

ISBN: 978-1-61588-589-3

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Heuer Publishing LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Heuer Publishing LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Heuer Publishing LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Heuer Publishing LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Heuer Publishing LLC.***

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Heuer Publishing LLC.

HEUER PUBLISHING LLC
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011

WAITING FOR BORDEAUX

A Comedy In Two Acts

by **Burton Bumgarner**

SYNOPSIS: Set in the mountains of North Carolina, Patricia Straylor is trying to make some extra money by renting out her grandfather's isolated, dilapidated hunting cabin on a vacation rental site. When she and her daughter Miranda go to the cabin they find a local man, Cal, has been hiding stolen cases of high end wine there. Two other couples have rented the cabin, which was described as a beautiful alpine chateau on the website, and all are trapped when a tree falls across the logging road that leads to the cabin. This outlandish farce involves good wine, theater, politics, injured feet and a gangster from New Jersey.

DURATION: 90 minutes.

TIME: Present.

PLACE: Rundown hunting cabin in the mountains of North Carolina.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4 female, 4 male, 1 either)

PATRICIA (f) Owns a vacation rental. *(182 lines)*
 MIRANDA (f) Patricia's daughter. *(158 lines)*
 JULIE (f) A renter from Atlanta. *(90 lines)*
 FRED (m) Julie's nephew. *(103 lines)*
 ANDREA (f) a renter from South Carolina. *(81 lines)*
 STEVE (m) Andrea's boss. *(73 lines)*
 CAL (m) Local color. *(94 lines)*
 TIMMY (m) A gangster from New Jersey. *(37 lines)*
 BUDDY (m/f) A renter from Chattanooga. *(5 lines)*

SET

The play is set in a rundown hunting cabin in the mountains of North Carolina, close to the Georgia state line.

PRODUCTION NOTE

Cases of wine can weigh 30 to 40 pounds. It's best to use empty wine bottles.

*Dedicated to
Cathy, Christine, Christopher, Jolie, Carl,
Heather and Jim*

ACT ONE

AT START: *Very low lights. Lightning flashes. Sounds of thunder and rain. CAL enters left struggling to open the door and pull a hand truck on which is stacked with two cases of wine. He wears a rain slicker and cap and is exhausted and out of breath. He lights the candle which shows more of the room, and pulls the hand truck to the sofa. He looks around nervously then crosses to the small end table by the sofa. He places the lamp from the end table on the sofa, shoves the end table downstage where it ends up on its side, stacks the wine cases beside the sofa, places a cover/table cloth over the wine cases and returns the lamp so that the wine cases now, more or less, appear to be an end table. He exits left, then returns with another stack of wine cases. He hauls it right to the utility closet, opens the door, and a broom and mop fall out. He shoves them back into closet, then exits right with the hand truck, and enters without the wine cases. He exits left and returns with three more wine cases, stacks them upstage near the cabinet, covers them with a sheet, exits left with the hand truck, enters left, removes rain slicker and hat, tosses them on the floor, flops down on the sofa, takes out his phone and makes a call.*

CAL: *(On phone.)* Hey! Can you talk? ... Good. I've been thinking about our little business proposition (*Pronunciation as spelled.*), and I'm thinking I'm coming up a little short ... It means I want a bigger share in whatever deal it is you got going! You say I'm only getting a third of the profit. Well, I want more than a third! ... What'd I want? I'll tell you what I want! I want a fourth! ... That's right! I'm doing all the lifting and hauling and hiding and I want at least a fourth! ... I'm glad you see things my way. It's about time I got a little respect! You treat me like I'm stupid ... I got it hid and nobody but me knows it's in Straylor's old hunting cabin! I'll get it out of hiding when I get my money. *(Hangs up phone.)* Damn it! I should have asked for a fifth of the money! Or maybe even a sixth!

He sighs, picks up a potato chip bag, sits on the sofa and eats chips. He pops the top of a beer bottle, gulps and belches. A loud thunder clap. Offstage ANDREA gasps. CAL crosses left, peeks out the door, gasps, closes the door, rushes right, blows out the candle, peeks out

the door again, rushes right stumbling over the end table, groans, and opens the utility closet. A mop and broom fall out. He shoves them back in the closet and enters it and closes the door. ANDREA enters left carrying a suitcase. She's dressed in a tattered raincoat and cap. She searches for a light switch, flips the switch, but nothing happens. She groans, crosses center, stumbles over the end table.

ANDREA: Aw geez! *(She looks around in disgust, takes out her cell phone and dials. On phone, frantic.)* Hey! Where are you? ... Well, I need help! I ran off the road! My car's hanging off the side of a mountain! I'm soaked and covered in mud and I'm really scared! ... This can't be the right place! The lights don't work and it smells bad! ... This is NOT an alpine chateau! This an Appalachian dump! ... I don't care what the photos looked like! ... You need to get my car towed to a garage and get me off this mountain! ... Yes, you! This whole thing was your idea! *(Sounds of a car approaching. She becomes even more frantic.)* I think someone's coming! What do I do? ... Hide? Hide where? If you rented this place, why should I hide? ... Okay! I'm hiding! But we are NOT staying here! Hurry!

ANDREA hangs up phone. She rushes left and peeks out the door. CAL opens the utility closet door and steps into the room. He catches the mop and broom before they hit the floor, shoves them back into the closet, closes the door and quickly exits right to the bedroom. Offstage voices approaching. ANDREA looks around for a place to hide, and finally crosses right, tripping over the end table, and opens the utility closet. The mop and broom fall out. She picks them up, enters the closet and closes the door, leaving her suitcase in the middle of the floor. JULIE and FRED enter. Both wear stylish raincoats. JULIE carries an umbrella. FRED flicks a light switch, but nothing happens.

JULIE: This can't be right!

FRED: The directions say turn by the cemetery and follow the unpaved road up the mountain and the house is at the end of the road. So, we passed the cemetery, and this is the end of the road, so this is the house. But it doesn't look like the photos online.

JULIE: That drive up that road was terrifying! Why didn't you turn around?

FRED: I want you to have a nice, relaxing vacation.

JULIE: (*Exasperated.*) Take me home!

FRED: There were too many distractions at home. You have to come up with an idea for the fall production.

JULIE: They don't like my ideas.

FRED: Some are a bit odd. I mean "Siegfried Follies Macbeth"?

JULIE: (*Sarcastic.*) Sure. It ends with the Birnam Woods coming to life and dancing around like chorus girls in a Busby Berkeley musical. They also didn't like "Romeo and Juliet: The Empire Strikes Back".

FRED: I liked the idea of the sword fights with light sabers.

JULIE: It was a joke, Fred! The Busby Berkeley Macbeth was a joke! Just like the children's theater production of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" was a joke!

FRED: Come on, Aunt Julie. We're in the mountains with the clean, fresh air. They don't have air like this in Atlanta. Just smell that air!

They inhale deeply and choke.

JULIE: It smells awful!

FRED: Maybe there's a flashlight or something. (*He feels his way around the room and bumps into the end table.*) Aw, geez!

JULIE: What was that?

FRED: I walked into something! And really hurt my foot! (*He limps right, peers into the bedroom, limps left and bumps into the end table again.*) OOOOWWW! DAMNIT!

JULIE: What was that?

FRED: There's something in the middle of the floor here! I hit the same foot! I think there's a flashlight in the car. (*He stumbles toward the door and bumps into a chair.*)

JULIE: This is insane! We're leaving!

FRED: Wait! The board of directors paid for this vacation!

JULIE: How much did they pay for this place?

FRED: Uh... they got it at a good price.

JULIE: How much?

FRED: Uh... a very good price.

JULIE: You're saying it was cheap.

FRED: I'm saying there was a special weekend rate.

JULIE: Why didn't they send me to Hawaii? Or New York? Or Europe?

FRED: Because those places are expensive.

JULIE: Take me home, Fred! *(She exits left.)*

FRED: They're just trying to help you relax and get some inspiration!
We're all worried about you! *(Uptight.)* YOU'RE SO UPTIGHT!

He exits left. We hear a car driving away. ANDREA slowly creeps out from the closet dragging the suitcase. The broom hits her in the back and falls to the floor. She brushes herself off, starts to use her phone, walks into the table, gasps, and continues toward the door. Suddenly the lights come up. We hear voices. She gasps in surprise, looks around, and quickly runs back to the utility closet, leaving the suitcase, as PATRICIA and MIRANDA enter and look around.

MIRANDA: This place is a wreck!

PATRICIA: Maybe we should try and straighten up a bit. Get the broom, dear.

They remove their raingear and begin to try and straighten up. MIRANDA crosses left to utility closet, opens the door, sees the broom on the floor, picks it up and crosses center. She doesn't see ANDREA, who reaches out and closes the door as MIRANDA walks away. PATRICIA picks up a flyswatter and swats several times at an insect on the counter. She stomps it as it runs across the floor.

PATRICIA: Damn, those things are fast!

MIRANDA: Why are we attempting to clean this place? Unless your guests have all wheel drive and really high clearance, they're not going to make it up that old logging road you put in the directions. Parts of it are sliding into the river.

PATRICIA: That's the idea. *(PATRICIA wipes off the counters. MIRANDA collects empty cans and wrappers which she drops into a trash bag.)* People see it online, they think they want to stay here, they put down the nonrefundable deposit, they take one look at the road, they turn around and go back where they came from and we keep the money.

MIRANDA: That's not right!

PATRICIA: It's right if we want to make money.

MIRANDA: But the photos you put online aren't this place. You posted photos of some alpine villa in Colorado.

PATRICIA: No one would stay here if I posted actual photos of this place.

MIRANDA: I can't believe the Airbnb people haven't investigated us.

PATRICIA: (*Hesitant.*) We're... uh... not on Airbnb. We're on another site.

MIRANDA: What other site?

PATRICIA: It's called Air B and OMG. It's a discount site with... slightly lower requirements.

MIRANDA: I've never heard of it. (*Indicating the end table in the middle of the floor.*) Why is this table here?

PATRICIA: I don't know. Just leave it.

MIRANDA: In the middle of the floor? People might trip over it.

PATRICIA: They would have to be idiots to trip over it.

MIRANDA: Where does it go?

PATRICIA: Beside the sofa.

MIRANDA: There's already an end table there.

PATRICIA: I don't know. Just ignore it.

MIRANDA: (*Looking around.*) This place is filthy! When was the last time you were even here?

PATRICIA: (*Coy.*) I was here recently.

MIRANDA: HOW recently?

PATRICIA: I don't know. Two... three months ago? Maybe six months. Maybe longer.

MIRANDA: It's gross and it's about to fall in. (*Looks up.*) The roof is leaking! (*She takes a bucket from the counter and places it under the "leak".*) It looks like a family of racoons have been living here. (*She finds another "leak" and moves the bucket. She does this several times and finally gives up.*) You should tear this place down! (*She picks up the trash can, sniffs and makes a sour face.*)

PATRICIA: This is Papaw's hunting cabin! We can't tear it down! It would dishonor his memory! (*She passes near MIRANDA, sniffs the air and makes a sour face.*) You know, dear, you might have a little hygiene issue. (*She holds her nose and fans the air.*)

MIRANDA: It's not me! It's the trash can! (*She looks in the garbage can and groans.*) Looks like someone cleaned catfish and didn't take out the garbage.

PATRICIA: That's disgusting!

MIRANDA: So is advertising this place as a quaint, rustic mountain cabin with breath-taking views.

PATRICIA: It's kind of taking my breath away.

MIRANDA: Mom, it hasn't been cleaned ever, there is no view because the trees out front are thirty feet tall, and it smells bad!

PATRICIA: Well, it IS rustic! (*Sighs, wistfully.*) I can just imagine the good times Papaw and his buddies had here.

MIRANDA: Gambling, getting drunk and shooting innocent animals.

PATRICIA: Yeah. It drove Mamaw crazy.

MIRANDA: Mom, why would you try and rent this place?

PATRICIA: It's a long story.

MIRANDA: How about the Reader's Digest version?

PATRICIA: How about we just do a quick tidying up in case guests actually arrive.

MIRANDA: Mom!

PATRICIA: What?

MIRANDA: Tell me why you suddenly want to rent this dump to unsuspecting tourists?

PATRICIA: I don't want the tourists to actually come up here. I just want to rent it to them, take their non-refundable deposit and never see them. That's why I put the logging road in the directions.

MIRANDA: Why do you want to rent it?

PATRICIA: Well, you remember your father... my ex-husband... (*Acid.*) the nasty, lying, devious, bastard...

MIRANDA: (*Interrupting.*) MOM!

PATRICIA: When he was finally sent to prison for extortion, trying to bribe a judge, grand theft auto, bigamy and a couple of other indiscretions, the government cleaned out his bank account.

MIRANDA: You always said Grandma had plenty of money.

PATRICIA: Well, she did... until she gave it all to that television evangelist right before she died. You were already at that private college, and after all you'd been through with this family I couldn't disappoint you, so I just kept applying for loans so you could stay. And now I'm having to pay them off.

MIRANDA: But I'm paying on my college loans.

PATRICIA: You're paying on ONE of your college loans. The big ones are in my name.

MIRANDA: Big ones?

PATRICIA: You were never very good in math.

MIRANDA: Oh, Mom! I could have gone to a cheaper college, or dropped out for a while. How much did you borrow?

PATRICIA: A lot.

MIRANDA: I'm going to take over the loans.

PATRICIA: You can't afford the payments. You were a liberal arts major. You have no skills!

MIRANDA: I have skills! I worked in a bookstore.

PATRICIA: And while you were sitting behind the counter reading Jane Austen, shoplifters walked out with half of the books and movies in the store.

MIRANDA: I wondered about that alarm noise I kept hearing.

PATRICIA: Anyway, I promised you if you made good grades and got into a good school, I'd see that your education was paid for. It's the least I could do after your father sold your laptop, your iPad, your Nissan and most of your clothes on eBay.

MIRANDA: You can't be getting very much rent for this place.

PATRICIA: Every little bit helps.

MIRANDA: (*Noticing the suitcase.*) What's that?

PATRICIA: I don't know. Let's see what's inside it.

JULIE and FRED are heard offstage.

JULIE: (*Off stage.*) GEEZ, FRED! WE COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED!

FRED: (*Off stage.*) I'M SORRY! AT LEAST I MISSED THE TREE!

PATRICIA and MIRANDA cross USL and look out the door. ANDREA reaches out and pulls the suitcase into the closet.

MIRANDA: Who are those people? And how did they get a Prius up that road?

PATRICIA: They could be the people from Atlanta who rented the cabin. Or maybe the man from Chattanooga. Or the man from South Carolina.

MIRANDA: You rented to three different people at the same time?

PATRICIA: We make more money that way.

- MIRANDA:** Mom, that's not legal! (*PATRICIA shrugs her shoulders.*)
The website shouldn't let you book more than one party at a time!
- PATRICIA:** Why not? The airlines do it all the time.
- MIRANDA:** What if they show up at the same time?
- PATRICIA:** Well... they got two beds in the bedroom and one out here.
(*Indicates the sofa.*)
- MIRANDA:** That's two beds and one sofa.
- PATRICIA:** One of the beds in the bedroom is a double.
- MIRANDA:** I don't think that's the way it works.
- JULIE and FRED enter with their luggage and cross center.*
- JULIE:** (*To FRED, angry.*) This is on you, buster!
- FRED:** (*Indicating PATRICIA and MIRANDA.*) Look, Aunt Julie! The lights work! And there're people!
- PATRICIA:** They work when the generator is on.
- MIRANDA:** (*Courteously.*) You must be the guests we've been expecting.
- PATRICIA:** You're not supposed to check in until after 4:00 o'clock.
- FRED:** (*Looking at his watch.*) It's almost 5.
- PATRICIA:** (*Looking at her watch.*) Darn daylight savings time. I forgot to move my watch back.
- MIRANDA:** It's springtime, Mom. You move your watch forward.
- PATRICIA:** (*Looking at her watch.*) Actually, I think my watch stopped.
Oh well. As long as you're here you might as well stay. We won't charge the early check-in fee.
- FRED:** But we're not early.
- PATRICIA:** Then we won't charge you for being early.
- FRED:** Good. Because we're on time.
- PATRICIA:** If you were on time, it would be 4:00 o'clock.
- FRED:** It would be AFTER 4:00 o'clock. Which it is.
- MIRANDA:** Well, you're here and we hope you enjoy your stay.
- PATRICIA:** It's a bit rustic but I think you'll find it... well ... rustic.
- JULIE:** (*Looking around in disgust.*) Oh, my God!
- PATRICIA:** I'm Patricia Straylor, the owner.
- MIRANDA:** I'm Miranda. Miranda Straylor, her daughter.
- PATRICIA:** Our last name's Straylor. It rhymes with trailer. (*They offer their hands to FRED, who shakes them, and to JULIE, who doesn't.*)

FRED: I'm Fred and this is my Aunt Julie.

PATRICIA: (*Suspicious.*) Your aunt, huh? Well, who are we to judge.

FRED: This really IS my aunt!

JULIE: (*Interrupting, to PATRICIA and MIRANDA.*) What is this... this place? (*Indicating the cabin.*)

PATRICIA: It's a rustic, off the grid, two-bedroom cabin located in the beautiful mountains of western North Carolina. Remote yet convenient. Western North Carolina is the only part of the state that has mountains. The rest of the state has a few hills, and then it gets real flat. After that it's the ocean.

JULIE: You actually list this place on Airbnb?

PATRICIA: Well, no. We list it on the other site.

FRED: VRBO?

PATRICIA: No. Another site.

JULIE: What site are you on?

PATRICIA: Air B and OMG. It's a very reliable site. They have... pictures.

FRED: We have a problem. We were trying to drive out of here and a tree fell across the road and we can't get around it.

MIRANDA: Again?

PATRICIA: The webpage recommends a high clearance vehicle with four-wheel drive.

FRED: No, it doesn't.

PATRICIA: Well... it should. That road is rough. Especially on a Prius. (*Or other small car.*)

FRED: (*Smitten by MIRANDA, not the cabin.*) It is kind of charming... and attractive.

JULIE: Take me home! You can drive yourself back here, since you find her so charming and attractive.

FRED: I didn't say... well... the cabin is attractive and... the girl is rustic. I mean... not the girl! The cabin! The cabin is attractive.

MIRANDA: (*Offended.*) Do not refer to me as a girl!

FRED: Sorry. The young lady... female person there... whatever pronoun she is...

PATRICIA: (*Defensive.*) This was my Papaw's hunting cabin. It was very close to his heart when he passed away. In fact, (*Pointing to the sofa.*) when he passed away, he and his heart were right over there.

JULIE and FRED gasp. ANDREA peeks out from the closet, gasps and closes the door. No one sees her.

MIRANDA: Let's not go into that.

PATRICIA: Why don't we give you a little tour. So, this is the great room. And over there is the kitchen. (*Indicates upstage.*) And in there is the bedroom. (*Points right.*) And that's about it.

FRED: It's supposed to have two bedrooms.

PATRICIA: The other bedroom is out here. (*Indicates the sofa.*)

FRED: But this is the great room.

PATRICIA: Great room—slash—bedroom.

FRED: It can't be a great room and a bedroom.

PATRICIA: Well, it's a good room and a bedroom.

FRED: What about the bathroom?

PATRICIA: That would be out there. (*Indicates offstage left.*)

FRED: Out there as in... on the porch?

PATRICIA: As in across the porch, down the little pathway, and back in the trees.

FRED: You mean there isn't a bathroom?

MIRANDA: Oh, there's a... well... toilet.

PATRICIA: If it hasn't fallen in.

JULIE: (*Horried.*) Oh, my God!

PATRICIA: (*To MIRANDA.*) I don't think we'll be giving these two guests a very high rating on the Air B and OMG website.

MIRANDA: (*To FRED.*) We can probably get the road cleared tomorrow. I think you're stuck here for now. Unless you want to use the paved... (*PATRICIA shoves MIRANDA.*) What?

PATRICIA: (*To MIRANDA.*) We shouldn't mention that, dear.

MIRANDA: But if they need to...

PATRICIA: (*Shoving MIRANDA again, gritting her teeth.*) Don't go there, dear.

FRED: Is there another way out of here?

PATRICIA / MIRANDA: NO! / Not exactly.

FRED: Where do you live?

MIRANDA: On the other side of the mountain. There's a path through the woods. It's about a mile away. (*Hesitant.*) I guess you could stay with us.

PATRICIA: (To *MIRANDA*.) No, they can't!

JULIE: We can't walk a mile through the woods!

PATRICIA: (Snarky.) Good. We can. (*MIRANDA drags PATRICIA downstage away from the others.*)

MIRANDA: (To *PATRICIA*.) Mom! These are the type of people who would go after us with lawyers!

PATRICIA: Well, they won't get very much.

MIRANDA: We have to offer to make it up to them. Look around! Would you stay here?

PATRICIA: Of course not! This place is a nightmare!

MIRANDA drags PATRICIA back to the others.

MIRANDA: You can stay with us.

PATRICIA: Yes. You can have the room with the rottweilers. You'll need to be very still.

JULIE: I don't like dogs!

PATRICIA: (Sarcastic.) That's a shame.

FRED: (To *JULIE*.) Let's check out the bedroom.

FRED takes the luggage and exits right. JULIE reluctantly follows, glaring at PATRICIA and MIRANDA.

PATRICIA: Well, they're certainly unpleasant enough.

MIRANDA: Why did you tell them we have rottweilers?

PATRICIA: Why didn't you tell them we DON'T have rottweilers? (*JULIE screams offstage.*)

JULIE: THERE'S A BODY UNDER THE BED!

JULIE enters right, frantic. She runs across stage and exits left. FRED enters right.

FRED: Uh... there IS a body in there! You didn't forget about Papaw, did you? (*PATRICIA exits right. FRED follows JULIE, exiting left.*) Aunt Julie! Wait!

PATRICIA: (Off stage.) Get out from under there! What are you doing here? (*She enters dragging CAL by the ear. He moans in pain.*)

CAL: Geez! (*Slapping PATRICIA'S hand away.*) That hurt!

PATRICIA: You are trespassing on private property!

CAL: I was just... passing by and it started raining so I came in here!
That's all!

MIRANDA: Did you leave fish guts in the trash can?

CAL: Not today.

MIRANDA: How about in the past week?

CAL: Maybe.

MIRANDA: Maybe?

CAL: I maybe caught some fish in the pond. And maybe brought 'em up here to clean. And maybe I forgot to throw out the fish guts.

MIRANDA: You were maybe hiding out from the game warden?

CAL: Maybe.

MIRANDA: Did you ever get a fishing license?

CAL: Not exactly.

MIRANDA: Are you by any chance living here?

CAL: Why would I live here? I got a perfectly good camping trailer down by the river.

PATRICIA: I guess you could be hiding from somebody. Like somebody who got screwed in one of your criminal schemes.

CAL: What did I ever do that was criminal?

PATRICIA: Lots of things!

CAL: Name one!

PATRICIA: Stealing a car!

CAL: I went out for a test drive!

PATRICIA: For three days?

CAL: I wanted to see how good it drove!

PATRICIA: Stuffing ballot boxes at a voting site!

CAL: I thought it was a trash can!

PATRICIA: Shoplifting from the pharmacy!

CAL: I was with my daddy! I thought he paid for the stuff!

PATRICIA: That man wasn't your daddy!

CAL: (*Faking shock.*) You mean my mama lied to me?

PATRICIA: Stalking my daughter!

CAL: I wasn't stalking Miranda! I just wanted to see where she was going!

PATRICIA: So where was she going?

CAL: To the police station to report a stalker!

PATRICIA: You're a criminal! And if you weren't so dense, you'd be dangerous!

JULIE gasps and screams offstage. She enters left, limping. Her clothes are muddy, her hair has leaves and twigs and she's soaked from the rain and has blood on her forehead. She trips on the end table, gasps again and flops down on the sofa. FRED enters behind her.

MIRANDA: What happened?

JULIE: *(In tears.)* I fell down!

FRED: Are you okay, Aunt Julie?

JULIE: *(Suddenly calm.)* You know, Fred, that is a really stupid question. No, I'm not okay! I twisted my ankle, hit my head on a rock and got muddy water in my mouth. And just now I hit my knee on that end table which is in the middle of the floor instead of at the end of something!

FRED: Well, other than that are you okay? *(JULIE glares at him with disgust. FRED notices CAL.)* Uh, who's that?

MIRANDA: That's Cal. He's part of the local color.

CAL is smitten with MIRANDA.

CAL: *(Shyly, to MIRANDA.)* Did you get the catfish I left for you?

MIRANDA: Yes, Cal. Thank you. But next time it might be best to not leave the catfish in our mailbox. See, we had already picked up the mail for Saturday, and we don't check for mail on Sunday. So, by Monday afternoon the catfish was kind of past its peak.

CAL: If you fry it hard enough it won't matter.

PATRICIA: *(To CAL.)* Cal Allen, I want you to stay off my property and stop flirting with my daughter!

MIRANDA: It's okay, Mom.

PATRICIA: You can't be serious!

MIRANDA: You're right. It's not okay.

CAL: If I leave now, I'll get all wet and muddy.

PATRICIA: You're already wet and muddy. *(PATRICIA hands CAL the trash can with the fish guts.)* Here. Take this. *(He crosses left and starts to exit, then stops, turns around and places the trash can on the floor.)*

CAL: I maybe left something here that's kind of important which I'll maybe need to come back for. Maybe later.

PATRICIA: You are trespassing on private property; you are fishing without a fishing license and you're disturbing the peace! *(She takes out her cell phone.)* I'm about to call the sheriff. *(He quickly puts on his raingear and exits left. To FRED and JULIE.)* If you need us for anything just text us.

FRED: But I don't have your number.

PATRICIA: It should be with your reservations. *(She puts on her raingear and starts to exit left.)*

FRED: Wait! What about restaurants?

PATRICIA: What about them?

FRED: Your website said there were restaurants nearby.

PATRICIA: The website said there was FOOD nearby.

FRED: Well? Where is it?

PATRICIA: The closest restaurant, if you can call it that, is Montague's Bar.

MIRANDA: It's about ten miles away.

FRED: Any closer food?

PATRICIA: There is a shotgun in the bedroom and the woods are full of squirrels. *(She exits.)*

JULIE: *(Crossing left to the door.)* I'm going to find the... facility. Then I'm going to call for an Uber.

MIRANDA: You should take an umbrella.

JULIE: How far away is it?

MIRANDA: It's not far, but it's raining. And you'll need the umbrella once you're... uh... in the facility. The roof's gone.

JULIE takes her umbrella and exits left, limping as she goes. To FRED.

MIRANDA: I'm sorry my mother misrepresented this place on the website.

FRED: Well, it's... well... sort of gross. I'm sorry my aunt is kind of...

MIRANDA: Disturbed?

FRED: On edge. She's under a lot of pressure.

MIRANDA: Why is she under pressure?

FRED: She's an associate director of the Arkiadelphia Actors Theater. *(FRED waits for MIRANDA to be impressed. She isn't.)* You know,

the Arkiadelphia Actors Theater Shakespeare Festival, the Arkiadelphia Actors Theater Ibsen Festival?

MIRANDA: *(Shaking her head.)* Sorry.

FRED: Not everything my aunt does works out. She approved a marketing campaign that made the Tennessee Williams Festival look like a country music concert. Most of the audience thought they were going to see Hank Williams Junior, and they got kind of hostile when Hank Junior didn't show up. They thought "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" was a new country song. Anyway, my aunt is driving everyone crazy and I'm supposed to keep her away while the board decides what, if anything, she'll be directing next season. My mother is the artistic director of the theater. She and Aunt Julie are twins.

MIRANDA: Are they identical twins?

FRED: They're oppositional twins. They don't really like each other. In fact, they haven't really spoken to each other in fifteen years.

MIRANDA: And they work together at the same theater?

FRED: My grandmother founded it and when she died the twins each inherited fifty percent ownership. And each refuse to sell to the other. It's a long story.

MIRANDA: And it keeps getting longer.

FRED: I guess you don't have much in the way of culture... uh... entertainment venues around here.

MIRANDA: *(Offended.)* So, you think we're dull and ignorant?

FRED: Well, you're not dull. *(MIRANDA puts on her raingear and starts to exit.)* Wait!

MIRANDA: *(Annoyed.)* Forget the dinner invitation!

FRED: What dinner invitation?

MIRANDA: The one I'm not offering you! *(She exits. FRED follows.)*

FRED: Wait! I didn't mean what it sounded like I said! I'm really a nice person! I'm just awkward! I can't help it! *(He exits left.)* I'm an accountant!

ANDREA peeks out of the closet. She slowly crawls out without suitcase, stands, brushes herself off, looks around and slowly makes her way left toward the door.

Suddenly CAL enters left. He's carrying an arrangement of flowers which he took from a cemetery. ANDREA sees him, gasps and dives behind the sofa.

CAL: Hello? Miranda? I brought you some flowers. And I can get you another catfish. Are you here? Did everyone leave? Oh well. Back to work.

CAL turns off the lights. The scene is now done in low lights.

CAL crosses right, bumps into the end table, gasps, crosses to the bedroom and exits. ANDREA stands, looks around, then crawls right to peek in the bedroom to check on CAL, stands, crosses around the front of the sofa, bangs into the end table, loudly gasps. CAL enters and looks around to see what made the noise. ANDREA quickly rushes behind the sofa and ducks. CAL exits right.

CAL enters right with the empty hand truck. ANDREA peeks up from behind the sofa, then ducks back down as CAL gets closer. He maneuvers around the end table and exits left with the hand truck. ANDREA looks up from behind the sofa, crosses left to the door, then rushes back behind the sofa. CAL enters with two more cases of wine.

CAL crosses to the "wine case end table", tosses the lamp on the sofa, uncovers the wine, stacks the two cases beside the "end table", returns the cover and the lamp to the "end table". He exits left with the hand truck. ANDREA stands and crosses left and quickly crosses behind the sofa. He enters with two more cases of wine and looks around for a place to hide the wine. He wheels the hand truck behind the sofa. As he goes behind the sofa ANDREA crawls on all fours around to the front. He places the wine on the floor behind the sofa and exits left with the hand truck. ANDREA stands and crosses left toward the door.

As ANDREA is about to exit, she sees CAL returning with the hand truck and more wine. She quickly crosses right, bumps into the end table and groans in pain. She ducks back behind the sofa, stumbles over the wine cases and curses. CAL enters left with the hand truck and more wine, crosses right, and stumbles over the end table and the

wine cases tumble from the hand truck, making loud noise. He tries to stack the wine cases back, but hears someone approaching left.

STEVE enters left, and CAL quickly exits right, leaving the hand truck and the wine cases. STEVE peers around in the dark and makes his way center. ANDREA stands, doesn't recognize him, makes her way toward the door. STEVE stumbles on the end table and gasps. ANDREA recognizes him, crosses toward him. He bumps into her and gasps.

STEVE: *(Surprised.)* Andrea? *(She shushes him. Stage whisper.)*
What the hell is this?

ANDREA: *(Stage whisper.)* It's a beautiful alpine chateau! What the hell does it look like?

STEVE: *(Stage whisper.)* I can't see! It's dark!

ANDREA: *(Stage whisper.)* Where have you been, you jerk?

STEVE: *(Stage whisper.)* Hiking through mud and rain and crawling over trees! My Gucci loafers are ruined! Why are you whispering?

ANDREA: *(Indicates the bedroom.)* There's a man in there!

STEVE: Is he dangerous?

ANDREA: Probably!

STEVE: Whose car is out there?

ANDREA: That's Fred's car.

STEVE: Who's Fred?

ANDREA: I don't know! Can we please get out of here?

STEVE: There's a problem with my car. It's halfway down the road... on the other side of a fallen tree.

ANDREA: So, we can walk to it!

STEVE: I have this injured foot!

ANDREA: But we can walk to your car. Right?

STEVE: I had to climb over this big tree and I don't think I can do it again.

ANDREA: We need to go!

They turn to leave. STEVE pauses.

STEVE: I saw where your car ran off the road.

ANDREA: It's hanging on the side of a cliff.

STEVE: Not any more. It's now at the bottom of the cliff... sticking out of the river.

ANDREA: *(Moans.)* Oh no! My poor little car!

STEVE: I told you a Yugo wasn't a good idea.

ANDREA: It was all I could afford!

STEVE: I plan on buying you a new car... as soon as the campaign is over. And I can figure out a way to hide some of the money.

They turn to leave. STEVE trips on the end table and gasps.

STEVE: *(In pain.)* That was my injured foot!

ANDREA: Come on!

STEVE: *(Sniffs, makes a sour face, steps away from ANDREA.)*
Something smells really bad.

ANDREA: It's the catfish.

STEVE: Catfish?

They exit left, with STEVE limping. CAL enters right and starts to stack the wine cases on the hand truck. He crosses left, looks out the doorway and sees JULIE, gasps and quickly exits right without the hand truck. JULIE enters left. She shakes out the umbrella, looks around for FRED. She crosses right, limping. She plops down on the sofa. As JULIE talks CAL enters right from the bedroom crawling on all fours. He crosses behind the sofa, heading for the front door.

JULIE: That toilet is going to give me nightmares for the rest of my life! The roof was gone and the toilet paper was soaked from the rain! *(Whining.)* I want to go back to Atlanta. With the traffic. And the crime. And the heat index. And all the rude drivers who won't let me cut in on the highways. And all the familiar things that say "home". Fred? Are you there?

She stands and limps right toward the bedroom and exits. CAL stands and starts to exit left. He stops when he hears ANDREA and STEVE returning and ducks down behind the sofa.

ANDREA: *(Offstage.)* Don't be such a whiner!

STEVE: (*Offstage.*) I'm not whining, Andrea! (*Whines.*) I think I have broken bones in my foot!

They enter left and cross center. STEVE stumbles over the table and moans. He flops down on the sofa.

STEVE: I'm gonna need an orthopedic surgeon!

ANDREA: You're still whining!

STEVE: (*Whining.*) I'm not whining! I was in the army, Andrea! I went to war for my country!

ANDREA: You got a medical discharge from the army!

STEVE: I was in a combat situation! My foot was injured!

ANDREA: You were standing too close to a Jeep Grand Cherokee and it ran over your foot!

STEVE: And that was a serious injury!

ANDREA: It wasn't combat related!

STEVE: I was ready for combat!

ANDREA: You were in Myrtle Beach!

STEVE: But I *was* prepared for combat!

ANDREA: You were prepared for spring break! I'm going to call someone to get me out of here.

STEVE: Not so fast! Uh... we may want to hold off on that phone call until we explore other options.

ANDREA: Do you see where we are? You told me you'd rented a beautiful mountain chateau!

STEVE: This is not how it looked on the website! Obviously, there's been some kind of mistake.

ANDREA: The mistake was I agreed to meet you here!

STEVE: You didn't tell anyone, did you?

ANDREA: Either you call someone to get me out of here or I'll call someone! (*She takes out her phone and searches her apps.*)

STEVE: Okay. But let me go first. And you hide in the back.

ANDREA: No way! That man may still be back there!

STEVE: (*To himself.*) How can I spin this so I don't appear to be guilty of something sleezy?

ANDREA: (*Looking at her phone.*) Uber and Lyft have no drivers available.

STEVE: I need to be at an event in four hours!

ANDREA: So?

STEVE: You're my manager! Figure out how to get me there!

ANDREA: (*Sarcastic.*) Well, you could walk. That should only take a few hours. But that would be difficult with that old war injury, wouldn't it?

FRED and MIRANDA are heard offstage.

FRED: (*Offstage.*) Why did you turn around?

MIRANDA: (*Offstage.*) I don't want you near my house! You are a very rude person!

FRED: (*Offstage.*) The Beverly Hillbillies thing was supposed to be a joke!

STEVE: (*Frantic.*) I think someone's coming!

ANDREA: Good! They can get me out of here!

MIRANDA and FRED enter.

MIRANDA: What about the dueling banjos comment? Was that supposed to be funny?

FRED: Well, it was supposed to be. I guess it wasn't.

MIRANDA: No, it wasn't! It was insulting and demeaning!

FRED: I can't help it! I'm an accountant!

Suddenly the lights come up. PATRICIA is standing by the light switch. JULIE enters from the bedroom. ALL are startled by the other people in the room. They begin to talk at once creating a wall of incomprehensible noise which increases in volume and intensity. At some point, CAL crawls out from behind the sofa and tries to make his way left to the door. PATRICIA stops him.

STEVE: (*To ANDREA.*) I didn't know this place would be such a dump! And you probably grew up in places like this! I've seen that crummy little town you grew up in! It's pathetic! If it wasn't for me, you'd still be slinging hash browns at the Waffle House on the interstate! You're not exactly the kind of girl my parents would approve of! (*Etc.*)

ANDREA: *(To STEVE.)* I am soaking wet and covered in mud and dust bunnies and you have the nerve to criticize me? I risked my reputation and my career for you! And you know what? You're not worth it! You're not going to leave your wife! You're not going to marry me! You're just going to use every dirty trick you know to get your ass in the governor's mansion and keep me on the side, if it's convenient! *(Etc.)*

JULIE: *(To FRED.)* I want to go home! I don't care about the theater! I don't need another stressful thing in my life! Between you and your mother and the theater board I am about to have a nervous breakdown! All your mother thinks about is innovative creativity. Her only goal in life is to make me crazy! *(Etc.)*

FRED: *(To MIRANDA.)* I told you I'm an accountant! I'm not good with small talk. Or large talk. Or any kind of talk that doesn't involve numbers! I'm a numbers guy! I don't have social skills! That's why my wife dumped me! That and she found a more interesting accountant! I'm sorry I'm so awkward! *(Etc.)*

MIRANDA: *(To FRED.)* You think making fun of people is funny? You like making hillbilly jokes? And "Deliverance" jokes? And country bumpkin jokes? I'll have you know I choose to live here! I have college degrees! I had a career in Atlanta! I came back to take care of my mother! And to get away from a terrible marriage! *(Etc.)*

PATRICIA: *(To CAL.)* I told you to stay off of my property! *(CAL tries to crawl around her and get to the door. She stops him.)* And what's with all this stuff that didn't use to be here? Where did this hand truck come from? Were you trying to steal my Papaw's furniture? *(Etc.)*

CAL: *(To PATRICIA.)* I was just passing through and remembered I forgot to take out the catfish guts and I came back and all these people were standing around in here in the dark! And I don't know anything about these cases of wine or how my hand truck got up here! Honest to God! *(Etc.)*

PATRICIA tries in vain to get everyone's attention.

PATRICIA: All right! Enough! Stop talking! Shut up!

Finally, she crosses to the light switch and flicks it off. All gasp. She turns the lights back on. All freeze and look sheepishly around.

PATRICIA: Since I am the owner of this property, such as it is...

ANDREA: It isn't much!

PATRICIA: Don't interrupt!

ANDREA: Sorry.

PATRICIA: I have some questions. *(Indicates the wine cases.)* What is this doing here? *(All but CAL shrug their shoulders. To CAL.)* Why are you here? *(To MIRANDA, indicating FRED.)* Why are you arguing with him? *(To JULIE.)* Why are you and junior still here? *(To ANDREA and STEVE.)* And who the hell are you?

ALL start to answer at once.

PATRICIA: One at a time!

CAL: I came back to get the catfish.

MIRANDA: The catfish you left in our mailbox?

CAL: The catfish I left in the trash can. And I brung Miranda some flowers. *(He picks up the flowers he left on the table and hands them to MIRANDA.)*

PATRICIA: Those are the flowers I put on my Papaw's grave! *(She snatches the flowers from MIRANDA.)*

CAL: Well, he wasn't using 'em.

PATRICIA: *(Angry.)* PUT 'EM BACK! *(She shoves the flowers into CAL'S hands. CAL lays them on the table.)*

PATRICIA: *(To MIRANDA.)* Why are you arguing with Mr. Polo Shirt?

FRED: My name is Fred! *(Indicates his shirt.)* And this is Lands End [Or insert other brand name]. Not Polo.

MIRANDA: I was going to invite them to dinner but he called us hillbillies!

FRED: I didn't call you hillbillies! At least, I didn't mean to. *(To PATRICIA.)* I'm an accountant.

PATRICIA: *(To ANDREA and STEVE.)* What about you two?

ANDREA and STEVE: We rented this place!

FRED and JULIE: WE rented this place!

ANDREA and STEVE: You can have it!

FRED and JULIE: We don't want it!

MIRANDA: *(To PATRICIA.)* Why did you come back?

PATRICIA: To find you. *(Indicates CAL.)* I was afraid Mr. Caveman here had kidnapped you.

CAL: Hey! I don't live in a cave! I live in a camping trailer!

PATRICIA: *(To STEVE and ANDREA.)* How did you two get here?

There's only one car outside, and it's Mr. Lands End's Prius.

STEVE / ANDREA: My car on the other side of a tree. / My car ran off the road.

PATRICIA: Well, which is it?

STEVE and ANDREA: Both.

PATRICIA: *(To STEVE.)* Are you the guy that rented the house?

STEVE: Maybe.

PATRICIA: *(To ANDREA.)* And you're with him?

ANDREA: Not anymore!

STEVE: Andrea, don't say anything I'll... you'll regret!

ANDREA: *(To PATRICIA.)* My car is in the river. Would you drive me back to South Carolina?

PATRICIA: I don't think I can work that in right now.

MIRANDA takes the suitcase and returns to ANDREA.

MIRANDA: Would this happen to be yours? *(ANDREA grabs it and clutches it to her chest.)*

ANDREA: No.

MIRANDA: Then why don't you let go of it?

ANDREA: No.

MIRANDA: What's in it?

ANDREA: Nothing.

PATRICIA grabs the suitcase, surprising ANDREA. ANDREA struggles to get it back. PATRICIA crosses to the table and opens it.

PATRICIA: If this is some kind of illegal narcotic smuggling thing, you'll be in...

ANDREA: It's just my clothes and some cosmetics. *(PATRICIA looks in the suitcase and holds up a sexy nightie.)* I can explain ...

STEVE: Andrea! Be quiet!

ANDREA: Do you know who he is?

PATRICIA: An entitled frat boy?

STEVE: Andrea! This isn't the time or the place!

MIRANDA: I guess this isn't quite the Alpine resort you were expecting.

ANDREA: You lied on the website! I'm going to report you! You'll probably face criminal charges!

MIRANDA: Do you have to?

STEVE: Uh... let's think this through. Maybe we don't want anything about this to go public.

JULIE: My nephew will report you!

FRED: (*Looking at MIRANDA, who shakes her head.*) Uh... let's think about this.

ANDREA: If I don't report you to the website, can you get me out of here?

STEVE: See, my car is on the other side of a tree that fell across the road... if you can call that a road... and her car is in that river at the bottom of that cliff beside the road.

ANDREA: (*Sadly.*) My Creedence tapes are in that car.

CAL: (*Excited.*) Really? Casset or 8-track?

ANDREA: None of your business!

STEVE: Look, I need to be somewhere in a couple of hours and I'll pay you to get me out of here and forget you ever saw me.

CAL: How much?

STEVE: (*Indicating others.*) I'll pay one of them. Not you.

PATRICIA: So, you're hoping to keep your little clandestine affair a secret!

ANDREA: There is no affair!

STEVE: What?

ANDREA: There may have been a possibility, but there's not going to be one now!

STEVE: WHAT? I mean, she's just a coworker. We needed to get away from the office and we brought some work and we were going to... work. Why else would we rent a place like this?

PATRICIA: Why did she bring a suitcase full of Victoria's Secrets?

STEVE: How she dresses when she's not at work is her business.

CAL: Maybe he was planning on bringing her up here and killing her. (*They all look at CAL in horror.*) I mean, it's what I'd do... if I was going to do something like that. I'd lure her out here with fake

promises of romantic bliss and a future together, strangle her or maybe poison her, nothing that would leave a lot of blood and tissue. Then I'd bury her out here, or just leave her tied to a tree and a bear would come along...

PATRICIA: Cal, I think you need to shut up.

CAL: Okay. I'm just trying to help.

JULIE'S cell phone rings. She takes it from her pocket, looks at it and sighs, crosses upstage, turns her back and speaks unheard on the phone.

PATRICIA: (To CAL.) What do you know about this wine?

CAL: Not much. I'm more of a beer guy. You know. PBR. Bud. And that Mexican stuff. Tay-Katy. (*Malaprop for Tecate.*) Two Exes (*Makes an X with his fingers—malaprop for Dos Equis.*).

PATRICIA: What about THIS wine?

CAL: It's not my wine.

PATRICIA: I'm sure it's not. But I'm sure you know how it got here.

CAL: Maybe I'm supposed to look after it. Or maybe not.

PATRICIA: How did the wine get in here?

CAL: Maybe with a hand truck?

PATRICIA: How did the hand truck get here?

CAL: Maybe through the front door?

JULIE finishes her conversation and crosses to FRED.

JULIE: That's it! The board of directors has voted me off the board. I'm an owner and they voted me off the board!

CAL: Maybe you could be an accountant. It can't be that hard. (*Indicating FRED.*) He does it.

JULIE: (To CAL.) Don't talk to me!

CAL: Just trying to help.

FRED: They kicked you off the board?

JULIE: They say I'm impossible to work with, and I don't support the mission statement of the theater.

MIRANDA: What's the mission statement of the theater?

JULIE: I don't know. I never read it.

FRED: To present the classics in new and innovative settings. And to present new works that feature refreshing and innovative settings.

MIRANDA: That sounds ridiculous.

JULIE: Of course, it's ridiculous.

FRED: It makes sense to me... but I'm just an accountant.

JULIE: And they're telling me what show I'm to direct. And if I refuse to direct it, they'll take legal action against me and force me to forfeit my ownership in the theater!

MIRANDA: What do they want you to direct?

JULIE: The one script I dislike more than any other script in Western culture!

FRED: "The Sound of Music"?

JULIE: (*Surprised.*) No!

CAL: Hey! Don't talk trash about "The Sound of Music"!

JULIE: It's not "The Sound of Music". I'd prefer to direct "The Sound of Music", and I don't like musicals.

FRED: Well, what is it?

CAL: (*Bored.*) Yeah. The suspense is killing us.

JULIE: It's... it's... "Waiting for Godot".

ANDREA: Waiting for what?

CAL: Man, I don't like waiting for anything.

JULIE: "Waiting for Godot". It's abstract, absurdist, Freudian, Junigan, existential nonsense!

CAL: Does it have any good songs?

MIRANDA: Maybe you could make it more interesting by having Godot actually show up at the end.

JULIE: (*To MIRANDA, surprised.*) You're familiar with "Waiting for Godot"?

PATRICIA: (*With pride.*) She has a liberal arts education from a very expensive private school.

JULIE: I bet she has a lot of debt.

MIRANDA: I would think "Waiting for Godot" would NOT be a good choice for an audience that thinks Tennessee Williams is a country western singer.

JULIE: (*To FRED, annoyed.*) You told her about the Tennessee Williams festival?

FRED: I may have mentioned it.

JULIE: (*Whines.*) I wanted a Shakespeare tragedy!

CAL: Well, it's not Shakespeare, but you got kind of a tragedy going here.

PATRICIA: Back to the wine. *(To CAL.)* Where did it come from?

CAL: Uh... Maybe I found it and I didn't want it to go to waste.

PATRICIA: You didn't FIND how-ever-many cases of wine this is!

CAL: Twenty. *(MIRANDA crosses to a cabinet, takes a kitchen knife, crosses to one of the cases and slits open the packing tape.)* Uh... you shouldn't be doing that!

MIRANDA: Why not?

CAL: Well, maybe I want to keep it for a special occasion. Like your birthday.

MIRANDA: You're going to give me twenty cases of wine for my birthday?

CAL: Yeah. That and a catfish.

MIRANDA removes a bottle of wine and examines it.

MIRANDA: It's a California Pinot Noir.

JULIE: Let's open it.

PATRICIA: I don't think we have a corkscrew.

JULIE: I do.

JULIE takes a corkscrew from her purse, takes the wine bottle, crosses to the counter and opens it. We hear the pop of the cork. She looks for a glass.

JULIE: These glasses are absolutely disgusting! They're covered in greasy fingerprints and dust.

PATRICIA: *(Sadly.)* Papaw's fingerprints. I never had the heart to clean 'em off the glasses.

JULIE: At this point I don't care. *(She takes a glass and the uncorked wine bottle to the sofa, sits and pours herself a glass. She sniffs the wine and a look of surprise crosses her face.)* Hmmm.

FRED: I wouldn't drink out of that glass, Aunt Julie.

JULIE: Shut up, Fred. *(She sips the wine.)* Oh my God!

ALL: WHAT?

JULIE: This is... really good! *(Reads the label.)* Domaine de Bourgeois. This may be the best pinot noir I've ever tasted!

FRED: May I try? *(He reaches out for the glass but JULIE pulls it away.)*

JULIE: No!

MIRANDA takes out her phone and begins keying.

PATRICIA: *(To MIRANDA.)* What are you doing?

MIRANDA: Looking up that vineyard. Here's an article in Wine Spectator. "There is nothing bourgeoisie about Domaine de Bourgeois."

CAL: That's kind of redundant.

PATRICIA: Shut up, Cal!

MIRANDA: "This small Napa vineyard is turning out some of the best high-end pinot noir in decades. Priced at..." Holy crap!

ALL: WHAT?

MIRANDA: \$695 a bottle! *(They look at the bottle, then at the cases. FRED opens another case and removes a bottle.)*

FRED: This is chardonnay. Chateau Daniel Trois. *(Pronounced with the "s". MIRANDA looks at the bottle and keys on her phone.)*

MIRANDA: It's pronounced *(French pronunciation.)* Chateau Daniel Trois. Gets score of 93. \$550 a bottle!

CAL: You need to chill that before you open it.

MIRANDA: I thought you were a beer person.

CAL: I am. But I know to chill chardonnay.

FRED takes out another bottle.

FRED: *(Pronounces like English.)* Louis Dubois Didier Dag ... something or other ...

MIRANDA: *(Taking the bottle, pronounces like French.)* Louis Dubois Dagueneau Memento Mori.

CAL: That's a French Bordeaux.

PATRICIA: *(Shocked.)* How the hell do you know that? *(CAL shrugs his shoulders and drinks his beer.)*

MIRANDA: *(Searches on her phone.)* Oh my God! It's over \$900 a bottle!

CAL: It's good stuff. *(Belches.)*

PATRICIA: (*Amazed.*) If you add all this up... like ... there's a fortune here!

MIRANDA: We've got to ...

PATRICIA: Sell it!

MIRANDA: Give it back to the people it belongs to!

PATRICIA: Let me have a case. Maybe I can make a payment on one of your loans!

MIRANDA: It's not yours! And it's not Cal's either!

PATRICIA: But I can take it back to where it belongs!

MIRANDA: You don't know where it belongs!

PATRICIA: But I can keep it safe. And if nobody claims it, I can sell it.

MIRANDA: Where are you going to sell a \$900 bottle of wine?

PATRICIA: Craigslist!

MIRANDA: (*Disbelief.*) You think you can sell a \$900 bottle of wine on Craigslist?

PATRICIA: I'll start off asking for more.

FRED: (*Trying to take the Bordeaux from MIRANDA.*) I think I'll try this one.

MIRANDA: No way! This has been stolen or hijacked and somebody's going to be looking for it. Somebody who could be dangerous!

CAL: That's why I didn't tell nobody where it is.

ANDREA: Who in their right mind would pay that much for a bottle of wine?

CAL: People that stay at the Bellview Resort. (*To MIRANDA.*) It's a private estate over by ...

MIRANDA: I know where it is!

STEVE: (*Alarmed.*) The Bellview Resort?

MIRANDA: (*To CAL.*) You stole this!

CAL: I didn't steal it!

FRED: So, you dragged a fortune in high-end wine up that god-awful road!

CAL: I didn't drag it up that god awful road. I got my truck parked up on the good road ... (*PATRICIA shoves him to make him stop talking.*)

PATRICIA: Okay. I think we know how you got the wine here.

JULIE, FRED, ANDREA, and STEVE: (*Shocked.*) GOOD ROAD?

CAL: The paved road. Just up the at the top of the hill.

PATRICIA: That's enough, Cal!

FRED: You mean there's another way up here besides that horrible road we drove on?

CAL: Well, yeah. You'd have to be crazy to try and drive your car on that old lumber road.

JULIE: So, we can drive out of here?

CAL: The bad road and the good road don't meet up.

JULIE: But YOU could drive us out of here?

CAL: I could. But I'm not gonna.

JULIE: Why not?

CAL: I kind of need to stay out of sight. I may be in a little bit of trouble.

TIMMY, a street thug, enters, startling everyone.

TIMMY: Okay! Where is it?

CAL ducks behind the sofa. ANDREA runs into the closet. STEVE shrieks and runs into the bedroom. Others, except JULIE, raise their hands and freeze. Blackout.

END OF ACT ONE

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:

WAITING FOR BORDEAUX

By Burton Bumgarner

For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please
contact us at:

Heuer Publishing LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-800-950-7529 • Fax (319) 368-8011

WWW.HEUERPUB.COM