

START

THE OLD MAN. I'm home! *(He takes off his coat and hat and hangs them on the coat rack near the door.)*

RALPH. In those days we ate a lot of meatloaf and red cabbage. It was like wandering in the desert—every once in awhile you'd hit an oasis: ham on Easter, turkey on Thanksgiving and Christmas. The Old Man lived for those meals.

(Light goes to black on RALPH, and he exits. THE OLD MAN crosses to MOTHER. Quick kiss.)

MOTHER. How was your day?

THE OLD MAN. Same as always. What's for dinner?

MOTHER. Meatloaf and red cabbage.

THE OLD MAN *(not enthusiastic)*. Mm. Where's Ralph.

MOTHER. Down at the park.

THE OLD MAN. Where's Randy?

MOTHER. Behind the couch.

THE OLD MAN. Ah. Grocery list?

MOTHER. Mm-hm.

THE OLD MAN. Don't forget the Christmas turkey.

MOTHER. It's too early. Christmas isn't for two and a half weeks.

THE OLD MAN. Mm. Guess so. Tell ya what ... *(He crosses quickly to the coat rack, puts on his coat.)* ... let's just go down the block to the A&P and look at the turkeys. Huh? Huh? *(He takes MOTHER's coat from the rack, crosses down, holds it out.)* Whaddya say? Ten minutes. Just down the block. Can't hurt. Can't hurt. Huh? Huh?

MOTHER *(considers for a moment, then, with a sigh)*. Well, all right ... *(She rises and crosses to him.)*

THE OLD MAN *(excited, helps her on with her coat)*. Ha!

MOTHER. Can't hurt.

(He opens the door. She exits, he grabs his hat from the rack, starts out, turns back.)

THE OLD MAN. We'll be right back, Randy.

RANDY *(unseen, behind couch)*. OK.

THE OLD MAN *(slaps his hands together and rubs them in anticipation)*. Ha ha! Turkey!

STOP

O.M.
MOTHER