

**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