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*Dedicated to Clarabelle, who's watching from above with a smile on her face,
and to Shanara with gratitude and love.*

Cast of Characters

In order of appearance:

JOE, a simple looking man in his thirties/forties

ROBIN, a cunning woman in her thirties/forties

CHRIS, a likeable man in his thirties/forties

MARSHA, a buxom and cheerful woman in her late twenties/early thirties

GEORGE, a brash man in his fifties/sixties

GLADYS, a flamboyant lush in her fifties/sixties

BETH, a cute and naive woman in her thirties/forties

ROGER, a homely officer in his forties/fifties

Setting

The action of the play—which is continuous—takes place in Joe and Robin’s lake cabin during a bright sunny day. It is a medium-class home. The décor is tastefully modern.

Time

The present.

ACT 1—The morning of a bright summer day.

ACT 2—Immediately following.

Acknowledgments

Who Maid Who? was first produced at the Harwood Prairie Playhouse in West Fargo, North Dakota on March 6, 2009 with the following cast and crew:

JOE	Adam Harfield
ROBIN	Dori Reich
CHRIS	David Lassig
MARSHA	Amanda Eide
GEORGE	Jim Donat
GLADYS	Pam Strait
BETH	Shanara Lassig
ROGER	John Steiner
Director	Troy Brewster
Set Designer	Troy Brewster, David Lasig
Lighting and Sound Designer	Michael Sunram
Stage Manager	Julia Straley

WHO MAID WHO?

by David Lassig

ACT I

(The curtain rises on an empty stage. It is the living room and bedroom of a modern lake cabin on a bright summer morning. The stage consists of a living room Stage Right and a bedroom Stage Left. The wall is cut out except for a connecting door Upstage. The entrance way of the lake cabin is upper stage center and consists of a front door and a closet door to the right of the front door. There are coat hooks between the front door and closet. An umbrella and set of keys are on the hooks. The entrance way may be on a slight rise. Upper stage right is a hall leading to a guest wing. Stage right are two doors with door Downstage Right leading to a bathroom and door Upstage Right leading to a bedroom. Downstage Left is a swinging door leading to the kitchen. At minimum, the living room furniture consists of a sofa with a blanket on it, coffee table, and drinks table. In the bedroom there is a door Stage Left leading to a bathroom. At minimum, the bedroom furniture consists of a bed. The bedroom may also be on a slight rise.)

(JOE enters through front door with overnight bag, grocery bags, and flowers. Crosses Downstage and sits on couch. Dials cell phone from pocket.)

JOE. Hi beautiful. I've just arrived at the cabin. Yes, I've taken care of everything. Did you get the outfit? Good. Now relax, I've got a romantic weekend planned for just the two of us. The only thing missing now is you. Hurry along dear, I can't wait to see you. I've left the door unlocked, so just come in and make yourself comfortable, if you know what I mean. *(Hangs up phone.)* Now for a few last minute touches...

(JOE crosses to kitchen and retrieves champagne and two champagne glasses. Pours two glasses of champagne and sets one on the coffee table and takes the other one. Exits to bedroom Left with overnight bag and puts bag in bathroom Left. ROBIN sneaks in through front door and looks around to make sure there is no one there. While in the living room she starts to take off shoes and pants and leaves a trail of clothes to the bedroom Right. While unbuttoning her shirt, spots champagne and drinks some of it and returns glass to the coffee table, then exits to bedroom Right. JOE enters living room from bedroom Left and notices champagne has

been drunk. Refills champagne and exits to kitchen with flowers and grocery bags. ROBIN comes out of bedroom Right in camisole and underwear and picks up the glass of champagne and takes it back to the bedroom with her. JOE enters from kitchen with flowers in vase and sets them on the coffee table. Notices champagne glass is missing.)

What the...?

(JOE looks around for champagne glass and exits to kitchen and quickly jumps back in trying to catch somebody. JOE exits to kitchen. ROBIN enters from bedroom Right and grabs champagne bottle and takes to bedroom Right. Opens door and hangs camisole on door knob. JOE enters from kitchen with another champagne glass and notices the champagne bottle is missing.)

Good Lord! *(Looks around for champagne bottle and notices the clothing leading to the bedroom.)* Oh! *(JOE takes his champagne glass to the bedroom door Right, looks at camisole and picks it up.)* Ah Hah!

(JOE exits to bedroom Right.)

JOE. *(Off stage:)* Oh no!

ROBIN. *(Off stage:)* Oh yes!

JOE. Oh no!

(JOE runs out to living room.)

ROBIN. Where are you going? Joe, come back here!

(ROBIN enters living room in robe and carries the champagne glass, sets it on coffee table.)

JOE. Robin what are you doing here?

ROBIN. This is our lake cabin. Why wouldn't I be here?

JOE. But Robin, I told you Chris and I were coming here to work the whole weekend.

ROBIN. I know you did Joe, but I couldn't stand to be away from you this weekend.

JOE. What do you mean you couldn't stand to be away from me this weekend?

ROBIN. I haven't seen you all week being you've been working late at the office every night. I've missed you this past week and I'm feeling a little frisky.

JOE. You're feeling frisky? Why now of all times?

ROBIN. It's been a week since you've touched me *(Runs fingers up and down JOE's arm.)* I'm lonely and I need some affection.

JOE. Now stop that. You know I have a lot of work to finish this weekend and I can't have any distractions.

ROBIN. Oh come on Joe, just one little distraction. *(Begins to run fingers up and down his arms again.)* I'm sure you will need a little break every now and then.

JOE. Now Robin, stop that.

ROBIN. I'm not going to stop until I'm satisfied. *(Still running fingers over JOE.)*

JOE. Now Robin, please! *(ROBIN goes for Joe's belt.)*

ROBIN. No, I won't stop until you give me what I want.

JOE. Robin... *(Starting to get into it.)* ...oh all right...if that's the way you're going to play, I'll make you a deal. I'll give you want, but then you've got to go home. I've got a lot of work to do and I don't need you prancing around here half-naked, distracting me.

ROBIN. It's a deal. Now let's get into that bedroom and get down to business.

JOE. OK, you run along and get into bed. There's one quick thing I need to do first.

(JOE pushes her into the bedroom Right and shouts in.)

Don't start without me.

(JOE closes the door. JOE then takes out his cell phone and dials it.)

Hello sweetie, it's Joe. Yes, yes, everything's fine. I can't wait to see you. Yes my precious, I can't wait for you to arrive. This is going to be a wild and adventurous weekend.

(ROBIN *walks in from bedroom Right unnoticed by JOE.*)

Yes, very wild you ravishing... (JOE *sees* ROBIN.) ...ravishing, sweet talking telemarketer...now as I told you before I'm not interested. (JOE *hangs up phone.*) Damn telemarketers! That's the only way to get rid of them. What are you doing out here? I told you to get into bed and I'd be right in.

ROBIN. I forgot my champagne glass.

(JOE *retrieves champagne glass and gives to ROBIN.*)

JOE. Here you are my love, now get back in there and get into bed. I'll be along shortly.

(JOE *pushes ROBIN back into bedroom Right. Goes to phone and dials it again.*)

Sorry sweetie, there was trouble on the line and I lost the connection. No, I didn't say I wasn't interested. Give me some time to get a few things ready, but don't be too long.

(ROBIN *walks in from bedroom Right.*)

(*In Chinese accent:*) Yes, this is Mr. Soo Long at Little Panda Restaurant. Yes, we do delivery and take out. We not interested in no credit card. We only interested in making the best Sop Chuey in town. (*To ROBIN:*) It's another one of those damn telemarketers. I just love playing with them.

(ROBIN *laughs and exits to kitchen.*)

Are you still there? Yes, I heard the Chinese man also. As soon as I get back to town I'm going to have a word with my cell phone company. (*Mockingly:*) Can you hear me now?

(ROBIN *enters living room with can of Redi whip.*)

(*In Chinese accent:*) Me hear you now. You would like Chicken Hung Lo, yes, and then...chick lings with ginger sauce and then... (*To ROBIN:*) This is getting fun. (*In phone:*) ...and Chok boy. OK, we have to you in 30 minutes or it free. (*To ROBIN:*) What are you doing with that?

ROBIN. If you'd stop playing around and join me in the bedroom you'll find out.

JOE. Oh! OK, just let me finish here and I'll be right in.

(ROBIN exits to bedroom Right.)

(On phone:) Are you still there? We must be getting interference from a Chinese restaurant. Just take your time and I'll see you in a bit. *(Hangs up phone and looks to bedroom Right.)* Well, first things first.

(JOE exits to bedroom Right. After a moment the doorbell rings. JOE rushes out putting on his shirt and calls back into room.)

I'll be right back as soon as I deal with whoever's at the door.

(JOE opens front door and CHRIS walks in.)

Thank God it's you. *(Hugs CHRIS.)*

CHRIS. *(Taken aback:)* Sorry, I got here as soon as I could.

JOE. Hurry up and get in here.

CHRIS. What's Robin's car doing outside? I thought you and I were the only ones coming here this weekend?

JOE. That's right.

CHRIS. Then what's she doing here?

JOE. Don't worry she'll be gone shortly.

CHRIS. I'm not worried, but you seem to be.

JOE. Do I?

CHRIS. Yes you do, is there something wrong?

JOE. No, not yet, unless I don't get rid of Robin.

CHRIS. Why? What's the matter?

JOE. There's nothing the matter. I just need to get rid of her before she blows everything.

CHRIS. What do you mean before she blows everything?

JOE. I mean...nothing.

CHRIS. It doesn't seem like nothing to me.

JOE. Well, how can I put this...this weekend isn't about work or fishing for you and I.

CHRIS. Then what's it about?

JOE. Well...I may have stretched the truth a bit to get you here for the weekend.

CHRIS. What for? What's going on?

JOE. Nothing, there's nothing going on (*CHRIS looks at JOE waiting for an answer...finally:*) Oh all right, there is something going on.

CHRIS. I'm listening.

JOE. Where do I begin?

CHRIS. How about from the start?

JOE. That would be a very good place. You see...I told Robin we had a lot of work to catch up on this weekend and we were coming to the lake cabin to get it done as there would be less distractions.

CHRIS. Well why don't you tell her to go home then, so we can get to work?

JOE. I tried that but it seems she's feeling a little frisky and won't leave until I give her...you know.

CHRIS. A woman feeling frisky? Are you sure it's your wife?

JOE. Never mind that. I've got to take care of her and get her out of here before Marsha arrives.

CHRIS. (*Begins to go.*) OK, I'll just go... (*Stops.*) ...who's Marsha?

JOE. She's a lady.

CHRIS. A lady?

JOE. Yes a lady.

CHRIS. But why would a lady be coming here?

JOE. Because I asked her to.

CHRIS. You asked a lady to come here?

JOE. Yes.

CHRIS. But I thought you said we were coming here to work and fish for the weekend.

JOE. I did.

CHRIS. Then is Marsha coming here to help us work?

JOE. Not exactly.

CHRIS. Then is she coming here to do some fishing with us?

JOE. Not exactly.

CHRIS. Then what's she coming here for?

JOE. How can I put this? You see...Marsha is a little on the side.

CHRIS. Side of what?

JOE. Do I have to spell it out for you?

CHRIS. No...yes.

(JOE does sultry movement.)

Oh, a little on the side...how long has this been going on?

JOE. It hasn't started actually. You see, Marsha works at the coffee shop I go to every morning.

CHRIS. Yes.

JOE. One day while ordering my coffee we started talking.

CHRIS. Yes.

JOE. The next day while ordering my coffee we talked some more.

CHRIS. Uh huh.

JOE. Well, I kept going there for coffee and we kept talking...

CHRIS. Did your wife happen to come up while you were doing all talking?

JOE. Do you want to hear this or not?

CHRIS. Sorry.

JOE. Well all this talking went on for a couple weeks and...

CHRIS. You decided to start a sordid affair with her?

JOE. Oh no! She's the one who wanted to start it with me.

CHRIS. I see. You are lucky aren't you?

JOE. Anyway, she asked if we could go somewhere for the weekend.

CHRIS. And you just happened to have this handy little place.

JOE. Exactly, and now Robin showed up and she's bound to ruin the whole thing.

CHRIS. Why didn't you just tell her you had a wife in the first place?

JOE. I did.

CHRIS. You did? And she's fine having this sordid affair with you even though you're married?

JOE. Not really.

CHRIS. What do you mean not really?

JOE. Well, she knows I have a wife...

CHRIS. And?

JOE. And she thinks we're separated.

CHRIS. Separated? Why would she think that?

JOE. Because I told her that.

CHRIS. You told her you were separated?

JOE. That's right.

CHRIS. But you aren't are you?

JOE. Aren't what?

CHRIS. Separated.

JOE. Of course not. She said there was no way she would sleep with a happily married man and it just sort of came out.

CHRIS. What do you mean just sort of came out?

JOE. I had to tell her something to get her here for the weekend and I somehow came up with that.

CHRIS. Couldn't you have come up with something better than that?

JOE. Look, I was flustered. It was all I could come up with.

CHRIS. OK, OK, but what's Marsha going to do when she shows up and your wife's here?

JOE. Hopefully Robin will be gone by then.

CHRIS. You better hope so.

JOE. Look, all Robin wants is a quick roll in the sack, so that's what I'll give her and then I'll have her out of here in three minutes.

CHRIS. I wouldn't brag about that if I were you.

JOE. Never mind. As soon as I get rid of her, Marsha and I can have the romantic weekend together we were planning to have.

CHRIS. Just a minute. If it's supposed to be a romantic weekend alone with just the two of you, what am I doing here?

JOE. Well umm...

CHRIS. This should be interesting.

JOE. Well...you're my alibi for the weekend.

CHRIS. What do you mean alibi?

JOE. I told Robin we were coming here to work for the weekend, so that's why you're here. But now that you're here, I need you to stay out of the way.

CHRIS. How am I supposed to do that with two sex-crazed maniacs running around?

JOE. Please Chris, I really need your help if I'm going to pull this off. I told you I invited you here for a weekend of work and fishing. So all you have to do is go about your fishing and stay out of sight. Now you'll be in one of the guest bedrooms down the hall, so if things go as planned we won't see each other the whole weekend.

CHRIS. Why didn't you tell me before?

JOE. Because I knew you would never go along with it.

CHRIS. You got that right.

JOE. Anyway, I didn't want anyone to know because I was afraid it would get back to Robin.

CHRIS. I guess I'll do my part and go change my clothes and head out for a little fishing.

JOE. Just a second. Would you mind helping me out with one quick thing before you go?

CHRIS. What now?

JOE. Could you keep an eye out for Marsha in case she arrives before Robin leaves?

CHRIS. And what do you want me to do with her in the meantime?

JOE. I don't know. Just keep her out of the way for a while.

CHRIS. God, I don't know how I get myself involved in these schemes of yours.

JOE. Please Chris, you're my best friend.

CHRIS. Fine, just get in there and do whatever it is you need to do to get Robin out of here.

JOE. I'll do my best. Why don't you help yourself to a beer in the kitchen while you wait? I won't be long.

CHRIS. Right, three minutes.

(CHRIS exits to kitchen as JOE exits to bedroom Right. The front door opens and in walks MARSHA. She is dressed in a trench coat and carries an overnight bag. She takes the trench coat off to reveal sexy, but tasteful lingerie and practices doing seductive

poses. CHRIS enters from kitchen not noticing MARSHA as she ducks quickly behind the couch. CHRIS sits on couch and MARSHA throws herself at him thinking he is JOE and kisses him.)

CHRIS. *(Together:)* Ah!

MARSHA. *(Together:)* Ah!

MARSHA. Who are you?

CHRIS. Who are you?

MARSHA. I asked you first.

CHRIS. So you did.

MARSHA. I did, now who are you?

CHRIS. I'm Chris. I'm a friend of Joe's. Who are you?

MARSHA. I'm Marsha. I'm a friend of Joe's.

CHRIS. So you are... *(To himself:)* lucky dog.

MARSHA. What?

CHRIS. Nothing...anyway do you always go around kissing people like that?

MARSHA. Yes... I mean no... I mean... I thought you were someone else.

CHRIS. Obviously...not that I'm complaining.

(JOE enters from bedroom Right calling back in as CHRIS gets off couch and moves stage Left. MARSHA notices lipstick on CHRIS's lips and motions to him to wipe it off.)

JOE. Just lay there. I'll be back in a minute after I deal with whatever is going on out here.

ROBIN. *(Off:)* Don't be long.

MARSHA. Oh Joe!

(MARSHA jumps into JOE's arms and they fall on the couch.)

JOE. Marsha wait, would you slow down?

MARSHA. No, I can't wait any longer.

JOE. But Marsha, we've got to pace ourselves. We've got the whole weekend together.

MARSHA. But Joe.

JOE. Now Marsha, we don't want to wear ourselves out right away

CHRIS. Uhh umm... *(Clears his throat to get their attention.)*

JOE. Oh Chris, are you still here?

CHRIS. Didn't you ask me to stay here?

JOE. Did I?

CHRIS. Yes you did.

JOE. Oh yes that's right...weren't you suppose to be watching out for something for me?

CHRIS. Looks like you found it yourself.

MARSHA. Joe what's he doing here?

JOE. Yes, what are you doing here?

CHRIS. You invited me here remember?

JOE. That's right I did, didn't I? Well this is...umm...the chef.

MARSHA. The chef?

CHRIS. The chef?

JOE. That's right the chef.

MARSHA. But he told me he was a friend of yours.

JOE. He is. He's my friend the chef.

CHRIS. I am?

JOE. Yes you are.

MARSHA. But what's your friend the chef doing here?

JOE. You see...I wanted this weekend to be perfect, so I hired my friend the chef to cook for us the whole weekend. Isn't that right Chef Christopher?

CHRIS. If you say so.

JOE. Now Marsha, why don't you change into something a little less revealing for the moment? We'll be staying in this bedroom (*Indicating bedroom Left.*)

MARSHA. Just a minute Joe. Who were you talking to in that room?

JOE. Talking to in which room?

MARSHA. That room. (*Pointing to bedroom Right:*) You were talking to someone when you came out of there.

JOE. Was I?

MARSHA. Yes, and you told them to just lay there.

JOE. Stay there. I said stay there.

MARSHA. Well who was it?

JOE. That was the umm...the umm...maid? Yes, I was talking to the maid.

CHRIS. The maid?

JOE. Yes, Chef Christopher. The maid!

CHRIS. I didn't know you had a maid.

JOE. Of course I have a maid. She's just finishing her cleaning and then she will be off shortly.

CHRIS. (*To himself:*) I thought you were getting her off.

MARSHA. What?

CHRIS. I mean yes, the maid...the maid who will soon be off.

JOE. Yes, Chef Christopher, that maid. The maid we don't want to see Marsha. Come on now Marsha, we don't want everyone to see you running around half naked, do we?

MARSHA. Just a minute. Did you just say, "the maid we don't want to see Marsha?"

JOE. Did I?

MARSHA. Yes, you did.

JOE. So I did. Now, if you'll just get in here and get changed.

MARSHA. Wait a minute! Why shouldn't the maid see me?

JOE. Well umm...you see...umm...Chef Christopher?

CHRIS. Yes.

JOE. Could you give me a hand here?

CHRIS. I think you've got your hands full at the moment.

JOE. Chef Christopher, please!

CHRIS. Well umm...umm...I don't know Joe, why shouldn't the maid see Marsha?

JOE. Because uh...because the maid doesn't know my wife and I are separated. We didn't want to upset her by telling her about it you see. So if she sees me with you that would really stir up the hornet's nest. Isn't that right Chef Christopher?

CHRIS. *(To himself:)* That's one way of putting it.

JOE. What?

CHRIS. I said that's right.

MARSHA. But why did she say, "don't be long?"

JOE. She meant don't be long because she's almost finished with the cleaning in the bedroom. I'm helping her turn down the bed you see.

CHRIS. *(To himself:)* More like turning her on in bed.

JOE. Chris, do you mind?

CHRIS. Sorry.

JOE. You see...she likes me to watch her work.

CHRIS. *(To himself, beginning to humor himself:)* She likes you to watch her work all right.

JOE. Damn it Chris.

CHRIS. Sorry.

JOE. What I mean is she likes to make sure everything is up to my standards.

CHRIS. *(To himself:)* Something's up all right!

JOE. *(Shouting:)* Enough already Chris!

CHRIS. Sorry.

JOE. Now, please just wait in here and change into something a little more appropriate.

MARSHA. Oh, all right. I'll just be in here until the maid has finished her cleaning. Don't be long Joe!

(MARSHA exits to bedroom Left.)

JOE. *(Panicked:)* What am I going to do?

CHRIS. What are you going to do? What am I going to do? You just told her I'm the chef and I can't even boil water.

JOE. Don't worry I've got everything prepared. All you have to do is pretend you made the food.

CHRIS. Why the hell did you tell her I was the chef?

JOE. I couldn't tell her what you're really doing here now could I? Besides, who would you rather be, the gardener?

CHRIS. It would have been better than the chef.

JOE. Look, I've already told her you're the chef, so that's who you are.

CHRIS. Fine, I'm the chef. I don't know how I got myself into this.

JOE. You? What about me? Your problems aren't half as bad as mine.

CHRIS. What do you mean?

JOE. What do you mean what do I mean? I've arranged an intimate weekend alone with Marsha at my lake cabin.

CHRIS. Doesn't sound like a problem to me.

JOE. What about the fact that my wife is here!

CHRIS. That could be a problem.

JOE. Now I've got two women on my hands at the same time.

CHRIS. Isn't that every man's dream?

JOE. This is no time for jokes.

CHRIS. *(Calming JOE down:)* Look, everything will be fine as long as they don't see each other. You just need to keep them apart.

JOE. And how am I going to do that?

CHRIS. I don't know, you'll think of something. Just get in there and do whatever it is you need to do with Robin and maybe with a little luck, she'll leave and you won't have to worry about keeping them apart.

(ROBIN enters from bedroom Right in French maid outfit and blonde wig. As JOE and CHRIS see ROBIN, JOE nearly dies and CHRIS is amused.)

ROBIN. Joe, I've got a surprise for you!

CHRIS. *(Whisper:)* Looks like your maid has finished her cleaning.

JOE. Knock it off.

ROBIN. *(Embarrassed:)* Oh, Chris! I didn't know you were here already.

CHRIS. I've just arrived actually.

ROBIN. Right, nice to see you Chris. Now Joe, would you kindly stop messing around and join me the bedroom.

(ROBIN starts to bedroom Right as MARSHA enters living room from bedroom Left in French maid outfit and blonde wig.)

MARSHA. Is this better?

(CHRIS and JOE nearly die.)

CHRIS. (*Whisper:*) Looks like you've got another maid.

JOE. (*Whisper:*) Knock it off.

ROBIN. Who are you?

MARSHA. Umm...I...umm...I... (*To JOE:*) who am I?

JOE. She's umm...she...is... (*To CHRIS:*) who is she?

CHRIS. Umm...she's the...umm...the maid.

JOE. The maid?

CHRIS. Yes, the maid. Now let me have a word with this maid in the bedroom, while you sort things out with the other maid. Come along Ma...Ma...Ma...Marion.

MARSHA. Maid Marion?

CHRIS. Yes, Maid Marion. I need to speak with you in the bedroom.

(CHRIS and MARSHA exit to bedroom Left and sit on bed.)

ROBIN. Right. What was that all about?

JOE. What was what all about?

ROBIN. I didn't know we hired a maid.

JOE. Oh yes, just hired her today actually. I didn't want you to have to go through all the work of keeping the cabin clean, so I hired a maid.

ROBIN. Really? How handy. And do maids usually wear that kind of outfit?

JOE. This type does. I mean she did to make me happy... I mean... of course she does...after all she is French.

ROBIN. A French maid? She doesn't seem French to me.

JOE. Of course she does, didn't you notice her accent.

ROBIN. No, I didn't. She seemed very American to me.

JOE. Did she? Well she has been in the country for quite some time, so she must have lost her accent.

ROBIN. Really? And how did you happen to find this maid?

JOE. Find the maid?

ROBIN. Find her to hire her?

JOE. Oh, umm...she's Chris' maid also.

ROBIN. Really? I didn't know Chris had a maid.

JOE. Oh yes, been giving Chris a good cleaning for years. So when I told him I was looking for a maid, he recommended her.

ROBIN. How very kind of him.

JOE. I thought so.

ROBIN. Are you sure there's nothing going on here?

JOE. Of course I'm sure. Now why don't you get back into bed and I'll join you shortly.

ROBIN. Right, just make sure those two don't disturb us.

(ROBIN exits to bedroom Right.)

JOE. *Oh God!*

(JOE gets drink from drink table and sits on couch.)

CHRIS. Look, we need you to pretend to be the maid for now.

MARSHA. But I thought the other lady was the maid?

CHRIS. Is she?

MARSHA. Isn't that what Joe told me before?

CHRIS. Did he?

MARSHA. Yes he did.

CHRIS. That's right, he did.

MARSHA. So why did Joe say she was the maid?

CHRIS. Well...umm...you know...it doesn't matter. All you need to know is you're the maid now.

(JOE exits to bedroom Right.)

MARSHA. But why?

CHRIS. Because I said you're the maid, that's why.

MARSHA. But if she's the maid...

CHRIS. *(Getting frustrated:)* Why do you have to ask so many questions? Why can't you just pretend to be the maid?

MARSHA. *(Getting mad:)* Because I don't do things unless I know why I'm doing them.

CHRIS. OK, that lady out there who may or may not be the maid, needs to think that you are the maid because if she finds out who you really are, all hell will break loose.

MARSHA. Why?

CHRIS. Good lord! Listen carefully. The lady out there can't know who you are because she's a dear old friend of Joe and Robin's. Now Joe and Robin haven't told her they are separated, so if she finds out why you're really here it would break her heart. Make sense?

MARSHA. I guess so...but if she's the maid why would she think I'm the maid.

CHRIS. *(Really frustrated:)* I don't know! Let's suppose she's retiring, so they need a new maid, which is who you are. Now will you pretend to be the maid, damn it!?!?

MARSHA. You might ask me a little nicer.

CHRIS. Now will you pretend to be the maid, damn it!? Please!

MARSHA. OK, you don't have to get so mad.

CHRIS. Good, I'm glad we finally got that settled. Now wait here, and remember, if anyone asks, you're the maid.

MARSHA. I'm the maid.

CHRIS. You're the maid.

MARSHA. I'm the maid! I got it already.

CHRIS. Fine. I'll send Joe in as soon as the maid has gone.

MARSHA. But I'm not leaving.

CHRIS. Not you, the other maid!

MARSHA. Oh right.

CHRIS. You are sure making this difficult.

(CHRIS exits to living room, looks around and then goes to knock on bedroom door Right.)

ROBIN. *(Off:)* Yes?

CHRIS. Is Joe in there?

(ROBIN opens door.)

ROBIN. Yes he is, but he's busy at the moment.

CHRIS. I really need to speak with him.

ROBIN. Just a minute.

(CHRIS waits patiently at door, gets drink and comes back to door. JOE opens door and sticks head out.)

JOE. *(Angrily:)* Now what is it?

CHRIS. Don't get pissy with me. Remember I'm just a poor guy trying to help a friend in need.

JOE. Sorry. *(Closes door, opens it immediately after, then says cheerily:)* What is it?

CHRIS. Could I have a word with you in the living room?

JOE. *(Cheerily:)* Certainly, be right with you. *(JOE takes Chris's drink and downs it, hands glass back to CHRIS and then closes door.)*

(CHRIS rolls eyes and waits patiently at door, goes to refills drink, comes back to door. JOE enters living room.)

CHRIS. What the hell took you so long?

JOE. I was busy.

CHRIS. Doing what?

JOE. What do you think?

CHRIS. Oh yes, trying to please your wife, so you can get on with pleasing your mistress and doubling your pleasure. You ought to be in a spearmint gum commercial!!

JOE. Knock it off. What do you want?

CHRIS. I just came to tell you things have changed a bit.

JOE. What do you mean?

CHRIS. Well, in an effort to keep your new lady apart from your old lady, I had to convince your new lady to be the maid.

JOE. But we told her Robin was the maid.

CHRIS. Well now your new lady is the new maid and your old lady is the old maid.

JOE. Let me get this straight, you told Marsha she's the maid now too?

CHRIS. Yes, I've told Marsha she's the maid too.

JOE. What the hell am I going to do with two maids?

CHRIS. Good question. What the hell are you going to do with two maids? Or is it two maidens?

JOE. Oh shut up!

CHRIS. Don't tell me to shut up!

JOE. Sorry! What exactly did you tell her?

CHRIS. I told her to pretend to be the maid because Robin is a dear old friend of yours and you couldn't break it to her that you and your wife are separated.

JOE. Brilliant! But how did you explain Robin in the maid outfit?

CHRIS. Got that covered as well. I told her that Robin is your maid and she is retiring.

JOE. Hence the reason I need a new maid.

CHRIS. That's right.

JOE. Very good my friend.

CHRIS. I thought so. Now would you hurry and get rid of Robin?

JOE. Right! Won't be long.

CHRIS. *(Laughs and to himself:)* That's exactly what Robin said.

JOE. Oh wait. Before I get back to Robin, come in the kitchen, so I can show you what you're making for dinner.

CHRIS. What I'm making for dinner?

JOE. You are the chef aren't you?

CHRIS. But I've already told you I can't cook.

JOE. Oh relax! All you have to do is throw it in the oven. It's already prepared.

CHRIS. Thank goodness.

(They exit to kitchen as ROBIN enters from bedroom Right and MARSHA enters from bedroom Left.)

ROBIN. *(Together:)* Joe?

MARSHA. *(Together:)* Joe?

(JOE sticks head back in living room and sees ROBIN and MARSHA talking. MARSHA notices JOE as he quickly ducks back into the kitchen.)

ROBIN. Oh hello.

MARSHA. Hello.

ROBIN. Are you the maid?

MARSHA. That's right...

ROBIN. Maid Marion?

MARSHA. Yes, Maid Marion.

ROBIN. So how long have you been doing this?

MARSHA. Doing what?

ROBIN. Working as a maid?

MARSHA. This is my first day actually.

ROBIN. Really, haven't you been doing this for quite some time now?

MARSHA. Uh...I don't think so.

ROBIN. But haven't you been giving Chris a good cleaning for many years?

MARSHA. I beg your pardon, certainly not!

ROBIN. But I thought Chris knew you quite well.

MARSHA. I've just met him.

ROBIN. But didn't Chris get you into this maid thing?

MARSHA. It was his idea, yes.

ROBIN. But you just said you and Chris don't know each other.

MARSHA. That's right.

ROBIN. I don't quite follow.

MARSHA. Look, Chris told me I'm the maid, so that's what I'm doing is being the maid. Please don't ask me any more questions.

ROBIN. Are you saying you're not the maid?

MARSHA. No, I'm not saying I'm not the maid.

ROBIN. So you're saying you are the maid?

MARSHA. No, I'm not saying I am the maid.

ROBIN. Look, I don't know what is going on here, but would you please tell me whether you are or aren't the maid?

MARSHA. I'm not supposed to tell you.

ROBIN. Why not?

(JOE and CHRIS enter frantically from kitchen. CHRIS is now wearing an apron and a chef hat.)

JOE. *(Trying to stay calm:)* Ah! There you two are. What were you chatting about?

MARSHA. *(Together:)* Maids?

ROBIN. *(Together:)* Maids?

(CHRIS and JOE look to one another.)

CHRIS. *(Together:)* MAIDS!?

JOE. *(Together:)* MAIDS!?

ROBIN. That's right. I was just trying to ascertain if this woman is a maid or not.

CHRIS. Of course she's a maid. Doesn't she look like a maid?

ROBIN. NO!

CHRIS. What do you mean no? This is a maid's outfit isn't it?

ROBIN. That's not what I would expect a maid to wear.

MARSHA. Now look here...

CHRIS. Maid Marion, could I see you in the bedroom for a minute. I need a little help turning down the bed.

MARSHA. The bed?

CHRIS. Yes, now if you'll please join me in the bedroom. I'll be out in a minute Joe, and I'll fill you in on what Marion is up to next.

JOE. What? Oh right...what Marion is up to next. I'll just be out here trying to figure out what I'm up to next.

CHRIS. *(To himself:)* Probably up to your neck by now. *(Cheerfully to JOE:)* Won't be long.

(CHRIS and MARSHA exit to bedroom Left and sit on bed.)

(Awkward pause.)

ROBIN. WELL?

JOE. Well what?

ROBIN. What the hell is going on?

JOE. That's a very good question.

ROBIN. And I'm sure there's a very good answer.

JOE. Actually there is.

ROBIN. And what exactly is that answer?

JOE. Oh, you don't want the answer.

ROBIN. Yes, I do!

JOE. Very well...how can I put this? She's not really a maid.

ROBIN. I'd already gathered that.

JOE. You had?

ROBIN. Yes, now who is she?

JOE. She's actually a friend of Chris'.

ROBIN. A friend of Chris'?

JOE. Yes, that's it...a friend of Chris'.

ROBIN. And why is she wearing that outfit?

JOE. Chris likes her to wear it for him.

ROBIN. What for?

JOE. It seems to get him in the mood.

ROBIN. In the mood for what?

JOE. Well..you know...

ROBIN. No, I don't know. In the mood for what?

JOE. In the mood for... (*Sultry movement.*)

ROBIN. Oh my God! It can't be true.

JOE. Oh it's true...that lady is Chris's mistress. You see, she likes Chris to dress-up as a chef for her and Chris likes her to dress-up as a naughty French maid. It's some silly little sex game they play.

ROBIN. (*Shouting:*) Sex game!!!!!!

JOE. Shh! Keep your voice down.

ROBIN. What are they doing here together?

JOE. This is very interesting and you might find this hard to believe.

ROBIN. Nothing at this point would surprise me.

JOE. Chris needed a place to spend the weekend with her and after begging and pleading with me (*Sheepishly:*) I succumbed into letting him use our cabin.

ROBIN. Really? How very nice of you.

JOE. Oh believe me, I was against it from the start. But he begged and pleaded and beat me down until I finally gave in. What was I to do? After all, he is my best friend.

ROBIN. Well, I'll tell you one thing. I am not going to allow this to continue in our cabin. What would Beth think if I were to allow this to happen?

JOE. Who's Beth?

ROBIN. Chris' wife!?!

JOE. Oh yes. That Beth! Silly me!

ROBIN. Well...are you going to put a stop to this or do you want me to? (*Going toward bedroom Left.*)

JOE. (*Blocking ROBIN from bedroom:*) Now Robin, please. I know this is wrong and I promise this will be the first and last time. I'll tell Chris after today he's going to have to find another place to conduct his dirty affairs. But I can't just throw him out. I've already told him he can stay here this weekend.

ROBIN. (*Thinks for a moment.*) Very well, but he better stay in that room with his little hussy and stay out of my sight.

JOE. Yes darling, I'll be sure to keep her out of your way. (*To himself:*) God help me!

ROBIN. There's just one more thing.

JOE. What's that dear?

ROBIN. What are you doing here this weekend if Chris is here having an illicit affair with his mistress?

JOE. That's a very good question and there's a very logical answer.

ROBIN. I'm sure there is.

JOE. Well, it's like this...I'm Chris' alibi for the weekend.

ROBIN. What do you mean alibi?

JOE. Chris told Beth that he and I were coming here for the weekend to do a little fishing.

ROBIN. Seems to me he's doing a little fishing all right. What's he doing, trying to sink his bobber?

JOE. That's one way of putting it. Can you believe the nerve of him? Using me so he can sneak around behind his wife's back? I feel sorry for his wife.

ROBIN. I can't say I'm surprised. It's usually the ones you'd least expect it from.

JOE. Yes, I know.

ROBIN. You'd never do anything like that would you?

JOE. Who? Me? No...definitely not!

ROBIN. I should hope not. Now, you be sure and tell him that on no account are they to come out of that bedroom. I will not have them conducting their sexual shenanigans all over my house.

JOE. Yes dear.

ROBIN. I'm going back in the bedroom and you'd better join me right away. I've decided I'm staying the whole weekend.

JOE. You're what?

ROBIN. That's right. If Chris is staying here with her, you and I might as well spend the weekend together as well. Now hurry up and get in here.

(ROBIN exits to bedroom Right.)

JOE. I'll be along shortly. Oh God!

(JOE sits on couch and has a drink.)

CHRIS. So you see, that's the reason she can't know who you are.

MARSHA. I think I understand now.

CHRIS. Let's go over it one more time to be certain. That woman out there is Joe's sister. Joe and his wife are separated, but Joe's sister doesn't know that Joe and his wife are separated. Neither Joe nor I could tell her because it would break her heart. So in the meantime, we told her you're the maid, hence the maid outfit. Got all that?

MARSHA. I think so...but why is Joe's sister wearing a maid outfit?

CHRIS. Oh the maid's outfit? That's easy. She actually thinks she's a maid. She's a bit crazy you see.

MARSHA. Crazy? Really?

CHRIS. Oh yes, she got hit by a bus when she was younger and now she thinks she's a maid.

MARSHA. Why would getting hit by a bus make her think she's a maid?

CHRIS. Because she got hit by a bus on Halloween when she was wearing the maid's outfit. The blow from the bus caused her to develop amnesia you see. When she awoke from the accident she was wearing the maid's uniform and now she thinks she's a maid.

MARSHA. Oh my goodness that's terrible.

CHRIS. Not really, it saves Joe a lot of money on cleaning. Now I hope that explains everything.

MARSHA. I think it does.

CHRIS. Thank God! Now I'll go and find Joe and send him in. Why don't you freshen up in the bathroom?

(CHRIS exits to living room as MARSHA exits to bathroom Left.)

Oh Joe, there you are. Marsha's waiting for you. She's in the bathroom at the moment. Now if anyone asks, your sister is here.

JOE. My sister's here?

CHRIS. No, your sister's not here. I mean your "other" sister. The sister who used to be your wife, who then became the maid, who has now become your sister.

JOE. You're telling me my wife is now my sister?

CHRIS. That's exactly what I'm telling you.

JOE. When did my wife become my sister?

CHRIS. About two minutes ago.

JOE. How the hell did that happen?

CHRIS. I had to think of something, so I told Marsha that Robin is your sister.

JOE. How the hell are we supposed to keep track of who anyone is anymore?

CHRIS. I don't know. She asked me why the maid was so mad at her, so I had to come up with something. So I told her it's your sister.

JOE. What the hell were you thinking?

CHRIS. It's the best I could come up with in the heat of the moment! You're lucky I'm helping you out with any of this.

JOE. What exactly did you tell her?

CHRIS. I told her it's your sister who is a bit crazy, who showed up unexpectedly this weekend.

JOE. But why is my sister wearing that maid's outfit?

CHRIS. That has to do with her craziness. You see she's a bit mad and thinks she's a maid and comes here on the weekends to clean your cabin.

JOE. But I don't think even an insane maid would clean in that outfit.

CHRIS. Of course she would, she's crazy. Who knows what crazy people do? Anyway, it's the best I could come up. Now get in there before anything else goes wrong. Marsha's just freshening up in the bathroom.

JOE. But I can't go in there.

CHRIS. Why not?

JOE. Because Robin's still here.

CHRIS. You mean you haven't gotten rid of her yet?

JOE. No and she's decided she's staying for the weekend.

CHRIS. She's what?

JOE. I know. How the hell am I supposed to juggle two women at the same time? What are we going to do?

CHRIS. We? Don't you mean you?

JOE. No, I mean we. You're into this just as much as I am.

CHRIS. Never mind, just get in there and keep Marsha occupied for now. I'll be out here trying to keep your number one away from your number two.

(JOE exits to bedroom Left. He removes his shirt and pants and gets into bed. CHRIS goes to drink table as ROBIN enters from bedroom Right.)

ROBIN. Chris, what are you doing out here?

CHRIS. Having a drink?

ROBIN. Didn't Joe tell you to stay in that bedroom?

CHRIS. No!

ROBIN. Well he was supposed to.

CHRIS. Why am I supposed to stay in that bedroom?

ROBIN. Oh, I think we know.

CHRIS. Do we?

ROBIN. Look Chris, I know exactly what is going on here.

CHRIS. You do?

ROBIN. Yes, Joe explained everything to me.

CHRIS. He did?

ROBIN. Yes he did, and I must say I am not the least bit happy about this.

CHRIS. I wouldn't imagine you would be.

ROBIN. Not much I can do about it now though is there?

CHRIS. I don't know about that.

ROBIN. Well as I told Joe, I will allow this to happen this weekend and this weekend only.

CHRIS. You will?

ROBIN. Yes, but only if you keep out of my sight and stay in that bedroom the whole weekend.

CHRIS. Me, stay in there? Why?

ROBIN. Because if you don't, I will not allow this to continue any longer.

CHRIS. But I don't want to stay in there!

ROBIN. Well you're not doing it out here or anywhere else in my house.

CHRIS. Doing what?

ROBIN. How should I know what the hell you two are going to do? Now get in there!

CHRIS. But Robin...

ROBIN. Chris, if you don't get in there...

CHRIS. (*Begging:*) Please, Robin.....

ROBIN. Get in there or else.

CHRIS. (*Defeated:*) Yes Robin.

(CHRIS enters bedroom Left covering his eyes as he's not sure what's going on in the bedroom. JOE has his back turned to CHRIS and is doing a seductive pose as he waits for MARSHA.)

ROBIN. (*Picks up Chris's bag and takes to bedroom Right.*) Joe must have left his bag out here.

(CHRIS clears his throat to get JOE's attention.)

JOE. What the hell are you doing here?

CHRIS. I'm...uh...uh...

JOE. Well?

CHRIS. I'm...uh...just checking to see if you and the maid would like coffee before your meal.

JOE. What the hell are you playing at?

CHRIS. I'm not playing at anything. I'm just doing what you told me to do.

JOE. I told you to stay out of my way for the weekend.

CHRIS. No, what you told me to do after that.

JOE. What's that?

CHRIS. Pretend to be the chef.

JOE. I asked you to be the chef, not the waiter. Now get out of here!

CHRIS. Right! Was that a yes or a no to coffee?

JOE. Get out.

CHRIS. Right.

(CHRIS exits to living room and is tip-toeing to bathroom when ROBIN enters from bedroom Right.)

ROBIN. Now where are you going?

CHRIS. I was just going to the bathroom.

ROBIN. You've got your own bathroom in there.

CHRIS. But I don't want to go back in there.

ROBIN. Chris, I'm not going to tell you again. Now get back in that bedroom!

CHRIS. *(Resisting:)* But Robin, I'm afraid to see what's going on in there.

ROBIN. You should have thought about that before you got involved in this.

CHRIS. Fine! I'm going!

ROBIN. And stay in there this time or else.

(CHRIS exits back to bedroom Left. JOE is doing another seductive pose on the bed. CHRIS slams the door to get his attention as JOE is surprised. ROBIN exits to bathroom.)

JOE. Ah! What the hell are you doing back here?

CHRIS. I...uh...was wondering if you'd like a leg or a breast?

JOE. What are you talking about?

CHRIS. For your dinner. Would you like a leg or a breast?

JOE. I'm about to have two of each if you would get out of here.

CHRIS. I'm sorry, but I can't.

JOE. Why not?

CHRIS. Your sister keeps sending me back in here.

JOE. My sister?

CHRIS. Your wife, who was the maid, who is now your sister.

JOE. Oh right, that sister. Why does my "sister" keep sending you back in here?

CHRIS. I don't know. She said you were supposed to tell me to stay out of her sight for the weekend.

JOE. Did she?

CHRIS. Yes she did. And she said although she isn't the least bit happy about this, she will allow it to happen this weekend as long as I stay in this bedroom. Why would she want me to stay in here with you and Marsha?

(JOE gets out of bed and puts on shirt and pants as CHRIS is talking.)

JOE. I haven't the foggiest.

CHRIS. She seemed rather upset with me. What exactly did you tell her?

JOE. Oh nothing.

CHRIS. If it's nothing why is she so upset with me?

JOE. Well it is actually a little something.

CHRIS. Now what have you done?

JOE. Well... *(Laughing:)* you might find this quite humorous.

CHRIS. I'm sure I will.

JOE. *(Quickly:)* You see, my wife and my mistress are both here this weekend and from the looks of it I'm not going to bed with either of them. Now, I had to tell my wife who Marsha was, so I told her she's your mistress and now she's mad at me for being your alibi and she

won't leave because she says if you're spending the weekend with your mistress then she's spending the weekend with me.

CHRIS. What did you say?

JOE. I said my wife and my mistress are both here...

(ROBIN enters from bathroom and exits to bedroom Right.)

CHRIS. No, after that.

JOE. I said she won't leave and she's spending the weekend with me.

CHRIS. No, before that.

JOE. *(Very softly, almost inaudible:)* I told her she's your mistress.

CHRIS. What!?

JOE. I told her she's your mistress.

CHRIS. You told your wife that Marsha is my mistress!?

JOE. Well, umm...

CHRIS. Did you or didn't you?

JOE. Yes I did.

CHRIS. Why the hell would you tell her that?

JOE. Who the hell knows?

CHRIS. Great, now she'll probably tell my wife and I'll be ruined.

JOE. Would you just relax?

CHRIS. Oh that's easy for you to say! No one thinks you're the one having the affair. My marriage is over. It's all your fault. After this weekend you can find a new friend to help you with your affairs.

JOE. Chris, why are you getting so upset?

CHRIS. Upset? Who's getting upset? Does it look like I'm getting upset? Just because your wife thinks I'm having an affair with your mistress does that mean I should be upset? *(Pause.)* Of course I'm upset!

(MARSHA comes out of bathroom Left changed into tasteful lingerie.)

MARSHA. I'm ready for you now!

JOE. We have a visitor.

MARSHA. Oh! What's the chef doing in here?

CHRIS. I'm just wondering if Joe wants a leg or a breast.

JOE. Oh, knock it off.

CHRIS. I'll knock it off all right.

MARSHA. Well what's he doing in our room?

JOE. He's wondering what we'd like for dinner.

CHRIS. No he's not.

JOE. Yes he is.

CHRIS. No he's not. Now Joe what am I doing here?

JOE. How would I know?

CHRIS. Damn it Joe, will you tell her or will I?

JOE. Tell her what?

CHRIS. You know damn well what!

JOE. I haven't the faintest idea what we're going to tell her.

MARSHA. Will one of you please tell me what he's doing here? Joe!?

JOE. No I will not.

MARSHA. Chris!?

CHRIS. Joe this is your last chance, if you don't tell her I will.

JOE. Be my guest.

CHRIS. Well Marsha, first of all, I'm not a chef. (CHRIS takes off chef hat and apron.)

MARSHA. Not a chef, then who are you?

CHRIS. I'm just a friend of Joe's.

JOE. That's right. He's a friend of mine who dropped by and as we have such a large cabin I told him he could use the guest wing for the weekend. Isn't that right Chris?

CHRIS. Yes, that's right.

MARSHA. But why are you in here if you're using the guest wing?

(ROBIN enters from bedroom Right and sits on couch with magazine.)

CHRIS. Well you see, it's like this...that lady out there who we told you was the maid, but who is actually Joe's crazy sister who likes to dress up as maid...your lover boy here told her that you and I are here to spend an intimate weekend together.

MARSHA. What? *(To JOE:)* Why would you tell her that?

JOE. Umm, umm...

CHRIS. It seems Marsha that the crazy sister wasn't buying the fact that you are a maid, so Joe had to cook up something in order to hide the fact that you are here to spend the weekend with him.

MARSHA. So you told her I'm here to spend the weekend with Chris? Oh my god! Now what are we going to do?

JOE. Everything will be fine as long as she doesn't see Chris out there.

CHRIS. What about the fact that I'm stuck in here with you two right now.

JOE. That does complicate things. I know! You wait in the bathroom until we're finished.

MARSHA. Joe!

CHRIS. You can't be serious!

JOE. Oh ok, let me think... *(To MARSHA:)* I've got it. Chris will sneak you to the guest wing. There are two bedrooms there and a bathroom and the crazy maid will never go there. So Chris, after

you sneak Marsha to the guest wing, you sneak back here and you'll have this room to yourself. Then Marsha and I can have the guest wing to ourselves for the whole weekend. Now we've got to get you out of this room without the crazy maid seeing her.

MARSHA. How are we going to do that?

JOE. Hmm...I know. I'll go distract her while Chris helps you sneak to the guest wing.

CHRIS. Aren't you forgetting something?

JOE. What?

CHRIS. The crazy maid doesn't know you're in this room.

JOE. So?

CHRIS. If she's out there and you walk out of here, how are you going to explain to the maid what you were doing in here with me and my mistress?

JOE. That's right... I know, I'll sneak out the bathroom window and then sneak in the front door. Then when I'm in the room, I'll distract the maid and you can sneak Marsha to the guest wing.

CHRIS. Right! We'll watch through the door to see when you get there. Good luck.

JOE. See you both shortly. And if everything goes as planned we'll be having that naughty weekend together very soon.

MARSHA. You better hope so because I'm getting tired of waiting for it.

(MARSHA puts on robe as JOE exits to bathroom Left. MARSHA and CHRIS quietly fight over who is going to lead. CHRIS finally lets MARSHA go first. MARSHA opens bedroom door Left as JOE enters living room through front door. JOE motions to MARSHA and CHRIS to be quiet and to sneak out bedroom. MARSHA and CHRIS start to sneak to hall as JOE is about to exit bedroom Right. JOE crashes into the bedroom Right door as MARSHA and CHRIS retreat back to bedroom Left. MARSHA falls on top of CHRIS on the bed.)

JOE. Oh there you are. I've been looking all over for you.

ROBIN. I've been looking for you to. Where have you been?

JOE. I was in the bedroom waiting for you.

ROBIN. You can't have been. I was in there waiting for you.

JOE. Then I wasn't in the bedroom waiting for you.

ROBIN. Then where were you?

JOE. Oh here and there...it doesn't matter. What matters now is that we're together.

(JOE turns ROBIN to shield her as CHRIS and MARSHA start to sneak out the bedroom Left.)

ROBIN. Yes, now let's go into the bedroom and start what we've been meaning to start all day.

JOE. What's the rush? Why don't we stay here and talk for a moment.

(JOE pulls ROBIN to the couch as CHRIS and MARSHA are still sneaking to hall.)

ROBIN. I don't want to talk.

(ROBIN grabs JOE and kisses him. CHRIS and MARSHA see JOE and ROBIN kissing. MARSHA moves toward couch as CHRIS goes for her and pulls her down behind couch.)

What was that?

(ROBIN sticks head up.)

(JOE pulls ROBIN back down as CHRIS and MARSHA struggle behind the couch.)

JOE. Oh nothing. Can't we talk for just a little while?

ROBIN. No! If you won't join me in the bedroom, we'll start right here.

JOE. Right here?

ROBIN. Yes, I want it now. Now come here.

(Another crash behind couch as CHRIS and MARSHA continue to struggle.)

JOE. What was that?

(JOE tries to stand to go.)

ROBIN. Who cares! Now come here.

(ROBIN pulls JOE back down to couch as CHRIS and MARSHA choke each other behind the couch.)

JOE. Oh Lord!

(ROBIN grabs JOE and starts to kiss him again. CHRIS and MARSHA disappear behind the couch as the struggle continues. CHRIS sticks his arm up from behind the couch as MARSHA bites it.)

CHRIS. Ahhhh!

(ROBIN and JOE sit up in terror and turn to see CHRIS and MARSHA.)

ROBIN. What the hell are you doing out here?

(MARSHA tries to speak, but CHRIS covers her mouth.)

CHRIS. I...umm...lost my bag and we were looking for it out here.

ROBIN. I don't know what kind of games you two are playing, but I'm not going to tell you again to stay out of my sight.

CHRIS. Right...we'll just go back in this room.

(CHRIS drags MARSHA back to bedroom Left with her mouth covered.)

ROBIN. Now if he comes out here one more time, he's finished with his affairs at our cabin, do you hear me?

JOE. Yes dear.

ROBIN. Now for the last time, you better join me in the bedroom.

(ROBIN exits bedroom Right.)

JOE. Yes dear, right away, just as soon as I give those two the message.

(JOE enters bedroom Left.)

JOE. *(To CHRIS:)* What the hell just happened?

CHRIS. Ask her!

JOE. *(To MARSHA:)* What the hell just happened?

MARSHA. Ask him!

JOE. Will somebody tell me what the hell just happened?

MARSHA. Why don't you tell us what the hell just happened?

JOE. What do you mean?

MARSHA. What do you mean, what do I mean? I mean what were you doing with that woman out there?

JOE. I was distracting her, so she wouldn't see you. What were you two doing behind the couch?

CHRIS. I was trying to prevent a catastrophe while she was trying to create one.

JOE. Why didn't you just go to the guest wing like I asked?

MARSHA. Oh I don't know. When I see the man I'm supposed to be spending the weekend with making out with another woman, what am I suppose to do?

JOE. Oh...uh...we weren't making out.

MARSHA. It sure didn't seem that way to me. I've heard of kissing cousins before, but this takes the cake!

JOE. Please Marsha, let me explain.

MARSHA. What are you going to tell me next? She's your Sister Mary and you were trying to convert her?

JOE. Marsha, please.

MARSHA. This is your last chance Joe and I want the truth this time.

JOE. OK, OK. You see...well, uh...Chris could you help me?

CHRIS. Why me?

JOE. You seem to know the truth more than anyone.

CHRIS. *(To JOE:)* God, you're useless! *(To MARSHA:)* OK...

MARSHA. The truth?

CHRIS. Yes, I promise.

MARSHA. And nothing but?

CHRIS. Yes, yes so help me God... *(To himself:)* if only He would... *(To MARSHA:)* Ok, that woman through there who we told you was the maid and then who we told you was crazy and then who we told you was the sister of Joe. Well as it turns out, she's not actually a maid, crazy, nor the sister of Joe, but is in fact Joe's wife.

(JOE can't believe CHRIS just said this. JOE is trying to motion to CHRIS to stop, but CHRIS doesn't see him and continues with the explanation.)

And although Joe told you he was separated from his wife, that was another lie made up by Joe in order to hide the fact that he is still together with his wife. In fact, that lie and all the previously mentioned lies were all conceived by myself and Joe to hide the fact that his wife and his mistress are both here at the same time. None of which excuses the fact that we made up all those lies just so Joe could have an intimate weekend with you, while he is still together with her. *(Pause.)* Is that about right Joe?

JOE. Yes, that's about right.

CHRIS. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll be getting my things together, so I can leave this madhouse.

(CHRIS exits to living room and looks for his bag.)

MARSHA. Was all that true Joe?

JOE. Yes I'm afraid so.

MARSHA. You mean you did all that for me?

JOE. Yes.

MARSHA. Oh Joe! *(Grabs him and kisses him.)*

JOE. What are you doing?

MARSHA. What does it look like?

JOE. But I lied to you.

MARSHA. That's ok.

JOE. And I deceived you.

MARSHA. That's ok too.

(CHRIS exits to bathroom.)

JOE. It is?

MARSHA. Yes, no one's ever done anything like that for me before. I think it's rather sweet.

JOE. You do?

MARSHA. Yes Joe. Now, I'm giving you one more chance to get rid of your wife, so we can spend the weekend together.

JOE. You are? But Chris told you my wife and I aren't separated.

MARSHA. That's ok too.

JOE. It is?

MARSHA. Yes, but if you want to spend the weekend with me, you had better get rid of her. I want you to go and tell her it's over between you two.

JOE. You do!?

MARSHA. Yes. Now do you want to spend the weekend with me or not? *(MARSHA kisses JOE again.)*

JOE. More than anything.

MARSHA. Then you'd better get rid of her.

JOE. Oh yes...right away. Could I have another kiss before I go?

MARSHA. Not just yet! I'm not speaking to you until you fix this. I'll be freshening up in the bathroom while you get rid of her.

JOE. Right! Won't be long.

(JOE exits to living room as MARSHA exits to bathroom Left and CHRIS enters living room from bathroom.)

JOE. Thank God you're still here.

CHRIS. I'm leaving as soon as I find my bag.

JOE. Hold on a minute... I need your help with one more thing.

CHRIS. I'm done helping you out. For starters, you lie to me to get me here in the first place. Then when I get here, you tell me I'm here to be your alibi for you and your mistress and I'm supposed to stay out of the way for the weekend. Then you tell your wife that your mistress is the maid, but when she finds out she really isn't a maid, you pass her off as my mistress and tell your wife I'm the one having the affair.

JOE. It has gotten a bit complicated hasn't it?

CHRIS. Complicated? I'll give you complicated. I'm done helping you. I'm getting my things together and leaving.

JOE. But Chris, you can't leave.

CHRIS. Watch me.

JOE. But Chris, we're best friends. Isn't this what friends do for each other?

CHRIS. No, this is not what friends do for each other! People do not get their friends involved in this sort of thing.

JOE. But Chris...

CHRIS. Don't you "but Chris" me!

JOE. But Chris, please, just one last thing?

CHRIS. No, I'm not doing one last thing.

JOE. If you do it, I'll give you my boat!

(CHRIS is about to exit to kitchen when he stops and turns to JOE and pauses.)

CHRIS. Your boat? *(Thinks.)* What do you want?

JOE. Well, no thanks to you, Marsha has found out Robin is here!

CHRIS. What do you mean "no thanks to me"?

JOE. Do you want the boat or not?

CHRIS. Yes.

JOE. Then stop interrupting and listen to me.

CHRIS. Sorry.

JOE. So the only way Marsha is going to spend the weekend with me is if my wife isn't here.

CHRIS. But your wife said she's staying for the whole weekend.

JOE. Yes I know that. But I've got a plan

CHRIS. If you come up with any more plans, I'm going to kill you.

JOE. Would you really kill me?

CHRIS. I'm rapidly getting to that point.

JOE. Will you let me finish or not?

CHRIS. Sorry.

JOE. So the plan is to make Marsha think my wife has left.

CHRIS. How are you going to do that?

JOE. That's where you come in. If you can convince Marsha that my wife has left I'll give you my boat.

CHRIS. But how am I going to do that?

JOE. Come with me and I'll explain everything.

(CHRIS and JOE exit to hall.)

ROBIN. *(Off:)* Joe!

(ROBIN enters from bedroom Right.)

Joey, are you out here?

(Looks out front door.)

Joe?

(Crosses to kitchen and looks in.)

Joseph? Now where did he run off to?

(ROBIN exits back to bedroom Right. CHRIS enters from hall as JOE follows trying to stop him.)

CHRIS. There is no way in hell I'm doing that for you.

JOE. But Chris please, I need your help.

CHRIS. You need help all right, but the kind of help you need, I can't give you!

JOE. Please Chris, I'm desperate.

CHRIS. You're desperate all right, desperately approaching the psych ward. Now for the last time, no!

JOE. But Chris, remember the boat!

CHRIS. Screw the boat!

JOE. But you love that boat more than I do.

CHRIS. No. I'm sorry Joe. This is the most idiotic thing you've ever asked me to do.

(CHRIS walks out front door. After a moment opens it and comes back in.)

Ok...I'll do it. Where do I change?

JOE. I'll get everything. You just wait in the bedroom down the hall.

(CHRIS exits to hall. JOE exits to bedroom Left and gets Marsha's French maid dress, wig, chef hat and chef apron and then exits to hall. MARSHA comes out of bathroom.)

MARSHA. (*Dials phone.*) Hi, it's me. Is everything ok? Yes everything's going fine with me. Don't worry, I can handle it. OK. I've got it...just a little while longer. I'll see you in a bit. Bye.

(JOE enters from hall and goes to closet to retrieve rope and exits to bedroom Right.)

ROBIN. (*Off:*) Oh there you are! Where did you run off to?

JOE. (*Off:*) Nowhere, now get into bed.

ROBIN. (*Off:*) Yes sir! What's that for?

JOE. (*Off:*) You know what it's for.

ROBIN. (*Off:*) Oh how kinky! Not so tight. Wait! Where are you going?

JOE. (*Off:*) I'll be right back.

(JOE enters living room from bedroom Right and exits to bathroom. Comes out with towel to use as a gag and exits to bedroom Right.)

ROBIN. What's that for?

JOE. I don't want anyone to hear your screams of joy.

ROBIN. (*Muffled:*) Wait! Where are you going? Joe, come back!

(JOE exits bedroom Right and calls down the hall.)

JOE. Now, hurry up Chris.

(JOE enters bedroom Left and crosses to bathroom Left and knocks on door.)

MARSHA. (*Off:*) Who is it?

JOE. It's Joe.

MARSHA. (*Opens bathroom door.*) Is your wife gone?

JOE. Not just yet.

MARSHA. (*Starts to shut door on JOE:*) Then I'm not speaking to you just yet.

JOE. Look Marsha, my wife will be gone shortly. Just give me a minute.

MARSHA. Really Joe?

JOE. Yes, now just wait here and I'll come and get you shortly.

(JOE crosses to hall to get CHRIS as MARSHA sits on bed.)

Chris are you ready?

CHRIS. (*Off:*) I'm telling you this is never going to work.

JOE. Do you want the boat or not? Just get out here.

(CHRIS enters from hall in French maid outfit and wig.)

CHRIS. I look ridiculous. She's never going to believe I'm your wife.

JOE. Don't you remember all those plays you dressed up in as a woman? Pretend you're in one of those and you'll do fine.

CHRIS. But that was years ago. I don't think I'm that good of an actress...I mean actor.

JOE. (*Jokingly:*) Oh believe me, you're that good. Now wait in the kitchen and I'll go and get Marsha. Remember to listen for the signal.

CHRIS. What's the signal again?

JOE. Yes, Marsha, yes.

CHRIS. Yes, Marsha, yes...got it.

(CHRIS exits to kitchen as JOE goes to bedroom Left door and knocks.)

JOE. Marsha could I see you for a moment in the living room?

MARSHA. I said I'm not speaking to you just yet unless your wife is gone.

(MARSHA exits to living room followed by JOE.)

JOE. Please Marsha, just hear me out.

MARSHA. I've told you I'm not staying here unless you tell your wife it's over between you two.

JOE. Yes, I know darling. Please just let me explain.

MARSHA. You mean explain with more lies?

JOE. No, the truth this time, I promise. Please Marsha.

MARSHA. Very well, explain.

JOE. I really did tell my wife it's over between her and I, but she's having a hard time letting go. We've been having problems for quite some time now. She came here this weekend to try and reconcile with me. I've told her I don't want reconciliation, but she keeps trying and trying, hence the French maid outfit.

MARSHA. You really mean it Joe? It's really over with her?

JOE. Yes Marsha.

(MARSHA hugs JOE as CHRIS enters unseen by MARSHA.)

Not now!

CHRIS. Damn it!

(CHRIS exits back to kitchen.)

MARSHA. What?

JOE. Not now damn it, she's not going to ruin our weekend now, damn it. I'm going to tell her once and for all that it's over between us and throw her out.

MARSHA. You really mean it? It's just going to be the two of us this weekend?

JOE. Of course I mean it. You're the only woman for me now.

MARSHA. Oh Joe, you don't know how happy that makes me.
(Hugs JOE.)

JOE. Not as happy as it makes me feel.

MARSHA. Oh Joe, let's stop messing around out here and get into that bedroom and do what we intended to do.

JOE. Yes, let's do that just as soon as I get my wife out of here.

MARSHA. Oh Joe, I can't wait any longer.

JOE. Oh yes, Marsha, yes.

MARSHA. Oh yes, Joe, yes.

JOE. (*Louder:*) Yes, Marsha, yes.

MARSHA. Yes, Joe, yes.

JOE. (*Walking towards door and louder:*) I said YES, MARSHA, YES!

CHRIS. (*Offstage:*) Sorry.

(CHRIS runs into living room.)

(*Very solemnly in CHRIS's voice:*) Oh Joe, I can't live without you, please don't leave me.

JOE. What?

CHRIS. (*In woman voice:*) I mean please don't leave me.

JOE. For the last time, I've told you it's over.

CHRIS. No Joe, don't say that, it can't be true.

JOE. It is true. I can't live with you any longer. I want you out of my life.

CHRIS. Oh boo hoo hoo. Is this the hussy you're leaving me for?

JOE. That's right!

CHRIS. She looks like a call girl. How could you?

JOE. Stop it!

CHRIS. Stealing another man away from his wife, you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

JOE. That's enough.

CHRIS. You're nothing but a home wrecker. Boo hoo hoo.

JOE. Now stop groveling. I've told you it's over.

CHRIS. But Joe, where will I go, what will I do?

JOE. (*Under breath:*) I don't care. Just get out!

CHRIS. But you're my whole life, I'm nothing without you

JOE. (*Under breath:*) That's good, get out!

CHRIS. Please Joe! For the last time, don't leave me!

JOE. Get out!

CHRIS. (*In CHRIS's voice:*) Right. (*CHRIS runs to door and stops on landing.*) Oh cruel, cruel world.

(*CHRIS exits out front door as JOE slams it. After a slight pause
CHRIS runs back in the front door.*)

How was that?

JOE. I said get out.

CHRIS. Right. (*CHRIS exits out front door.*)

JOE. Now that we have that taken care of, where were we?

MARSHA. Don't you think you were a little hard on her?

JOE. Oh he'll...she'll be fine. Sometimes that's how you have to deal with it. You just have to be firm and strong.

MARSHA. Do you think you could be firm and strong with me now?

JOE. Oh yes indeed. Would you like to join me in the bedroom?

MARSHA. Definitely.

(*JOE and MARSHA exit bedroom Left and get into bed as CHRIS
rushes through front door.*)

CHRIS. Joe! (*CHRIS knocks on bedroom Left door.*) Joe!

MARSHA. Who is it?

CHRIS. It's Chris.

MARSHA. Be right with you.

(CHRIS remembers he has wig on and removes it. CHRIS grabs trench coat off coat hooks and puts it on to hide the dress. MARSHA opens bedroom Left door.)

What is it?

CHRIS. Is Joe in there?

MARSHA. No he's not. (MARSHA slams bedroom Left door. CHRIS knocks again. MARSHA answers door.)

CHRIS. Seriously, I really need to have a word with him?

MARSHA. He's busy at the moment. (MARSHA slams the door again. CHRIS knocks again. MARSHA opens door again.)

CHRIS. Look, I really need to speak with him.

MARSHA. Fine, come in. (MARSHA gets back on bed as CHRIS enters bedroom Left.)

JOE. What is it now?

CHRIS. I need to talk to you.

JOE. Can't it wait? I'm a little busy in here.

CHRIS. No, it can't wait. I need to talk to you now.

JOE. What is it?

CHRIS. I need to talk to you alone.

JOE. Oh very well. Marsha if you'll...

MARSHA. Just wait in the bathroom for a moment. Very well, but I'm getting tired of waiting for you.

JOE. I know, I know, this is the last interruption, I promise.

(MARSHA exits to bathroom Left and slams the door.)

Well...?

CHRIS. There's a car coming up the driveway.

JOE. No!

(JOE exits to living room followed by CHRIS.)

CHRIS. Yes!

JOE. Who is it?

CHRIS. Don't ask me! Did you invite anyone else here this weekend?

JOE. God no!

CHRIS. You're sure you haven't invited any other wives here or any other mistresses or any maids or any other chefs or any other friends to help you out with hiding your wife from your mistress and mistress from your wife?

JOE. Don't be stupid! I've got my hands full the way it is.

CHRIS. You can say that again.

JOE. Who can it be?

CHRIS. Why don't you go outside and find out?

JOE. I'm not going out there. You go find out.

CHRIS. This isn't my house. I'm not going out there. Besides, haven't I done enough already? (CHRIS hangs trench coat back on hook.)

JOE. Fine, I'll go. Why are you still wearing that?

CHRIS. (Puts wig back on.) Well Joe, you see I can't resist you any longer. I need you now. I know how much you like it when I dress up as a naughty French maid for you. Ooh la la!

JOE. Knock it off!

(JOE goes to open front door and GEORGE is just about to knock on the door. GLADYS is with GEORGE.)

GEORGE. Oh, hello son.

(JOE slams door. GEORGE knocks on door.)

JOE. It's my parents!

CHRIS. I heard.

JOE. What the hell are they doing here?

CHRIS. Why are you asking me?

JOE. Because I don't know what the hell they're doing here.

CHRIS. How in the hell would I know what they're doing here if you don't know what the hell they're doing here?

JOE. I don't know!

CHRIS. Well you can't leave them standing out there.

JOE. Well I can't let them in here.

CHRIS. While you decide if you're going to leave them out there or let them in here, I'm going to change.

JOE. You can't change.

CHRIS. Why not?

JOE. Because they've already seen you.

CHRIS. Who cares!

JOE. Who cares? I care. Now stay here while I let them in.

CHRIS. Forget it. I'm getting out of these clothes now.

JOE. Chris, if you don't see this through you can forget the boat.

CHRIS. But this wasn't part of the deal.

JOE. It is now.

CHRIS. Fine, what do you want me to do?

JOE. Umm...be the maid.

CHRIS. Now I'm the maid?

JOE. Yes, you're the maid.

CHRIS. Would that be the first maid, the second maid, or the third maid?

JOE. I don't know which one damn it. Now will you help me or not?

CHRIS. Fine, I'm the maid. I hope this doesn't interfere with my chef job.

(JOE gives CHRIS a dirty look and then turns to close the bedroom Left door. CHRIS exits to closet as JOE closes the bedroom door.)

JOE. Hi dad, hi mom. Sorry about the door, I've got to get those hinges fixed. What are you doing here?

GEORGE. We didn't know you would be here this weekend. You did tell us we could use the cabin anytime we wanted didn't you?

JOE. Well yes I did, but...

GEORGE. But what?

JOE. To tell you the truth this isn't a very good time.

GEORGE. Why not?

JOE. Well it's actually a bit crowded here this weekend. You see Chris is here.

GLADYS. Who's Chris?

JOE. Oh uh...he's the chef. Chef Christopher.

GLADYS. You have a chef?

(GLADYS starts toward the kitchen as CHRIS enters from closet in chef hat and maid uniform.)

JOE. No, I haven't got a chef.

(CHRIS exits back to closet.)

I just hired him for the weekend to cook up something special for me and my mistress...misses, I mean misses.

GLADYS. Oh Robin's here too. I can't wait to see her. Where is she?

JOE. She's a little tied up at the moment. So you see, there's Chris and myself and the misses, so it's rather crowded. Now I'll let Robin know you stopped by and if there's nothing else, I'll just show you out.

GLADYS. Don't be silly son. We're not leaving after we drove all this way. There's plenty of room for everyone. You won't even notice we're here. If you'll excuse me, I'm just going to unpack our things and get settled in.

JOE. Settled in?

GLADYS. Yes, which room are we having, this one over here? (GLADYS crosses to bedroom Left.)

JOE. No! That room is occupied. I mean Robin and I are in that room for the weekend. In fact we were just enjoying a little rest in bed.

GLADYS. Then what about this room? (GLADYS crosses to bedroom Right as CHRIS exits out closet in the French maid uniform and pretends to dust.)

JOE. No! That rooms tied up also... I mean that's Chris' room for the weekend. You'll be in the guest wing.

GEORGE. And who do we have here?

JOE. This is Chris.

GEORGE. Chris?

JOE. I mean Chris...tine, our new maid.

CHRIS. (In deep voice:) Hello... (Clears throat.) ...hello... (Clears throat again and in high voice:) hello.

GEORGE. Hello, hello, hello, I'm George. It's a pleasure to meet you. (GEORGE kisses CHRIS's hand.)

CHRIS. The pleasure's all mine.

GLADYS. Down boy! If you'll excuse us, we're just going to get unpacked.

(GLADYS exits to hall.)

GEORGE. Yes, we'll just go and get unpacked. I'll see you in bit.

CHRIS. I can't wait.

(GEORGE growls at CHRIS. CHRIS growls back as GEORGE exits to hall.)

JOE. Great! Now what am I going to do?

CHRIS. Don't ask me. What the hell was all that about Robin being tied up? Where is she?

JOE. Tied up.

CHRIS. Seriously where is she?

JOE. Seriously, I tied her up.

CHRIS. What the hell did you do that for?

JOE. It seemed like a good idea at the time.

CHRIS. You're crazy you know that.

JOE. Yes, I'm well aware of that.

CHRIS. How are you going to explain to her why you left her tied her up like a hog ready for roasting?

JOE. I don't know. I'll deal with that when the time comes. Now try and stay out of trouble while I go and tend to whatever I was tending to in the bedroom.

(JOE exits to bedroom Left goes to bathroom door and knocks. MARSHA sticks head out and talks to JOE. MARSHA goes back in bathroom as JOE gets in bed. CHRIS is about to exit kitchen when GEORGE enters from hall.)

GEORGE. Hello.

CHRIS. Hello.

GEORGE. So you're Christine?

CHRIS. Yes.

GEORGE. The maid?

CHRIS. That's right.

GEORGE. Didn't know Joe had a maid.

CHRIS. Neither did I.

GEORGE. What?

CHRIS. I mean he didn't until he hired me, but now that he's hired me, he has a maid.

GEORGE. I see. It looks like we're all alone.

CHRIS. I guess we are, aren't we.

GEORGE. I hope you don't mind me saying, but I find you very attractive.

CHRIS. Me? Attractive? Are your eyes ok?

GEORGE. Oh yes. I've never seen things more clearly than I'm seeing them now.

CHRIS. Oh Lord!

GEORGE. You see I've been separated from my wife for quite some time now...

CHRIS. But wasn't that your wife with you?

GEORGE. Oh yes, that's right. What I meant to say is she's become so distant over the years, I'm actually thinking of separating from her.

CHRIS. Like father, like son.

GEORGE. I beg your pardon.

CHRIS. I said how sad when it's done.

(GLADYS enters from hall with Chris's clothes and stops and stares in shock.)

GEORGE. I suppose it is. Anyway, when I first laid eyes upon you I felt this chemistry between us.

CHRIS. Chemistry?

GEORGE. Oh yes! *(He grabs CHRIS's hand.)*

CHRIS. Oh no! *(CHRIS pulls his hand away.)*

GEORGE. Oh yes! *(GEORGE grabs CHRIS's rear end.)*

CHRIS. Oh no! (*Slaps GEORGE's hand away.*) George, please keep your hands off of me.

GEORGE. But why?

CHRIS. (*Backs away.*) Because I'm not that kind of girl.

GEORGE. (*Follows CHRIS.*) What kind of girl are you?

CHRIS. Not the kind you're looking for.

GEORGE. You look like the perfect kind to me. (*Still advancing:*) Now come here. I've got a little something for you.

(MARSHA comes out of bathroom in tasteful lingerie and does seductive pose and gets on bed.)

CHRIS. I don't want your little something.

GEORGE. Then maybe you'd like to give me a thing or two.

CHRIS. I'm not going to give you anything.

GEORGE. Just one little thing.

CHRIS. I don't think you'd like my little thing.

GEORGE. How would I know until I've tried it?

CHRIS. Trust me, you don't want to try my little thing.

GEORGE. Just one little try?

CHRIS. No, stay away from me.

GEORGE. Come here.

CHRIS. (*Screams:*) Oh no!

(CHRIS runs out kitchen door pursued by GEORGE as GLADYS gets drink from drinks table. GLADYS downs drink and exits to hall with Chris's clothes.)

JOE. Now what was that? Would you excuse me a moment?

MARSHA. Damn it Joe!

JOE. I'm sorry Marsha. I won't be a moment.

(CHRIS runs in the front door and closes it and looks around for a place to hide. Sees coat on coat hooks, puts trench coat over head and "hides" against wall. JOE enters from bedroom as GEORGE runs in the front door.)

JOE. Dad what are you doing?

GEORGE. Umm...nothing, I was just trying to track something down.

JOE. Really, what?

GEORGE. Oh, it doesn't matter. I'll just go and check on your mother.

(GEORGE exits to hall.)

JOE. Now what are you playing at?

(CHRIS comes out from behind coat and replaces the coat on hooks.)

CHRIS. I'm not playing at anything.

JOE. Then what were you doing with my father?

CHRIS. It's more like what was he trying to do with me.

JOE. What are you talking about?

CHRIS. You'd never believe me if I told you. I don't know what I'm doing here anymore. I'm surprised I haven't lost my mind by now. Things keep getting worse and worse. Could anything else possibly go wrong?

(Doorbell rings.)

JOE. Hold that thought.

(JOE opens door to reveal BETH. JOE slams door.)

JOE. Oh no!

CHRIS. Now what is it?

JOE. It's your wife.

(CHRIS slumps on sofa completely beside himself.)

(Curtain.)

End of Act I

ACT II

(The action is continuous.)

CHRIS. My God, my wife!

JOE. You can say that again.

CHRIS. My God, my wife!

JOE. I didn't mean that literally you idiot.

CHRIS. What's my wife doing here?

JOE. How should I know?

CHRIS. What's she going to say when she sees me dressed like this?

JOE. Just relax. Stay seated on the couch and pretend to be the maid. I'll find out what she wants and then get rid of her.

CHRIS. How did I get myself into this?

JOE. That's a good question. *(CHRIS gives JOE a dirty look.)* Now would you relax and just stay put?

(JOE goes to open front door as CHRIS gets on floor and hides around couch. BETH walks in as JOE opens front door.)

Hello Beth.

BETH. Hello Joe.

JOE. Sorry about the door, the wind must have caught it. What are you doing here?

BETH. I'm not supposed to tell you.

JOE. Why not?

BETH. It's a surprise.

JOE. You're dead right it is.

BETH. Well now that you've seen me I don't suppose it's a surprise any longer.

JOE. What are you talking about?

BETH. Robin invited me here for the weekend.

JOE. What the hell for?

BETH. What's the matter with you?

JOE. Nothing! I'm just trying to figure out why Robin would invite you here for the weekend.

BETH. Robin told me because you and Chris were coming here to work for the weekend, she was coming here to surprise to you.

JOE. That still doesn't explain what you're doing here.

BETH. Robin said I should come and surprise Chris and then the four of us could spend the weekend together.

JOE. Oh she did, did she? How dare her.

BETH. Where is she by the way? I'd like to let her know I'm here.

JOE. Oh, no. I'll let her know in a bit. She's tied up at the moment.

BETH. Tied up?

JOE. Tied up...preoccupied.

BETH. I see. Is there something wrong?

JOE. No! (*Calmly:*) It's just that the plan for the four of us to spend the weekend together may be ruined.

BETH. Why's that?

JOE. Well...you see...my parents turned up for the weekend and it may be a bit over crowded. Now I suggest you go back to town and Chris will be along shortly.

BETH. What do you mean? You have plenty of space here.

JOE. No, actually I don't.

BETH. Don't be silly, of course you do.

JOE. (*Pleading:*) Please, you must go.

BETH. I'm not going anywhere.

JOE. But Beth...

BETH. Robin invited me here for the weekend and I'm not leaving until I've spoken to her. Now are we in our usual room in the guest wing?

JOE. (*Giving in:*) Uh...I guess so.

BETH. Where's Chris by the way?

JOE. Oh he's around, just trying something on for me at the moment.

BETH. What are you talking about?

JOE. What I mean is I'm sure he's probably right around here. I'll find him and let him know you're here.

BETH. Thank you. (*Starts heading towards hall and notices CHRIS as he is hiding around couch.*) Oh...who do we have here?

JOE. Umm...this is...our new maid...Maid Marion.

(*CHRIS begins to dust.*)

BETH. Really? I didn't know you had a maid.

JOE. Oh yes...just hired her today actually. Mind you, she wasn't cheap though.

BETH. I see. Pleased to meet you Marion.

(*CHRIS says nothing.*)

I said pleased to meet you Marion.

(*CHRIS still says nothing and crosses stage Left.*)

I said...

JOE. Oh, she doesn't speak English.

BETH. She doesn't?

JOE. No, she's from France.

(*CHRIS holds feather duster as if he is the Statue of Liberty.*)

BETH. France?

JOE. Yes, hence the French maid uniform. She just arrived in the country a week ago. Got her from one of those temp agencies.

BETH. It must be very hard to let her know what to do if she doesn't speak any English.

JOE. Oh no, not at all...you see...the agency taught me a few gestures she would understand.

BETH. Really? How fascinating to meet a real French woman!

JOE. Yes isn't it... (*Mimes and shouts at CHRIS:*) The lady says pleased to meet you Marion.

CHRIS. Si, signor.

BETH. Isn't that Spanish?

JOE. So it is.

BETH. But didn't you say she was French?

JOE. Ah yes, she's bilingual you see. (*Mimes and shouts to CHRIS:*) Isn't that right Marion, you can speak Spanish as well as French.

CHRIS. Das ist richtig.

BETH. She speaks German too?

JOE. Apparently.

BETH. Amazing! She speaks three languages, but not a word of English.

JOE. Yes, amazing isn't it? Now Beth, why don't you let the maid finish her cleaning while you put your things away.

BETH. Right. (*Mimes and shouts to CHRIS:*) It was nice meeting you.

CHRIS. You too.

BETH. What?

JOE. She said achool!

BETH. Oh. Bless you. See you later Marion.

CHRIS. Au revoir.

(JOE throws arms up in air as if to say finally.)

(BETH exits to hall.)

JOE. What the hell was that?

CHRIS. What the hell was what?

JOE. What? Your damn Si Signor, das ist richtig. That's what.

CHRIS. I'm sorry. You put me on the spot.

JOE. It's a good thing you didn't start speaking all the other languages you know.

CHRIS. Why are you yelling at me?

JOE. Because you're going to put your foot in it if you're not careful.

CHRIS. Me?

JOE. Yes you.

CHRIS. That's it! I've had enough! I'm finished helping you out. You can do this on your own.

JOE. No, wait Chris, I'm sorry.

CHRIS. You're going to be sorry all right. Now get out of my way, I'm leaving.

JOE. No, Chris please, you can't leave...remember the boat.

CHRIS. This was not part of the boat.

JOE. But Chris if you leave now, I'll...

CHRIS. You'll what?

JOE. I'll tell everyone about you wearing that French maid outfit.

CHRIS. You wouldn't dare!

JOE. *(Threateningly as he takes out his cell phone and uses the camera on it to take a picture:)* You want to find out?

CHRIS. No.

JOE. I didn't think so. Now I'm going back in here to begin what I was suppose to have begun long ago. Why don't you relax and enjoy the weekend with your wife?

(JOE exits to bedroom Left and gets into bed.)

CHRIS. That's not a bad idea. Wait, how am I going to do that when I'm dressed like this? Now where the hell did I put my bag?

(CHRIS exits to hall and quickly returns. GEORGE enters from hall.)

GEORGE. Oh Christine, there you are. I've been looking for you.

CHRIS. Stay away from me.

GEORGE. No Christine, wait. Let me explain.

CHRIS. I don't need an explanation.

GEORGE. Please Christine, I'm sorry. I promise I'll be civilized.

CHRIS. Very well.

(GLADYS enters from hall and watches in disbelief.)

GEORGE. I'm really very sorry for my behavior Christine. I don't know what came over me. It's just that you're very attractive

CHRIS. Thank you.

GEORGE. Very attractive indeed.

CHRIS. Yes, I heard you.

GEORGE. Am I making you uncomfortable?

CHRIS. Yes, very.

GEORGE. Good. I like to make pretty girls uncomfortable.

CHRIS. I see.

GEORGE. Did I mention how attractive you are?

CHRIS. Yes, I think so, yes... (GEORGE grabs CHRIS's rear.) Ah! Please George, you've got it all wrong!

GEORGE. Oh no, I've got it all right. Now come here.

CHRIS. Believe me it's not what it seems.

GEORGE. You seem just fine to me, now come here.

CHRIS. (CHRIS's voice:) George! (Woman voice:) George what kind of girl do you think I am.

GEORGE. Just the kind I'm looking for.

CHRIS. You mean breathing?

GEORGE. That's a good start.

CHRIS. Now George, what would your wife say if she knew you were acting this way?

GEORGE. Who cares! Now get over here.

CHRIS. No, stay away from me.

GEORGE. Come back here.

CHRIS. (Screams:) Oh no!

(CHRIS runs out kitchen door pursued by GEORGE as GLADYS comes into living room and gets drink. GLADYS downs the drink and exits to hall. MARSHA sticks head out bathroom.)

MARSHA. Joe could you give me a hand in the bathroom?

JOE. I certainly can.

MARSHA. Not with that! I seem to have dropped my brush down the toilet.

JOE. Ewwww!!!

(JOE exits to bathroom Left. CHRIS enters from front door pursued by GEORGE.)

CHRIS. Now George, I'm warning you. Stay away from me or else!

GEORGE. Or else what?

CHRIS. I'm going to give it to you.

GEORGE. You promise?

CHRIS. Yes! I mean no! Now get away!

(Doorbell rings. CHRIS and GEORGE stare in shock.)

CHRIS. Who is it?

ROGER. It's the police.

CHRIS. *(Without thinking:)* Go away!

ROGER. What?

CHRIS. I mean I'll be with you in a minute.

GEORGE. I think this is my cue to exit. I'll be seeing you later sexy!

(GEORGE pinches CHRIS's rear and exits to hall. CHRIS goes to open door and suddenly remembers has dress on and puts trench coat on over dress. CHRIS goes to open door and remembers has wig on, takes off wig, puts it in coat pocket and opens the door.)

CHRIS. Oh! Good afternoon officer.

ROGER. Good afternoon, I'm Officer Roger Jones from the sheriff's department.

CHRIS. Oh uh, pleased to meet you.

ROGER. Are you all right, sir?

CHRIS. Certainly. Why do you ask?

ROGER. Well, you took a little time to answer the door and I thought maybe that deranged maid was in here.

CHRIS. Deranged maid?

ROGER. That's right, we received a complaint of a deranged woman running around here in a French maid outfit.

CHRIS. Is that so?

ROGER. Yes and I thought I saw her run through the front door a moment ago.

CHRIS. Oh no, can't have been.

ROGER. You're sure? You haven't seen or heard anything?

CHRIS. Me? No. Haven't seen a thing.

ROGER. Is there anyone else in the house who may have seen anything?

CHRIS. No one here except for my wife and I and we've been in bed all day if you know what I mean. *(Silly laugh.)*

ROGER. No I don't. By the way what did you say your name was?

CHRIS. I didn't.

ROGER. I know you didn't, I'm asking you.

CHRIS. Oh it's...umm...Joe.

ROGER. Last name.

CHRIS. Clean. *(Without thinking.)*

ROGER. And Mr. Clean, this is your cabin?

CHRIS. That's right.

ROGER. And you're sure you haven't seen anything?

CHRIS. Heavens no.

(Just then GLADYS enters from hall a little tipsy on her feet.)

ROGER. And there's no one here but you and your wife?

CHRIS. *(Sees GLADYS.)* Oh, there you are...dear.

GLADYS. Dear!?!

CHRIS. Officer, I'd like you to meet...my...umm...my dear lady.

ROGER. Pleased to meet you ma'am.

CHRIS. Now dear, the officer was just inquiring about a woman running around in a French maid uniform.

GLADYS. French maid uniform?

CHRIS. Yes, but I was explaining to him that we haven't seen a thing, have we?

GLADYS. Well actually...

CHRIS. Remember we've been in bed all day?

GLADYS. We have?

CHRIS. Yes, don't you remember? We've been planning this for weeks. This was to be our special day in bed to enjoy a little R&R?

GLADYS. It was?

CHRIS. Of course it was, now why don't you get back in bed and I'll join you in a bit.

GLADYS. You will?

CHRIS. Of course I will, and then we can continue where we left off. (*CHRIS pushes GLADYS into hall.*) Now go get in bed and get yourself ready for me dear. I won't be long. Now where were we officer?

ROGER. So that's your wife?

CHRIS. That's right.

ROGER. Rather old isn't she?

CHRIS. Officer, that's rather harsh.

ROGER. What I mean is she seems a bit older than you.

CHRIS. Yes she is. I actually prefer older women. They seem to have more experience if you catch my drift.

ROGER. I'm not sure I do. Sir if I may say so...

CHRIS. Yes, what is it?

ROGER. Your wife seemed a little off-balance.

CHRIS. Well she is actually. It's from all her drinking.

ROGER. Really?

CHRIS. Oh yes, she's quite the lush.

ROGER. Have you tried to get her help?

CHRIS. Oh yes, many times, but she just won't give it up. She puts them back like a sailor. But as they say, give and take.

ROGER. I suppose so.

CHRIS. Now if that's all officer, I'd like to get back to bed with my wife, so if you'll excuse me.

ROGER. Right, I'll just be out patrolling the area. Here's my card if you see or hear anything.

(ROGER is about to leave when MARSHA runs through living room and exits to kitchen chased by JOE. ROGER and CHRIS stare in disbelief. ROGER looks to CHRIS.)

I thought you said there was no one here but you and your wife?

CHRIS. Did I?

ROGER. Yes you did. When I asked if there was anyone else here who may have seen anything you specifically said, "No one here except for my wife and I and we've been in bed all day if you know what I mean?"

CHRIS. That's right. I did say that didn't I?

ROGER. Well, why did you tell me there was no one else here?

CHRIS. I'd forgotten about them you see.

ROGER. Had you really?

CHRIS. Yes you see...that's...umm...my gardener.

ROGER. Your gardener?

CHRIS. Yes that's right....my gardener Juan and his mistress... Dawn.

ROGER. Dawn.....Juan?

CHRIS. No, not Dawn Juan, Juan and Dawn.

ROGER. Why didn't you say they were here when I asked?

CHRIS. Well...you see...I didn't want anyone to know about them. They've been having this illicit affair and he's been trying to keep it a secret. We wouldn't want his wife to find out about it, would we?

ROGER. No we wouldn't want that.

CHRIS. Anyway, they've been in bed all day and I'd forgotten about them.

ROGER. Seems like everyone around here has been in bed all day.

CHRIS. Well some more than others. You see after Juan finished watering the grass...

ROGER. Watering the grass, sir?

CHRIS. Watering the grass, trimming the bush...bushes.

ROGER. What?

CHRIS. What I'm trying to say is Juan and Dawn are nympho-maniacs.

ROGER. Nympho-maniacs? Really?

CHRIS. Yes they can't keep their hands off each other. They're always lusting after one another. I've tried to tell them to keep their activities behind closed doors but they just won't listen.

(MARSHA runs out kitchen door and back to bedroom Left chased by JOE.)

Knock it off you two, we have a visitor.

(JOE stops dead in his tracks as MARSHA exits to bedroom Left.)

JOE. Oh hello.

CHRIS. Juan, this is Officer Jones.

ROGER. Hello.

CHRIS. Officer Jones this is Juan the gardener.

JOE. Juan the gardener?

CHRIS. Yes, Juan the gardener. Now Juan, you and your mistress Dawn have been in bed all day haven't you?

JOE. Dawn?

CHRIS. Your mistress, Dawn.

JOE. Right, my mistress Dawn. And we've...?

CHRIS. Been in bed all day, remember?

JOE. Oh yes, that's right, been in bed all day. Dawn and me...I'm Juan?

CHRIS. Yes. Now Juan, the officer is investigating reports of a deranged maid running around.

JOE. A deranged maid?

CHRIS. Yes, but I was explaining to him that we haven't seen a thing, have we?

JOE. Oh no, haven't seen a thing. Been in bed all day, isn't that right?

CHRIS. Yes, that's right, now if you'd just get back in there, I'll show the officer out.

JOE. Oh yes. Must get back to...?

ROGER. Dawn.

JOE. Yes, Dawn. I'm Juan.

CHRIS. We know that. Now get back in the bedroom.

JOE. Right away. Nice to meet you officer

(JOE exits to bedroom Left. CHRIS looks to ROGER with a silly grin.)

CHRIS. I guess that explains everything then doesn't it?

ROGER. I suppose it does.

CHRIS. Well if you'll excuse me then I'll just be getting back to my wife.

ROGER. Just one more thing sir.

CHRIS. Yes.

ROGER. What are you doing wearing that coat? It's nearly 80 degrees outside.

CHRIS. Well...umm...as I told you, my wife and I have been in bed all day, so this was the closest thing when I reached for something to put on.

ROGER. You mean?

CHRIS. That's right. There's nothing between you and me except for this jacket. *(Steps closer to officer.)* Now, good day officer.

ROGER. Good day sir.

(ROGER exits out front door. CHRIS takes off coat and puts wig back on and is just about to exit to hall when GEORGE enters.)

GEORGE. Oh, there you are Christine.

CHRIS. Yes, here I am and you better stay over there.

GEORGE. Did you sort everything out with the cops?

CHRIS. Yes I did. The officer left after I satisfied him.

GEORGE. Oh, you naughty girl! Now maybe you can satisfy me.

CHRIS. For the last time, stay away from me you perverted old man.

(CHRIS screams as he runs out the kitchen door. GEORGE throws hands up in the air. In bedroom, JOE and MARSHA jump up.)

GEORGE. Old man! Just wait until I get my Geritol. I'll show her who's old. Old people don't do anything but walk around complaining and talking to themselves all day and you'll never catch me doing that.

(GEORGE exits to hall.)

MARSHA. I can't take this chaos anymore. I need to take a bath and try to relax. (MARSHA crosses to bathroom door Left followed by JOE.)

JOE. Mind if I join you?

MARSHA. Get out! I need to relax in here by myself. I can't get in the mood with the constant interruptions. Just wait out here and I'll come out when I'm ready.

JOE. Ok, but don't be long. I don't know how much longer I can wait.

(CHRIS enters through the front door and hides in the closet. CHRIS opens closet door and grabs trench coat and then closes door again. ROGER enters through front door.)

ROGER. All right! Where are you? I saw you come in here. Come out at once and don't try anything funny.

(Just then ROBIN bursts through the bedroom door Right into living room. ROBIN is still gagged and tied up.)

Ah, there you are!

(CHRIS peeks head out from closet to see ROGER mistaking ROBIN for the deranged maid.)

Thought you could get away from me did you? Well I've got you now. Come on, you're coming with me down to the station. You've got a lot of explaining to do.

(ROGER exits out front door with ROBIN. CHRIS enters from closet, crosses to bedroom Left and knocks. JOE goes to bedroom door and opens it.)

JOE. Now what is it?

CHRIS. Excuse me. I need to talk to you.

JOE. Couldn't it wait?

CHRIS. No! It can't wait. I need to talk to you now!

JOE. Fine. (JOE enters living room.) What is it?

CHRIS. It's about that cop.

JOE. The one you told I was the gardener?

CHRIS. Yes, that cop.

JOE. Why the hell did you tell him I was the gardener?

CHRIS. You've already got a maid and a chef, what else was left?

JOE. What's going on now?

CHRIS. That's what I need to talk to you about. (*CHRIS hangs coat back on hook.*)

JOE. Very well. Make it quick.

CHRIS. (*Speaking very quickly:*) That cop whose name is Roger was here looking for a deranged maid because I've been running around outside trying to get away from a sex-crazed maniac. Well when the doorbell rang and no one came to answer it I decided to answer it and I inadvertently told Roger I was Joe and there was no one else here but my wife and I. Well then your mom came into the room, so I pretended she was my wife and that we've been in bed together all day. I was just about to show the cop off when you and your bed partner for the weekend came running through. Well I had to explain who you were and why I didn't mention you were here, so I told the officer you are my gardener and that you are here with your mistress. Then I got chased around the house again and the officer came in the front door looking for the deranged maid, so I hid in the closet as Robin burst out the bedroom door. Now the cop thinks she is the deranged maid, so he took her downtown.

JOE. Very good! I'll be in the bedroom.

CHRIS. Did you hear anything I said?

JOE. Not a word.

CHRIS. Ok, are you listening this time... (*JOE shakes head yes. CHRIS speaks even quicker this time:*) ...That cop whose name is Roger was here looking for a deranged maid because I've been running around outside trying to get away from a sex-crazed maniac. Well when the doorbell rang and no one came to answer it I decided to answer it and I inadvertently told Roger I was Joe and there was no one else here but my wife and I. Well then your mom came into the room, so I pretended she was my wife and that we've been in bed together all day. I was just about to show the cop off when you and your bed partner for the weekend came running through. Well I had to explain who you were and why I didn't mention you were

here, so I told the officer you are my gardener and that you are here with your mistress. Then I got chased around the house again and the officer came in the front door looking for the deranged maid, so I hid in the closet as Robin burst out the bedroom door. Now the cop thinks she is the deranged maid, so he took her downtown...now do you understand?

JOE. I think so...what the hell were you doing in bed with my mother? You swine!

CHRIS. Damn it Joe, I wasn't in bed with your mother. I only told the cop that as I was trying to get rid of him because he was looking for a deranged maid.

JOE. And why was he looking for a deranged maid again?

CHRIS. Because I've been running around outside like a lunatic because some sex-crazed maniac is chasing after me.

JOE. What the hell were you doing outside in that maid outfit you idiot?

CHRIS. I told you, I was being chased by a sex-crazed maniac. Anyway, the most important thing now is Robin has been taken downtown by the cop.

JOE. That's good. It will give me time with Marsha until she gets back.

CHRIS. Damn it Joe, don't you care what's going on out here?

JOE. Nope, I've got more important things to deal with in here. Now if you'll excuse me.

CHRIS. Just a minute, I'm not finished.

JOE. What the hell else could there be? Can't you see I'm busy?

CHRIS. I'm sorry Joe, but I need to talk to you about one more thing.

JOE. Fine, what is it?

CHRIS. Well...you know that sex-crazed maniac who's been chasing me?

JOE. Yes.

CHRIS. You better brace yourself.

JOE. Just get on with it.

CHRIS. OK, your father's the maniac.

JOE. You can't be serious.

CHRIS. I am serious. He can't keep his paws off of me.

JOE. He can't keep his paws off of you? That's funny Chris.

CHRIS. What do you mean "that's funny"?

JOE. I mean it's a little funny.

CHRIS. Funny how? You mean it amuses you, it makes you laugh, it makes you go ha, ha, ha? How is that funny? Tell me what the hell is so funny about that!

JOE. Chris calm down. I don't find anything funny. There's nothing funny at all. (*Close to breaking up:*) I am not amused.

CHRIS. Then why are you laughing?

JOE. OK, it's kind of funny. Don't you think it's funny?

CHRIS. You'll know it's funny when I start laughing.

JOE. Come on now Chris. You're telling me that my father is chasing you around? Why would he do that?

CHRIS. Gee, I don't know...because he thinks I'm a woman?!

JOE. Just because he thinks you're a woman doesn't mean he would chase after you.

CHRIS. You're doing it, why wouldn't he.

JOE. Now just a minute.

CHRIS. Well are you or aren't you?

JOE. Well...yes I am.

CHRIS. There you are then.

JOE. But Chris, my father would never even look at another woman. The only woman for him is my mother.

CHRIS. Are you calling me a liar?

JOE. Of course not.

CHRIS. Yes you are. You're calling me a liar. Let's just remember who's the liar amongst us.

JOE. Chris, I'm not calling you a liar. I just don't think my dad would chase another woman.

CHRIS. Then maybe you'd like to tell him that.

JOE. OK, OK, I'll talk to him when I see him. In the meantime why don't you get into your on clothes?

CHRIS. What do you think I've been trying to do? I can't seem to find the time to get into my clothes in between being chased by your father and trying to hide your mistress from everyone.

JOE. Just find something to wear. I'll try and sort everything out after I've finished in here.

CHRIS. Fine! I'll just let you get back to fiddling while Rome burns.

(CHRIS exits to hallway and JOE exits to bedroom Left.)

JOE. My father chasing Chris around...now that's funny.

*(CHRIS runs back into living room and hides in the closet.
GEORGE enters from hall, crosses to bedroom Left door and knocks.)*

JOE. Now who is it?

GEORGE. It's your father.

JOE. Oh! Umm...I'll be right with you.

(JOE crosses to door and opens it.)

Can I help you?

GEORGE. I'm just wondering if you happen to know where the maid has run off to?

JOE. No, haven't seen him...her. What do you need her for?

GEORGE. I was just wondering if she could come and turn down the bed for your mother and I.

JOE. I'll be sure and let her know when I see her. Now I'm a little busy in here, so if you'll excuse me.

GEORGE. Oh yes, tell Robin I'm sorry for disturbing you.

JOE. Robin? Oh right, Robin.

(JOE closes bedroom door. GEORGE growls as he exits to the kitchen. CHRIS sticks head out closet to make sure the coast is clear. CHRIS is about to sneak out when GEORGE enters from kitchen.)

GEORGE. Oh Christine!

(CHRIS spots GEORGE and runs out the front door. GEORGE lets CHRIS go and hides in the closet.)

JOE. *(Knocks on bathroom door Left and opens it.)* Everything all right in there?

MARSHA. Yes. Now get out and leave me to my bath.

(MARSHA throws sponge at him.)

JOE. Sorry.

(CHRIS runs in through the kitchen door and hides in the closet. After a moment CHRIS screams, opens door and beats GEORGE with shoe. CHRIS exits closet and closes door. BETH enters from hall.)

BETH. Oh hello.

CHRIS. Ello.

BETH. I'm looking for my husband Chris have you seen him?

CHRIS. No spreche Englishe?

BETH. Oh I'm sorry. *(Mimes.)* Have you seen my husband?

CHRIS. *(In funny accent:)* Husband?

BETH. Yes, that's it, my husband. (*Mimes.*) He's about this tall, about this thin and has blue eyes.

CHRIS. (*Mimes back and in funny accent:*) Dis tall, dis tin, und haz da boo eez?

BETH. Yes that's right.

CHRIS. (*In funny accent:*) Me see him not.

BETH. OK, thank you... (*Turns to go, then turns back.*) ...just a minute.

CHRIS. (*In funny accent:*) Yez, madam.

BETH. This tall, this thin and has blue eyes? Oh no! Chris is that you?

CHRIS. (*Defeated:*) Yes. Yes it is.

BETH. Where have you been?

CHRIS. The closet.

BETH. You were in the closet?

CHRIS. Yes and I just came out.

BETH. You just came out of the closet?

CHRIS. Yes, I just came out of the closet!

BETH. Why are you wearing those clothes?

CHRIS. (*Grabs trench coat off of hooks and puts it on.*) What clothes? I'm not wearing any clothes. There are no clothes underneath this coat. What are you talking about?

BETH. You know damn well what I'm talking about.

CHRIS. I was...practicing my Mary Poppins impersonation. (*CHRIS gets the umbrella from the hook on the wall.*) I'm thinking of auditioning for the local theatre group. "Just a spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down in the most delightful way." (*Does song and dance and takes a bow, there is no reaction from BETH.*) "In the most delightful way." (*Takes another bow and still no reaction from BETH.*) "In the most..."

BETH. Oh go fly a kite. Why are you wearing those clothes?

CHRIS. It's really very silly.

BETH. I'm sure it is.

CHRIS. You see...Joe made me wear them.

BETH. Joe made you wear them?

CHRIS. Yes.

BETH. Why? What's going on?

CHRIS. Nothing. There's nothing going on.

BETH. Really?

CHRIS. OK, there's something going.

BETH. Something between you and Joe?

CHRIS. Yes.

BETH. Oh no!

(JOE hears and gets up to see what's happening.)

CHRIS. Not that type of thing.

BETH. You expect me to believe that when you're standing there wearing a dress and you told me Joe made you wear it.

CHRIS. There's actually a very simple explanation...

(JOE enters living room and puts his arm around CHRIS. BETH nearly dies at the sight of this.)

JOE. Oh Beth, there you are. What are you talking to the maid about?

BETH. Do you think I'm stupid?

JOE. Well...I mean no, of course not.

BETH. Joe, what's Chris doing wearing those clothes?

JOE. Why are you asking me? I told him to change out of them.

BETH. Never mind why he's still in them, why did he put them on in the first place?

JOE. That's a very good question.

BETH. And you better have a very good answer.

JOE. Umm...Chris, why don't you go in the bathroom and change your clothes while I explain everything to Beth?

CHRIS. Good idea.

(CHRIS hangs up coat and exits to bathroom.)

BETH. Well?

JOE. Well what?

BETH. Why is Chris wearing those clothes?

JOE. You see...oh Beth, I'm sorry you had to see Chris like that. It's terrible.

BETH. What do you mean?

JOE. It's a sad, sad state of affairs.

BETH. What are you talking about?

JOE. You see...Chris came here this weekend because he likes to dress up in women's clothes.

BETH. He likes to dress up in women's clothes?

JOE. Yes, and he doesn't want you to know about it.

BETH. But why?

JOE. Why what?

BETH. Why does he dress up in women's clothes?

JOE. Chris dresses up in those clothes and pretends it's his girlfriend. In fact, he's even got a name for himself when he's dressed like that. He calls himself Maid Marion.

BETH. Maid Marion?!?

JOE. I know, I know, it was quite a shock to me when I first found out.

BETH. But why would he do such a thing?

JOE. It has to do with not getting enough sex.

BETH. Not getting enough sex?

JOE. Yes. Apparently he's not getting enough sex at home, so he resorts to dressing up as a woman in order to get the satisfaction he needs.

BETH. That's terrible! I thought we had a good sex life.

JOE. That's what the women always think. I'm surprised more men haven't resorted to this sort of thing. Let me ask you...how many times per week do you and Chris have sex?

BETH. At least four. Isn't that enough?

JOE. Wow, that's a lot.

BETH. What?

JOE. I said apparently not.

BETH. Oh Joe, what am I going to do? I've got to get him to stop wearing those clothes.

JOE. There's only one thing I can think of...you've got to give Chris more sex.

BETH. But Joe, I don't know how much more I can give him.

JOE. Now Beth, you want Chris to stop wearing those clothes don't you?

BETH. Of course I do.

JOE. Then do as I say. The only way to stop him from wearing those clothes is to give him what he needs and that's more sex.

BETH. Well, I'll do what I can.

JOE. Yes Beth, you do what you can. If more sex doesn't work just keep giving him more and more. I would suggest getting started

right away. We don't want anyone else to see Chris dressed like that do we?

BETH. No, we don't want that.

JOE. Now why don't you go back to your room and I'll send Chris in right away.

BETH. OK, tell him I'll be waiting for him...and thanks for the advice.

(BETH exits to hall.)

JOE. Don't mention it. Chris will be thanking me for that.

(JOE exits to bedroom Left. CHRIS sticks his head out bathroom Right.)

CHRIS. *(In whisper as comes out:)* Joe. Joe, where are you? I can't find my clothes.

(GEORGE comes out of closet and sneaks up behind CHRIS and pinches his rear.)

Ah! Get away from me.

(GEORGE chases CHRIS around couch as JOE enters from bedroom Left and stares in disbelief.)

GEORGE. No, come here.

CHRIS. I said stay away or else.

GEORGE. Not until you give me what I want.

CHRIS. Trust me. I don't have what you want.

GEORGE. I think you do, now come here and give it to me.

CHRIS. I'm going to give it to you all right. *(Picks up bottle from drink table to throw at GEORGE.)*

JOE. No!

(CHRIS and GEORGE stop and stare at JOE.)

Dad, what are you doing?

GEORGE. Nothing.

JOE. It doesn't look like nothing. Why were you chasing Christine?

GEORGE. I wasn't chasing her. We were just out for a little jog.

(*GEORGE jogs around some more.*)

JOE. Really? You two seem to be getting pretty close.

GEORGE. Oh yes, we've discovered we have quite a bit in common actually.

CHRIS. More than you think.

JOE. That's enough Christine. Now dad, will you tell me why you were chasing Christine?

GEORGE. No I won't.

CHRIS. I'll tell him if you won't. He keeps trying to seduce me and I keep rejecting him. He lured me into the closet just a moment ago and whispered disgusting things in my ear. I finally fought him off, but not until he groped every inch of my body. He just doesn't understand I'm not that type of girl.

JOE. Dad this doesn't sound like any kind of behavior I would expect from you. Is this true? Have you been trying to seduce Christine?

GEORGE. That's a very personal question and my answer is no comment.

CHRIS. No comment means yes.

GEORGE. No it doesn't.

CHRIS. Have you ever cheated on your taxes?

GEORGE. No comment.

CHRIS. See! It means yes.

JOE. That's enough. Dad what were you doing?

GEORGE. Oh all right, it's true. I've been trying to seduce Christine from the moment I saw her.

JOE. Dad I am disappointed in you to say the least.

GEORGE. But look at her, how could I resist? She looks as if she'd been poured into those clothes and had forgotten to say when. No man in his right mind could resist her.

JOE. I could.

GEORGE. How?

JOE. Because of this. (*JOE takes socks out of CHRIS's dress.*)

GEORGE. Just because she stuffs her bra?

JOE. And this. (*JOE lifts up CHRIS's arm to show his hairy arm pits.*)

GEORGE. And doesn't shave her armpits?

JOE. And this? (*JOE takes wig off CHRIS.*)

GEORGE. And wears a... (*Sinks in.*) Oh my god!

JOE. You see dad, you've got it all wrong. Christine is really Chris. He's not a woman he's a man.

GEORGE. Oh no! I was hitting on a man. I'm terribly sorry.

CHRIS. You're sorry. You're not the one who was felt up by a perverted old man.

GEORGE. I'm not old!

JOE. Now stop it you two. (*To CHRIS:*) For the last time, would you get out of those clothes. I think I need to explain to my father what's going on.

CHRIS. Fine, I'm going and as soon as I find my clothes I'm leaving.

(*CHRIS exits to hall.*)

JOE. I can't believe you, chasing after another man.

GEORGE. Well if I had known he was a man I wouldn't have chased him. Why was he dressed up as a woman anyway?

JOE. Why was he dressed up as a woman? Why indeed? Well this is hard to explain. You see Chris is a cross-dresser.

GEORGE. A what?

JOE. A cross-dresser. A man who likes to wear women's clothes.

GEORGE. You mean you hired a cross-dressing chef?

JOE. It would appear that way.

GEORGE. Why would you do that?

JOE. Well, he's very good at his work. Why should I judge him just because of the clothes he wears?

GEORGE. Why does he wear those clothes anyway?

JOE. Oh, I'm not sure. Many different reasons I suppose. He might just like the style and comfort of women's clothes.

GEORGE. Well, I think it's absurd.

JOE. Now dad, who are we to judge. If that's what they want to do, we have no right to say it's wrong. You know cross-dressing has been going on for centuries.

GEORGE. Really?

JOE. Oh yes. As a matter of fact, William Shakespeare made substantial use of cross-dressing men in his plays, as it was illegal for women to perform in theatres.

GEORGE. I didn't know that.

JOE. In fact many theatre groups today have males wear dresses onstage for comic effect.

*(CHRIS enters from hallway still in dress and carrying wig.
MARSHA enters bedroom Left from bathroom Left in a towel.)*

CHRIS. Joe have you seen my clothes?

JOE. Chris, I'm still sorting everything out with my father. Why don't you wait in the bathroom and I'll find you something to wear?

CHRIS. Could you hurry? I think I'm starting to chafe.

(CHRIS exits to bathroom Right.)

JOE. Now where were we?

(MARSHA enters living room from bedroom Left.)

MARSHA. Joe, I'm ready for you now.

GEORGE. Well, who do we have here?

JOE. No one, this is no one.

GEORGE. She's quite attractive for no one. Hello, I'm George.

MARSHA. Hello, I'm Marsha.

GEORGE. (*Very sexily*.) Marsha, Marsha, Marsha. What are you doing here?

MARSHA. I'm here for the weekend with Joe.

GEORGE. Here for the weekend?

JOE. Yes, that's right. This is my...insurance agent.

MARSHA. Insurance agent?

JOE. Yes, insurance agent.

MARSHA. Oh right, your insurance agent.

JOE. Yes, she came to check out the cabin to make sure we're fully covered in case of a disaster.

GEORGE. It doesn't look as if she provides full coverage.

JOE. Of course she does. Remember Marsha, you came here this weekend to make sure we have everything insured properly.

MARSHA. I did? I mean I did.

JOE. Of course you did, now Marsha why don't you wait for me in the bed...bedroom...the bedroom and we'll check out that room together as soon as I've finished out here.

MARSHA. Ok, but don't be long...I'm starting to get very impatient.

(MARSHA exits to bedroom Left and sits on bed. JOE looks from GEORGE to bedroom and back again and smiles at GEORGE.)

GEORGE. Very attractive insurance agent.

JOE. I guess so.

GEORGE. Very attractive indeed.

JOE. I heard you.

GEORGE. And does your insurance agent usually run around in a towel?

JOE. Well umm...we were checking out the pipes in the bathroom.

GEORGE. The pipes huh?

JOE. Yes and one of them burst.

GEORGE. Your pipe burst?

JOE. And Marsha got all wet.

GEORGE. Wet?

JOE. So she had to get out of her soaking clothes.

GEORGE. I bet she did. Joe is there something you need to tell me?

JOE. I don't think so, no.

GEORGE. You're sure there's nothing you need to tell me even after scolding me for chasing another woman?

JOE. Weren't you chasing a man?

GEORGE. That's beside the point.

JOE. Is it?

GEORGE. Yes, I thought he was a woman. Now stop changing the subject and tell me what's going on here?

JOE. Nothing, there's nothing going on.

GEORGE. Really? Does this nothing have to do with an insurance agent?

JOE. No.

GEORGE. In a towel?

JOE. No.

GEORGE. Who really isn't an insurance agent?

JOE. No.

GEORGE. But is rather your mistress?

JOE. No.

GEORGE. Who you are having an affair with?

JOE. No. (GEORGE *looks at JOE waiting for the truth.*) Oh all right, yes. She's not an insurance agent, but is in fact my mistress who I'm having an affair with.

GEORGE. Well, well, well what a surprise this is. I see you've turned out ok after all.

JOE. Dad, please!

GEORGE. So how long have you been tasting the forbidden fruit?

JOE. What?

GEORGE. How long have you been playing around in the garden of Eden?

JOE. Dad! Nothing's happened yet.

GEORGE. Why not, you don't need one of my little blue pills do you.

JOE. No, of course not.

GEORGE. Then why haven't you entered the promised land yet?

JOE. Dad! Would you stop and let me explain. I had this whole weekend planned. It was going to be our first time together. I told Robin I was coming here to work for the weekend and I couldn't have any distractions.

GEORGE. That's good.

JOE. It would have been except for the fact that Robin decided to come here and surprise me for the weekend.

GEORGE. Not good. Where is she anyway? Didn't you say she was here earlier?

JOE. Oh yes...umm...something carried her away for a bit.

GEORGE. Well if she's out of the way, you'll have plenty of time to attend to Marsha.

JOE. I know, but now one by one everyone else has turned up. Now I have a house full of people here and I'm trying to cover everything up, while still trying to get her into bed.

GEORGE. Good lord! What are you going to do?

JOE. I have no idea. I think I should just call the whole thing off and head back to town.

GEORGE. I see I could teach you a thing or two

JOE. What are you saying?

GEORGE. I've sown a few wild oats in my days.

JOE. A few?

GEORGE. Oh hell, I could probably qualify for a farm loan.

JOE. Really?

GEORGE. Oh yes, I've handled more assets than State Bank and Trust. *(Insert local bank or company here.)*

JOE. Dad! I am shocked!

GEORGE. Don't be, you try and live with your mother for that many years and not cheat.

JOE. At least I know where I get it from.

GEORGE. Now son, just get back in there and do whatever it is you were going to do. I think I need to take a walk along the beach and get some fresh air. I've had quite a shock to the system today.

(JOE exits to bedroom Left as GEORGE exits out the front door.)

MARSHA. Now what is going on? What was that about me being an insurance agent?

JOE. Please Marsha, just give me a chance to explain.

MARSHA. Very well, but I'm warning you this is your last chance. If this isn't good, I'm leaving and you can spend the weekend alone. Now, I'm going in the bathroom. You can come in after I've gotten dressed.

JOE. Can't I come in before you've gotten dressed?

MARSHA. No! (MARSHA exits to bathroom Left and slams door.)

(CHRIS sneaks out bathroom Right with bath towel wrapped around him as GLADYS enters from hall, obviously tipsy. GLADYS crosses to drinks table and notices CHRIS.)

GLADYS. Hello.

CHRIS. Oh hello.

GLADYS. There you are.

CHRIS. Here I am.

GLADYS. I've been waiting for you.

CHRIS. You have?

GLADYS. Of course I have. But before we do what we're going to do, don't you think we ought to introduce ourselves.

CHRIS. Oh yes... I'm Chris... I mean Christopher the Chef.

GLADYS. Chef Christopher, how romantic. I'm Gladys.

CHRIS. Nice to meet you Gladys, now if you'll excuse me.

GLADYS. And where do you think you're going? We've got some important business to attend to.

CHRIS. We do?

GLADYS. Now don't be silly. Didn't you tell me to wait in bed for you?

CHRIS. Did I?

GLADYS. Oh yes, you specifically told that policeman this was to be our special day in bed together.

CHRIS. So I did.

GLADYS. So let's stop playing around out here and get into bed.

CHRIS. Please Gladys, I can't.

GLADYS. Of course you can.

CHRIS. No really, I can't.

GLADYS. But don't you want to help me out with my problem?

CHRIS. What problem is that?

GLADYS. It has to do with my husband. He seems to want to go to bed with every woman but me.

CHRIS. No, that can't be true.

GLADYS. It is true. In fact I've just seen him with another woman.

CHRIS. Really? Who?

GLADYS. That maid of Joe's.

CHRIS. No!

GLADYS. Well I've had enough of this. I'm going to get him back.

CHRIS. How are you going to do that?

GLADYS. I was hoping you could help me out.

CHRIS. How could I possibly help you out?

GLADYS. Look, can I be honest with you?

CHRIS. I guess so.

GLADYS. How can I put this...when I first laid eyes upon you, I felt this fire burning inside me.

CHRIS. You might want to see a doctor for that.

GLADYS. Maybe we could play doctor together. (GLADYS *slowly puts her hand on CHRIS.*)

CHRIS. Oh no! (CHRIS *removes GLADYS' hand.*)

GLADYS. Oh yes! (GLADYS *puts her hand on CHRIS on again.*)

CHRIS. Oh no! (*Removes GLADYS' hand again.*) Gladys please, I can't.

GLADYS. (*Advancing on CHRIS:*) But wouldn't you like to see what you and I can cook up together?

CHRIS. I don't think so.

GLADYS. How about you take me in the kitchen?

CHRIS. Take you in the kitchen?

GLADYS. Isn't the kitchen where all your equipment works best?

CHRIS. My equipment?

GLADYS. Oh yes, why don't you show me how your utensil works?

CHRIS. Really Gladys, I don't think you should be doing this.

GLADYS. But Christopher, can't you see how hot you've gotten me.

CHRIS. Yes I can.

GLADYS. I'm about to boil over.

CHRIS. I can see that too.

GLADYS. Then come here and turn the heat up a little higher.

CHRIS. No please, really, I can't.

(CHRIS exits to kitchen. As he exits GLADYS grabs for him and rips the bath towel off. GLADYS exits to kitchen as BETH enters living room from hall. She is dressed in a robe. Looks into bedroom Right and then looks into bathroom Right.)

BETH. Chris? Chris, where are you? I've been waiting for you! What's this? Ah! This is exactly what I need!

(BETH exits to bathroom Right as MARSHA comes out of bathroom Left with phone. MARSHA is now dressed.)

MARSHA. Joe I'm ready... *(Marsha's cell phone rings.)* I'm sorry Joe, you can explain everything to me as soon as I'm finished with this call. Can you wait in the bathroom a minute?

(JOE exits to bathroom as MARSHA answers phone.)

Hello. What? Are you serious? Oh my goodness. What are we going to do? No, no, everything will be fine. Right. Call me in a bit and we'll go over everything. *(MARSHA paces in bedroom Left.)*

(Front door opens CHRIS comes in with back turned and grabs the trench coat off the coat hooks. CHRIS is wearing the maid's underwear. CHRIS puts coat on and exits to closet. GLADYS runs in front door and looks around. GEORGE enters from kitchen.)

GEORGE. Oh there you are dear, where did you run off?

GLADYS. Oh...umm...I was just outside trying to track something down that had gotten away from me.

GEORGE. What?

GLADYS. I mean I was just getting a little fresh air. I'm just going to grab a little something in the kitchen and then I'm going to lie down for a bit.

GEORGE. Right, I'll join you in a minute.

(GLADYS exits to kitchen as GEORGE is about to exit to hall. BETH comes out of bathroom Right in French maid uniform.)

BETH. This ought to do the trick.

GEORGE. Good lord, are you at it again? Must you keep wearing those clothes?

BETH. I beg your pardon?

GEORGE. Oh, I'm terribly sorry. I thought you were someone else.

BETH. *(Very embarrassed:)* That's ok. Sorry about this, I didn't think there was anyone out here.

GEORGE. Oh, don't be sorry.

BETH. If you'll excuse me, I'm feeling a little underdressed.

GEORGE. You look just fine to me.

BETH. What did you say?

GEORGE. What I mean is why do you need to rush off so quickly?

BETH. Well I usually don't walk around in public places dressed like this.

GEORGE. What better time to start then now?

BETH. Excuse me?

GEORGE. Look, can I be frank with you?

BETH. Is your name Frank?

GEORGE. What I mean is, can I be honest with you?

BETH. Oh...of course you can.

GEORGE. You see I find you very pleasing.

BETH. Me?

GEORGE. Oh yes...your eyes have such a perkiness and sparkle to them.

BETH. Those aren't my eyes.

GEORGE. Anyway, when I first laid eyes upon you, I felt we could make sweet music together.

BETH. Sweet music?

GEORGE. Oh yes listen, can't you hear it?

(He slowly puts his hand on BETH's rear end.)

BETH. *(Backs away.)* What are you doing?

GEORGE. *(Pursuing:)* Getting a feel for the lay of the land.

BETH. *(Backs away.)* Keep your hands off of me.

GEORGE. But can't you feel the chemistry between us?

BETH. I don't want to feel anything.

GEORGE. I'd like to feel one or two things.

BETH. You'll feel a kick in the groin if you don't get away from me.

GEORGE. Don't play so hard to get. Come here.

BETH. No! Stay away from me.

(BETH runs out kitchen door. GEORGE runs to closet to hide in it. CHRIS pushes him out.)

CHRIS. Get the hell out of here! For the last time, I told you I'm not interested in you.

GEORGE. I'm terribly sorry. What are you doing in there anyway?

CHRIS. None of your business.

(CHRIS slams closet door. GEORGE exits to hall. BETH runs in front door and hides in closet. MARSHA gets off bed and goes to bathroom door Left and opens it.)

MARSHA. I'm ready for that explanation now Joe. You can tell me while I freshen up.

(MARSHA exits to bathroom Left as CHRIS and BETH come out of the closet.)

BETH. What were you doing in there?

CHRIS. Hiding.

BETH. From what?

CHRIS. You don't want to know.

BETH. No, really I do.

CHRIS. The crazy people in this house.

BETH. I know the feeling.

CHRIS. What were you doing in there?

BETH. Same as you. Why are wearing that coat again?

CHRIS. It's the only thing I could find.

BETH. What are you wearing under there?

CHRIS. You don't want to know.

BETH. Not another maid's outfit?

CHRIS. No, it's just these. (*Shows BETH the maid's underwear beneath the trench coat.*)

BETH. What are those?

CHRIS. They're part of the maid's outfit.

BETH. Well get them off at once. We need to go to the bedroom and take care of this once and for all.

CHRIS. Take care of what?

BETH. Your problem.

CHRIS. What problem?

BETH. Your Maid Marion problem.

CHRIS. What Maid Marion problem?

BETH. Don't be stupid. You know exactly what I'm talking about. Why do you think I put this outfit on in the first place?

CHRIS. I have no idea why you put that on.

BETH. Oh stop it. You're just making this worse. Why can't you just admit you have a problem?

CHRIS. If I knew what problem I have it might be easier for me to admit I have a problem.

BETH. Your problem with dressing up as a maid.

CHRIS. What?

BETH. Joe told me all about it.

CHRIS. He did now, did he? What exactly did he tell you?

BETH. He told me you came here for the weekend because you like to dress up as a French maid and you didn't want me to see you.

CHRIS. He what?

BETH. He said you pretend it's your girlfriend and you even have a name for her...Maid Marion

CHRIS. Maid Marion?

BETH. And he said the reason you do it is because you're not getting enough sex from me.

CHRIS. I'll kill him.

BETH. And he said the only way to get you to stop wearing those clothes is for me to give you more sex.

CHRIS. That's good.

BETH. And that's the reason I'm dressed up in this maid outfit. I figured if I was your Maid Marion you wouldn't need to dress up like that anymore.

CHRIS. Now listen Beth, I don't have time to explain right now. But all you need to know is that Joe made up that whole story. Right now we just need to get our things and get out of here. I'll explain it all to you as soon as we've left this mad house.

BETH. But Chris...

CHRIS. No buts, just get your things together. We're leaving.

BETH. Ok, (*Starts to exit, then stops.*) on one condition.

CHRIS. What's that?

BETH. You prove to me that Joe's lying and remove those panties.

CHRIS. But I haven't got anything else on underneath here.

BETH. Do it now or we're not leaving!

CHRIS. All right. (*CHRIS takes off maid's underwear from beneath the trench coat and hands them to BETH.*) Now go and get out of that outfit, so we can get out of here.

(BETH exits to hall.)

I'm going to try and find some clothes

(GLADYS enters from kitchen Left.)

GLADYS. You don't need clothes for what we're going to do!

CHRIS. Gladys, please, not again.

GLADYS. When I'm through with you, you're going to be saying, Gladys please, again.

CHRIS. Now Gladys, for the last time stay away from me.

GLADYS. But don't you want to cook up a recipe for fun and adventure?

CHRIS. Not really, no.

GLADYS. But it only requires four ingredients.

CHRIS. It does?

GLADYS. Yes. You, me and these. (*Shakes chest at CHRIS.*)

CHRIS. Oh no. Here we go again.

(CHRIS runs out front door pursued by GLADYS.)

BETH. (*Off:*) I'm not going to tell you again. I'm not interested. Now stay away from me.

GEORGE. (*Off:*) But don't you want to play around a bit?

(BETH enters from hall pursued by GEORGE.)

BETH. How would you like to play with a cast on your arm?

GEORGE. Oh, you like it rough?

BETH. You're going to look rough with a black eye.

GEORGE. I like it when you talk dirty. Now come here.

BETH. No, stay away from me.

(BETH runs out kitchen door pursued by GEORGE. CHRIS enters from front door and spots wig, puts it on and gets on couch and covers up with blanket as GLADYS enters.)

GLADYS. Oh hello Christine.

CHRIS. Hello.

GLADYS. You didn't see the chef come through here did you?

CHRIS. The chef?

GLADYS. That attractive man who's called Chef Christopher.

CHRIS. Oh no, haven't seen him.

GLADYS. Thanks anyway.

CHRIS. No problem.

(GLADYS exits to kitchen Left as BETH enters from front door and hides in closet. GEORGE enters from front door and sees CHRIS sitting on couch. GEORGE thinks CHRIS is BETH and sneaks up behind and is just about to kiss him.)

GEORGE. *(Together:)* Ah!

CHRIS. *(Together:)* Ah!

GEORGE. Are you still at it?

CHRIS. At what?

GEORGE. I don't know what makes a man go for that sort of thing.

(GEORGE exits to kitchen as CHRIS removes wig.)

GLADYS. *(Off:)* George, have you seen the chef?

GEORGE. *(Off:)* He's in the living room, why do you ask?

GLADYS. *(Off:)* I have a special recipe I was hoping he could help me cook-up for dinner.

GEORGE. *(Off:)* Well, he's right out there. I just need to run along and track something down.

(CHRIS puts wig back on and sits on couch.)

GLADYS. (*Enters living room from kitchen.*) Oh Christine. Are you sure you haven't seen the chef?

CHRIS. Of course I'm sure.

GLADYS. But George said he was out here.

CHRIS. You must have just missed him.

GLADYS. Where could he have run off too?

CHRIS. (*In CHRIS's voice:*) I'm really... (*Clears throat then in female voice:*) ...I'm really not sure.

GLADYS. Right...if you'll excuse me. (*GLADYS turns to go, then realizes.*) Chris?

CHRIS. Yes.

GLADYS. Ah ha! I've got you now. Now you and I can start cooking. (*GLADYS reaches for CHRIS and rips off the wig.*) Wait a minute... if you're wearing that wig, where's Christine?

CHRIS. Well...umm...

GLADYS. It doesn't matter. Come here!

CHRIS. Not on your life.

(CHRIS exits out front door pursued by GLADYS as MARSHA comes out of bathroom Left holding phone.)

MARSHA. I'm sorry Joe, I really need to take this. Now just wait in the bathroom.

(BETH comes out of closet as GEORGE enters from kitchen. BETH sees GEORGE, circles around couch then exits to kitchen pursued by GEORGE.)

Yes, I'm still here. No, no problems. (*Hears commotion out in living room, opens door, peeks out, doesn't see anyone, closes door again.*) Don't worry, everything's going fine.

(CHRIS enters from front door pursued by GLADYS as BETH enters from kitchen pursued by GEORGE. Both couples circle around

couch. CHRIS exits through front door pursued by GEORGE as BETH exits through kitchen door pursued by GLADYS.)

MARSHA. Yes, I can handle it. Yes, I'm sure.

(CHRIS enters through kitchen door pursued by GEORGE. BETH enters from front door pursued by GLADYS. GEORGE and GLADYS realize they are chasing the wrong person and stop. BETH exits out front door as GEORGE resumes chase. CHRIS exits to kitchen as GLADYS resumes chase, as they get to kitchen door.)

GLADYS. I've got you now! *(Pulls off Chris's jacket:)* Damn! *(Looks at jacket and thinks for a moment.)* Oh no, that's good. *(Pause.)* Oh Chris, I see you weren't wearing anything under there.

(GLADYS exits out kitchen door.)

MARSHA. Just hurry up and get here. Five minutes. OK. Bye.

(MARSHA exits to bathroom Left as CHRIS runs in front door with two aluminum foil roasters covering his front. Illusion he's not wearing anything underneath and that his rear is exposed. BETH runs in front door not noticing CHRIS and exits out kitchen door. GEORGE runs in front door notices CHRIS's rear end, stares at it and exits out front door. BETH enters from kitchen with GEORGE chasing her and GLADYS chasing him. BETH hides behind CHRIS.)

CHRIS. All right! That's enough! Everyone stop!

(GEORGE and GLADYS stop then take a step closer.)

I said stop! Now what the hell are you doing chasing my wife?

BETH. And what the hell are you doing chasing my husband?

GLADYS. Your husband?

GEORGE. Your wife?

CHRIS. *(Together:)* Yes!

BETH. *(Together:)* Yes!

GEORGE. Oh, do you two shop at the same place?

CHRIS. What? Oh never mind. What are you chasing after her for?

GEORGE. Well umm...you see...

CHRIS. Oh forget it, I know why. You both should be ashamed of yourselves, running around like a pack of dogs in heat.

GEORGE. Now listen here.

CHRIS. No, you listen. I don't know what the hell you two are up to, but I can assure you my wife and I are not into your sick, perverted games.

GEORGE. No, apparently you're into your own sick games.

CHRIS. Shut up!

GLADYS. We're terribly sorry. We didn't know you two were married.

CHRIS. Sorry, my aluminum foil covered ass. I don't know where you come from, but where I come from married people don't run around trying to get every Tom, Dick and Harry into bed. Now we're getting our things together and leaving. And don't either of you think of trying anything funny with us. Beth would you find me something to wear, so we can get out of here?

BETH. Yes dear.

(BETH exits to hall.)

CHRIS. Now I know where Joe gets it from.

GLADYS. Gets what from?

CHRIS. Not a word.

GLADYS. But just let...

CHRIS. Not a word! It must be something in the water.

GLADYS. Water?

CHRIS. I said not a word.

(BETH enters from hall with some of her clothes.)

BETH. I'm sorry. This is the only thing I could come up with. (CHRIS holds them up.)

CHRIS. I guess they'll have to do.

GEORGE. I'm sure they'll do just fine for you.

CHRIS. What?

GEORGE. Well aren't they just your style and comfort?

CHRIS. What the hell are you talking about? Never mind, I don't want to know. Beth, go and get your things together. I'll just change in here.

BETH. But that's the closet.

CHRIS. Yes I know. I've gotten quite accustomed to it. Now hurry up. I'll meet you in the car.

(BETH exits to hall as CHRIS exits to closet.)

GLADYS. George, I think there's something we need to talk about.

GEORGE. I know dear...what were you doing chasing after that man?

GLADYS. What do you mean? I was only chasing after him because you were chasing after her.

GEORGE. Oh like that excuses it.

GLADYS. Don't you dare try and blame this on me. I know a little something that you think I don't know. I know all about the affairs you've been having all these years.

GEORGE. You do?

GLADYS. Yes I do. And I know about you trying to seduce the maid and that poor man's wife.

GEORGE. You do?

GLADYS. Yes I do. And I just want you to know...

GEORGE. Yes dear.

GLADYS. I...I...I...forgive you.

GEORGE. You do? I mean you do. Why?

GLADYS. George, I'm sorry our marriage hasn't been as exciting for you over the years.

GEORGE. You are?

GLADYS. Yes I am, and I know there's the slightest, tiniest chance that it may be partly my fault.

GEORGE. It is. I mean it is?

GLADYS. Yes it is. I promise to try harder to make our bedroom life more exciting and adventurous.

GEORGE. Really?

GLADYS. Yes really. In fact, we're going to start right away.

GEORGE. We are?

GLADYS. You're darn right we are. Now I'm going to the bedroom to get ready for you and we'll (*Indicating chest:*) be back in a few minutes to get you.

GEORGE. I'll just be in the kitchen getting myself ready for you.

(GLADYS exits to hall as GEORGE exits to kitchen. JOE and MARSHA come out of bathroom Left and enter living room.)

MARSHA. So that was your father?

JOE. That's right.

MARSHA. And you told him who I really am?

JOE. That's right.

MARSHA. Oh Joe, you don't know how excited that makes me. I want to make wild passionate love to you right here on the couch.

JOE. On the couch? Really Marsha, I don't think we should.

MARSHA. Why not?

JOE. Well there are so many people around and someone might walk in and catch us.

MARSHA. Then let them. Please Joe! I'm so hot right now. I need you to take me on the couch.

(Pulls JOE to couch as CHRIS exits out of closet and exits out front door.)

JOE. All right, but only for a few minutes. Then we've got to get back in the bedroom.

(JOE and MARSHA get under covers on the couch as CHRIS enters in a hurry through front door.)

CHRIS. The shit has hit the fan!

JOE. *(Peers up from under blankets.)* What?

CHRIS. Things are about to go to hell in a hand basket. I'm not sticking around to watch it.

(CHRIS exits to hall.)

JOE. What do you mean?

(Just then the door opens and in walks ROBIN followed by ROGER. JOE quickly ducks beneath the blanket.)

ROBIN. I don't want to hear anymore.

ROGER. But I've told you I'm sorry ma'am. I thought you were the deranged maid I've been looking for.

ROBIN. Well if you would have taken that gag out of my mouth a little sooner, I could have explained to you who I am.

ROGER. I'm sorry about that too.

ROBIN. Look, just get out of here and let me sort out whatever the hell is going on here.

ROGER. Yes ma'am. I'll just be outside on the lookout for the maid.

(ROGER exits out front door.)

ROBIN. *(To herself:)* Now, damn it Joe, you better have a good explanation for what the hell is going on around here.

JOE. Yes dear.

ROBIN. What?

JOE. I said...he's not here.

(ROBIN crosses to Downstage and looks at figure on couch.)

ROBIN. Chris is that you?

JOE. Mmm hmmm.

ROBIN. Didn't I tell you to stay in that bedroom?

JOE. *(Muffled:)* Yes you did.

ROBIN. Then for the last time, get out of my living room and get back in that bedroom.

JOE. *(Muffled:)* OK.

(JOE and MARSHA remain completely covered at this time with the blanket and hop to bedroom Left. ROBIN looks after them confused. Then goes to bedroom Left and closes door.)

ROBIN. Now you two better stay in there or else. As soon as I get out of these clothes I'm going to get to the bottom of this.

(ROBIN exits to bedroom Right.)

JOE. Now what are we going to do?

MARSHA. Don't ask me. I thought you got rid of her.

JOE. So did I. Look, everything will be fine as long as we stay in here.

MARSHA. I don't think I can go through with this anymore. I just don't think I can have a passionate moment with you when your wife is in the next room.

(MARSHA exits to bathroom Left, slams door.)

JOE. Please Marsha, let's at least try.

(CHRIS enters from hall pulling BETH.)

CHRIS. Look Beth, you don't have time to change out of that outfit.

BETH. Why not?

CHRIS. I haven't got time to explain. We need to get out of here immediately. (CHRIS goes to open front door and outside with back to door is ROGER. CHRIS slams the door. Doorbell rings.) Damn it!

BETH. Now what is it?

CHRIS. You've got to change out of that outfit.

BETH. But you just told me I didn't have time.

CHRIS. Listen carefully. Unless you want this day to turn into more of a disaster than it already has, you need to get out of that outfit immediately.

BETH. I'll just go change in the bedroom then.

CHRIS. There's no time, you've got to do it here.

BETH. Here? Are you serious?

CHRIS. I've never been more serious in my life. Please Beth, just trust me. I'm going to open the door and let this cop in while you change. Now, I need you to go along with whatever I say no matter how crazy it might sound. OK?

BETH. I guess so.

(CHRIS opens door and lets ROGER in partially. BETH gets clothes out of her bag. She is on other side of door unseen by ROGER. BETH has back to audience and puts bottoms on, takes off dress, puts on shirt as CHRIS is talking to ROGER.)

ROGER. Hello again sir. Didn't disturb you did I?

CHRIS. Not at all, why?

ROGER. I just thought maybe you and your wife were still having that day in bed you've been planning for weeks.

CHRIS. Oh no, we've finished with that. I've sent her back to town... (Just then GLADYS walks in.) ...and now she's back.

ROGER. Nice to see you again ma'am... (BETH *steps out from behind door.*) ...and who do we have here?

CHRIS. That's none of your business.

ROGER. I'm making it my business.

CHRIS. Umm...this is my daughter.

ROGER. Your daughter?

CHRIS. Step-daughter. This is my wife's daughter, Beth. Now Gladys dear, will you take Beth to the bedroom to get her settled in for the weekend?

GLADYS. But I thought you said....

CHRIS. Never mind what I said, just take her to the bedroom. Now!

GLADYS. Right. (GLADYS and BETH *exit to hall.*)

CHRIS. Now where were we officer?

ROGER. So that was your step-daughter?

CHRIS. That's right.

ROGER. She looks to be about the same age as you.

CHRIS. Well of course she does, don't you remember Gladys is much older than me.

ROGER. Oh yes I remember, you like the ones with more experience.

CHRIS. That's right. The more experience the better.

ROGER. And how long has your step-daughter been here?

CHRIS. Oh, she just arrived after you left the first time. That's why I didn't tell you about her being here before. You see, I couldn't tell you she was here if she wasn't, but now that she's here, I'm telling you she's here.

ROGER. I see.

CHRIS. Now if there's nothing else officer, I'm just going to help Gladys get Beth settled in for the weekend.

ROGER. Of course. Now, I'm going to be patrolling the area all night, so if you see anything, don't hesitate to call.

CHRIS. I certainly will and thanks for calling again.

(ROGER exits out front door as BETH enters from hall.)

BETH. What was all that about?

CHRIS. It's a long story.

BETH. I'll take the short version.

CHRIS. Oh all right. Come into my office and I'll explain everything.

(CHRIS and BETH exit to closet. MARSHA comes out of bathroom in lingerie and robe.)

MARSHA. OK Joe, I've decided I'm ready. Let's get this over with. There's just one quick thing I need to do.

JOE. Where are you going?

MARSHA. Don't worry. I'll be right back.

JOE. Don't be long.

(MARSHA exits to living room and knocks on bedroom door Right. ROBIN sticks head out door. JOE takes off shirt and pants and gets into bed.)

MARSHA. Thank God you're back.

ROBIN. I'm sorry, I ran into a little trouble. Is everything set?

MARSHA. Yes, it's all set. Just give me a couple minutes and then come in.

(ROBIN closes door and goes back into bedroom Right. MARSHA crosses and exits to bedroom Left. Takes off robe to reveal lingerie.)

How do you like this?

JOE. I'd like it better if it were over here. I've been waiting all day for this.

MARSHA. And in a minute you can have it. I just need to get one more thing before we start. (*Exits to bathroom Left to get rope.*)

JOE. What's that?

MARSHA. This! (*Enters from bathroom Left holding ropes.*)

JOE. Really Marsha, do you think that's necessary?

MARSHA. Oh, it's very necessary.

JOE. But I'm really not into that sort of thing.

MARSHA. You're not? How disappointing. I really wanted to tie you up and have my way with you. I was so looking forward to this.

JOE. You were? Well maybe I could try it once, just for you.

MARSHA. Just relax and trust me, you're not going to regret this.

JOE. I have no doubt about that.

(*MARSHA proceeds to tie up JOE.*)

(*CHRIS and BETH come out of closet and are about to go out front door when ROBIN enters from bedroom Right.*)

ROBIN. Oh Chris, there you are. I see Beth has arrived.

CHRIS. Yes she has and I've explained everything to her.

BETH. I'm so sorry Robin. I don't know how Joe could do this to you.

ROBIN. It's quite all right Beth. You see, Chris didn't quite explain everything to you.

BETH. He didn't?

ROBIN. He couldn't have. We haven't gotten to the good part yet.

CHRIS. We're not sticking around to see it. We're leaving.

ROBIN. Leaving? Now Chris, I'm sorry about all you've been through today. But if you'll just stay here a minute or two longer, I'll give you a good explanation for everything.

CHRIS. I don't want to stay here a second longer.

ROBIN. Please Chris. I'll make it worth your while.

CHRIS. Oh all right, but it better be good.

ROBIN. Trust me. You won't be disappointed.

MARSHA. OK Joe, you can have it NOW!

ROBIN. Excuse me a moment.

CHRIS. Oh no!

BETH. What is it?

CHRIS. Did you hear what I said about the fan earlier?

BETH. What about the fan?

CHRIS. The shit's about to hit it.

ROBIN. *(Smiles.)* You got that right.

(ROBIN exits bedroom Left.)

Hello Joe.

JOE. *(Shocked!)* What are you doing in here?

ROBIN. I think the question is what are you doing in here?

JOE. Just helping the maid turn the bed down.

ROBIN. This maid?

JOE. Yes, this maid.

ROBIN. But I thought you said she wasn't the maid.

JOE. Did I?

ROBIN. Didn't you say she was Chris' mistress?

JOE. What I meant was she's Chris' mistress and she's also a maid.

ROBIN. And you're helping Chris' mistress turn down the bed?

JOE. That's right.

ROBIN. Do you usually get into bed to turn it down?

JOE. Well, umm...

ROBIN. And do you usually take your clothes off to turn down the bed?

JOE. Ummm...

ROBIN. And how are you going to turn down the bed with your hands tied up?

JOE. Well, umm...there is a very logical explanation for all of this.

ROBIN. I'm sure there is and I'm sure you're going to tell me what that explanation is.

JOE. Yes I am, just as soon as I think of it.

ROBIN. Well Joe, I'll be in the living room while you try and figure out what's going on. Both of you get dressed and you better be out immediately with that explanation.

(ROBIN exits to living room.)

JOE. Shoot! What am I going to do now?

(MARSHA begins to untie JOE.)

MARSHA. Don't look at me. You're the one that got us into this mess.

JOE. Ok, get dressed. I'll think of something. Just go along with whatever I say.

(MARSHA and JOE put on robes.)

MARSHA. Fine. Let's get this over with.

(JOE and MARSHA exit to living room.)

ROBIN. Ah! Have you come up with that explanation?

JOE. Yes darling. What the hell are they doing here?

ROBIN. They're just here to make sure you get your story straight.

JOE. But Robin.

ROBIN. Joe! We're all waiting.

JOE. Very well. You see, it's like this...I can't do it.

ROBIN. Then let me help you...you came here for a naughty weekend with Marsha and were using Chris as your alibi. But when I turned up you had to think of something, so you told me Marsha was the maid. You then proceeded to tell me that Marsha was Chris' mistress and you were his alibi for the weekend after I found out she wasn't the maid. But then you had to take it even further. When I told you I was staying for the weekend, you could have very easily sent Marsha on her way, but you decided you would try to go to bed with her anyway. Is that about right?

JOE. Yes, that's right.

ROBIN. Is there anything I missed?

CHRIS. Yes there is.

ROBIN. What?

CHRIS. There's a lot you missed.

JOE. Chris, don't you dare.

CHRIS. I'm sorry but I've had it. First you convince me to dress up as maid to pretend to be your wife, so you could prove to Marsha that it's over between you and your wife. But that still wasn't enough. Next, your father shows up and you tell him I'm the maid and he chases me around like some sex-crazed maniac. Then you tell my wife I'm the maid, but when she finds out I'm not the maid, you tell her I like to dress up in women's clothes and pretend I'm my own girlfriend. Next you tell her the only way to get me to stop wearing those clothes is to give me more sex...which I liked by the way. To top it off your mother chases me around like a sex-crazed maniac. Now I know where you get it from. Well I've had it Joe. You can keep the damn boat.

ROBIN. Keep the boat?

CHRIS. Oh yes, he told me if I did all that he would give me his boat.

ROBIN. Is all this true Joe?

JOE. Yes, I'm afraid so.

ROBIN. Does it sound like he left anything out Marsha?

MARSHA. I don't think so.

JOE. *(To MARSHA:)* Why are you siding with her now?

ROBIN. Well you see Joe, we're a little smarter than you think.

JOE. What do you mean we?

ROBIN. It's like this Joe... I go to the same coffee shop you do. Marsha and I have actually become good friends.

MARSHA. You see, I told Robin about the invitation to spend an intimate weekend with this wonderful man I met named Joe. The more I told her about my Joe, the more she told me about her Joe. Well, we soon realized our Joes were one in the same.

ROBIN. And there was no way I was going to let you cheat on me in my own home.

MARSHA. And there was no way I was going to sleep with a married man.

ROBIN. So we set this whole thing up.

JOE. Both of you?

ROBIN. *(Together:)* That's right.

MARSHA. *(Together:)* That's right.

JOE. How could you do this to me?

ROBIN. How could we do this to you? I think you're the one who did this to yourself.

JOE. But I didn't get around to doing anything.

ROBIN. Lucky for you. Now Joe, you could have stopped it anytime you wanted, but you kept trying to get Marsha into bed no matter what. We agreed from the get go that we would go along with whatever direction you were willing to take this. We decided we would both have a little fun with it.

MARSHA. And boy did we ever.

CHRIS. Well, well, well...it looks like the wheel has come full circle.

JOE. *(To CHRIS:)* Shut up! *(To ROBIN:)* So this was all part of your plan?

ROBIN. Most of it. There were a few surprises along the way. Your parents showing up and the cop looking for the maid did complicate things a bit.

JOE. Oh my goodness, I'm ruined.

ROBIN. Now Chris, as for you...

CHRIS. I'm sorry Robin. I didn't want to do any of it. Joe forced me to.

ROBIN. Relax Chris. I'm not upset with you. I know you were just trying to help a friend in need. Now didn't you say Joe promised you something for helping him?

CHRIS. What?

ROBIN. *(Grabs keys off coat hooks.)* Here's the keys to the boat.

CHRIS. Oh thank you Robin. Let's go Beth. I want to get out of this mad house.

BETH. Aren't you forgetting something?

CHRIS. I don't think so.

BETH. Aren't you going to bring the French maid outfit so I can wear it for you later?

CHRIS. Not a chance. I don't want to see another French maid as long as I live.

(CHRIS and BETH exit out front door.)

**THIS PLAY IS
NOT OVER!**

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