

know a season—every three months, you’re suffering from some new plague.

MO:

I used to get blisters from all the shoveling.

MARTY:

One year, 22 times I had to shovel.

(he does miss it)

I don’t miss it. Shoveling’s for suckers—

MO:

Good news here, tho, amiright? We got blue skies, eighty degrees—

MARTY:

(not a good thing) Same as yesterday—

MO:

It was beautiful yesterday!

MARTY:

Same as tomorrow—

MO:

It’ll be beautiful tomorrow; my friend, we are living a sunny, sunny life!

(belting his best Judy Garland)

“You made me love you (Boca)—”

Marty gives him a “here we go again” look.

“I didn’t want to do it, Heck, I didn’t want to do it.” You know, Iris and I celebrate our anniversary next week. Forty-eight years. She’s so sweet, what a sweet girl.

MARTY:

We’re talkin about Iris?

MO:

She’s the twinkle in my eye, the spring in my step. I wanted to get her something romantic. She’s been hinting at jewelry, said she wants something real personal, so I got her... this!

Mo pulls out a necklace. Marty stares. (It’s awful.)

MO:

It’s my tooth. She can wear it.

MARTY:

Get the fuck outta here—

MO:

I had it pulled, not for the necklace, it was being pulled anyway—see, it’s chipped—but I found this local jeweler, she specializes in setting teeth to wear; Iris’ll go bananas.

MARTY:

You’re giving Iris your chipped tooth... for your anniversary?

MO:

You don’t know romance, this has a special significance only Iris and I would understand: we met in a dentist’s office! I was high on laughing gas, one look and that’s my baby—

(gobsmacked, singing Eddie Cantor’s tune)

Start

“Yes sir, that’s my baby, No sir, I don’t mean maybe, Yes sir, that’s my baby now.” How long you married?

MARTY:

I’m serving 45 years... on a life sentence.

MO:

Deann's not *that* bad. She's always smiling, grinning ear to ear—

MARTY:

That's cause she can't move her face. Woman hasn't blinked in like twenty years.

MO:

Least she takes care of herself, she keeps fit—

MARTY:

She's like Satan on a Peloton Bike. You see how she runs the Condo Board—

MO:

She promised to make the grass greener, and boy is it greener—

MARTY:

God knows what she's pumping into the ground. And if she's that nuts about grass, you can imagine how she is at interpersonal relationships.

MO:

(beat, an idea) Hey, you could get divorced.

MARTY:

I'm staying put.

MO:

Why, you're not happy, you get divorced?

MARTY:

I'm in a spite marriage.

MO:

Forty-five years is a long spite marriage?

MARTY:

I like that she's miserable—

MO:

Sure. But so are you—

MARTY:

Maybe I get lucky and I outlive her? I'm healthy, I got my Kundalini Yoga class, if Sergio will ever BRING ME MY CAR. You know Louise?

MO:

Namaste Louise?

MARTY:

She said I hunch like a shittin dog. Said Kundalini Yoga would help me open and expand.

MO:

And?

MARTY:

There's a lot of gyrating. Gives me gas.

Marty sips his drink, then scowls, blech blech.

MO:

Whatsamatter?

MARTY:

The Club is out of Stevia—

MO:

What do you mean the Club is out of Stevia?

MARTY:

No Stevia at the Club—

MO:

In the entire Oasis?

MARTY:

Nope.

MO:

Well that's something.

(an idea)

...You could use a sugar like me—

MARTY:

I can't use a sugar—

MO:

It'll sweeten the Arnold Palmer—

MARTY:

I can't use a sugar, sugar makes me moody—

MO:

(you're already moody) You? Moody? **STOP**

Mo chuckles and inhales his vape pen.

You know what I think, Marty, I think today is some extraordinary day!

(singing the song Sinatra made famous)

"It had to be you, it had to be you, I wandered around,
Finally found the somebody who—"

LIGHTS FADE...

SCENE 2: ALL IN, LADIES

SUSAN AND ROBBIE'S CONDO LATE MORNING.

SUSAN, JANET and ELAINE enter with full make-up, big hair, diamonds galore. Like they were stepping out of a salon—not off the tennis courts.

Sue is a former kindergarten teacher, Janet is the ditzy thrice-widowed beauty, and Elaine is the straight-talking divorcee. They have the banter and good humor of close friends...

SUSAN:

Good game, girls!

ELAINE:

Who knew you could work up such a sweat playing pickleball? I thought the whole point is *you don't have to move—*

JANET:

(dawning on her) So that must be why we keep on beating you...?