



*Back to straightening up ---*

BECKY (cont'd)

Don't get me wrong, I love my son -- fruit of my actual loins -- but god forbid he emerge from the basement where he lives as the Eternal Freeloader -- sleeping off a hangover from another night of grad student "angst" and two-dollar shots. He didn't even do the *one thing* I asked of him, which was to get the dishwasher loaded -- so, there you have it, that's the update: my son was loaded and the dishwasher was not -- but, anyway, this is our humble home:

*She shoves a final magazine under the cushion of a chair or couch, strikes a friendly pose, and says:*

BECKY (cont'd)

*Welcome!*

*(beat, looks around)*

The fact is: we need a new house. My friend, Rita -- beautiful, wonderful woman, passed away last year, her husband Steve still hasn't gotten over it -- anyway, Rita had this theory:

When a woman says she needs new shoes, what she really wants is a new job.

When she says she needs a new house, she wants a new husband.

And when she says she wants a new car, she wants a new life.

*A beat. BECKY opens a drawer or cupboard and pulls out a very large (and nearly empty) carton of Diet Sprite. She fishes out the final can (or two), pops the top, starts to drink -- stops ---*

BECKY (cont'd)

*(to an AUDIENCE MEMBER)*

Oh, I'm sorry. Did you want one?

*If this person says YES, she digs out the final can, saying ---*

BECKY (cont'd)

*(as needed)*

*(Here you go.) // (Okay, if you change your mind ...)*

**ALSO:** if this person says YES, she turns to the person NEXT TO this AUDIENCE MEMBER, saying ---

BECKY (cont'd)

(Sorry. I'm all out. Money's been tight and we let our Costco membership lapse, so ... you know.)

BECKY now ... sits, for the first time in the play. Breathes deeply. And drinks her soda.

BECKY (cont'd)

I think we'll just stay here in the living room, if that's okay.

(points)

The kitchen's that way, if you need something -- but promise me you won't look in the back yard. It's a disaster. Used to be a garden. We should just pave it over. Keep our cars back there. Yes, I know that's terrible -- but I need to ask you this: have you ever really been as happy in your garden as you've been on a good day in your car?

All alone. Radio on. Traffic moving, nice and easy.

Heaven.

PHONE RINGS.

Becky goes to a cluttered work table in the middle of the room. When she lifts the phone, lights immediately reveal this area to be ---

**Becky's Cubicle at work. Evening.**

BECKY

(into phone, upbeat)

Thank you for calling Bill Buckley Lexus-Saturn-Nissan-Mitsubishi, Home of the Fifty-Thousand Mile Smile, this is Becky, how may I direct your call?

(listens)

Oh, I'm afraid they've gone home for the night.

(listens)

Well, yes, good point: if I'm still here doing paperwork why can't the salesmen still be here selling cars, but that's ---

(listens)

Yes, right, but can I just --- would you mind terribly if I put you on hold for just a second, thanks so much ---