

“WAKEUP LITTLE ROSIE, YOUR ON-LINE DATE IS HERE”

By Mary Enquist

Cast of characters:

Rosie

Harry

Pete

Lolo

Helen

Steve

Props:

Couch

Table with two chairs

Play money

Two wine glasses

Wig and outfit for old lady

Eye glasses

Pictures

Computer or something that looks like one

Paper, letters

Candles

Artichokes, sauce

Mirror

Sound effects:

Four songs including:

Wake up little Susie

The Book of love

Chantilly Lace

Great balls of fire.

Costumes:

Old ladies dress and wig

Big fat belly for Harry.

Scene starts out with a bed and table. Music is playing “Wake up little Susie:” in background

(Rosie, is 62 years old in the following scenes)

“Oh! Rosie, wake up!” (A voice yells to Rosie while she lays in bed and rubs her eyes and finally jumps up and gets a glimpse of herself in the mirror.)

(Rosie)---What happen to me? (She screams) I am so old looking. Oh, my and my hands are all wrinkled. Oh, no please don’t let this be happening.

(She screams bloody murder) Help, Help, someone took my body. My hair is turned to

silver. My back is hurting and oh my, I can hardly see. *(She reaches for a pair of glasses and takes a 2nd look in the mirror.)*

(Rosie)---*(She screams again)* This ain't right. I am going back to bed and when I wake up this nightmare will end. *(Rosie crawls back into bed.)*

(Helen enters stage left)

(Helen)---My dear, do not fret, we all get older. Remember now we talked late into the night about you setting yourself a profile on the dating site. It's time my sister. Now get up and out of that bed. Do you hear me?? *(She screams at Rosie)*

(Rosie)---But where is my husband, Helen?

(Helen)---You know dear, I think something hit you on the head. He has been dead for over a year now.

(Rosie)---Yeah, bummer, I just saw him in my dream last night and he was so young again. And so was I! We were so in love and dancing to the Big Bopper.

(Helen)---I am sorry, Rosie, but we have to face this new wave of the future.

(Rosie)--- Yea and boy, I sure have been out of the loop. Time to listen to a younger sister who thinks she knows it all.

(Helen)---You know, Rosie, many things have changed from years ago, from car hops and drive-in movies to going online and letting the computer pick out your dates and meeting at a Starbucks as two strangers over a cup of coffee.

(Rosie)---I don't know, Helen, if I am ready for this.

(Helen)---Yes, you are Rosie. Now my friends all told me how fast it was to meet and get dates with this new online stuff. They said it's simple and all you need to do is to go online to a dating site, put up a profile about yourself and tell the world how beautiful you are.

(Rosie goes over to the computer and is sitting writing her profile)

(Helen)---Okay, girl, you go! *(Helen leaves the room.)*

(Rosie)---Okay, they told me to give myself a user name. Well that would be easy; I will put "I bet you wish it was me." Then I will put that I am 10 years younger than I really am. I weigh 10 pounds lighter than I really am and I have a figure to die for. *(Continues to type)*

If that does not get the guys then I could add a picture of myself from 20 years ago. Oh yea! Their last word of advice to me was if this doesn't work then the guys are not worthy of me.

Now this is all too easy, so here goes.

(Rosie continues to type and reads)

Beautiful woman with a pretty face and looks to die for, looking for a Mr. Right, who has all the right stuff. I have the looks that you always wanted on a woman.

(She stands up and admires her figure in a mirror)

Need I say more? Please contact me at Help-me-find-a-date.com. P.S. From your future one and only "I bet you wish it was me."

(Rosie hit's the send button, and yells)

SEND!

(A few days later same scene.)

(Rosie)---Wow look at all this e-mail.

Now I know that I was on the right track. Wow! This is so cool, I feel like I am the Queen of Sheba.

The first one that I answered went by the username of "Pistol" said that he was slim and trim, had lots of money and just wanted a beautiful woman to keep him company. That he was all man.

Then I got an e-mail from a man who's username was "Hold That Thought" and said he came here from Arkansas and was into health big-time. He only wanted me to send him my blood pressure reading, my temperature, my ph. reading and my weight.

He would then decide if he would go out with me. Well, I bet you can guess what I told him? I was becoming a woman of the night. I was having some good, some not so good and some heavenly relationships, and some want-to-be relationships; that is what a few guys would say.

I could have saved myself a lot of heartache and money. I found out that some guys are real players. They play with your feelings, life and soul if they can get by with it. Then when you finally meet Mr. Right, he is really Mr. Wrong, and back to square one and not a clue on what to do now.

You regret your mistakes, but life goes on, and you rethink this whole dating scene. I continued to remember the past few dates with this one in particular. For some reason he stands out in my mind so we will call him Harry, nicknamed after a few dates "sleeping beauty". He could never stay awake for a complete date. This Harry was extremely overweight. Like he weighed 350 pounds and was only 5'7" tall. I about fell off my

chair when I was waiting for him in the town café. He walked into the room and said

(Harry enters stage left.)

(Harry)---It's me Harry.

(Rosie)---Don't get me wrong. Looks should not have anything to do with it except he e-mailed me a picture of a guy that was skinny. So you can see my surprise when I first saw him. He caught me offguard.

(Harry)---Look, I'm on a diet. *(Pats his big round belly.)*

(Rosie)---Hmm, not what I thought. Well I guess he noticed the look that I had on my face.

(Harry)---I know that this is a shock to you, but please give me a chance. After all, don't you think that I have possibilities?

(Rosie)---Oh, what do I have to lose?

(Harry)---Why yes, and we are going to the show.

(Rosie)---This is the last time I will go to the show with you if you fall asleep on me again. You will be history.

(Harry)---Aha, I was tired I will have you know.

(Rosie)---That is not a good enough reason, do you hear me?

(Harry)---Why yes, but give me a kiss before we leave.

(Rosie)---Not until you can prove to me that you can stay awake for at least one date. And besides when I saw your profile on the dating site you were real skinny, and now look at you. I could bring you home for dinner.

(Harry)---Now you have done it and hurt my feelings.

(Rosie)---Now come on, you have no feelings.

(Harry)---You should know that I do not eat that much.

(Rosie)--- Well, the last time that I fixed you dinner, you sat there and ate 3 hamburgers, 2 baked potatoes, 4 dinner rolls, a large bag of popcorn, 3 boxes of candy, and to top it off you had 3 Cokes. Now tell me that you don't eat much?

(Harry)--- What if I tell you that I was hungry that night, would that make a difference?

(Rosie)--- Well, maybe. But while I was doing the dishes and you were pretending that you were watching a movie, I heard you snoring up a storm, I had to wake you up during intermission between the dinner and dessert. This was after I had spent all day in the kitchen for you and slaving over my hot stove.

(Harry)--- Just cool off, Rosie. I will sit here on the chair and wait until you compose yourself.

(Rosie)--- Okay, now you wait here while I get ready.

(Harry goes out to the kitchen and sees a chocolate pie and starts devouring it. He then cleans up his mess and proceeds to sit down in the chair. As soon as Rosie leaves he falls asleep and starts snoring. When Rosie returns and sees him she freaks out. She walks to the kitchen and sees that all her pie is gone.)

(Rosie)---Wake up, you born loser. It's good that you like my cooking, but you ate all my pie. You must go home. *(She continues to try and wake him up.)*

(Rosie)---Come on now, wake up, get your sorry body out of here.

(Harry)--- Oh Baby, oh baby I just had the best dream.

(Rosie)---Well let me give you one that you can remember for a long time.

(Harry)---But I love you, my Rosie, and I don't want to go home. I am very comfortable.

(Rosie)---Don't you tell me that now, Harry. All you love is that tunnel that goes to your stomach. You're only happy and awake when you are eating. Now get this, I am through with you. Now get out before I pick up that chair that you're sitting on and throw you upside down. Then it will not be so comfortable.

(Harry)---What did I do to deserve this? I don't believe this! You want to give me up and I am such a good catch.

(Rosie)--- Well, glad that you think that. You are so out in left field that you cannot even stay awake during a date. So that tells me that I must be boring you.

(Harry) Oh no, Rosie. *(He gets up from the couch and tries to hug her.)*

(Rosie pushes him back and out the door.)

(Rosie) Don't come back, ya hear?

(Harry)---*(Turns around and yells)* "Hey, "GOT MILK?"

(ROSIE)--- Then there was Pete. He was a short dark and handsome sort of gent. Kind of a mystery about him. Said that he was 73 and he did not look over 53 years old. I really had trouble believing the age thing but decided that maybe just that he must like older women like me.

(Knock on door and Pete enters)

(PETE)--- Hey Rosie, baby it's just me, little ol' Pete. I came to take you out for a good old time.

(ROSIE)--- And look at these beautiful flowers that you got me. *(He hands her flowers.)*

(PETE)--- It was nothing. Mother told me that a way to a girl's heart is through flowers.

(ROSIE)--- That is just too sweet of you.

(PETE)--- Nothing is too sweet for you. Now come on, we are going to go party. First an elegant dinner and then off to the casino. Don't plan on coming home tonight for it is over an hour's drive and I will get you a room at the hotel.

(ROSIE)--- Now really, Pete, I am not that way, why just look at me.

(Pete gives her the once over, and then he walks in a circle all around her checking her out.)

(Rosie is looking really happy and taking it all in.)

(PETE)--- Sure isn't nothing wrong with you, sweetheart. *(They both start to blush)* Now get your coat. *(Exit stage left.)*

(Scene change (set for the café) Table, two chairs and two glasses of wine on table with place settings. Scene opens with them sitting at the table.)

(PETE)---*(Reaches over and takes Rosie's hand.)* Ahh, Rosie, you are just a delightful person, and just so beautiful. I do have a secret that I want to share with you and only you.

(ROSIE)--- Okay, Pete, this sounds serious.

(PETE)--- Yes, it is. Now listen, I know that we have only known each other for a few weeks, no problem besides the one small problem that I have.

(ROSIE)--- What is that?

(PETE)--- Well, it is like this. They call it the Mafia.

(ROSIE)--- Excuse me? The what?

(PETE)---Oh, you know, the kind that have gangs and go bang, bang! *(He points his finger like a gun at Rosie)*

(ROSIE)--- *(jumps back)* What are you trying to tell me, Pete? And quit scaring me.

(PETE)--- Look at me Rosie. I am the Mafia, my family is the Mafia.

(ROSIE)--- What are you saying?

(PETE)--- Okay Rosie, it's like this. Life is all too short and you and I need to go and live it up. Have fun! Live a little, love a little, you know like the song goes.

(ROSIE)--- You sure are filled with surprises, Pete. I don't know what to think. I find you on a dating site, and your profile said, "Handsome man looking for fun with right woman." There was no mention of belonging to the Mafia family.

(PETE)--- Do you think that if I had added Mafia that you would have given me the time of day? You can be thinking about it, Rosie, while we are having fun. Now let's go to the casino.

(Pete grabs her hand and they walk off stage.)

(Next scene The Casino)

(Rosie, in front of a box machine that looks like a slot.)

Rosie---You are so right, Pete, let's live it up while we have the time. *(She takes another drink of wine.)*

(ROSIE)--- I have never had so much fun, Pete, but do you think you should be tossing all that money in the air?

(PETE)--- Let's give them something to talk about. Now here is a handful for you, now toss them in the air, like this.

(As he tosses them, Rosie, is putting more in her pocket than throwing in the air, and when Pete looks at her she starts throwing some more up into the air and yelling, and laughing up a storm.)

(ROSIE)--- Oh, yes, this is fun, Pete. Give me some more to throw around. If you are trying to impress me, Pete, you are doing a good job of it.

(She puts handfuls of money in her pockets when he is not looking.)

(PETE)--- Okay now let's have another drink, ha, ha, ha the night is still young.

(ROSIE)--- Yea, just like me, ha, ha, ha!

(Then she takes another drink from the bottle and is getting tipsy.)

(PETE)--- Now you see, Rosie, how much fun we can have together?

(ROSIE)--- I see, I see. *(She dances around the room feeling no pain.)*

(PETE)--- Slow down baby, it's still early. Maybe I should take you to your room?

(ROSIE)--- You bet your life you better take me to my room, HEE HEE, hee hee, Hic-cup, Hic-cup.

(As she starts to hic-cup over and over and laughing at the same time)

(Next scene----Walking on stage with arms around each other headed to hotel room.)

(PETE sitting down on couch.)

(PETE)---Come sit with me, Rosie baby, let me take off your shoes.

(ROSIE)--- Why ,yes ,my servant, please help me!

(She piles herself on him by accident when she falls on the couch.)

(PETE)---(Kicks off his shoes now.)

(ROSIE)--- (Gets up to turn on the T.V.)

(PETE)--- Rosie, why did you turn on the TV?

(ROSIE)--- I thought that we could watch a movie.

(PETE)--- Well, I only want to watch you, baby. Now just come and sit by me.

(ROSIE)--- Oh, Pete, cool it, will you. Besides who do you think you are telling me to sit by you? Who and what do you think I am?

(PETE)--- You're all woman, baby. Just kidding, Rosie. I wanted to see how drunk you are and it looks like you're not drunk enough.

(ROSIE)--- Now you are really scaring me, Pete. I was clear with you not to expect

anything, right?

(PETE)--- Trust me, Rosie, it's not what you think.

(ROSIE)--- Really then, what is it that turns you into such a geek?

(PETE)--- You have been chosen.

(ROSIE)--- Chosen for what? May I ask.

(PETE)--- Chosen to be, well it's like this Rosie, I need a woman on one side of me and a mistress on the other side of me. I have to keep up my Mafia figure or the family will throw me out and I will lose all my inheritance, and no more allowances.

(ROSIE)--- There is no way, Jose, that I would be either one. And besides I cannot believe at your age that you are on an allowance? Why you two bit, two-timing, Mafia person, get out of my room, you CHOSEN one, before I choose to shoot your boots out of this room, with you in them, ha-ha. You see, I have a lot of training for guys like you. Besides I have my own little secret.

(PETE)--- Well, what is your secret? It cannot be as good as mine, ha-ha!

(ROSIE)--- Well, Pete, I forgot to tell you (Pause) That my father is THE GODFATHER and he is on his way over right now.

(PETE)--- Oh, shucks, *(as he runs from the room, while Rosie is throwing his boots at him.)*

(ROSIE)--- The very next day I get an e-mail from Pete, saying "I'm sorry Rosie, but you're the grandma type and I am the rebel so please keep your Godfather away for I have enough problems with my own."

(ROSIE)---Now what happened to the Book Of Love? *(Rosie looks puzzled and shakes her head after saying each chapter.)*

Chapter 1 Love her with all your heart.

Chapter 2 Never, never part.

Chapter 3 Remembering the meaning of romance.

Chapter 4 Break-up give me one more chance----

(Rosie, continues to listens to song being played.)

"The Book Of Love" song plays

-----Intermission-----

Chapter 5 Taxidermist *(Rosie sitting outside of a restaurant and Steve sitting inside the restaurant.)*

(ROSIE)--- This is it I told myself, if this date does not work out I will not only scream, but I will tell the world of all the crazy men in it and how stupid they are. He says his name is Steve. Now he should have been here an hour ago and look it's getting later and later. Where oh where is he? Hum! I hate guys that are always late.

(Rosie keeps looking at her watch and shaking her head.)

(ROSIE)---Now, he tells me that he is 6 feet tall and says he is very handsome and that women cannot resist him. Well, he does not know me, ha-ha. Why, I could resist "Elvis Presley" *(pause)* Well maybe that is not a good example. I love you, Elvis, forgive me for saying that in my moment of despair.

(Inside of the café waiting---)

(Steve)--- Where, oh, where is she? Ain't that just like a woman, always late, especially for a date, and with me, how dare she stand me up. She better show up or else.

(She walks into the restaurant. He is sitting in the front waiting area and Rosie is looking eye level at him standing up.)

(Rosie)--- Or else what? You must be Steve?

(
STEVE)--- Don't tell me you're Rosie?

(ROSIE)--- Well, do I like look like "Ring Around the Rosie, a pocket full of posies?"

(Steve is looking Rosie over real good.)

(STEVE)--- Well, well.

(ROSIE)--- Just don't answer that. Besides I can see right now that you are not the man of my dreams, so let's cut this short.

(STEVE)--- How can you say that? Why we have over an hour waiting for each other with you on the outside and me on the inside, so maybe we started on the wrong foot. *(Steve stands up and is towering over Rosie and steps on her foot.)*

(ROSIE)--- OUCH!, OUCH, you hurt me you, you... And why did you not tell me to meet you inside?

(STEVE)--- Well, neither one of us said anything about where to meet. And I thought since you are a woman that you would need to use the restroom inside while you waited for me.

(ROSIE)--- Well, that sure is a dumb excuse, if I ever heard one.

(STEVE)--- Do you have a better one? May I ask?

(ROSIE)--- Besides I'm hungry. You owe me a breakfast, don't you think?

(STEVE)--- Well, follow me little tweet. (*He heads for the door.*)

(ROSIE)--- This is not the way to the food, you crazy boy.

(STEVE)--- Oh just follow me to my place. I am only a few blocks away.

(ROSIE)--- Are you insane?

(STEVE)--- Not at all. I want you to see my collections. I collect heads.

(ROSIE)--- Heads of what?

(STEVE)--- Well, let's just say that I am a Taxidermist; better known as collector of moose and deer heads. Yea, and do not worry, for all the heads that I want are right here on my wall.

(ROSIE)--- You told me in the e-mail that all of your 4 wives died, and I was feeling sorry for you. Now how did they die? And from what?

(STEVE)--- It's like this, Rosie, my first wife died of a heart attack. And the second wife suffered the same thing, like grabbing her chest all the time until one day she just keeled over like the first wife. Wham, bang and she was gone.

(Rosie)--- Oh, that is too bad. But what about your third and fourth wives?

(STEVE)--- Well that is the weirdest thing. I had just divorced my third wife and married my fourth wife. One day when they both were out and about, there was a car crash. Yep, it killed them both instantly, and poor little me was left all alone not even an x-wife to go visit. All of my 4 loves were gone. So at the last funeral I decide at that moment it would be better to collect dead animals instead of collecting dead wives. So I became a professional Taxidermist, you know what I mean?

(ROSIE)--- I don't think so, but I think that it might be a good idea if I go now.

(STEVE)--- No, please, Rosie, do not leave yet. The night is young.

(ROSIE)--- Okay, you have my attention for a little while. What are you going to fix for dinner, Steve?

(STEVE)--- Well, I have just the thing, a little salsa and artichokes. Now how does that sound?

(ROSIE)--- It sounds good to me. What can I do to help?

(STEVE)--- Nothing at all, Rosie, just have a seat. It is about ready.

(Steve lights all the candles on the table.)

(STEVE)--- Now, Rosie, you sit here. *(He pulls out the chair and puts the dinner on the table.)*

(ROSIE)--- Gee, Steve, this food is all burned and black as molasses. I cannot eat this.

(STEVE)--- No problem, let us go out for dinner. I will take you to the lake house. It is only 1 hour away. Actually 60 miles one way.

(ROSIE)--- Not on your life. I hardly know you. And if you want to feed me dinner then let's go to the local café place where we just came from.

(Phone rings, Ring, ring)

Steve answers it and says. "Ok, Ok" *(and then hangs up.)*

(STEVE)--- I got to go, Rosie,

(ROSIE)--- But where do you need to go?

(STEVE)--- Oh, my goodness, Rosie, I forgot about my haircut appointment. I must leave now.

(ROSIE)--- You mean to tell me that you have a hair appointment at 9:00 at night? And this very minute you have to go to it?

(STEVE)--- Why yes, Rosie, now get out of here.

(He tries to push her out the door.) You can come back tomorrow and I will cook you another dinner.

(ROSIE)--- No thanks, you stick in the mud, you dirty old man, you monster. Don't let your door hit you in the rear going out.

(Rosie tries to push him and he is pushing her. Then they both fall to the ground before the

door opens. Then all of a sudden a sexy lady knocks on the door and then walks in.)

(Lolo)--- My, my, Stevie, why are you on the floor with that Bismo? Ain't I good enough for you? How dare you cheat on me. *(She takes her umbrella and pokes him.)*

(STEVE)--- It's not what you think, sweetheart. Really now, do I look like a two-timer? She just came over to see my house that I want to rent to her so I can move in with you. That's all. *(His shirt is all torn and unbuttoned.)*

(Lolo)--- And you expect me to believe that? Why, you born loser.

(STEVE)--- Believe it, baby, I only want you.

(ROSIE)--- I just decided Steve, I do not want your house. Besides it stinks of burned food that you cooked for me.

(Lolo)--- Why would you cook her dinner when all she is doing is looking to rent your house?

(ROSIE)--- I can answer that, lady. He is playing around online and wanted a date with me. He forces me to come home with him to hear about his dead wives and to show me his collection of dead deer and moose heads. He is one weird guy. You can have him with my blessings.

(Rosie, walks out the door getting ready to slam it.)

(ROSIE)--- By the way Steve, she is right, you are a born loser.

(Curtain closes)

(SCENE is set to a bed and Rosie is in it sleeping. The music is playing "The BIG Bopper" Rosie is now 20 years old again and is waking up from her dream of the future.)

(Husband---- throws the covers off her face. He then starts dancing around Rosie. He imitates the song. After song he says.)

(HARRY)--- Wake up, baby, you have been sleeping for days. And to think you almost dumped me when I always fell asleep on our dates. You know you love me.

(Harry is shaking her to wake up.)

Come on baby, it's me, the big bopper.

*(Music starts playing "Chantilly lace." He acts out the song while she sleeps)
(He is still overweight. Music stops, then Rosie sits up in bed and rubs her eyes. Rosie then sees Harry, and screams bloody murder.)*

(ROSIE)--- I picked you? Oh my goodness and you are supposed to be dead.

(HARRY)--- Baby, there is nothing dead about me.

(ROSIE)--- You're not only alive, but look at me, I am young again! Why my skin looks like baby skin. And you, well, you're still fat. What happened, Harry? I just remember kicking you out of my house and all you could say was "Got Milk?" I found you online, don't you remember that, Harry?

(HARRY)--- Oh my dear, it was not like that, we met in line at the grocery store and not online. What does that even mean?

ROSIE)--- Well, what about my computer and hard drive and mouse? I don't see it anywhere.

(HARRY)--- Oh, that old mouse. I finally caught him. Why you must have been scared to death and that would explain your deep sleep.

(ROSIE)--- And the hard drive?

(HARRY)--- Yes, I drove very hard today to come home to you. It was a very hard drive.

(ROSIE)--- You don't understand, Harry. I want my I-phone, then I can prove it to you about online dating stuff. I met so many crazy fellows.

(HARRY)--- Dear, I am the only crazy fellow that you have in your life. Here is a wet washcloth. Now maybe you need more sleep?

(ROSIE)--- Please, Harry, get me on the net.

(HARRY)--- You don't need a hair net.

(ROSIE)--- No, not a hair net, internet.

((HARRY)--- Now you're talking crazy, sweetheart.

(ROSIE)--- Then get me an Android; now that is from Verizon.

(HARRY)--- You mean you want to see the horizon not a Verizon?

(ROSIE)--- (*SHOUTING*) NO, GET ME ON THE WEB THAT DOES NOT HAVE A VIRUS! OKAY HENRY, I CAN SEE THAT THIS IS NOT GOING ANYWHERE.

(HARRY)--- I just love you to death, but to put your beautiful body on a web with a virus is pure madness. I will not do it sweetheart, now just remember that.

(ROSIE)--- I guess this is just a bad dream, but it could be a very good dream also. I am young again. I have you back, Harry. I don't have to stress over the computer anymore. Why this is heaven! But wait, Harry, what about Facebook? I cannot do without that.

(HARRY)--- Oh, honey, sweetheart, no problem, I have my face on every book that you own. See!

(He shows all the armloads of books that he puts out with his face on every book.)

Now my love, it's just you and me against this android you talk about and a tangled web...

(ROSIE)--- Well, dear, if you don't mind I want it to always stay 1958. You know this year is the best year ever. No high gas prices at \$4.75 a gallon.

(HARRY)--- Gas will never be that high, darling. It is now only 24 cents a gallon. With Dwight D. Eisenhower in office we have nothing to worry about. Plus remember that I make a lot of money at \$3.85 an hour. We are living high on the hog. By the way, Rosie, how did you get all that false information?

(ROSIE)--- Well, dear, all you need to know is enjoy today for tomorrow may not be the same.

(Harry)--- Hey, let's have some fun. *(He turns on the radio and they start dancing.)*

Song starts playing "Great Balls Of Fire."

THE END