

## **WIDOWER**

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A ten minute play

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*How do you move on after a loss?*

An Old Man and Wife go through the process of greiving and moving on after an untimely passing, with the help of their daughter.

OLD MAN - An older gentleman in his late 60s, once a writer, though now retired.

WIFE - His wife, late 50s - early 60s, a homemaker, particular about her arrangements

MEREDITH - Their daughter. Mid to late 30s, professional.

## **SETTING**

A Living Room

## **TIME**

Mid to late 90s

## WIDOWER

AT RISE:

*A quaint living room.*

*Two bookcases sit at either end of the stage. A desk with a rotary telephone sits DSR.*

*At center, a large leather armchair sits next to a table facing the audience.*

*On the table are a glass and bottle of Scotch.*

*An OLD MAN, wearing khakis, button down shirt and blue cardigan sits in the chair, reading a book and sipping his Scotch.*

*WIFE enters, conservatively dressed in all black, she carries a 5x7" picture in frame.*

WIFE

*(entering)*

Am I invisible? Do you ever listen to me? You keep moving this picture. It's almost as if you don't want to see it... see me anymore. Why would you do that? You know how upset I've been since... well? Godamn it will you answer me?

*She crosses behind the chair and sets the photo down on the bookcase with a thump, next to a decorative snowglobe.*

WIFE

I mean honestly, I don't ask that much of you. A few simple niceities and keep them where they belong. This is my house too, you know. You may earn the money but by George I decide when and where it's spent. Give you half the chance you'd bankrupt us on Scotch and horses.

*(beat, examining the shelves)*

You moved these... I hadn't even noticed.

*She picks up other knick knacks and carries them across the stage to the other bookcase, again crossing behind the chair. Old Man sits, sipping Scotch unphased.*

WIFE

Goddamn it, how hard is it to leave things alone? You never leave things alone! You ignore the issues as if they're impassable, then you beat your head against them like a stubborn-ass bull!

*(slams items down)*

You never pay attention to me anymore - you're always buried in a book. Not a single fucking second for your wife. You rearrange all of our souvenirs... They're my *memories* too, you know.

*She slams the last item down and steps back.*

*Old Man turns his head the direction of the bookcase.*

OLD MAN

Christ, not again.

*He stands and crosses to the bookcase. He begins to rearrange the items. WIFE crosses to the armchair and sits. She picks up and drinks from the bottle of scotch.*

OLD MAN

You know it bothers me when you do this.

WIFE

And I suppose my feelings don't matter.

OLD MAN

You drink my Scotch, you keep moving that picture... I get it... but why that one?

WIFE

Because I want it in here. I like to sit here, and look at the pictures.

OLD MAN

You can't keep doing this.

WIFE

Everyone else just gets to live their lives like it was a constant party... What do I get to do? Sit alone, ignored by the world.

*(beat)*

I can't even remember the last time you touched me.

*Old Man crosses in front of the chair to the other bookcase.*

OLD MAN

I wish you could know how hard this is for me.

*He arranges the shelves back to his liking. Picks up the 5x7" and carries it to the desk.*

OLD MAN

I keep telling myself I can just give you one room. I'll never go in there. It would be yours and yours alone.

*(beat)*

Meredith says I've gone crazy.

WIFE

One room?

OLD MAN

Ah, shit. I forgot - I was supposed to call her.

WIFE

Which room?

*WIFE stands and crosses down just behind the desk. She stands a few feet from it.*

OLD MAN

Not just yet.

*(he stands and crosses to his drink)*

Liquid courage.

*He slugs the rest of his glass and picks up the bottle. He shakes it, noticing the weight difference.*

OLD MAN

Damn it, woman - that's \$150 a bottle.. And you're not buying it.

*He pours himself another glass. And returns to the desk. He picks up the receiver and dials.*