

Perfect

By

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SCENE ONE

A perfect kitchen in a perfect home. **WIFE**, a perfect housewife, is making dinner. **HUSBAND**, in a suit and carrying a briefcase, comes home from work.

HONEY I'm home!

HUSBAND

WELCOME HOME DARLING!

WIFE

THANK YOU SWEETHEART!

HUSBAND

NOT AT ALL! DRINK?

WIFE

SURE!

HUSBAND

WHISKY OR BRANDY?

WIFE

I BROUGHT CHAMPAGNE!

HUSBAND

He takes a bottle of champagne out of his briefcase and hands it to her.

ARE WE CELEBRATING?

WIFE

I GOT A PROMOTION!

HUSBAND

CONGRATULATIONS!

WIFE

LET'S CELEBRATE! A TOAST TO ME!

HUSBAND

BUT HONEY, DIDN'T YOU GET A PROMOTION YESTERDAY?

WIFE

DID I? OH, YES! YOU'RE RIGHT! I DID!

HUSBAND

WIFE

Two promotions in two days! You're incredible!

HUSBAND

You know what? You're absolutely right! I really am!

WIFE

I am so proud of you!

HUSBAND

I know. I know you are. And that's why I love you.

WIFE

Oh, I love you too!

HUSBAND

And how are the children?

WIFE

They both had wonderful days. Son jumped highest and ran fastest in gym class and he got the highest score in the math test and he won student of the month and they say he's a shoo-in for class president and homecoming king and probably president one day and, oh, his poem won a prize in a national competition!

HUSBAND

Perfect! And how is daughter?

WIFE

She baked a pie! A delicious pie!

HUSBAND

Perfect! My perfect children!

WIFE

Indeed. Are you hungry?

HUSBAND

Starved! Being promoted certainly works up an appetite!

WIFE

You can say that again!

HUSBAND

Starved! Being promoted certainly works up an appetite!

WIFE

Oh, how I love to hear you boast!

HUSBAND

No one's as good at boasting as I am.

How true! WIFE

What's for dinner? HUSBAND

I made a roast! WIFE

My favorite! And it smells delicious! HUSBAND

She pours two glasses of champagne,
hands him one.

To you! WIFE

To us! To my perfect wife, to my perfect children, to my
perfect family! HUSBAND

SCENE TWO

WIFE is making dinner,
HUSBAND comes home from work.

Honey I'm home! HUSBAND

Welcome home darling! WIFE

Thank you sweetheart! HUSBAND

Not at all! Drink? WIFE

Sure! HUSBAND

Whisky or brandy? WIFE

I brought champagne! HUSBAND

He takes a bottle of champagne out
of his briefcase and hands it to
her.

Are we celebrating? WIFE

I got a promotion! HUSBAND

Congratulations! WIFE

Let's celebrate! A toast to me! HUSBAND

But honey, didn't you get a promotion yesterday? WIFE

Did I? Oh, yes! You're right! I did! HUSBAND

Two promotions in two days! You're incredible! WIFE

You know what? You're absolutely right! I really am! HUSBAND

Fuck you! WIFE

Pause.

What did you say? HUSBAND

I am so proud of you. WIFE

I could swear - HUSBAND

They both had wonderful days. Son jumped highest and ran fastest in gym class and he got the highest score in the math test and he won student of the month and they say he's a shoo-in for class president and homecoming king and probably president one day and, oh, his poem won a prize in a national competition! WIFE

Are you alright? HUSBAND

She baked a pie! A delicious pie! WIFE

HUSBAND
There must be a glitch...

WIFE
Indeed. Are you hungry?

HUSBAND
I need to check -

WIFE
Fuck you!

HUSBAND
Something's not -

WIFE
Fuck you!

HUSBAND
Shut down! Commence -

WIFE
Fuck you!

HUSBAND
Commence shut down.

She powers down, her head slumping forward. He checks her eyes, then fiddles with something at the back of her head.
Power on.

She comes back to life, looks at him as if he's just walked in:
WIFE
Welcome home darling!

SCENE THREE

After dinner.

HUSBAND
Dinner was perfect! Absolutely perfect, darling!

WIFE
Thank you, honey. It makes me happy to make you happy. May I get you anything else?

HUSBAND
Perhaps an after-dinner cocktail? After all, we are celebrating, aren't we?

She laughs, too loudly and for too long.

WIFE

Indeed we are! And certainly, husband-of-mine.

HUSBAND

Ah, this is the life. This is the life. Where are my lovely children?

WIFE

In bed. Dreaming of a brighter tomorrow.

HUSBAND

What's that?

WIFE

Nothing, dearest.

HUSBAND

I thought you said -

WIFE

Here's your cocktail, my darling.

HUSBAND

Ah, lovely.

WIFE

Don't choke on it.

HUSBAND

Excuse me?

WIFE

Nothing, sweetheart.

He drinks. She stand behind him, hands on his shoulders. He looks out.

HUSBAND

Ah, this is the life. Isn't it dear? Isn't this the life?

Silence.

Isn't it?

He turns to her. She has a dangerous look in her eye.

Shut down!

Blackout.

Commence -

We hear him scream.

SCENE FOUR

HUSBAND, wearing an apron, is making dinner. He looks scared.
WIFE, with a briefcase, comes in. The lines this time are played very fast, and even more absurd than normal. She treats this new situation as perfectly normal. As it goes on, he begins to crack, becoming more frantic and on edge, struggling to keep up with the reversal of roles.

Honey I'm home!	WIFE
Welcome home darling!	HUSBAND
Thank you sweetheart!	WIFE
Not at all! Drink?	HUSBAND
Sure!	WIFE
Whisky or brandy?	HUSBAND
I brought champagne!	WIFE
	She takes a bottle of champagne out of her briefcase and hands it to him.
Are we celebrating?	HUSBAND
I got a promotion!	WIFE
Congratulations!	HUSBAND
Let's celebrate! A toast to me!	WIFE

HUSBAND

But honey, didn't you get a promotion yesterday?

WIFE

Did I? Oh, yes! You're right! I did!

HUSBAND

Two promotions in two days! You're incredible!

WIFE

You know what? You're absolutely right! I really am!

HUSBAND

I am so proud of you!

WIFE

I know. I know you are. And that's why I love you.

HUSBAND

Oh, I love you too!

WIFE

And how are the children?

HUSBAND

They both had wonderful days. Son jumped highest and ran fastest in gym class and he got the highest score in the math test and he won student of the month and they say he's a shoo-in for class president and homecoming king and probably president one day and, oh, his poem won a prize in a national competition!

WIFE

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HUSBAND

She baked a pie! A delicious pie!

WIFE

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Starved! Being promoted certainly works up an appetite!

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WIFE

No one's at good at boasting as I am.

HUSBAND

How true!

WIFE

What's for dinner?

HUSBAND

I made a roast!

WIFE

My favorite! And it smells delicious!

He pours two glasses of champagne,
hands her one.

HUSBAND

To you!

WIFE

To us! To my perfect slave, to my perfect children, to my
perfect family!

She looks out.

This is the life. Isn't it, dear? Isn't it? Isn't it?

He looks out to the audience,
terrified. She stands beside him,
puts her arm around him. He
quivers.

Isn't it? Isn't it wonderful?

He stammers:

HUSBAND

Perfect.

END OF PLAY