

MAID TO MEASURE

A 10-Minute Play

by

Donald Loftus

Contact Information:

Donald Loftus

233 East 70th Street

New York, New York 10021

Phone: 646-752-4807

donaldjloftusnyc@gmail.com

MAID TO MEASURE

Cast of Characters

JAMISON: **Age 40** A rich, spoiled but charismatic man.

DORIAN: **Age 40** A highly successful, executive.

SETTING: DORIAN'S luxurious, high-rise office. There are double doors at stage-left that lead to the outer-office and a door at stage-right that leads to his off-stage wet-bar. There is a desk area with two visitor chairs. There is also a separate "living-room" area with a couch, upholstered wing chairs, tables and lamps. Across the back wall are large floor to ceiling windows.

AT RISE: JAMISON sits in a wing chair in the "living room" area. He flips through a photography book from the coffee table.

TIME: Tuesday. Six-thirty pm.

MAID TO MEASURE

(JAMISON speaks loudly to DORIAN who is off stage mixing cocktails at his unseen private wet bar)

JAMISON

Dorian, this is some office!

DORIAN

Ya think?

JAMISON

What are you kidding? It is mighty, mighty impressive!

DORIAN

Thank you, Jamison. We do our best.

(JAMISON moves to the large floor to ceiling windows. First HE looks straight out...then straight down)

JAMISON

Whoa!

DORIAN

You okay?

JAMISON

Yeah, yeah, I'm fine. I just made the mistake of looking straight down. Damn! It is so high up! What an incredible view! It has got to be one of the best views in the city.

(DORIAN enters with a tray with two cocktails)

DORIAN

I suppose. You know, I've been here up here so long, I don't even notice it anymore. I've grown accustomed to it. Cheers!

JAMISON

Cheers! Even more impressive, is the fact that you have your very own wet bar in your very own enormous office.

(HE raises his glass)

Well, to you Dorian! To you who has come such a long way...

DORIAN

Since Gregor Mendel High School? Jesus, I hope so!

JAMISON

No really! I mean...the Executive Director of the Federal Domestic Center! It is damned impressive!

DORIAN

Look who's talking? Didn't you just make the list of the top ten most affluent humans beings under the age of fifty?

JAMISON

Yes, but I inherited most of it from my father. You, on the other hand are a *self-made* man.

(DORIAN starts dancing and singing "Fit As A Fiddle" from "Singing in the Rain" as he serves the drinks)

DORIAN

Hey, remember this?

(Singing)

Fit as a fiddle and ready for love.
I can jump over the moon up above.
Fit as a fiddle and ready for love!

Don't you remember that song?

JAMISON

No. Should I?

DORIAN

Yes, of course you should! You and I sang it in the senior class production of "Singing in the Rain". You played the Donald O'Connor part and I played the Gene Kelly part.

JAMISON

Wow! What a memory! I vaguely...

DORIAN

Hi, diddle-diddle, my baby's OK,
Ask me a riddle, I'm waiting to say
Fit as a fiddle and ready for love!

(DORIAN sits as JAMISON raises his glass to him)

JAMISON

Uh-huh. Well...God, it's so good to see you Dorian.

DORIAN

You too, Jamison.

JAMISON

I really am so proud of what you've accomplished!

DORIAN

Well, thank you. But really...Jesus! Enough already!

JAMISON

Oh sorry. I didn't mean to upset you...or embarrass...

DORIAN

No, it's fine. But really enough!

JAMISON

Okay.

DORIAN

(After an uncomfortable beat)

So...

JAMISON

So...?

DORIAN

So, Jamison, what is this all about?

JAMISON

What do you mean?

DORIAN

I mean...I haven't heard hide nor hair from you in over twenty-two years. What's caused this sudden urge to see your old high school co-star after all of these years?

JAMISON

Well, as I told you on the phone...she is just not right.

DORIAN

Who is not right?

JAMISON

Jessica.

DORIAN

Your wife?

JAMISON

That's right.

DORIAN

She's not right?

JAMISON

That's right. She's not right. That's right.

DORIAN

You mean she's ill?

JAMISON

Good heavens, no! She is as strong as a horse.

DORIAN

An ox. I think you mean she is strong as an ox.

JAMISON

Do I?

DORIAN

Yes. That's the expression. Strong as an ox.

JAMISON

Strong as an ox? That doesn't sound right. Are you sure?

DORIAN

Yes, an ox. I am absolutely certain. Not a horse.

JAMISON

Well, okay then.

DORIAN

Healthy as a horse. I think that's what you were going for.

JAMISON

Perhaps so.

DORIAN

Happy as a clam.

JAMISON

No, certainly not that.

DORIAN

Fit as a fiddle?

JAMISON

No, I don't think so.

DORIAN

Fit as a fiddle. And ready for love?

JAMISON

No!!! Please! Can we just...

DORIAN

Sorry old boy. I was on a roll. So where were we?

JAMISON

I was just saying...Jessica is not right.

DORIAN

So you mean...not right in the head? You mean she's what?

JAMISON

What?

DORIAN

Batty? Bonkers? Bananas?

JAMISON

No!

DORIAN

Unzipped! Unglued! Unbalanced!

JAMISON

No! There's nothing wrong with her mentally or physically!

DORIAN

Then what? You said she wasn't right!

JAMISON

What? Oh. Yes, that's right. She isn't right.

DORIAN

Well, what did you mean by that?

JAMISON

What I meant is...was...is... I meant... she's not right for me!

DORIAN

Ahh...

JAMISON

I mean she's not what I want. She's not right for me... anymore.

DORIAN

I see.

JAMISON

I'm so glad you do.

DORIAN

Yes.

JAMISON

I was beginning to wonder if we would ever get there.

DORIAN

And you've just realized that she isn't right for you now?

JAMISON

Well, it's a situation that's been brewing.

DORIAN

Brewing has it?

JAMISON

It's been building over time.

DORIAN

For how long? For how long has it been building? Brewing?

JAMISON

For about twenty-three years.

DORIAN

Twenty-three years!!!

JAMISON

Yes, give or take.

DORIAN

Give or take???

JAMISON

Well, I mean pretty much since the day we got married.

DORIAN

And you've done nothing about it in all of these years?

JAMISON

Well, I needed to be sure.

DORIAN

And you are sure now.

JAMISON

Oh my yes! Absolutely.

DORIAN

I cannot believe it took you twenty-three years to discover you had a problem.

JAMISON

Well, I suppose I always knew it. But we didn't always have the options we have today.

DORIAN

What options?

JAMISON

Back then there was like one man for one woman. You went out...you found that one special someone...you committed yourselves to one another until death do you part. You know what I'm talking about?

DORIAN

Yes, go on.

JAMISON

But today, with the growing preponderance of women over men...like six to one...it's a whole different story.

DORIAN

Wait! Are you talking about the cyborg women?

JAMISON

Yes.

DORIAN

Those aren't women. They are robots.

JAMISON

You say potato...

DORIAN

No, I am telling you! They are machines!

JAMISON

But they look like women. They feel like women.

DORIAN

But they are machines. They have no hearts. They have no brains.

JAMISON

And that is the best part! Isn't it!

DORIAN

What is!?!

JAMISON

They have no hearts or brains! And as a result...they do whatever the men want them to do. They do as they are told!

DORIAN

Jamison, you are not thinking of scrapping your marriage so that you can marry a robot, are you?

JAMISON

Yes I am! That is exactly what I am thinking and I want you to build her for me.

DORIAN

What!?!

JAMISON

To my specs.

DORIAN

Absolutely not!

JAMISON

I will pay you whatever you want.

DORIAN

Impossible!

JAMISON

Oh come on! You know it's not impossible. You are the leading cyborg guru in the world. It's how you landed this gig complete with your own wet bar!

DORIAN

Jamison, there is just no way.

JAMISON

I can't believe you are fighting this.

DORIAN

Well believe it! It is not going to happen!

JAMISON

Come on! Who better than you? You are the Executive Director of the Domestic Center...the very Government agency that developed these cyborg women.

DORIAN

Yes, but they were developed to save marriages...not replace them.

JAMISON

How so?

DORIAN

How so? They were developed strictly to replace illicit 3rd-party sexual flings or trysts or entanglements married men are sometimes tempted by. They were meant to give those horny bastards who strayed an alternative to a marriage-destroying affair with some flesh and blood bimbo.

JAMISON

What!?!

DORIAN

A wife can deal with her dear little hubby doing the nasty with a machine. And although she may be embarrassed by it, at least she's not heart-broken over it. These cyborg women are no more than high-powered state-of-the art blow-up dolls. And they were never meant to be anything else.

JAMISON

Look Dorian, I just want the perfect wife.

DORIAN

I'm sure you do. Every man does. But real women are human, and no human is perfect... so no man gets the perfect wife. And to be perfectly fair...that goes both ways. Look, you may get a perfect robot, but she cannot be a perfect wife. She will not be a person. She will not be a human being.

JAMISON

I can live with that.

(BLACKOUT)

END OF PLAY