

EDDIE AND EDNA

A Ten-Minute Play

by

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EDDIE AND EDNA

Cast of Characters

EDDIE: Age: 78 Edna's husband. A frail man who is losing his memory and often goes into a trance-like fog.

EDNA: Age: 78 Eddie's wife. Although the same age, she has more energy and a clearer mind than her husband.

DANNY: Age: 56 A middle-aged man.

SETTING: The 1970's modest Early American-styled kitchen in the Midwestern suburban home of Eddie & Edna. The matching, avocado green, major appliances and maple cupboard doors work well with the maple dinette set in the adjacent "breakfast nook". American eagles, a "Home Sweet Home" sign and kitschy knick-knacks complete the look.

AT RISE: *EDNA is preparing breakfast in the kitchen. As the bacon sizzles on the stove, the toast pops up out of the four-slice toaster, and the teapot whistle blows, EDNA puts the American eagle salt and pepper caddy on the table.*

SHE then pours a cup of tea and puts it at her end of the table. Next, SHE butters several slices of toast, and puts the toast on a plate. SHE then puts all of the food on the table.

Throughout this whole process, SHE periodically stares at EDDIE, who sits at one end of the table in a motionless, trance, staring into space.

TIME: Morning. August 1973

EDDIE AND EDNA

(EDNA brings the coffee pot to the table. SHE pauses and again stares at EDDIE'S trance-like expression)

EDNA

More coffee dear?

(HE doesn't respond)

Eddie?

(HE still doesn't respond, so SHE gets louder)

EDDIE!!!

EDDIE

(Startled)

WHAT!?!?

EDNA

I said do you want some more coffee?

EDDIE

Jesus Christ, Edna! You scared the shit out of me! You've got to stop doing that!

EDNA

What are you talking about? Exactly how did I scare the...

EDDIE

Just then! When you screamed my name like a God-damned, wild-assed banshee!!

EDNA

Oh, please. I barely raised my voice.

EDDIE

No really! My heart's is pounding like a son of a bitch! Feel my heart. Go on. Feel it!

EDNA

Do you want more coffee or not?

EDDIE

Yes. I'd like some more. But I can get it. I'm not helpless.

(HE starts to rise)

You don't have to wait on me hand and foot.

EDNA

Sit. I'm up already.

*(SHE pours the coffee and returns the pot to the stove.
Then SHE returns to the table and sits across from him)*

Are you okay, Eddie?

EDDIE

I'm fine. What do you mean?

EDNA

I don't know. You just seem kind of...

EDDIE

Kind of what?

EDNA

Just...kind of... out of sorts.

EDDIE

Out of sorts? What the hell does that even mean? Out of sorts?

EDNA

I don't know...

EDDIE

Well, if you don't know, why do you keep asking me that?

EDNA

Have I asked you that before?

EDDIE

Yes, every day. Every day it's the same thing.

(Imitating her)

Are you okay, Eddie? Is everything all right dear? Are you feeling up to snuff darling?

EDNA

I have never used the word "snuff" in my life! And I ask you because I am concerned about you.

EDDIE

But you never let up!

EDNA

Well, I worry, that's all. You should be happy you've got someone who worries about you. Who cares enough to worry.

EDDIE

I am. But really, you worry too much. I'm fine.

EDNA

You do know...I mean, I hope you do realize...that if something isn't right, you shouldn't keep that to yourself.

(SHE looks for a reaction that doesn't come)

I'm just saying...it would be really stupid not to address a problem... Eddie? Eddie!

EDDIE

What!?!

EDNA

If there is something wrong...

EDDIE

I'm fine. Really. I'm fine.

EDNA

Okay, dear. Did you want some toast?

EDDIE

No, no. I'm good.

(After a beat)

So, about this thing... how I'm not myself. Well, I must admit, there is something that is bothering me.

EDNA

There is? I knew it! What is it Eddie?

EDDIE

I feel like I am getting a little forgetful as of late.

EDNA

Yes? As of late?

EDDIE

Yes. I mean, I don't know exactly when it had started, but it's been going on for a few weeks I think...at least for a few weeks. Have you noticed?

EDNA

Yes Eddie...I have noticed. But it's not been a few weeks. It's been going on for over two years now Eddie.

EDDIE

Two years!!!

EDNA

Yes. And I have tried to get you to see someone. A specialist in this sort of thing.

EDDIE

A specialist in what sort of thing?

EDNA

You need help Eddie.

EDDIE

Help? You think I'm sick in the head? You think I'm crazy?

EDNA

No! And please don't go getting yourself all worked up again.

EDDIE

Well, of course I'm worked up! How can you say such a thing?

EDNA

I meant nothing by it. I just want you to be all right.

EDDIE

Okay.

EDNA

And are you all right?

EDDIE

Well, of course I'm all right.

EDNA

Yes, of course you are, dear.

EDDIE

I forget some things now and then. It's normal for a man my age. I will admit, there are moments when I sometimes get a little mixed up. You know... where my memories get confused with my current thoughts...and sometimes... I can't tell the difference. I can't tell them apart. Do you know what I mean? But that's usually just when I first wake up.

EDNA

Yes. I think I do.

EDDIE

Have we discussed this before? We have, haven't we Edna?

EDNA

Yes, we have. Of course we have.

EDDIE

Of course we have.

EDNA

(After a beat)

And is there anything else Eddie? Is there anything that you want to talk about?

EDDIE

Yes...but maybe I've already told you this too.

EDNA

It doesn't matter if you did. What is it Eddie?

EDDIE

Have I told you...have I told you that sometimes...in the middle of the night... I break out in an uncontrollable sweat? And I wake...and my pajamas are soaked through and my heart is pounding? Have I mentioned this before?

EDNA

Yes, the night sweats.

EDDIE

Right in the middle of the night... and then I suddenly wake with a fear...a horrible, gut-wrenching fear...

EDNA

Yes...a fear. I know Eddie. But what is it from? A nightmare? Is that it? A bad dream? What is it you're afraid of?

EDDIE

That's what makes it so horrifying. The fact that I can't remember what it is that terrorized me. I wake up and I realize that it may be a fear based on absolutely nothing. Because as I wake up...as I come to...out of my deep and horrifying sweaty sleep...I realize there is nothing there.. There is no reason to be scared. No reason at all.

EDNA

Well, of course there isn't.

EDDIE

I look around the room. I see my things...our things...our furnishings. I see my eyeglasses and my wristwatch on the nightstand...and I see you. Sound asleep. Having no idea of the horror that had been present in that room only moments before. A horror that has now vanished.

(HE goes back into a trance-like state)

EDNA

And did this happen last night? Eddie. EDDIE!

EDDIE

What?

EDNA

And did it happen again last night?

EDDIE

Did what happen?

(PAUSE)

EDNA

Never mind Dear. Eat your breakfast.

(PAUSE)

EDDIE

What's happened to Danny?

EDNA

(SHE is suddenly startled)

What!?! What's happened to who?

EDDIE

Danny. The boy has gotten so big.

EDNA

(Pitifully)

Oh Eddie.

EDDIE

And he's gotten so strong. I think the chores he's been doing around the store after school are really helping to build his arms up. His legs too. He's getting stronger every day.

EDNA

Don't, Eddie.

EDDIE

I promised I'd come to his game on Saturday. It's going to be a scorcher Saturday, but I have to go. I have to support him.

(EDNA wipes a tear from her eye)

Edna are you crying? Did I say something that made you cry?

EDNA

Oh, Eddie, you need to stop.

EDDIE

Stop what? What do you mean?

EDNA

There is no Danny! Eddie...listen to me! You know this...

(EDDIE freezes up and goes back into a fog)

Eddie?

EDDIE

Huh? What happened to Danny?

EDNA

What happened to who?

EDDIE

I said, what happened to...? What happened to...?

(HE slips into his fog again as SHE rises and clears the table. SHE brings the coffee pot to the table)

EDNA

More coffee?

(EDDIE doesn't respond)

EDDIE!

EDDIE

What?

EDNA

I said, do you want more coffee?

EDDIE

Oh, yes. I'd like some more. But I can get it.

(HE starts to rise)

EDNA

I got it. Sit. I'm up already.

(SHE brings him the coffee)

Are you sure you're okay? You just seem kind of...

(The doorbell rings. EDNA exits right)

EDDIE

Kind of? Kind of what...?

(DANNY enters left)

DANNY

Hey old man! What's going on? You don't answer the doorbell anymore?

EDDIE

Who are you?

DANNY

Dad, it's me. It's Danny.

EDDIE

Danny?

DANNY

Dad, are you okay?

EDDIE

But she said you didn't exist. She said you never did.

DANNY

Well Dad, obviously, **she** was wrong...because here I am... your fifty-six-year-old bouncing baby boy.

EDDIE

So you **are** Danny! You **are** my son!

DANNY

Yes! Yes, I am! So who is this **she** who has been questioning my existence?

EDDIE

Edna, my wife. My wife, Edna.

DANNY

And my mother? That Edna?

EDDIE

Yes, that Edna.

DANNY

And when exactly did she say these thing Pops?

EDDIE

Just minutes ago. Just before you came in.

DANNY

She was here? In this kitchen?

EDDIE

Yes, that's right. She made me breakfast.

DANNY

Dad, listen to me. Please try to hear what I am saying. Mom died four years ago. You need to face this. She's not here anymore, and she is not coming back. You need to let her go.

EDDIE

No son, that isn't possible.

DANNY

I'm going to get us some coffee Pops.

(DANNY exits stage right)

EDDIE

(Very upset)

She was just here! Why would you say such a thing? She was just here...

(EDNA re-enters stage left)

EDNA

Who was just here?

(BLACKOUT)

END OF PLAY