

## Characters

SARAH..... a turkey farmer, 38  
GAIL..... a beekeeper, 62  
EARL..... a cash cropper, 63  
BEN..... a student of entomology, 23

## Act One

*Question* SARAH+GAIL  
*Scene #1* START

## Scene One

*May first. Friday morning. Around 9:00 am.*

*When the lights come up, SARAH is hauling a large suitcase up the top few stairs. She takes it into the empty room and pauses momentarily before —*

SARAH: Where's the bed?

GAIL: (Off.) What's that?

SARAH: The bed, Mom. Where is my bed?

GAIL: *(Appearing at the top of the stairs with another bag, coming into the room.)* Oh. That. Well... I gave it away.

SARAH: What?

GAIL: The Lion's Club was having a sale to raise money for... I don't know, the Lion's Club... and they called around and asked for donations and I thought, "That mattress is probably shot, but the frame's in OK shape," and if you donate something, they come and pick it up for free.

SARAH: You gave away my bed?

GAIL: It wasn't your bed, Sarah. You didn't pay for it. Besides, you haven't lived here in almost twenty years; somebody could use it. I was going to get a new one, but then I saw all the space in here and I figured I could use this room for storage. And if the spirit ever moves me, I might come in here some day and use this thing. *(The exercise ball.)*

SARAH: Fine. I'll just sleep in Lisa's room.

GAIL: You can't. I gave that bed away too.

SARAH: Mom! Where am I supposed to sleep?

GAIL: I got an air mattress.

*She starts for Lisa's room to get it.*

SARAH: An air mattress?

GAIL: It's a good one. Canadian Tire. *(She goes.)*

SARAH: You don't have a spare bed. In this whole house.

GAIL: *(From off.)* This is my spare bed.

SARAH: Well what's in Lisa's room?

GAIL: More storage.

*Alone, SARAH makes a face.*

Do not make that face, Sarah.

*SARAH reacts — How did she know? — then*

*GAIL returns with the air mattress.*

Here.

SARAH: *(Referring to the boxes.)* What is all this stuff?

GAIL: Product. It needs to be stored at room temperature. *(Referring to the stuff on the shelf.)* All that stuff is yours, you know. You're welcome to it. Anytime.

*SARAH starts to take the air mattress out of its bag. Beat.*

So. Are you going to tell me what happened?

SARAH: There's nothing to tell.

GAIL: You show up on my doorstep with your bags packed at nine in the morning asking to stay here; sounds to me like there is something to tell.

SARAH: It's between me and Darren, OK? It's...private.

GAIL: ...Oh. There's a pump for that somewhere. #1 END

*GAIL returns to Lisa's room.*

SARAH: Is this what people sleep on when they stay over?

*(Starting from off, then returning with the pump.)*  
Who stays over? No one. You're ten minutes down the road, Lisa's less than an hour away. And God knows I don't need a place for grandchildren to stay. And it doesn't sound like that's changing any time soon.

SARAH: Mother!

GAIL: *(Passing her the pump.)* If you don't like it, there are other people who have beds.

SARAH: It's fine, it's only for a bit.

GAIL: Don't you have a key to your sister's condo?

SARAH: They're having their floors redone while they're at that conference.