

Magnetic Spells

by

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Cast of Characters

<u>GERRY</u> :	30's
<u>PAISELY</u> :	60's
<u>VOICE/MARTIN</u> :	60's

Place
Kitchen

Time
Morning

2.

Setting: The play takes place inside a large kitchen with a door stage right leading out to a backyard shed. The kitchen is old and is in desperate need of renovation.

At Rise: The play opens with Gerry tinkering with a radio at the round kitchen table stage left center. Paisely pours herself a cup of tea, while still wearing her nightgown.

GERRY examines the radio.

GERRY: I'm not getting it. Nothing comes in or out.

PAISELY: Out? Why would things go out?

GERRY: That's...well, there's a player here, I could put the music in here and it will play. That doesn't seem to work, neither.

PAISELY: That's disappointing, no?

GERRY: That's what I'm saying.

PAISELY: Get rid of it.

GERRY: I want to fix it.

PAISELY: Throw it out. It's junk. It's rotted. Rusty. You get sick that way.

GERRY: What way?

PAISELY: Rust on your fingertips, licking your fingers, goes inside your bloodstream and causes events to happen. You always had a thing for batteries. The acid. You'd find a way to bake them in the sun and they'd leak out acid on your fingers and you'd leave it there like that...I'd go on throughout the day making you BBQ ribs for lunch and you'd suck the sauce and the acid off your thumbs. It's why you have blackened teeth, why you did damage to whatever brain cells you had working in your noggin.

GERRY: I'm not going to lick my fingers.

PAISELY: That's good. You shouldn't. Germs. I've known too many people who've died from germs. Invisible. Can't see them, but they exist.

GERRY: Take your morning pills?

PAISELY: No.

GERRY: Take them.

PAISELY: Don't want to.

GERRY: Don't start all that again. Please, take them.

PAISLEY: They warp my mind!

GERRY: (takes off his glasses) Mother!

PAISELY: Send me to the loony bin.

GERRY: No one's sending you to the---

PAISELY: It's where I'll end up.

GERRY: We've spoken about this...many times.

PAISELY: It's cracking!

GERRY: What's that?

PAISELY: My mind; each day it cracks a little further, expanding ever so slightly, so as not to be noticed, but I notice, I see ever movement, I hear every movement...it's there, breathing inside my brain.

GERRY: Take your pills.

PAISELY: Wash your hands!

GERRY puts his glasses down on the table and crosses over to the kitchen sink. He washes his hands. Once he's done he opens up a cabinet and takes out two pills from an orange bottle.

GERRY: Here...take them with your tea.

PAISELY: You giving me battery acid?

GERRY: I washed my hands.

PAISELY takes the pills.

GERRY: Good.

PAISELY: (makes a face)

GERRY: You'll see as the day goes on, things will get clear for you.

PAISELY: (makes a face)

GERRY: And all will be well.

PAISELY: (makes a face)

GERRY crosses back to the radio and sits at the table.

The radio turns on.

GERRY: There it goes. Static, but, it's alive.

PAISELY: Turn that off, hate that sound.

The radio blows a fuse, light smoke fills
the air.

GERRY: Shit!

PAISELY: FIRE!

GERRY: It's not a fire, calm down.

PAISELY: It's gonna EXPLODE!

GERRY: Will you stop? It's the wiring, must have, must have---

PASIELY: That STENCH! Get that damn radio out of this house.
Useless!

GERRY: I'm trying to fix it---

PAISELY: You're not fixing anything. Since when did you become a
handyman? Was I not here on Handyman Day? Couldn't shine shoes if
you were given a pair. Go! Out! (coughs)

GERRY leaves the kitchen with the radio.

PAISELY airs the kitchen with a towel.

(to herself) And I'm the one losing marbles. I'm the only one left
with any damn sense.

PAISELY opens the window. She continues
to circulate the air with the towel.

GERRY comes back.

GERRY: I threw the damn thing out, you happy?

PAISELY: Good beans. Get the rest of those crumbs off my table.
That's where human beings eat and raise appropriate conversation.
Couldn't make this mess in the shed?

GERRY: It's cold out this morning. Frosty.

PAISELY: Always an excuse at the ready.

GERRY: It's the truth.

PAISLEY: Still an excuse.

GERRY begins cleaning the kitchen table. He wraps
an assortment of electronic pieces in a towel.

PAISELY screams on top of her lungs and runs directly into the refrigerator, knocking herself out and ending up on the floor.

GERRY stares at PAISELY for a second or two before kneeling beside her.

GERRY: You okay?

PAISELY: What the hell was that?

GERRY: Another one of your magnetic spells.

PAISELY: Help me up.

GERRY hoists PAISELY back on her feet.

GERRY: You want to sit down?

PAISELY: No.

GERRY: You sure you're alright?

PAISELY: Do I look alright?

GERRY closely examines her.

GERRY: You look alright. Together.

PAISELY: I look together?

GERRY: You do.

GERRY grabs the towel and tools from the kitchen table and exits.

PAISELY remains standing...unmoving.

GERRY enters.

GERRY: I was thinking that you should be wearing your magnetic vest today.

PAISELY: That's why!

GERRY: Yeah, if the refrigerator pulled you in, the other appliances could do the same.

PAISELY: Yes, I know. (rubs her cheek)

GERRY: Can be.

PAISELY: I need my magnetic vest on.

GERRY: Today would be a good day for that.

PAISELY exits.

GERRY examines the new dent in the refrigerator and when he takes a step away from it, he notices down on the floor a cavity filled tooth. The color is silver and white.

GERRY picks up the tooth and stares at it. He leaves the kitchen and comes back carrying the radio and towel with all wrapped electronic pieces. He sets everything back down on the table and sits.

GERRY takes the silver white tooth and places it neatly inside the radio when suddenly we hear a crisp voice of a man.

VOICE: Gerry.

GERRY leaps back.

VOICE: Gerry, it's me.

GERRY: Huh?

VOICE: Gerry...

GERRY: ...Yes?

VOICE: What's gotten into you lately?

GERRY: Me? ...Who? Who? You can hear me?

VOICE: I can.

GERRY: How?

VOICE: I just can. How have you been son?

GERRY: Dad?! ...Uh...I'm, things have been hard on me.

VOICE: Have they?

GERRY: Natalie left me. Said she didn't want to settle. Said my peak is her bottom and she wants more out of life than I'll ever be able to give her. Funny how people give up on people...I'm single again. Never had great expectations of myself,

GERRY (cont'd): but I've always been willing to make a go of it...I do think about her...always...lost my job...collecting unemployment but that'll soon expire...nobody's hiring anymore, at least not for a guy with my skill set, you know, not for the things I know how to do and all...I've become obsolete. That's what the woman from the last job interview told me, "You're from a different time mister, you're obsolete." Hmm. That combination of words I never imagined would have been spoken to me, but...who the hell knew it would've worked out this way. Ha! ...Yeah; I never pictured a life without her, now I'm here, stuck here and tryna find my way through this fog.

VOICE: How's your mother?

GERRY: She's uh, the same.

PAISELY enters. She wears a "too big for her" gray vest over her clothes. Her demeanor has changed to a more lethargic, numb figure.

Fast paced talk over the following dashes:

PAISELY: Thought I told you to--
 GERRY: Got the radio working again--
 PAISELY: Did you--
 GERRY: Your tooth saved the day--
 PAISELY: Did it--
 GERRY: Want to listen in--
 PAISELY: Knocked my tooth out--
 GERRY: Yeah, but it's a good thing--

PAISELY leans against the refrigerator with her body.

PAISELY: Vest is working.

GERRY: Excellent.

PAISELY: What day is it?

GERRY: Wednesday?

PAISELY: I like Wednesdays.

GERRY polishes the radio.

PAISELY: Where's my tooth gone?

GERRY: It's in the radio.

PAISELY: What?!

GERRY: Wait! Hold on! Before you get difficult. Your tooth got the radio started.

PAISELY: Don't be an ignorant fool!

VOICE: That you Paisely?

PAISELY screams.

PAISELY: I knew it! I knew the loony bin would be coming for me.

VOICE: Sweetheart, it's me, Martin...I'm in the radio.

PAISELY: Martin? ...You in the radio?

VOICE: That's right.

PAISELY: HOW?

VOICE: Came to give you two a message.

PAISELY: A message? What kind a message?

VOICE: You still there Gerry?

GERRY: I am.

VOICE: Don't die.

The radio fills with STATIC. Another fuse blows. A light smoke fills the air.

GERRY tries to descramble the noise to get a clear sound.

GERRY: He's gone.

PAISELY: We're all gonna die sooner or later, it's not like we could avoid the inevitable. Are you putting tricks on?

GERRY: ...No...that was him...that was his voice...

PAISELY: ...What's wrong with you?

GERRY: ...I never told him I loved him...I never told my father how much I love him, what he meant to me and how I wish that he and I spent more quality time together and that we should have been good friends and have made memories with one another...I missed my chance to tell him, I should have told him when I had still had the chance...

PAISELY: There anything you wish to say to me?

Pause.

GERRY: ...No...

PAISELY: This is turning out to be quite the disturbing day. You can't get that radio back on?

GERRY: It's gone.

PAISELY: Can I have my tooth back?

GERRY fishes out the tooth from the radio and hands it back to PAISELY.

She puts the tooth in her vest and exits the kitchen.

GERRY stares at the radio.

LIGHTS SLOWLY FADE OUT.

END OF PLAY