

ANGIE MARTIN

18

SPREADING IT AROUND

Scene Two

(Lights rise on ANGIE's living room a few days later. There is a laptop computer on desk. ANGIE is in middle of room doing Tai Chi – badly. She waves her arms, stretches and bends – looking frustrated the entire time.)

(phone rings)

ANGIE. *(to herself)* Not a minute too soon! *(She goes over and answers phone. Into phone; tensely.)* Hello. ... Oh hi, Betty. ... No, nothing's wrong. I was just practicing my Tai Chi. ... That's how you broke your collar bone! Goodness, what happened?... You tripped over your coffee table after you moved all your furniture around for good luck. *(She looks puzzled, then something occurs to her.)* Oh no Betty, that's not Tai Chi – that's Feng Shui.

(MARTIN comes out of kitchen carrying his toolbox. ANGIE doesn't notice him. He goes over to thermostat on wall, takes cover off and begins adjusting it with a screwdriver while she talks.)

...You'll pick me up at seven for our computer class. That's perfect. I'll see you then. Bye. *(She hangs up. She sees MARTIN and is taken aback.)* Oh my Lord, Martin! There you go again startling me. I thought you were in the kitchen fixing the toaster.

MARTIN. I was. Now I'm tuning-up the air conditioner.

ANGIE. But you just tuned it up a week ago. There's nothing wrong with the air conditioner.

MARTIN. *(matter-of-factly)* Exactly. Because I keep tuning it up.

(ANGIE looks exasperated.)

What's this about a computer class?

ANGIE. Pardon?

MARTIN. Just now. You said something about a computer class.

ANGIE. Yes. I'm taking one so I can learn how to use the laptop I just bought.

MARTIN. What'd you go do that for?

ANGIE. So I can get with the times. *(sheepishly)* The other day, Heather, from three doors down, told me she had a blog. I said, "That sounds painful. Have you seen a doctor?" She laughed, then explained what it was. I was mortified.

MARTIN. Well, when you unplug it, just don't go pulling it out of the outlet by the cord.

(He goes back to fiddling with the thermostat. ANGIE is fuming. She tries to control herself but can no longer hold back.)

ANGIE. Martin, I think it's time we had a little talk.

MARTIN. Another one? *(sarcastically)* Don't tell me. You think I should wear a tie to clean your gutters. Right?

ANGIE. Don't be ridiculous. It's just that, well, you seem to forget this is my house.

MARTIN. *(irked)* I built a company from the ground up. I'm not an idiot. So?

ANGIE. Every time I turn around, you're there. With your toolbox. It's as if my life has become one very long episode of "This Old House." I don't want to sound ungrateful, but honestly, I don't have any privacy anymore.

MARTIN. Well, if I am, it's because I'm fixing your screens. Or the cord on the toaster that you keep....

ANGIE. *(cutting him off; angrily)* Would you just keep quiet about that! Now, if you would just let me finish.

MARTIN. *(folding his arms; defensively)* Go ahead.

ANGIE. Thank you. For example, take the other morning. I walked out of the shower and you were standing in the middle of my bedroom. There I was, wringing wet, with nothing but a towel around me and...

MARTIN. (*defensively*) I was checking out the ceiling fan. You told me the squeaking was keeping you awake nights. I wasn't trying to catch you in the....

(ANGIE modestly clutches the top of her blouse.)

ANGIE. (*cutting him off; mortified*) Good gracious. That's not what I was getting at. It's just that, well, I'm not used to having someone around. ALL the time.

MARTIN. (*hurt*) I didn't realize I was getting on your nerves.

ANGIE. All I am trying to say is you really have to find something to do with your life – besides fix-it chores around here. There has to be something more productive and worthwhile you can do.

MARTIN. At my age? Are you kidding? I've just been kicked aside. Put on the shelf. I'm relegated to being nothing more than a handyman. Which, from the sounds of it, I've just been fired from. So I'll finish this up and head back to my place and get out of your hair! For good!

ANGIE. Now Martin, you've over-reacting. I was just trying to ...

(*frustrated*) Oh, forget it!

END

(MARTIN returns to working on thermostat. ANGIE is exasperated. She resumes her Tai Chi position.)

(*muttering to herself*)

Cantankerous old... (*trying to collect her thoughts*) Now where was I? Oh yes.

(*She waves her hands as she crosses through room.*)

MARTIN. Hold it! I just remembered something.

(ANGIE stops in her tracks, her concentration broken.)

ANGIE. (*seething*) Now what?

(MARTIN takes an envelope from his shirt pocket.)

MARTIN. That numbskull mailman left this in my box. I guess postie is another job I'm overqualified for – since I can read!