

LARRY TRACI

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SPREADING IT AROUND

for a few moments. The front door opens and ANGIE's son, LARRY DRAYTON and his wife, TRACI DRAYTON enter. The couple is in their mid-thirties. LARRY is an arrogant, self-important fellow. TRACI is a self-absorbed fashionista. LARRY struggles with several designer suitcases while TRACI holds a large take-out coffee cup from which she constantly sips. LARRY drops the suitcases.)

START → LARRY. Well, here we are in beautiful "I see dead people" Florida!

TRACI. You've said that a dozen times since we landed, Larry. It wasn't funny the first time.

LARRY. Yeah, well, what about, "Everyone down here is so old they should open a store called 'Bed Bath and Beyond the Grave?'" C'mon now, you've gotta admit THAT'S funny!

TRACI. *(completely disinterested)* You are so juvenile.

(LARRY sneers at her. TRACI looks around room.)

One thing's for certain, before we move in here, this whole place has to be completely renovated.

LARRY. *(shushing her)* Sssh!! Jeez Traci, watch what you say!

TRACI. What are you worried about? You saw your mother drive away just as our cab pulled up. I wonder where she was going in such a rush that she didn't even notice her own son.

LARRY. Hey, it's not as if she was expecting us. We didn't even know we were coming until the last minute. And what is she thinking, leaving her door unlocked like that? Anyone could just walk in.

TRACI. Honestly, old people.

(With her coffee cup in hand, TRACI walks around the room, appraising it.)

First thing we have to do is put in hardwood floors. And this furniture will definitely have to go. It's all so...so... *(distastefully)* FLORIDA! *(She admires a lamp.)* Except for

this. It's so out of date it's now actually retro. I wonder how much we could get for it on eBay?

LARRY. (*lowering his voice*) I said, keep your voice down.

TRACI. Why?

LARRY. Because this is still my mother's place. It's not ours. YET!

TRACI. That's not the way you talk at home. Back there you make out like we're moving in tomorrow. (*mimicking him*) "The minute my Mom bites the dust I'm taking early retirement and heading on down to her place. Goodbye winter. So long work. Forever!"

LARRY. Yeah, well, she looked pretty spry just now. You never know, she could be like her mom. She lived to be ninety-seven.

TRACI. (*horrified*) Ninety-seven?! Now THAT'S what I call child abuse.

(LARRY *walks around the room checking things out. He trips over a suitcase and holds his back in pain.*)

LARRY. Hell, Traci, did you have to bring so damned much luggage?

We're only staying long enough to find out what's going on, then we're out of here.

TRACI. (*defensively*) I just brought the bare necessities.

LARRY. (*incredulous*) A whole suitcase filled with nothing but shoes? It's like living with a centipede.

TRACI. You are so unfunny.

LARRY. I'll tell you what's unfunny. The amount of money you spend on them.

TRACI. Well, if you made more, it wouldn't be such a big deal. I keep telling you to ask for a raise. (*She waves her hands in front of his face.*) Hello! Reality alert. You work for your father-in-law. He has to give you one.

LARRY. Oh sure. Like I'm going to ask your dad for more money after I lost that big account on him. Use your head.

END

TRACI. (*peevd*) All I know is, thanks to you, not one of those shoes is open-toed.

LARRY. What?

TRACI. Well you were in such a hurry to get down here, I didn't have time for a pedicure. I'm telling you now, these toes will not be seen by anyone this entire trip!

(LARRY looks exasperated.)

Even worse, I didn't have a chance to get a bikini wax. No woman in her right mind goes south without first getting a bikini wax.

LARRY. (*wincing*) Traci!

TRACI. What? It's not as if I'm talking Brazilian.

LARRY. (*uncomfortable*) Sheesh! Can you just stop! That's not something a guy likes to think about. All that hot wax and then Rrrrrrp! (*He makes ripping motion and winces in pain.*)

TRACI. Oh please. Men are such babies. It's a known fact women are able to endure the pain of childbirth and hair removal. And while we're on the subject, your back could do with a good shearing.

LARRY. You are so annoying. Can't you see I have more important things on my mind right now?

TRACI. Well you wouldn't have, if you'd kept a better eye on your mother in the first place. But oh no. You wait until it's too late. After she's started selling off her investment envelope.

LARRY. Portfolio. Her investment portfolio. How many times do I have to tell you that?

TRACI. Well whatever it is, she's been cashing in stuff like there's no tomorrow.

LARRY. (*lowering his voice*) Traci, we're not supposed to know that. The only reason we do is because I play squash with her broker. He just happened to let it slip she's been divesting like mad lately. He asked if she was buying a boat or something. He said from the looks of it, it's got to be a pretty big one. My mother buying