

CONCORD THEATRICALS SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an excerpt from a full Concord Theatricals title.

This sample is just for you to try out, and it can't be used for performance, downloaded, printed or distributed in any way.

For more information about licensing this or other shows, or to browse thousands more plays and theater books to buy please visit our website.

**www.concordtheatricals.com or, in the UK
www.concordtheatricals.co.uk**



CONCORD
THEATRICALS

Acting Edition

Maytag Virgin

by Audrey Cefaly

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

Copyright © 2017 by Audrey Cefaly
All Rights Reserved
2022 Edition

MAYTAG VIRGIN is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all member countries of the Berne Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works, the Universal Copyright Convention, and/or the World Trade Organization conforming to the Agreement on Trade Related Aspects of Intellectual Property Rights. All rights, including professional and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television, online/digital production, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-70620-2

www.concordtheatricals.com

www.concordtheatricals.co.uk

FOR PRODUCTION INQUIRIES

UNITED STATES AND CANADA

info@concordtheatricals.com

1-866-979-0447

UNITED KINGDOM AND EUROPE

licensing@concordtheatricals.co.uk

020-7054-7298

Each title is subject to availability from Concord Theatricals Corp., depending upon country of performance. Please be aware that *MAYTAG VIRGIN* may not be licensed by Concord Theatricals Corp. in your territory. Professional and amateur producers should contact the nearest Concord Theatricals Corp. office or licensing partner to verify availability.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *MAYTAG VIRGIN* is subject to a licensing fee. The purchase, renting, lending or use of this book does not constitute a license to perform this title(s), which license must be obtained from Concord Theatricals Corp. prior to any performance. Performance of this title(s) without a license is a violation of federal law and may subject the producer and/or presenter of such performances to civil penalties. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised to apply to the appropriate agent before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre. A licensing fee must be paid whether the title(s) is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Professional/Stock licensing fees are quoted upon application to Concord Theatricals Corp. This work is published by Samuel French, an imprint of Concord Theatricals Corp.

No one shall make any changes in this title(s) for the purpose of production. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, scanned, uploaded, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, digital, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. No one shall share this title(s), or any part of this title(s), through any social media or file hosting websites.

For all inquiries regarding motion picture, television, online/digital and other media rights, please contact Concord Theatricals Corp.

MUSIC AND THIRD-PARTY MATERIALS USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted music and/or other copyrighted third-party materials (e.g., artworks, logos) in the performance of this play and are strongly cautioned to do so. If no such permission is obtained by the licensee, then the licensee must use only original music and materials that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for clearances of all third-party copyrighted materials, including without limitation music, and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play(s) and their licensing agent, Concord Theatricals Corp., against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of such copyrighted third-party materials by licensees. For music, please contact the appropriate music licensing authority in your territory for the rights to any incidental music.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

If you have obtained performance rights to this title, please refer to your licensing agreement for important billing and credit requirements.

MAYTAG VIRGIN was first produced by Quotidian Theatre Company in Bethesda, Maryland in October of 2015. The performance was directed by Audrey Cefaly, with set design by Scott Hengen, lighting design by Don Slater and Jessie Slater, sound design by Ed Moser, costume design by Audrey Cefaly, and properties and set dressing by Heather Brooks. The Production Stage Manager was Corie Bruins. The cast was as follows:

JACK KEY Will Hardy
ELIZABETH “LIZZY” NASH Gillian Shelly Lawler

MAYTAG VIRGIN received its southeast regional premiere at Aurora Theatre in Lawrenceville, Georgia in January of 2018. The performance was directed by Melissa Foulger, with set design by Isabel and Moriah Curley-Clay, lighting design by Kevin Frazier, costume design by Jordan Jaked Carrier, and properties design by Kathryn Muse. The cast was as follows:

JACK KEY Brad Brinkley
ELIZABETH “LIZZY” NASH Courtney Patterson

CHARACTERS

JACK KEY – (thirties/forties) High school physics teacher. Southern. Nearly unflappable. Even-keeled. A man of character.

ELIZABETH “LIZZY” NASH – (thirties/forties) High school English teacher. Southern. Endearingly neurotic. Strong-willed. Quick-witted and bold.

Note: Lizzy is not a busybody, nor is she a shrew, nor is she a “Karen.” She is awkward and anxious and always worried she will never be enough. If she’s harping on Jack it means something deeper is at play. Hint: If she’s commenting on the weather, it’s absolutely 100% NOT about the weather.

SETTING

The fictional town of Lenoraville, Alabama

TIME

Present day

AUTHOR’S NOTE

Our time as humans on this planet, if we want anything other than a life of complete solitude, always involves learning the hard work of love. We let go of our ideals to find some semblance of sanity. We convince ourselves that we can get by with less and that our own happiness is secondary to the task at hand. It is a great paradox. When we love fully, we lose a part of ourselves.

ACT I

Scene 1.1

(Mid-morning. August.)

(Playing Area One: Jack Key's back porch and yard, which are in total disarray, filled with moving boxes and small furniture.)

(Playing Area Two: Elizabeth Nash's back porch and yard, populated with an eclectic mix of wind chimes, bird houses, bottle trees, and folk art. There is a clothesline that runs along the edge of her property adjacent to Jack's yard, and at times like this, when it is filled with laundry [linens, tablecloths, a few aprons], it serves as a boundary [a sort of virtual "wall"] between them.)

(Playing Area Three: There is a third playing area that represents Lizzy's private dressing room, however it should not be literal and can be indicated by something as simple as a pool of light. This same area is used in Scene 2.2 when Lizzy is addressing the audience/Jesse. This space is critical, and these moments transcend naturalism. As such, resist the urge to have them played inside the confines of her home.)

(At rise: JACK KEY is busy moving boxes and furniture around, in and out of the house. ELIZABETH "LIZZY" NASH emerges from her house with a pie. She approaches Jack's yard.)

LIZZY. Hello?

JACK. (*Offstage.*) Hello?

LIZZY. (*Calling.*) Mr. Key?

JACK. (*Appearing in his doorway.*) Yes ma'am.

LIZZY. Elizabeth Nash. That's a job there, I see.

(JACK walks out onto his porch and approaches her for a handshake.)

I'm so sorry, I've been out of town this week, I'm a bad neighbor.

JACK. Oh, alright. That's a nice place there. Good to meet ya.

LIZZY. Lizzy.

JACK. Lizzy.

(Regarding her colorful yard.)

You an artist?

LIZZY. Uh...no. I mean...am I?

JACK. It's an explosion.

LIZZY. Oh. Yes, I guess so.

(Beat.)

I love the color and the...well the sounds, I guess.

JACK. Aren't the bottles supposed to hang upside down?

LIZZY. Oh, yes, upside down to catch the – but I like 'em this way. They catch the rain instead of the evil spirits... I don't need any more spirits, ya know, so...

(Beat.)

When they get too full, they don't sing real well, so I do have to patrol now and then, and, uh...feed the weeds or whatever.

(Beat.)

Well. Neighbors. Am I keeping you from –

JACK.

LIZZY.

No, no, it's –

I can come back.

JACK. It's fine. It's fine.

LIZZY. Okay. Well, welcome to the neighborhood.

JACK. Alright.

LIZZY. And to the city too, teaching over at the high school, have I got that right?

JACK. That's right.

LIZZY. Up from Biloxi?

JACK. You seem to have the advantage.

LIZZY. Oh, I hope that's alright if I take an interest in my new neighbor. I guess the days of welcome wagons are all over, but I just had to bring you a pie or something.

(Beat.)

Or maybe you don't eat pie, are you a diabetic?

JACK. I eat pie, yes ma'am I do.

LIZZY. *(Nervously.)* It's really nothing. I mean it is a pie, but it's – I could bake one in my sleep.

JACK. Very sweet of you.

(She holds on to the pie, as if carrying a security blanket.)

LIZZY. *(Regarding the house.)* How do you like it?

JACK. It's a keeper.

LIZZY. Isn't it great?

(LIZZY turns to look up at the house, shielding her eyes from the sun, straining the buttons on her blouse. JACK notices...)

JACK. Yes, it is.

LIZZY. It's got good bones.

JACK. Mmm hmm.

LIZZY. You think you can do something with it?

(Beat.)

JACK. Mmm hmm...

LIZZY. Well good! I was so happy to hear somebody had bought the place. Not exactly a selling point: *dead man's house.*

JACK. I'm aware of the story.

LIZZY. Oh good. See any ghosts yet?

JACK. Not a one.

LIZZY. Well, that's good. I mean they were lovely people, but you never know about a ghost.

(Beat.)

That sounds like I know something about ghosts, I have nothing to base that on, really.

(Beat.)

LIZZY. Oh my gosh, I just thought of something, did you take the front room?

JACK. The front room?

LIZZY. For the master, I mean?

JACK. Uh...yeah.

LIZZY. Oh...

(Beat.)

Well, that's where he died. Mr. McElway...

JACK. In the front room?

(LIZZY gives him a pained expression.)

I did not know that.

LIZZY. *(Almost a whisper.)* Yes, and his wife Minnie Faye a few months before.

JACK. Oh.

LIZZY. *(Horried.)* Oh, lord, Mr. Morgan didn't tell you?

JACK.

I don't –

LIZZY.

What good is a realtor – I'm gon' get him. I should have been here to tell you!

No, no...I, uh...

I am so sorry.

JACK. *(Unsettled.)* You wanna sit down?

LIZZY. *(Concerned.)* Do you?

JACK. *(Exiting into the house.)* Excuse me...

LIZZY. Alright...

(JACK exits into the house, leaving LIZZY alone on the porch, unsure if he plans on returning.)

(Calling.) Well that was thoughtless of me. I mean sometimes you say things, they need to be said, but maybe just not...

(To herself.)

...not like that. Stupid Lizzy.

(Calling.)

I'm so sorry. I guess I figured you knew the whole story...you said you knew the...story. Not that I believe in ghosts, but you just never know about the hereafter. If you start seeing dead people you might wanna – well, I don't know what you'd do about that, but let's just hope you don't.

(Beat.)

It's a beautiful day for...construction. I really am sorry I wasn't here to help you move in, Mr. Key. I've been up at my brother's in Savannah –

(JACK re-enters the porch, wiping his face with a tea towel and handing LIZZY a cold Coca-Cola.)

Oh, thank you.

JACK. Lemme get this...

LIZZY. Mr. Key, are you alright?

(JACK rather abruptly begins moving boxes out of her way.)

Oh, don't fuss.

(Beat.)

Do you need me / to –

JACK. Nope.

LIZZY. *(Almost overlapping.)* Alright.

(Beat.)

You know, I'm a teacher there too. At the high school.

(Beat.)

LIZZY. I'm on a leave of absence.

JACK. I'm sorry for that. I heard about your husband.

LIZZY. What have you heard?

JACK. An accident. He fell?

(LIZZY nods.)

It was recent?

LIZZY. We buried him a month ago, Sunday.

JACK. Awful thing.

(JACK leans against the porch railing, drinking his Coke as LIZZY drinks hers. Neither notices the awkward silence, each in their own memory.)

LIZZY. Sometimes I feel like I have a scarlet "W" on my chest, the way people talk and stare. It's like you're branded. You ever notice when people come up to you and they hadn't seen you in a while, and no matter how long it's been, they take that tone with you, you know the one people use when someone has died?

(Beat.)

In this case, I mean, someone *has* died, but they still take that *tone* with you – *I'm so sorry...someone has died*. As if that's the only allowable tone. I mean there must be some other tones out there, but that's the one, you know, they use, or whatever.

JACK. You say it all out loud, huh?

LIZZY. (*Mortified*.) I've brought nothing but death into your yard. Mr. Key, I am so sorry, I don't know your situation.

(Beat.)

Do you need some help unpacking?

JACK. I can manage.

LIZZY. Alright.

JACK. Thank you.

LIZZY. You just let me know what you need, I may not be able to lift the heavy stuff, but I know all the high school boys and I can make the sandwiches.

(**JACK** *smiles politely.*)

Have you met Mr. Sutherland? In the Cape Cod?

JACK. Ah, yes, I have.

LIZZY. He is the sweetest neighbor.

JACK. Real nice.

LIZZY. He can fix wiring, too. And he doesn't charge anything. His family has money and he just does it to pass the time in his golden years. But they left you in good shape, it's a good house and you won't have any trouble. Most likely you won't.

JACK. I like a challenge.

LIZZY. When I saw you leaning against that porch railing just now, I thought you reminded me of him. Mr. McElway, I mean. He never could sit still, especially after Miss Minnie Faye died. Oh that was a terrible thing, we all felt that one.

(*Beat.*)

So you teach physics?

JACK. There's a lot you know.

LIZZY. I know nothing about physics.

JACK. I don't know much myself.

LIZZY. Oh, I don't believe that. I teach English.

JACK. Yes I know. I'm in your room. 202.

LIZZY. 202? What'd they do, put you in there?

JACK. I don't know.

LIZZY. Who's in 308?

JACK. Uh...

(**LIZZY** *walks through Jack's yard, looking at the mess.*)

LIZZY. (*Rapid-fire.*) Three-oh-four, three-oh-six, three-oh-eight: math, math, physics on three; English, history, civics on two. There must be something goin' on up on three –

(LIZZY notices a small statue of the Virgin Mary on Jack's porch.)

LIZZY. Is that the Virgin Mary?

JACK. Yeah...

LIZZY. Hmm.

(LIZZY looks around suspiciously.)

JACK. Actually now that I think about it, I believe they are doing some painting up on the floor above me.

LIZZY. *(Distracted.)* How's that?

JACK. I think I've seen some workers in and out.

LIZZY. Ooooh, have they started that, okay, that makes more sense now.

JACK. Probably just a temporary situation.

LIZZY. I imagine.

JACK. I guess I won't unpack then.

LIZZY. Unpack. Why not?

JACK. At the school.

LIZZY. Oh, at the school.

JACK. In case they plan on moving me.

LIZZY. To 308.

JACK. 308, right.

LIZZY. That building could be hit by a hurricane, they'd prop it up with sticks. I don't know what it's gon' take to get a new school in this district.

JACK. It's quite an old building, yes ma'am.

(Beat.)

LIZZY. *(Pointedly.)* We can leave off the ma'am.

JACK. Alright...

LIZZY. It's not dried up and dead or anything.

JACK. No...

LIZZY. Still has some life in it.

(Moving on now.)

We need a proper school, Mr. Key. One with lab equipment and decent plumbing, wouldn't you agree?

JACK. I believe I would.

LIZZY. So many desperate people here, Mr. Key. Desperate, desperate people. No jobs, there's nothing here. Tired old men, hard labor up in their seventies over at the mill or on a rooftop or crawling under houses on a Sunday. Mr. McElway was installing new urinals over at the truck stop three days before he passed away. So undignified.

JACK. My daddy was a trucker until he was seventy-seven. I never saw the man.

LIZZY. How sad.

JACK. I never knew anything different.

LIZZY. But your mama must have hated that.

JACK. I don't know. She had her card games. Bingo. Always in the garden. With a cigarette.

LIZZY. She sounds like someone I wanna know.

JACK. You want another Coke?

LIZZY. Oh, no, I'm fine.

(Beat.)

How is 202, Mr. Key?

JACK. It's alright.

LIZZY. Is it a mess? Did I leave a mess?

JACK.

LIZZY.

No, no, it's –

If my things are in the way, I can –

JACK. They're not in the way.

(Beat.)

LIZZY. Ten years in that room.

JACK. Long time.

LIZZY. Full of secrets, 202.

JACK. Secrets?

LIZZY. Secrets.

JACK. Like what?

LIZZY. (*Playfully.*) Do you know what a secret is? Oh, I bet you do. I bet you know your way around a secret. In fact, I bet you know the secret of all secrets. The inner workings of a secret. There must be some law, some axiom of secrets in the / scientific community – some algorithm –

JACK. (*Amused, but “over it.”*) Are you done?

LIZZY. You’ll get used to me.

JACK. Oh, I don’t wanna do that.

LIZZY. I’m a menace.

JACK. Something...

LIZZY. (*In a fake panic.*) Run! Run for your life! Oh, that’s right, you can’t, you have a mortgage!

JACK. Too late.

LIZZY. Tragic situation.

JACK. I see that now. (*Playfully.*) Buyer’s remorse.

LIZZY. (*Charmed as hell.*) Buyer’s remorse, yes, yes, absolutely!

(*Awkward pause.*)

What time is it, I better get to my laundry.

JACK. You don’t have a dryer?

LIZZY. Do you know, I never have?

JACK. What?

LIZZY. I’ve never used one. Never had the need to.

JACK. You’ve *never* used a dryer?

LIZZY. I – it’s – trust issues.

(*LIZZY begins taking clothes off the line.*)

JACK. (*Amused.*) What’s to trust about a dryer, you trust it’ll actually dry your clothes?

LIZZY. Mind your business.

(*JACK exits into the house.*)

(*Calling.*) That was a joke.

JACK. (*From offstage.*) One sec.

LIZZY. (*Calling.*) So, are you like a real Catholic or one of those cafeteria Catholics?

JACK. (*From offstage.*) A real Catholic?

LIZZY. (*Calling.*) You have a statue.

JACK. (*From offstage.*) Religion is a touchy subject.

LIZZY. (*Calling.*) Yes it is.

JACK. (*From offstage.*) Might be better discussed over dinner than a picket fence.

(*Beat.*)

LIZZY. (*Calling.*) You don't have a fence.

(*JACK re-enters with an old, military-style canvas rucksack.*)

JACK. That was a metaphor.

LIZZY. I know what it was.

JACK. You don't miss much.

LIZZY. What is that?

JACK. It was in the crawl space...above the porch.

LIZZY. Is this his?

JACK. I don't know.

LIZZY. It's so old...doesn't it look old to you?

JACK. It does.

LIZZY. He doesn't have any family, not that I know of. He outlived all of 'em.

(*LIZZY opens the bag.*)

Mr. Key. Did you see all this?

JACK. No, what is it?

LIZZY. Oh my gosh, letters? Letters maybe? My goodness. So many...there must be hundreds. This one looks old, is this a – it's a love letter. From Mick.

(*Amused.*)

Mick and Minnie.

(*LIZZY reads a few lines.*)

Oh, this is personal.

(She quickly puts the letters away.)

LIZZY. This feels wrong.

JACK. You want me to put it back?

LIZZY. *(Suddenly territorial.)* No!

(Beat.)

No, I'll think about what to do.

JACK. Alright.

LIZZY. I'll look through it.

(She goes to leave with the rucksack and the pie.)

You let me know if you need some moving help.

JACK. You can leave the pie, but I don't mind chasin' you for it.

LIZZY. Lost my head.

(LIZZY returns with the pie and hands it to JACK. She collects her laundry basket and walks to her porch.)

JACK. Miss Maymee Fuller came by with some cookies last night.

LIZZY. Is that right?

JACK. She seems nice.

LIZZY. Maymee Fuller cooks with arsenic. Oh...and there are weevils in her pantry.

JACK. Damn. What'd she do to you?

LIZZY. *(She exits.)* Welcome to the neighborhood!

(JACK exits into his house with the pie, screen door slamming.)

(Lights fade.)

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

Please visit our website to buy the full script, apply for a license to perform this show (if it's available), or to explore hundreds of similar titles.

www.concordtheatricals.com or, in the UK
www.concordtheatricals.co.uk

To be the first to know about new books, licensing releases, and anything theater-related do follow us on our social media channels.

**@ConcordShows and @ConcordUKShows on
Facebook, Twitter and Instagram.**



CONCORD
THEATRICALS