



LEGACY

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ACT I Scene 1

TIME: Now

PLACE: A busy café, in a city, lunch time.

ANNA, an architect, is sketching something on her iPad while eating a salad and drinking iced tea. Her clothes are casual, but neat: A pullover sweater over khaki pants. Her hair is pulled back from her face with a thin hairband (Alice band). She's pretty, but not overly made up. Basically, she could be the face of Maybelline or Old Navy.

BETTY is the neighborhood busybody. She's old, opinionated, and dressed in lime green bulletproof polyester and clunky orthopedic shoes. Her shoulders are slightly stooped. Her purse probably has its own zip code.

BETTY enters through the café door and makes a show of looking around.

BETTY

(muttering as she approaches the counter)

Busy, always busy. It's all these students with their smart phones and their tablets. Do they bother to call their mothers? No. Do they pick up real books anymore? I bet they all live with their boyfriends (looks at heavily pierced barista with technicolor hair) Or girlfriends.

BARISTA

(ignoring the old woman's stream of consciousness)

Hi, what can I get for you today?

BETTY

What can you get for me? A new spine, that's what.

BARISTA

(sympathetic, then perky)

I'm sorry, I wish I could. May I start a coffee drink for you instead?

BETTY

Coffee drink? Isn't all coffee a drink? (she doesn't let BARISTA respond) I'd like a ham and swiss sandwich on rye, lettuce and tomato, mustard and just a tiny bit of mayo. And a cup of decaf.

BARISTA opens her mouth to ask BETTY what size coffee, then thinks better of it. She rings up the transaction, BETTY pulls a wallet out of her purse and pays her, though she seems reluctant to hand over the cash.

BARISTA

(hands her a number placard)

Have a seat and someone will bring your food out to you.

BETTY leaves the counter and scans the café for an empty table. There are none, but ANNA is using only one chair at a four-top. Sighing, she approaches ANNA.

BETTY

Excuse me, young lady, are you waiting for someone?

ANNA

(looking up from her iPad)

No, I'm alone. If you need a chair, feel free to take one. (beat, as she realizes there are no free tables)
Or we can share if you want.

BETTY

(sits down across from ANNA and places her purse on the chair next to her, and her number placard on the table top)

You students... taking over whole tables at lunch. In my day we were never so selfish.

ANNA

(You can tell she's choosing to be amused instead of annoyed. BETTY probably reminds her of her own grandmother, or she's just that nice.)

I'm sure you weren't. But I'm not a student, and I was supposed to meet someone, but they cancelled on me.

BETTY

Someone. A boyfriend? You look like the kind to have a boyfriend.

ANNA

(lifting her left hand to show off an engagement ring)

Fiancée, actually.

BETTY

You have a date set?

ANNA

(her face clouding, somewhat)

No... not yet. We're both pretty focused on our careers. Jay's a doctor and I'm –

SERVER interrupts to deliver BETTY's food.

SERVER

Medium decaf and a ham and swiss sandwich on rye. Can I get anything else for either of you ladies?

ANNA

I could use another iced tea.

SERVER

Sure thing.

SERVER exits, presumably to fetch a fresh glass of tea.

BETTY

You should set a date and marry your doctor. You've got a pretty enough face now, and shiny young person's hair, but it won't last. Forty, fifty years from now you'll be gray and wrinkled like me, and you won't fill out that sweater so nicely.

I mean, look and me... I got no heinie and my tchotchkes hang almost to my navel. Trust me, a pretty face can't last forever, and your doctor will give you lots of pretty babies.

ANNA

Well, we're really not planning on children any time soon. My career is just taking off – I'm an architect – and I don't want to be like my own mother, constantly having to balance work and home. I want to make my mark first, and then we'll have a family.

BETTY

An architect? So, what when you're old and saggy you'll have some office building that you can point to and call yours? Mark me, young woman, you'll look in the mirror some day and all you'll see is your own eyes staring back at you, mocking your dead skin and fading hair. Children... children are the only real legacy there is.

The SERVER returns with a go-cup full of tea.

SERVER

I'm sorry. Our dishwasher's a bit behind. I had to put your tea in a to-go cup. I hope that's –

ANNA

(cutting her off)

Actually, that's perfect, thank you. I have to get back to my studio. (to BETTY) I'm afraid I have to go; I hope you enjoy the rest of your day.

ANNA exits, but as the lights fade to black, we hear BETTY muttering.

BETTY

Enjoy. What in enjoy? At my age, there's not much left to enjoy.

ACT II Scene 1

TIME: Five years later

PLACE: A sidewalk in front of a construction site.

ANNA is there in a gray cardigan over a red turtleneck that she's wearing with jeans and work boots. She's also wearing a hard hat. A team of construction workers is upstage of her, guiding the crane which is lowering the corner stone of a new building.

She's standing near a placard that has the schematics of a building, and the words (visible from the Audience) ANNA MARSHALL, INC.

A woman wearing a long white lab coat over a black pullover and charcoal slacks, a stethoscope slung around her neck, rushes up to ANNA brandishing a bottle of champagne. This is JAY.

JAY

(slightly breathless)

Am I late? Did I miss it? I'm so sorry, the ER was packed this morning. There's a flu epidemic going around. You've never seen so many sticky, snotty, children in your entire life.

They kiss, and then ANNA pulls away, and points to the still swinging cornerstone.

ANNA

You're right on time. Actually, we're running a bit late. The crane was being finicky. Look honey, it's a hotel!

JAY puts her arm around ANNA and the two move so that they're at an angle, watching as the corner stone is put into place, but cheating out to the Audience

JAY

(teasing, a little)

I can't wait to see what it looks like when it's all grown up. (beat) Listen, Annie, I know your parents are still harping on you about the whole baby-thing... if you're ready, I guess I can live with having a sticky, snotty kid of our own.

ANNA

(also teasing, but beaming just the same)

Well, I guess I'd better agree. I mean... a handsome façade can only last so long.

As the corner stone settles into place, JAY pops the cork on the champagne.

BLACKOUT

Inspiraton: Sonnet #2, William Shakespeare

When forty winters shall beseige thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
 This were to be new made when thou art old,
 And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

Challenge 4 - Due 05/02 at 09:59:59am GMT

Today we're going to adapt.

Find a short story, or a film, or a poem, or a song, or a... uhm... TV show... or... whatever.

Make it into a play - try to ensure it's all there - all the characters, all the plots, all the small details, all the dialogue.

Sounds impossible in one day? Naaaa... you can do it! You're 3 challenges down... Easy peasy lemon squeezy!

Bonus points to anyone who manages to modernise the adaptation and make it their own (whilst still retaining the original)

Oh darn it! We're not meant to have bonus points on weekends... uhm... don't tell anyone!