

## HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

### CHARLIE

Very nice to meet you. Oh, and this is Maggie Wilson. (*Maggie continues scanning the parking lot.*) You'll have to excuse Maggie, she's a bit distracted.

### MAGGIE

(*turns*) Don't talk about me like I'm not here -just cause I'm ignoring you doesn't mean I'm deaf! (*To Sandy*) Well let's see ...you're too young to be a resident -too friendly to be from corporate ...-you must be a new staffer.

### SANDY

(*laughs*) Guilty as charged I'm afraid. I started on Monday.

### CHARLIE

Oh, that's right! You must be the new activity director they mentioned in the newsletter last week?

### MAGGIE

Newsletter? You know I don't read that trash -nothing but geriatric gossip and pictures of people's cats!

### SANDY

Actually, I'm so glad I ran into you both. I wanted to see if you'd be willing to help me out with a project I'm working on.

### CHARLIE

Sure! We'd love to help, wouldn't we Maggie?

### MAGGIE

I don't know what "we" you're talking about, unless you got a mouse in your pocket.

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**CHARLIE**

Don't pay any attention to her Sandy, her bark is a lot worse than her bite. What do you need?

**SANDY**

Well, I have been asked to put together a little impromptu holiday show this weekend for our visitors. Nothing too elaborate - a few holiday carols, maybe a dance number. Apparently, Mrs. Lansky used to dance with the Rockettes.

**MAGGIE**

Yeah, I'm betting that was before she had her hip replacement.

**SANDY**

*(laughs)* I'm sure you're right! So Charlie, rumor has it that you used to host a local variety show?

**CHARLIE**

Well, that was quite a few years ago ...

**SANDY**

Now don't go getting modest on me. I was hoping that you'd agree to be my emcee for the event?

**MAGGIE**

Whatever you do, for God sakes don't let him sing! That man couldn't carry a tune in a bucket ...with a lid on it. Does love the sound of his own voice though, you should hear him call the numbers at Bingo.

*(Charlie plays along by clearing his throat and cupping one hand over his ear.)*

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**CHARLIE**

"G FORTY SEVEN, G, FOUR, SEVEN."

**SANDY**

*(Claps)* Excellent! Then you'll help me out?

**CHARLIE**

If my public demands it, who am I to refuse ...--

**MAGGIE**

Oh, get over yourself!

**SANDY**

And I happen to notice a beautiful baby-grand piano in the lobby but was told in no uncertain terms that nobody but Maggie really knows how to play it. So, how about it? I am in desperate need of an accompanist and you come highly recommended ...

**CHARLIE**

Oh, she's the best! We had a recital here last summer, and one of the singers forgot her sheet music. And our little Maggie here played the entire song, note for note, from memory!

**MAGGIE**

Oh, quit trying to blow grass up my skirt! It was "Moonlight in Vermont" for God-sakes! Hell, I've been playing that song since I was tall enough to reach the keys. Played it for Walter on our first date. *(To Sandy)* Walter is ...was ...my husband. I lost him three years ago.

**SANDY**

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that Maggie.

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### MAGGIE

We had a wonderful fifty-two years together, the last two of them right here at Briarwood. *She looks at Charlie's chair.*) He used to sit right there in that chair.

### CHARLIE

Well now Maggie, you should have said something! I had no idea...  
*(He starts to get up.)*

### MAGGIE

Sit down! You sitting in a different chair ain't gonna bring him back, or I'd have kicked your butt out of it a long time ago.

### SANDY

I think she means it, Charlie! Still, I imagine it must be hard at times.

### MAGGIE

Oh sure, I miss him every day. Holidays are probably the hardest. Guess it makes you appreciate family and friends more. Even old coots like this one *(indicates Charlie. She feels herself becoming emotional and stops.)* What time is it?

### CHARLIE

*(quietly)* It's a little after 4:30.

### SANDY

So, how about it Maggie? Feel like giving the new girl a hand?

### CHARLIE

Yeah, come on Maggie, it sounds like fun!

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**MAGGIE**

Except you seem to be forgetting one thing. My son will be here any minute now, and I won't be back 'til Sunday night.

**SANDY**

Oh ...your son?

**MAGGIE**

That's right. Danny. He's an architect, works with the city of Miami. Do you know he's been here to visit me every holiday since his father passed? *(beat)* A good boy.

**SANDY**

He sounds like it. Though I'm sorry you won't be able to take part in the show. Maybe next time?

**MAGGIE**

*(Looking out)* He shoulda been here by now. He promised me ...  
*(tries to hide her emotions)* I better go check at the desk and see if he called. *(she exits quickly)*

**SANDY**

She's ...quite a character.

**CHARLIE**

She is indeed.

**SANDY**

Seems to be quite fond of you.

**CHARLIE**

We have our moments. I moved here about a year ago, and Maggie sort of took me under her wing, showed me the ropes. She's been a good friend.

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**SANDY**

It's nice to have a friend.

**CHARLIE**

Of course, we fight like brother and sister. And Maggie can be quite the talker! Places she's been, her family, (*faux whisper*) how the cafeteria uses imitation maple syrup! Though ...she doesn't talk as much ...lately.

**SANDY**

Lately? You mean, since her son died?

**CHARLIE**

(*Startled*) You mean, you ...-? (*Sandy nods.*) He was on his way here this past Thanksgiving. We'd been having some awful rains, rogue thunderstorms coming up out of nowhere. The interstate was slick with oil and, well, they say he must have lost control.

**SANDY**

Oh, that's terrible. That must have been very hard for her.

**CHARLIE**

She just can't seem to accept it. She remains convinced that Danny is going to walk through that door any minute. And I don't know how to help her.

**SANDY**

Sometimes just being there for someone is enough.

**CHARLIE**

You're not really the new activities director, are you?