

IT'S ONLY GRAMMA
How Time Flies

A Very Short Play

by Greg Moller
gregmo@me.com
516-316-7751

CAST OF CHARACTERS

GRAMMA – elderly, set in her ways

SAM– her grandson, a young professional in his 20s or 30s

A NOTE ON STAGING

GRAMMA is on one side of the stage in a rocker, cushy armchair or other such furnishing. She is using an old-fashioned rotary phone (or clunky portable). SAM is on the opposite side, dressed in a suit, pacing. He is using a current model smart phone.

(In BLACK OUT, a digital ringtone sounds. LIGHTS come up on GRAMMA and SAM.)

GRAMMA

Hello, Sammy. It's only Gramma.

SAM

Hey, gramma. It's good to hear from you, but now is not the best time. I just got out of one meeting and I'm late for another.

GRAMMA

I know, that's why I'm calling — you're always so busy! You remind me of your Aunty Frieda, what's 95 and in a wheelchair with both legs useless because she's got the gout. I called her last night, when I had the diarrhea and kept soiling myself in this new chair your father bought me for my birthday.

SAM

Gramma...

GRAMMA

So I call Frieda to ask her the name of those pills she got for the colitis because they stopped her right up. And she tells me your cousin Janey's taking her to the store.

SAM

Gramma, I hate to cut you off but this is a really important client...

GRAMMA

So I says to her, "Frieda, how are you going to make Janey, what's eight months pregnant, load you into her truck and drag you to the store?" That woman; she only thinks of herself. Like that neighbor down the street. You know he killed himself just two weeks before Christmas?

SAM

Who?

GRAMMA

Ted Gazinia. Killed himself in his garage. Used a table saw.

SAM

Ted killed himself? Jeez, I'm sorry to hear that, gram. You guys were kinda close, huh?

GRAMMA

Nah. I never cared much for that one. When your grampa built the gazebo out back of the house — what's now a woodshed on account of we have too much cap — Ted the stinkweasel reported us to the county and they gave us a helluva time. Like I says, selfish. Now for the rest of their lives his kids'll think, "Well, Christmas again; time to open our stockings and put flowers on dad's grave."

SAM

Sad news. Look, I gotta...

GRAMMA

That no-account wife of his is going to sell the house. Now are we gonna have some fun around here, HO BOY! You just know she's going to sell to *undesirables*, and then we'll see what's what.

SAM

Gramma, seriously, if I could just...

GRAMMA

I says to your mother, "You just wait, Rose, and see what moves in there." You know what she says to me? "Who cares who moves in." She'll care when it's two o'clock in the morning and the cars are coming and going because half the derelicts in town are buying the drugs or the sex or who knows what. That reminds me; how's your friend Whatsisname? He's such a nice boy for a—

SAM

(cutting her off)

He's fine, gramma. I have to go!

GRAMMA

Pah! We just got started talking, Sammy, what's the matter with you? You're always so busy with that job of yours, you never make time for nothing.

SAM

Believe it or not, gram, my job is important and it happens to take precedence over sharing neighborhood gossip with my grandmother. Okay?

GRAMMA

Too busy, too busy. Aye yai yai! You'll be happy, maybe, when I'm dead. You'll be too busy to come to the funeral.

SAM

Gramma, don't talk like that...

GRAMMA

I'll talk how I damn well please, young man. You don't make the rules in this house. You sound like your cousin Jake, what got caught smoking the pot again, so they revoked his license — *again*— and he has the nerve to start quacking to your Uncle Ben about his rights and his privacy and this and that.

SAM

Gramma, what does that have to do with—

GRAMMA

I'll tell you what it has to do with it: Jake was caught hanging around with that little strumpet — *again*— and you just know she lets him stick his pickle wherever, whenever—

SAM
(cutting her off)

Gramma!

GRAMMA
So next he'll get her pregnant, or they'll come arrest him, or both. Then he can quack to the cops and judges. Your Uncle Dave is on the booze again, you know.

SAM
I gotta go... I thought he was in recovery.

GRAMMA
Oh, yeah, *recovery*. With the pee cups and the group therapy and all that nonsense. He comes outta there and then what? He goes to the bar and then the OTB and gets snookered and bets the horses. And then he cries, "I have no money!" So I tell him, "You're a no good drunk and that's what you'll always be and there's no hope for you." And does he listen? No, he does nothing to help himself. He should be the one kills himself with a table saw. Oh that reminds me, do you remember your cousin Sarah?

SAM
Not offhand—

GRAMMA
That's the one. I told her if she keeps on staying in that house with her derelict boyfriend, what is good for nothing, something was going to happen to her little girl.

SAM
Did something happen to her daughter?

GRAMMA
Oh yeah, something happened. You know they've got those two big dogs? Well...

SAM
Oh, God, please don't tell me one of them attacked her!

GRAMMA
That's right, one of them did. Jumped on her from behind and just went to town humping her leg. (Chuckles) So, that's the news kid. I'll let you get back to your busy life.

SAM
Okay gramma. (Pause) Hey, gram ... I'm really glad you called. You're right; we don't talk enough. I love you.

GRAMMA

I love you too, Sammy. Think of me once in a while. I'll be around.

(LIGHTS go down on GRAMMA)

(SAM hangs up. His phone immediately rings again.
LIGHTS come up on MOM, who is in hysterics.)

MOM
(weeping)

Oh, Sammy, Sammy... You need to come home as soon as you can!

SAM
What? Why? What's going on? Is dad okay?!

MOM
Daddy's fine, sweetie... It's Gramma. She passed away last night.
(More weeping as LIGHTS go down on her)

SAM
(staring at his phone)
Time is flying, never to return.

(BLACK)

END