

SIXTY YEARS, TO LIFE

by NICK ZAGONE

(song "Sixty Years, To Life" by Heidi McIsaac)

CHARACTERS

GWEN

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that *Sixty Years, To Life* (both the play and the song) are subject to a royalty. They are fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, and of all countries covered by the International Copyright Union (including the Dominion of Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth), and of all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright convention and the Universal Copyright Convention, and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations. All rights, including professional and amateur stage performing, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound taping, all other forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as information storage and retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into foreign languages, are strictly reserved.

Inquiries concerning all rights to the play should be addressed to the author at nickzagone@msn.com

Inquiries concerning all rights to the song should be addressed to the songwriter at jandhmcisaac@earthlink.net

Copyright © 2008 by Nick Zagone

SIXTY YEARS, TO LIFE

[A frame, or a piece of glass center stage, with a short counter pointed upstage to represent a prison visiting station. There's a phone receiver on the upstage side of the window as well.]

[GWEN enters, a little clumsily. She's carrying a guitar case, a picnic basket and a purse. She downs some Pepto and belches.]

[Someone's called to her.]

GWEN

All right, all right. Can you give a girl a minute to primp. Quit rushin' me.

[She does the sign of the cross then crosses to the window and looks in it or out at us with big smile.]

Alrighty poop-bear, are you ready for your little puppy?

[Smile drops.]

Oh my goodness. Poop-bear? Honey is that you? What? Oh.

[picks up phone receiver]

Poop-bear? Honey is that you? Is that him? I can barely see his little face! What did they do to you Poop-bear?

Oh now take him out of that, just take him out of that right now it's just not necessary-- There's a window here for goodness sake. Where's the warden? Go get me the warden. Are they going to get the warden? Hey where are you two going? Hey!!

Oh my, poor honey. Can you hear me in there? You'd think you were that Hannibal Leck-a-ter or somethin' in that masky contraption. Honey can you blink for me? So I know you're listnin'? Poop-bear blink once if you can hear me-- twice if you can't.

Well this is certainly going to be a one-way conversation. Oh I hate this phone. But I came prepared this time.

[She unplugs the phone and plugs in a headset.]

What did you do hon, to get in that crazy suit? Now you didn't get violent or anything? Try not get frustrated bear, it's going to be all right I swear.

[She's got the headset on.]

Now. How do I look? Can you hear me huh? Look like I'm on American Idol? Good idea huh?

So are you eating good? Huh? Keep your strength up? Did you get the food I sent? The magazines? That's good blinkin' honey were gonna be all right I think. Well I know they're workin' us over pretty good, but... I... Now I know you don't want to say anything more to get you in trouble, but I think honesty is really the best policy at this point-- now don't look at me like that, they didn't tell me to say that, I had to say that 'cause...

(sighs) Oh honey what're we gonna do with you? With us? You really got yourself into a heap of poop this time poop bear. I know you're sorry, I know. But... You think you're so smart. It's almost as if you really believe that I didn't know.

Of course, known about it the whole time. Oh, I see that got your eyes blinkin' now didn't it. Yes, I know, I knew. A long time, well, I shouldn't say that 'cause I really don't know how long your little killing spree problem's went on, but it's been a spell. The problem now is they're askin' me a lot of questions about these girls see... But don't you worry I haven't said a word. Not a word. I'm like the Go-Go's, my lips are sealed!

(laughs) You like that one?

But, honey pot, you should just tell them where some of them are so they can commute your sentence, that's what they said. 'Cause they told me if you tell them where you put some of those girls I could see you more. And I think we need to see more of each other. And I'm sure they'd get you out of that contraption, which is just ridiculous. They also told me that if I told them what I know they might let me even get a conjugal visit.

(laughs) I know you told me not to talk to them and you're right, I think they're messin' with me... but I also think you should take them up on it. But you're right, ya know what, I'm going to leave that up you. And I didn't tell them anything don't worry, but you, YOU got to tell them where some of their parts are or somethin' or they're going to just treat you worse and worse. Give 'em like one of their heads, or an arm or a finger or somethin', just give 'em a hint. They already found a lot of stuff in our freezer in the basement so I don't see what the big deal is! See we should be seein' more of each other now cause...

Look what I brought. Surprise! A picnic! They said they'd let me bring this in. Look! A pic-a-nic basket. Like Yogi Bear! Eh? Boo-boo? Let me just set this up, EVEN though I know you can't eat, I just thought it would be nice to take us back... oh, here they come. Well of course I know he can't accept it, there's a window between us duh! How's he supposed to eat anything in that straight jacket thing anyway? Geez, cops sure are stupid. Oh damn I busted the crackers —now just get back over there officer Fratello, he ain't goin' no where!

Now. So I thought we'd have a little picnic just like we did on our first date, up in the park? Ya know, by that first girl they found, down by the river? Well of course you

remember. A little cheese, salami, French bread, this is that good French bread, it's from Safeway. And this is the coup de grace.

[Pulls out bottle of wine.]

Hm? It's a merlot. Like... like we used to have. Like blood huh? That's why the Christian's drink it. 'Cause Jesus gave his blood at the Last Supper. Cistercians and Benedictines grew grapes for wine in the middle-ages for the mass. Yeah, I've been doing some research. Proud of me? Now I see your eyes. No this was my idea, not the cops.

Look bear, you know, you know what they're saying? Not the papers. Them. These detectives. Oh poop-bear... they're saying you ate those girls. Ate them. They saw bite marks on... the bones. I told them that it must have been a critter or somethin', a wolf, a bear or... but they said the marks, the in-den-ta-tions match your teeth. Now I need to know. I need to know now. You're all I know, you're the only person I can believe. No more secrets because...

The news is all sayin' these girls had merlot in their stomachs and well, a heck of a lot of people drink merlot, so my boyfriend drinks merlot, and then sometimes I wash some blood out of his shirts, but that's from the hunting trip he says and that's what all that cured meat in the basement is, just deer meat, venison you say, and all this doesn't mean my boyfriend is a serial killer, it doesn't mean anything, none of it means anything, he just has a little problem, but eating? Eating women hon?! And don't tell me I should be happy in a way because you didn't have sex with them, that's what one of those cops said, the little shit, but damn poop-bear I'd give anything at this point to just have a two timing philandering son-of-a-bitch. A cheater, why couldn't you just cheat hon? A DUI! Holding up an AM/PM?! Why's it gotta be eating human flesh? Why now when I'm...

[She pops the wine, pours.]

I know you can't speak. And knowing you, you probably wouldn't. But when you do, I want the truth. It's important now...

'Cause, I'll never escape you. Whether I stand beside you or don't. Whether you're in there five years or a hundred. You'll never leave me. I'll never not be reminded of you. You may go on in there alone without me, but out here, you're everywhere. Whether you live or die. This is my blood, I give it up for you.

Guess you would have done really well up in the Andes mountains with that soccer team. Always wondered why you bought that DVD. You're a sick, sick little poop-bear. But you're my poop bear.

[Downs some wine.]

Well I came here for the last time because—beyond the cops pushin’ me around-I wrote a song, last night. I needed to, I don’t know what else to do.

[GWEN strums on her guitar, sings.]

He’s got... one thing on his mind
 He’s got... too much time to think
 Three minutes to talk on the phone in the hall
 He’s got... four walls, a bucket, and a sink
 He’s got... sixty years to life
 He’s got... sixty years to life

We all have our problems, some have more some have less
 When I met the man of my dreams, it was not a dream, to wind up in this mess
 But what else do you do? You love him, he loves you
 You would not run, you would not leave him this way
 You would stand by him, just like I stand today

See my boyfriend, he might got himself caught up in jail
 He might have killed two dozen women, give or take a few
 Despite his flaws I stay with him, support him without fail
 Because I love him, I know he loves me too

Now your boyfriend, he may be wearin’ women’s clothes
 He may be sellin’ your home movies on the Internet
 The point I’m tryin’ to make is this, we never really know
 We all have secrets, some secrets we regret

He’s got him, sixty years to life. Sixty years to life
 I will gladly wait and I will proudly be his wife
 Even if it takes, sixty years to life

[She crosses out from behind window, sings to audience.]

So I will hope and I will pray. I do not know what else there is
 And though it may appear that I am strong and I am sure
 I have my worries. God knows he has his
 But what else do you do? You love him, he loves you
 I will tell him I am here for him, I will tell him I will wait
 And I will tell him... that I am five days late...

They gave him, sixty years to life. Sixty years to life
 Sixty years to life. Sixty years to life

I got... one thing on my mind
 I got... too much time to think

Bell keeps ringing on the phone in the hall
I got... four walls, and some, wine to drink

(beat, lights fade, out)

END OF PLAY