

ROGUES: Scene 4 (5/'23)

(JANET picked up for DUI)

SETTING:

Church Garden

AT RISE:

JANET sits in the old (lawn chair) she is disheveled, hair messed up, Khaki shorts and pink polo shirt wrinkled and stained. She wears sneakers with one sock missing. She is trying to lace her sneaker, but her hands are shaking badly. FR. TOM enters carrying her phone and a glass of water. He hands her the glass of water which she downs thirstily.

JANET

(reaches for the phone)

I need to call them. (tries to turn on phone). Fuck. It's dead! (extends it toward FR. TOM)

FR. TOM

I don't have a charger for that.

JANET

Goddamit, we have to call!

FR. TOM

I did.

JANET

What did they say?

FR. TOM

They'll call back.

JANET

Where is she? Surely to god not in jail.

FR. TOM

Adult Protective Services took her.

TOM
Janet

START

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TOM
Janet

START

JANET
Took her where?

FR. TOM
Temporary housing. Probably one of the assisted living facilities.

JANET
She won't like that.

FR. TOM
Until they decide on a long-term solution.

JANET
Long-term? I am going to pick her up tomorrow.

FR. TOM
It doesn't work like that.

JANET
She has to come home. She will be really upset and confused.

FR. TOM
They won't let her come home until everyone involved, the police, APS, judge, etc decide..

JANET
Give me your phone. I need to straighten this out.

FR. TOM
It's not a good idea -

JANET
Where is your fucking phone, Tom!

FR. TOM
Sit down, Janet. Now. (JANET sits) Do you remember what happened last night?

JANET
I spent the night at the El Dorado County jail.

FR. TOM
Before that?

JANET
I don't want to talk about it.

FR. TOM
Were you in a blackout?

JANET
No I wasn't in a goddamn blackout. (slaps pockets) My wallet.

FR. TOM
In my office. And your sunglasses.

JANET
Thank god. They're prescription.

FR. TOM
I'll get you a cup of coffee.

JANET
I can't drink that -

FR. TOM
-- Jesus Christ, Janet. It's Peets.

JANET
I haven't heard you swear like that.

FR. TOM
Let's pretend it was a supplication. And while I'm gone I want you to remember everything that happened last night.

FR. TOM exits. JANET again tries to lace her sneakers, hands trembling. She starts to cry, wipes her nose on her shirt. She drops the lace, then the shoe, picks the shoe up and throws it across the garden.

JANET
Goddammit, mother fucking Jesus Christ to hell.

FR. TOM
(enters, carrying coffee)
Impressive. Think you got the entire trinity in there.

JANET takes the cup and tries to take a sip, spilling coffee down the front of her.

JANET
Fuck!

FR. TOM
(taking the coffee)
Let's let it cool. Wouldn't want you to ruin your shirt.

FR. TOM goes over and picks up the shoe and starts to lace it.

FR. TOM
What happened last night?

JANET
They took my watch. They wanted my ring but I couldn't get it off. Thought they were going to break my finger. Or cut it off.

FR. TOM
It was the El Dorado County jail, Janet, not a Siberian gulag.

JANET
Well, they weren't very nice.

FR. TOM
You registered 3.0 on the breathalyzer.

JANET
I think it was because we're gay.

FR. TOM
Janet. The breathalyzer doesn't give a fuck if you are gay. You were driving drunk with Mo in the backseat.

JANET
I don't need to be lectured by you.

FR. TOM
Where were you drinking before you picked her up.

JANET
The wine shop on Main Street. They had a tasting, some new reds from the local vineyards. I hadn't had anything to eat, they usually offer cheese -

FR. TOM
How much did you drink -

JANET
It was a tasting, Tom, I don't know -

FR. TOM
-- Were you drunk?

JANET
No! I've been a lot drunker.

FR. TOM
Well, that's fucking good to know.

JANET
I don't need you to lecture me, Tom.

FR. TOM
Janet, look at me. Look at me! It's bad enough that you endanger your own life, but to put Mo in danger -

JANET
-- I'm sorry.

FR. TOM
You're gonna have to come up with something better than that for the judge.

JANET watches as
FR. TOM laces her
shoe.

JANET
(sips coffee)
They took my shoelaces so I wouldn't hang myself.
(FR. TOM hands JANET the shoe.)
But that's not how I'd do it.

FR. TOM
How would you do it?

JANET
Go into the garage with a quart of Smirnoff, stick a hose in the tailpipe, turn on Madama Butterfly -

FR. TOM
Very dramatic. And alcoholic.

JANET
You're angry with me.

FR. TOM
I'm trying not to be, but I am. Furious.

JANET
Would it help if I said I've hit bottom?

End

START

On site Meeting
 Julie
 Budget
 July 13th
 Ask Tom or Bob
 WTR, Charlotte

Equity
 1 Actor?
 Minimum
 three

ROGUES

A DARKLY HUMOROUS PLAY
 By
 Charlotte Higgins

SETTING: Sutterville, a small, semi-rural town in the Sierra Foothills of California.

TIME: The present.

CHARACTERS

FR. TOM: Male, late 40s. The priest at a small, dying Episcopal Church in the town. A Bay Area transplant.

BOBBIE: Female, 40s. A sexy, smart local, taking care of her husband Merc, who has emphysema from smoking all his life.

COLE: Female, 17, turning 18 in a few months. In and out of trouble, released to Fr. Tom from Juvie Hall. Takes care of her father, an alcoholic who has cirrhosis but finally lands on the liver transplant list.

GERTIE: Female, late 60s, another local woman who is very religious and is taking care of her husband Stan, a former cop, who has dementia from Parkinson's Disease.

MARGARET: Female, 50s or 60s, a quiet smart woman who is taking care of her husband Warren who has Parkinson's. She is hated by Warren's two doctors, daughters who still worship their sainted mother who died of cancer.

JANET: Female, late 60s, lesbian to takes care of her long-term wife Mo, who has dementia. She is another transplant from the Bay Area and an alcoholic.

Runs through
 Enjoyed
 Not much
 like it

Tough
 Moral
 Center
 Funny
 tells
 truths

Sub

SUMMARY

The play opens in the basement of the Episcopal Church where Fr. Tom is the priest. He has invited the women, a seeming group of misfits he has met at various times in the small community, to start a caregivers' support group at his church. He thinks he will be able to somehow guide them but finds that they are like a group of feral cats and they instead go at it. The only thing that keeps them

together is the fact they have no other place to go and no one else who understands what they are going through.

The play is a realistic, unsentimental, funny and sometimes brutal look at the plight of caregivers. It portrays poignant loss of their loved ones and the life they have lived or hoped to live as well as a look at the loss of themselves.

DEVELOPMENT

I have worked with my playwriting coach in NYC on the development of the play. We will take another go at it and then I will work with the dramaturg Jane Wenger in the Bay Area to refine the play.