

# THE WHIMSY OF A DOUBLE-BREASTED BLAZER

Act 1

SCENE 1

(The setting is a slightly disheveled kitchen. Pots and pans are scattered about, not in an unclean way, more like in an unfinished thought kind of way. The kitchen is decorated in a way that seems like someone just happened upon a collection of items over a long period of time. The two curtains on the window do not match each other. None of the décor matches anything else in the kitchen. The time is twelve noon. A window is open and a slight breeze rolls in. At a rickety table with one leg that is a hair too short sits OSCAR. He wears bedraggled bedroom slippers and a light blue bathrobe. His hair is uncombed. His shirt is a white t-shirt reading "Free Style". Enter ARCHIE. He wears an ill-fitting double breasted blazer in goldenrod accompanying a pair burnt orange corduroy slacks with well-worn patches on the seat. His moccasins are tattered, but he has an air of aristocracy about himself, as if he has no idea his clothes are in a state of disarray.)

ARCHIE

I came to pick up the ground beef I left in your freezer-box a few months prior.

OSCAR

It has freezer burn.

ARCHIE

I don't mind.

OSCAR

What's it for?

ARCHIE

I have a serious bruise.

OSCAR

Ah. Yes. Well, I'll collect it for you then.

ARCHIE

Do you want to know how I obtained it?

OSCAR

The ground beef?

ARCHIE

Oh, no. The bruise, of course.

OSCAR

Not particularly.

ARCHIE

I see. Are you certain?

OSCAR

Well, alright, then.

ARCHIE

I was strolling through a golden meadow. Wheat grass just absolutely everywhere you looked.

OSCAR

It sounds photoesque.

ARCHIE

I'm assuming you mean picturesque?

OSCAR

Not at all. Go on then.

ARCHIE

As I strolled along, I felt as though I should casually chew on a stalk of wheat, it being absolutely everywhere you looked.

OSCAR

Naturally.

ARCHIE

So I plucked a particularly handsome stalk and carefully placed it between my exceptionally strong teeth.

OSCAR

And how did it taste? Sweet?

ARCHIE

No. It tasted like tears.

OSCAR

Of course.

ARCHIE

I took it from my teeth and stuck it in the left-hand pocket of my double-breasted blazer. So the elegant end was pointing towards the stupendously seasonal sky.

OSCAR

What color was it?

ARCHIE

Why goldenrod of course!

OSCAR

I meant the suit jacket.

ARCHIE

Yes. As did I.

(OSCAR waves his hand in a manner as if to say, "do go on.")

I strolled along at a leisurely speed of my choosing, and a cheery little fellow of a chipmunk crossed my path, which as we all know, brings good luck.

(OSCAR casts him a dubious look, ARCHIE does not notice.)

OSCAR

Right...

ARCHIE

I attempted to chase him down, but the leisurely speed of my choosing to which I was strolling was no match for the young sir.

OSCAR

You refer to the rodent?

ARCHIE

Who else?

OSCAR

Of course.

(After a lengthy pause, ARCHIE continues his story.)

ARCHIE

By this point, the sun is just shining straight into my eye. So I fashioned a makeshift eye-patch out of some creeper vine I found along the path and an old sock heel that so happened to be in my trouser pocket.

OSCAR

And thus, your poor eye was saved from the sun's evil glare?

(A joyous look comes over ARCHIE'S face.)

ARCHIE

Nicely put.

(OSCAR shrugs a bashful shrug.)

OSCAR

Well,

ARCHIE

Ambling on. I reached a lovely boulder I simply had to take a brief two-hour rest upon.

OSCAR

What kind of boulder was it?

ARCHIE

Ah, I'm glad you ask. Limestone by the look and feel of it.

OSCAR

A lovely stone.

ARCHIE

My thoughts exactly.

OSCAR

What happened next?

ARCHIE

Since I had graciously taken a brief reprieve, it was now pitch dark.

OSCAR

That's no walk in the park.

ARCHIE

No, it was a walk in the dark.

OSCAR

And through a meadow.

ARCHIE

And through a meadow.

(ARCHIE looks out the window with an annoyed look.)

Do you hear those chattering birds?

OSCAR

I think they're sweet.

ARCHIE

Oh, my. Well, okay.

(He turns to the window and shouts at the birds.)

Do you desire to be a part of our conversation, then?

(A strange balding man with little chin suddenly pops up at the open window.)

STRANGE MAN

I don't speak bird, but I can say for myself, I sure do.

ARCHIE

Not now, Wally, we are having a serious discussion.

WALLY

Rats, bats, and cats, this always happens. Is it my timing?

ARCHIE

No, Wally, it's your breath.

OSCAR

Yes, yes. Definitely his breath.

ARCHIE

Awful, isn't it? Like damp, decaying leaves.

OSCAR

Or wet dog.

ARCHIE

Or dirty under shorts.

OSCAR

Or month-old chili.

WALLY

Hey you guys, I'm still here.

ARCHIE

Not for long.

OSCAR

No, no.

(Together, they close the window and draw the curtains.)

Why is your eye so swollen and red? Did you get slapped in the eye again?

ARCHIE

No, not this time. The creeper vine I used for my eye patch was actually not a vine, it was poison ivy. Deceptive vegetation!

OSCAR

That's rich.

ARCHIE

Or poor.

OSCAR

So what happened next? How did you get the bruise?

ARCHIE

Oh, the bruise. I obtained it just now entering your house. You should really put that doorknob at a level that is not hip-level.

OSCAR

May I take a look?

(ARCHIE gestures broadly at the front door.)

ARCHIE

Be my guest.

OSCAR

I believe you are my guest, in actuality. And I was speaking of the bruise.

ARCHIE

Certainly.

(ARCHIE bares his right hip. There is absolutely no bruise whatsoever. )

OSCAR

It's quite bad, is it?

ARCHIE

Quite.

END SCENE