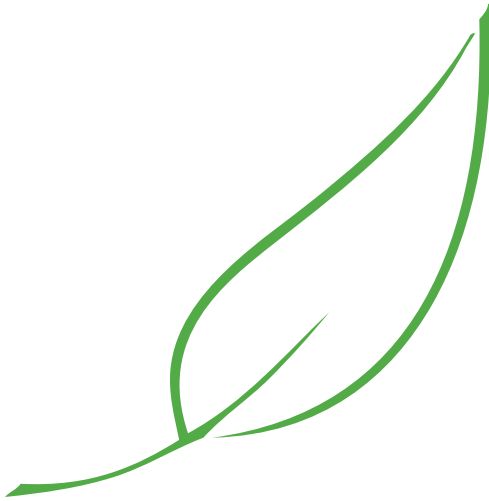


# Our Place

By Mark Scharf



GREEN ROOM PRESS

[greenroompress.com](http://greenroompress.com)

# OUR PLACE

By Mark Scharf

Copyright © MMXIV by Mark Scharf, All rights reserved.

**CAUTION:** Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

**RIGHTS RESERVED:** All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

**PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS:** All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Green Room Press, INC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Green Room Press, INC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Green Room Press, INC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Green Room Press, INC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

**AUTHOR CREDIT:** All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

**PUBLISHER CREDIT:** Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Green Room Press, INC.***

**COPYING:** Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Green Room Press, INC.

GREEN ROOM PRESS, INC.  
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406  
TOLL FREE (888) 350-5005 • FAX (319) 368-8011

**OUR PLACE**  
**By Mark Scharf**

# OUR PLACE

By Mark Scharf

**SYNOPSIS:** Almost every couple has that special restaurant, bar, hotel, cabin-in-the-woods or even an open field that they think of as “our place.” Throughout their long years together, Vince and Christine’s place has been their unostentatious neighborhood restaurant with its friendly faces and good comfort food served in familiar surroundings. But now, Vince’s mind has begun to fail and it seems Christine must remember for two. Can a return visit awaken Vince to all that binds them together? *OUR PLACE* is a gentle, bittersweet play about the eternal strength and perseverance of love.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(1 male, 1 female)*

VINCE (m).....An older man. *(43 lines)*

CHRISTINE (f).....His wife. *(43 lines)*

**TIME:** The present

## PRODUCTION NOTES

The production requirements can be as simple as a table and two chairs, or as elaborate as budget and artistic choices allow. There should be a napkin dispenser, salt and pepper shakers, menus and a catsup bottle on the table.

The part of VINCE should be played without any physical or voice affectations; no physical or vocal tics (e.g. shuffling feet, stuttering) should be used to indicate that he is a man in decline. To the casual observer at another table, VINCE would appear “normal;” only close observation of his behavior and words, as the audience is privy to, should make his condition evident.

**PRODUCTION HISTORY**

The Laurel Mill Playhouse presented the world premiere production of OUR PLACE in September 2013 in Laurel, MD.

VINCE ..... David McCrary

CHRISTINE ..... Maureen Rogers

PRODUCER: Maureen Rogers

DIRECTOR: David McCrary

STAGE MANAGERS: Lori Brunn and Janet Olsen

**AT RISE:** *The lights rise on two chairs in front and in back of a table. On the table are a napkin dispenser, salt and pepper shakers, menus and a catsup bottle. VINCE and CHRISTINE slowly enter together as though they were a bride and her father walking down the aisle; CHRISTINE's right hand resting in the crook of VINCE's left arm, VINCE's right hand resting on of hers. THEY are dressed nicely, but casually; SHE wears a dress and HE has a sport coat on over a polo shirt. THEY make their way to the table and stand beside it.*

**CHRISTINE:** This won't do...This won't do at all...(SHE pats his hand then gently removes her hand from his arm.)

**VINCE:** I don't think...

**CHRISTINE:** Don't you worry; I know how you like things. (SHE places the two chairs side-by-side behind the table facing the audience. SHE then pulls back one of chairs for VINCE to sit.) They won't mind, Vince. This is our place, remember? They know us here. (VINCE hesitates and SHE crosses to him and gently maneuvers him to the chair. HE sits and SHE helps him pull the chair up to the table.) Here we are. (SHE sits next to him.) Just the way you like it. Beside each other. (SHE picks up a menu, Beat as HE stares at her.) Isn't this nice? You like it here.

**VINCE:** Our place.

**CHRISTINE:** Yes. You're always comfortable here. (Pointing out the features.) You've always liked exposed wooden beams and dark paneling... And I know you get a kick out all these old movie posters on the wall...(Beat as HE stares where SHE points, but says nothing.) And the light. Not too bright, not so dim that you can't see your food – it's just right.

**VINCE:** (Stares at her.) Is it... right?

**CHRISTINE:** It's perfect. Just like you.

**VINCE:** (Slowly shaking his head no.) No, I...

**CHRISTINE:** We can order your favorite. Or would you like to try something new?

**VINCE:** I don't... I don't...

**CHRISTINE:** *(SHE hands him a menu.)* Here's the menu. Although I don't know why you'd need it. You know it by heart. *(HE opens it and stares at it.)* If you see something you want...*(HE puts the menu on the table and turns to look away. Beat.)* It is nice in here, isn't it? You always feel at home here...*(VINCE turns to her and extends a hand towards her holding up an index finger.)* Yes, Love? *(Beat.)* We're Number One?

**VINCE:** Our place. *(Beat.)*

**CHRISTINE:** That's right.

*SHE gently folds his index finger down towards the palm of his hand with one hand while SHE covers his entire extended hand with her other hand. SHE brings his hand to his lips and kisses his fingers. HE slowly withdraws his hand from hers and sits back in his chair. HE holds the hand SHE kissed before him, turning it over and back again examining the palm and the back of his hand. CHRISTINE watches him for a moment, then rests her arms on their elbows on the table and folds her hands together, as if in prayer. HE places his hands flat on the table and stares at her.*

**VINCE:** Praying?

**CHRISTINE:** Yes. I guess I'm always praying. Would you like to pray? Say grace before we eat?

**VINCE:** No.

**CHRISTINE:** All right. *(SHE looks up and waves towards a point in the distance.)* Look, Vince – it's that waitress you like. You always flirt with her. I always worry that when I go to the Ladies room I'll come back and you two will be gone.

**VINCE:** Going, going, gone.

**CHRISTINE:** You're still a devil.

**VINCE:** Yes.

**CHRISTINE:** Well, even the devil was an angel once. And you're my angel.

**VINCE:** Yes.

**CHRISTINE:** What's her name, now? Shelly? Kelly? Umm...*(HE laughs.)* Oh, you think it's funny that I can't remember her name?

**VINCE:** Funny.

**CHRISTINE:** You're right. It is funny. Some days, I'm surprised I can remember anything at all. *(Beat.)* I wish I knew what you remember.

**VINCE:** *(HE picks up the various objects on the table and lines them up in front of him.)* I don't know what to say. What should I say?

**CHRISTINE:** You don't have to say anything. Would you like an ice tea?

**VINCE:** I don't know.

**CHRISTINE:** You like ice tea. *(HE shrugs.)* I know you'd rather have a beer but I'm afraid with all the...*(HE shrugs.)* Oh, why not? You can have anything you'd like.

**VINCE:** I'm hungry.

**CHRISTINE:** Would you like me to order for you? *(HE shrugs.)* It's all right. I'll order. Just as soon as the waitress comes over. I guess she's busy. Although I don't know doing what. Pretty empty right now. Well, she saw us. I'm sure she'll be right over. *(SHE picks up the menu.)* I think I'll have the lasagna. Lasagna and a salad with blue cheese dressing. *(Looks sideways at him.)* Yes, I know, I know. I *always* have the lasagna. I like it but I just don't ever feel like making it at home. It's too much trouble. But no trouble here; I ask for it and it appears like magic. I'd take us out every single night if we could afford it. *(HE reaches into his jacket pocket and withdraws his wallet.)* Oh, no Dear. Please put that away. This is all on me. All right? *(HE puts his wallet in his back pocket.)* But it was a very gallant gesture. Tres gallant! *(SHE leans over and kisses him on the cheek.)* And I'm guessing you'll have a cheeseburger with bacon. Am I right?

**VINCE:** What?

**CHRISTINE:** A nice, manly burger. Red meat and cheese. Goes with a beer. You like that.

**VINCE:** Do I?

**CHRISTINE:** Yes. *(Beat.)* Did you want something different...

**VINCE:** *(Agitated.)* No. No, no I don't want... I don't know... I don't know. This place...*(HE stands.)* This place.

**CHRISTINE:** This is our place, Vince. You like this place.

**VINCE:** *(Flatly.)* I like this place.



# GREEN ROOM PRESS

*Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:*

*OUR PLACE*

*by Mark Scharf.*

*For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script,  
please contact us at:*

GREEN ROOM PRESS, INC.

[customerservice@greenroompress.com](mailto:customerservice@greenroompress.com)

[www.greenroompress.com](http://www.greenroompress.com)