

# Seasons

by George Sapio  
Copr. 2012

## **Cast Breakdown**

Woman 1/Fall: 60s-70s

Woman 2/Spring: Early 20s

Summer: M, Late teens, early 20s, but younger than Woman 2

**Teaser:** It's a lucky woman who has a grandmother who will kick her ass out of bed.

**Synopsis:** Spring is once again hungover, and late for her annual changing of the season. Grandma Fall tries valiantly to help her get ready, and ends up teaching her a lesson about the love of family.

**Bio:** George Sapio is a playwright, director, dramaturg, and festival producer living in Ithaca, NY. His plays include: *Fault Lines*, *Oatmeal and a Cigarette*, which was awarded Critics' Pick at the 2008 Cincinnati Fringe Festival; *And They Lived Happily Ever After*, commissioned by the Kitchen Theatre in 2006; *Ghosts*, winner of the 2001 Panowski Award; and *Headstrong*, a comedy about love, Middle English, impotence, and dismemberment. He received his M.F.A. in playwriting from Goddard College and has a certificate in ESL. He is also the producing artistic director for the annual Ithaca (NY) Fringe Festival ([www.ithacafringe.org](http://www.ithacafringe.org)). His new book, *Workshopping the New Play (How to proceed after the fifth draft and before the public sees it)* is now under publisher's consideration.

George Sapio  
PO Box 403  
Spencer, NY 14883  
(607) 351-3765 (cell)  
[sapio@gsapio.com](mailto:sapio@gsapio.com)

## Seasons

Time: March 21

Setting: The ether...somewhere

*A bed. Someone is in it, huddled deeply under the covers. Snoring. WOMAN 1 comes in holding a glass of water.*

**WOMAN 1**

God, I hate this.

*She puts the water down on a nightstand. Tries to wake up the sleeping figure, who moans and curls up tighter.*

**WOMAN 1**

Come on, dear. It's time to wake up.

*From under the muffled covers, the sleeping figure moans again and speaks unintelligibly.*

**WOMAN 1**

Well, there's certainly no call for that kind of language.

*WOMAN 1 pulls the covers off the bed, revealing a bedraggled young woman. The YOUNG WOMAN moans loudly and reaches for the covers, but WOMAN 1 holds them away from her. The YOUNG WOMAN wakes with difficulty, and tries to warm herself up. Finally she opens her eyes...and moans again. She is quite hungover. Suddenly she lunges from the bed and grabs the blanket, quickly wrapping it around her. She falls back on the bed.*

**WOMAN 2**

Oh, god. Just let me die.

**WOMAN 1**

It's time to get up and go to work.

**WOMAN 2**

What day is it?

**WOMAN 1**

March 21.

**WOMAN 2**

Ohh...crap! Just gimme another week. Just one. Please.

**WOMAN 1**

Can't do that, you know. Time to rise and shine.

**WOMAN 2**

I need aspirin.

*WOMAN 1 takes a bottle from her pocket. WOMAN 2 holds out a hand. WOMAN 1 pours three pills into the outstretched hand. WOMAN 2 looks at them, then holds her hand out again. WOMAN 1 pours again. Then gives up and hands WOMAN 2 the bottle, then the glass of water. WOMAN 2 swallows the pills in her hand, then upends the bottle into her mouth.*

**WOMAN 1**

Really, dear. I don't know why you do this to yourself.

**WOMAN 2**

*(Belches loudly)* Because it's fun. You couldn't wake me any sooner than this? At least give me a head start?

**WOMAN 1**

I assumed you'd want all the sleep you could get. You arrived home rather late.

**WOMAN 2**

...When?

**WOMAN 1**

January...

**WOMAN 2**

Ooohhh.....!

**WOMAN 1**

27<sup>th</sup>.

**WOMAN 2**

OOOOHHH!! Oh, god, no. No, no, no, no, no.

**WOMAN 1**

With a surprise, too.

*WOMAN 2 looks up, opens one eye, then, with trepidation, feels around on the bed.*

**WOMAN 2**

Did he leave already?

**WOMAN 1**

Did who leave?

**WOMAN 2**

I...don't know. Did I...?

**WOMAN 1**

Well. You'd better start getting ready. I'm sure your grandfather is about ready to call it a season...

**WOMAN 2**

Who are you kidding? Grandpa never wants to call it a season. He'd stay there forever and you know that. This year I'm bringing a crowbar.

**WOMAN 1**

Well, either way, you're due to start today. It's the vernal equinox.

**WOMAN 2**

Screw the equinox. *(Beat.)* Sorry, Grandma. Couldn't you...?

**WOMAN 1**

Spring, dear, *I* need to get some sleep while I can. And you know your grandfather. You should—you take after him. He'll get off of work, go out and party till July or August and then come home absolutely reeking of honeysuckle and microbrews and want to, as he puts it, shake his icicles. I don't mind relaxing after work, but there's going to be one person in this family who's ready to do her duty. Come September 22, I'm in that chair. What do you think would happen if—

**WOMAN2/SPRING**

All right! I'm getting up. *(She doesn't move.)* I really hate dislodging Grandpa.

**WOMAN 1/FALL**

Well then, maybe you'd rather switch with me. I have to get your brother off that chair and believe me, I'd rather have a root canal. I'm the most unpopular one in this family, do you know that?

**SPRING**

Yes, Grandma. I know.

**FALL**

How do you think I feel having to push Summer out of the way every year? Do you know the complaints I get? Who wants to see him go? No one! Down go the temperatures, out come the woolen clothes, and does anyone thank me for turning the leaves all sorts of pretty colors? I'm trying to make the transition easier, make it a little pretty for everyone, but do I get a word of thanks? No, all I get is, "It's cold!" and "Why do they start Thanksgiving advertising in September?" So no, dear, I will not get your grandfather out of that chair. That is your job.

**SPRING**

I wanna die. Just let me die.

*[SUMMER enters, dressed in colorful clothing: shorts, tank top, sandals, sunglasses, whatever it takes to make him look like a college student on Spring break in Florida. He is holding a large beer.]*

**SUMMER**

Well, you were certainly in the company for that.

**SPRING**

Oh, no. What do you mean?

**FALL**

She doesn't remember!

**SUMMER**

What a shame. I can only blame our parents for this.

**SPRING**

Grandma...

**FALL**

Well, he's right, I have to admit. Working different shifts. Your father comes home from pushing the sun all day and your mother is off to work, playing with the moon and making the tides swell. I'm surprised you or your brother are here at all. If it weren't for the occasional eclipse neither of you would exist.

**SPRING**

Did I come home with anyone? Summer, shut up. Grandma.

**SUMMER**

Can I tell her? Please? (*SPRING makes a pitiful face*)

**FALL**

Oh, all right.

**SUMMER**

Well as I recall—

**SPRING**

Can you not shout?

**SUMMER**

I'm sorry. How rude of me. Let me just say one word. Pestilence.

**SPRING**

Pestilence? [*Pause. Realization.*] EEEWWWW!

**FALL**

He was kind enough to see you home. Drunk as a lord he was, make no mistake, but at least he remembers his manners. The rest of that motley crew of degenerates stayed in the chariot passing around an amphora of Vulcan's Atomic Martinis and singing—

**SPRING**

Omigod. Martinis. I swear I'll never drink again.

*[SUMMER cackles]*

**FALL**

And singing some very off-color songs. Famine threw up on my prize rhododendron. Actually, I'm surprised there was anything in his stomach to begin with...

**SUMMER**

Then War started yelling something about an invasion of evil fairies and beheaded every lawn flamingo on the block.

**FALL**

And Death asked me—again—if I wanted to see his boner. That ghoul's humor is so puerile. You'd think that twelve-foot scythe is enough of a giveaway. What were you doing with that crowd?

*(SPRING mumbles something)*

**FALL**

What was that, dear?

**SPRING**

Strip Yahtzee.

**SUMMER**

[*Cackles*] Oh, I love it! You are such an example of upright living. When I grow up I wanna be just like my older sister. She's such a paragon of virtue.

**FALL**

That's enough. One of these days, Spring, you are simply going to have to abandon this sybaritic behavior. Last year, well last year...

**SUMMER**

We found you in a tree dressed in a diaper and a Buffalo Bills cap.

**FALL**

There are lots of nice boys who would jump at the chance to take you out...

**SPRING**

Grandma...

**FALL**

I don't see why you don't give that nice Narcissus a chance...

**SUMMER**

Ohh yeah, he's a real winner...

**SPRING**

...stop...

**SUMMER**

He always asks about you when we see him coming out of his Egotists Anonymous meeting.

**FALL**

I think that's quite enough, Summer

**SUMMER**

Oh, come off it, Grandma. You always let her get away with everything.

**FALL**

Is that a beer you are holding?

**SUMMER**

What? This? Well, uhh...

**FALL**

You know how I feel about drinking in the house. In fact, since you're here I did tell Hercules I would find someone to help him clean out the Augean stables. You know he still hasn't quite recovered from his hernia operation...

**SUMMER**

Whoa, gee! Look at the time! I just remembered I have an appointment to get... before.... Hey, I gotta—

**FALL**

Well then you'd better get going. I wouldn't want you to be late.

**SUMMER**

Right. Bye Grandma. [*Loudly*] Feel better, Spring!

[*SUMMER exits rapidly*]

**FALL**

You need to choose your companions a bit more judiciously.

**SPRING**

I'm sorry. I know you mean well, but the problem is...well...the nice boys... they're all kind of boring.

**FALL**

Boring can be good for a change. Believe me.

**SPRING**

You keep telling me that. And I know you're probably right. But...I'm not ready for boring.

**FALL**

You will be before you know it.

**SPRING**

Is that why you married Grandpa? He was boring?

**FALL**

That is a completely different thing, my dear. Your grandfather was not boring at all. In fact he was quite the hellraiser. And quite a dancer for someone covered in frost. Why do you think I married him?

**SPRING**

Because you were pregnant?

*(Long pause)*

**FALL**

Let me tell you something. I know times change and now people are encouraged to air their private details—

**SPRING**

Grandma—

**FALL**

Shut your mouth. All their little private problems. Where I come from we do not. But since you are my favorite granddaughter I will say this. Your grandfather, despite his penchant for high times and low humor, is a gentleman with impeccable manners and great understanding. And he loves you very deeply. No. I was not pregnant. Your grandfather has always treated me with respect and great affection. You don't know him as well as you should, but once or twice a year, we go deep into one of the great forests. He takes my hand and we go walking. There isn't a sound anywhere. The sky is clear and everything is covered in fresh snow. It's so quiet we don't dare say a word. He'll stop once in a while and point to, oh, maybe an icicle fifty feet tall and so pure it looks like polished crystal. It's his handiwork. That is the kind of man your grandfather is. Of course he has been known to have pulled a prank or two in his time, like the time he left an iceberg on Thor's lawn, but that was—

**SPRING**

I don't think I only take after Grandpa.

*(Pause)*

**FALL**

Well. That's good, dear. And now enough of this dilly-dallying. You need to take a nice hot shower and make yourself presentable. The seasons must change.

*(SPRING tries to rise, but is too woozy)*

**SPRING**

I can be a little late. Just until the aspirin kicks in.

**FALL**

*GET YOUR ASS OUT OF THAT BED! PEOPLE ARE GETTING TIRED OF ALL THAT DAMN SNOW!!*

**SPRING**

*(She stands rapidly, very unsteadily)* I think I'm going to throw up.

**FALL**

Then please do it in the bathroom. Last time you tossed your cookies we had forsythia sprouting up all over the living room carpet.

**SPRING**

Where are my laurels? Oh, god, look at this gown! *(Suddenly remembering)* What did you mean I came home with a surprise?

**FALL**

That you can discover for yourself.

**SPRING**

What? What?

**FALL**

Go take a shower, dear.

**SPRING**

Thanks a lot.

*(SPRING wraps herself tighter in the blanket and stumbles offstage. She returns immediately and gives FALL a loving hug. FALL smiles. SPRING exits again. FALL busies herself remaking the bed. From the tangled sheets, she pulls out a long lei of spring flowers, hopelessly destroyed. She coils it, stopping to pick one small flower, which she smells and puts in her pocket. A cry of dismay comes from the bathroom. SPRING re-enters, covering one shoulder with a towel. She takes the towel off, revealing a tattoo which says: Yahtzee!)*