

Oh, Geez, Florida, Yah

By

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Characters:

Marv, father

Heidi, mother

Maggie, daughter

Charlotte, daughter

Jimmy, beach-goer

Setting:

A beach.

Time:

Now.

A beach. A family. MARV, HEIDI, MAGGIE, and CHARLOTTE sit in beach chairs bundled up like the coldest of cold winters. In front of them is a cooler. On top of it is a closed tin foil-covered deep dish of food. They sit for quite awhile, unmoving, not speaking, just staring out at the water. Then, JIMMY walks by, in swim trunks, and a towel over his shoulder. He stares at the family, confused, but moves on, exits.

MARV

Warm out, yah.

HEIDI

Oh, geez, yah, you betcha.

MARV

Bit overdressed we are, sure.

HEIDI

Oh, yah.

MARV

Florida not like Minnesota. Not in December anyway.

Beat.

MARV

Beach is nice, yah?

HEIDI

Oh, the beach is darn nice, sure. Look at those waves crashin', would yah, hon?

MARV

Oh, yah.

Beat.

MARV

And our cottage, yah?

HEIDI

Oh, yah.

MARV

With the view and the spinnin' do-hickey on the ceilin' blowin' the air all over yah, sure.

Beat.

MARV

Gonna be a heckuva Christmas this year, you know? Glad we came down here, you know? Somethin' new, yah?

HEIDI

Twas a great idea, Marv.

MARV

Thanks, Heidi.

Beat.

MARV

You girls goin' down to the cabana later?

MAGGIE

Yah, sure.

CHARLOTTE

Oh, yah.

MARV

Oh, that sure is gonna be nice. Singin' carols, I suppose. Maybe you meet some young fellas, sure.

MAGGIE

Oh, Dad.

MARV

They got nice young fellas down here, don't'cha know?

CHARLOTTE

Oh, geez, Dad.

MAGGIE

Geez.

HEIDI

Don't'cha be kiddin' with 'em now, hon.

MARV

Okey-dokey.

HEIDI

This is their school vacation time, you know?

MARV

Oh, sure. I was just sayin'.

Beat.

CHARLOTTE

Sweatin' a bit here, Dad.

Yah. MAGGIE

Yah. HEIDI

Me, too, you betcha. Anyone gettin' in the water? MARV

Need to get swim suits, you know. CHARLOTTE

Oh, geez, yah. MARV

Yah. MAGGIE

Holy buckets. Forgot about the swim suits. MARV

You know, we can't wear swim suits, hon. HEIDI

Oh, yah. (realizing) MARV

Can't be gettin' *exposed*, you know? HEIDI

Oh, yah. Don't wanna be gettin' *exposed*, no. MARV

Beat.

So...what'cha wanna do? Have a pop from the cooler? Or break open the hotdish? MARV

No, hotdish, Dad. CHARLOTTE/MAGGIE

OK. Maybe take a walk, sure, on the sand? Got seven days to fill, you know? Maybe more. MARV

Just sittin' here is good, hon. HEIDI

Yah? MARV

HEIDI
Oh, yah. Don't gotta do nothin' special, you know.

CHARLOTTE
I'm okey-dokey.

MAGGIE
Me, too, as far as that goes.

MARV
Yah?

MAGGIE
Oh, yah.

CHARLOTTE
Yah, sure.

HEIDI
You betcha, hon.

Just then, JIMMY walks by again, even slower, taking a longer look at the family.

MARV
See, there's a nice, young fella right there.

CHARLOTTE
Oh, Dad.

MAGGIE
Geez, Dad.

JIMMY exits.

MARV
Twice he's come by, you know.

CHARLOTTE
So?

MAGGIE
Twice don't mean much, you know.

MARV
Too shy to say hello, though.

HEIDI
What the heck, hon, don't be gettin' that way again, darn it.

MARV
I'm just sayin'.

HEIDI

We need to lay low, you know, given what happened back home.

MARV

Oh, sure, yah, we need to lay low.

HEIDI

That's why we're wearin' the coats and stuff. So nobody, you know, spots us. Given what happened back home, you know.

MARV

Oh, yah. You betcha.

Beat.

CHARLOTTE

Kinda hot, though, you know.

MAGGIE

Uff da. Hot, sure.

MARV

A pop from the cooler might cool you down, you know?

MAGGIE

Oh, sure, it might.

CHARLOTTE

Oh, sure, you betcha.

No one moves. Just then, JIMMY returns.

MARV

Oh, here he comes again.

This time, JIMMY stops, lurking nearby. Everyone looks over at him. He looks away.

MARV

I think he wants to say somethin'.

JIM looks over. Looks away.

MARV

Maybe one of you girls go talk to him. He's for cute.

CHARLOTTE

Oh, geez, Dad.

MAGGIE

Geez.

HEIDI
You're startin' again, hon.

MARV
Oh, no, he's a-startin' this. Lingerin' like he is.

HEIDI
Don't like the lingerin'. Gotta be careful of the lingerin', if you know what I mean.

MARV
Oh, yah. You're right. (beat) But maybe he's lingerin' because he wants to take one of the girls to the cabana later, you know.

CHARLOTTE
Oh, geez, Dad!

MAGGIE
Geez, Dad, again with the cabana!

HEIDI
But *maybe* it's not the cabana he's after. *Maybe* he recognizes us, sure, from the TV, from what happened back home.

MARV
Oh, yah. May-be.

HEIDI
Us murderin' the snow plow guy and all.

MARV
Oh, yah. You think he recognizes us?

HEIDI
Don't know. Just gotta be on guard, sure.

MARV
Oh, sure, yah.

HEIDI
With us hackin' up the snow plow guy with the tree saw. And then burnin' his body in the oil drum.

MARV
Oh, yah. But none of that would've happened if he hadn't piled the snow on top of our nativity scene in the yard like he did.

HEIDI
You betcha.

MARV
That's such a nice nativity scene, hon.

HEIDI
Oh, yah, I know, hon.

JIMMY moves a little closer.

MARV
He's comin' over.

HEIDI
If he knows us, we're gonna have to kill him, you know.

MARV
Oh, sure. Tree saw's in the cooler just in case.

JIMMY smiles at them.

JIMMY
Hi.

MARV
Hello there.

JIMMY
You all know it's 94 degrees out, right?

MARV
Oh, sure. We're all sweatin', you know, you betcha.

JIMMY
You have the whole beach talking about you.

MARV
Oh, yah?

JIMMY
Hard to miss a family all bundled up on the beach like it's...cold.

MARV
Oh, I suppose. Tis winter, though.

JIMMY
Right. (beat) OK. Anyway, I just wanted to check in and see if everything was OK.

MARV
Oh, yah, everything's okey-dokey.

Beat.

JIMMY
OK, then. Enjoy the beach.

Slightly bemused, JIMMY exits.

MARV

Seems the winter gear brings attention to us, yah.

HEIDI

Yah.

MARV

Probably should change our clothes, yah. Or maybe stay inside, yah.

HEIDI

But the beach is so nice, hon.

MARV

Oh, yah, the beach is nice. (beat) Nice fella he was, too. Do you think he's goin' to the cabana later?

MAGGIE

Geez, Dad!

CHARLOTTE

Geez!

HEIDI

You're really gettin' after the girls, hon. Gonna ruin our vacation, don't you know.

MARV

OK. OK. (beat) All rightie. (beat) I suppose we'll just sit here and enjoy the beach.

MAGGIE

Oh, yah.

CHARLOTTE

Sure.

HEIDI

You betcha.

They don't move.

Lights out.

The End