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SCRUB MY TUB
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More Great Plays From OWP

Killed A Man In Reno

by Robin Hack

3 Males, 1 Female

Synopsis: Kurt and Julie Lawry travel to Reno, Nevada for a wild weekend. The biggest little city in the world doesn't have all the glitz and glamour of Las Vegas, but it is able to offer its own "unique" activities. As soon as Kurt and Julie arrive in their room, the trusty hotel concierge is at their service, offering to get show tickets, reserve gaming tables, make dinner reservations, or let them kill a man just to watch him die. *"It is what Reno, Nevada is famous for Mr. Lawry."*

Mrs. Henderson's Cat

by Lia Romeo

1 Male, 1 Female

Synopsis: Cats do not have nine lives. And when 10-year-old dork Bobby and 11-year-old pageant princess Christine accidentally kill the cat they are supposed to be caring for, they go on the lam to avoid their inevitable punishment. In a plot that twists and turns like a kitty headed for the bathtub, grand theft auto, petty larceny, sugar highs, pop music, and hand holding run wild.

Suburban Peepshow

by James Comtois

6-8 Males, 2 Females

Synopsis: Bill is a husband, father, and professional. But this week, a cross dressing social deviant gets fired at the office and Bill is poised to step into his position. The promotion all but guarantees new dishtowels for the wife, and the in-ground pool for son Jeremy. But a New Girl in the office has designs for Bill, and he ain't gonna pass it up... if you know what I mean. Who can blame him with his wife contemplating jumping the Pool Guy, a strange Carnie Barker interrupting dinner, and the occasion Gladiator battle waiting at home. It all depends on how the Playwright is feeling tonight.

**SCRUB
MY
TUB**

**A ONE ACT PLAY BY
CLAUDIA MELATINI**

SCRUB MY TUB was originally produced in September 2008 by The Production Company Theatre in Los Angeles. It was directed by TL Kolman.

The cast was as follows:

ARETHA Joanna Strapp

GARY Tony Sago

CAST OF CHARACTERS

GARY: In his 30's or 40's. The kind of man who perspires fashionably in 100-degree heat by the pool, wearing a long-sleeved shirt, jeans, and pristine white sneakers.

ARETHA: Late 20's. A classic self-sabotager.

SETTING

Gary's Apartment.

TIME

When everyone else is at work.

SCRUB MY TUB

Scene 1

Setting: GARY's posh, immaculate apartment.

At Rise: GARY paces, fluffing pillows on occasion. There's a knock at the door. He rushes over and opens it. ARETHA enters, wearing a long jacket, heels, and carrying a bucket with cleaning supplies. She sets the bucket down, leans in, and gives GARY a languorous kiss on the cheek.

ARETHA

Hi, I'm Aretha.

GARY

Gary, nice to meet you. You come highly recommended.

(ARETHA knocks over the bucket of cleaning supplies, nearly falling over.)

ARETHA

(Giggles.) I'm such a klutz!

(ARETHA bends over and replaces the items in the Bucket. GARY begins giving orders.)

GARY

(Agitated.) Samantha says you're the best she has. Put the Lysol back first.

ARETHA

The very best.

GARY

Second to Alfonsina, of course. Now the Mr. Clean.

ARETHA

When I'm finished here, you'll be saying, Alfonsina who?

GARY

Oh yeah...maybe there is something to be said for variety.

ARETHA

You got it, baby.

GARY

Put your things down anywhere.

ARETHA

Before I start...

GARY

Money! Of course.

(He takes out five crisp one-hundred dollar bills as ARETHA slips off her jacket. When he sees what she's wearing, he retracts the money.)

Whoa, whoa, whoa!

ARETHA

What's wrong, honey?

GARY

I told Samantha odd undergarments. She knows I like odd undergarments.

ARETHA

What do you mean odd undergarments?

GARY

Not matching. You know, cotton bottoms, lace top? Blue bra, yellow bikini?

ARETHA

I get it. Well, I can always go and come back, or we can reschedule.

GARY

I like things just so. It has to be just so.

ARETHA

(Pulls on her jacket.) You like things a certain way.

GARY

A certain way.

ARETHA

(Picks up the bucket.) I get it.

GARY

You know what? Forget it, I'll deal.

ARETHA

With the matching?

GARY

(Gags slightly, nods his head, hands her the money.)
With the...matching.

ARETHA

(Hesitating.) You should get your money's worth.

GARY

I expected my apartment to be cleaned at this... *(Checks his watch.)* ...exact time.

ARETHA

(Removes Jacket Once more.) In a few minutes, you'll forget all about it.

GARY

It's really very dirty. You see this dust?

ARETHA

We'll start with this table, okay honey?

GARY

Sounds good. I'll just stand...over here.

ARETHA

You like to party, Gary?

GARY

Can we just...do you mind if we don't talk?

ARETHA

Sure honey, whatever you want.

(GARY follows ARETHA around the apartment, becoming more agitated with each swipe of the cloth. At one point, he places his hand on hers while she dusts the end table.)

ARETHA

You like dusting, don't you baby?

GARY

That corner needs attention. Oh God, yeah.

ARETHA

How about we move on to the bathroom? I bet your bathtub is filthy.

GARY

What about the table?

ARETHA

We just cleaned it together, remember?

GARY

I would prefer it if you would clean it again.

ARETHA

We wouldn't want to ruin the finish, now would we?

GARY

I'll give you a hundred more to clean it again.

ARETHA

Looks like we missed a few spots.

(ARETHA sprays the table, moves to the side, and bends over.)

GARY

(In a frenzy.) Stop where you are. Don't finish without me.

(GARY heads for the door, his house phone rings. He checks the caller ID, wavers over whether to answer.)

GARY (Cont'd)

(Dramatic.) Oh, alright!

(He picks up the phone.) Hello. How are you? You did? I must've missed it. Me too.

(He looks at ARETHA, who turns away, pretends not to listen. He mumbles the rest of the conversation.)

I said I missed you too. Tomorrow night? I've got a crazy week coming up. I'll call you. Okay. Bye.

(Turns to ARETHA.) Where were we?

ARETHA

End table.

GARY

That coffee table really needs some love.

(ARETHA moves to the coffee table. GARY'S arms are crossed, he bites his fingernails.)

ARETHA

You have the best taste in furniture, honey.

GARY

Vintage, vintage, vintage. Lots and lots of disgusting yard sales.

ARETHA

You found this table at a yard sale?

GARY

No.

ARETHA

Well then, where'd you get it?

GARY

That, my mother gave me.

ARETHA

Your mother has good taste in furniture.

GARY

Please don't say that word.

ARETHA

What word?

GARY

(Gagging slightly.) Mother.

ARETHA

You just take care of this table, okay?

GARY

Armoire, armoire. Let's move to the armoire.

ARETHA

(Realizing GARY is yet again, one of THOSE.) Anything you want.

GARY

Circles. Make big, big circles with your arms.

(ARETHA moves to the armoire and dusts in big circles.)

GARY (Cont'd)

(Sniffs.) You're sulking.

ARETHA

I'm not sulking.

GARY

What is it?

ARETHA

Just sit back and enjoy the view.

GARY

Feisty. A minute ago, you're baby this, honey that. Now you're barking orders.

(Aretha hands him back a hundred.)

GARY

(Declines the money.) Really not necessary. Smaller circles. Tiny, tiny circles.

(ARETHA sighs, dusts in tiny circles.)

(GARY moves to the other side of the room to get a different view. He moves back, can't get comfortable. This turns into pacing.)

GARY

Alfonsina never talks. Except to say gracias papi, that sort of thing. This is different. Very different.

ARETHA

Why?

GARY

Because. Because you're...you. And not Alfonsina.

ARETHA

No, I mean why doesn't she talk to you?

GARY

No hablo espagnol.

ARETHA

(Realization.) Oh.

GARY

What?

ARETHA

Alfonsina speaks English.

GARY

(Astonished.) Alfonsina speaks English?

ARETHA

Born and raised in Glendale.

GARY

That bitch. She showed me pictures of her farm in Chihuahua.

ARETHA

Try Corona.

(GARY'S intermittent pacing becomes marked.)

GARY

Great. This is just great! My whole... *(Near tears.)* fairytale is over. *(GARY recovers, hands ARETHA the dust pan and brush.)* Big sweeping movements. *(Beat. A realization of his own.)* Now I get it. You're bothered by this arrangement. By me.

ARETHA

(Unconvincing.) To each their own.

GARY

You don't find this kind of alternative life choice a bit strange? Big, lustrous sweeping movements.

ARETHA

Do you?

GARY

I'm aware that there might be some kind of social stigma attached to paying five hundred dollars a week to have your house cleaned by a woman in her underpants. *(Can't help himself, completely ignorant of what he's just said.)* Now bend over, yeah, all the way down, and sweep the dust into that pan.

ARETHA

(Losing it.) Please.

GARY

(GARY looks her in the eye for the first time.) Please bend all the way down and sweep the dust into the pan. *(Falls back onto the couch.)* Oh God, yeah...that's so good.

ARETHA

Mommy must've cleaned a lot when you were a little boy.

GARY

What did I say about that...

ARETHA

You could have, with a little money management, a lot more for your buck at say, the Seventh Veil, or Crazy Girls.

GARY

Vile. Those places are vile.

ARETHA

I should've guessed you'd say that.

GARY

Men at their basest, reverting to prehistoric, and, AND servile women pretending to enjoy it.

ARETHA

I'm servile. Here in this environment.

GARY

(Pained.) Please don't say that.

ARETHA

You think that the men at those strip bars aren't pleased by what they see?