

- MARTY: I think it's a great idea. We have to economize now; I'm on a fixed income.
- DEB: So you're allowed to be cheap now you're a pensioner?
- MARTY: I am, aren't I?
- DEB: What, cheap?
- MARTY: No, a pensioner. I feel too good to be a pensioner. Had I known I'd feel so good at this time of life, I would have aged a lot sooner, I think I wasted too much time being young.
- DEB: I didn't, I enjoyed every last second of it. You should know, you were there for most of it.
- MARTY: Oh yeah. *(pause) (introspectively)* I wasted too much time being young. What a strange thing to say.
- DEB: What?
- MARTY: Nothing.
- DEB: So, besides holding down the couch, anything planned for today? You'll have most of the afternoon to yourself, Shirley and I have a Library Ladies meeting.
- MARTY: My day is completely and sadly open, I'll drive you.
- DEB: Nope, Shirley's picking me up at quarter to three.
- MARTY: OK, I'll drive you home then.
- DEB: No, I'll just get Shirley to drop me off; it's on her way.
- MARTY: Why don't I come to the meeting with you? If I know something about anything it's books.
- DEB: Honey I love you, but you'd just feel out of place, nobody else brings their husbands. Besides, we're discussing the menu for the year end luncheon.
- MARTY: I could help with that, I also know something about eating.
- DEB: How much potato salad do you need to feed thirty people?
- MARTY: *(pause)* Lots?

DEB: Or you can stay home and figure out what we're going to feed the Baxters.

MARTY: I guess.

Marty puts his feet up on the coffee table

I don't know why we can't just order take out from the Chopstick House.

DEB: Feet off the furniture.

MARTY: Oh come on...

DEB: That's what floors are for. Just because you're home all the time now doesn't mean you can turn my world inside out.

MARTY: I wish I'd retired first, then I could make the rules.

He wiggles his feet back and forth on the coffee table.

Hey, what's wrong with this table?

DEB: Nothings wrong with it.

He wiggles his feet back and forth again.

MARTY: It's all wiggly.

DEB: It's always been like that.

MARTY: No it hasn't.

DEB: It's wiggly because you're wiggling it!

MARTY: I think the legs are loose.

DEB: It's fine, don't bother about it.

MARTY: No, there's something definitely wrong, I'll have a look at it...

DEB: Honey, it's been like that for years, if you just leave it alone, nothing bad will happen.

MARTY: It's just a table.

DEB: Honey, I love you but you're just not handy.

MARTY: Thirty five years as an English teacher doesn't exactly prepare one to tackle home repairs, but maybe now it's time to learn how to use my own two hands, to do what a man does.

DEB: Fine, go to the garage, drink beer and stare at the cars' engine. This is something you're not equipped to handle.

MARTY: I didn't have time to learn the manly arts. I was too busy knocking the word "like" out of every sentence my students used.

DEB: *(seductively)* When it came to the "manly arts" I never like... complained did I?

MARTY: Quit trying to butter me up and annoy me at the same time. Come on, this job is a piece of cake.

DEB: Marty, admit it. The only piece of cake that you handle with any confidence is an actual piece of cake.

MARTY: I have to start somewhere.

DEB: *(pause)* OK, but no glue!

MARTY: I can't promise that.

DEB: Then maybe I'd better help.

MARTY: Nope, step aside please, Mr. Handyman is in control.

DEB: Alright.

Deb steps off to the side. Marty doesn't move.

MARTY: *(pause)* Do we have any tools?

DEB: Yes

MARTY: Where are they?

DEB: In the kitchen drawer beside the stove, Mr. Handyman.

MARTY: All of them?

DEB: Yep. What do you need? A frapplewrench? A left handed hammer?

MARTY: Very funny, I think I can handle this myself.

Marty starts to exit to the kitchen.

DEB: Plate!

MARTY: Right!

He returns, picks the plate up from the coffee table and exits to the kitchen. We hear him rummaging through the drawer.

DEB: Just so you know, whatever you break, we're paying our guy thirty dollars an hour to fix.

Marty returns holding a pipe wrench

MARTY: What? That's how much we've been paying that guy?

DEB: Yep.

MARTY: All the more reason for me to take over .

DEB: *(picking up the phone)* Do you mind if I dial the "nine" and the "one" right now just to save time?

MARTY: *(turns the coffee table on its side)* You have nothing to worry about, this is under control.

Marty examines each leg in turn

Uh huh... yep... this looks simple enough..... I can't believe we'd pay somebody thirty bucks an hour just to handle this... These three legs look fine... AH! Here's the problem, there seems to be a screw loose.

DEB: Just one?

MARTY: This one just needs to be tightened a little.

He tries to tighten it with the pipe wrench

DEB: Marty, maybe you should just call our guy and...

The leg snaps off in his hands.

... have it fixed properly.

MARTY: *(he examines the leg)* This wood is faulty, I just tried to tighten it and it snapped off like a dry twig.