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45 WEST 25TH STREET NEW YORK, NY 10010-2751  
1-866-598-8449 (212) 206-8990 FAX (212) 206-1429  
INFO@SAMUELFRENCH.COM

## THE SECOND TIME AROUND

Henry Denker

*Comedy / 4m, 4f / Interior*

Senior citizens Samuel Jonas and Laura Curtis, a widower and a widow, strike up a love affair. When they announce plans to live together without marrying so they can keep social security benefits they'd otherwise lose, their children hit the ceiling even though they were never close to their deceased parent and their own marriages leave a lot to be desired. Sam's daughter is married to her ex analyst, a stuffy neurotic, and Laura's son has a wife who is paranoid about food additives and their sexual performance. All ends well for the elderly twosome, but not before the entire second generation is in nervous fits.

"A winner ... with lots of topical, pertinent cracks."

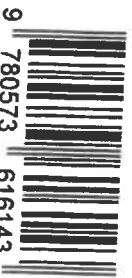
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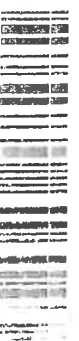
7623 SUNSET BOULEVARD  
HOLLYWOOD, CA 90046-2795  
(323) 876-0570  
FAX (323) 876-6822  
INFO@SAMUELFRENCH.COM

52 FITZROY STREET  
LONDON W1T 3JR ENGLAND  
011 44 20 7387 9973  
FAX 011 44 20 7387 2161  
THEATRE@SAMUELFRENCH-LONDON.CO.UK  
SAMUELFRENCH.COM

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2ND TIME AROUND  
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RE - CYNTHIA

## The Second Time Around

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

by Henry Denker

SAMUEL FRENCH

## CAST

THE SECOND TIME AROUND, a comedy by Henry Denker. Directed by Robert H. Livingston; setting and costumes by Lawrence King and Michael H. Yeargan; lighting by Clarke Dunham; production stage manager, Martha Knight Presented by Adela Holzer. Opening night was January 1, 1977 at the Morosco Theater, 217 West 45th Street.

CYNTHIA MORSE ..... *Holland Taylor*  
 MIKE CURTIS ..... *Dick Patterson*  
 SAMUEL JONAS ..... *Hans Conried*  
 LAURA CURTIS ..... *Molly Picon*  
 ELEANOR CURTIS ..... *Lois Martle*  
 DR. ARTHUR MORSE ..... *Matthew Tobin*  
 BRUCE MORSE ..... *Abvi Spindell*  
 ANGELA ..... *Cynthia Bostick*

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

SAMUEL JONAS, a widower just past sixty-five, alert, sprightly, attractive, a nice human being.  
 LAURA CURTIS, in her mid-thirties, a pleasant, neat, devoted widow, modestly dressed, pleasing to the eye.  
 MIKE CURTIS, son of Laura, a mid-thirties, hard-driving young businessman, with a nervous stomach.  
 CYNTHIA MORSE, daughter of Samuel, a suburban matron, neurotic, well-dressed, good-looking.  
 ELEANOR, Mike's wife, the face and smile of an angel, the soul and strength of a tyrant.  
 DR. ARTHUR MORSE, psychiatrist, husband of Cynthia, son-in-law of Samuel. Himself a bit of a neurotic.  
 BRUCE MORSE, grandson of Samuel, son of Cynthia and Arthur, sophomore at Columbia, a nice young man with active libido.  
 ANGELA, a Barnard sophomore, with an angelic look and a relationship with Bruce.

notices) Lipstick? (She looks in the direction of the bedroom area of the apartment) Lipstick? (The door buzzer interrupts) Dad! Just a moment Dad, you simply must move out of New York. Four locks and still you take your life in your hands every time you open the door. (She finally has the door open.)

MIKE. (In doorway.) Hi! (A big wave of arm greeting. CYNTHIA slams door, catching his arm and pinning him outside.)

CYNTHIA. You're not my father!

MIKE. (O. S.) I never said I was! (Beat pause.) Lady, please. My arm! (Waggles hand to signal for relief.)

CYNTHIA. You let me close this door or I'll scream! MIKE. (O. S.) If you don't open this door I'll scream. (His arm goes limp before he says.) Lady? Please?

Look, tell me one thing before gangrene sets in. This is Apartment Eleven C, isn't it? (Pointing inside.)

CYNTHIA. Yes.

MIKE. (O. S.) Eight ten West End Avenue? (Hand pointing down.)

CYNTHIA. Yes.

MIKE. (O. S.) The apartment of Mr. Samuel Jonas? (Pointing inside.)

CYNTHIA. Yes.

MIKE. (O. S.) Good. At least I'm being attacked at the right address. I'm supposed to be here at ten-thirty. (This makes CYNTHIA curious enough to relent and open the door Mike remains plastered up against the door for a moment before entering Entering with.) Oooooowwww!!!

CYNTHIA. I'm terribly sorry. I thought you were my father.

MIKE. That's no way to greet your own father.

CYNTHIA. I was startled I guess I just panicked. Is there anything I can do to help?

MIKE. Yes Don't come near my other arm.

CYNTHIA. I said I was sorry. Come in. Sit down. Try to relax. (She points the way into the living room.) Look, maybe if I massaged it . . . (She starts to massage it but he pulls away in pain.) Sorry. You're going to have to forgive me. It's just been one of those days. First Jonathan woke up screaming.

MIKE. (Curious and surprised.) Your husband?

CYNTHIA. My ten year old. Then it was my turn to carpool Julie's group. And while I was rushing to get the girls to school on time I got a traffic ticket.

MIKE. What for?

CYNTHIA. Passing a fire engine. On top of all that, my father called yesterday insisting that I drive all the way down from Scarsdale and be here today no later than ten-thirty. It's too much. Just too much.

MIKE. We all have days like that. So just calm down.

CYNTHIA. Oh, I'm okay now. How's your arm?

(Reaching for his arm.)

MIKE. (Holding it as far away from her as he can.) Oh, fine. Fine. Look, if it'll make you feel any better, this morning I had a flat tire in the Lincoln Tunnel.

CYNTHIA. Did you really?

MIKE. No, but I thought it might make you feel better.

CYNTHIA. Now, that's sweet. Well, what are you here to see my father about?

MIKE. I'm not here to see your father.

CYNTHIA. (Apprehensive again.) But at the door you said . . .

MIKE. I'm here because my mother called me.

CYNTHIA Your mother?

MIKE. Called yesterday. Insisted I be here promptly at ten-thirty. She didn't say what it was about . . . say, your dad selling any furniture?

CYNTHIA Not that I know of. Why?

MIKE Mom's doing some redecorating. She's looking for a real old-fashioned brass bed.

CYNTHIA Dad doesn't own a brass bed.

MIKE. Then *what?* This apartment? Mom's got a place of her own. So she wouldn't be interested in this place.

CYNTHIA. And my father isn't interested in giving it up. When my mother died, I found him a smaller apartment on the East Side, but he wouldn't move. He said, "Why should I live in a high-rent building when I can get robbed here at half the price?"

MIKE (*Interrupting.*) Hey, wait a minute.

CYNTHIA. What?

MIKE Did you say your father's a widower?

CYNTHIA. Yes.

MIKE. Well, my mother's a *widow*.

CYNTHIA. So?

MIKE. Don't you get it?

CYNTHIA. Get *what?*

MIKE. Widow-widower. Of course! Without a word to either of us, the two old folks must have decided to get married.

CYNTHIA Married? My father? That's ridiculous. He's still answering sympathy cards.

MIKE. Figure it out. Your father's call. My mother's call. The two of us here at ten-thirty. This meeting must be to break the news and have us meet. So let's meet. What's your name?

CYNTHIA. (*Refusing to accept the idea, she is cool and uncooperative.*) Morse.

MIKE. (*A funny first name.*) Morse?

CYNTHIA. Mrs. Arthur Morse.

MIKE Well, how do you do, Mrs. Arthur Morse? My name is Mr. Michael Curtis. But you can call me Mike. That is, if I can call you Arthur.

CYNTHIA. My father is going to re-marry? After only *ten months*?

MIKE. My mother waited three years. And what did it get her? *Ulcers*.

CYNTHIA. Three years. Well, at least that's a respectable time.

MIKE. Respectable. That's my mom. She always tidies up her apartment *before* the cleaning woman gets there. To make a good impression. And I always used to be the cleanest kid on the block. My analyst used to say that was one of my problems.

CYNTHIA. (*Seizing on that fact as an advantage.*) Oh, analyst . . .

MIKE. (*On the defensive now, he explains.*) I'm okay. Always was actually. Just a little nervous stomach. But now nothing bothers me. Nothing. No more stomach sedatives, no more tranquilizers. No more belladonna. *I'm A-okay.* (*He sits on couch, leaning against her folded jacket.*)

CYNTHIA. Well, I'm not after what you just told me! I haven't been so shocked since Jonathan asked me to spell nymphomane.

MIKE. Let me give you a little advice. No need to be tense about this. One thing analysis teaches you. Don't react too impulsively. Get all the facts. Consider them *carefully*. Then blow your top.