



Bradley Hayward

Norman Maine Publishing

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The Jigsaw Puzzle

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For Bird

The Jigsaw Puzzle

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THE JIGSAW PUZZLE was first presented by Oxbow Prairie Heights School on March 18, 2000, in Oxbow, Saskatchewan. This production won multiple awards at the SDA Region 1 High School Play Festival held in Estevan, Saskatchewan and was directed by Jackeline Rutledge.

ANNIE: Quinn Gibson
CINDY: Rachelle McNab
SUZIE: Amber Neuman
LUCY: Mandy Rushfeldt
WOMAN: Jordana Bartolf
MAN: Marc Bartolf

The Jigsaw Puddle

COMEDY. Annie and Cindy have sprung Grandma Puddle from the old-folks home for a lovely spring walk through the park. Suddenly, the sisters realize that they are missing something...Grandma Puddle! After Annie and Cindy find a mysterious note in Grandma's purse, they begin to suspect that Grandma Puddle may not be as innocent as she looks. With the "help" of a ditzy bubble-blowing babysitter, two kooky joggers, and a smart-alecky 8-year-old, the elder Puddle eventually turns up...but not where you'd expect. In this case, it's not just spring that's in the air – there's a little romance, too.

Performance Time: Approximately 35-45 minutes.

CHARACTERS

(5w, 1 m, extras)

ANNIE: 20, slightly overweight, hair loosely pulled back and wears no makeup. She's never thoroughly thrilled with anything.

CINDY: 18, Annie's sister; quite pretty, but unaware of her beauty; wears a red dress and has her hair nicely done; often very frantic.

SUZIE: 16, youngest Puddle; rather pretty, but unbearably stupid; Lucy's baby sitter.

LUCY: 8, awkward looking and always cunning.

MAN: 40, married to Marge; wears jogging suit.

WOMAN: 40, overbearing wife; wears jogging suit.

EXTRAS: As optional park visitors/onlookers.

SETTING

A park. Two benches and a garbage can.

PROPS

Daisy	Bubble wand and bottle of
Large purse	bubbles
Eyeglasses	Yo-yo
Plastic container for false teeth	Arm sling
2 Adult diapers	Helium balloons
Box of Tic Tacs	Red-and-white striped uniform
Bag of hard candy	Old-fashioned woman's hat
Chocolate bar	Business card
Note	

The Jigsaw Puzzle

(AT RISE: Annie and Cindy sit on a bench with a daisy. There's a large purse sitting beside the other bench. Annie pulls a petal from the daisy.)

ANNIE: He loves me.

(Cindy, reluctantly and unimpressed, pulls a petal from the same daisy.)

CINDY: He loves me not.

ANNIE: He loves me.

CINDY: He loves me not.

ANNIE: He loves me.

CINDY: He loves me not.

ANNIE: He loves me.

CINDY: He loves me not.

(Annie pulls out the final petal.)

ANNIE: Whattaya know! He loves me!

CINDY: This is not at all fair.

ANNIE: Shut up! He loves me and not you.

CINDY: I don't understand why we're even fighting over him.

ANNIE: Who's fighting?

CINDY: Who do you think he'll pick?

ANNIE: Me.

CINDY: Wrong. Today's society has made it pretty clear that the man has to be older.

ANNIE: What century are you living in?

CINDY: He's 19 years old. He doesn't want a wrinkled old 20-year-old like you. He wants a teenager.

ANNIE: Oh, my gawd. Will you listen to this? My own sister is calling me old. Well, honey, you're only two years behind me. And what are you complaining about? You have guys all over you. Finally, one shows interest in me, and you want to steal him away.

CINDY: I'm not stealing anything.

ANNIE: And he likes me for who I am. Not like the others. They all wanted me to lose a little weight. So I try, but the only thing that ends up losing weight is my boobs.

CINDY: You got the brains.

ANNIE: What good have they done me? I'm living at home with my parents.

CINDY: Why don't you just move out?

ANNIE: I don't know. I just can't right now.

CINDY: When, Annie? When?

ANNIE: Can we just drop this? I'm depressed enough as it is.

CINDY: All right.

ANNIE: It is a lovely day, isn't it? A great day for a walk.

CINDY: Yes, it is.

(Cindy starts to look around.)

ANNIE: Lovely day.

CINDY: Um, Annie.

ANNIE: Yes?

CINDY: Are we missing something?

ANNIE: Hmm?

CINDY: Annie! Where is she?

ANNIE: Who?

CINDY: Who do you think?

(All of a sudden, Annie panics.)

ANNIE: Oh, my gawd! Where is she? Cindy! Where is she?

CINDY: I just asked you that!

(They look high and low for something.)

ANNIE: You've got to be kidding me.

CINDY: No!

ANNIE: How did we lose her?

CINDY: I have no idea!

ANNIE: Cindy?

CINDY: Yes?

ANNIE: We lost Grandma!

CINDY: I know!

ANNIE: How did this happen?

CINDY: Don't ask me! We sat here and, well, she vanished.

ANNIE: Vanished? How does an 80-year-old woman vanish? Does she just vaporize into thin air?

CINDY: It's a good trick.

ANNIE: Cindy, we just lost a human being. What are we going to do?

CINDY: How the heck should I know?!

(Annie tries to calm down.)

ANNIE: Okay, okay. Let's just think. She's old. She couldn't have gotten too far. Let's just split up and try to find her.

CINDY: I don't know...

ANNIE: What?

CINDY: That she couldn't have gotten far.

ANNIE: She's eighty. She's slow.

CINDY: The home has gotten her going pretty good. Those geriatric aerobics have really paid off. Just last week, I went to see her, and she was the first one to get out her Preparation H for her daily rub.

ANNIE: Well, great. Just great. Next time there's an outbreak of hemorrhoids, I know who to call. Come on, Cindy. Just think. If you were Grandma, where would you go?

CINDY: I don't know. The bathroom?

ANNIE: Come on. Grandma hasn't gone to the bathroom in six years. No, we have to be more creative. She hardly ever gets out of that home. Where on earth do you think she would go for excitement?

CINDY: I don't know. Why don't we just go home and tell Dad? Then he can help us find her.

ANNIE: What are we supposed to say? "Hi, Dad. We had fun in the park. We went for a stroll, bought a pretzel, and, oh yeah, by the way, we lost your mother." Man, you can be so stupid.

CINDY: Don't call me stupid. I just want to find her.

ANNIE: Me too.

CINDY: Maybe we're giving her less credit than she deserves. Surely Grandma isn't as senile as we think. Maybe she'll find the home on her own.

ANNIE: Cindy, she couldn't even find her underwear after her bath.

CINDY: So? We all do that.

ANNIE: She had them on the whole time!

CINDY: Don't blame this on me. You were supposed to be watching her. I just came along 'cause I wanted a tan.

ANNIE: I'm not blaming this on you.

(Cindy finds the purse.)

CINDY: Look!

ANNIE: It's Grandma's bag! Open it. Open it!

CINDY: What if she's dead?

ANNIE: What does that have to do with anything? Just open the bag.

CINDY: What if this is the last time we see her stuff? Oh, Annie.

ANNIE: Will you get a hold of yourself? Just open it.

CINDY: What if her will is in here? What if we read it? What if we get her estate? What if they catch us snooping and don't give it to us. What if...

(Annie snatches the bag.)

ANNIE: Just give me the darn thing.

(Annie reaches in and pulls out a pair of glasses. Cindy immediately grabs them and puts them on, absolutely frantic.)

CINDY: It's her glasses! I remember the last time she wore these.

ANNIE: Calm down. It was ten minutes ago. *(Annie looks in the purse and pulls out a plastic container for false teeth.)* Oh dear.

CINDY: What?

(Annie opens the container.)

ANNIE: It's her teeth.

CINDY: What is she doing without her teeth? How will she survive?

ANNIE: Maybe she has others.

CINDY: *(In her own world, crazed.)* What if she gets lost? What if she goes to the beach? What if a group of pirates capture her and take her to a desert island? What if she's there all by herself? What if she's hungry? What if all she can find is corn? Oh, Grandma! Come back! You're going to choke! You're going to choke!

ANNIE: Get a grip.

CINDY: How can you be so calm? You misplaced a senior citizen!

ANNIE: I know! Don't you think I know that? I'm just trying not to get worked up. It's the only way I can think straight.

CINDY: A 90-pound shriveled woman is on the loose! Who knows where she is or what she's gotten into.

ANNIE: Give her some credit. She's been around a lot longer than us.

CINDY: I tried to tell you that, but you wouldn't listen.

ANNIE: Well, now I said it, and it makes a lot more sense.

CINDY: Face it, Annie, you lost a human being.

ANNIE: I know! I know! *(Starts to cry.)* I lost my grandma!

ANNIE: Let me see... *(She looks in the purse.)* Oh, my gawd.

CINDY: What?

ANNIE: It's her diapers. *(She pulls out a couple of adult diapers.)*

CINDY: (*Worked up again.*) Annie, do you know what this means?

ANNIE: What?

CINDY: Somewhere around here is our grandmother with no eyes, no teeth, and no bladder. (*She starts to hyperventilate.*) I think I am going to die. (*Cindy grabs the diaper and cries into it like a tissue, crumples it up, and tosses it onto the ground.*)

ANNIE: How could I have been so stupid?

(*Cindy throws the other diaper back into the purse.*)

CINDY: Oh, my gawd.

ANNIE: Cindy, you have to get up! I can't look for her all by myself. You go over there to the balloon guy and ask if he has seen her.

CINDY: It's Sunday. There are a million elderly people in the park. How the heck is that balloon guy supposed to know who I'm looking for?

(*Annie grabs her.*)

ANNIE: Cindy, I'm a woman on the edge. Now just go and look!

CINDY: Okay, okay, okay.

(*Crying, Cindy exits.*)

ANNIE: Now where could she be? (*Enter Man and Woman, both jogging, completely unnoticed by Annie.*) She was just here. A few minutes ago she was sitting on that bench. It was the sweetest thing you ever saw. Now she's probably dead. Or worse, maybe she's wandered into the zoo. Her? In a zoo? She'll go berserk. She'll pee right there on the ground. She'll fit right in. They'll put her in a cage. Oh, my gawd. (*Annie breaks down into tears.*)

WOMAN: (*To Man.*) Look at the poor dear.

MAN: Huh?

WOMAN: Look at her.

MAN: Who?

WOMAN: The girl.

MAN: Which girl?

WOMAN: *Her, you twit! (To Annie.)* Sweetheart?

ANNIE: Me?

WOMAN: Come over here, honey! You shouldn't be crying all by your lonesome.

(Annie goes over to Man and Woman.)

ANNIE: *(Sobbing.)* Well, it's just that...you know...I came and...and then...she went...I saw...you know...and then...bye bye...and sister...stupid me...

WOMAN: There, there, sweetheart. You just relax. She'll come back. Stop crying. Poochies can be a lot of trouble. It's to be expected. *(To Man, yells.)* Hey! Give this sweet thing a Tic Tac.

MAN: I only have one left.

WOMAN: Just give her the darn thing!

MAN: *(To Annie.)* My wife. Ain't she precious? Here.

(He gives Annie a Tic Tac.)

ANNIE: Noooooo! Not my poochie.

WOMAN: Huh?

ANNIE: I didn't lose my dog.

MAN: What?

ANNIE: Grandmaaaaaaa!

WOMAN: What?

ANNIE: I lost my grandma.

(Woman stands up.)

WOMAN: You sick little girl. *(To Man, snaps her fingers.)* Get up! We can't be with this thing. She lost her grandma.

MAN: *(To Annie, interested.)* Really?

ANNIE: Yes.

MAN: You lost your grandmother?

(Annie nods.)

WOMAN: Come on! Let's get away from this creature. How can people be so idiotic?

MAN: She just vanished?

ANNIE: Yes.

WOMAN: Hey, putz! Let's go!

MAN: Can I have your number?

WOMAN: I'm warning you!

MAN: I could really use your help.

WOMAN: Herb, get over here and let's go.

MAN: Just vanished, huh?

WOMAN: I'll give you to the count of three, and if you aren't over here, you'll be sorry.

MAN: Did you use a potion?

WOMAN: One...

ANNIE: No, she just disappeared.

MAN: Just like that?

ANNIE: Poof.

WOMAN: Two...

MAN: Have you thought of doing this professionally?

ANNIE: I just want my grandma back.

WOMAN: Two and a half...

MAN: You could make a lot of money making people disappear.

WOMAN: Two and three quarters...

MAN: I'd pay for it.

WOMAN: Two and nine tenths...

MAN: I'd sell a kidney to get rid of her. *(Indicates Woman.)*

WOMAN: Three! *(Woman runs over to Man and swats him. She chases him all over the stage, knocking things over, screaming.)* Come on, you nitwit! Let's get the heck out of here. I told you you'd be sorry...!
(etc.)

(Ad-lib more verbal abuse as Woman continues to chase Man. She rips his clothes and humorously beats him.)

MAN: *(To Annie.)* How can I get your number? I'll pay whatever you want. *(Indicates Woman.)* Just get rid of her!

(Woman smacks Man in the head, and he's knocked delirious.)

WOMAN: Some people! What has the world come to? Everyone has lost their minds. Good thing I haven't.

(Woman grabs Man's ear and drags him offstage.)

ANNIE: Oh, Grandma. Where are you? *(She sits down on the bench and starts to look through the purse again. She pulls out a bag of candy and pops a piece in her mouth. She takes out a chocolate bar and eats that too.)* Where could she be? *(She pulls out a piece of paper. Curious, she unfolds it slowly. She reads it. Slowly, her eyes widen. She leaps up, starts to panic.)* Cindy. Cindy. *(Increasingly louder.)* Cindy! Cindy! Cindy! Cindy!

(Annie runs off in the direction Cindy exited. From the opposite side of the stage, Suzie enters. She carries a bottle of bubbles and blows bubbles through a bubble wand. Lucy enters. She has a yo-yo.)

LUCY: *(Whines.)* Suzie, why are we here? I don't wanna go to the park.

SUZIE: *(Oblivious.)* Excuse me?

LUCY: Why do we have to come to this stupid park? You brought me here yesterday. It's so boring. What else is there to do?

SUZIE: Huh?

LUCY: Earth to Suzie! I didn't want to come here! You baby-sit me every weekend, and every weekend, all we do is come to the park so you can blow those stupid bubbles.

SUZIE: I like the park. I like to blow bubbles.

LUCY: You know what I think? I think your parents pay my parents so I can look after you.

SUZIE: Huh?

LUCY: Ah! I'm eight years old and being baby-sat by Suzie dum-dum. Hello! I don't want to be in the park!

SUZIE: Don't you just love the park? It's so much fun!

(Lucy knocks on Suzie's head.)

LUCY: Just let me know when you're home.

(Suzie looks up.)

SUZIE: *(Confused.)* Come in.

(Cindy and Annie enter in a frenzy.)

CINDY: What do you mean...murder?

ANNIE: Just what I said! I was going through Grandma's purse when I came across this note.

CINDY: What note?

(Annie holds the note to Cindy's face.)

ANNIE: This note!

CINDY: What does it say?

ANNIE: I was sitting here...

(Annie sits down on top of Suzie. They both scream.)

SUZIE: Annie!

ANNIE: Suzie!

LUCY: Cindy!

CINDY: Lucy!

ANNIE: *(To Suzie.)* What the heck are you doing here?

SUZIE: Excuse me?

CINDY: Suzie? Why are you here?

SUZIE: Excuse me?

ANNIE: What are you doing here?

SUZIE: Huh? *(She blows more bubbles and goes off into her own little world.)*

LUCY: *(To Annie and Cindy.)* Allow me. She decided she needed a bubble break, so here we are.

ANNIE: Oh.

LUCY: Whattcha up to, you guys?

CINDY: We came to the park for a walk with Grandma.

LUCY: Um, I dunno how to break it to you, but she's not here.

ANNIE: We know.

LUCY: You know? And I'm the one with a baby sitter?

CINDY: We lost her.

LUCY: You lost Mrs. Puddle?

CINDY: Uh-huh.

LUCY: Wait a minute. She's 16 and obsessed with blowing bubbles, and you two lost your grandmother? You three are the craziest sisters I've ever met.

ANNIE: We know. Now you and Suzie are going to help us find her. But first, listen to this!

CINDY: What about this note?

ANNIE: Read it!

(Annie hands Cindy the note. Cindy reads it and slowly her eyes get bigger and bigger.)

CINDY: *(Screams.)* Oh, my gawd!

ANNIE: I know!

LUCY: What? What does it say?

ANNIE: Do you think it says what I think it says?

CINDY: I wish I didn't, but I do.

LUCY: What? What?

(Annie reads the note aloud.)

ANNIE: "Meet him at 2:30 in the park. Be rude. Give it to him. Drown the body." Grandma's a murderer! Today she is going to murder someone. It says so right here in the note. She's a mad woman!

LUCY: I bet she fits right in at Thanksgiving.

ANNIE: I'm not wrong, right? *(Points to note.)* This is her writing?

CINDY: Of course it's her writing. But why would she write it down? That's so stupid.

ANNIE: Grandma writes everything down. She can't remember anything. You've seen her notes all over the house. Like the one on her fork that says "chew."

CINDY: But she's Grandma, not a killer. Why would she do this?
Especially at her age? She'll go to prison!

ANNIE: You've been to the home...of course she wants to go to
prison.

CINDY: We've got to stop babbling and find her before she does
something stupid.

ANNIE: Well, where would she go? Wait, what did the balloon man
say? Did he see her?

LUCY: The balloon man! He's so cool!

CINDY: He wasn't here.

ANNIE: What?

CINDY: Nope, he wasn't here.

LUCY: Aw-shucks.

ANNIE: Really? The balloon man has been at the park every Sunday
since I was a little girl.

LUCY: He was really old, though. I betcha he died! *(She acts out
dying. It's very humorous.)*

ANNIE: Just stop that! We don't need any more deaths today. Suzie!

SUZIE: *(Comes out of her trance.)* Pardon?

ANNIE: You and Lucy help us find her, okay?

SUZIE: What?

ANNIE: Find Grandma!

SUZIE: Huh?

CINDY: Help us find Grandma!

SUZIE: Sorry?

LUCY: We have to find your grandma!

SUZIE: Who?

ANNIE/CINDY/LUCY: Grandma!

SUZIE: I love Grandma.

ANNIE: Lucy, explain it to her. Try over there by the fountain.

LUCY: Okay. Come on, Suzie.

SUZIE: Pardon?

LUCY: Never mind. *(To others.)* Just think, she has a driver's license.

SUZIE: Huh?

LUCY: Just blow your bubbles.

(Lucy and Suzie exit.)

CINDY: Is there anything else in her bag that might tell us where she is?

[End of Freeview]