

Herb

CAST **Amanda Stowe:** **a woman in her sixties**
 Kenny **a brash young man**

Narrator: **Kenny enters. He is a brash young man in his late teens or early twenties. Bored and restless he circles the snowman. He pokes it and gives it a kick....**

Amanda: **Stop that.**

Narrator: **Kenny doesn't hear Amanda. He circles the snowman again pretending to be John Wayne.**

Kenny: **So....Pilgrim, you're still hangin' around? I thought somebody would have taken you out by now. I guess it'll have to be me.**

Narrator: **Kenny knocks off the snowman's hat and kicks it.**

Amanda: **You.....young man. What are you doing? Stop that.**

Narrator: **Kenny still doesn't hear, Amanda. He pulls off the snowman's scarf and puts it on.**

Kenny: **Hey. Who'd you steal this from? This is nice.**

Narrator: **Amanda raps on the window.**

Amanda: **You boy! I said stop that.**

Kenny: **What? You talkin' to me, lady?**

Narrator: **Amanda lifts up the window and leans out.**

Amanda: **Yes, I'm talking to you. Who else is out there?**

Kenny: **No one.....just me.**

Amanda: **Well....then.... What are you doing?**

Kenny: **Nothin'just fooling around. Killing time.**

Amanda: Well..... kill time somewhere else. No.....on second thought wait right there. I'm coming out

Narrator: Amanda closes the window, grabs a sweater and comes outside.

Amanda: Now....will you kindly replace the hat and scarf?

Kenny: What?

Amanda: You heard me. Put the hat and scarf back where you found them.

Kenny: Hey....lady the scarf is mine. My brother took it without my say so.

Amanda: Well....keep the scarf then and return the hat.

Kenny: Okay....okay....don't strain your pipes. (Puts the hat back) There. Is that okay?

Amanda: Yes. Thank you. (She sets the hat on straight) Does killing time always involve destroying things?

Kenny: Who's destroying? It's a snowman, lady. It ain't a work of art. And anyway, I helped build it.

Amanda: You did?

Kenny: Well, my little brother did. So, as a family member don't that give me ownership rights?

Amanda: Doesn't.

Kenny: What?

Amanda: The correct word is doesn't. Doesn't that give you rights? And the answer is no.....your brother wasn't the only builder.

Kenny: Oh.....that's dumb.

Amanda: It's not dumb.....to be dumb means to be mute....unable to speak.

Kenny: I meant what you said was dumb.

Amanda: I see. Well either way the usage is incorrect. What I said might be wrong.....or it might be silly....but it is not dumb.

Kenny: Whatever. Are you some kind of teacher? You're real fussy about words.

Amanda: Some kind of a teacher?(Smiles) Yes. I used to teach.

Kenny: See? I knew it. That whole word thing....give it away.

Amanda: (Smiles) I guess I am a little fussy with words. That's what comes from teaching English for over thirty years.

Kenny: Thirty years? Whew? That's a long sentence. Even if the room didn't have bars.

Amanda: I never thought of it as a sentence. I...I enjoyed it. I liked teaching.

Kenny: Yeah? I bet you ran a pretty tight ship, though. I bet you were tough in a classroom.

Amanda: I don't believe I was tough. I.....I was firm.....but I always tried to be fair.

Kenny: Yeah. That's what they all say..... So, where'd you teach?

Amanda: Roosevelt Middle School. It's on Poe Street.....a few blocks up from here.

Kenny: No kidding? I went there...for a while. We kind of had a misunderstanding though. So, I left. Hey, maybe you were there when I was.

Amanda: I don't think so. I've been retired for a while.

Kenny: Too bad. I might have liked your class.

Amanda: I doubt it. (laughs)You'd have probably thought it was dumb.

Kenny: Maybe not. Maybe we'd have gotten along okay.

(They stand looking at the snowman)

Kenny: He's not that bad lookin'.... I mean for a snowman.

Amanda: Yes. The children worked very hard.

Kenny: Yeah. And for what? Cause, he ain't gonna last. If it's not gangs, the snowplows will get him. Any way you look at it he's livin' on borrowed time.

Amanda: (Pause)Perhaps. But then aren't we all?

Kenny: Huh?

Amanda: Never mind. Excuse me young man, but I have to go inside. Thank you.....thank you for a mostilluminating evening.

Kenny: (Watches her leave) Yeah..... sure. Ya gotta go....ya gotta go.

Narrator: Kenny turns to leave then stops. He takes off the scarf and puts it on the snowman.

Kenny: It ain't my color anyway. Have a nice life, Pilgrim.