

Shreds of Sanity

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Setting: *A meeting room in a community centre. There are a number of chairs, a small table, and a table off to the side with some Styrofoam cups.*

Characters:

Jeremy (m): *The committee chair. Rigid and reserved.*

Francine (f): *The secretary. A little flighty and forgetful.*

Andy (m or f): *The other member. Gregarious, jokey, but kind.*

Lights come up on Francine, entering with a carafe of coffee, which she puts on the table with the Styrofoam cups. As she is arranging it, Andy enters with an overflowing binder, which gets dumped onto the table.

Francine: *(startled)* Oh, wow! Look at that big binder! You've certainly come prepared, Andy!

Andy: No, no, this isn't all for this meeting. I was just at a seminar and most of this is stuff they gave me.

Francine: I see. What seminar, if you don't mind me asking?

Andy: Tantric yoga for seniors. Not so much a seminar as a class. Not as much yoga as I'd expected, but a lot of reading.

Francine: Tantric yoga for... I wouldn't have thought that you'd qualify as a senior, Andy.

Andy: We'll all be seniors one day, Frannie.

Francine: Yes, yes, that is true. Do you want some coffee? I remembered to bring it this time!

Andy: Don't mind if I do. *(Pours a cup)* Cream? Sugar?

Francine: Oh fudge! I was so proud of myself for remembering the coffee... I should have written myself a list. I'm sorry, do you mind it black?

Andy: I usually take it black. Jeremy likes cream and sugar though.

Andy goes and sits down.

Francine: Maybe I can run out to the corner store... Jeremy isn't here yet, I'll bet I can just whip out...

Andy: It isn't like Jeremy to be the last in. Did he say he was going to be late?

Francine: No, he didn't. *(Checks her watch)* It's still one minute to. He could still be on time.

Andy: He's usually at least five minutes early. Chomping at the bit while the previous group vacates the room.

Francine: I hope he's okay. Do you think something might have happened to him?

Andy: I doubt it. He's probably fine. Just late. It happens.

Francine: But not to Jeremy. He never even gets stuck in traffic.

They both ponder this anomaly a moment with varying degrees of worry.

Andy: Weren't you going to run out to the store for cream and sugar?

Francine: Oh yes! Thank you for reminding me. *(She looks around)*

Andy: What are you looking for?

Francine: My purse.

Andy: You didn't have one when I came in.

Francine: Oh fudge! I've forgotten it at home. *(She roots through her pockets and comes up empty)* I might have change in the car... I can't find my keys... *(Suddenly a look of horror)* In the car!

Francine races out, and Andy gets another cup of coffee. Francine returns looking stricken.

Francine: I didn't forget my purse at home. I locked it in the car along with my keys.

Andy: But at least you remembered the coffee.

Francine: Can I borrow a few dollars from you? To get the cream and sugar? I'll pay you back at the next meeting.

Andy: Of course. *(Rummages in pockets)* If I have any money... gum... tiny pencils... chapstick... cufflinks?... plastic fork... I'm sure I had a few bucks this morning. *(Pauses)*

Oh, right. I bought that bagel at lunch. *(Still rummaging)* I must have something though...

Francine: *(looking at her watch)* It's two minutes after. Jeremy still isn't here.

Andy: Everyone has to be late sometime. Pinecone... paperclips... buttons...

Francine: I've never seen anyone fit so much in their pockets before. Do you think he might be in trouble?

Andy: Nah, I'm sure he's fine. He'll show up... tin foil ball... what was I looking for again?

Francine: Money. Is that 75 cents? What should we do? Should we call him?

Andy: No, it's 25 cents and two little metal discs. I've got some pennies... You could try but he doesn't answer his phone if he's driving or walking.

Francine: Pennies! You can't even use those anymore!

Andy: Sure you can. They don't make them, but they're still legal tender. You can still use two-dollar bills.

Francine: Really?

Andy: Oh yeah. I wouldn't, they're probably worth more than face value these days, but you could spend them, if you wanted to.

Francine: You know, it's funny. I found an old two dollar bill a few days ago in the pages of a book. Didn't know what to do with it.

Andy: Was it in good shape?

Francine: Pretty good shape. Do you think it might be worth money?

Andy: Yeah, maybe five, six dollars.

Francine: Well, that's barely worth it. Wait a minute, what if Jeremy's been hurt?

Andy: He would phone if he was hurt. Oh, look! A toonie. So that's... two dollars and...twenty-five, twenty-seven, twenty-eight... these ones are stuck together... thirty-four cents.

Francine: I don't think that's enough to- Jeremy!
Jeremy has entered, looking a little flustered.

Jeremy: Two minutes late. Everyone sit down, I'm going to call this meeting to order.

Francine: I brought coffee, Jeremy.

Jeremy: I'm not drinking coffee. My ulcers have flared up. Can we begin?