

Comedy

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APPLE PIE PAIN

By Tara Meddaugh

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HOLLY, is a mother in her 20s-40s. She is at home in the living room. She speaks to her husband, Jesse, who has been watching tv.

HOLLY

My hands are raw—look at them! I have so many cracks—do you know it stings when I squeeze the lemons? Yeah, it does. I bet you didn't think about that yesterday. When you and the boys were sauntering around the apple orchard—picking all that low hanging fruit that even Sammy could reach. Eating cider donuts and launching rotten apples out of the apple canon. Oh, I know you had fun while I was working at the hospital and you brought me back this, what, I don't know, bushel of apples? Yes, I say brought *me* back because no one else planned on washing all that white pesticide off of them, right? No one else planned on making the apple pies the kids keep asking me for. Or did you, Jesse? Because by the way you've been watching football all day it sure doesn't look like you planned on rolling out dough. But luckily, you have a wife who can wash fifty apples, she can peel them, she can slice them up, she can make pie crust after delicious pie crust and listen to the boys ask about fifteen times a minute if the pie is ready to eat yet.

(pause)

Next year, just bring me back some donuts.

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