

VOICE. (*over intercom*) Mrs. Charles? Your packages arrived, and I must say you were not forthright in revealing the quantity of this particular delivery.

BRIDGET. He'll go away. I won't answer and he'll just go away with his stupid boxes.

VOICE. Mrs. Charles? Mrs. Charles? (*louder*) VERA WALTERS? ARE YOU THERE?

BRIDGET. (*whispering*) Nobody here. Return everything. Have it returned.

VOICE. Well, I'm not sure if you can hear this or not – but Officer Good Looking was down here a few minutes ago who said he'd come back and help the UPS Men unload, so –

BRIDGET. NO! (*runs to the intercom*) No! Hi!...hi. I'm Bridget. Sylvia's granddaughter. Don't leave them with Tom. Why don't you just bring them up? Or anyone but Officer Good Looking. (*buzzes him in*) NANA? What exactly is in that shipment you were expecting today?

SYLVIA. (*entering*) Oh, is it here already?

BRIDGET. Yes – and Tom is offering to help us unpack it.

SYLVIA. That's sweet of him, but Tom shouldn't see the merchandise. He wouldn't understand – he doesn't have anyone to buy unmentionables for.

BRIDGET. Nana, what *are* you expecting?

(*knock on the door*)

SYLVIA. Oh, some more flyers, a few dressmakers' dummies, bolts of fabric and a few slips I designed and had sent out to a sewing company. My big client placed a huge order a few weeks ago and I didn't have the manpower to get it filled by today – so I out-sourced!

(*SYLVIA crosses and opens the door. UPS MAN enters with seven large boxes piled on the moving dolly.*)

Start



Oh thank you, dear. Would you like some cookies and milk?

UPS MAN. (*sees BRIDGET*) YEAH!

SYLVIA. This is my granddaughter –

UPS MAN. She's here all summer?

SYLVIA. Yes –

UPS MAN. Thank you God.

SYLVIA. Where are the rest of my boxes?

UPS MAN. (*distracted*) Uh – downstairs –

SYLVIA. Go get them, dear.

(*He exits, walking backwards. BRIDGET has gone to the nearest box and opened it.*)

BRIDGET. Nana, these are from your sewing company, but – oh my god.

SYLVIA. What? Are they too wonderful for words?

BRIDGET. Nana, they're pornographic!

SYLVIA. (*taking one of the flyers from the top*) Don't be silly, my taste level is very – oh dear! Well, I certainly did not order that. What is that man doing?

BRIDGET. And this one?

SYLVIA. Absolutely not. This isn't even the color scheme I ordered.

VERA. (*entering from the hallway, with walker, crosses to BRIDGET and VERA*) What have we here, ladies? Some more slips for me to model or –

(*BRIDGET hands her a flier.*)

Sylvia, I refuse to pose like this.

SYLVIA. These aren't mine! What does this packing slip say? Saucy...lips? Saucy Lips?

BRIDGET. (*continuing to read*) "Boldly going where no lips have gone before"? And there's a website, too.

SYLVIA. But my site hasn't even launched yet!

BRIDGET. No, Nana. I think there was a mistake. the sewing company must have switched your order with someone else's. *(opening another box and pulling out a whip and a pair of handcuffs)* Unless your big client is into S&M, we might have a problem here.

SYLVIA. No! This is terrible! *(Frantically starts opening the other boxes. She throws out items from each box – more fliers, fish-net tights, belts, wigs, handcuffs, etc.)*

(Loud knock on door. BRIDGET rises and opens it.

UPS MAN enters with a **SECOND UPS MAN.** *They stand in the doorway. SYLVIA and VERA, in their own world, are holding up Saucy Lips products, trying them on and giggling like schoolgirls. Bridget waves a mannequin bust with pointy, leather covered breasts at the UPS MEN.)*

BRIDGET. I think there was some sort of mistake – everything got switched around – so if you could just, you know, take these away and bring back the boxes that we ordered – or actually, don't bring back anything. Just take these away...

(The UPS MEN and VERA and SYLVIA notice each other at the same time. The ups men drop their boxes, shocked!)

UPS MAN. *(recovering)* I only bring in, I don't take out. Unless it's you. On a date. I'll get the cookies later, Mrs. Charles! And, hey – nice nightie. *(Pinches BRIDGET's silk-covered bottom. To VERA.)* Wow. Kinky. *(exits, slamming the door behind him)*

SYLVIA. My client is coming in 40 minutes! What are we going to do?

VERA. We will sew!

SYLVIA. We will?

VERA. Sure. I'm better at that machine than you are anyway. We have fabric here. We'll do our best to get the order done, and see what happens.

End