



## FIRST SCENE – SAMPLE

By Robert J. Wheeler, 15 Windsor Cres., London, ON N6C 1V6 Canada – Revised Jan. 29/25

Setting – Average living room. Run time -- approximately 45 minutes.

Actors – 3 M – 2 F -- 1

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for a possible production and I will send it to you.

CHARACTER NAME	BRIEF DESCRIPTION	AGE	GENDER
TAYLOR SMITH	Husband of Jenna, programmer/bank loans officer	25-50	Male
JENNA SMITH	Wife of Taylor. Interior decorator	25-40	Female

TWO ACTORS REQUIRED

**SETTING**

A Living room.

SCENE 1

LIGHTS UP ON:

Time: Late afternoon.

Place: Living room of Taylor and Jenna.

DC is a sofa.

DR is a small table with three letters near the DR entrance to the apartment.

UL is the entrance to the kitchen and other rooms.

A few bars of “Love Will Keep Us Together” plays.

*TAYLOR SMITH (25), a sophisticate, ENTERS through the DR opening dressed in a checkered blouse, business suit with a gym bag.*

*Taylor drops the gym bag, takes the letters from the mail table, looks through the letters.*

TAYLOR *(looking at mail, sung)* Honey Bunny, I’m home.

JENNA *(O.S. sung)* Taylor, Sweetie.

TAYLOR *(looking at mail, sung)* Yes, Dearest.

JENNA *(O.S.)* I’ve made you a surprise.

*A perplexed look from Taylor.*

*(O.S.)* It’s something you’ll love. It’s wonderful!

*JENNA SMITH (25), in casual attire with apron, RUSHES from the UL kitchen holding a smoking meatloaf pan with oven mitts (dry ice).*

*Taylor’s surprised, throws the mail into the air as she charges toward him, causing him to back up.*

JENNA *(joyous, proud)* Voila!

TAYLOR Whaaaaaaaaaaaaa . . .

*Jenna backs him into the SR wall.*

aaaaaat?

*Taylor looks down into the pan.*

You made lava?!!!

JENNA *(joyous, proud)* No, silly, it's my very own Betty Crocker meatloaf!

TAYLOR *(dire, looking at the meat loaf)* Jenna!!!

JENNA What, Sweetie?

TAYLOR *(a dire cringe)* It's on fire!

JENNA *(oblivious)* Oh.

*Jenna blows on the meat loaf.*

Better?

*Shrug from Taylor.*

*(joyous)* The top's a little crispy, but you'll love the rest.

*Taylor waves smoke away, squints to see her.*

TAYLOR *(tactful)* It's, it's . . . I'm at a loss for words.

*Jenna giggles, takes it as a compliment.*

JENNA It's my first delicious meatloaf.

TAYLOR *(trepidation)* I've thought of a word.

JENNA Wonderful, spectacular, fabulous, amazing? Which one?

TAYLOR It's uh, ah . . . a four-letter word.

JENNA *(joyous)* Love has four letters.

TAYLOR *(dread)* That's not the . . .

JENNA *(not hearing, interrupting)* Love it is!

*Jenna tries to kiss him, but smoke and the hot pan are in the way.*

*Taylor tries to dodge the hot pan, gets a finger or two burned.*

*They fumble around until she holds the meat loaf with one hand from the edge with one mitt, puts the other oven mitt on the letter table, the meatloaf pan on the mitt and the other mitt over the meatloaf.*

*They kiss.*

Missed you.

*Jenna grabs Taylor, bearhugs him hard, turns him facing DS.*

*Taylor's eyes bug out, arms fly out, he's breathless.*

*(joyous)* Three months married, and it still feels new, fantastic.

*Jenna releases the hug. Taylor gasps, out of breath and dazed but she does not notice.*

Taylor?!

TAYLOR Yes, yes. *(takes a breath)* Fantastic . . . but dangerous.

JENNA How was your day, my Sweet?

*Taylor gathers himself.*

TAYLOR My day? Right, the day I had. My dear, your loans officer, computer and I.T. genius husband had an exceptional day at the bank.

JENNA *(joyous)* That's because . . .

*Taylor spins around, swings his arms and gym bag around, spins.*

*Jenna poses model-like, expecting him to notice her.*

TAYLOR *(interrupting)* The GDNP is above predicted. Mr. Dill says it's a dream time for bankers!

JENNA *(annoyed)* Your bank manager?!!

*Jenna is miffed it's not her that's making him happy.*

TAYLOR Yes! The economy is heating up!

*Jenna takes an oven mitt without Taylor seeing, holds it behind her back.*

JENNA *(frustrated scream)* Ahhhhhhhha!

*Taylor's stunned, stops spinning.*

The economy?!

*Taylor turns quickly toward the meat loaf.*

TAYLOR *(fearful)* The lava loaf?!

*Jenna whacks him with an oven mitt, throws the mitt over her head and back and holds her arms out to him.*

JENNA Us!!!

TAYLOR *(confused)* Us? *(sees what she means)* Of course, us! Lovers! Definitely lovers, my Sweet.

*Taylor hugs her.*

JENNA It's Friday night!!

TAYLOR So?

*Jenna ends the hug, pushes him back.*

JENNA *(excited)* Did you get it?

*Taylor shrugs.*

T-a-a-a-y-lor! It's our plan! The bank's closed until Tuesday because it's the holiday weekend. You didn't forget?

TAYLOR Maybe I did, and maybe . . .

JENNA *(joyous interrupting)* You got it! I know you did! You're forgiven!

TAYLOR The things I do for love.

JENNA It's not like you're stealing anything.

*Taylor gives her the gym bag and moves US.*

Heavy.

*Jenna holds it to her heart, dances with the gym bag DS.*

TAYLOR A million dollars is a lot of paper.

*Taylor relaxes on the sofa.*

JENNA It's got to be turning you on, right?

TAYLOR *(macho)* Jenna Darlin', your man doesn't have an off switch.

JENNA More than normal?

*Taylor moves to Jenna.*

TAYLOR Having a million dollars of bank money in our love nest, does raise my blood pressure a tad.

JENNA What denominations?

TAYLOR Hundreds.

JENNA Wow, a bag of hundreds!

*A few bars of "Money, Money, Money" plays. Jenna dances with the gym bag.*

*(enthused)* Feel the power! You gotta feel it! You're sure the bank won't miss it?

*Music stops, she stops dancing.*

TAYLOR The safe can't be opened until eight a.m. Tuesday morning. I was the last one out tonight and I'll be the first one in Tuesday morning when I return the money, and no-one will be the wiser.

JENNA What about the cameras?

TAYLOR Mr. Dill wants to save money on hydro, so has the cameras turned off before every holiday weekend.

*Jenna puts the gym bag on the sofa, dances around.*

JENNA I feel bad, like I've committed some horrible crime.

TAYLOR Jenna, it's borrowed money. You know the million needs to go back?

JENNA I was imagining. Don't you ever imagine?

TAYLOR I imagined us married.

JENNA *(incredulous look with sarcasm)* Right.

*Jenna rushes to Taylor, hugs him.*

What if we pretend it's Mafia money? Let's imagine dirty Mafia money.

TAYLOR Dirty Mafia money?

*LIGHTS FADE AWAY AROUND THEM,  
TRANSITION TO LIGHTS ON THEM AND THE SOFA.*

JENNA Yeah. We walk the docks at night, the perilous waterfront!

(MORE)



*The background sound of waves and gulls creep in.*

A deadly dark and dangerous night! We're arm-in-arm on the grimy, dim, crime, and rat-infested docks.

*Sour face from Taylor. Jenna pulls Taylor along.*

Black water surges in. Just a few dingy dim lights to guide us. We go on because we're . . .

*Jenna indicates she wants him to finish her sentence.*

TAYLOR *(interrupting)*. . . mentally unstable?

JENNA In love!!! We love the smell of ocean, *(takes deep breath)* the sound of gulls.

TAYLOR Gulls at night?

*Jenna grabs his shoulder.*

JENNA Night gulls!

TAYLOR I've never seen . . .

JENNA *(interrupting)* They're night flyers, black, so they blend in . . . see?

TAYLOR No.

JENNA *(not hearing him)* Good. *(enlivened)* We're at the murky, churning water's edge, the edge of absolute darkness. Shots ring out ahead! It's a drug deal gone wrong!

*Jenna clicks her heels into the floor rapidly -- gunfire.*

The unmistakable sound of automatic weapons, so we . . .

TAYLOR *(interrupting)* . . . run for cover.

JENNA We're unafraid! We push on! Your shirt is soaked in sweat, muscles tight, swell, ripple, want to burst the shirt, so you rip it off.

*Taylor takes off his jacket and tie, tries to tear off his shirt, but it won't tear, so settles for undoing the top two shirt buttons, throws his chest out, does a he-man pose.*

*Jenna runs her hands over his upper body, pulls him along.*

We keep moving . . . step over bullet-riddled bodies.

*Sour face from Taylor. Jenna looks to the sofa.*

We see it! A black, machined gunned limo peppered with bullet holes, engine still idling. On the hood is an open bag of drug money!

*Jenna takes the gym bag, puts it on the sofa arm.*

A million dollars, waiting for us to take. Two shots ring out . . .

*Jenna bangs her heels on the floor twice.*

. . . tear into the limo! You jump in front of me.

*Jenna jumps behind him, hides.*

My protector from harm, no matter how dangerous.

*Taylor moves behind her.*

TAYLOR You're sure you're with me?

*Jenna moves Taylor in front of her.*

JENNA One of the bodies wasn't dead, shooting at us!

*Jenna bangs her heels on the floor twice. Taylor ducks.*

You grab an uzi from a dead hand!

*Taylor has a confused look.*

(MORE)

Machine gun!

*Jenna makes Taylor's hand look like a gun, takes his arm, points it at an imaginary target.*

*Jenna rapidly clicks her heels on the floor for the sound of automatic fire.*

You took him down hard and for good.

*Taylor throws and spits out the imaginary uzi.*

JENNA We've made our way to the money!

TAYLOR We have the money?!!

JENNA Yes, yes, yes! You pick me and the money up and . . .

*Taylor picks up the gym bag, struggles to lift Jenna and position her over his shoulder. He is enthused as he has Jenna and the gym bag.*

TAYLOR Run like Hell?

JENNA To our mansion on the cliff overlooking the ocean.

*Taylor runs around the sofa with Jenna over his shoulder, stops DC, dumps her onto the sofa.*

TAYLOR Where we count it?

JENNA No!!! Scatter it on me, the whole mill on me! Go ahead!

*Taylor opens the gym bag and dumps twenty bundles of money on Jenna from the gym bag.*

*Jenna's bombarded with bundles of money, is startled, fights them off.*

*(sits up, surprised) I'd imagined loose bills. (overjoyed) We go to it on the cash. That's power! That's my man!*

*Taylor moves to jump on her, pulls back, looks closely at a bundle.*

TAYLOR      What about paper cuts?

*Jenna sits up, holds two bundles.*

JENNA      We're not afraid! We take what we want! Love every moment of being fully alive!

TAYLOR      Yes!!!

*The sound of the waves and gulls fade out.*

ALL LIGHTS UP

JENNA      That's what we love. *(looks to Taylor)* What do you think?

TAYLOR      Me? What do I think?

*Taylor stands, paces, next is a big build up.*

I see, I see, *(thinking)* a very sexy . . . sensual . . . erotic . . . highly stimulating . . . three-day . . .

*Jenna hangs expectantly overjoyed on his words "sexy . . . sensual . . . erotic . . . stimulating . . . three-day," then . . .*

. . . interest free loan!

JENNA      *(disappointed)* Taylor, think wild!

*Taylor pauses to mentally calculate, walks around.*

TAYLOR      Jen, two days at five per cent interest on a mill, comes to around *(pause while thinking)* two hundred and seventy-three dollars and ninety-seven cents.

JENNA      Compounded?

TAYLOR      Before compounding! Isn't that wild?!!

JENNA      *(mocking)* Whoopee. I'll work on what you see.

JENNA How much in each bundle?

TAYLOR *(takes a bundle)* This one's twenty-five thousand.

JENNA I've got goose bumps.

TAYLOR *(smug)* I'm used to dealing with large amounts.

*Jenna takes two bundles and juggles them or uses them as weights, raising them, one in each hand, over and over again higher than her head..*

JENNA My fifty-thousand-dollar act.

*Taylor sits on the sofa, watching her.*

TAYLOR Very nice. Can you get the hips going?

*Jenna hip gyrates and juggles or uses the bundles like weights, pushes them over her head.*

*Taylor applauds.*

*Taylor moves to Jenna, kisses her. Jenna puts the bundles into the gym bag and closes it.*

JENNA *(enthused)* We'll have my fabulous meatloaf after.

TAYLOR *(dread)* Torchered meatloaf.

JENNA *(joyful)* It's a Betty Crocker recipe, so it'll be delicious!

*Jenna happily dances the gym bag into the bedroom.*

*(O.S.)* Don't forget our dinner.

*Taylor picks up the meatloaf pan with trepidation with an oven mitt, moves toward bedroom door.*

TAYLOR What if it explodes?

JENNA *(O.S.)* Money doesn't explode.

Love Recipe

By Robert J. Wheeler

TAYLOR     No. The lava loaf!!!

*Taylor EXITS into the bedroom.*

LIGHTS OUT.

End of Scene 1 – END OF SAMPLE