

**THE RESENTMENT ZONE** July 28, 2003

*(Evelyn and Jim are stage left and are arguing)*

EVELYN: Look, Jim, I've told you time and time again. Let me break it down to you. Read my lips: I DO NOT WANT TO HAVE A RELATIONSHIP WITH YOU. You were just something for me to do between boyfriends. Leave me alone.

JIM: You are the cruelest person I have ever met in my life!

EVELYN: Quit whining and grow up!

JIM: *(grabbing her arm)* Evelyn, I love you! Doesn't that mean anything?

EVELYN: Yes! It means you are a pathetic loser who will graduate to being a sexual harasser if you don't let go of my arm!

*(Jim lets go)*

JIM: Fine! I don't why you're going to the ladies room cause you definitely ain't no lady!

EVELYN: And you are not a man!

*(she opens up the door and slams it shut-door creaking open and slamming sound effect)*

*(there are five people sitting in chairs in the room with their backs to Evelyn)*

EVELYN: *(looking around kind of bewildered and surprised)* Uh...what is going on here? W-where is the bathroom? I'm sorry, I must have went into the wrong room. *(she turns around and tries to open the door but it won't open)* What is going on! The door won't open!

*(Christine gets up)*

CHRISTINE: It's no use, Evelyn you can't leave.

EVELYN: (*surprised*) Christine? Christine Whitmore? What are you doing here?

CHRISTINE: Listen to him. (*she points to Rod Serling*)

ROD SERLING: Picture if you will, Evelyn Williams, a member of Alcoholics Anonymous with five years of continuous sobriety. A woman whose desire to stay sober was once strong, but lately has been wavering. Far beyond being just restless, irritable, and discontent, she is about as fun to be with as a scorching case of hemorrhoids. Evelyn's actions have caused her to slip into...The Resentment Zone. (*Twilight Zone music*)

EVELYN: Who was that guy?

CHRISTINE: Rod Serling.

EVELYN: I thought he was dead.

CHRISTINE: It's just a skit.

EVELYN: Okay, anyway, what are you doing here tramp?

CHRISTINE: I beg your pardon?

EVELYN: You heard me! The last time I saw you was seven years ago when I caught you screwing my husband, you sleazeball!

CHRISTINE: Excuse me, you slept with my husband too!

EVELYN: That was different.

CHRISTINE: HOW was it different?

EVELYN: Because Filbert and I were in love! We moved in together, remember? You and my husband, Barnaby, were just like two African Wildebeests in heat who couldn't help themselves.

CHRISTINE: If you loved Filbert so much then why did you leave him two weeks after he moved in?

EVELYN: Well, ...I didn't say I loved him long. That's none of your business anyway. YOU slept with my husband first! I still don't know how you could do that, Christine. You were my best friend!

CHRISTINE: You can stop with the Jerry Springer crap, Evelyn. You always could see everyone else's faults but your own.

EVELYN: I don't want to talk to you about all this I just want to leave! *(she tries the door again, but it won't open)*

*(Christine goes back to her seat and Dora gets up)*

DORA: You can't leave, Ev.

EVELYN: Dora, is that you?

DORA: Yeah, little sister, it's me.

EVELYN: Why are you here? Shouldn't you be out accepting an award someplace?

DORA: What is that supposed to mean?

EVELYN: It means, big sis, that I don't know why you are taking the time out of your perfect life to slum with your loser kid sister.

DORA: Why are you always so dramatic, Ev? Why can't we be closer than we are?

EVELYN: Because Dora, I just got so sick of being compared to you. Dora is valedictorian, Evelyn dropped out . Dora got married to a computer whiz, Evelyn got knocked up by an unemployed musician. Dora went to college, Evelyn went to jail. Dora is a stay-at-home mom , Evelyn is a stay-at-home drunk. I don't even know how we managed to have the same parents! We are so different. You are perfect and I am such a screw up. You represent everything I wanted to be, but just couldn't be.

DORA: Is that my fault, Ev? And I'm not perfect, by the way. The other day I told Caitlin to wash her hands for supper and when she came to the table

her hands were still filthy and I yelled at her and used the “d” word. She looked so hurt.

EVELYN: What’s the “d” word?

DORA: (*hesitantly*) Damn. I told her to “go wash her damn hands this instant!”

EVELYN: (*sarcastically*) Oh, that “d” word. Of course.

DORA: Also, Tim was downsized and while he’s trying to find another job we have had to rent out the guest house for extra income and the young man we rented to had a wild party last weekend so we had to ask him to leave.

EVELYN: (*angrily*) You know what, Dora? Don’t you *ever* try to compare your featherweight problems to mine, okay? You had problems with your guest house? Try sleeping in a sleeping bag on the floor of your sponsor’s studio apartment because you were evicted because you drank the rent money again! A kid with dirty hands? My son is thirteen and is already in his third rehab! And he blames me for why his life is so screwed up!

DORA: Ev, I wasn’t comparing my problems to yours just like I never compared my life to yours. *You* did that, not me. I don’t know why every time we talk to each other it becomes an argument.

EVELYN: I didn’t come here to talk to you anyway! I came in here to use the bathroom and ditch a jerk who can’t figure out that he loves sex and not me! All of a sudden I find myself in an episode of “This is Your Screwed-Up Life! Leave me alone!

(*Dora goes back to her seat and Mr. Mandible gets up and walks over*)

EVELYN: I remember you. You’re Mr. Mandible.

MR. MANDIBLE: I can’t say I remember you.

EVELYN: I’m Evelyn Williams. I used to work as a waitress in your nasty bar and grill when I was 19.

MR. MANDIBLE: If you say so. I have had many waitress and certainly don’t remember all of them. And my establishment is certainly not nasty.

EVELYN: *You* are what made it nasty. I came to you asking for a lousy five buck raise because daycare costs were killing me and you said if I would have sex with you, the raise was mine.

MR. MANDIBLE: I never said anything of the sort. I don't remember you and you surely never even worked for me!

EVELYN: Oh, I worked for you all right. At least up until I told you to go screw yourself because you weren't going to screw me and you fired me.

MR. MANDIBLE: That never happened.

EVELYN: It did happen! And you know what else happened? I got drunk because I was so upset at being fired and ran my car into a tree and went to jail that night for DUI.

MR. MANDIBLE: And that is my fault?

EVELYN: Yes it's your fault you pig!

MR. MANDIBLE: I don't have to stand here and listen to this foolishness.

EVELYN: Then get out of my sight! You make me sick!

*(Mr. Mandible turns and starts to go sit down)*

EVELYN: Wait, before you sit down again; I just wanted to share one last thing with you. The other waitresses used to all hate you and every day when they brought you your coffee we would take turns spitting in it. And I mean big hocking lugeys too!

MR. MANDIBLE: You are sick!

EVELYN: Sit down!

*(Mandible sits down, Peter Newhouser gets up)*

PETER: Who are you?

EVELYN: Who am I? I'm Evelyn. Didn't all you Ghosts of Christmases Past get a script? Who are you?

PETER: I'm Peter. Peter Newhouser.

EVELYN: Why does that name sound familiar?  
Newhouser...Newhouser...not the Newhousers who used to live two doors down from us on Willaby Street?

PETER: Yes, my family used to live on Willaby Street when I was a kid. Have we met?

EVELYN: Yes we've met! You were that evil little boy Petey who terrorized me in the second grade!*(suddenly remembering something she takes a deep inhalation of breath)* YOU THREW MY MALIBU BARBIE DOWN THE SEWER!

PETER: What?

EVELYN: YOU THREW MY MALIBU BARBIE DOWN THE SEWER! I was devastated! I wanted one all summer and my mom kept telling me to wait until Christmases and then on Christmas day I was going over to my best friend Christine's house to show her my brand new Malibu Barbie complete with her beach towel and cute little sunglasses and you snatched her out of my hands and threw her down the sewer!

PETER: Aw, man, I remember that! Yeah, I had just gotten a new G.I. Joe and I wanted to see if he could rescue Barbie from the sewer. Unfortunately his Kung Fu grip wasn't quite strong enough. I was a pretty rotten kid. Man, I got in so much trouble. So you're Evelyn Cheswick, huh? What did we used to call you? Heavy Evie right?

EVELYN: *(through clenched teeth)* DO NOT CALL ME THAT! No, I'm not Evelyn Cheswick I'm Evelyn Williams now because I got married. Well, I'm divorced now, but I was married and anyway it's none of your business! I'm not here to reminisce with the likes of you! Do you have any idea how much your actions damaged my fragile psyche?

PETER: Aren't you overreacting just a little?

EVELYN: NO I AM NOT! I wanted that doll so badly and you threw it away and laughed. Did you know that my dad had died in a car crash earlier that year?

PETER: I seem to remember that yes.

EVELYN: Well, I played with my Barbies nonstop after that. I always tried to pretend that my real family was as perfect as my Barbie's family but it never was. Barbie became my refuge to help me deal with my loss and pain.

PETER: Look, Evelyn, I was a kid. I wasn't thinking about that deep kind of stuff. I'm sorry.

EVELYN: Oh, you're sorry. Is that supposed to bring my Barbie back?

PETER: You know, I seem to remember my mom making me buy you a replacement with the money I saved from my allowance.

EVELYN: BUT THEY WERE OUT OF MALIBU BARBIES! Or did you conveniently forget that part of the story? You bought me a gymnastics Barbie which I already had! You know what I did with your sorry excuse for a replacement? I burned it in the backyard then threw it in the sewer!

PETER: You have serious issues.

EVELYN: No, I don't just have issues Peter, I have a whole subscription! It's because of people like you too!

PETER: Evelyn, that was nearly 30 years ago, why don't you...

EVELYN: Why don't I what? Get over it? Do you think you are the first person to say that to me?

PETER: What do you want from me?

EVELYN: I WANT MY MALIBU BARBIE BACK! Not gymnastics Barbie, not a replacement Malibu Barbie, not these new reproductions they have that include sunscreen, but the Malibu Barbie that my mommy bought just for me in 1974! That's what I want! Can you give me that?

PETER: No, I can't.

EVELYN: Well then sit down!

*(Peter sits down, Shelly stands up)*

SHELLY: Hi Evelyn.

EVELYN: Oh, Shelly. Man, is it great to see you.

*(they hug)*

SHELLY: You haven't called me for two weeks Evelyn.

EVELYN: Please don't do the bad sponsor thing on me right now Shelly, I just can't take it. Look, I have been really busy and I have been meaning to call.

SHELLY: I'm not trying to guilt trip you, honey, I just try to pass on to my sponsees what my sponsor passed on to me. One of those things was to not spend a lot of time in my own head. Why do you think you're here, Evelyn? Why are you stuck in the Resentment Zone?

EVELYN: I was hoping you could tell me. I have been sober for five years. I have a home group. I am a coffee maker and secretary. I have a job which pays the bills.

SHELLY: Okay, honey, I'm not going to take your inventory so let's just call what I am about to say a loving appraisal. Evelyn, you are filled from head to toe with resentment.

EVELYN: Says who?

SHELLY: Well, for starters your ex-best friend, your sister, your ex-boss, a kid you knew 30 years ago who did something you didn't like and that guy you have been using to curb your loneliness.

EVELYN: I cannot believe you included Mr. Mandible in that list. He fired me because I wouldn't sleep with him.

SHELLY: That's right dear, he wronged you. However, your part in that is that you have used that as an excuse for not working on yourself many years after it happened. How long can you keep hanging on to being a victim?

EVELYN: What am I supposed to do? I don't know why I'm here! I did my 4<sup>th</sup> step. We did my 5<sup>th</sup> Step together!

SHELLY: Perhaps you have forgotten that there are 12 steps, dear. You have been sent to the Resentment Zone because you stopped after step 7. Step 8 is where we make a list of all persons we have harmed and become willing to make amends to them all.

EVELYN: That's what I need to do, make a list?

SHELLY: Yes, honey. And then go into Step 9 where you make direct amends to those people wherever necessary.

EVELYN: And then I can walk out that door? (*points to door*)

SHELLY: No, Evelyn, then you can walk out *that* door. (*points to opposite side of room*) After working Step 9, you can walk through this door which leads to The Promises.

EVELYN: That whole "new freedom and a new happiness" deal from the Big Book?

SHELLY: Don't be so cavalier about it, Evelyn. The promises are real and wonderful. You have to make a choice though.

EVELYN: Well, I know I don't want to be here. I'll do whatever it takes not to come back here.

SHELLY: That's the right answer. (*they hug*) Did you really spit lugeys into his coffee? (*Evelyn nods*)

ROD SERLING: Submitted for your approved; Evelyn Williams, an alcoholic who was starting to rest on her laurels whatever those are is now walking in the sunlight of the spirit. With the help of her Higher Power she has made it out of The Resentment Zone!

(*twilight zone music*)