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HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR MAGGIE



by
Rick Butts

**A clown helps her realize that
life-saving miracles can be weird.**

Happy Birthday Dear Maggie

She hates birthdays

By

Rick Butts

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MAGGIE MACALLISTER, a woman, 29, travelling on business on her birthday.

ALDRIN, a man, forties, a clown working a corporate gig at a hotel.

SCENE

A hotel room with a bed, a table, a sofa. An exit to the off-stage bathroom.

TIME

Now.

SYNOPSIS

Maggie is travelling for business while her husband undergoes major surgery. It's her birthday. She finds herself accidentally spending time in a hotel room with Aldrin, a clown who has a corporate gig that evening at the hotel. Her husband has been in a wheelchair since he broke his back on her birthday two years earlier. Today he's having surgery to relieve his excruciating pain. But there are risks: the surgery could also leave him paralyzed for life if it goes wrong. Maggie has chosen not to be with him. Aldrin the clown helps her deal with her feelings about birthdays as they come to understand that sometimes life-saving miracles can be weird.

NOTES ON PROPS SUPPORTING ALDRIN

Aldrin is a professional clown and would have typical "clown" accessories to support his prop-based gags. A large tote bag that holds his stuff would be useful. The descriptions of the clown "props" in the script are suggestive not prescriptive. It's not essential that they be exactly as described so long as they allow the actor to complete the gags.

For example, Aldrin's large magnifying glass could instead be giant glasses or binoculars he uses to inspect Maggie's face. The over-sized watch he pulls from his bag might be a large mantel or wall clock. The bouquet of flowers he presents to Maggie could be any sort of foam gag flowers such as red noses on stems or a dancing sunflower in a pot.

SETTING: A hotel room.

AT RISE: Nine o'clock in the evening. MAGGIE enters with a laptop and large purse on her shoulder, dragging a travel bag. She carries a bottle of wine and a clear plastic bag filled with cigars. She's spent the day inspecting a cigar factory as a visiting auditor from head office. Back from being schmoozed at dinner with too much wine by the local plant manager, she's exhausted and a little tipsy. She drops her bag and purse on the floor, puts the wine on the table and looks around. After a moment, she starts to cry. She kicks off her shoes, throws herself on the bed and sobs into a pillow.

The sound of water running off-stage. It stops. A beat later, ALDRIN enters wearing a one-piece leotard and a creepy clown mask. He has an unlit cigar in his mouth. He's stunned to see her.

ALDRIN

Wh—! Is this your room?

MAGGIE

(Sits up on the bed. Stares at him, thinks. Brightening.)

He sent you! I'm such a terrible wife. I don't deserve this!

ALDRIN

Sorry. I think I'm in the wrong room.

MAGGIE

Oh that's clever. Better than the old singing birthday clown routine. A creepy clown playing a birthday clown.

(She wipes her nose on the pillow, hugs it to her chest.)

ALDRIN

I'm not a birthday clown.

MAGGIE

I know. You're a creepy clown. Doing a birthday clown's shtick.

ALDRIN

It's not a shtick. There's no birthday here.

MAGGIE

I love it! Turn the birthday clown trope on its head. The non-ironic delivery of the irony! Just what a creepy clown would say!

ALDRIN

There's no irony here, ma'am. I have a corporate gig later tonight. The hotel gave me this room to get dressed. They told me it was empty. Sorry. I'll pack up my things and go.

MAGGIE

You're serious? No one sent you?

(Beat.)

For Maggie MacAllister?

ALDRIN

No.

MAGGIE

No? That's all you can say? What kind of clown are you?

ALDRIN

Creepy corporate. Sorry. Um . . . it's no one's birthday here.

MAGGIE

You're wrong. It's *my* birthday.

ALDRIN

Oh? Okay, well then . . . happy birthday, ma'am. But I'm not here for you.

MAGGIE

(Sobbing.)

It would have been a miracle if you were. If he'd sent you.

ALDRIN

I should be going, ma'am.

MAGGIE

Stop calling me that!

ALDRIN

(Pulls on jeans and a sweatshirt. Grabs his bag. Moves to leave.)

Sorry . . . miss.

MAGGIE

If you weren't sent for me, then maybe I should kill myself.

ALDRIN

(Freezes. Stares at her. Suddenly in full birthday clown mode.)

MAGGIE MACALLISTER!!!! Whoa there, birthday girl. Kill yourself on your birthday!
Not on my watch!

(He pulls a huge pocket watch out of his bag.)

MAGGIE

You take it to the edge for a birthday clown. Your reviews must be brutal.

ALDRIN

Honestly, it's been years since anyone's recommended me for a birthday.

MAGGIE

Frankly, I can see why.

ALDRIN

Hey, enough about me! We should be talking about the birthday kid. MAGGIE
MACALLISTER!!! And how old are you today little girl? Eighteen?

MAGGIE

Twenty-nine.

ALDRIN

Twenty-nine? You don't look a day over—

*(He takes a large magnifying glass from his bag, comes close to
inspect her face. She hugs the pillow protectively.)*

—eighteen!

MAGGIE

Asshole. Now you really *are* being creepy. Don't you have some place to be? Like everyone else in my life.

ALDRIN

(Dangles the large watch.)

I've got nothing but time for you, Maggie!

MAGGIE

Well, I'm out of time for clowns like you and Ron. So run along now. I need to find my wine and blow my brains out.

ALDRIN

*(He sees the wine on the table. Grabs the bag of cigars, tucks the wine
out of sight.)*

Maggie, you're blowing my mind with that kind of commitment to checking out early. But if you've paid for the room for the whole night, there's a better way to kill yourself.

(Holds up cigars in each hand.)

Start smoking these! They *will* kill you if you smoke enough of them. More fun. And you don't have to tip the maid extra for all that messy brain splatter.

MAGGIE

(Finds her phone, moves to the sofa, scrolls through messages.)

It's my boss. She's been calling me. Such an a-hole. She knows I'm at meetings all day. I should call her. She can be a bi—

ALDRIN

(Snatching her phone away.)

It will be so much nicer to call her tomorrow and share that in person. Leaving a career-ending voicemail telling her what you really think of her when you're drunk? So impersonal. And not nearly as fun as it sounds.

MAGGIE

Give me my phone. Find my wine. Then leave. I want to be miserable all by myself—

ALDRIN

Sorry. No can do. I took an oath. No sadness on anyone's birthday—

MAGGIE

Hey! I want to end the sad reality of my pathetic life.

ALDRIN

Then you're in luck! Sad reality of a pathetic life? That's my speciality. I end pathetic lives all the time.

MAGGIE

You kill people?

ALDRIN

No. I make them feel better about their lives when they look at mine.

MAGGIE

That doesn't make any sense. You're a clown.

ALDRIN

I have a doctorate in political philosophy and theology. And I do this for a living.

MAGGIE

That's sad!

ALDRIN

I'm a clown who's not even good at being a clown. I make people sad! That's how pathetic my life is. How's that make you feel, Maggie?

MAGGIE

I'm happy I'm not you.

ALDRIN

(Very pleased with her answer. Tips his head.)

Glad to be of service.

MAGGIE

I can't believe I'm having this conversation with a clown! You know, I'm still a worthless piece of crap who doesn't deserve to live. I'm spending my birthday with a clown while my husband has surgery that I won't survive.

ALDRIN

You mean *him*. You mean *he* might not survive?

MAGGIE

No, I mean *me*. As in *I*. If he survives, then I don't.

(Beat.)

I'm such a bad wife. Where *is* my wine!

ALDRIN

(Suddenly full of fun.)

Hey, you know what's fun? Getting in bed under the covers with your clothes on. And then counting backwards starting at like . . . a *HUNDRED* . . . *WITH YOUR EYES CLOSED!*

MAGGIE

Screw yourself.

ALDRIN

If you get into bed like a good girl, you can call your boss first thing in the morning and tell her she's a bitch? That's fun!

MAGGIE

You know you're a clown, right? Giving me career advice? Want to make me happy? Find my wine. Pull an opener out of your hat. Then go *POOF!* That trick where you disappear.

ALDRIN

Right. Except I'm not wearing a hat. And it's rabbits that come out of hats, not bottle openers. As for *POOFING*, I'm the kind of clown that uses doors.

MAGGIE

Why are you still here?

ALDRIN

Because I've got a trick for you! But first why don't I do a little temporal displacement—that's like time travel only with your mind—and find out what happened to your wine.

(ALDRIN takes the wine, hides it under a scarf, holds it in front of her. He pulls off the scarf and—POOF!—it's a bouquet of flowers.)

ALDRIN (CONT'D)

Look, it's flowers. From Ron! Maybe you drank the wine.

MAGGIE

You know my husband?

ALDRIN

(Carefully teasing out her story.)

Ron . . . MacAllister . . .

(MAGGIE nods.)

Who's having surgery. . . soon. Right?

MAGGIE

Today. Probably still going on. It's like ten hours—

ALDRIN

Right . . . it's soon going to be over? Like soon. Soon to be over . . .

MAGGIE

(Shrugs like she doesn't care.)

I guess.

ALDRIN

Who do you think sent me for your birthday? So you wouldn't be alone?

MAGGIE

Don't you dare say Ron!

ALDRIN

Well he could hardly be here himself, right? Because he's in surgery.

MAGGIE

You're trying to trick me. Ron couldn't have sent you.

ALDRIN

Why not?

MAGGIE

Only a *real* birthday clown who *really* knew Ron would know I was here. You said yourself you're not a birthday clown.

ALDRIN

But Maggie, I *am* here! How else would I know Ron's in surgery and you'd be here if Ron didn't tell me? Riddle me that. It's not like you told me.

MAGGIE

This can't be true!

ALDRIN

I'm not lying to you. Clowns can't lie. It's against the code.

MAGGIE

That's crap. Clowns lie all the time. Every liar I've ever known has been a clown!

ALDRIN

Not fair, Maggie. That's the old fallacy of the undistributed middle used to hurt clowns.

MAGGIE

What?

ALDRIN

A faulty syllogism.

(MAGGIE doesn't understand. ALDRIN explains, speaks like a philosophy professor.)

All liars are clowns.

(Pause.)

All clowns are clowns.

(Pause.)

All clowns are liars.

MAGGIE

So you're saying clowns are liars? Isn't that what I just said?

ALDRIN

Let's move on. *This* clown doesn't lie. Maggie, I'm telling you from now on, all you get from me is the unvarnished truth.

MAGGIE

Promise?

ALDRIN

Cross my heart.

(Crosses his heart several times in different locations on his chest.)

Want to make sure I get every part of it. Clowns have gigantic hearts.

MAGGIE

(Raises her hand.)

Pinky swear? Always the truth?

ALDRIN

(Linking her finger.)

Always the truth. *Wait!*

(ALDRIN exits right. Returns wearing a birthday clown mask. Sits on the sofa with her. She stares.)

MAGGIE

You look different. Younger. Have you changed your hair?

(Thinks.)

Oh, wow! Is it birthday clown?

ALDRIN

When I was in grad school I did a lot of birthdays for kids of faculty.

MAGGIE

(Studying the birthday clown mask.)

I can see the difference it makes in you. You're . . . nicer.

ALDRIN

Birthday clown. You got to be desperate to take those gigs. Or just starting out. The kids try to hurt you. It's how they test to see you're not AI.

MAGGIE

To see if you're the real schlemiel! Of course, clowns are real.

ALDRIN

Tell that to the kid who set my hair on fire. He was six.

MAGGIE

I'm glad you're my birthday clown. I promise not to set any part of you on fire. What do I call you now?

ALDRIN

Aldrin.

MAGGIE

Is that the birthday clown's name?

ALDRIN

No, it's *my* name. Like Buzz Aldrin. But without the Buzz.

MAGGIE

So all your clown characters are Aldrin? Creepy corporate clown. Birthday clown. They're all really Aldrin. That's weird. Nice too. But still a bit weird.

ALDRIN

I'm just Aldrin. Like you're Maggie.

(Probing gently.)

And Ron's your husband who wouldn't want you to be alone on your birthday . . . except for his . . . minor surgery—

MAGGIE

Major. It's major surgery.

ALDRIN

Major surgery that you would have been there for . . . except for having to work . . .

MAGGIE

Aldrin, stop! We said only truth. You can't redeem me. The cost of saving me is too many lies. I'm done lying.

ALDRIN

How do you see that?

MAGGIE

Pity. I have to let you pity me. Believe that I'm long suffering. That I'm St. Maggie the Martyr. Sentenced to care for a husband I don't want. Condemned to a life I don't choose. If I let you believe this about me, then somehow I get a pass for being a bad wife.

ALDRIN

People need to hold on to stories they create about themselves.

(Beat.)

Like Jacques Lacan's baby looking back at itself in the mirror for the first time. The baby sees this perfect image. But then it feels the inner rage, the frustrations of confronting the world outside of itself. So this little monster spends the rest of its life remaking a reality that doesn't jive with the perfection in the mirror.

(Beat.)

Sometimes we're grown-up versions of those baby monsters denying our realities with pleasant stories we make up in order to get up in the morning.

MAGGIE

Wow, that's deep. I was just saying I'm a bad wife for thinking what my life might be like if . . . my husband's surgery—

ALDRIN

Doesn't go well?

MAGGIE

I was going to say, *kills him.*

ALDRIN

Alrighty then.

MAGGIE

God knows there's no saving me if they save him. And I'm a bad wife for thinking that.

ALDRIN

I'm not here to judge you.

MAGGIE

No. We'll leave that to God. I'll tell him myself when I see him.

ALDRIN

God or Ron?

MAGGIE

God, you clown.

ALDRIN

Today is your birthday. He's having surgery. He's left you alone? I mean, not intentionally, of course.

MAGGIE

He wouldn't care it was my birthday. And I chose not to be there.

ALDRIN

Have you called him?

MAGGIE

Not that it's any of your business, but no.

ALDRIN

Why the heck not?

MAGGIE

More like, why would I? He's either still in surgery or ducking my calls. Unless he wants something, he doesn't give a crap about me.

(Beat.)

Oh, you mean because it's my birthday? Yeah, of course you'd think that.

ALDRIN

Well? What about that?

MAGGIE

Ron never remembered my birthday when we were *first* married. The last two years with him in the wheelchair, good luck getting him to think of anyone but himself.

ALDRIN

Um . . . I'm sorry to hear that.

MAGGIE

You should put your creepy clown mask back on. I told you I don't deserve to live.

ALDRIN

You didn't. And even if you did, it isn't true. You shouldn't be alone on your birthday.

(MAGGIE has her purse. Rummaging around.)

What are you looking for?

MAGGIE

My lighter. Don't worry. I don't have a gun.

ALDRIN

What do you need a lighter for?

MAGGIE

(Laughs.)

Maybe to set you on fire.

(ALDRIN takes a prop torch with a flickering flame out of his bag.

MAGGIE squeals with laughter.)

Now that's a lighter! I want to smoke one of those nice cigars I failed because the little band was crooked. The benefits of being a cigar auditor. Fail the foils and smoke the spoils.

ALDRIN

You can't smoke in here.

MAGGIE

You had a cigar in your mouth when I came in!

ALDRIN

It wasn't lit. It's a prop in my creepy clown routine.

MAGGIE

Crap. A good cigar is a smoke. Except when it isn't.

(Pause.)

He was scared shitless when I flew out this morning. If the operation doesn't work, he could die. Or worse.

ALDRIN

What's worse?

MAGGIE

(Laughs.)

Living my life! Oh, you mean for him? He could be paralyzed for the rest of his life.

(Pause.)

I bet you wish you hadn't started trying to save me, Doctor Clown.

ALDRIN

Had you thought about telling your boss you couldn't travel today? Under the circumstances?

MAGGIE

Yeah, I guess. Except I didn't want to be there.

(Long pause.)

Two years ago tonight he broke his back. Playing beer league hockey. It was my birthday then too. I didn't care that he always forgot. I went to bed early. When I woke up, you know what he got me for my birthday?

(Beat.)

A baby who smokes cigars. On the night I was going to tell him I'm leaving him.

ALDRIN

You didn't tell him?

MAGGIE

I was too chicken-shit then. The night he broke his back, he put a rope around my neck. I feel like the dog tied up in the back yard always wondering what life would be like if he could get over the fence. I imagine getting a running start and then lifting off from the ground and then—you know what happens when you reach the end of your rope?

ALDRIN

Are you seriously asking me? I'm just a clown.

MAGGIE

My jumping dog metaphor too cartoonish for you? Ok, want to hear the fun dream I've had every night for the past two years. I call it the *good* wife meets *bad* wife dream.

ALDRIN

I don't have a lot of experience with ferreting out hidden messages from the subconscious. You know, deep personal symbolism stuff. I'm more a pie in the face kind of guy. Or a lapel flower that squirts water. That's the kind of symbolism I get into these days.

MAGGIE

Then this will be right up your alley. I'm laying beside him in the operating room while they put him under and he drifts off to sleep. They're covering my face with a mask.

(Checks on ALDRIN.)

You still with me?

ALDRIN

I'm good.

MAGGIE

A nice woman in a surgical gown tells me they're going to make a little incision in my chest and suck out everything that's left of my life with a tube. She's awfully cheerful for someone who kills people for a living. But I guess it's routine for her and no point being bitchy about it.

ALDRIN

It's *your* dream.

MAGGIE

The woman points to a bottle that hangs on a hospital pole between us. There's a tube that goes from that bottle right into him. For him to live, they have to take every ounce of my life, mix it with these hard miserable grains of his pathetic existence in that bottle and then pump it into him—

ALDRIN

Well, that's a surprise ending! Thanks for sharing—

MAGGIE

I'm not finished. The happy vampire lady laughs and says it's great that you're a good wife because the last wife, a bad wife, resisted and they had to call security. And that's when I reach for the bomb—

ALDRIN

You have a bomb?

MAGGIE

Are you an idiot, Aldrin? How would I have a bomb in an operating room? I clock her with my laptop and run. I wake up and I'm running for my life.

(Lays back on the sofa.)

I'm tired. Don't want to talk. If you need to know anything more, ask me questions.

ALDRIN

You want me to be your priest, Maggie?

MAGGIE

You'd be my rabbi.

ALDRIN

Priest, rabbi, clown. I guess we're all in the same business. If we can't save them, keep them laughing until the show's over. Why's he having this operation today?

MAGGIE

He wants to roll the dice. No matter what number comes up, I lose.

ALDRIN

Sorry, I must be missing something. It's terrible what he's going through and what you're facing. How do you lose no matter what? I mean unless . . . he doesn't do well?

MAGGIE

Hey Buzz—

ALDRIN

Aldrin.

MAGGIE

I thought you said . . . no matter. Aldrin. Are you sure I finished that wine? Because I'm pretty sure I didn't.

ALDRIN

Maggie, I won't lie to you. I know you didn't.

MAGGIE

I could have used one last drink before the old . . . you know . . .
(Mimes pointing a gun to her head.)

ALDRIN

Sorry, Maggie, I'm not feeling the whole dying thing is what the gods have in store for you. I mean, at least not today.

MAGGIE

I think you should go now.

ALDRIN

I'm not comfortable leaving you alone.

MAGGIE

I'm not alone. I have my thoughts about ending it all.

ALDRIN

Okay, but first can I have my questions? Then I'll leave.

MAGGIE

Shoot.

(Laughs.)

Damm, I just kill myself sometimes.

ALDRIN

Your husband Ron's having an operation today. Is that right?

MAGGIE

Yes.

ALDRIN

There's a chance he could end up in a wheelchair? Not walk again?

MAGGIE

Try to follow along. He's *already* in a wheelchair all the time. Since my birthday two years ago.

ALDRIN

What's the operation for then?

MAGGIE

To stop the pain. He's always in pain. The only thing that makes him feel better is yelling at me.

ALDRIN

And this will take his pain away? That's good. Things might get better between you?

MAGGIE

I assume that last question's rhetorical. Or just frigging ridiculous. Even from a clown.

ALDRIN

I'm saying that sometimes when things look hopeless, there's still a chance they won't go completely to shit. You have to do the thing you think is right, Maggie.

MAGGIE

Thanks for the tip, Rabbi Clown. Or as long as you're trying to forgive me, would you prefer *Father*?

ALDRIN

Why don't we go with Clown Aldrin.

(Long pause.)

In this dream, then what happens. After you run away?

MAGGIE

Isn't it obvious? I run, he dies. It's the only way a bad wife comes out of this alive.

ALDRIN

But you don't know what's happened? Isn't there some world in which this story has a happy ending where you're not responsible for his life if you leave him?

MAGGIE

You mean, I could be standing there waiting for him when he wakes up? Like the *good* wife. I'm the *bad* wife remember. I'm spending the night in a hotel room with a real frigging clown.

ALDRIN

Isn't there a chance you could find . . . peace?

MAGGIE

As in salvation? Happiness? Not hating my life every living moment?

ALDRIN

Sure. All of that. Or any of it.

MAGGIE

I guess there's always a chance. Some medical student who's learning goes snip and SHIT! Cuts the red nerve not the yellow thingy and Ron shorts out and he's spending the rest of his life flat on his back unable to move a muscle until he dies. And I sneak away.

ALDRIN

That's possible?

MAGGIE

Yeah, that's *possible*. Hey Aldrin, want to peek at what's more *bloody likely*? See what's behind Door Number Three. Oh, lookie, there's me killing him with my bare hands.

ALDRIN

No Maggie. I know you wouldn't do that.

MAGGIE

You don't know anything of the sort. But no, I wouldn't kill him. That would be too much of a birthday miracle for me to pull off on my own.

(Looks up.)

Hey up there. Anyone listening? Can you kill someone for me?

ALDRIN

I may be just a clown but I'm pretty sure you can't ask God to kill someone for you.

(MAGGIE stares at him, doubting.)

Fine, you can ask him to punish your enemies, His whole "vengeance is mine" thing.

(MAGGIE nods, knows she's right.)

But asking Him to go *boomp* against the doctor's elbow with a guy on the operating table? I'm sure that crosses a line.

(MAGGIE thinks.)

Maggie, you'd never be able to live with yourself if . . . you know.

MAGGIE

He's my one guy. We're a couple in high school. We go through college together. We get married because that's next on the to-do list of being a grown-up.

(Thinks.)

But we're stuck. I want kids. Ron says not the time yet. My girlfriends are already on their first divorces and shipping their kids off to the dads every second weekend. But nope, that wasn't what I wanted. I wanted my babies with Ron.

ALDRIN

(Gently.)

You don't have kids?

MAGGIE

If you mean the twenty-nine-year old who's in diapers, smokes cigars and leaves ashes everywhere. Yeah, just one. Got him for my birthday two years ago.

ALDRIN

(Shaken.)

You're going to make me cry.

MAGGIE

Wow. My life's so pathetic it makes a birthday clown cry. On my own birthday.

ALDRIN

(Collects himself.)

Sorry. A moment of weakness. Very unprofessional.

MAGGIE

I could cheer you up with a joke that would make God laugh, about how I always wanted to have a baby named Ron and then God said, okay, here you go—

ALDRIN

No. Don't go there. Too dark.

MAGGIE

Aldrin, I have to get some sleep. You've been swell. You're the first clown I've ever spent time with.

(MAGGIE gets up, stumbles, ALDRIN helps her, guides her to the bed. She stands while he pulls down the blankets and she lays down in her clothes. He pulls the covers up.)

ALDRIN

Why don't you rest for a while. I'll let myself out.

MAGGIE

Have I made you late for your corporate thing?

ALDRIN

No, I don't go on until eleven and I'm the last act before the strippers so they wouldn't miss me anyway. I'll drop by after to check on you, okay?

MAGGIE

That would be nice. Could you put your number in my phone? Where's my phone?

ALDRIN

Sure.

(ALDRIN finds her phone. Holds it up to her face.)

Smile.

(MAGGIE laughs and then falls asleep. Her phone rings. ALDRIN looks at the screen. Answers.)

ALDRIN

(Into MAGGIE's phone.)

Hello . . . She's not available now. I can't get her. Is this about . . . Ron? You can tell me and I'll give her the message. I'm . . . um . . . her priest, sorry, her rabbi. Yeah, I'll wait.

(Long pause.)

Of course, you have to be careful. I'll get her to call you as soon as she's . . . Wait, tell the doctor I'm her Clown! Yes, I'm quite sure. Disclosure of personal information is allowed when authorized by order of a Clown.

(Long pause. Aldrin listens.)

Okay. Okay. Okay. I'll let her know. And hey, tell the doctor thanks for trying.

(Aldrin hangs up. Takes the birthday clown mask from his bag and puts it on. He places the scarf on the table as a tablecloth. Finds the bottle of wine, opens it, sets it on the table with two glasses. Arranges a bouquet of magic flowers. He sits on the sofa to wait for MAGGIE to wake.)

ALDRIN (SINGS)

(Softly, customary tempo and melody.)

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday, dear Maggie,

(Quickly, triple time to get the words in.)

Ron didn't make it off the operating tay-----ble!

(Softly, customary tempo and melody.)

Happy birthday to you.

(END OF PLAY)