

THE
STUD F. STEELE
COMEDY
COLLECTION



Five Short Plays to Tickle Your Fancy

By Richard Westcott

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THE RENEWAL

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THE RENEWAL By Richard Westcott

Characters

SOPHIA: A woman, any adult age.

SAM: SOPHIA's husband, similar age.

Setting: SOPHIA and SAM's kitchen. There is a counter, upstage, off-center left, which is intended to indicate a sink. There is a table, downstage center. The table has two chairs.

PROPS: The counter has a dish or two and a towel. The table has some paper bills and envelopes, or alternatively, an open laptop computer.

TIME: The present.

At Curtain Rise SAM is doing dishes at the sink.
SOPHIA is sitting at the table sorting through bills.

SOPHIA: Sam, I need to go over some of these things
with you ... renewals.

SAM: (Only slightly listening.) Go where?

SOPHIA: Not to. Over. Bills. Like this one. Should we
renew National Geographic?

SAM: I guess so.

SOPHIA: Oh – and here's another one (Pulls a form
from the bottom of the pile, or scrolls on laptop screen.)
We are up for renewal.

SAM: What do you mean - what's up for renewal?

SOPHIA: Us.

SAM: Us? What do you mean, "Us"?

SOPHIA: I mean us.

SAM: Us is up for renewal? We don't even get that magazine - I think.

SOPHIA: Not Us. We are.

SAM: We is a magazine? And at any rate, it would be "We is" not "We are".

SOPHIA: We do not get "WE". And we don't get "US". I'm talking about us.

SAM: OK, now you're just freaking me out.

SOPHIA: I'm not talking about a magazine. I'm talking about us - you and me - Our marriage - we're up for renewal.

(SAM is open-mouthed - at a loss for words.)

SOPHIA: Don't pretend you don't remember, because you do. When we got married, we had 4 choices:

For All Eternity

Till The Rivers All Run Dry

Till Death Do Us Part,

And The Five Year Plan

We checked the box for the 5 year plan. Our vows have to be renewed every 5 years.

SAM: I thought that was a joke.

SOPHIA: No, you didn't think that was a joke. I was there, remember?

SAM: (Mock thinking.) Yeah, now that you mention it, I think I remember seeing you there. Well, anyway, what happens if we don't renew?

SOPHIA: Our marriage automatically ends (Checks the form.) in 1 week. (Shows form to SAM.)

SAM: (Dries hands on towel. Goes to table, but doesn't look at the form.) Automatically ends? How can they do that? We'd have to get a divorce.

SOPHIA: Not under the 5 year plan. It's automatic. You're married for 5 years, and then not - if you don't renew.

SAM: OK (Looking over the form.) what do we have to send in?

SOPHIA: (Takes back the form, or rotates screen to face her.) Whoa – First we have to renew our vows.

SAM: I don't remember my vows.

SOPHIA: Well, that's OK, because they're right here on the renewal form.

SAM: OK, great. Where do I sign.

SOPHIA: Whoa that. We may want to edit them.

SAM: Edit them?

SOPHIA: Yes. Our vows are listed on the Form. We can either check "Renew", or "Edit". Under "Edit", we can check either "Delete" or "Enter Revised Vow in Space Below".

SAM: (Warily.) OK.

SOPHIA: So, let's go through them. We'll start with me.

SAM: Don't we always start with you?

SOPHIA: (Ignoring his remark.) First

"I promise to honor and obey." I'm thinking
"Delete."

SAM: OK.

SOPHIA: (Gets busy on form.) Next is

"From this day on, I choose to live with you and laugh with you ..." I'm thinking "live with you and laugh at you."

"to stand by your side," I'm just going to add "sometimes,"

"and sleep in your arms." I'm just going to edit that to say, "Sleep in the same bed with you, most of the time, except when the air conditioner isn't working."

"To be food for your soul," I don't need that kind of pressure, so I'm going to just check "delete."

"To bring out the best in you," I really think it's more useful to say, "To point out your faults."

"I promise to laugh with you in good times." That's OK. I'll just check that "Renew."

"To struggle with you in bedtimes," What? Oh wait, that's "To struggle with you in bad times." Well, I'd like to hold off on that one -- see if there's another choice.

"To wipe your tears with my hands," I think,
"Pass a tissue," is probably enough.

"To comfort you with my body," I'm just going to
insert the words, "optional, at my request."

"To share with you all my riches and honors," I
really don't think we need that in there, so I'm going to
check off "Delete."

"Until the next renewal period" And I'll just
check off the "5-Year Term" box on that one.

SAM: Are you done?

SOPHIA: No, I've got some new ones.

SAM: Well, hold on. Let me look over mine. (Takes
form, or rotates screen to face him.)

"I enter into this marriage with knowing that the
true magic of love is not to avoid changes, but to
navigate them successfully." I don't really like change
that much. I think I'll revise that to, "The true magic of
love is for you to stay the way you were when I met
you, both physically and mentally." Actually, on second
thought, I need to change that to, "To go back to the
way you were when I met you."

"Be my partner, and I will be yours." That's fair.
(Checks form.)

"You have filled my world with meaning," Yeah, and then some.

"You have made me so happy and more fulfilled as a person." I think that was supposed to read, "You have to make me so happy and more fulfilled."
(Annotates form.)

"Thank you for taking me as I am, loving me and welcoming me into your heart." I like that. We'll keep that one. (Checks form.)

"I promise to always love you, and to be faithful to you forever." Hold on. Forever? That was supposed to say, "Until the next renewal period." (Annotates form).

SOPHIA: Whoa that. That was your vow? You said, "Forever?"

SAM: Well, obviously, if we checked the 5-Year Plan, it couldn't mean forever.

SOPHIA: Well no. Forever is forever. That means it survives the contract. Let me see that. (Examines form. Reads vow.) "I promise to always love you, and to be faithful to you forever." Well. There you go. You don't even need to renew it because it's on-going. Forever.

SAM: Your trying to use a technicality.

SOPHIA: You made the vow. So there it is.

SAM: I don't think I even said that one.

SOPHIA: Well it's on the form.

SAM: It's a typo. Typos don't count.

SOPHIA: Well, let's keep going. What else have you got. (Gives form back to SAM.)

SAM: "I love you --Insert Name here--." Insert Name here? It doesn't even have your name in here. Can I put anyone's name I want in here?

SOPHIA: (Just freezes him with a look.)

SAM: Well, I mean if you want to stick to the technicalities ... OK. I'll put in "Sophia Wilhelmina Brickenheim."

SOPHIA: Don't you dare.

SAM: OK fine. "Sophia." So let's see what's next.

"I lay down my life for you," Wow. That's a bit extreme.

SOPHIA: It's not literal.

SAM: You thought "Forever" was literal. OK, just to be safe, I'll edit that to, "I'll figuratively lay down my life for you."

"With this ring, I pray I may fulfill God's place in our home." Well that's a mouthful. You already have a ring. No need to get another one, so I'll just strike that.

"Going on, I may fulfill God's place in our home," Really? I don't see that happening (strikes those words.)

SOPHIA: OK (Takes back form.) I have some new ones:

"You promise to take out the trash each Wednesday, to mow the lawn once every two weeks, and take my car out to get the oil changes."

SAM: What if trash days change?

SOPHIA: Fine. I'll change Wednesday to Trash day.

(Annotates form.)

"You promise to only go fishing with your buddies one summer weekend per year."

SAM: Wait – Why are you writing MY vows?

SOPHIA: Fine. “I promise to allow you to go fishing with your buddies one summer weekend per year, and to watch football with your buddies as long as it’s not at our house.”

SAM: Hold on–

SOPHIA: And “I am forever grateful because you are going to agree to put in a second bathroom just for me.”

SAM: Not even close!

SOPHIA: Next,

“I promise to stop being such a bitch just as soon as you stop staring at the waitress’s boobs at Tommy Doyle’s.”

SAM: (Taking form.) My turn.

“I solemnly promise to be very patient once a month when you decide to turn into a screaming-evil-wide-bottomed-battlewagon.”

SOPHIA: Wide bottomed? (Not bothering to look at the form now.)

“I promise I’ll forget you ever had a full head of hair.”

SAM: (Also ignoring the form now.)

“And I promise to stop noticing you at all !”

SOPHIA: You haven't noticed me for a year! Well I'll just forget you crashed my favorite car.

SAM: Oh really? I'll just forget you were the one who killed our dog Shadow by leaving the chocolate out overnight!

SOPHIA: (Stunned. After some thought,) I know.

SAM: (Immediately regrets remark.) No wait – I didn't mean that ...

SOPHIA: No. It's true. I did.

SAM: (Going to her.) No. It wasn't your fault. I should have put it away. It was my fault.

SOPHIA: I miss Shadow.

SAM: Me too. (After a moment,) And I miss you too.

SOPHIA: Well, what about our vows?

SAM: I don't need to renew my vows. I'm already committed to "Forever," and that's the way I like it.

SOPHIA: Yeah, I think Forever is good too.

Blackout

CAULK

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CAULK

by Richard Westcott

CHARACTERS:

GINGER: Adult woman, young.

VICKY: Her friend, any age.

GEORGE: GINGER's boyfriend, similar age to GINGER. Just a nice, regular guy.

SETTING: GINGER's apartment. There are two rooms: the Living Room and the Bedroom. They might be separated by a scrim.

The living room has a short hallway to the exit door, upstage right.

Activity in the hallway can be heard by the audience, but not by

Characters in the Living Room. (Alternatively, a portion of the

Hallway is shielded by a curtain such that the audience can see the

Exit.) Upstage center is a floor cabinet unit (In a Black Box stage, it

could be behind a cube.) Upstage left is a door or passageway to the bedroom.

PROPS: Living Room cabinet has a caulking gun with a caulk cartridge.

Bedroom has a chair. GEORGE has a door key (or alternatively, he simply fakes the key).

TIME: The present.

At Curtain Rise GINGER and VICKY are in Living Room. They are studying what appears to VICKY to be a perfectly blank white wall.

GINGER: So what do you think?

VICKY: (After consideration.) I'm thinking.

GINGER: C'mon. I've got to do something. OK. Look at the ceiling. They are there too. Cracks. All over the place. Makes me feel like I'm living in some old monastery. It's creepy. I need an update. I want those fixed, and then an altogether new color scheme.

VICKY: Well, we did have some cracks in our bedroom wall, and Roger filled them with some goopy stuff ... caulk ... white caulk. He showed me how to do it, and it came out pretty good, if I do say so myself. Felt like I just added to my bag of tricks.

GINGER: Caulk. Yeah, you know, I think George has some of that around here. I wonder where he would put it (Looks around, tries the cabinet. Not there.) You guys are so good at doing things together. George says we're going to do projects together, but then he just does it himself. So you think I could do this?

VICKY: Sure, just get some caulk, and one of those thingies that holds it ... yes, a caulking gun it's called, and you're good to go. Look, I've got to run. I'm meeting Roger for lunch. I'll stop by later.

GINGER: Sure thing.

(GINGER goes back to inspecting the wall, this time closer. VICKY goes to the exit door and opens it. GEORGE is standing there with his key in his hand, just about to let himself in.)

GEORGE: Hey Vicky – you saved me a turn of my key.

VICKY: Anytime big guy. (Adding as an confidential afterthought,) Hey, you need to talk to Ginger. She says she needs an update ... says she feels like she's living in a monastery. Needs some changes. Gotta go.

GEORGE: (Still puzzled by VICKY's remarks,) Hey Ginger, I'm home!

GINGER: In here. (She has backed away from the wall, and is now contemplating the ceiling). This isn't good.

GEORGE: (Only partly listening.) What isn't good?

GINGER (Exasperated.) Everything. (Looks from ceiling to walls). Just everything.

GEORGE: (Concerned now.). Vicky said you were upset about something.

GINGER: Did she tell you what?

GEORGE: Well, a bit, I mean she said you felt like you're living in a what? A monastery ...

GINGER: (Cutting him off.) Yeah. Getting to seem too old. Can't ignore this situation any longer. I just gotta have it better. You know?

GEORGE: A monastery? ...

GINGER: Yeah – exactly. (Gratefully adding,) You understand! There are just some things that you always get to do, and I don't. I guess we're too old fashioned that way, but I want to change that now.

GEORGE: A monastery?

GINGER: I mean, I'm not criticizing you, you've been busy at work, you can't get to every little need I might have. You can't patch-up every little fissure, (waving vaguely at the walls,) that may be about.

GEORGE: Fissures?

GINGER: You either just don't see them, or they don't bother you ... (lovingly) not a criticism. But I'm going to take things into my own hands.

GEORGE: What things?

GINGER: I want to learn some new tricks. Make some changes around here. Updates. Liven things up. (Gives him a playful wink and a pinch in the side.)

GEORGE: Tricks?

GINGER: Yeah. I just can't keep waiting for whenever you're in the mood. I need to know how to make it happen myself. You guys and your projects – you just do them when you feel like. I want to be in control sometimes.

GEORGE: Sure. Absolutely. ... What do you mean?

GINGER: Well, you know ... OK, let me explain it this way. Every once in a while, you decide to undertake a (looking for an acknowledgement of understanding from GEORGE – it's not there.) a ... project ... of some sort ... any sort. Well, not any sort. I'm talking specifically about guy projects here. Things guys do for satisfaction– Manly things ... in their spare time. You know what I mean?

GEORGE: (Thinking. Starting to form a realization.) You mean, by ourselves? A private sort of thing we do by ourselves?

GINGER: Sure. (Encouraging him.)

GEORGE: Something that's very satisfying. Just do it once in awhile. I mean – not that often, really. But just ... an occasional "project"? Alone?

GINGER: Oh I don't mean to suggest guys wouldn't want to have other guys around, you know - social, I guess. Although I know guys get competitive-- But anyway, that's not the point. But sometimes it's just very satisfying to take something into your own hands and ... work at it ... until it comes ... out in a satisfying way. Right?

GEORGE: (Understands now – wrongly.) Yeah.

GINGER: (Satisfied that he understands now.) Well, I want to be able to do that.

GEORGE: (Hopeful.) You do?

GINGER: Yeah. Just like you do. I want to be able to do that.

GEORGE: (Fully on board now.) Wow. That would be great! I never knew. I guess maybe I should have asked – but then, you know, who would think to ask such a thing? Oh, I know, there are many couples who talk about everything, I guess. But I just ... I guess I let it get a little stuffy around here. My fault. A monastery. Not my intention. New tricks. Sure.

GINGER: Yeah. I'm going to learn how to do that, and I'm going to start now. But I don't want you to teach me. That would be too much pressure. I'm going to figure it out myself ... by experimentation. I'm going out.

GEORGE: What? Where?

GINGER: I'm going to experiment. I'm going to go out and get myself some caulk! Oh don't worry. I'll clean up any messes I make.

GEORGE: (Alarmed.) Some what?

GINGER: Caulk.

GEORGE: Cock? You're going to get some cock?

GINGER: You bet I am. (Lovingly,) I'll be back when I've got enough.

GEORGE: Ginger. Ginger, y honey. Wait. You don't have to do that. (Stands, arms out expansively.) I've got all you need right here.

GINGER: Oh sure you do. It's just that I haven't seen any of it lately ... not a criticism. I'm just tired of waiting. I'm going to get what I need. (To herself,) White, I think. Yeah, I'll stick to white, for now.

(GINGER goes into the Hallway preparing to leave. GEORGE is dejected. He goes into the Bedroom.)

(GINGER pauses at door. Has a thought. She goes back to the Cabinet. GINGER and GEORGE can hear each other through the open Bedroom door, but they cannot see each other.)

GEORGE: (Slouching in chair, Dazed, not aware of GINGER.).
Wow. I didn't see that coming.

GINGER: (Has found the caulking gun. Holds it up proudly.) Huh!
You know George, maybe I don't need to go out after all.

GEORGE: (Encouraged.) No, no ... you don't.

GINGER: OK, but here's the thing. I'm going to tell you in detail what I'm doing, and I want you to tell me if I'm doing it right. But you stay in the bedroom. I don't want you directing everything ... hovering over me, as it were.

GEORGE: (Excited.) Sure. Sure. That could work. I'll just stay here in the bedroom. (Loosens his pants.)

(The Bedroom Chair is positioned such that the audience cannot see what's going on in the crotch department.)

GINGER: Yeah! That's a great idea ... a great idea! (Comes into the living room. Chooses a crack to start on). OK. I'm ready. I'll tell you what I'm doing, and you can tell me if it's the right thing. You just follow along in there. OK? You act it out to yourself, based on what I tell you I'm doing. Just like if we were on the phone.

GEORGE: You got it!

GINGER: Oh this is so nice. Just like Vicky and Roger.

GEORGE: Vicky and Roger do this?

GINGER: Well, I'm not there of course, but yes, Vicky tells me about it. She says she's pretty good at it.

GEORGE: Wow.

GINGER: OK, so here we go. I've got hold of the tube, the Gun I think you call it. Right?

GEORGE: Oh yeah.

GINGER: I've got my left hand wrapped around the gun, and I've got my right hand down at the base ...there's kind of a trigger there. You know what I'm talking about?

GEORGE: Oh yeah.

GINGER: OK. I'm just going to squeeze the trigger just a little bit ... Oh shit, I forgot to cut off the tip.
Heck – I'll just bite it off. (Bites the tip of the cartridge off.)
GEORGE: (Alarmed.) You forgot what?
GINGER: Never mind. OK, so now I point the tube up, and hold it very close. Almost touching. And I'm squeezing the trigger ... right?
GEORGE: Oh yeah.
GINGER: OK, so I see just some coming out of the end now, so I'm going to release pressure on the trigger ... don't want it to come out too fast ... got to make it last. Now I'm moving the tube down in front of myself, watching it very closely. Moving slowly now ... How am I doing?
GEORGE: Oh baby
GINGER: Now I'm just going to squeeze some more at the base, while I move the gun up ... then down ... then back up ... What do you think?
GEORGE: Oh ... oh.
GINGER: Oh - some got out over here. I'm just going to use my tongue (she licks her finger and runs it along the crack.) ... and run it all along here ...
GEORGE: Oh God ... Oh!
GINGER: Ya know? I'm just going to stop right here.
GEORGE: (A feeble cry of alarm.) What?
GINGER: Yeah. I'm going to stop. All done. I just wanted to get a feel for it. (Put's the caulking gun on the floor.)
GEORGE: But ... wait!
(There's a knock at the door.)
GINGER: Hold on – I'm coming.
(GINGER goes to the Entry.)
GEORGE: You're coming?
(GINGER opens the Entry door. VICKY is standing there. She comes in)
VICKY: Roger is going to work through lunch, and we're going to meet home early, so I just came over to ... (Comes into the Living Room – notices the patched wall.) Hey, Go girl! That was fast!

GEORGE: (Enters the Living Room. His hair is disheveled. He is a mess. He is in process of tucking in his shirt.) Yeah, I'll say. (He doesn't notice the caulking gun.)

VICKY: (To GINGER,) You got hold of some caulk I see.

GINGER: Sure did. George had what I needed right here all the time.

GEORGE: Vicky – you know about this?

VICKY: You kidding, I'm the one who gave her the idea. Hey, what, you just get up?

GEORGE: I sure did. (As an aside,) Didn't last though.

VICKY: So funny thing – Roger is coming home early, and we decided to do some caulking – so I thought – You guys might want to come over – have a drink - watch while we do it.

GINGER: Sure! Now that I know a little bit about it – I could probably help out too!

VICKY: Great! You up for it George?

GEORGE: Oh God – I don't know – Ya know, I think I might want to just hang out here for awhile ... attend to some unfinished business ...

GINGER: OK, Suit yourself. C'mon Vicky.

(GINGER and VICKY exit via Entry Door.)

(GEORGE Looks about for a bit, trying to get his bearings.

Stumbles upon the caulking gun. Slowly picks it up. Just as we register his realization ...)

Blackout

SIGNS



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SIGNS

by Richard Westcott

CHARACTERS:

BOB: A adult man, any age.

BECKY: A woman, similar age to BOB. BOB's significant other.

SETTING: Their car, which consists of 2 side-by-side chairs, center stage. There is a stool, or short wooden bench about a foot high in front of the chairs and of similar width which serves as the front of the car footwell.

PROPS: BECKY and BOB each have a small overnight bag.

TIME: Hmm, that's a tough question.

At Curtain Rise the car is the only thing visible on stage.

(BOB and BECKY enter stage left carrying their overnight bags. They go to the rear of the car and place their bags in the trunk, which means the bags now remain hidden from view behind the chairs. They open the doors and get in the car. They shut the doors. BOB is driving.)

BOB: (Puts on seatbelt. Turns ignition and starts car.)

Pretty nice motel, overall I'd say.

BECKY: 'Spouse.

(Puts on seatbelt. She is a bit unsettled about something.) Bob, you remember the way?

BOB: Of course, Becky. Same way we were going when we stopped here last night. (Shifts into reverse, checks for cars behind him, and backs out of parking space.)

BECKY: Well, I didn't know if maybe you got turned around or anything.

BOB: (Has driven to end of drive and is now checking for traffic on the main street.) No, I've got a great sense of direction.

BECKY: 'Spouse.

(BOB just looks at her. He doesn't know what she might mean by that. Pulls out into the main street. He regards her briefly.)

BOB: (Glances her way.) you okay?

BECKY:

Of course I'm okay. Why wouldn't I be OK?

BOB: Well. ... I just didn't know if maybe you didn't get a good night's sleep or anything like that.

BECKY: Am I acting like I didn't get a good night's sleep? Are you saying I'm grumpy?

BOB: No ...

(Continues motions of driving.)

BECKY: Do I look grumpy? (Pulls down visor and regards herself in the mirror.) I don't think I look that bad. Hey – watch out – this guy wants to pass.

BOB: I see him.

BECKY: (After a moment,) Well – are you going to let him pass?

BOB: Nope. I'm going (checks speedometer) 60. Fast enough. He thinks he's someone special.

BECKY: Maybe he is.

BOB: What?

BECKY: Maybe he's someone important. Maybe he's a doctor on his way to the hospital.

BOB: (Checks mirror.) That's a Dodge. Doctors don't drive Dodges.

BECKY: Maybe his patient has just been rushed to the hospital with a brain tumor. Maybe he was having wild sex last night ... maybe he drove his woman wild and she kept wanting more – he didn't stop trying to please her until a vessel broke in his brain and he's only got an hour to live unless his brain surgeon gets to him in time ...

BOB: Wild enough sex to put him in the hospital? Well, he probably went in there smiling. (Checks mirror again.) I don't think he's a brain surgeon.

BECKY: (Pointing ahead.) There's the split. You've got to get in the left lane.

BOB: I see it.

BECKY: You see the sign?

BOB: Yeah. Of course. When have I not seen a sign?

BECKY: (Moodily.) It's just that ... I can't think straight sitting down. I've got to move around.

(BECKY nonchalantly stands. BOB is incredulous, as her head would have just gone through the roof, but she's fine. BECKY then steps right over the footwell in front of her, and starts to wander about the stage as she gathers her thoughts.)

BOB: (Panicking, concerned about BECKY wandering in the traffic, but must also keep his eyes on the road.) Becky? Hold on – I'm going to get to the side of the road. (Traffic prevents him. To himself,) Dam, I'm all the way in the left lane. Becky? Becky, where are you?

BECKY: (Having wandered upstage.) You pride yourself at seeing all the signs, Bob?

BOB: Becky – maybe you should – I mean ... you shouldn't be out there.

BECKY: Just answer the question.

BOB: What question?

BECKY: Do you always see the signs?

BOB: Signs? Signs. Yes, of course, signs. I always see the signs. Becky, I think it would be better if you got back in the car.

BECKY: It's just because - I think you don't always see some signs that should be obvious.

BOB: (Still driving, but getting more involved in the discussion.) When have I not seen what sign?

BECKY: Well, I can think of one recent incident where you should have seen the obvious signs.

BOB: Recent. Becky ... It's hard to drive with the door open ...

BECKY: Yes recent. Bob. Think. Very recent. We were climbing a slope. We were rising up the hill. Slowly at first, but then going faster up the slope. You remember?

(Comes through the trunk and stands behind him. Starts massaging his shoulders.)

BOB: Umm ... Sure. Of course. Maybe if you just came around and put on your seatbelt.

BECKY: We rose up the hill together. You remember that?

BOB: Rose together. Of course. How could I forget. Becky ...

BECKY: There were signs, Bob. The first sign was that a rise was coming. We started up slowly, together. You remember?

BOB: Umm.

BECKY: You accelerated. I remember that. We accelerated together – rose higher ... higher. The air got thinner for me, Bob. Do you remember that, Bob?

BOB: Ah ...

BECKY: Then I could hardly breathe. (Becoming more animated,) We came to a slight rise, like it would be the peak, but it wasn't. We went right over the top and back down the other side - faster now ... careening ... almost out of control ... to the bottom ... then a slowing at the bottom, but only for a moment. And then another rise – faster this time ... and higher ... Oh God – Do you remember that, Bob ...

BOB: Umm – Becky, I don't think you should be standing up. I'm going to pull over.

BECKY: NO – NO ... DON'T PULL OUT! That's exactly what I'm talking about. We climbed the next hill. We slowed a bit, because there was more chugging this time... then you pulled out. Last night is not the only hill I'm talking about, Bob.

BOB: Wait – what? Last night? Our car was chugging? I'm pulling over. (Checks traffic and pulls over.)

BECKY: Oh yes, Bob. Our car was chugging. Chuggin an steamin an overheatin an chugging somemore.

BOB: I'm stopping the car. (Stops the car.)

BECKY: (Gets back into her seat.) Bob, look at me. There are important signs that you need to see when you are approaching a peak like that.

BOB: (Reaches over and pulls her door shut. Then puts on her seatbelt.) Of course. Signs as we approach the peak. But actually, I don't remember any signs. Which peak was this?

BECKY: Any peak. Well, not really. The first peak is not the important one. If you miss that peak, it's not such a big deal ...

BOB: Umm. Is there a specific peak we are talking about? Because I'm trying to follow you here.

BECKY: Dam, Bob. That's the WHOLE POINT! Don't follow me ... Lead me ... But just pay attention to the signs. Don't lead faster than I'm following.

BOB: Ahh. So let's back up a bit. So ... I'm driving ...

BECKY: Oh yeah ...

BOB: And I'm approaching a hill.

BECKY: Exactly.

BOB: Am I going fast or slow?

BECKY: Vary it.

BOB: OK. I vary it. But then I am approaching a peak - OK, wait, not the first peak, what, the second?

BECKY: Ideally, the third.

BOB: OK. I approach the third peak. And as I approach this third peak ... Wait ... where is this happening?

BECKY: No don't stop now ... (gets out of the car again and wanders.)

BOB: BECKY!

BECKY: Keep going. Tell me what's next.

BOB: Ahh ... Ahh – the third peak ... of ... the mountain we're climbing ...

BECKY: And chugging all the time ...

BOB: Yes, yes. Chugging all the time. (BECKY has wandered out of his view.) Becky, where are you?

BECKY: Keep going. You are approaching the third peak. Do you see a sign?

BOB: What? Now? (Motions out the windshield to a sign on the highway.) You mean that sign?

BECKY: Of course not now. We're next to a highway. What do you think I am? Some kind of weirdo?

BOB: Umm.

BECKY: Are you alert for the signs?

BOB: Totally alert.

BECKY: As we come to the peak, there will be signs, Bob.

BOB: Of course. But, um, what do these signs say?

BECKY: They might not say anything. They might be screams – or groans ...

BOB: Wait ...

BECKY: Or just movements. An arch of the back ...

BOB: OK ...

BECKY: And especially the breathing, Bob. Listen to the breathing.

BOB: So, umm ... we're talking about sex here?

BECKY: Well, DUH, Bob. What else have we been talking about all this time?

BOB: No. Of course. I know that.

BECKY: Good. (Gets back into the car.) It's important you stay with me when we are climbing the hills.

BOB: (Trying to decide whether he should reach over to shut the door.) Umm – Could you just shut the door there ...

BECKY: (Doesn't.) So do you see what I'm talking about?

BOB: Why didn't you ever talk to me about this before?

BECKY: I was waiting for you to see the signs. To ask.

BOB: Becky, (Stating the obvious,) I'm a guy.

BECKY: Yeah. I guess I should have known.

BOB: Guys are supposed to be natural predators in bed. Guys have no way of knowing about signs. They wouldn't see a sign if it hit them in the face.

BECKY: Guys don't talk to each other about how to please a woman?

BOB: (Incredulous.) Are you kidding? Guys NEVER talk about that. You think a guy would ever ask another guy about such a thing? First off, guys have no idea they have any deficiencies. If you ask any guy about how he is in bed, he will immediately say, "Un-freakin believable".

Second off, guys have no idea what they are doing. So they couldn't possibly tell another guy what they do.

BECKY: So how do they know if they are pleasing their woman?

BOB: They just assume that whatever they are doing, it must be driving the woman wild, because it's certainly driving them wild.

BECKY: But what if the woman is not being driven wild?

BOB: How would they know?

BECKY: Signs, Bob. Signs.

BOB: (Thinking about this,) Well, how would I learn the signs?

BECKY: I could teach you.

BOB: (Considers this.) I would like that.

BECKY: Now you're talking. (Shuts car door. Puts on her seatbelt.)
Start the car, Bob.

(BOB starts the car.)

BECKY: Turn around. We're going back to the motel.

Blackout

THE BACHELOR PARTY

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THE BACHELOR PARTY

by Richard Westcott

CHARACTERS: 3 men, 1 woman, any adult age.

BILLY: The bachelor.

Paul: A friend of BILLY.

MICHAEL: Another friend of BILLY.

CINDY: A dancer. Similar age to PAUL.

SETTING: PAUL's apartment Living Room. Apartment's entry door stage left. Seating for 3 via couch, or if couch is small, couch and a chair, center stage. Coat rack near Entry door.

PROPS: CINDY has a mini sound bar that she uses with her phone. (This could also serve as the real production sound system, depending on the venue.)

CINDY COSTUME NOTES: CINDY is wearing several layers of clothing, topped by a large sweater, and enters wearing a trench coat.

SOUND: Doorbell. Any available odd, unsettling music for CINDY's phone app.

TIME: The present, late evening.

At Curtain Rise BILLY, PAUL and MICHAEL enter the Living Room from the entry door.

BILLY: Wow, you guys are too much. That was such a great idea. Paul, bar hopping for my bachelor party. You really know me I guess.

MICHAEL: Seemed like a safe bet when Paul told me about it.

(BILLY and MICHAEL plop down onto the couch.)

PAUL: Well, I hoped you'd like it. Probably could have done better though. I probably should have asked someone what to do. Researched the web for better ideas maybe.

MICHAEL: What's better than bar hopping? And, listen Billy, I expect we'll still be going out on Tuesday nights even after you're married. I don't want to hear any of this "Well, I need to check with the missus" crap. (Fishes around the couch cushions.) Where's the TV remote? (Doesn't find it.)

PAUL: Well, I need to make an announcement.

BILLY: Let me guess – you're getting married.

PAUL: No, no. It's about you. Well, not about you. Well, it is about you, but really about me.

MICHAEL: Paul?

PAUL: I mean, like I said, I felt like we should do something more special for your bachelor party. I mean, bar hopping is special ... But I was worried you'd be disappointed.

MICHAEL: Of course. You're always worried. If you're ever not worried, it will be because you're dead.

PAUL: (Worried.) What? Do I look ill?

(BILLY and MICHAEL ignore this remark.)

MICHAEL: Hey, we tried 3 new bars, besides our regulars!

PAUL: Well, yes, that was special. But I wanted to do a bachelor party type of special – bachelor party – type of - thing.

BILLY: Wait, is this like when you planned that fishing trip? And the only thing you hooked was the back of your own pants?

PAUL: Cut it out. They were baggy pants anyway. No. This is something special – something just guys do for bachelor parties.

MICHAEL: Oh Yeah! Way to go! You got Billy a hooker!

(MICHAEL and BILLY stand, high 5 and chest pump.)

PAUL: No – no. Stop it. Not a hooker, ... well actually, in a way, I suppose.

BILLY: In a way you suppose? Paul? What are you trying to say?

PAUL: I ordered us an erotic dancer.

MICHAEL and BILLY: NO WAY!

(They high 5 and chest pump again).

MICHAEL: (Thinking,) Just run that by us again.

PAUL: I was feeling like bar hopping is great and all, but a bachelor party should have a little more...

BILLY: NO, not that part – the last part.

PAUL: Well, I ordered us an erotic dancer. For tonight. And she'll be here any minute. That's why I made up that story of feeling sick and needing to get back to my place.

BILLY: You get sick every time we go out drinking.

MICHAEL: An erotic dancer! Awesome! Wait - How'd you find an erotic dancer?

PAUL: I just looked it up. There's a place called "Dancers R Us." So, I just called up and ordered one. They said they had just the girl.

MICHAEL: Why didn't you let me in on this?

PAUL: Because I knew you'd be all like "Hey, Paul, why don't we get back to your place - and Hey Paul, got any good music back at your place?"

MICHAEL: I would never have said that. I know you don't have good music at your place.

(MICHAEL and BILLY sit back down.)

PAUL: (Standing and facing them.) Stop it. Also, I don't want any crass talk going on when she's here. And don't call her a girl. I'm sure she's seen all kinds, and I want us to be remembered as the "nice" kind. I don't want her thinking I'm some kind of jerk with other kinds of jerk friends.

MICHAEL: Were not other kinds. We're the same kind of jerk as you.

BILLY: No we're not. We're different kinds of jerks.

PAUL: Just settle. She'll be here ...

(Doorbell rings.)

PAUL: Crap – Crap. She's here. Sit down everybody.

(MICHAEL and BILLY are already sitting. PAUL realizes he is the one who is standing. He sits. Doorbell rings again.)

BILLY: Paul?

PAUL: Oh yeah. (Jumps up and opens Entry door.)

(CINDY is standing outside the door holding her sound bar.)

CINDY: I hope I'm not disturbing you. I'm from "Dancers R Us." Is this the right apartment? Am I early? I could come back later ...

PAUL: No. No. I mean yes. Yes. I mean, No, this IS the right place, and Yes, don't come back later. Come back now. I mean, come in.

(CINDY enters. She is wearing a somewhat frumpy trench coat.)

MICHAEL and BILLY: Hi.

PAUL: These are my friends. Let me introduce you to Michael and Billy (but points to the wrong ones.)

BILLY: (Getting up,) Let me introduce myself. I'm Billy, and I'm so pleased you could come.

MICHAEL: (Getting up,) And I'm Michael.

PAUL: This, I mean you, no, I don't mean you, I mean your being ... is actually for Billy. I mean he's getting married.

BILLY: Still single tonight. Still single.

CINDY: Well. Congratulations. I think it's so nice when someone thinks enough of someone that they want to marry ... the someone that they're thinking of – I mean the other someone ... from the one that they are, I mean. ... I've never been married. I just guess ...

PAUL: Well, make yourself comfortable. What can I get you? A beer? A glass of wine? I'm afraid my wine isn't so fancy, so if you're into fancy wine, you'll be disappointed.

CINDY: No. I don't want to intrude.

MICHAEL: Your sound bar. Here. (He takes CINDY's sound bar.) Let me set that in a safe place for you. (He sets it on the floor near the coat rack. Returns to couch.)

BILLY: And let me take your coat. (Hangs CINDY's trench coat on coat rack.)

(Cindy is wearing a sweater that is covering other layers.)

MICHAEL: Oh, and let me take that sweater.

(Michael goes for the sweater – PAUL stops him).

PAUL: Guys! I think our dancer can undress herself. Now everybody just sit down.

(All sit, including CINDY. It is very crowded on the couch. Several beats pass.)

CINDY: Hi. My name is Cindy. I didn't pick that name. It was just given to me. By my mother. Oh sure, I could just use another name. I could call myself Miranda. But then I would feel like I was offending my mother, you know what I mean? Do you think I look like a Miranda?

Miranda. (She absorbs the sound of it.) Well anyway, I'll just play some music and get started.

(CINDY rises, goes to her trench coat and fishes out her phone. She swipes at it and music starts. The music is distinctly strange.)

CINDY: Do you think this sweater makes me look fat?

MICHAEL: What? No, you look fabulous. Great music.

CINDY: Are you sure? I don't think it really goes with this skirt. I think it makes me look too short.

BILLY: Well, you're going to take it off anyway, right?

CINDY: Oh yeah. If I take it off, it won't be an issue. Of course.
(Removes sweater. She has a bulky blouse on underneath.)

PAUL: Oh I can take that. (Jumps up, takes sweater and hangs it on coat rack.) Usually I just throw my coat on the couch, but I don't want to do that with all your clothes.

CINDY: Oh see. I knew I was intruding. I don't want to make work for you.

MICHAEL: But what about all your other things?

PAUL: (Sits). I'll just hold them. (To CINDY,) Why don't you go ahead and start your dance.

CINDY: OK. (Begins a very tentative and awkward set of movements.) I'm not really a very good dancer. I could leave?

PAUL: Oh no, no. You're just great.

(CINDY continues her awkward dance until noted otherwise.)

MICHAEL: Very nice, Cindy. Um, aren't you a little warm in that blouse?

CINDY: What?

MICHAEL: Don't you want to maybe, unbutton that blouse?

CINDY: You think that would be better? You're probably right.
(Unbuttons the top two buttons.) Do you not like the blouse?

BILLY: Well, to tell the truth, I think it's inhibiting your movements a little bit.

CINDY: I better take it off then.

MICHAEL: (To the guys,) Here we go!

(CINDY removes the blouse. There is a loose, full length tee shirt underneath. She tosses the blouse to PAUL. She gyrates over to BILLY. She takes his hand and places it on the side of her breast.)

CINDY: (Looks at BILLY with a concerned expression.) Do you feel a lump there?

BILLY: (Removes his hand) Ah – Cindy? Just exactly what kind of dancer are you again?

CINDY: Well, what you ordered.

PAUL: An erotic dancer.

CINDY: Yes. A Neurotic Dancer. (Still dancing.)

MICHAEL: (To PAUL and BILLY,) I'm just thinking she's not that You know. She's actually kind of nutty.

BILLY: Ah Cindy, I'm just wondering --- How do you spell your type of dance?

CINDY: N – E – Oh wait. I have to check my card. That word always gives me trouble. Actually, a lot of words give me trouble. (Fishes a business card from her trench coat and hands it to MICHAEL. Resumes dancing.) Do you think it would look better if I called myself Miranda?

MICHAEL: (Looking at card,) So Cindy – Miranda - Cindy ... You're a NEUROTIC Dancer?

CINDY: Well – Isn't that obvious?

MICHAEL: Paul, did you speak clearly when you made that call?

PAUL: Well, I was eating a bag of chips.

CINDY: Oh I love chips. The crinkly kind.

PAUL: (Hurriedly,) I should go and get some chips. (Jumps up and goes upstage right and exits stage looking for chips.)

CINDY: Do you think I should have my hair up for this kind of dance? Do you think it makes my face too wide?

BILLY: Gee Paul. This is really special. And Miranda ... Cindy, you're really special. In fact, this is so special I think I need to run back home and tell the missus all about it.

MICHAEL: She won't believe you. I better come too.

(MICHAEL and BILLY get up and exit via Entry door.)

(CINDY is alone and stunned. She stops the music. PAUL returns empty handed.)

PAUL: I couldn't find ... (Sees that CINDY is the only one there. Goes and stands next to her.)

CINDY: Your friends just left. They didn't like my dance.

PAUL: No, No. They loved it. It was great.

CINDY: No it wasn't. I can tell. I wonder if I have Lyme disease. (Slumps onto couch.)

PAUL: Lyme? (Joins her on couch.) Oh, I know all about that. I had it once. Doctor's didn't believe me, but I know I did.

CINDY: Really? Did you have a green glowing spot on your forehead? I think that's why they call it lime.

PAUL: I don't think that's why they call it lime. But still, I should check. Let me look at your forehead. (Holds her face in his hands, looks for an aura. Seeing none, he releases her face.) Looks OK, but you can never know for sure.

CINDY: Do I have a fever?

PAUL: Let me check. (Places one hand behind her head and the other on her forehead. Their eyes lock for a couple of beats.)

CINDY: (Gasps anxiously and stands.) I think I left the stove on. I've got to go home.

PAUL: Oh no.

(CINDY Heads to Exit door, but hesitates. She returns to PAUL and grabs his hand.)

CINDY: You come with me.

(CINDY and PAUL hurriedly exit via the door.)

Blackout

STUD F. STEELE

PRIVATE EYE



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Stud F. Steele, Private Eye

by Richard Westcott

CHARACTERS:

STUD (Stud F. Steele): Middle aged male. A Private Eye, very much showing signs of wear.

IVE (Ive Enlesslegs): A beautiful dame in a red dress. She has long hair.

CANDY "Face" (Phaasse): A youngish woman.

SETTING: STUD's office. Obviously low budget.

Its Entry is via an unseen door, stage right.

Center stage is a desk with a chair behind it and a chair to its stage left side.

PROPS: STUD has a unlit but well chewed cigar. A notebook in his pocket with a pencil.

CANDY has a purse. In it are a photo, and A wad of cash.

The desk has a Photo style calendar on its cluttered surface.

TIME: The present.

At Curtain Rise CANDY is sitting in the audience, stage right.

IVE is off stage, unseen waiting by the "Entry."

STUD is standing, downstage center, cigar in hand. He is facing the audience.

STUD: It was a dark and stormy night. You see, it's my job to notice things like that. I'm Stud F. Steele, Private Eye. I solve

mysteries. But on this night the only mystery I had to solve was how I was going to get enough money to buy another cigar. I was lost in thought and a whiskey haze. The last thing I expected was for a beautiful dame in a red dress to come walking through that door.

IVE: (Enters via Entry, breathless.) Stud? Are you Stud F. Steele, Private Eye?

STUD: (To audience,) Things might be looking up. Looks like I better get back to my desk. (Sits behind desk.) Come in. Have a seat.

(IVE Ignores the chair. Sits on corner of the desk, stage right. Crosses her legs.)

STUD: OK, you've got my attention.

IVE: Mister Steele ...

STUD: Call me Stud. And what is your name?

IVE: Ive. Ive Enlesslegs.

STUD: I noticed. What can I do for you, Ive Enlesslegs?

IVE: Oh Stud – I'm so desperate. Tell me you're going to help me.

STUD: I'm going to help you.

(CANDY rises from an audience seat and approaches the edge of the stage.)

CANDY: Oh Mister Steele? Mister Steele? (Climbs onto stage.)

(STUD and IVE are confused.)

CANDY: Oh Mister Steele, I'm so glad you're in. I saw your name on the program outside the theater. I need a Private Eye right away.

IVE: Excuse me, but we're in the middle of a play here.

STUD: (With confidence.) Let me handle this. This is my office you know.

IVE: Your office?

STUD: Let's hear what this lady has to say.

CANDY: You are the private eye, Stud F. Steele?

IVE: He's just acting as one in this 10 minute play.

CANDY: 10 minutes! Oh my goodness! (To STUD,) You're only a private eye for the next 10 minutes?

STUD: Well, that may be, but I'm a darn good one. (Directs her to the chair next to his Desk.) Now why don't you sit down right here.

IVE: Just a second Stiff, or whatever your name is, I'm still waiting for my next cue here!

STUD: Just rest those legs a little longer there. I've got a real case on my hands now, and as a Private Eye it's my duty to help this young lady. (To CANDY,) Go ahead and tell me your problem.

IVE: Hold on! That's not how it works! We're in the middle of a play!

STUD: Everybody sit tight.

(STUD gets up and returns to center stage and addresses the audience.)STUD: What do you think out there? Should we hear what this Lady has to say?

(STUD absorbs audience reaction.)

STUD: That was my feeling too. (Returns to his Desk chair.) OK mam. Where were we?

CANDY: Oh thank you, thank you. You see, I'm getting married in just a few days! – And I've lost ...I've lost ... I've lost ...

IVE: Oh c'mon. It's only a ten minute play!

CANDY: Yes, yes. Of course. I've lost maybe the most important thing for the whole honeymoon.

IVE: Your tickets?

CANDY: No, no – much more important.

STUD: The ring?

CANDY: The ring? The groom is in charge of the ring. And anyways, that's for the wedding, not the honeymoon. Wouldn't a private eye know that?

IVE: Not this one.

STUD: Never mind that. Go on, what did you lose?

CANDY: Oh Stud – can I call you Stud?

STUD: The name fits, babe. And what is your name please?

CANDY: Candy. Candy ... I better spell it - P-H-A-A-S-S ...E.

IVE: (Processes this,) Candy Face? Really – Candy Face?

STUD: (Takes out pocket notebook and pencil.) I see. Please don't distract her, Miss Enlesslegs.

IVE: OK, this is getting ridiculous. I only accepted this acting gig because I need a part time job.

STUD: Well, they'll be no acting in this office.

IVE: Yeah, I can see that.

STUD: (To CANDY,) Now just what did you lose, Miss Candy Face?

CANDY: Oh, you have to help me. I'm desperate!

IVE: Hey! I'm the one who's desperate!

STUD: OK. I've got two desperate, beautiful dames in my office. You're going to have to take turns. Time is running out on this play.

IVE: Well, I'm in the script, so obviously we have to do my problem first.

CANDY: Oh but Stud ...

STUD: Ok, ok. Everybody hold tight.

(STUD gets up and returns to center stage. Addresses audience.)

STUD: Ok. Who should get to have me solve their problem first?
You get to choose.

(STUD goes to IVE and CANDY in turn and holds his hand above
each head.)

STUD: (To audience,) Good choice. (Returns to his Desk chair.) OK
Miss Candy Face. I will help you first.

CANDY: Oh Stud. I'll be going on my honeymoon, and I've lost ...
I've lost ...

IVE: Move it!

CANDY: I've lost my ... (says it quickly, embarrassing herself.)
libido. What am I going to do? My fiancé will expect me to have
my libido on our honeymoon. What will he think when he finds out
I've lost it?

STUD: Your libido you say. (Takes out notebook and pencil.) The
whole thing?

CANDY: Oh yes, all of it. Gone. Oh what am I going to do, Stud?

STUD: (Annotating notebook,) The Case of the Lost Libido. I see.
And just how long ago was it that you noticed this libido of yours
was missing?

CANDY: Why, just 2 days ago. Oh Stud (dramatically,) You have
to help me!

IVE: Hey, he said no acting.

STUD: 2 days ago? That seems a rather short time. Perhaps you just
misplaced it?

CANDY: Oh, that never happens.

STUD: I see. Well, can you describe this libido for me?

IVE: Oh c'mon.

CANDY: Well, it's a little hard to describe, but I know it's hot.

STUD: Hot. Go on.

IVE: (To STUD,) Oh for Krist's sake Dud, you can't find someone's libido.

STUD: It's Stud, and I beg to differ.

IVE: And anyway, how do you know she's really lost it?

STUD: Good point. Let's do this test. (To CANDY,) Stand up please.

(CANDY stands. STUD moves to stand next to her. STUD gives her his best sexy look.)

STUD: What do you feel now, Miss Candy Face?

CANDY: Why nothing.

STUD: OK, there's the proof. (Returns to his chair.).

IVE: (Incredulous.) Really? That's your test? Then why don't you test that on me, Mister Stuff and see if it works on a normal person?

STUD: No time for that Miss Enlesslegs. Can't afford to have a hot woman all over me in the middle of an investigation.

IVE: Oh you think that's what would happen. (To herself,) God, I need to find a new acting job.

CANDY: Can you help me Stud?

STUD: Of course I can. Previous to the loss, how long did you have this libido of yours?

CANDY: Oh good gumdrops – as long as I can remember.

STUD: Try to think Miss Candy Face. When were you initially aware of the presence of this libido of yours?

CANDY: Oh yes, I remember that. When I was young. I found it in a pool, somewhere between Marco and Polo.

STUD: These are two friends of yours?

CANDY: Just me and a friend in the pool.

IVE: Let me guess – a boy.

CANDY: Why yes.

STUD: Hold on, I'll run this investigation.

IVE: Yeah, you'll run it. Run it into the ground.

STUD: Now Miss Candy Face, subsequent to the initial finding of this libido, did you always keep it on your person?

CANDY: In, I would say.

STUD: (Annotating notebook,) And did you take it out and use it on occasion?

CANDY: It just comes out on its own. It used to come out when I was in the presence of a handsome man.

STUD: I see, but hold on - I was standing right next to you a minute ago, and you say it didn't come out then? How could that be?

IVE: I'd say it was bad casting. (To CANDY,) Are you sure it doesn't respond to beautiful women?

CANDY: Well, I don't think so, but ...

IVE: (Moving next to CANDY and leaning against her,) What's this do for you?

CANDY: (Somewhat confused.) Nothing – well....

STUD: Hmm. (Fishing out Calendar from top of Desk,) Miss Candy Face, I have a calendar here with pictures of animals.

IVE: Animals, Stiff?

STUD: It's Stud, and I know what I'm doing. (Opens Calendar to a particular page.) Now here's a picture of an owl ...

IVE: An owl? Really Stump, a freakin owl?

CANDY: (Carefully examining picture,) Hmm. Nice eyes. A head that can do a 180 could be useful sometimes. But this does nothing for me. Oh Stud, what am I going to do? I'll be going to my honeymoon without my libido! (To IVE,) How much longer is he going to be a private eye?

IVE: I'd say about 3 minutes, which is already way too long.

STUD: Never mind that. Ok then, (flipping page,) how about a lion?

CANDY: Oh my ... (Looks more closely. Squirms.) Oh my, he is lovely. (Takes Calendar.) Look at him – just here (indicates a spot.)

IVE: (Goes behind CANDY and looks at photo.) Oh my goodness ... But you're pointing at his mane. I'm noticing - This. (Grabs Calendar.) Oh sweet God in heaven give me four legs.

CANDY: (Looking where IVE is looking,) Holy honey-mustard! That could get a girl to roar. But look here at his mane - it's so beautiful – soft, flowing in the wind – full of power – I think I can smell it now. Oh if I could put my face in that mane.

STUD: Ladies – ladies! Try to focus here.

IVE: Oh I am so focused - whatever your name is.

STUD: (Reaching for Calendar,) Very well, let me show you another photo...

IVE: Get your hands away from this calendar, Mister Stupid.

STUD: It's Stud. Check your script.

IVE: (Looking at Calendar,) My script just got itself re-written.

CANDY: The powerful muscles on his neck, under his flowing brown mane.

STUD: Miss Candy Face, if I could just ask a few more questions ...

IVE: Ok both of you, stay right here.

(IVE goes to center stage. Addresses audience.)IVE: Look, this play is going to end in a minute. Anybody got any ideas out there? (Listens to reactions.) Hair? Did someone say “It’s the hair?”

Well OK then. (Returns to desk. To CANDY,) Candy suck-face. Is it the hair that you find so attractive?

CANDY: (Considers this.) Why yes – oh yes.

STUD: I see, I see. Miss Candy Face, is there a resemblance between that lion and your fiancé?

CANDY: Oh my, well ...

STUD: (Annotates notebook.) First, let’s start with his name.

CANDY: Yes. Well, his name is Rock.

IVE: Rock? Really? Wait, don’t make me guess – what is his last name?

CANDY: I’ll spell it. H-u-r-d. Rock Hurd.

IVE: Of course – I should have known.

STUD: (Annotates notebook again.) Rock Hurd. By any chance do you have a picture of Mister Rock Hurd?

CANDY: Why yes, of course. (Gets picture from purse. Shows it to Stud.) He’s 6 foot 2, athletic build, wide shoulders. Long, wavy, brown hair.

STUD: Yes, I see.

IVE: You got any other animal calendars in there? (Searches top and under Desk.)

STUD: Now Miss Candy Face – how recent is this photo?

CANDY: Well, just this spring.

STUD: Has anything happened since this photo was taken to the hair of Mister Rock Hurd?

CANDY: Funny you should mention that. Two days ago he got it cut for the wedding.

IVE: Hold on, I have a hunch. (Moves to stand behind STUD.) Now, Candy, just close your eyes.

CANDY: Ok. (Closes eyes.)

STUD: (To IVE,) Hey, can I trust you back there?

IVE: I'd say you're safe. Now just hold still.

(IVE places her head behind STUD's. She flips her long hair over his head and shoulders STUD then parts the hair so just his face is showing.)

IVE: Now open your eyes, Candy.

CANDY: Oh my God, where did HE come from? (Springs up toward him.) Hey big fella - I'm not married yet!

(IVE Stands up which pulls her hair off Stud.)

CANDY: (Squeals in panic. Immediately pulls back.) Oh, it's you.

STUD: Ah ha! The Sampson Syndrome!

CANDY: Oh no, what will I do? Rock has short hair for our honeymoon.

(IVE leans forward and whispers in STUD's ear.)

STUD: (Having considered what IVE whispered, to IVE,) You know, I think that might work for both of us. (To CANDY,) Miss Candy Face. You must explain the situation to Mister Rock Hurd. You must tell Mister Rock Hurd that until his hair re-grows, you will need an actress with long hair to accompany you on your honeymoon. Miss Candy Face – It is clear that you must take Miss Enlesslegs along on your honeymoon as n essential actress.

CANDY: Oh Stud, you're the best private eye ever. You've solved the case and saved my marriage. I can't thank you enough. Here, (Digs in purse,) I just have five-hundred dollars in cash. (Hands it to STUD.) Take this - I hope it's enough.

(STUD takes the money and puts it in a pocket. He takes out his cigar and leans back.)

CANDY: Oh, Ive - I hope you are able to take on another acting job.

IVE: I believe I can break away.

(IVE goes to CANDY and puts her arm around her. They prepare to leave.)

CANDY: Thank goodness we booked a room with a king size bed.

IVE: (Grabs Calendar off Desk. To STUD as they exit,) I'm keeping this calendar.

Blackout

APPENDIX

Character Names Statement:

Three of the Plays in this Collection were originally written with the lead Characters named “Beck (or Becky) and Bob” (reasons). For inclusion in this Collection the names have been revised in two of the Plays so each Play has unique Character names.

Permission to Use:

Non-Profit, Not-for-Profit, theatre groups, and Educational Institutions may use any and all of the Plays in this Collection. A clear Permission to Use Statement can be obtained by sending a request to info@westcotpess.net. Please put “Permission Request” in the subject line. Please also include as much information about your planned production as you care to share. This is not so I can create a database to sell. I would just get a kick out of knowing when my Plays are given the gift of new life.

Gender Statement:

Most of these plays work equally well in single-gender mode. If potential Producers or Directors feel inclined to make that change, go for it. I ask that you include this in your Copyright Permission Request because I would love to keep a tally.

About The Playwright:

Richard Westcott (me) loves words and what can be done with them. He has been writing plays since he figured out which end of the pencil makes the marks. When a pre-teen he appeared on Boston’s Community Auditions (spoiler alert: He didn’t win). After a brief stint in theatre he became over-run by life, but in the nineties he appeared as an extra in several movies shot in the Boston area. (Look for him in *The Pink Panther Deux*, but don’t blink.) He returned to writing much later in life, where he is currently trying to figure out why his pencil doesn’t work on his laptop.

A I Statement:

No Artificial Intelligence was used in the writing of this Collection.

All of the Plays in this Collection were written before I went totally blind. I used an Artificial Intelligence product to identify the images in my folders that did not have text identification. For that, I am grateful.

Richard Westcott

Production Histories:

THE RENEWAL was produced by the Newburyport Firehouse Center for the Arts in 2013. Directed by Tim Diering

David Houlden played Bob. Kimm Wilkinson played Becky.

CAULK was produced by The Provincetown Theatre Company in 2011. Directed by Nathan Butera.

SIGNS was produced in 2014 by Boston College Theatre, as part of the Boston Theatre Marathon. Directed by John Houchin.

And in 2014 by Boston Playwrights Theatre. Directed by Cindy Bell. Shelly Wood played Becky. David Wood played Bob.

THE BACHELOR PARTY was presented by The Image Theatre, Lowell MA, in its 2011 Naughty Readings. Directed by Jerry Bisantz. Jackie Hebert played Cindy.

Cindy's boombox was revised to a sound bar for this re-issue.

STUD F. STEELE, Private Eye was produced in 2013 by Boston Playwrights Theatre. Directed by Cindy Bell. Julie Murphy played Candy. Ginny Carpenter PLAYED Ive. Paul Dixon played Stud F. Steele.

Blackout on Collection