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*Dramatic Publishing*

# **Lover Boy and Other Plays**

Three Short Comedies

by

**KENT R. BROWN**

Lover Boy

Floral Fantasy

Are We There Yet?

**Dramatic Publishing**

Woodstock, Illinois • England • Australia • New Zealand

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# Lover Boy and Other Plays

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(Each play requires 1m. and 1w. in their middle years)

# Lover Boy

For Mike

**Lover Boy** premiered at the Heartlande Theatre Company Play-By-Play Marathon of Short Works in Birmingham, Michigan, 2001. It featured Rae McIntosh and David McIntosh and was directed by Dianne Sievers.

## CHARACTERS

**MAGGIE CANNON:** In her late 50s early 60s, known as Loose Cannon Maggie, efficient, a bit blunt but rather attractive if she allowed herself to be.

**JOHNNY BORDEAUX:** In his mid- to upper 60s, a bit uncertain of himself but conveys the air of a good sport.

**SETTING:** Maggie's executive office. An attractive vase of flowers wrapped in multicolored ribbons is prominently featured on her desk. From it is flying a gaudy Happy Birthday balloon sporting smiling faces and confetti.

**TIME:** The present, Friday evening around 7:30.

# Lover Boy

AT THE CURTAIN: *MAGGIE is about ready to finish for the day. After logging off her computer and making a notation or two in her calendar, she completes some last-minute dictation.*

MAGGIE. Marilyn, I'm about ready to call it quits. Here are a few things for next week while I'm gone. Tell Stephen he's dangerously behind on the Wilson report. I need the numbers via email no later than 10 a.m. on Wednesday. Tell Stephanie she's got ten pounds she'll need to lose in forty-five days or she's off the Johnson account. Mr. Johnson likes his account reps trim and luscious. And I don't care if that's not PC, it's money. Then tell Ramsey the floral print rug in reception makes me dizzy, gives clients the impression we're a bunch of daisies.

*(She looks at the balloon, hits it, hits it harder.)*

And, last but not least, my thanks to all who contributed so generously to this lovely bouquet of flowers. Very thoughtful... a birthday I'll never forget. *(Beat.)* Now, I'll check in with you at 11:30 and 4:45 daily. You know the drill. Who's dropping the ball, who's arriving late, who's doing things in offices they shouldn't be doing,

and yes, I know, that's a hard one, but do your best. We don't want lawsuits, do we? No, we don't. OK, that's it. Oh, and I saw ashes on your skirt this afternoon. This is a no smoking building, Marilyn, inside and out. Bye, have a good week.

*(MAGGIE is motionless for a moment. Then she opens her desk drawers looking for cigarettes. It's clear she has recently stopped smoking, and not the first time either.)*

*She looks behind books and binders, filing cabinets, deep inside her coat pockets. She opens her printer, rummages through the shredder, all the while keeping up a running commentary.)*

I deserve a cigarette, a reward, a symbol of my considerable success, my longevity, my durability. I can make the choice to pollute my body if I wish.

*(At this moment JOHNNY BORDEAUX opens the office door. He is a nicely dressed man holding a large briefcase. He watches MAGGIE who is unaware of his presence.)*

MAGGIE *(cont'd)*. It's after hours, and I'm on vacation! I'm celebrating my birthday, lucky me! We have the vote, we have 401K plans, we have arrived! The captain of my own destiny and all that crap!

*(Eureka! She's found one miserable-looking cigarette in a crumpled pack, but now she can't find a light. "Oh,*



*damn!” As she begins searching for a light she sees JOHNNY. Momentarily taken by surprise, MAGGIE regains her composure and advances toward JOHNNY.)*

MAGGIE (*cont’d*). Who the hell are you, how did you just walk in here? Never mind, I need a match.

JOHNNY (*lacking conviction*). I haven’t had a match since Clark Gable sold the farm.

MAGGIE. Bought the farm, you moron, not sold the farm.

JOHNNY. You’re right, I keep blowing that line.

MAGGIE. A lighter, a flame-thrower. Some heat!

JOHNNY (*again, lacking a little confidence*). Oh, baby, if you want some heat, I’m the man you need to meet. (*MAGGIE seems to sag all of a sudden and leans on her desk for support.*) You’re a little depressed, a little needy, I can see that. They said that might happen. They said you don’t age well.

MAGGIE. Age well! What am I, a Gouda cheese? Should I call Security?

JOHNNY (*determined to get through this*). Hi. My name is Johnny Bordeaux. Like the wine, aged sublime. And you’re Maggie Cannon. They call you Loose Cannon Maggie, but not tonight! Tonight you’re a real pistol, right, Maggie? Because you’re The Birthday Girl! (*These last efforts at sexy bravado have taken a toll on JOHNNY’s energy. He sees a pitcher of water.*) Getting started is always the hardest. Could I have a drink of water? On the counter, right there. I’ll pay you back. (*MAGGIE is dumbfounded. JOHNNY grasps the water pitcher and takes a long swig.*) Thanks. The heart jumps around now and then, like a set of bongos on speed. Need some water to cool my jets! I thought I’d missed you.

# **Floral Fantasy**

For Julie

## CHARACTERS

**MYRON RUSSO:** In his 50s/60s, good-humored, rolls with the punches.

**CYNTHIA BELLASSI:** In her 50s/60s, a volatile energy.

**SETTING:** A floor lamp, one upholstered wingback chair and a second upholstered chair. There is also a wet bar with a telephone on it.

**TIME:** The present.

## Floral Fantasy

AT THE CURTAIN: *Lights reveal MYRON RUSSO as he lays several upholstery swatches against both chairs. He steps back, looks for a moment, then moves in and rearranges the swatches, replacing some with other options, rummaging through his swatch samples, and so on. MYRON is in excellent spirits.*

*CYNTHIA enters with an iced tea for MYRON. It is clear she has been drinking but she is fairly successful at controlling the fact.*

CYNTHIA. Do you take your tea with sugar, Mr. Russo?

MYRON. Myron, please. And no, straight up, thanks.

*(CYNTHIA hands MYRON his iced tea, then moves to the wet bar and pours herself a stiff drink.)*

CYNTHIA. I appreciate you coming over on such short notice.

MYRON. No problem, Mrs. Bellassi. There was a cancellation over on Fifth, so here I am.

CYNTHIA. A fresh start, Myron, out with the old and in with the new. And Cynthia, please.

MYRON. Cynthia, I do upholstery, you need upholstery. It's a marriage made in heaven. So whaddaya say, let the

games begin! (*Gesturing grandly toward the upholstery samples on both chairs.*) We got your basic Tartan plaid, your basic sandstone beige, and your basic rainbow stripes, all within your basic budget dollar range.

CYNTHIA. I don't know, they all look so ... basic.

MYRON. My sentiments exactly. (*He removes the "basic" swatches from the chairs and flourishes a rose-patterned swatch.*) Bingo! Meet Rose Marie, a consistent favorite. Nice and perky, don'tcha think? Rose Marie on the wingback and maybe a caramel corduroy on the other chair? (*He arranges the swatches on the chairs.*)

CYNTHIA. I don't know, Mr. Russo, nothing really leaps out and grabs me if you know what I mean.

MYRON. Wait, I've got just the thing. And Myron, please, no more with the Mr. Russo. (*Finding the swatches he's looking for.*) Emerald Isle and Royal Purple! Aren't they knockouts? (*Draping the swatches over the two chairs.*) Ever go to Europe, Cynthia, go through those old castles, check out them thrones? Green and purple everywhere!

CYNTHIA. We went to Warwick Castle once, eight years ago.

MYRON. We were on one of those tours to eleven countries in nineteen days. You have to count Luxembourg as a country, right?

CYNTHIA. Well, I think they do, I'm pretty certain of that.

MYRON. Got so I couldn't tell Frankfurt from Florence, but Margaret didn't care. "I want someone to drive me around and tell me what's famous." She wanted to keep it simple.

CYNTHIA. Margaret?

MYRON. My wife. She loved old things, like me. Ever been to Stonehinge?

CYNTHIA. You mean *Stonehenge*, big boulders falling down everywhere?

MYRON. Yeah, awe-inspiring.

CYNTHIA. Harold throwing up for an entire hour while the sun set behind the boulders, now that was awe-inspiring. Ate some bad Indian food, had stomach cramps four straight days. Got so the people on the tour bus would duck when they saw him coming.

MYRON (*sensing he may have lost momentum*). So Emerald Isle or Royal Purple? Very regal, don'tcha think?

CYNTHIA. Harold wasn't very regal.

MYRON. Oh, too bad.

CYNTHIA. And green reminds me of the money he never made enough of.

MYRON (*shifting quickly to another gear*). I hear ya loud and clear. Out with the green, out with the purple. A bit ostentatious, when ya come to think of it... (*Removes the green and purple swatches and looks through his sample cases.*) I've got just the solution to your problem, Cynthia.

CYNTHIA. What is my problem, Myron?

MYRON. Your problem? Looks like old upholstery to me.

CYNTHIA (*finishing her first drink and pouring her second*). Is it really worth it, Myron? You know what I mean?

MYRON. Worth it? I've got to charge ya something, Cynthia.

CYNTHIA. Life, Myron! Me, you, Harold! Why not just put an end to it?

# **Are We There Yet?**

For Bini

**Are We There Yet?** was co-winner of the Chameleon Theatre Circle New Play Contest, Apple Valley, Minnesota, 2001.

## CHARACTERS

**CHARLES W. RYAN:** In his mid- to upper 60s, sees value in conservative living, possesses a wry sense of humor.

**CHARLOTTE RYAN:** In her mid- to upper 60s, considers herself more spontaneous than Charles.

**PREMISE:** Charles and Charlotte have embarked on a 575-mile road trip. They are on their 43rd wedding anniversary. Their final destination is a quaint little B&B in the mountains Charlotte discovered on the Internet.

There are several short “scenes” identified as mileage markers.

**SETTING:** A car interior and a roadside rest stop. Two wooden chairs serve as the front seat of the car; two additional “back seat” chairs for props as needed. There should be a considerable number of props: AAA road maps, assorted guidebooks, several women’s magazines, *USA Today*, a box lunch, etc.

**TIME:** Summertime, good driving weather.

**LIGHTS:** At times, a fast blackout will serve to end a scene, while slow “movie-like” fades will suffice for others.

**MUSIC/SOUND:** It is important, whenever music is incorporated into the script, that the selections reflect the appropriate tiredness, tension, euphoria, frustration, giddiness, etc., associated with long road trips. A collage of “road trip” snippets: announcements of tag sales, stock reports, religious music, etc., may be employed. Caution should be used, however, to ensure the simplicity of the piece, emphasizing always the energy and talent of the actors.



# Are We There Yet?

137 miles

AT THE CURTAIN: *Lights up on CHARLES looking through the “windshield” while CHARLOTTE pages through several magazines.*

CHARLES. Go ahead, guess.

CHARLOTTE. Guess what?

CHARLES. Up at 5:30, right? Out the door at 6:00. So, guess how many miles we’ve gone so far?

CHARLOTTE (*peeking at the speedometer*). One hundred and thirty-seven miles.

CHARLES. Amazing. How do you do that? (*CHARLOTTE smiles and continues reading.*) Not a single thing for a whole week. No newspaper, no CNN. Just the sun on my face and a song in my heart.

CHARLOTTE (*reading from one of the magazines*). One pound dried chow mein-style noodles, cooked until just done, rinsed, and drained.

CHARLES. And maybe a little casino action. Take our retirement savings and blow it all on one roll! Now, that’s living!

CHARLOTTE (*continuing to read*). Three cups broccoli florets, blanched, rinsed in cold water, and drained.

CHARLES. So what is it this year, thirty-first, thirty-second?

CHARLOTTE. You know perfectly well we're on our forty-third anniversary.

CHARLES. That can't be right! Forty-three years!

CHARLOTTE. Sad but true.

CHARLES. But I'm a young man, Charlotte! I've got my whole life ahead of me.

CHARLOTTE (*having found another article*). Did you know that the color green reflects balance?

CHARLES. Where did we go last year? Did we have a good time?

CHARLOTTE. And the color yellow is perfect if you're looking for a job in sales. It says "I'm fun!" Am I a fun kind of person, Charles?

CHARLES. Wait, I see it now. Red awnings, big lumpy bed. Hampton by the Sea!

CHARLOTTE. Blue conveys a sense of reliability. It says you've got a good head on your shoulders. I've got a good head on my shoulders, haven't I?

CHARLES. Nope, not Hampton by the Sea. It wasn't Hampton.

CHARLOTTE. I could wear my blue suit with the yellow blouse you like.

CHARLES. Humbug? Humbug by the Sea?

CHARLOTTE. Reliable and fun, that's me.

CHARLES. That doesn't sound right.

CHARLOTTE. That's me, isn't it? Charles?

CHARLES. What, dear? Are you friendly? More than friendly. Who doesn't think you're friendly?

CHARLOTTE. Hempstead by the Sea, Charles, and it was in Cape May, New Jersey.

CHARLES. Did we have fun? It's all about fun, fun, fun, you know!

**LIGHTS**

**195 miles**

*(CHARLOTTE has pulled out a simply made box lunch consisting of deviled eggs, ham and cheese and peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, and so on.)*

CHARLES *(munching on a pickle)*. It's absolutely astounding, Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE. What's that, dear?

CHARLES. We represent the furthest development in the evolution of the human race.

CHARLOTTE. The two of us? Yes, that is astounding.

CHARLES. Now I'm not going to count laboratory experimentation and Dolly the Sheep and all that.

CHARLOTTE. That's a relief.

CHARLES. I mean real functioning humans with a sense of humor, a sense of metaphor. On the road, into the future!

CHARLOTTE. Want some carrots?

CHARLES *(pointing down the road)*. See that bush coming up? That's the marker, OK?

CHARLOTTE. The one with the purple flowers?

CHARLES. Yep, ready? Now, wave goodbye. *(They wave at the "bush" as they drive by.)* Bye, bye, old Charles and old Charlotte. *(Pointing down the road.)* OK. Now, see the pine tree up ahead?

CHARLOTTE. I see it. This feels stupid, Charles.

CHARLES. Ready? Wave hello! *(They wave at the "pine tree" as it comes alongside the car.)* Hey, hey! Say hello to the new, improved Charles and Charlotte! Did you feel it?

CHARLOTTE. Feel what?

CHARLES. The sense of forward progression! In that period of time between the bush and the pine tree, billions upon billions of thoughts were thought. (*Beat.*) And memories. So many memories. (*Beat.*) Jimmy would be calling us tomorrow. (*Remembering their last conversation with their son, Jimmy.*) “I’m in Tokyo, Dad, special training.”

CHARLOTTE. “But I’ve lost track of time.”

CHARLES. “Think I missed your anniversary.”

CHARLOTTE (*laughing*). By three months. He was so embarrassed.

CHARLES. “Thanks for making me legitimate. Love you lots, gotta go, the fleet ships out tomorrow.”

CHARLOTTE (*beat*). It was a lovely service.

CHARLES (*beat*). OK, OK, one hundred and ninety-five miles down, three hundred and eighty to go. Not bad, eh?

CHARLOTTE (*beat*). Never made his bed, I always had to make his bed.

## LIGHTS