

FOR THE LOVE OF LUCY

OR LUCY'S CIGAR IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

By Ray Sheers

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**FOR THE LOVE OF LUCY
OR LUCY'S CIGAR IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS
By Ray Sheers**

This is the second play in Ray Sheers' trilogy.

**CAST OF CHARACTERS
(5 MEN, 8 WOMEN, FLEXIBLE)**

GODIVA DOOLITTLE (F) The BOA's maid. (50 lines)

LUCY BOA (F) A kind-hearted, good-natured, middle-aged woman. She has her eccentricities, but she's not as dumb as she sometimes appears. (80 lines)

DESMOND BOA (M) LUCY's husband. He's a bit eccentric, like his wife, but he, too, has a good heart. (76 lines)

ROSIE BOA (F) The BOA's daughter. She is a successful lawyer, a liberated woman who takes life a bit too seriously. (36 lines)

VITA ROTTENSWAPPER (F) President of Arrow Enterprises. She is aggressive and successful. She is used to getting her way. (56 lines)

EDNA RICE (M/F) An executive of Arrow Enterprises – EDGAR, if played by a male. (11 lines)

HARPO (M/F) A fun-loving clown. Like Harpo Marx, his namesake, he does not speak. He should be dressed like Harpo Marx in ragged, mismatched, loose clothes rather than as a typical clown. He wears a curly wig and top hat. Sometimes he wears wire-rimmed sunglasses. What he lacks in speech, he makes up for in gestures and facial expression. He is totally outrageous

and uninhibited. The more the actor patterns himself (or even herself!) after the real Harpo, the more effective the role will be. (*No lines*)

PUPINSKI (M) Friend of the BOAS. He and DESMOND are starting a circus. He says outrageous things but means no harm. He is something of a flirt. He's a cross between Groucho and Chico Marx. (*47 lines*)

LAWRENCE (M) A guest of the BOAS, he believes he is various characters from Shakespeare's plays. LAWRENCE should be dramatic and wear traditional Shakespearean costume. (*12 lines*)

VIOLET FLEABANE (F) A guest at the Bed 'n' Breakfast. (*10 lines*)

SYLVIA (F) One of VIOLET's daughters. (*8 lines*)

CONSTANCE (F) One of VIOLET's other daughters. (*3 lines*)

EUNICE (F) VIOLET's bizarre daughter. She quite literally sniffs out evil, decay and rot wherever she goes, much to the embarrassment of her mother and sisters. She should be portrayed as eerie, slightly crazy, and otherworldly. (*13 lines*)

DR. FRANKENMIRTH (M) An egotistical psychiatrist, engaged to VITA ROTTENSWAPPER. (*13 lines*)

PROPERTIES

Living room furniture

Plants

Plant spray bottle

Newspaper

Pillow

Feathers

Bottle of bubbles

Telephone

Playing cards

Bicycle horn

Paddle ball

Books

Shopping bag

Cookies

Serving tray

Cups

Coats, hats,

Envelopes

Banana

Flowers

Box of candy

Large feather duster

Suitcases

SCENE ONE

The living room of Lucy Boa's Bed 'n' Breakfast. GODIVA is alone on stage spraying the plants for bugs. She occasionally picks bugs off the leaves and steps on them. DESMOND enters.

DESMOND: Godiva, what are you doing?

GODIVA: Spraying for mealy bugs. The plants are infested with mealy bugs!

DESMOND: Is that serious?

GODIVA: Serious! They're crawling all over the foilage!

DESMOND: Foliage. Is this fresh coffee?

GODIVA: It was fresh when I made it.

DESMOND: I'll just have a quick cup and be off. I've got to pick up Pupinski at the train station. He's seeing a man about an elephant. Is Lucy gone already?

GODIVA: She said she had to go to the library and then pick up some groceries. *(ROSIE enters. She is carrying a newspaper and is obviously upset. GODIVA continues to spray plants.)*

ROSIE: *(Holding up paper.)* Father, have you seen this morning's paper?

DESMOND: Can't say that I have, Rosie. The newspaper boy hasn't delivered it yet.

ROSIE: Newspaper person, Father.

DESMOND: Oh, right. Newspaper person. He hasn't delivered it yet.

ROSIE: What is that awful smell?

GODIVA: We've got mealy bugs.

ROSIE: *(Throwing paper down.)* This nonsense about Mother's UFO encounter has made the papers again, her "cigar-shaped flying object with diamonds all around it."

DESMOND: *(Smiling.)* Did it? *(Picking up paper.)* Any pictures?

ROSIE: *(Grabbing paper and hitting him with it.)* No, thank goodness. Father, I wish you'd take this seriously.

DESMOND: Oh, life's too important to take seriously, Rosie. Somebody once said that. I forget who.

ROSIE: Well, some of us do take life seriously. And it's a good thing we do, too. Not everybody can live like you and Mother.

DESMOND: Well, maybe they should. We have a good time. *(He does a silly little dance. ROSIE is obviously exasperated with him.)*

ROSIE: *(Pacing.)* Father, listen. *(DESMOND picks up a paddle ball and plays with it while she talks. She paces as she talks and doesn't notice.)* I'm a lawyer. I've worked hard to get where I am, and I've had to work twice as hard because I'm a woman. People come to me because they think I'll do a good job defending them in court. I have a reputation; a very good reputation. One I work extremely hard to keep. But I'm not going to have it long if my family keeps seeing UFOs and all the other nonsense Mother claims to see. People will start to question my sanity.

DESMOND: Sanity is highly overrated, Rosie.

She grabs the paddleball from him.

GODIVA: *(Indignantly approaching ROSIE.)* Nonsense! You wouldn't call it nonsense if you'd seen what me and Mrs. Boa saw. It still gives me the heebie jeebies just to think about it.

DESMOND: And heebie jeebies are nothing to sniff at, Rosie. You wouldn't want people sniffing at your heebie jeebies, would you? *(He begins to sniff at her.)*

ROSIE: Oh, I give up!

DESMOND: Now, I wouldn't give up, Rosie, and I wouldn't worry about it too much either. The story will die down in time.

ROSIE: Not soon enough for me! *(To GODIVA.)* Do you remember the time when you and mother were convinced there was a werewolf roaming the area?

GODIVA: Well, it could have been one.

ROSIE: No, it couldn't have been one because there aren't any werewolves, here or anywhere else. It was the Gilberts' St. Bernard that ran away, remember? People at the office still bring that up. And now you're seeing aliens!

GODIVA: *(Defensively.)* Didn't see any aliens.

ROSIE: That's right, you didn't. Because there aren't any!

GODIVA: *(Firmly.)* Just saw their ship.

ROSIE: The whole idea of UFOs is nonsense. Utter nonsense! I can't imagine how people can believe in such things. You and Mother should know better, Godiva. Don't you understand that because we're women we have to try twice as hard as men not to look, well, silly?

GODIVA: I know what I saw, and I know what I heard. And there's nothing silly about it! There's plenty we don't understand in this world. You shouldn't make fun of what you don't understand.

ROSIE: What I don't understand is how two grown women can be so gullible. Next, you'll be seeing ghosts and vampires. And if you do, I do not want to read about it in the newspaper. By the way, where is Mother?

GODIVA: She's gone to the library.

DESMOND: She's been doing a lot of reading about UFOs.

ROSIE: (*Sarcastically.*) Wonderful. (*Checks her watch.*) Oh, it's getting late. I've got so much to do today. I'm meeting a very important client this afternoon. If I can land this account, it could mean a promotion for me.

DESMOND: That's terrific, darling. I wish you luck.

ROSIE: Luck will have nothing to do with it. I just hope she doesn't see the paper.

DESMOND: Oh, I wouldn't worry about it, dear. Maybe she can't read.

ROSIE: Oh, she can read all right. She's the president of Arrow Enterprises. You don't get to be president of one of the largest manufacturing companies in the country if you can't read. Not if you're a woman, anyway. I'd better get to the office. (*Kisses him on cheek.*) Goodbye. Father, please talk to Mother about this UFO nonsense. And Godiva, please don't talk to any more reporters. (*She exits.*)

GODIVA: Humph! (*Grumbling.*) Nonsense. . .superstition. . .I know what I know. . .

DESMOND: That spray certainly does have a foul odor.

Enter LAWRENCE as Hamlet, eating a cookie.

LAWRENCE: So foul and fair a day I have not seen!

DESMOND: Morning, Lawrence.

LAWRENCE: I am Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

GODIVA: Omelet, Prince of Wackos!

DESMOND: Now, Godiva, try to be tolerant of Lawrence. He's going through a bad time just now. He's rather lost his identity.

GODIVA: He's lost his marbles.

DESMOND: That's another way of looking at it. Let's hope it's only temporary.

GODIVA: *(To LAWRENCE.)* Don't you dare drop crumbs on my clean floor. I just mopped in here!

DESMOND: Well, I've got to get Pupinski at the station. I hope he was able to get the elephant. What's a circus without an elephant? The question is, where on earth will we keep it?

LAWRENCE: To be or not to be! That is the question!

GODIVA: Don't you dare bring an elephant in here! It's hard enough cleaning up after the rest of you. I won't clean up after an elephant.

DESMOND: Tell Lucy I'll be back shortly. *(Exits.)*

GODIVA: Mealy bugs! Elephants! And a house full of loonies!

LAWRENCE: There are more things on heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy, Horatio! *(Puts his arm around her shoulders.)*

GODIVA: Get your hands off me! And the name's Godiva. How many times do I have to tell you?

LAWRENCE: What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet. *(He exits.)*

LUCY BOA enters, helping MRS. ROTTENSWAPPER into the house. LUCY is carrying a bag of groceries in one arm and holding books in the other.

LUCY: Now do be careful, Mrs. Rottenswapper! We don't want anything more to happen to you today, do we?

ROTTENSWAPPER: *(Shaking her off.)* Let me be. I'm fine. I'll be fine.

GODIVA: Bad news. We've got mealy bugs, Mrs. Boa.

LUCY: *(Searching her body for bugs.)* We do?!

GODIVA: The plants are infested with them.

LUCY: Oh, the plants. I thought you meant we had them on us.

GODIVA: It's only a matter of time!

LUCY: Oh, dear!

GODIVA: They're crawling all over the foilage.

LUCY: Foliage, dear. Leaves are called fo-li-age. Are mealy bugs really that serious?

GODIVA: Serious? Serious, she asks me! All the plants could be dead within a week. I'd call that serious, Mrs. Boa! (*To ROTTENSWAPPER.*) What does the woman have in her noodle?

ROTTENSWAPPER: Did she call you Mrs. Boa?

LUCY: That's right. Boa. Lucy Boa. Why?

ROTTENSWAPPER: Oh, nothing. Nothing. I just didn't catch your last name before now.

LUCY: Godiva, this is Mrs. Rottenswapper.

GODIVA: You going to be in the circus?

ROTTENSWAPPER: Circus! Certainly not!

LUCY: No, dear, Mrs. Rottenswapper's automobile and mine had a little. . . encounter.

GODIVA: Oh, another accident, eh, Mrs. Boa?

LUCY: Just an itsy-bitsy one.

ROTTENSWAPPER: What? With that tank you were driving, it's a wonder I'm alive.

LUCY: Well, I didn't see you. I can't imagine where you came from.

GODIVA: Were you reading the paper again?

LUCY: No, I was not. I was looking for a piece of paper in the glove compartment to write down the name of a lovely piece of music I heard on the radio and then (*Claps hands together.*) BANG! (*ROTTENSWAPPER jumps.*) I just can't imagine where you came from. One minute you weren't there, the next minute, BANG!

ROTTENSWAPPER: (*Jumping.*) Scared the daylights out of me.

LUCY: Oh, it was just a little bump. But you're all right now, aren't you, Mrs. Rottenswapper?

ROTTENSWAPPER: I suppose I'll live, which is more than I can say for my car.

LUCY: Oh, I'm sure it'll be fine. (*To GODIVA.*) We had it towed to Jack's Garage. (*To ROTTENSWAPPER.*) That Jack's a miracle-worker when it comes to cars.

GODIVA: When he's not drunk.

ROTTENSWAPPER: What?!

GODIVA: *(Makes drinking gesture to ROTTENSWAPPER. To LUCY.)*
What was the song?

LUCY: Song? Oh, the one I wanted to write down. I've completely forgotten. I knew I would if I didn't write it down. *(To ROTTENSWAPPER.)* Which is why I was looking for a piece of paper. I knew I had one in the glove compartment, and I was just about to take it out when *(Claps hands again.)* BANG!

ROTTENSWAPPER jumps again.

ROTTENSWAPPER: Could you stop doing that? *(Wipes her brow with handkerchief.)* You mean you had my car towed to a drunken mechanic? I need that car fixed. I do not fly, and so I need that car for business. *(Checks her watch.)* Furthermore, I have an appointment this afternoon. And you're telling me you sent my little yellow sports car to some. . .some *drunk?*

LUCY: He does drink a bit too much. . .but not when he's working, I'm sure. Godiva, dear, maybe Mrs. Rottenswapper would like some tea or coffee.

ROTTENSWAPPER: A cup of tea might settle my nerves. *(Sits.)*

GODIVA: I'll put the water on. Oh, Mrs. Boa, we made the paper again.

LUCY: *(Excitedly.)* Oh, really?

GODIVA: *(Hands her the paper.)* Yeah, and Rosie was pretty upset about it.

LUCY: Oh, dear.

GODIVA starts toward the kitchen.

ROTTENSWAPPER: Rosie?

LUCY: Rosie's our daughter.

ROTTENSWAPPER: Rosie Boa. . .is. . .your *daughter?*

LUCY: That's right! She's a lawyer. We're so proud of her. Is Desmond here?

GODIVA: He went to pick up Mr. Pupinski at the train station. They're looking for an elephant.

ROTTENSWAPPER: An elephant?

LUCY: Desmond and Mr. Pupinski are putting together a circus. Mr. Pupinski's gathering talent from all over the world and creating a circus. It's just so exciting! There's so much talent out there, you know. Jugglers (*Pantomimes juggling.*) and clowns and acrobats and tightrope walkers (*Pantomimes tightrope walking.*) . . . say, why don't I see if there's some of those delicious coconut macaroons we had for dessert last night? Would you like some macaroons, Mrs. Rottenswapper? They're really quite scrumptious!

ROTTENSWAPPER: Well, all right.

LUCY: You just relax right there, and I'll see if there are any left.

LUCY exits. Enter LAWRENCE. MRS. ROTTENSWAPPER doesn't see him.

LAWRENCE: Be thou a spirit of good or ill? A thing of health or goblin cursed? Thou comest in such a questionable shape!

ROTTENSWAPPER screams and hides behind a piece of furniture. LAWRENCE exits.

LUCY: (*Entering.*) Did somebody scream? Where in the world has Mrs. Rottenswapper gotten to? Oh, there you are.

ROTTENSWAPPER: He. . . he. . . he snuck up on me and scared the daylights out of me.

LUCY: Who?

ROTTENSWAPPER: Some maniac came in and threatened me.

LUCY: Oh, we don't have any maniacs here, Mrs. Rottenswapper.

GODIVA: (*Enters with tea.*) Here's the tea.

DESMOND: (*From off stage.*) Bills, bills, bills! (*Enters with PUPINSKI. They hang up their coats.*) Electric bill! Phone bill! Gas bill! Water bill! What do these people think I am — made of money?

LUCY: Oh, it's my husband, Desmond! Why, Desmond, you're home early. How nice. We have company. Come over here and let me introduce you. (*DESMOND shoves mail into his suit coat pocket.*) You too, Mr. Pupinski. This is Mrs. Rottenswapper. Mrs. Rottenswapper, my husband, Desmond, and our good friend, Mr. Pupinski, the one I told you about.

PUPINSKI: Rottenswapper? Say, that's a mouthful.

DESMOND: Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Rottenswapper.

ROTTENSWAPPER: Ms. Vita Rottenswapper.

DESMOND: *(He shakes her hand.)* How do you do?

PUPINSKI: *(Taking her hand.)* A real pleasure, Miss Rottenswapper.

(Flirting.) Or may I call you Vita?

She pulls her hand away.

ROTTENSWAPPER: *(Sternly.)* You may call me Ms. Rottenswapper.

LUCY: Is there a Mr. Rottenswapper, dear?

ROTTENSWAPPER: My husband and I are no longer together.

LUCY: Oh, that's too bad.

ROTTENSWAPPER: It was no great loss.

PUPINSKI: Rottenswapper, huh? Well, something's rotten around here, that's for sure.

DESMOND: Say, I knew a Rottenswapper once. Used to rob banks. Any relation?

ROTTENSWAPPER is insulted.

LUCY: Oh, I'm sure there are no bank robbers in Ms. Rottenswapper's family. Are there, dear?

PUPINSKI: Just small time criminals, eh, Ms. Rottenswapper?

ROTTENSWAPPER: I should say not.

PUPINSKI: No need to be offended.

DESMOND: Why, every family's got a few skeletons in the closet, isn't that right, Lucy? *(Quietly.)* Several of Lucy's ancestors were burned as witches.

LUCY: Desmond, really!

DESMOND: It's true. It was in Europe, though. Does that count?

PUPINSKI: Any witches in your family, Ms. Rottenswapper?

ROTTENSWAPPER: No!

PUPINSKI: Take my family. Insanity runs rampant in it. There's nuts all the way up and down the family tree. *(Pulls banana from his coat pocket.)* Care for a banana?

DESMOND: Any insanity in your family, Ms. Rottenswapper?

ROTTENSWAPPER: Certainly not.

PUPINSKI: *(Starts to peel the banana and gives half to DESMOND.)*

Now, now, it's nothing to be ashamed of.

DESMOND: You can be frank with us. *(Eats the banana.)*

PUPINSKI: But you'd rather be Rottenswapper, wouldn't you? Come, come, my precious, any cuckoos in your nest?

ROTTENSWAPPER: Well! I never!

The word "never" always creates momentary chaos in the household. Loud, lively music begins. All dance in a frenzied way, except for ROTTENSWAPPER, who watches them incredulously.

LUCY: Oh, Ms. Rottenswapper, please don't ever use that word in this house. It always causes. . . *things* to happen.

ROTTENSWAPPER: What word? Things? What are you talking about? What's wrong with you people? Why, I've never. . .

Music and dancing begin again.

LUCY: Oh, please, Ms. Rottenswapper, you must be more careful.

PUPINSKI: By the way, who are you, anyway? Why are looking at me with those big, beautiful diamonds? I mean, eyes! *(Touching her necklace.)* Are those real diamonds? If they are, this could be the beginning of a beautiful relationship!

ROTTENSWAPPER: Get away from me!

DESMOND: What brings you to Leadville, Ms. Rottenswapper?

ROTTENSWAPPER: I'm here on business. I have an appointment with a law firm.

DESMOND: Really? Our daughter's a lawyer!

ROTTENSWAPPER: *(Sarcastically.)* You don't say. What a coincidence.

LUCY: Ms. Rottenswapper and I met quite by accident. *(Laughs.)* You see, her automobile, uh, broke down, and she needed to have it towed to Jack's Garage.

GODIVA enters with tray of cookies.

PUPINSKI: Jack's a drunk, you know.

DESMOND: You won't recognize your car when he's done with it.

GODIVA: See, I told you.

DESMOND: What kind of car was it, Ms. Rottenswapper?

LUCY: It was a little yellow sports car.

PUPINSKI: Ah, that must have set you back a few bucks.

GODIVA: Want a cookie?

PUPINSKI: I'll take one.

GODIVA: *(To PUPINSKI.)* They're a little stale.

PUPINSKI: *(Gives her his.)* Have two, Ms. Rottenswapper.

DESMOND: Sure, I pay the bills and she gets the cookies. Is that fair?

Here, why don't you take the bills, and I'll take the cookies? All right, how about you pay half the bills and I'll give you half the cookies. Do we have a deal? Let's shake on it. *(He extends his hand. She ignores it.)*

ROTTENSWAPPER: *(To GODIVA.)* Are there any nuts in here? I'm terribly allergic to nuts.

DESMOND: I'll thank you not to insult my family.

PUPINSKI: We wouldn't insult your family, would we?

LUCY: I think she means in the cookies.

GODIVA: Nah, there's no nuts in the cookies. There's coconut, but that's not really the same as a nut, at least I don't think so. *(She exits.)*

ROTTENSWAPPER: I have to be extremely careful. One nut could kill me.

PUPINSKI: Think what two could do! *(He slaps DESMOND on the back.)*

LUCY: Oh, you two, stop. What will Ms. Rottenswapper think?

DESMOND: I don't know, what will she think?

PUPINSKI: I know! Let's ask her. Tell us, Ms. Rottenswapper, what do you think?

ROTTENSWAPPER: What do I think about what?

PUPINSKI: So, your mind was wandering, eh? What were you thinking of? No, don't tell me. Let me guess. Swedish meatballs, a third helping of dessert? Our honeymoon on the Riviera, you and I on the beach with a couple of walruses in the ocean. Any walruses in your family? No, of course not, and would you tell me if there were? No, I'm sure you wouldn't, but that's all right, I don't mind. You keep your little secrets and I'll keep mine. I don't care if your mother was a

walrus. I won't tease you about it.

DESMOND: The world is a crazy place, and don't you ever forget it, Ms. Rottenswapper.

LUCY starts going through the mail DESMOND brought in.

PUPINSKI: *(To ROTTENSWAPPER.)* By the way, do you happen to have a cigar on you?

ROTTENSWAPPER: A cigar? Certainly not!

PUPINSKI: Oh, you don't have to give me one of your expensive cigars. A cheap one will do. You save the good ones for yourself.

ROTTENSWAPPER: I don't have any cigars.

PUPINSKI: What? You mean you smoked them all?

ROTTENSWAPPER: *(Indignant.)* I do not smoke cigars.

PUPINSKI: Now, now, it's nothing to be embarrassed about. So you smoked all the cigars and didn't save me one. Sure, it was a selfish thing to do, but after all, they were *your* cigars to begin with.

ROTTENSWAPPER: I don't have any cigars. What are you talking about? *(To LUCY, who doesn't notice because she's looking through the mail.)* What is he talking about?

GODIVA: Cigars. You know, *(Pretending to smoke one.)* people smoke 'em.

PUPINSKI: Filthy habit. You really should think about quitting. The world would be a better place for it.

DESMOND: Lucy won't allow smoking in the house. If you're going to smoke, you'll have to do it outside, I'm afraid.

ROTTENSWAPPER: I do not smoke. I have never smoked!

Music and dancing begin again; end as quickly as they begin.

LUCY: I thought you were going to be careful, Ms. Rottenswapper. This really can't go on.

DESMOND: What can't go on?

PUPINSKI: Why can't it go on? The show *must* go on!

LUCY: Desmond, dear, I have some wonderful news.

DESMOND: Really?

LUCY: You'll nev— (*Stops herself before she says "never," then smiles at her cleverness.*) You won't guess who's paying us a visit!

DESMOND: I'll bet I can.

LUCY: I'll bet you can't.

DESMOND: He's got a white beard and wears a red suit.

LUCY: No, you silly string bean. Cleta Spink is coming.

DESMOND: It won't be the same. Will she at least come down the chimney?

PUPINSKI: I hope she brings her own cigars. (*To DESMOND.*) Who's Cleta Spink?

DESMOND shrugs.

DESMOND: It's all a mystery to me.

PUPINSKI: (*To ROTTENSWAPPER.*) Speaking of mysteries, where were you on the night of June 14, 1927?

ROTTENSWAPPER: Why, I hadn't even been born yet.

PUPINSKI: You don't expect that to hold up in court, do you?

LUCY: Isn't it just so thrilling?

DESMOND: (*Not impressed.*) Thrilling. Who is this person?

LUCY: Oh, Desmond, don't tell me you really don't know who Cleta Spink is. I told you about her.

DESMOND: All right, I won't tell you I don't know who she is. I'll tell Pupinski. (*To PUPINSKI, with his hand on PUPINSKI's shoulder, his head lowered.*) I blush to confess, Pupinski, I don't know who Cleta Spink is. There, I've said it. I feel ever so much better.

LUCY: Cleta Spink, the writer.

DESMOND: A writer, huh?

PUPINSKI: (*Checking his arms.*) I think I may have goose bumps.

LUCY: Mr. Pupinski, really!

DESMOND: Did we order a writer?

PUPINSKI: I thought we ordered a pizza.

LUCY: She's going to interview Godiva and me about our UFO experience.

ROTTENSWAPPER: Did you say UFO?

LUCY: That's right.

PUPINSKI: Stop! My goose bumps are spreading! They're all over my body! (*Throws himself on the floor; rolling and slapping at his body.*) Somebody help me!

DESMOND pulls pillow from sofa and hits PUPINSKI with it. Feathers fly.

LUCY: (*Laughing.*) Mr. Pupinski, really! Desmond, stop!

LUCY takes pillow and hits DESMOND playfully with it. PUPINSKI remains on the floor looking up at ROTTENSWAPPER.

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