

FRENCH TOAST

By Donald Payton

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(Two men, four women, extras)

STONEY JONES	The bridegroom. He wears a suit to open the play, but changes into very "loud" pajamas. <i>(177 lines)</i>
CHARLIE BROWN	Stoney's best friend. Charlie saved Stoney's life at Aachen. <i>(38 lines)</i>
NANCY	Stoney's fiancée. A charming young lady, well-mannered and well-dressed. <i>(60 lines)</i>
MRS. SMITH	Nancy's mother. There is a tinge of gray in her hair. <i>(45 lines)</i>
NANETTE	The "fly in the ointment." Vivacious, exuberant, and French. She arrives with bad news for Stoney. <i>(72 lines)</i>
MADAME de TOUR	Nanette's mamma. A domineering woman. Dresses extravagantly. <i>(25 lines)</i>
EXTRAS	Party guests. <i>(6 lines)</i>

TIME

An evening of the present.

PLACE

The hotel suite of Stoney Jones and Charlie Brown.

PROPERTIES

CHAIRS

SOFA

DRESSER

SMALL TABLE

LAMP

TWO STUDIO COUCHES OR COTS WITH DARK
COVERS

SUITCASE (CHARLIE)

SUITCASE (MADAME DE TOUR)

WALLET

STAGE MONEY (TWO-FIFTY DOLLAR BILLS)

PAJAMAS (CHARLIE/STONEY)

BATHROBE (STONEY)

PILLOWS AND BLANKETS

SILK NEGLIGEE

MARRIAGE LICENSE

Setting:

The hotel room of Stoney Jones and Charlie Brown. There are three exits, one in the wall right (to bathroom), the front door in the wall left, and French windows in the rear wall toward right center. Studio couches, day beds, or cots with dark covers are used. One up left against the wall; the other up right against the wall. There is a small table beside each bed with a lamp on each one. Against the wall, toward up center, is a dresser; a sofa is down left center. Numerous chairs are located around the room. Other furniture and decorations may be added.

At Rise:

A party is being held tonight in Stoney and Charlie's suite. All of the guests have on their coats, hats, and so forth, except Nancy and Mrs. Smith. The guests are all gathered around Charlie, Stoney, Nancy, and Mrs. Smith. As the curtain rises, Charlie is leading in the singing of "Here Comes The Bride," keeping time with his hand. All except Stoney and Nancy are singing.

STONEY: *(Trying to shout above the noise.)* Wait a minute!

Everyone ignores him and continues singing. It gets louder every minute.

STONEY: *(Shouting louder.)* Pipe down! Lower the volume! *(Louder.)* Don't make so much noise! *(They all stop singing, but STONEY continues shouting.)* Wait a minute, hold it, quiet, what do you think this is? Don't - *(He stops and all laugh.)* I appreciate your singing, and I know that Nancy does, too, but you know that if we make too much noise, somebody in this hotel is going to report us for disturbing the peace, and a police squad and the fire department and no telling what else will come rollin' in and the proprietor will come bouncing in here mumblin' somethin' about this bein' a respectable hotel and I might get booked for disturbin' the peace AND miss my own wedding tomorrow. *(They all laugh again.)*

GUEST: All right, Stoney. We'll try to be quiet. Anyway, we know how nervous a man is the night before his wedding.

STONEY: Yeah . . . this time tomorrow I'll be a married man. I feel old already.

FRENCH TOAST

ANOTHER GUEST: *(To Nancy.)* And how does it feel to know that tomorrow you'll be Mrs. Stoney Jones, Nancy?

NANCY: *(Ecstatically.)* If I were a poet . . . or someone who could make fancy speeches . . . I'd tell you. But I'm afraid nothing I could say would do it justice.

STONEY: *(Ecstatically.)* Oh Nancy, that was most beautiful speech I've ever heard—right there. *(They all laugh again.)* Well it was.

MRS. SMITH: *(To Nancy.)* Is it all right if I say something?

NANCY: Of course, Mother

MRS. SMITH: Well . . . I just want to say that I never thought I would want to see my daughter get married, but tonight I am very happy. . . and I want to welcome Stoney into our family. *(To Stoney.)* With deepest sincerity . . . welcome, son.

STONEY: *(Happily, his eyes shining.)* Gee . . . thanks. I guess that makes me the happiest fellow in the world. I always heard that a mother-in-law was some kind of blood-sucking vampire or something. But not you Mrs. Smith, you're not a vampire at all. *(He smiles at Mrs. Smith, she politely smiles back.)*

CHARLIE: Well, we've all had a fine time . . . I think . . . but there's one thing lacking.

GUEST: A speech from the bridegroom! Charlie?!

CHARLIE: *(Nodding.)* A speech from the bridegroom.

STONEY: *(Hands in his pockets.)* Awww guys, not that.

They all cheer, with shouts of "Come on, Stoney," "Yeah," etc. being heard.

NANCY: *(Sweetly.)* Come on, Stoney.

STONEY: *(Frowning.)* Awww, I never was good at makin' speeches. Especially in front of a bunch of people. *(All is quiet for a moment . . . Stoney clears his throat.)* I'm not much for makin' speeches, and when I do make speeches I never say much. But I just want to say that Nancy and I have a great group of friends, and we want to thank you for being here tonight. Thanks for all of the gifts I think you're going to give us tomorrow. *(Sounds of mock derision come from his audience. He clears his throat again.)* Seriously though, you're great friends. *(Turning to Charlie.)* And to Charlie . . . *(They all turn toward him.)* . . . to Charlie . . . *(He swallows hard.)* well . . .

there's nothing I could ever say or do that could possibly repay you for all that you've done for me. And as I stand here talking to all of you . . . on the night before my wedding . . . I feel that my debt to Charlie is greater than ever. I just want to say . . . thanks for saving my life at Aachen, Charlie, and thanks for coming here to be the best man. *(Pause.)* Well, that's all.

GUEST: Well, I . . . uh . . . guess we'd better go. We've been standing here with our coats on for a half hour.

STONEY: Do you really have to go?

ANOTHER GUEST: We should have left a long time ago, Stoney.
(They start for the door.)

ANOTHER GUEST: We wish you all the happiness and success possible for you and Nancy, Stoney.

NANCY: *(Smiling.)* Thank you.

All of the guests are talking as they exit left. Stoney, Nancy, Mrs. Smith, and Charlie go to the door with them. Stoney closes the door after them.

STONEY: Ahhh, what an evening.

NANCY: Ahhh, what a mess. *(She gazes around.)* We'll help you clean up before we go, Stoney.

STONEY: Oh no you won't.

MRS. SMITH: Of course we will.

CHARLIE: Of course you won't. You're dead tired, Mrs. Smith. You've been working overtime preparing for this party tonight. Making all of the refreshments and everything. So . . .
(Smiling.) . . . I am putting my foot down. And when I put these big elevens down, they stay put.

MRS. SMITH: Then I suppose we better go, dear.

NANCY: *(Taking her coat off the bed.)* All right, Mother.

Stoney helps Nancy with her coat while Charlie helps Mrs. Smith.

STONEY: I'll drive you home.

MRS. SMITH: No, no, I drove over here, Stoney.

STONEY: That's right, you did, didn't you? Guess I'm losin' my memory in my old age. I could still drive you home, though,

FRENCH TOAST

NANCY: You'd better go to bed, Stoney Jones. I don't want you going to sleep at the alter.

STONEY: *(As they cross to the door left.)* Oh don't worry. I'll probably be too scared to go to sleep.

NANCY: Scared?!

STONEY: Scared? Did I say "scared?" No I meant excited.

NANCY: Well, goodnight boys. We'll see you tomorrow. I hope.

STONEY: Don't worry. I'll be there with bells on.

MRS. SMITH: Well . . . goodnight. *(She smiles at them as Stoney closes the door.)*

STONEY: *(After a pause; then starts shouting happily.)* Yippee. Oh boy. *(He drops onto the sofa, kicks his feet straight up in the air, shouting all the time.)*

CHARLIE: *(Crossing toward him; half amused.)* For cryin' out loud, Stoney. Whattsa big idea?

STONEY: It's love, Charlie. Pure, old unadulterated love. *(He turns a somersault off the sofa onto the floor.)* Ahh, it's most wonderful thing in the whole world, Charles old boy. *(Sitting up.)*

CHARLIE: *(Sitting and taking off his shoes.)* It's not for me . . . life's too short.

STONEY: Aww, go on. When that right girl comes along you'll really think life's too short. The way I feel tonight I could live to be a hundred and fifty years old. *(Laying down.)* Here I've been for years . . . just sailing around . . . going nowhere in particular . . . and now I'm floating into port.

CHARLIE: *(Disgustedly.)* Yeah . . .you and your battleship.

STONEY: *(Sitting up; irately.)* Whaddya mean, battleship? Nancy's wonderful.

CHARLIE: Oh sure . . . I think so, too. But that mother of hers. *(Whistles.)*

STONEY: And what's wrong with her mother? She's fine.

CHARLIE: *(Standing and stretching.)* Oh sure . . . they all are, before you get married. *(Yawns.)* Well, I'm gonna hit the sack. *(He takes off his shirt, tosses it on a chair, takes wild pajamas from his suitcase and exits right.)*

STONEY: Ahhh, what a gal. *(Again lies down, gets up, paces, lays down taps his foot, starts singing "I'm goin' to the chapel and I'm goin' to get married.)*

CHARLIE: *(Calling from off right.)* Stoney!

STONEY: I can't sleep, Charlie. It's no use. I'm just going to stay up all night and sing.

CHARLIE: Oh no you're not.

STONEY: *(Sits up.)* Charlie, do you want to know what it feels like to be in love? *(No answer.)* Charlie? *(Sound of Charlie's gargling comes in from right. He lies down on the sofa, holds one foot in the air and starts untying his shoelaces.)* Well, I couldn't really describe it, anyway. But it's wonderful. *(He starts singing "I'm gettin' married in the morning, ding-dong the bells are gonna chime, da-da-da-da-da, da-da-da-da-da, get me to the church on time!")*

CHARLIE: *(Shouting.)* Stoney!

STONEY: Huh? *(He sits up.)*

CHARLIE: *(Shouting.)* It's late and you can't sing, so enough already. The hotel manager will be up here in a minute wantin' to know who's been murdered.

STONEY: Ahhh, but I wouldn't care. The way I feel now I'd just grab him and kiss him. You oughta fall in love sometime, Charles old buddy. It's completely out of this world.

CHARLIE: *(Shouting.)* Yeah . . . and if you don't shut up, you will be too.

STONEY: How do you like that? *(He sits up, tosses his shoes on the floor.)* That's a bachelor for you.

CHARLIE: Happy.

STONEY: *(Simultaneously)* Grouchy. By the way, how old are you Charlie?

CHARLIE: Twenty-four.

STONEY: A grouchy twenty-four. I'm telling ya', Charlie, there's nothin' like being in love.

CHARLIE: *(Sticking his hand in, right.)* I'll bet you won't be sayin' that two years from now. *(Sticks head in again.)* Maybe sooner than that. Maybe day after tomorrow.

STONEY: *(Looking right.)* You're just jealous. This is the real McCoy, Charlie. The one and only . . . and the original. It's really hit me, Charlie.

CHARLIE: *(Entering right in his pajamas.)* Yeah I think you have a concussion. *(Takes a deep breath.)* Ahhh, that bed certainly looks good. *(He lays down, pulls up the covers, and turns out the lamp.)*

STONEY: There's only one thing that worries me, Charlie.

FRENCH TOAST

CHARLIE: (*Exhausted.*) What's that, Stoney?

STONEY: (*Takes wallet out of his pocket.*) This. (*Charlie raises up on one elbow.*) This is the only money I have left until Monday. (*Removes a bill.*) A fifty-dollar bill. But I think it will be enough to do me until I start to work next Monday, don't you?

CHARLIE: (*Falls back on his pillow.*) It certainly should.

STONEY: (*Puts the bill back into his wallet.*) I guess it should be enough for our overnight honeymoon. (*Sitting.*) I suppose I'm a dog for not givin' her a real lalalaloozin' honeymoon, but the boss told me if I wanted the job I'd have to be there next Monday, and Nancy said she understood.

CHARLIE: (*Sympathetically.*) Of course she understands, Stoney. I wouldn't worry about it.

STONEY: (*Ecstatically.*) You sound just like Nancy.

CHARLIE: (*Turning over; face to pillow.*) Oh, for cryin' out loud.

STONEY: (*Goes over to table, places the wallet on the table, then starts unbuttoning his shirt.*) She understands about everything, Charlie. I tell you there's no one like her. (*As he exits right.*) I guess I'm just about the luckiest guy in the whole world. (*Calling from off right.*) How do you like the way she wrinkles her nose, Charlie. And the way she smiles. (*He starts singing "Casey would waltz with the strawberry blonde and the band played on." He comes waltzing in right in very loud polka dot pajamas.*) "He would glide 'cross the floor . . . with the one he adored . . . and the band played on." Ah Charlie, there's –

Charlie snores long and loud..

STONEY: (*Giving him a disgusted look; shrugging hopelessly.*) Oh well . . . I guess there's nothin' to do but hit the hay. But I know darned well it's hopeless. Couldn't sleep if I had to. (*He turns out the lamp and gets into bed.*)

NOTE: *When he turns off the light, the only lights that are on are the footlights. Stoney sighs again and Charlie continues snoring. There is a knock on the door - then silence. The knock is repeated, this time very emphatically. Stoney sits bolt-upright in bed and when the knock is repeated, he gets up; switches on the light.*

STONEY: (*Disgustedly.*) Okay, okay. (*He blinks at the light.*)
Hold your horses . . . I'll be there in a minute. (*He yawns as he goes out right and walks back in pulling on his bathrobe as he crosses left. The knock is repeated.*) I'm coming . . . I'm coming.

He opens the door, peers out, and as he does, Nanette and her Mother, Madame de Tour, come charging in, throwing open the door. Madame de Tour is carrying a suitcase.

NANETTE: (*Holds out her arms to Stoney.*) Oopsy boy . . . my leetle Oopsy boy. (*Madame de Tour sets the suitcase by Charlie and looks around the room.*)

STONEY: (*Astonished; backs away.*) Huh?

NANETTE: (*Catches one hand.*) At last I have my leetle Oopsy boy.

STONEY: (*Trying to break away.*) Now—now wait a minute.

NANETTE: (*Sadly; as he pulls himself away.*) You are not hap-py to zee your leetle Nanette? You are not glad zat she came all ze way from France just to see her leetle Oopsy boy?

STONEY: (*Backing up again as she advances.*) There . . . must be some mistake.

NANETTE: Mistake? No . . . there ees no miztake.

STONEY: But my name's Jones . . . Stoney Jones.

NANETTE: My own leetle Stoney. Ahhh, how long I have waited for this day!

STONEY: But . . . but you have me confused with some other Jones. There are others in our tribe.

NANETTE: Oh no, there ees no confusing. There ees just one Stoney.

STONEY: (*Pleadingly.*) I don't know what this is all about, believe me. I've never seen you before.

NANETTE: (*To her mother.*) Stoney ees playing games again, Mamma.

MADAME DE TOUR: (*Gesticulating.*) Zee same old Stoney, Nanette. You are very luckee girl.

NANETTE: And I am so glad. I was afraid he would be change.

MADAME DE TOUR: So thees is America.

FRENCH TOAST

NANETTE: Yes, Mamma. Stoney's America zat he haz told us zo much about. And here we are . . . forever. Esn't that wonderful, Stoney dear?

STONEY: (*Astonished; his eyes wide.*) Huh?

MADAME DE TOUR: Nanette, you are very luckee girl. In Paree you were envy of all weeth your Stoney.

STONEY: (*Scratching his head; trying to think.*) Paree? I did spend five weeks in Paris.

NANETTE: What did you say, Oopsy boy?

STONEY: Huh? Oh . . . nothing. I was . . . uh . . . just . . . thinking.

NANETTE: (*Gazing at him; ecstatically.*) Just go ahead 'n theenk, darleeng. Theenk of all the wonderful times we have had together. (*Stares at him; arms outstretched.*) And all the wonderful times we are going to have.

STONEY: Oh yes, we . . . huh? What was that . . . that last?

NANETTE: Oh . . . we weell have wonderful time, Stoney boy. (*Closing her eyes.*) Forever and ever.

STONEY: (*Quickly retreating to another part of the room.*) You, you mean you intend to stay?

NANETTE: Of course. After I find you I am not leaving you . . . never.

STONEY: (*Weakly.*) Never? Listen . . . there must be a mistake somewhere along the line.

NANETTE: Oh no, no miztake, is there Mamma?

MADAME DE TOUR: (*Shaking her head.*) Oh no. You are ze same leetle Stoney that stay weeth us in Paree.

STONEY: With . . . with . . . (*He points to her, opens his mouth, tries to talk but to no avail.*)

NANETTE: For five glorious weeks.

MADAME DE TOUR: Five und a half, Nanette. I count efery day. You two were zo hap-py, Nanette waz hap-py . . . Stoney waz hap-py, and I waz hap-py because I like to see my leetle Nanette hap-py.

NANETTE: And now zat I find you I weel be hap-py forever and that weel make Mamma happy. (*Starting at him again.*) And I weel make Stoney hap-py too.

STONEY: (*Sitting.*) Oh, for cryin' out loud. (*He puts his hand on his forehead.*)

NANETTE: And forever I weel make you a good wife.

STONEY: (*Standing bolt-upright.*) Wife?

NANETTE: Of course I weel make a good wife, Oopsy boy.

STONEY: But . . . but . . . but . . .

MADAME DE TOUR: (*Breaking in.*) You were ze finest looking groom een all o'France, Stoney.

STONEY: (*Booming.*) Groom? (*He starts staggering to a chair.*) But . . . but . . . a g—g—groom h—has to be m-m-married b-b-before he---he—he—can be a a-a-a groom.

NANETTE: Of course, Stoney boy.

STONEY: (*Looking as if he is about to collapse; pointing at himself and at Nanette.*) You—you—mean—that—I—we—us—we—we're you . . . me . . . we're. (*Suddenly dropping into a chair.*) Oh no! It can't be.

MADAME DE TOUR: What ees wrong, Stoney boy?

STONEY: It might happen in the movies . . . or in a book . . . or something like that. (*Again rising.*) But in real life it just doesn't happen.

NANETTE: Never weel I forgeet how you hold me in your arms and say zat I am ze real . . . Mickey or McCoy or somezing.

STONEY: (*Looking very sick.*) I . . . I said that?

NANETTE: And you tell me zat our love would last forever.

STONEY: But— (*He sinks into a chair, hopelessly.*)

NANETTE: Whateez wrong? You said you would always be glad to zee me. Is there somezing Nanette should know.

STONEY: (*Again rising.*) It's just that—well—I uh—I (*Clears throat, gulps.*) am getting married tomorrow.

NANETTE: But zere iss no use to be married tomorrow. We are reedy married . . . (*Suddenly.*) And I'll stay with you 'til death.

STONEY: I'd at least be out of my misery if I were dead. Oh, this is terrible. (*Starts pacing the room, the women tagging after him.*)

NANETTE: And wat eez zo terrible? Eez eet that you are not glad to zee your leetle Nanette?

MADAME DE TOUR: Of course he eez glad to see you, Nanette. All zat he wants ees your affections.

NANETTE: (*Stops; faces her Mother.*) I told heem I love heem and (*Hopelessly.*) he still no cheer up. (*Stoney groans loudly. Nanette starts sobbing.*) I don't theenk my leetle Oopsy boy is glad to zee me.

FRENCH TOAST

MADAME DE TOUR: Maybe zee shock was too much on heem.
I told you we should have written heem virst.

NANETTE: But I thought my Stoney boy would be zo glad to zee me. I thought he would throw hees arms around my neck and kees me.

STONEY: (*Wildly.*) Oh, for cryin' out loud.

NANETTE: (*Still talking to her mother.*) He tell me to come to America and I come to America; now zat I am here hees act like hees doesn't like Nanette any more.

STONEY: (*Facing them.*) All right, ladies. I'm going to be frank.

NANETTE: (*Taking hold of his collar.*) But I don't want you to be Frank. I want you to be Stoney. I like my leetle Stoney boy.
(*She sighs ecstatically.*)

STONEY: What I meant was that there is no use beating around the bush.

NANETTE: Mamma, I theenk something ees wrong weeth Stoney. Now he theenks we are beating bushes.

STONEY: What I mean is that I don't know you and I've never seen you before.

NANETTE: (*Astonished; tearfully.*) Stoney?

MADAME de TOUR: But that ees eempossible. You're married.

STONEY: That's the most ridiculous thing I have ever heard. I've never seen her before.

MADAME DE TOUR: But we have ze marriage license to prove it!

STONEY: (*Wide-eyed.*) Huh?

NANETTE: Ze marriage license. Show him to it, Mamma.

STONEY: Yeah . . . show me to it.

Madame de Tour starts looking in her purse; Nanette and Stoney crowd around her.

MADAME de TOUR: And here eet ees. (*She hands it to Stoney.*)

STONEY: (*Reading; as if electrified.*) Stoney Jones and Mademoiselle Nanette de Tour. Holy French roll! (*He staggers to a chair.*) But it's impossible.

NANETTE: But Stoney . . . I don't understand.

STONEY: (*Groaning.*) Oh . . . this is terrible.

NANETTE: Don't you love your leetle Nanette, Stoney? Your leetle real Mickey?

STONEY: (*Rising; walking around the room; disgustedly.*) That's McCoy, and how could I love you if I've never seen you before.

Nanette suddenly breaks into tears.

MADAME DE TOUR: (*Sharply.*) Now . . . you make her cry. You are talking to her like beast instead of her leetle Oopsy boy. (*Following Stoney.*) She comes all ze way from Paree to zee you and you act like you never zee her before.

STONEY: (*Stopping; turning abruptly.*) Well, think what kind of a position this puts me in. Do you realize I am to be married tomorrow. (*To Nanette; at his wits end.*) And I do wish you wouldn't cry so loudly. You'll wake Charlie.

MADAME de TOUR: Charlie? Ees that heem? (*Stoney nods.*) I theenk we should wake heem. Maybe he remember you marry Nanette.

STONEY: (*Worriedly.*) That's impossible, too. I didn't even meet him until after I had left Paris. (*Pacing room with hands behind his back.*) Oh . . . this is terrible.

MADAME DE TOUR: I've got it. Maybe you have what zee AmeERICANAS call—lezt zee, what eex eet? (*Suddenly.*) Oh yes . . . Amnoosia.

STONEY: (*Stopping.*) Amnesia . . . you might have something there.

NANETTE: (*Happily.*) That's eet, Stoney. I know eet ees. And I'm zo glad. I was afraid you were mad at your leetle Nanette.

STONEY: But . . . but how can I get married to Nancy if I'm already married to you?

MADAME DE TOUR: Eef you marry ze Americana girl, you steel be marry to Nanette. That would be beeg-a-you, would eet not?

STONEY: You mean bigamy.

MADAME DE TOUR: That ees what I said.

STONEY: (*Groaning as he sits.*) How-oh-how do I ever get myself into jams like this. Now don't say anything. I'm gonna sit down and try to think this thing out.

There is a short pause, then a knock is heard on the door.

STONEY: Oh my gosh. (*Jumping up.*) Who . . . who is it?

FRENCH TOAST

NANCY: *(From off left; sweetly.)* It's Nancy. Are you awake?

STONEY: *(Wildly.)* Nancy! Great jumpin' jehosaphat; what'll I do now? *(Marching wildly around the room.)*

NANETTE: *(In a stage whisper.)* Who ees eet?

STONEY: It's my fiancée'.

NANCY: *(Calling through door.)* Mother forgot her purse. We came back to get it.

STONEY: *(To Nanette.)* And her mother. Boy, is my goose ever cooked! *(Putting his hand on his forehead.)* Great globs of glycerine, how'll I ever get out of this?

NANCY: *(Still off stage.)* Are you coming, dear?

STONEY: Oh . . . yes. I'm . . . practically there. *(Again in a stage whisper.)* You gotta hide.

NANETTE: *(Astonished.)* What?

STONEY: *(Putting his fingers to his lips.)* Ssshhh!

NANETTE: I come all ze way from Paree to see my Stoney and he make me hide. He also make me mad. Nanette lose her teemper.

STONEY: Oh no . . . not now. You can lose it later. Quick . . . under the beds.

NANETTE: Nanette ees not—

STONEY: *(Interrupting; pulls his bed out and hides Nanette behind it, then hides Madame de Tour behind the chair which sits beside the dresser and has clothes hanging over it.)* Now hurry up—and be still.

MADAME DE TOUR: *(As they each hide.)* Thees ees Stoney all right. He always deed like to play games.

Stoney, making sure they cannot be seen, is looking very weak as he goes to the door . . . opens it, and Nancy and Mrs. Smith enter.

MRS. SMITH: I hate to disturb you like this, Stoney.

STONEY: Oh . . . think nothing of it.

NANCY: Mother is always forgetting something.

STONEY: Oh, that's all right. *(Looking around and slowly walks over so that he is standing in front of the chair by the dresser.)* It's bound to be around here somewhere.

Mrs. Smith and Nancy start looking around the room for the purse. They are at opposite ends of the room.

MRS. SMITH: I don't know why I would be so thoughtless. I guess that happens when one gets old.

STONEY: *(Putting his hand on his forehead; looking as if he is about to collapse.)* Whew! I know just how you feel.

NANCY: I don't think it's here, Mother.

MRS. SMITH: I don't think so either.

STONEY: Nope . . . don't think it's here. Well, I hate to rush you—

MRS. SMITH: *(Breaking in.)* Maybe it's under one of the beds.

STONEY: Yes, it might be. It . . . *(Terrified.)* The beds? *(Mrs. Smith and Nancy start toward Stoney's bed. Stoney falls to his knees, makes a quick glance under it, then darts to the other, quickly glances under it, then jumps up and exclaims.)* It's not there.

MRS. SMITH: But you might have overlooked it.

STONEY: *(Looking very sick.)* But I didn't. Believe me I didn't.

NANCY: He would have seen it, Mother.

MRS. SMITH: Well . . . maybe so. *(As she starts right.)* We'll look in here, Nancy. I'll bet that's where it is. *(Mrs. Smith and Nancy exit to right.)*

As Stoney stands, looking after them, Nanette and her mother start crawling out.

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