

# **The Chase:**

**by Nikita Sowan**

**a period romantic comedy**

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## **The Chase: by Nikita Sowan**

**Period:** 1950s

**Genre:** a naturalistic comedy

### **Characters:**

#### **Barry Hickworth-**

Barry is a man with a strong cockney accent, who loves food and beer. He's extremely confident and often self-absorbed. He is in his late thirties, from London.

#### **Carrie Cunningham-**

Carrie is an affluent, sophisticated woman who has a large social circle, and loves to wine and dine. She is thirty years old.

#### **Larry Ivanov-**

Larry is Carrie's butler. He is a young man, 25 years of age, from Russia. He is extremely polite, quiet and intelligent.

#### **Sally Mitchell-**

Sally is Barry's live-in house maid, a lazy one. She's extremely outspoken and 25 years old. She also comes from London.

#### **Harry Hunter-**

Harry is from London; and is of forty years of age. He is also very affluent and extremely arrogant. He is also very suave and handsome.

#### **Hallie Havenhand-**

Hallie is new to London. She is 30 years of age, and originally comes from New York. Hallie is a wedding planner.

**SCENE ONE:**

*Barry, Sally, Carrie and Larry are at a dinner and dance. Upbeat Jazz music is playing in the background.*

*Barry bumps into a woman, and knocks her glass from her hand.*

**CARRIE:** You've just spilt wine all over my dress you blundering fool!

*Carrie walks away, dabbing at her dress.*

**BARRY:** Oi Sally, who's that 'oracious bird over there?

*He points into the distance.*

**SALLY:** Mrs Fischer?! She's your great aunt Barry, what the hell is wrong with you?

**BARRY:** No, not her you twit. On 'er right, look. Nine 'o' clock.

*Sally looks around. Barry takes her head and turns it in the opposite direction*

**BARRY:** I said nine 'o' clock, not three. *Sighs.*

**SALLY:** The one in the red dress?

**BARRY:** Yeah. Who is she?

**SALLY:** That's Carrie Cunningham. Just recently moved into the area. Has a bit of a label to her though, mind you.

*Sally raises her eyebrows.*

**BARRY:** Oh yeah? And what's tha' then?

**SALLY:** Heard she's bit of a man-eater. Entertains until all hours in the morning apparently.

*Barry raises his eyebrows to Sally.*

**SALLY:** Well that's what they say anyway.

**BARRY:** Hmm. An' you know this 'ow exactly?

**SALLY:** Women talk Barry, unlike you men.

**BARRY:** She looks decent enough.

**SALLY:** She's not exactly your type now is she?

**BARRY:** I 'av a type now do I?

**SALLY:** Well, she has a lot more clothes on than the other women you've ever gone for. You know, much less on show. You sure you're feeling alright?

*Sally says sarcastically, feeling his forehead with the back of her hand.*

**BARRY:** very well thanks.

**SALLY:** She's well out of your league, admit it.

**BARRY:** Well you 'av my word Sal, gimme a month and it'll be me she's entertaining until all hours in the morning, ey?

**SALLY:** If you say so, boss.

*Barry winks and they clink wine glasses.*

**SCENE TWO:** *Barry and Sally go off stage, Carrie and Larry come on. They are still at the dinner and dance.*

*Carrie approaches Larry, looking flustered.*

**LARRY:** Miss, what happened to your dress?

**SALLY:** Some imbecile walked straight into me and spilt my wine. Then he just stood there staring at me like a buffoon!

**LARRY:** Let me warn you miss; there are plenty of buffoons here in London. None in Russia though miss, no buffoons there.

**SALLY:** Yes Larry, so you've told me, many times.

### **SCENE THREE**

*At Barry's house. Sally is vacuuming whilst holding a glass of wine in her hand. Barry strides in holding a letter, and thrusts it into Sally's hand.*

**BARRY:** Sally, do me a favour will ya?

**SALLY:** Sure boss, what is it?

**BARRY:** Go deliver this. The address is on the front.

**SALLY:** For Carrie Cunningham eh?

### **SCENE FOUR**

*At Carrie's house. Sally delivers the letter.*

*Doorbell rings.*

**CARRIE:** Larry, it's the door. I'll be down in a minute.

**LARRY:** Morning, can I help?

**SALLY:** Hi, and yeah I suppose you can. Can I talk to Carrie Cunningham?

**LARRY:** One moment then. Miss, there is somebody here asking for you (*Larry calls up the stairs*)

*Larry and Sally linger in the doorway and exchange awkward glances.*

**SALLY:** Nice accent, where you from? Australia? Spain?

**LARRY:** No, Russia.

**SALLY:** Oh.

*Carrie comes to the door.*

**CARRIE:** Can I help you?

**SALLY:** I have something for you. *Sally hands her the envelope.*

**CARRIE:** An invitation? Who is it you work for?

**SALLY:** Barry Hickworth, madam.

**CARRIE:** Should I know him?

**LARRY:** Miss, I think that is the buffoon you were referring to yesterday.

**SALLY:** Oh yes. The one who spilt your wine. (*Smiles gallantly*)

*Carrie reads the invitation and rolls her eyes.*

**CARRIE:** Why would I want to have dinner with him?

**SALLY:** A free night of fine dining and wining?

**LARRY:** She has a point miss.

**CARRIE:** Yes, yes she does.

**SALLY:** So what do you say? Is it a yes?

**CARRIE:** Well I suppose, it'll save Larry from having to wash up. I'll come, on one condition only.

**SALLY:** Yes?

**CARRIE:** No funny business. And I'd like to drink my wine thank you very much, not wear it.

**SALLY:** You've got it. And he can come too.

*Sally winks at Larry.*

## **SCENE FIVE**

*At Barry's house, where he, Carrie, Sally and Larry are eating dinner.*

**BARRY:** As I were sayin', I 'av always admired a well built woman. Like yourself of course.

**CARRIE:** Are you calling me bulky?

**BARRY:** Nah, absolutely not. I'm simply sayin' you have a fine, well- built structure.

**CARRIE:** Well built?

**BARRY:** You know, strong, like a man, but not a man, a woman.

**CARRIE:** Are you calling me a man?

**BARRY:** No I'm calling you the opposite. Thin. But not muscled, if ya' get what I'm saying. And I can most definitely see you are not a man. *He stares at her lazily.*

## **SCENE SIX**

*Sally is in the kitchen whilst Barry and Carrie are eating dinner. Sally drops a plate and is looking for a brush. Larry walks in.*

**LARRY:** Here, let me help you.

*Larry begins to shovel the glass into the bin.*

**SALLY:** So, what you doing in London then?

**LARRY:** I've always wanted to be a painter, but my father wanted me to become a lawyer. So, out of anger, I came here, to London.

**SALLY:** But you're not even a painter. You're a Butler.

**LARRY:** Well yes, I'm not painting, but Carrie is an art collector, so I paint for her sometimes, and she tries to sell it off for me at her auctions. But I've had no luck so far.

**SALLY:** What is it you like to paint?

*Larry finishes sweeping the glass.*

**LARRY:** Nature. In Russia, there are lots of beautiful landscapes. Not so much in London though, just building after buildings here.

**SALLY:** Why nature?

**LARRY:** It's peaceful.

**SALLY:** *Sally laughs* Well you're a soft bugger aren't you?

**LARRY:** Soft bugger?

**SALLY:** Yeah, well I mean at least paint something that's not so stereotypical for artists. Something that's more edgy, makes you think. Shock people. Yeah?

**LARRY:** What have you got in mind, Miss?

**SALLY:** I don't know. How about the local area? The Great wall of China? A portrait of Elvis?

**LARRY:** The Great Wall of China is in China, Miss. And Elvis is in the army.

**SALLY:** Okay, fine. How about naked women?

**LARRY:** Excuse me, miss? *Looks at Sally with wide eyes.*

**SALLY:** Or a man, naked men, if that's your thing? Whatever takes your fancy.

**LARRY:** No, miss, it's naked women for me.

**SALLY:** Right ho.

**LARRY:** I can't paint naked women. It's a sin.

**SALLY:** A sin? Cor, Blimey, you're softer than soft.

## **SCENE SEVEN**

*At Carrie's house. Carrie reads a letter aloud. Monologue on stage.*

**CARRIE:**

Carrie,

I have missed you the past few days, and am looking forward to returning to London soon. New York has been wonderful, yet not as perfect as I imagined it to be, for you are not with me. The meeting was as dull as it could have possibly been. I can't wait to see you; I'll be home soon.

All my love,

Harry.

Oh Harry, how I do miss him.

*Carrie clutches the letter to her chest.*

## **SCENE EIGHT**

*Sally and Larry are preparing for a party Barry is having.*

**SALLY:** Thanks for giving me a hand Larry.

**LARRY:** No problem, Carrie didn't need me today anyway. She spent the night at Harry's.

**SALLY:** Her Brother?

**LARRY:** No. Her ermm, I'm not sure what she's calling him actually.

**SALLY:** Not her boyfriend right?

**LARRY:** Well, yes, in a way. They're both quite loved up; they're just keeping it quiet that's all.

*Sally puts down the banner.*

**SALLY:** What do you mean? I thought she was single.

**LARRY:** No, no, she's not.

**SALLY:** Then why's Barry chasing after her, if she's already with someone?

**LARRY:** He's chasing her?

**SALLY:** Well, obviously. What do you think he's been doing all these weeks?

**LARRY:** I don't know, Miss, I thought he just wanted a friend.

**SALLY:** There's no such thing as being just friends with Barry! You are way too soft, you know that?

**LARRY:** Yes, miss, so you've said.

**SALLY:** But he's different with Carrie, I think he actually likes her. He'll be heartbroken. What do you know about this Harry anyway?

**LARRY:** Not much miss, apart from he's a lawyer.

**SALLY:** What else do you know about him?

**LARRY:** He's always in America, for meetings.

**SALLY:** What's an English lawyer doing up in America?

**LARRY:** America has a lot of crime perhaps?

**SALLY:** Perhaps.

**SCENE NINE:**        *At Barry's house.*

**SALLY:** Barry, I'm telling you, she's in love with someone else!

**BARRY:** And 'ow 'av you come to know this information?

**SALLY:** Larry.

**BARRY:** That idiot. He doesn't know anythin'. He can't talk proper English.

**SALLY:** He *can* talk English! And he paints and he's polite and he can cook and...

**BARRY:** Blimey okay, I'm sorry to have offended you. Sounds like you're in lov' with 'im.

*Sally folds her arms across her chest and pouts.*

**SALLY:** No I am bloody well not. He's an idiot.

**BARRY:** Are you sure you heard this right? Carrie loves another man?

**SALLY:** Yes. I'm, sorry Barry. But it's the truth.



*Silence for a few moments.*

**BARRY:** Well, who is he anyway?

**SALLY:** His name is Harry. Harry Hunter.