

You are Your Own Worst Enemy



A Comedy written by Landen Swain

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Synopsis

A gentle play set in less complex times. Set in a small town in Kentucky in 1949, the play tells the story of two love-smitten girls pining for the men of their dreams, who, unfortunately, are either too backward in coming forward or have the pick of the girls in the town and can't decide which to choose. With a bit of encouragement from the cast and some hindrance from an ego-centric magician, (a delightful role for some really over-the-top acting,) the girls get their men and (we hope) live happily ever after.

Act 1 (Scene 1: Setting: This comedy takes place in the fall of 1949, in the town of Lost Creek, Kentucky. In a small Inn known as The Lost Creek Inn which is basically just a comfy house someone decided to make an Inn. The inn has a warm glow about it and it looks as though it has seen many good years. The scene we look at is described as a living room or lobby, with stairs in the middle D.S., with a little Inn manager's Desk with a bell and a wall that holds room keys on it is H.R. of the stairs. At the moment the maid, Miriam Foster is dusting off various items around the room. She is a plump older lady in her mid-70s but she has a lot of energy still in her despite her advancing years. She wears a dress and an apron and has her hair (which is gray) up in a bun. She wears glasses and has a bit of a southern accent)

The Inn manager, Ben Myers is in his late 20s and is a bit of worry wort. He is concerned about every little detail of himself and his Inn, and is a classic case of O.C.D. He is very superstitious and doesn't like turning people away from his Inn but unfortunately all the rooms are filled. He wears a nice gray suit with a tie and glasses, and has a very professional haircut. He is a bit shy but will speak when needed and always forgets what to say when he's around women. When he first comes in he is coming back from the store and has bags of groceries in his arms, worried that while he was gone everything that could go wrong did.

(Ms. Foster enters from the kitchen and beings dusting off the bookcase which is H.L. From the stair, she is humming a melodious tune, the

doorbell rings and she walks over H.R. to get it, as she's walking it rings again.)

Foster: I'm coming keep your pants on. *(Opens door and Mr. Myers runs in looking nervously around for anything broken.)*

Myers: Oh thank God *(sets groceries on table which is U.S., H.L. With about five chairs around it and flowers in a vase on top.)*

Foster: What did you think I burned the Inn down while you were gone?

Myers: Well no, it's just that I bumped into a woman at the drug store and she dropped a glass cup and it broke, and that's bad luck, so I ran back as fast as I could to make sure nothing happened to the Inn because of the bad luck.

Foster: Well, nothing happened or is going to happen, it was just an accident. Lamb sakes, Mr. Myers you are gonna worry yourself to death and over the silliest of things. Did you ever pay that woman down at the drug store when you broke her cup?

Myers: Oh my gosh, I forgot to! In all the commotion I left without even saying sorry.

Foster: Oh calm down, it's not that big of a deal, don't worry about it.

Myers: Not that big a deal?!? You do realize that if that woman recognizes me and knows I'm the owner of this Inn, she will spread so many rumors about this place that people will be scared to come within a mile of the place. We will never get another customer!

Foster: Oh, she will not. Besides, it wouldn't really matter if we don't get another customer, considering this place is already filled up.

Myers: Yes, but our guests could want to leave one of these days.

Foster: Well, I wouldn't count on that very much. The people here have become pretty attached. Like Jim, he has always loved

the hills but chooses to live here in the city. In fact I think the anniversary of him moving in here is in about a week or so.

Myers: I don't really get why he likes it here, I mean all there is in the city is gossiping women and the smell of cow manure.

Foster: Well, if he lives out in the country there is even more of a cow manure smell and there's nothing to talk about out there.

(Jim Kingsmen then comes down the stairs, he's a grizzled man in his late 50s and is extremely country and is wearing a plaid shirt and overalls with some work boots, he's a bit dull witted but has his smart moments, he is carrying the newspaper.)

Jim: Evening all.

All: Evening, Jim.

Foster: We were just talking about you Jim.

Jim: Really? All good things I hope.

Foster: Oh yes they were, say how many years have you been living here?

Jim: If I recall correctly it's been four years.

Myers: Four years, wow hard to believe you've been living under my roof for four years. And of course you've owed me fifty dollars for three years.

Jim: I know, I know, I need to pay you and I'm going to (pauses) eventually.

Foster: Why does he owe you fifty dollars, I forget?

Myers: Me and Jim had a little gentleman's wager on a poker game that I won.

Jim: Yes, yes *(Walks over to the groceries and starts getting stuff out and placing it on the table.)*

Foster: *(Leans close to Ben like she's whispering.)* so how did you

win?

Myers: He was sitting right in front of a mirror so I could always see his cards.

Foster: Ahh.

Jim: Hey Ms. Foster, when are we gonna have supper?

Foster: As soon as Kate drops off the potato masher I asked to borrow.
(Jim starts reading paper, has feet up on the table.)

Myers: Wait, Kate is coming by?

Foster: Yes.

Myers: Oh dear, why did she have to come today of all days? I mean look at this place - it's a mess.

Foster: What are you talking about I spent the whole day cleaning, I dusted the kitchen, washed the dishes, washed the clothes, mopped the floor.

Myers: And you remembered to use water while you were mopping this time, right Ms. Foster?

Foster: I may have forgotten that one little detail.

Myers: Ugh.

Jim: Great time of day, listen to this. *(reading from newspaper.)*
“Dr. Thomas Whitman of West Virginia University believes that one day, humans will have phones they can carry around in their pockets.” Ha, that'll be the day.

Myers: Jim, take your feet off the table.

Jim: Why, it ain't hurtin' anything.

Myers: I don't want the smell from your boots to rub off on the furniture, now go get Daisy and ask her to help Ms. Foster clean.

Jim: *Alright. (Goes upstairs to do so.)*

Foster: *(Comes out of kitchen with napkins and tableware.)* Now Mr. Myers, I've been trying to hook you up with my granddaughter ever since you got back from the war and every time you talk to her you get nervous and end up putting your foot in your mouth. Now you're a nice guy *(pauses)* for the most part, and you got some great qualities, you just gotta show a little confidence that's all. Sweet talk her a little bit, you know, put on that world famous Ben Myers charm.

Myers: I guess I can do it.

Foster: That's the spirit Ben. *(Enter Daisy Richards, who is a young girl with curly hair and a nice dress with silk gloves, she has a very perky kindness about her. She speaks with a southern accent, she comes down with Jim.)* Here, I'll give you a little practice. Daisy?

Daisy: Yes Ma'am? *(Jim sits at table watching.)*

Foster: Come here please, now Ben you pretend that Daisy is Kate, all you gotta do is be confident and just sweet talk her a bit.

Myers: Okay, I can do this. I can do this. I can do this. *(Turns to Daisy.)* Hi.

Daisy: Hi. *(Ben faints but gets caught by Ms. Foster, Jim gets up and helps Ms. Foster put Ben on the couch.)*

Foster: Well heavens to Betsy Ben, I don't know what I'm gonna do with you.

Daisy: Well I knew I was good looking but I didn't know I was "make a man faint" good looking.

Foster: What time is it?

Jim: *(Checking watch.)* It's quarter past three.

Foster: Oh, I should get the turkey out of the oven. Jim can you help?

Jim: Yes Ma'am. *(Both leave for kitchen.)*

Daisy: Now Mr. Myers the only person keeping you from true love is yourself. You're your own worst enemy.

Myers: I know.

Daisy: I mean you have all the qualifications a woman could possibly want.

Myers: Like what?

Daisy: Well, you got some brains up in that head of yours, you're just as sweet as can be, and you got the cutest little button nose I've ever seen in all my days.

Myers: Well then, why don't I have women bursting down my door?

Daisy: Well, you are a bit of worry wort and that kinda chases some women off.

Myers: Yeah I know. *(Gets sad.)*

Daisy: Oh cheer up Mr. Myers, there are always women that like a guy that is as over caring as you, you just gotta find her.

Myers: Well wouldn't women want someone who's over caring instead of someone who doesn't care at all.

Daisy: It doesn't work like that; each woman is a unique individual with her own little perks and qualities. Some women adore a man who cares and some adore a man who doesn't care at all. It's a very complex system that I don't think anyone can fully understand, you shouldn't think about it too much.

Myers: I guess. It's just that I get so worried that everything will go wrong and - *(Daisy interrupts him.)*

Daisy: All you need to do is relax, here read the paper for a bit.

Myers: Thank you Daisy, say where's Paul?

Daisy: I don't know, why would you think I know?

Myers: Daisy it's pretty obvious you have a crush on Paul.

Daisy: Really, how obvious?

Myers: Daisy, when you're around him you're almost as bad as me when I see Kate, except you don't start sweating.

Daisy: Oh, if it's that obvious I wish he'd see that and ask me out, I mean I'm getting ready to turn twenty four, and if I don't get hitched by then, well then I'm going to spend the rest of my life alone. *(Starts crying, Ben rushes over to come over to comfort her, she starts crying into his shoulder.)*

Myers: There there now Daisy you'll get him eventually, *(Pulls out handkerchief,)* here blow. *(Daisy does and then hands the handkerchief back to Ben, Ben holds it by two fingers as Daisy continues to cry into his shoulder.)* Gee thanks. *(While still holding her he slowly shuffle steps with her over to the waste basket where he throws it away.)* Now you never did answer my question, do you know where Paul is?

Daisy: *(Stops crying and let's go.)* Yes, I saw him going into the drug store for ice cream around 2:30. I think he's going in there to see that Rane Thaxton. *(Mad at that name.)*

Myers: Daisy Ms. Thaxton is forty five years old; do you think he's going in there to flirt with her?

Daisy: I don't know, maybe he likes the older kind of women. *(Jim yells "Ow" very loudly, Foster comes through the door.)*

Foster: Um Daisy dear, could you come in here and help, Paul burned his hand on the stove, *(pauses,)* again. *(Goes back into kitchen.)*

Daisy: Oh dear. *(Enters kitchen.)*

(Ben goes and sits on the couch on the end closest to the door, he picks up the paper and begins to read it, after a couple of seconds Kate Foster walks through the door, she is a very pretty girl with long curly hair, she is

wearing a nice dress, she has a certain positive glow about her. She is carrying a picnic basket, she sees Ben reading on the couch and walks silently over and stands right behind him and yells, Boo! Ben then throws the paper in the air and starts holding his chest.)

Myers: Good Lord Kate you nearly gave me a heart attack!

Kate: Oh I did not. Stop being so dramatic. *(Foster walks through the kitchen door.)* Hi grandma.

Foster: Hello dearie.

Kate: I brought the potato masher you asked for, grandma. *(Hands it to her.)*

Foster: Thank you dearie.

Kate: *(Sniffs around.)* What's that smell?

Foster: It's either the smell of Jim's burnt hand or it's the pie in the oven. Say is that that new dress you were telling me about?

Kate: Yes it is. *(Kate does a spin.)*

Foster: Well it looks lovely on you. Doesn't it look lovely on her Ben? *(Hinting to Ben.)*

Myers: Huh, oh yes it does. *(Foster goes back into kitchen.)*

Kate: Aw, thank you Ben. So how goes things here? *(Checks herself in a little hand held mirror from her purse.)*

Myers: Pretty good.

Kate: What were you reading in the paper when I got here?

Myers: The funnies.

Kate: Oh, I always love the funnies.

Myers: Me too. In fact my dream job is to me a write for of one of the funnies.

Kate: Really? Well you know you have to be pretty funny to make one of those things. *(Sits down on the couch.)*

Myers: I'm pretty funny; I've got a lot of good jokes.

Kate: Okay, tell me one.

Myers: Okay *(takes a couple seconds to think)*; I've got one, you ready? There's a man who recently got into a car accident and got his foot and ankle chopped off. So he ordered a wooden leg made in Spain... so I guess you could say he "Spained his ankle". *(Kate is sitting there still staring at him)*

Kate: Wow that was great. *(Stands up and walks over to the kitchen table and empties some wine bottles from her picnic basket, meanwhile Ben slaps himself in the head and starts shaking his head.) (Jim walks through the door with his hand bandaged up.)*

Jim: Oh hello there, Ms. Kate.

Kate: Hello there Mr. Kingsmen.

Jim: That the dress you were telling Ms. Foster about?

Kate: Yes.

Jim: Well it looks lovely, I swear you can wear a Burlap sack and make it look lovely.

Kate: Well thank you Mr. Kingsmen, oh Mr. Kingsmen I got you this, *(gives him a bottle of wine,)* happy birthday!

Myers: Happy birthday? Kate you're a little late, Jim's birthday was two months ago.

Jim: No Mr. Myers, she's right.

Myers: What? But we threw you a party and everything why didn't you say something? *(Daisy comes through the door and sets some plates on the table)*

Jim: Well you all were making a big deal out of it, and y'all got me a nice fishing rod, and I wasn't gonna say no to Ms. Foster making cake. Anyway, thank you Ms. Kate I'll enjoy this a little later. *(Goes and sets the wine on a little table against the wall next to the dining table.) (Foster walks through door.)*

Foster: You guys hear about the circus that's gonna be up in Jackson this week? Grace Hopkins was telling me about it this morning, she said they're gonna have everything from elephants to magicians! *(Everyone is excited.)*

Daisy: Really, that sounds great!

Kate: I imagine that will make things down at the drug store pretty busy.

Jim: I imagine it will be good for all the businesses in town.

Myers: Except us, all our rooms are filled!

Foster: Oh stop being such a party pooper, worst case scenario the guest could sleep on the couch.

Myers: Oh yeah that would go over really well. *(Doorbell rings, Ms Foster answers it, and it's Paul Granger. Paul is a tall, handsome man dressed in a nice suit and tie, he has a loveable confidence about him that makes him irresistible to women, he speaks with a city accent but some words come out southern.)*

Foster: Why hello Paul.

Paul: Hello there Ms. Foster may I say you are looking lovely today. *(Daisy starts fixing her hair frantically.)*

Foster: Oh why thank you Paul. *(Paul starts sniffing around.)*

Paul: Do I smell pie?

Foster: Yes it's your favorite, blueberry pie.

Paul: Ah you spoil me too much Ms. Foster *(she heads back to the*

kitchen, but turns around.)

Foster: Oh Paul would you mind cleaning out the attic later today?

Paul: Yes, ma'am.

Jim: Hello there, Paul how's it going?

Paul: I'm doing good sir, say what happened to your hand, wait don't tell me... it was the stove again wasn't it?

Jim: *(Chuckling.)* yes sir. *(Paul laughs,)* *(Jim heads upstairs.)*

Paul: Why hello there, Ms. Kate, you staying busy down at the diner?

Kate: Yes, ever since you donated that jukebox to the diner, all the high school kids keep stopping' by after school.

Paul: Well I'm just glad I could help. *(Kate goes to the kitchen.)*
Why hello there, Ms. Daisy.

Daisy: Oh hello there, Paul.

Paul: You been up to much?

Daisy: Oh not a lot, just doing a little shopping, I got this new dress
(Does a little spin).

Paul: Whoa, Ms Daisy I still don't know why you haven't been contacted by any modeling agency yet, they would take you and make you a star in heartbeat.

Daisy: Oh, well thank you *(Walks to kitchen giggling.)*

Paul: I see Kate is here, have you made your move yet?

Myers: No, it's just like last time I completely froze up and then when I actually start talking to her and getting comfortable, I say something stupid and ruin it.

Paul: Well what did you say?

Myers: Well we were talking about the funnies in the paper and I mentioned how I always wanted to make those, because I think I have a lot of good jokes for it. She asked to hear one, so I said that joke about Spaining your ankle. *(Paul shakes his head.)*

Paul: Ben, I told you that joke back in the sixth grade, it was terrible then, and it's terrible now. Why in the world would you tell that one?

Myers: I don't know - it was the first one that came to mind.

Paul: Well did she laugh?

Myers: A little.

Paul: Well. that's a promising sign.

Myers: How do you do it?

Paul: How do I do what?

Myers: How do you talk to women so confidently, I mean you walk in here and take over like you're the coolest thing since sliced bread or something and it pays off, half the women in this town are chasing after you like flies to food?

Paul: Do you really wanna know my secret?

Myers: Yes!

Paul: *(Looks upstairs and at the kitchen door to make sure no one is coming)* It's all in the cologne.

Myers: The cologne?

Paul: Yes the cologne *(pulls bottle of cologne out of pocket and shows Ben.)* if it smells good women will be attracted to it like metal to a magnet. And this stuff, this stuff is the cream of the crop when it comes to women magnets. A couple sprays of this stuff and you'll have the ladies breaking down your door, especially the one you have in mind.

Myers: What's this stuff called?

Paul: Love Dragon.

Myers: Love Dragon, where's it from?

Paul: I don't know let's read the label here, it says "Made in China".

Myers: Where'd you get it?

Paul: Let's just say I know a guy.

Myers: Does this guy have a name?

Paul: Maybe.

Myers: You got it from those Gypsies strippers outside of town didn't you?

Paul: Okay first off they are exotic dancers, not strippers. Huge difference. And yes, that is where I get it from.

Myers: You sure this will work?

Paul: Yeah it even says on the label "works 100% 50% of the time". Now have I ever let you down before?

Myers: Yes, several times actually.

Paul: Well this time I won't.

Myers: Well okay. *(Starts up the stairs.)*

Paul: Where are you going?

Myers: Going to go put on the best suit I got, yes sir tonight, (pause,) I turn the sexy on. *(Goes upstairs.)*

Paul: Atta boy. *(Ms. Foster comes out in a coat.)* Where are you heading?

Foster: Mr. Myers forgot to get bread rolls and butter at the store like I asked him to so I'm heading to the store to get them, if you

want something done you gotta do it yourself. *(Leaves out front door.) (Jim comes down the stairs.)*

Jim: Where's Ms. Foster going?

Paul: To the store.

Jim: How's things going at your job?

Paul: Well I'm not gonna lie, life as a male telephone operator is pretty hard.

Jim: How so?

Paul: Well every woman in town has unlimited access to me and then some women just pick up the phone and try to talk to me; they ain't even trying to make a call.

Jim: Yeah, how are things going with all your lady friends?

Paul: Huh, oh it's going good.

Jim: You say that like you don't really mean it, what's wrong?

Paul: The thing is I feel this sort of emptiness inside.

Jim: Emptiness? Paul you are living a man's paradise, every single woman in town would love to have you as their man, heck even some of the married women are the same way.

Paul: Yes but it's not as glorious as it seems. *(Sits down on the couch.)*

Jim: What do you mean? *(Sits down beside him.)*

Paul: There are so many women after me that I can't choose which one I want.

Jim: So wait you're saying this is a bad thing? Cause I'd be happy to trade lives if you wanted to.

Paul: *(Chuckles.)* No it's not a bad thing it's just that I don't wanna make every woman in town feel like they are not worth it by

choosing one person, but I guess I'm going to have to.

Jim: Well at least you have options on women, back when I was your age half of the top ten women in the town I lived in were missing majority of their teeth.

Paul: Well that's the bad thing about this place; there are so many good women in this town that it's hard to choose who's the best.

Jim: Well what are you looking for exactly in your woman?

Paul: Well first off I'd prefer she was breathing. Just want someone who's sweet, kind, pretty, and if she happens to know how to cook I wouldn't object.

Jim: You do realize that you basically just described Ms. Daisy right? She is one of the sweetest girls I've met in my life, she's a good looking girl, and her peach cobbler has won the blue ribbon at the county fair, four years running. She'd be perfect for you.

Paul: Oh my goodness, how could I not have seen this before?
(*Stands up.*) She's perfect for me. Does she have any man she's interested in?

Jim: Not that I know of.

Paul: Okay, good. (*Chuckles.*) It's funny; usually women are the ones chasing me, now it's the other way around. Now you can't tell her about this.

Jim: Your secret is safe with me. Heck, if you two get hitched then all we have to do is get Mr. Myers and Ms. Kate married and we will have a house full of newlywed couples. Oh I can hardly wait.

Paul: Well don't count your chickens before they're hatched there's still the chance that these relationships won't work out.

Jim: Oh they'll work out all right.

Paul: How can you be so sure?

Jim: It's an old person thing; I can see two people from a mile away and tell that if they went steady with each other that it would work out.

Paul: Well, I hope you're right. You mind helping me helping me clean out the attic?

Jim: Sure *(both go upstairs.)*

(Kate comes out carrying a jar of flowers and sets them on the table, she then turns around and tries to go back into the swinging kitchen door but runs into it and it doesn't move, she starts holding her nose saying ow!)
(Daisy comes out the kitchen.)

Daisy: Oh Ms. Kate I'm sorry I didn't mean to.

Kate: It's alright, but can you get me a wet rag?

Daisy: Okay *(Goes into kitchen and gets rag comes back leads Kate to the couch)* sorry if the rag smells.

Kate: It's okay I can't smell it anyway, I think I did something to my nose when I ran into the door.

Daisy: Oh dear does it hurt?

Kate: A little, my head is the main thing that hurts. Can you go to the drugstore and get me some pills for this headache?

Daisy: Sure I'll be back in a bit. *(Leaves.) (She puts the rag on the table and Kate lays back on the couch.)*

(Ben then starts coming down the stairs in a new suit and sees her all alone, he takes out the cologne and sprays himself a bunch of times, then brushes himself off, takes a deep breath and heads down.)

Myers: Hello

Kate: Hello *(it's a very awkward conversation.)*

Myers: How are you doing?

Kate: I've been better.

Myers: Need some company?

Kate: Sure I guess. *(He sits down; he sits there for a while silent just thinking of something to say.)*

Myers: Can I be perfectly honest right now?

Kate: Sure, what's on your mind?

Myers: *(Pauses, breathes heavily.)* I like you.

Kate: Oh. I like you too. *(Laughs a bit.)*

Myers: No I mean I like you like you.

Kate: Well it's about time.

Myers: What do you mean?

Kate: Ben, I have come over here every week since the day you got back from the war for two reasons, my grandma's blueberry pie, and to see you. I mean I've had dreams of you and me growing old together, and I realized that that is a love I want. I just always found it charming how you worry over all the little details, *(Slowly moves closer to him, Myers is intimidated a bit.)* how you look ever so dashing in a suit, *(closer)*, how you carry those groceries bags every other day back from the store just drives me crazy. *(Really close.)*

Myers: Boy that stuff really works.

Kate: What?

Myers: Nothing, so wait if I like you, and you like me, then does that mean that we should start, you know... dating?

Kate: I believe that's how this sort of thing is done, yes.

Myers: And of course if two people are dating then they can, you know... kiss.

Kate: Uh-huh.

Myers: Well okay, then *(they begin to make out for about five seconds before Jim comes down the stairs they stop when they hear him.)*

Jim: You folks seen the paper anywhere? *(Myers grabs the paper and hands it to Jim, then Jim heads back upstairs, once he's clear they continue making out until they hear Ms. Foster opens the door.)*

Foster: Ben the next time I ask you to get stuff from the grocery store, could you please get everything on the list please, gracious. *(Goes into kitchen, they begin again, and then the doorbell rings and they stop.)*

Myers: OH, WHAT NOW!!!! *(He gets up and angrily walks over to the door, opening it forcefully.)* WHAT DO YOU WANT!!!

(The man at the door is Alec Kazaam, a magician involved in the circus he is wearing a fancy turban with a feather coming up in the front, he has a nice mustache and he's wearing a black suit with a cape and he's wearing pure white gloves, he has a superiority complex.)

Myers: Oh I'm sorry I thought you were someone else, please do come in, my name is Ben Myers, I'm the inn manager. Uh this is Ms. Kate Foster.

Kate: Hello.

Alec: You two were just making out, weren't you?

Myers: How can you tell?

Alec: Well for starters the lipstick on your face, unless you're into that sort of thing *(Ben wipes off the lipstick with his sleeve)*. But the main reason I know is well just because I know... it's a magician thing, I wouldn't expect you to understand. *(Ms. Foster comes through the kitchen door and Paul and Jim come from upstairs.)*

Myers: Ah, well this is Ms. Foster ,our maid.

Foster: I consider myself a house keeper but whatever floats your boat.

Myers: And this is Mr. Kingsmen, and Mr. Paul Granger. (*Daisy comes through the door.*) and this is Ms. Daisy Richards, and you are...

Alec: You are kidding me right? I mean surely you must know who I am.

Myers: I'm sorry you don't look familiar.

Alec: I am the star of the Newton Family Circus, The magnificent Alec Kazaam.

Myers: Still not ringing any bells.

Alec: Well maybe you've heard of my many nicknames, The Fantastic One?

Myers: Nope.

Alec: The Mortal Miracle?

Jim: Nope.

Alec: The eighth wonder of the world?

Jim: Nope.

Foster: I thought Houdini was the eighth wonder of the world.

Alec: That insult to magic, please.

Jim: I thought the high flying Morgan twins were the stars of the show.

Alec: Well clearly you thought wrong, those two insults to entertainment are not even half the entertainer I am, yet you know who they are. Huh I knew people in this town were uncultured but I didn't think it would be this bad.

Myers: Well I'm sorry we haven't heard of you, but I'm sure when we all see the show later this week we will know how good you are.

Alec: Ha, you won't even know the half of how talented I am. Why if you took all of the talent of everyone in that circus and combined it all together, you wouldn't even get half of my talent.

Foster: *(Acts like she's whispering to Jim.)* Sounds like somebody has an ego.

Myers: Uh-huh, so is there anything we can do for you Mr. Kazaam?

Alec: Yes, I require a room in your inn, I would stay at the hotel in Jackson but with all the adoring fans waiting there for me it can be a little overwhelming, and I mean who would look for me here in this slop trough you call an inn.

Foster: Slop trough, why I'll make you into a slop trough, come here...
(Jim holds her back.)

Myers: Now, now Ms. Foster calm down. Now Mr. Kazaam we would be happy to give you a room, if we had one to give, unfortunately we are all booked up.

Alec: Okay, well send one of the other guests to go sleep in the field; I'm sure they would feel right at home.

Myers: Now Mr. Kazaam I can't do that, I'm afraid the only choice I have for you is for you to sleep on the couch. I'll charge you half price for that though.

Alec: You think I, the great Alec Kazaam would ever be reduced to sleeping on a couch?

Myers: Well it's a very comfortable couch.

Alec: No sir. I will not have my magnificence spoiled by sleeping on a couch. I have performed for celebrities, I'm a big deal.

Kate: Celebrities like whom?

Alec: Well, United States Presidents, Major League Baseball teams you know, people of that nature. Ask any of them, they will say I was a phenomenal act.

Myers: Now my, Kazaam we never said you weren't talented; it's just that we don't hear a lot about big time stars out here.

Alec: Clearly you don't get a lot of things out here, for example air freshener, when I rolled into this town I thought my nose was going to fall off because of that horrible smell, it smelled like cow manure.

Foster: That's because it was cow manure, either that or your personality.

Alec: What did you just say, how dare you insult the Great Alec Kazaam! You have angered me for the last time, *(he pulls out a wand, lights go down, one light on Alec.)* "I Alec Kazaam of New-berry Mass. Ask that the magic gods power this curse that I cast, may this place forever run amuck, I curse this place with a curse of bad luck!!!!" *(Lights up.) (He opens the door.) Good bye!!!! (And slams it.) (Myers is freaked out by this.)*

Foster: Well he was a dramatic little brat now wasn't he?

Myers: Did he say that he cursed this place?

Jim: Yeah.

Myers: Oh dear, I need to sit down. *(Sits down on couch.)*

Paul: That guy was full of hot air.

Foster: Yeah that guy was a load of bologna. There's no such thing as magic. *(Paul goes upstairs.)*

Jim: I don't know Ms. Foster there has been some things that never have been really explained.

Foster: Like what?

Jim: Well, the Bermuda Triangle. Legend has it that the triangle was cursed by a witch a long time ago. And now every ship or plane that goes into the triangle crashes and is never seen again.

Foster: Sounds to me that you just have a bunch of bad ship captain's and pilots crashing conveniently at one spot. Besides if they are never seen again how do people know they crashed?

Jim: Well they never arrive at their location.

Foster: Big deal, maybe they got lost, I get lost trying to find the bathroom. *(Jim brushes the statement off).*

Jim: Okay, fine have it your way, I'm gonna go sit on the porch. *(Leaves to go onto porch.)*

Kate: All that stuff Mr. Kingsmen said can be explained somehow or another, there is no such thing as curses or magic or any of that other stuff. *(Goes over to comfort Ben.)* Now, Ben, that man was just trying to make you paranoid that's all.

Myers: You think so?

Kate: I know so.

Myers: Well okay if you say so.

Daisy: Here's the pills you wanted Ms. Kate.

Kate: Thank you Daisy. *(Daisy heads upstairs.)*

Foster: Yeah Mr. Myers that guy was full of it, you can't trust a single thing that guy said to be true, I wouldn't trust him as far as I can throw him. *(Heads into the kitchen, after a couple of seconds a crashing sound comes from the kitchen.)*

Myers: What was that? *(Foster comes back in.)*

Foster: Sorry I pulled the silverware drawer out to far, it fell in the floor. *(Goes back into kitchen.)*

Myers: Oh, I honestly do think that curse is real.

Kate: Now Ben you know my grandmother is a bit clumsy, it was just an accident.

Myers: I guess you're right.

Kate: Now, I believe we were doing something before we were so rudely interrupted.

Myers: Oh yeah. *(They begin to kiss, when Jim comes in, he nervously slams the door and looks out the window. They stop kissing)*

Myers: What's wrong Jim?

Jim: *(Breathing heavily.)* I was just sitting on the porch enjoying my pipe when this little black cat walked up on the porch and scared the fire out of me.

Kate: What's so scary about a little black cat?

Jim: I'm allergic. *(Sound of busting glass surprises everyone, Foster comes through the door.)*

Foster: A baseball came flying through the window from those kids across the street, it broke the window. *(Myers holds head.) (Foster goes back into the kitchen.)*

Jim: Say y'all happen to know what day it is?

Kate: Friday.

Jim: No I mean day of the month.

Kate: The 13th. *(Jim sits down)*

Myers: Friday the 13th, Friday the 13th! That's the unluckiest day there is. I'm telling you Kate that curse is real. Do you need any more evidence? I mean there's a black cat on the porch, Ms. Foster pulling out the silverware drawer, the broken window, it all adds up.

Kate: Now all of these things are just coincidences, (*Foster comes in.*) you are getting yourself all worked up over nothing.

Foster: Yeah, Mr. Myers that magician man got you all worked up you need to relax, all this stress isn't good. (*Smoke machine starts in the kitchen, smoke starts coming under the door.*) Why that man was just trying to ruffle your feathers a bit and you are doing exactly what he wants you to do.

Jim: Y'all smell something burning?

Kate: Oh my goodness the kitchen is on fire!

(Jim rushes into the kitchen while Paul and Daisy come down the stairs, everyone is in panic mode, Paul and Ben rush into the kitchen as Daisy runs over to the phone and gets the operator to get the fire department.)

Myers: (*Myers comes out of the kitchen coughing.*) How do you explain this huh, how do you explain this? The curse is real!
(*Lights down.*)

Curtain