

LOVELY TO LOOK AT

(A One Act Comedy)

by

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LOVELY TO LOOK ATTHE CHARACTERS

MARVIN, The Director, 40

RAMONA, An actress and His 'Girl Friday,' 30, small but hefty

LEANDRA, Actress, 30

RANDI, Actress, 20s

STEPHANIE, Actress, 40

TOM, An actor, Stephanie's boy friend, 40s

THE PLACE

Marvin's Home

THE TIME

Right now

LOVELY TO LOOK AT

(Lights come up on MARVIN, center stage. Behind him are enough props, e.g. sofa, coffee table, chairs, to indicate a living room. A door to the left is an entranceway, and one to the right leads to bedrooms, a washroom, etc. There is a portable bar, near rear center. As lights come up MARVIN enters. He looks on briefly as RAMONA and TOM are arm-wrestling. The other are idly cheering them on)

MARVIN

All right, people! We've had enough goofing around. Let's get together and do a little rehearsing.

RANDI

(Turns to MARVIN, smiling) Lighten up, Marv. This show is for (Whoever) not for a run on Broadway.

MARVIN

I'm beginning to worry about your dedication to this project, Randi.

RANDI

Oh, but I love it! I do.

MARVIN

(Annoyed) Ramona, come with me. (He stalks off).

RAMONA

Okay, boss. (She follows MARVIN out).

LEANDRA

Marv is a real slave driver! I could use a drink.

TOM

I'll get that for you, Lee! (He hops to a bar).

RANDI

Listen, girls, I know we're supposed to be 'Lovely To Look At', so I'm looking at us. But I'm not so sure.

STEPHANIE

(Chuckling, shows a bit of leg) Speak for yourself.

TOM

That's my girl! Here's your drink Leandra.

LEANDRA

(Smiling) Thank you, sweetie. (She takes a drink, spits it out) What the devil—

TOM

Oops. I guess I should have told you I don't drink.

LEANDRA

But I *do*! (She goes to the bar and mixes another drink).

STEPHANIE

Look. Fun and games is fine. But let's try to remember we're here to do some serious work.

LEANDRA

(Snorts sarcastically) Serious, she says! For a schlock revue called 'Lovely To Look At'? I was hoping we'd get a chance to do some real acting.

STEPHANIE

Lee still thinks she's a college student hoping for a brilliant career.

TOM

Well, I say good for her. (STEPHANIE gives him a sour look).

RANDI

But this revue is a lot of laughs, Lee. What's wrong with it?

LEANDRA

I ask you. Does anybody actually *die* in the end?

STEPHANIE

Only in the audience—that is, if we don't start getting serious about rehearsals!

LEANDRA

What I'm saying is this. I think we should demand more meat.

RANDI

(Clapping her hands) Yay! I'm all for that!

LEANDRA

(Scornful look at her) I mean more *depth*!

STEPHANIE

Listen, Lee! If you want depth go deep-sea diving. In the meantime, try to have a little fun.

LEANDRA

That's the difference between you and I—

STEPHANIE

That's right. It must be nice to have a wealthy husband.

LEANDRA

Oh, it is! Wealthy and Husband... in that order!

RANDI

(Whispers aside to TOM) But I heard something about that wealthy husband of hers—

TOM

Really! What did you hear— (RANDI steps on his toe) Ouch!

RANDI

Oh, I'm sorry! I'll bet that hurt.

TOM

Only my toe!

(And then MARVIN re-enters, followed by his general factotum, RAMONA)

RANDI

Attention! (She snaps to).

MARVIN

That's right! Playtime is definitely over. Time to get some work done!

LEANDRA

(Her cell phone then rings, drawing a glare from MARVIN. LEANDRA smiles innocently) Excuse me for a minute. (She walks to one side).

MARVIN

(To RAMONA) Didn't I give orders to turn off those phones?

RAMONA

(Flipping through her notes) Here it is, Boss. You said 'during rehearsals all cell phones must be'—

MARVIN

All right, all right! That means *now*! All cell phones off! (They all take cell phones from their purses, etc).

LEANDRA

(Sudden outburst) What? You can't be serious! (They look at her curiously).

RANDI

(Nonchalant) It's probably her hairdresser.

LEANDRA

Oh, God, I don't know! I can't think— (She rings off. They now look at her with embarrassment. She seems shocked) I need a drink! Will somebody please get me a drink!

TOM

I'll do it.

LEANDRA

No!

I'll do it.

RANDI

(To LEANDRA) Is something wrong?

MARVIN

I—I'm—

LEANDRA

(Handing her a drink) Here. Drink this.

RANDI

Thanks. (She takes a large gulp).

LEANDRA

Lee, what's happened?

STEPHANIE

I can't believe it! (She takes another gulp).

LEANDRA

What can't you believe?

MIRANDA

(She gulps down her drink) Oh God! I need another one!

LEANDRA

I don't think it's good to drink when you're upset.

TOM

Don't you believe it. (She takes LEANDRA'S glass. Then she pours a drink for herself in it, and another for LEANDRA).

RANDI

Lee! For heaven's sake, what's wrong?

STEPHANIE

It's—I—I—

LEANDRA

MARVIN

(Becoming exasperated) Well, that's a start.

LEANDRA

It's—It's unbelievable—(She shakes her head disconsolately).

MARVIN

(To RAMONA) What the devil is she going on about?

RAMONA

I don't know, Boss. But I get the feeling it's pretty unbelievable.

MARVIN

(Shaking his head) Well, what can we *do*?

RAMONA

Let me handle this. (She goes over to LEANDRA) Now this is for your own good. (She slaps LEANDRA rather hard).

LEANDRA

Ouch! (Shakes her head, stunned) I didn't need *that*!

RAMONA

I wasn't sure. (She walks away, shrugging)

LEANDRA

(Now whimpering) Girls, I—I've lost my husband!

RANDI

Lost? Well, maybe somebody will find him.

TOM

Lee, is he's dead?

LEANDRA

He is to *me*! He ran away with his secretary!

STEPHANIE

(After a pause) No! What can we say?

RANDI

How about—(Thinks)—It could have been worse?

LEANDRA

That was cruel! (She takes a swig of her drink, spilling some, and runs from the room, presumably in tears).

STEPHANIE

(To RANDI, mopping up the spill) Who taught you the social graces? Machiavelli?

RANDI

(Contrite) I'm sorry. But I honestly thought she didn't care about the clown.

STEPHANIE

I know, but maybe he took all their money with him.

MARVIN

All right, all right! So he's gone, but it's over. It's time for *her* to get over it.

STEPHANIE

But how long will it take?

MARVIN

She will do it in an hour! And she will do it by work! Work! Work! Work! I'm telling you girls, that solves every problem!

TOM

(Admiringly to STEPHANIE) You have to admit, he's got an ethic.

STEPHANIE

Shouldn't someone be with Lee?

RANDI

Maybe, but I don't think it should be me.

MARVIN

(A brainstorm) Ramona—

RAMONA

Okay, I'll do it, boss. But remember, my last idea didn't go over too well.

(RAMONA sighs and resigns herself, when suddenly LEANDRA emerges again)

RANDI

Gee, Lee, I'm sorry! I didn't know what I was saying. My trouble is I've got a real big mouth, but I guess you all know that. And I never know when to shut up. I am *constantly* running on and putting my foot in it. I never seem to be able to—

STEPHANIE

To shut up!

RANDI

Sorry.

LEANDRA

(Sone-faced) It's all right, Randi. I'm calmer now.

RANDI

(She is about to open her mouth again, but STEPHANIE sticks the towel in it) Ummph!

MARVIN

All right then! What you need, what you *all* need, is to get down to work!

TOM

(Uneasy) Are you sure you're okay, Lee?

LEANDRA

(Stony, determined) I know what I have to do.

MARVIN

That's good! So then let's do it!

STEPHANIE

(Suspicious) Just a minute, Marvin—What *are* you going to do, Lee?

LEANDRA

(She looks blankly ahead) It's already been done.

RANDI

She needs another drink. Lunch break! (She pours a drink for herself).

MARVIN

Stop with the lunch break! It's only eleven o'clock in the morning!

RANDI

That's impossible. I never drink before noon.

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MARVIN

And you're not starting now! (He takes the drink from RANDI) Now listen up, ladies! There will be no lunch break until you've earned it! We are here to work! This is not a party weekend!

RANDI

(Annoyed) You can say that again.

LEANDRA

(Subtly forcing her way into the center of attention again) I won't be needing lunch.

STEPHANIE

(Growing more suspicious) What do you mean by that?

MARVIN

Of course she doesn't need lunch! She hasn't even worked up a sweat! Nobody in their right mind needs lunch at eleven in the morning! Ramona!

RAMONA

Right here, boss.

MARVIN

Get your notebook ready.

RAMONA

It's *always* ready.

MARVIN

All right then, let's get this show on the road! (To RAMONA) First rehearsal—

LEANDRA

(Stonily) I won't be rehearsing with you.

MARVIN

Nonsense! Husbands come and go. That's no reason to stop a show!

STEPHANIE

(Brow arched) Leandra, *why* won't you be rehearsing?

MARVIN

Don't be silly! Work is what she needs!

LEANDRA

I know you thought I didn't care about Walter. (She wipes an imaginary tear).

RANDI

(Shakes her head) Well, I sure did. I thought you loathed him. I mean you always told us
—

LEANDRA

(Irrked, over RANDI) *But* couldn't you see that was only a front? I hid my true feelings because I didn't want to appear weak. But the truth is he was everything to me. And now—(A few more tears. Then she snorts deprecatingly) Do you think I give a damn about all this—(She makes a sweeping gesture)—this *playacting*!

MARVIN

Now she tells me!

LEANDRA

But the trouble is I never told Walter. And now I'll never be able tell him. Now—(She suddenly staggers)—it's too late for that. It's too late for Walter. It's too late for everything! (She staggers again).

TOM

Hey!

MARVIN

Ramona?

RAMONA

She doesn't look so good, Boss.

STEPHANIE

(Still suspicious, but more or less to herself) I wonder.

LEANDRA

And so—I did it.

TOM

Did what?

LEANDRA

I finally showed Walter—How much I really care. (Then she falls onto the sofa).

RANDI

Back up! Give her air!

TOM

Holy guacamole!

MARVIN

Ramona!

RAMONA

I think it's a situation for 9-1-1, boss.

MARVIN

(Suddenly blows his nose loudly) Will we *ever* start rehearsing?

STEPHANIE

I think we already have. Hold that call, Ramona. (She gives LEANDRA a slight push)
Okay, you can come up now.

LEANDRA

(Rolls onto the floor, and a pill bottle emerges from her fist) Unh—

STEPHANIE

Come off it! You've been hamming big time!

RANDI

(Not so sure, picks up the pill bottle) Stephanie—

STEPHANIE

Oh, get up, Leandra! (LEANDRA doesn't move). Come on! You've had your *meaty* scene.

RANDI

Stephanie, look at these! (She hands STEPHANIE the bottle).

MARVIN

Ramona!

STEPHANIE

You know what these are?

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(Aghast) Tranquilizers?

RANDI

(A smile) No.

STEPHANIE

(Confused) Speed?

RANDI

(Laughing) Nope.

STEPHANIE

(After a pause) Well, what the devil are they!

MARVIN

(Bending over, into LEANDRA'S ear) Laxative.

STEPHANIE

(Pops up) What!

LEANDRA

You mean she was just faking?

RANDI

(Huffy) I call it *acting*.

LEANDRA

I call it *overacting*.

STEPHANIE

Hmph!

LEANDRA

Well, I'll tell you what *I* call it—Ramona, word!

MARVIN

Um, unfortunate?

RAMONA

No!

MARVIN

Inconsiderate
RAMONA

Worse!
MARVIN

I know, unforgivable!
RAMONA

That's it—inexcusable! We nearly called an ambulance!
MARVIN

We thought you might be dying!
RANDI

Really? (Ecstatic) You mean I was that *good*?
LEANDRA

You were not good. You were bad!
MARVIN

But I only wanted to show you what I could do, given half a chance.
LEANDRA

Now listen, for God's sake! This is an amateur show for the (Whatever) staged at the Odd Fellow's Hall!
MARVIN

Okay, but at least I convinced you.
LEANDRA

You've convinced me that you are totally irresponsible! And I'm very put out with you! You have delayed rehearsal by twenty minutes!
MARVIN

Oh, I guess you're right. I'm sorry.
LEANDRA

Listen, positively no more monkeyshines, do you hear! Why you should be—(Thinks).
MARVIN

