

SHE'S A PILL

A COMEDY

by George Freek

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THE CHARACTERS

LISA GOODWILLOW, A thirteen year old

MARCIA GOODWILLOW, Her mother, 30s

ROGER GOODWILLOW, Her father, MARCIA'S ex-husband, The State's attorney

CHESTER CHESSMAN, the Chief of Police, 40s

DICK PRESSER, Marcia's friend, A Philosophy Professor

(The actor playing CHESTER may also play DICK)

THE SCENE

The Goodwillow Home

THE TIME

Recently

SHE'S A PILL

**(While the lights are still dark, we hear a very melancholy piece of music played on the Flute. This goes on for a minute or two. The lights then come up on the GOODWILLOW home. There is an entrance door rear center. A sofa center stage, and chair to the left. At rise, LISA is standing with a flute. MARCIA looks nervously at her)**

LISA

(She finishes playing) When he wrote that, Debussy must have had a hair up his butt.

MARCIA

Lisa, prepare for a shock. Dick is very ill.

LISA

I would think so.

MARCIA

Why would you think that?

LISA

*I* put the anti-freeze in his coffee.

MARCIA

Lisa! That was very naughty of you!

LISA

Mother, don't be a retard.

MARCIA

But why would you do that?

LISA

For one thing, I'm sure you've gotten a whiff of his breath.

MARCIA

Did you think anti-freeze would improve it?

LISA

That's a good one, Mother.

MARCIA

This is no laughing matter, Lisa! Why, Dick might die!

LISA

*Might?* Apparently, I didn't give him enough.

MARCIA

Lisa, Lisa! What am I going to do with you?

LISA

You might thank me.

MARCIA

I'd like you to tell me what you had up your sleeve, young lady.

LISA

I don't like Dick, Mother.

MARCIA

I don't know what we're going to tell your father.

LISA

He should be here any minute. I've already called him.

MARCIA

He's going to be very upset with you.

**(ROGER GOODWILLOW then comes into the room)**

ROGER

Hello, Lisa. (Coolly) Hello, Marcia.

MARCIA

How are you, Roger?

LISA

Could we skip the small talk? What took you so long, father?

ROGER

I'm sorry, Lisa. I received a call from Chief Chessman about Dick. What's this all about?

MARCIA

I don't know how to tell you, Roger. I really don't know where to start. I'm very upset, and it's all rather confusing—

LISA

I'll take it from there, Mother. Father, I've been terribly worried about you and mother's separation. I was hoping mother would do something constructive, but she began running around with this Dick jerk. I finally got fed up and took matters into my own hands and put a touch of anti-freeze into Dick's coffee.

ROGER

(Pause) Well, I have to admire your motive—

LISA

I hoped you'd understand.

ROGER

But your method was a bit drastic.

MARCIA

What can we do, Roger?

LISA

Can I please say something here? Father, you say you admire my motive. If you two hadn't been beating around the bush for so long, this never would have happened. Now then, are you both going to stand there like a couple of dummies and let all my efforts go to waste? I know you still love each other, but you're both too stubborn to admit it. Which one of you is going to break this foolish standoff—Father—Mother?

ROGER

(Pause) She has a point, Marcia.

MARCIA

Oh, Dick! (She embraces him). I've been a fool!

ROGER

I should have never let you be one! (They embrace again).

LISA

It's all's well that ends well—finally!

MARCIA

I hope Dick agrees with that.

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If he *can* agree—

ROGER

Oh, dear. Poor Dick!

MARCIA

Mother! Don't spoil everything.

LISA

ROGER  
Now listen up, you two. Things might look a little bleak at the moment. But we should all look on the bright side and hope for the best, okay? Now come on, smile, dear. (MARCIA gives him a strained smile). That's better.

**(ROGER'S mobile phone then rings. He answers)**

MARCIA  
Who is it, Roger? (With a gesture, ROGER shushes her)

ROGER  
(Into the phone) Yes. I see. (Pause) Thanks for letting me know. (He rings off) That was Dr. Cronk at the hospital. Dick is going to pull through.

MARCIA  
Thank The Lord!

ROGER  
There is some blindness. But Doc says that's only temporary.

LISA  
If you'll forgive me saying so, I think Dick's been pretty blind all along.

MARCIA  
That's not nice, Lisa.

LISA  
I suppose you're right.

ROGER  
Now come here, both of you. I think we should all share a warm hug! (They embrace)

MARCIA

That was wonderful, Roger.

LISA

Just remember, you owe it all to me.

ROGER

I don't think you'll let us forget that, you little devil! I ought to be miffed with you. You know you're really putting me on the spot. And we still have Chief Chessman to deal with.

MARCIA

He's not a hard man, is he, Roger?

ROGER

At least we don't have to worry about the death penalty.

MARCIA

*What?*

ROGER

Just a joke, dear—

LISA

Incredibly feeble, Father—

ROGER

Now listen to me, Lisa. Chief Chessman will probably be here any minute. I expect you to behave with proper respect, none of your wise-cracks. I don't think the Chief will be able to take this as light-heartedly as we seem to be taking it. After all, young lady, you might think about the harm you caused.

MARCIA

Poor Dick—

LISA

Was it wise to get her started on that again, Father?

**(CHIEF CHESTER CHESSMAN now rings the bell and enters the room. He is in plain clothes, but wears a hat like a fireman's hat with POLICE CHIEF on it)**

CHESTER

Well now, what have we here? It's looking to me like we have a honest-to-goodness situation on our hands, and if my little birdies are telling me true, I think I know who's to blame for it! (He stares at LISA).

ROGER

Hello, Chief.

LISA

(She curtsies politely) Hello, Chief Chessman.

MARCIA

Oh, Chief! It's all a terrible misunderstanding!

LISA

Cool it, Mother. Chief Chessman, if you'll only give me a chance to explain, I think I can straighten everything out.

CHESTER

What would your father be saying about that then, eh, Mr. Prosecuting Attorney.

ROGER

She's done pretty well up to this point.

LISA

If you'll listen to my story, Chief Chessman, I think you'll agree that I have right on my side. You see, Mr. Presser was trying to insinuate himself between my parents who came to see the stupidity of their break up. Now wasn't that wrong?

CHESTER

Have you ever heard, young lady, that two wrongs don't make a right?

LISA

Yes, I have, Chief Chessman, and I think we could hurl clichés at each other all day, but I'd prefer to give you my story.

CHESTER

(To ROGER) She's as smooth as the blarney stone, Roger. All right, miss, get on with it.

LISA

But you see. There, in a nutshell, you have my defense. I was out to save my parents marriage, and I ask you. Was it wrong?



