

**Angel in Disguise
(or how to get your husband to
wear a costume!)**

Georgia Tuxbury





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ANGEL IN DISGUISE
(OR HOW TO GET YOUR HUSBAND TO WEAR A COSTUME!)

by Georgia Tuxbury

CAST

SUSAN: A loving wife who has a difficult time getting her husband Jeff to dress in costume to go to a Halloween party. But this time it is going to be different.

JEFF: Susan's long-suffering husband who has had many unfortunate experiences with being dressed in costume and has decided never to do it again.

Place

JEFF and SUSAN's living room.

Time

The present. Shortly before Halloween.

PRODUCTION NOTES:

At rise, if there is an act curtain, it is closed, and SUSAN stands in front of it. If there is no act curtain, she can be on the apron or as Down Stage Right from JEFF as possible. Then she can simply turn and go upstage when their interaction begins. Without an act curtain, if possible the lights can be down on him until SUSAN completes her opening lines to the audience. Or JEFF can simply hide behind his newspaper until SUSAN arrives and speaks to him. For JEFF, if an easy chair is available, that's fine. But, really, any chair or even a stool will do, as long as he has his newspaper.

Setting: *SUSAN and JEFF's living room.*

At Rise: Lights come up on SUSAN who stands in front Of the audience. After her opening lines, she will speak to them as an aside.

SUSAN: Halloween is fast approaching, and I'll bet a lot of you women in the audience have the same problem I do—getting your husband to go to a party dressed in costume. I don't know what there is about it. Jeff always has a wonderful time when he gets there. Why, two years ago you should have seen him. I was Cinderella, and he had a ball as the mean, ugly, old stepmother. Befitting Cinderella, I also had a ball. Then last year he had a great time lumbering around as the Beast. I, of course, had a pretty good time as Beauty. So I just don't know why he balks when I say costume. But finally, I perfected a step-by-step procedure that will assure me of a partner happy to be whatever I ask him to be.

(The act curtain opens or lights come up at Center where JEFF sits in an easy chair, his face obscured by a newspaper. He alternately raises lowers his newspaper when he speaks to Susan and raises it to hide his face when he wants to evade her.)

SUSAN: *(aside to the audience)* The first thing is to break the news to him quickly. I call it 'the surprise assault.' Have everything ready and *tell* him you're going, don't ask him. *(to JEFF)* We are going to Paul and Betty's for a Halloween party tonight.

JEFF: *(lowers newspaper)* Sounds great. Count me in.

SUSAN: We have to dress in costume.

JEFF: I'm staying home. *(raises the paper in front of his face again)*

SUSAN: *(aside)* Now, when something like this happens, you just pretend not to hear. *(to JEFF)* We are going as a devil and an angel.

JEFF: *(paper down)* I am not going any place looking like the devil. *(paper up)*

SUSAN: *(aside)* Boy, I've got him there. *(to JEFF)* That's fine, dear. I'm the devil. You're an angel.

JEFF: *(paper down)* Oh, no, I'm not. I wouldn't be caught dead being an angel. Hallelujah! *(paper up)*

SUSAN: (*aside*) Don't worry. This is the first dress-up put-down, and is not to be taken seriously. From the surprise assault, it is only a smile away to the humorous "Oh-what-fun-you'll-have" approach. (*to JEFF*) Paul and Betty's party is going to be a barrel of fun. I understand we're even going to bob for apples.

JEFF: (*paper down*) Bob for apples? With me wearing my brand new halo? You know how I feel about those kids' games. Keep the kids' games for the kids. Give me a party where I can wear my own clothes, indulge in some interesting conversation and actually act like an adult. (*paper up*)

SUSAN: (*aside*) As you see, I listen to him attentively and keep a smile on my face. It is important not to lose one's sense of humor under these circumstances.

JEFF: (*paper down*) Let me impress on you the fact that I am *not* going to Paul and Betty's party dressed like an angel. I am not going to bob for apples. And I am not going to play some stupid kids' games with a bunch of nit-wits who never grew up. (*paper up*)

SUSAN: (*aside*) Wow! Sometimes it's hard to believe he really has this desire to dress up. At this point it is time to appeal to his social responsibility. (*to JEFF*) If we don't go, we'll never get invited to another party again.

JEFF: (*paper down*) Great! (*paper up*)

SUSAN: (*aside*) I guess that didn't work. Now I will appeal to his conscience. (*to JEFF*) What about our wedding vows?

JEFF: (*paper down*) Our wedding vows? When we got married, I promised to take you for better or worse, in sickness and in health. I didn't promise I would ever wear an angel suit. (*paper up*)

SUSAN: (*aside*) Never fear. Now I will appeal to his better judgment. I call this the "You-wouldn't-want-to-disappoint-mother-after-all-she's-done-for-you" step. (*to JEFF*) Mother's worked awfully hard on your costume, you know. She took a white bed sheet and made it into a robe and sewed you a little cape with silver sparkles on it. She's even lending you her wig.

And talk about being clever, she bent a coat hanger to make you a halo and covered it with silver twine. It's just darling.

JEFF: (*paper down*) Wow! Wait until the guys hear how my mother-in-law loaned me her wig and made me a halo.

SUSAN: And your wings are absolutely adorable. You may not believe it, but they actually *flop!*

JEFF: (*paper down*) Believe me, I believe it!

SUSAN: Then she took your loafers and sprayed them silver . . .

JEFF: (*paper down*) What? She sprayed my loafers silver? My favorite loafers?

SUSAN: (*aside*) Oh, oh. She should have sprayed his moccasins.

JEFF: (*paper down*) If you think I'm going to some stupid party dressed like some ridiculous angel after you and your mother ruined my good shoes —

SUSAN: (*aside*) This may sound like a complete fiasco, but my step-by-step procedure takes into account a bit of backsliding. The next step is to convince him how lucky he is. (*to JEFF*) You just don't know how many fellows would like to have a wife and mother-in-law with so much imagination and ingenuity!

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!