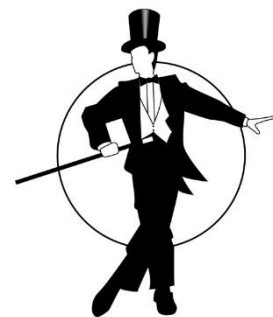


Harry's Angel

Arthur Keyser



ArtAge
Publications



ArtAge supplies books, plays, and materials to older performers around the world. Directors and actors have come to rely on our 30+ years of experience in the field to help them find useful materials and information that makes their productions stimulating, fun, and entertaining.

ArtAge's unique program has been featured in *Wall Street Journal*, *LA Times*, *Chicago Tribune*, *American Theatre*, *Time Magazine*, *Modern Maturity*, on CNN, NBC, and in many other media sources.

ArtAge is more than a catalog. We also supply information, news, and trends on our top-rated website, www.seniortheatre.com. We stay in touch with the field with our very popular e-newsletter, *Senior Theatre Online*. Our President, Bonnie Vorenberg, is asked to speak at conferences and present workshops that supplement her writing and consulting efforts. We're here to help you be successful in Senior Theatre!

We help older performers fulfill their theatrical dreams!

ArtAge Publications

Bonnie L. Vorenberg, President

PO Box 19955

Portland OR 97280

503-246-3000 or 800-858-4998

bonniev@seniortheatre.com

www.seniortheatre.com

NOTICE

Copyright: This play is fully protected under the Copyright Laws of the United States of America, Canada, and all other countries of the Universal Copyright Convention.

The laws are specific regarding the piracy of copyrighted materials. Sharing the material with other organizations or persons is prohibited. Unlawful use of a playwright's work deprives the creator of his or her rightful income.

Cast Copies: Performance cast copies are required for each actor, director, stage manager, lighting and sound crew leader.

Changes to Script: Plays must be performed as written. Any alterations, additions, or deletions to the text must be approved.

Permission to Film: Rights to produce, film, or record, in whole or in part, in any medium or in any language, by any group amateur or professional, are fully reserved.

Royalty: Royalties are due when you perform the play for any audience, paying or non-paying, professional or amateur. This includes readings, cuttings, scenes, and excerpts.

The royalty for amateur productions of this show is posted online. It is payable two weeks prior to your production. Contact us for professional rates or other questions. Royalty fees are subject to change.

Insert the following paragraph in your programs:

Performed with special permission from ArtAge Publications' Senior Theatre Resource Center at 800-858-4998, www.seniortheatre.com

Copyright 2017 Arthur Keyser

HARRY'S ANGEL

by Arthur Keyser

CAST

FANNY GOLD: Sixty-five years old.

HARRY MANCUSO: Seventy-one years old.

ROSE PALERMO: Harry's sister, Seventy-five years old.

CURLY MCGLYNN: Fifty-six years old.

ANGEL SPARKS: Thirty-one years old.

Time

The play begins on a Thursday morning in late Spring.

Setting: A New York Deli and an Irish Pub which can be a small round table and two chairs downstage left or right.

ACT I
SCENE 1

At Rise: Lights up. It is 10:00 a.m. FANNY GOLD is alone in the Deli. HARRY MANCUSO walks in.

FANNY: Good morning, Harry. Ten on the nose. If my clock stopped, I could reset it when you come in for your morning coffee.

HARRY: I was never late when I was working. The early bird catches--

FANNY: You're retired. The world wouldn't end if you were a few minutes late.

HARRY: Always being prompt helped make me a successful salesman.

FANNY: If I didn't live upstairs, I'd never open the Deli on time.

HARRY: I see my sister's late for a change.

(FANNY looks through the window)

FANNY: Look out the window. She's just coming in.

HARRY: She's still late.

FANNY: Don't be so hard on her. At seventy-five, it isn't easy to be on time.

HARRY: Rose started criticizing me when I was born, and she's been doing it for seventy-one years.

FANNY: Aren't you exaggerating a little?

HARRY: I read it in my mother's diary. Rose said I was so ugly, the hospital must have switched babies.

FANNY: She was only four. Lots of children are jealous when a new baby arrives.

HARRY: Most children grow out of it...not Rose.

FANNY: Then why does she meet you here for coffee every morning?

HARRY: To keep an eye on me...waiting for me to make a mistake.

FANNY: Wish I had a sister or brother to keep an eye on me.

(The door to the Deli opens. ROSE MANCUSO walks in.)

HARRY: You're late again.

ROSE: Only two minutes.

HARRY: Two minutes late is still late.

ROSE: You've already wasted two minutes complaining.

HARRY: What's your excuse this time?

ROSE: You want an excuse? My bus ran into a taxicab. There were six police cars and three ambulances. Nineteen people were injured. There was a three-hour traffic jam. Each major TV network had a news reporter there. I was interviewed by two of them. That's why I was two minutes late.

HARRY: You shouldn't try to be a comedian.

ROSE: I was trying to get a smile out of you.

HARRY: I don't think it's funny.

FANNY: I thought it was.

ROSE: Who has time to be on time?

HARRY: That doesn't make any sense.

ROSE: To you, maybe not, but to normal people it makes perfect sense.

FANNY: Why are we all standing? Sit.

(ROSE and HARRY sit at a table)

FANNY: The usual?

ROSE: Today, I'd like a cheese danish with my coffee.

FANNY: Sorry, Rose. Cherry's all I have today.

ROSE: That's fine.

FANNY: If all my customers were as easy as you--

HARRY: She wouldn't be if she were your sister.

ROSE: Thanks, Harry. If I could trade you in and get Fanny in return, I'd change my will and leave everything to the church.

FANNY: Stop fighting, children. You'll upset my other customers.

HARRY: What other customers?

FANNY: The ones who used to come in here before the neighborhood changed.

ROSE: On Sunday, I'll say a prayer for more customers for you.

HARRY: I hate to interrupt, but I still haven't given my order.

FANNY: Sorry, Harry. A danish with your coffee?

HARRY: Not today. I'm in a hurry. Just coffee and a lottery ticket.

ROSE: There's no nourishment in a lottery ticket.

HARRY: If I win, there is.

ROSE: No wonder you look so thin. When's the last time you won?

HARRY: I've had a temporary run of bad luck.

ROSE: Having you as a brother is bad luck. Unfortunately, it's not temporary.

FANNY: I'm having second thoughts about wishing for a sister or a brother. Excuse me. I want to make a pot of fresh coffee.

(FANNY walks into the kitchen, offstage)

ROSE: You could win by not playing the lottery. If you saved the money and never bought a ticket, you would have more than--

HARRY: I don't need a lecture! Did you bring the money?

ROSE: Not fifteen thousand.

HARRY: What's that mean?

ROSE: Five thousand's all I can spare.

HARRY: I told you...I need fifteen thousand!

ROSE: Sorry, Harry. Mario, may his soul rest in peace, made careful investments for me and told me to never sell any of them. I was saving part of my income for a cruise, but you said it's an emergency.

HARRY: It's a fifteen-thousand-dollar emergency...not five.

ROSE: You need that much money for back alimony payments? Which wife was it? You get married so often, I can't remember the names.

HARRY: It was only five times.

ROSE: One husband was more than enough for me.

HARRY: It's only a loan.

ROSE: Whenever I lend you money, it's only a loan. Afterwards, it's a gift.

HARRY: I'll take the five before Fanny gets back.

ROSE: Why do I feel like I could be replaced by a winning lottery ticket?

HARRY: That's not true. If I ever win, I'll love you just as much.

ROSE: That's what I'm afraid of.

(ROSE takes an envelope out of her handbag and gives it to HARRY. He quickly puts it in his jacket pocket just a moment before FANNY returns to the table with two cups of coffee and a danish for ROSE.)

FANNY: Here's your morning wake-up.

HARRY: I've been awake since six. It's almost lunchtime. Did you forget the ticket?

FANNY: I'd never do that. It's next to the cash register. I'll give it to you when you leave.

(HARRY stands)

HARRY: Sorry. I have to leave now.

FANNY: You just got here.

HARRY: I'll be late for a meeting. Here's ten dollars. It's for the two coffees, a danish for Rose, and my lottery ticket.

ROSE: You're paying for me? I'm overwhelmed by your generosity.

HARRY: Whatever I do...it's not enough.

ROSE: You have that backwards. Whatever you do is too much.

FANNY: I'll put your coffee in a paper cup. You can warm it up later.

HARRY: Thanks Fanny, but no thanks. This is an important meeting, and I can't walk in with a cup in my hand.

FANNY: I'll get the lottery ticket.

HARRY: Hold it for me. Maybe it will bring good luck.

(HARRY stands, walks over to ROSE and kisses her cheek)

HARRY: Sorry to be so ungrateful. I'll try to be better.

(HARRY walks out)

FANNY: What was all that about?

ROSE: Who can explain Harry? He's like a three-minute egg. A brittle shell and all soft inside. When our mother died, instead of money, she left me Harry.

Lights fade.

SCENE 2

At Rise: Lights up. Thirty minutes have passed since HARRY walked out of the Deli. CURLY McGLYNN is sitting at a table in the Irish Pub. ANGEL SPARKS approaches the table.

ANGEL: I'm here, Curly. What's goin' on?

CURLY: I wasn't sure you was comin', Angel.

ANGEL: You put a message on my cell, sayin' it was important. You sick or somethin'?

CURLY: I ain't never felt this awful.

ANGEL: You been seein' a doctor?

CURLY: A doctor ain't gonna do me no good.

ANGEL: Since when are you smarter than doctors?

CURLY: I'm not that kind a sick. It's from you not bein' with me.

(ANGEL sits down, across from CURLY)

ANGEL: That's why you left a message? I thought maybe you was dyin' or somethin'.

CURLY: When I'm sittin' all by myself every night, I feel like I'm dyin'.

ANGEL: I already tol' you. I ain't comin' back.

CURLY: I thought maybe you was thinkin' it over and, maybe, changed your mind.

ANGEL: Movin' out from your house wasn't somethin' I did just like havin' a cup a coffee. It wasn't easy. Livin' with you was...like...safe. You know I was in so many foster homes when I was growin' up. Then you let me stay with you for all them years. An' that was always in my head when I thought about movin'. But I finally did it an' now it feels okay...like I'm growin' up. I'm workin' an' payin' my own bills. It took me thirty-one years, but I'm not a little girl no more.

CURLY: You wasn't a little girl when I took you outta that lounge, where you was dancin'.

ANGEL: Yes I was. You jus' didn't know it.

CURLY: Hungry? Like some corned beef an' cabbage?

ANGEL: It ain't even eleven...coffee's all I eat before twelve. Didja forget?

CURLY: How 'bout I order you some coffee?

ANGEL: I already had coffee.

CURLY: You look pretty.

ANGEL: I don' look no different than I always look.

CURLY: Yes you do.

ANGEL: We was together for more than ten years, an' you never tol' me I look pretty. Why're you sayin' it now?

CURLY: 'Cause you look pretty.

ANGEL: Thanks, Curly. Is it okay if I go now? I'm gonna be late for work.

CURLY: You still livin' with that old guy?

ANGEL: I'm movin' out from Marty's place this weekend.

CURLY: Where you gonna move?

ANGEL: I'll be livin' with some girls from where I'm workin'.

CURLY: I miss you a whole lot.

ANGEL: I already tol' you...about a thousand times. You gotta get used to bein' without me...or try to find somebody else.

CURLY: I can't get used to bein' without you. Sometimes I wanna cry from missin' you so much.

ANGEL: Stop makin' up stories. I never saw you cry.

CURLY: 'Cause you never moved out before.

ANGEL: Maybe cryin' will make you feel better. I used to cry lotsa times before you let me live with you.

CURLY: You mad at me?

ANGEL: I ain't mad at nobody.

CURLY: Than why won' you come back?

ANGEL: When we was together, I asked you if I could go to school and you kept sayin' no. When I met Marty at the supermarket, he said he'd pay for me goin' to school if I moved in with him. He's a nice man.

CURLY: So why are you movin' out from his place now? You only been there two months.

ANGEL: 'Cause I graduated. I tol' him at the beginnin' I would move out when I graduated an' got a job. Besides, he's ninety-four an' needs a nurse more than a girlfriend.

CURLY: What was you studyin' at school?

ANGEL: Hair stylin'.

CURLY: You been doin' lotsa stuff with this Marty?

ANGEL: Didn't you hear what I said? He's ninety-four.

CURLY: I was just wonderin'.

ANGEL: You ain't got no right to wonder about me no more.

CURLY: What kind a job did you get?

ANGEL: In a beauty shop.

CURLY: Move back with me an' I'll buy you your own beauty shop.

ANGEL: I don' wan' my own shop. I like the girls where I'm workin' an' I really like my boss a lot.

CURLY: Then come back with me an' you can still work where you're workin'.

ANGEL: Curly, this ain't doin' us any good. Can I go now?

CURLY: How 'bout, if you move back, I buy you a new car...like a white Cadillac convertible?

ANGEL: What am I gonna do with it? Just park it somewhere? I can get anyplace usin' the subway. I don' even know how to drive.

CURLY: You could take drivin' lessons.

ANGEL: Stop it, Curly. It's enough.

CURLY: I'll buy whatever you want...jewelry, pretty dresses, a house...anythin'.

ANGEL: There ain't nothin' I want.

CURLY: Everybody wants somethin'.

ANGEL: I gotta go to work. I don't wan' you feelin' sick, but there ain't no way I'm movin' back in.

(ANGEL stands)

ANGEL: Bye, Curly. Take care a yourself.

(ANGEL turns and walks toward the exit door without noticing HARRY, who has just walked into the pub. They accidentally bump into each other.)

HARRY: Excuse me. I didn't mean to--

ANGEL: It ain't your fault. I should a been lookin' where I was goin'.

(ANGEL exits from the pub, and HARRY walks to where CURLY is sitting)

HARRY: Hello Curly.

CURLY: Whatcha doin' here, Harry?!

HARRY: I thought we might talk.

CURLY: I don' feel like talkin' to nobody right now.

HARRY: Is it okay if I sit?

CURLY: There's lots a other tables here.

(Ignoring CURLY's comment, HARRY sits down at CURLY's table)

CURLY: You deaf? Unless you got some money for me, I don' wancha here.

HARRY: Please...just let me say something. There's a horse I really love in the fifth at Aqueduct.

CURLY: You crazy, Harry? You owe me fifteen gran'. I ain't takin' no more bets from you.

HARRY: I brought some money. But I'm a little short.

CURLY: What's a little short?

(HARRY hands CURLY the envelope that ROSE had given to him. CURLY takes out the money and counts it.)

CURLY: Little?! You're short ten gran'! *(CURLY holds up a baseball bat from the floor and makes a motion as though he's using it as a mallet)*

CURLY: Every time this bat slams down on your head, you're gonna wish you wasn't so short.

HARRY: You're going to kill me for ten thousand dollars?

CURLY: Who said anythin' about killin' you? I'm just sendin' you to the hospital. And when you get out, I'll keep doin' it again until you pay me what you owe.

HARRY: Even if you're just kidding, you're making me nervous.

CURLY: I ain't kiddin'. You suckered me in. You kept promisin' an' I let your marker get too big. The five gran' you jus' paid is a tease. Nobody stiffs me.

HARRY: If you let me keep betting, whatever I win, I'll pay against what I owe you. *(CURLY stands, holding the bat in a threatening pose)*

CURLY: Are you nuts?! I only get paid when you win?!

HARRY: How else am I going to pay you back? I don't work any longer.

CURLY: You should have been thinkin' about that before. What about your sister?

HARRY: That's where I got the five thousand. It's going to take a little more time for her to get the rest of the money together.

CURLY: You didn't have no right to bet more money than you got.

HARRY: I can't help it. When I look over the racing form, a voice whispers in my ear with the name of the winner.

CURLY: How come your horses don' never hear what you're hearin'?

HARRY: They used to.

(CURLY sits, still holding the bat)

CURLY: You got three days to pay the rest a the money.

HARRY: I need more time. Four weeks. I'll have part of the rest by then.

CURLY: Sorry, Harry. I ain't waitin'.

HARRY: It's not as though I borrowed money from you. It's just money I lost.

CURLY: Are you nuts?! It's money I lost. I lay off all my customer's bets with the guys in Vegas. I have to pay them almost everythin' my customers bet. I just keep a little slice. When you lose and don' pay, I'm the loser...big time. I still gotta pay the bill.

HARRY: I didn't know you had partners.

CURLY: They ain't jus' partners. They're like a bank with better ways a collectin' that banks don' got. They got guys workin' for them as enforcers. I always pay on time...somethin' you ain't been doin'.

HARRY: Is there anything I can do?

CURLY: Make sure your health insurance is still workin' alright.

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!