

Lucille Flirts with the Space-Time Continuum

Richard Davis Jr.



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Bonnie L. Vorenberg, President

PO Box 19955

Portland OR 97280

503-246-3000 or 800-858-4998

bonniev@seniortheatre.com

www.seniortheatre.com

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LUCILLE FLIRTS WITH THE SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM

By Richard Davis Jr.

CAST

MARTHA ANNE: She's an attractive older woman, 50's, 60's, or 70's, who is well dressed and well-travelled. She and Lucille are best friends. She's always had a crush on Lucille's husband, Jim. She and her husband, Bradley, are childless, and she's a bit envious of Lucille's children and grandchildren.

LUCILLE: Martha Anne's best friend, she too is somewhere in her 50's, 60's, or 70's. She is not well travelled but wishes she could be. She's a bit envious of Martha Anne's life style and perhaps somewhat bored with her uneventful life with Jim. She hasn't travelled because she and Jim devoted all their time and money on their two daughters, who are now grown with children of their own.

MADAME REVERIE: Not quite of this world, she's a mysterious visitor from a mysterious place. She's a Grantable. That is, she grants wishes under certain circumstances. Her age isn't important, though I see her as older. She's French.

MONSIEUR CAPRISE: A young(ish) assistant to Madame Reverie. He's handsome, a fact that does not escape Madame Reverie and Lucille. He too is French.

JIM: Devoted to Lucille, he's a hard-working husband. He has a secret.

Place

The living room in Lucille's modest home.

Time

The present. Late one spring evening.

Setting: LUCILLE's modest living room, as simple or as elaborate as director wishes. There's the suggestion of an entry hall up left with a door to the outside. An exit to the kitchen is down right. There's a divan, a few low tables, maybe a lamp.

At rise: MARTHA ANNE and LUCILLE sit on the couch talking. MARTHA ANNE, who is fashionably dressed, is describing a trip she and her husband will take in the near future. Both huddle over a map in MARTHA ANNE's lap. LUCILLE, who is not fashionably dressed, listens, then interrupts.

MARTHA ANNE: We're going to spend four days in London, then we're going to ride one of those quant little English trains to Port Isaac right here. (*she touches it on the map*) Then we plan to--

LUCILLE: Port Isaac. Ohhh. That's in Cornwall.

MARTHA ANNE: Yes, on the Atlantic coast.

LUCILLE: I know. *Right* on the Atlantic coast. It's a beautiful little fishing village--

MARTHA ANNE: Yes--

LUCILLE: It's been there since the 14th Century. Narrow, winding streets, white-washed cottages--

MARTHA ANNE: Oh. You've been there.

LUCILLE: (*jolted out of her reverie*) What?

MARTHA ANNE: Port Isaac. You've been there.

LUCILLE: Oh. No. No, I haven't. I would love to go, but I've only seen it on TV. (*she smiles wistfully, affecting a British accent for "On the telly."*) On the telly. *Doc Martin* was filmed there, you know; they call it Portwenn on the show but--

MARTHA ANNE: Doc Martin?

LUCILLE: You've not seen *Doc Martin*?

MARTHA ANNE: No.

LUCILLE: Oh you really should. It's set in Portwenn and--

MARTHA ANNE: Yes. You said.

LUCILLE: I did. Yes. I'm sorry. It's just that I've always wanted to go.

MARTHA ANNE: Then come with us, Lucille. We'll have a marvelous time. I just love Jim...and Brad does too, of course.

LUCILLE: Everybody loves Jim. But we simply don't have the...

MARTHA ANNE: Time? Make the time. Oh, do come with us. We'll have a grand old time--

LUCILLE: The money, Martha Anne. We don't have the money.

MARTHA ANNE: Oh.

LUCILLE: Yes. Oh.

MARTHA ANNE: I thought that with the children grown...

LUCILLE: Yes, it's much easier now, but we never saved much. Never saved anything, really. Jim was adamant about private schools for the girls. So...Tuition times two times 12 years. It was quite a load for us. And then I didn't want them to start life with huge college debt, so we...Well. Anyway, before we knew it --

MARTHA ANNE: They were gone--

LUCILLE: And we were broke.

MARTHA ANNE: He has a retirement fund. Right?

LUCILLE: Such as it is. Listen, I don't want to discuss...Take tons of pictures, won't you?

MARTHA ANNE: Jim's a good man, Lucille. The best. He was a wonderful father, and now he's a wonderful grandfather. Wonderful.

LUCILLE: I know that. And I love him...but--

MARTHA ANNE: But?

LUCILLE: It's just...how to say? Sometimes I wish for a different life. One with a little excitement, a little glamour.

MARTHA ANNE: With Jim?

LUCILLE: I don't know.

MARTHA ANNE: Lucille. You can't mean that.

LUCILLE: No, no, of course not. I... *(she rises, paces)* You and Brad have traveled, you've seen the world. You've hiked to Machu Picchu, for goodness sakes. Do you realize how exciting, how romantic that seems to someone who has never been anywhere? I... Jim and I go to the lake. He fishes; I look at the water.

MARTHA ANNE: He thinks you love the lake.

LUCILLE: I know, and I do in some ways. It's just that it's always the same old lake. Same old cottage, same old dock, same old... I'm sorry; I'm being silly.

MARTHA ANNE: No. You're not. But a change in geography doesn't equal happiness. Believe me, I know. Many times I've wished for children and a simple cottage by a lake. But it was not to be. I knew when I married Brad that he--

LUCILLE: Can I trust you, Martha Anne?

MARTHA ANNE: After 30 years of friendship, you have to ask me that? Is something wrong? Are you ill? Are you--?

LUCILLE: No, no. Healthy as a horse. I just... *(suddenly, passionately)* I feel my life dribbling away like--I don't know--like water out of a leaky faucet. Drip, drip, drip. Every day the same. Breakfast in the sun room with Jim. Lunch with you and the girls.

MARTHA ANNE: Oh, come now. We eat together once a week.

LUCILLE: Ok. I'm exaggerating. But not by much. Do you know that I'm the only one of us who's always available for lunch? Always! You all are off to Machu Picchu or Paris or--!

MARTHA ANNE: What is your obsession with Machu Picchu? You've never even mentioned--

LUCILLE: I want to go to there!! Or to Paris!! Or...or...Nova Scotia!! Cornwall! I want to go to Cornwall! I want to walk the lanes of Port Isaac!!

MARTHA ANNE: Lucille, stop! Stop it! Calm down. *(beat)* Listen, you mustn't--

LUCILLE: I need a new life! Sometimes, I wish I could just snap my fingers...*(she snaps her fingers twice)* and like magic someone would whisk me...*(she buries her face in her hands, breaks down)*

(MARTHA ANNE crosses to, confronts LUCILLE)

MARTHA ANNE: You've got to talk to Jim. Do you understand me? Tell him how you feel.

LUCILLE: He knows. I think...I think I make him feel...*(she looks in MARTHA ANNE's eyes. beat.)*

MARTHA ANNE: What? Sad?

LUCILLE: Inadequate.

MARTHA ANNE: Oh...I'm so sorry.

LUCILLE: I shouldn't burden you with this.

MARTHA ANNE: It's not a burden. If you need to talk, I want to listen.

LUCILLE: *(she breaks away)* Heavens. Whoo. I'm a mess...and a horrible hostess. *(British accent)* Shall I brew a spot of tea?

MARTHA ANNE: Thought you'd never ask. *(with a flourish, she holds up a packet of cookies)* Voila! By sheerest coincidence, I brought these cookies that Jim likes so much--and you too, of course. *(beat)*

MARTHA ANNE: Let *me* brew the tea. You gather your thoughts. We'll talk over tea and crumpets. Cookies. Tea and cookies. *(she starts to cross to the kitchen, stops, turns)* Where *is* Jim?

LUCILLE: I don't know. He's been...disappearing. When I ask where he's been, he's vague, almost evasive. I think he just needs to get away from me. I think I may have nagged him away.

MARTHA ANNE: I'll fix the tea. We'll talk. *(exits to kitchen)*

LUCILLE: Same old cookies. I hate them. *(she crosses to the map, picks it up)* If only I could snap my fingers and wish—*(She looks up, out. She snaps her fingers twice. The doorbell rings. Startled, SHE crosses to the door, opens it to reveal MADAME REVERIE, who carries a huge, beat up loose-leaf book, and her assistant, MONSIEUR CAPRISE, who carries a small recorder.)*

LUCILLE: May I help you?

MADAME REVERIE: Bonjour, bonjour, bonjour.

LUCILLE: Who are you? What do you--?

(MADAME REVERIE breezes by LUCILLE)

LUCILLE: Wait just one moment! You can't just--!

MADAME REVERIE: Do you mind, Madame, if my assistant--how do you say?--deports...*(she looks to CAPRISE)*

LUCILLE: Deports??

MADAME REVERIE: Oui. Deports--

LUCILLE: I was born in this country and my parents were born in this country! Just because I didn't vote for--

CAPRISE: The word is 'records,' not 'deports,' Madame Reverie.

MADAME REVERIE: Oui, Yes. Silly me.

LUCILLE: Madame who?

MADAME REVERIE: Ah. Pardonnez-moi. I am Madame Reverie--

LUCILLE: I'll give you two seconds to explain--!

MADAME REVERIE: And this is my very handsome--assistant--

CAPRISE: Please Madame--

MADAME REVERIE: I only say what is true. *(she pinches his cheek.)* You are a...um...

LUCILLE: Hunk?

MADAME REVERIE: Hmm?

(both stare at LUCILLE for a beat)

LUCILLE: I'm upset, but I'm not blind.

MADAME REVERIE: Hunk. Oui. But that is not the word--Ah. Cutie. Oui, you are a cutie.

LUCILLE: Whatever. You and...cutie are going to have to leave--

(CAPRISE takes LUCILLE's hand, kisses it. LUCILLE is flustered.)

CAPRISE: Henri Caprise, Madame. At your service.

LUCILLE: Oh my. *(she recovers)* Wait. Wait just a minute. You can't just breeze into my home and kiss my hand...actually, that part wasn't so bad, I guess. But there are rules. What do you want? And you'd better be clear or I'll call the police.

MADAME REVERIE: Perhaps we have made a mistake.

LUCILLE: I think you've made a huge mistake. You're probably looking for that French hussy on the corner.

MADAME REVERIE: *(she flips pages in her book)* Are you not the woman of two clicks?

LUCILLE: What?

MADAME REVERIE/CAPRISE: Two clicks. *(they click their fingers twice)*

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!