

# Mona Lisa's Toe

Douglas Campbell





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***We help older performers fulfill their theatrical dreams!***

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MONA LISA'S TOE

By Douglas Campbell

CAST

ANNOUNCER: He or she has a great speaking voice.

FOSTER: He is demanding and bombastic. Married to Myra.

FREIDA FRITTATA: She is a famous detective and a no-nonsense person.

MYRA: She is crazy for pictures of dogs. Married to Foster.

FERN: She is grumpy and thin as a rail.

MILLIE: She is good natured and weak in the knees.

SIMPSON: He or she is the worried owner of the hotel.

SFX: A sound effects person.

Place

The lounge of the Pink Pekingese Hotel, a residence for seniors.

Time

1940s, at tea time.

Props:

2 cymbals

A newspaper

An old-fashioned microphone and stand (optional)

MONA LISA'S TOE

*At rise: The announcer and cast are gathered in a semicircle on stage. With scripts in hand, they begin. SFX: Cymbals crashing.*

ANNOUNCER: It's Hound Dog Radio Mystery Theatre and I'm your host, Happy Applebaum. Tonight's broadcast is brought to you by Uncle Bowser's Soap. Who could have stolen the painting, *Mona Lisa's Toe*, at the Pink Pekingese Hotel, a residence for seniors? Let's find out now as we go to the lobby of the hotel.

*(SFX: Cymbals crashing.)*

FOSTER: Good afternoon, Miss Frittata.

FREIDA: Good afternoon, Foster.

FOSTER: Don't let me interrupt your reading. Is that an interesting book?

FREIDA: It most certainly is. It's entitled, *How to Enjoy Quality Time Alone*.

FOSTER: Oh, then don't let me disturb you.

FREIDA: Thank you, Foster.

FOSTER: I'm just going to read my newspaper.

*(SFX: Sound of newspaper.)*

FOSTER: Aahhh!!!! What in the world! *(shouting)* Myra! Myra! Myra!

MYRA: *(shouting)* Stop shouting, Foster! I'm coming!

FOSTER: *(shouting)* MYRA!

MYRA: What are you yelling about now, dear?

FOSTER: THAT!

MYRA: What do you mean by that?

FOSTER: Are you blind? My painting! Someone stole *Mona Lisa's Toe*!

MYRA: That monstrosity?! It's about time!

FOSTER: That monstrosity is an original da Vinci.

MYRA: Nonsense. It was painted by Leonardo's half-brother, Lorenzo.

FOSTER: Doesn't matter. It's still a da Vinci. I paid 300 dollars for it back in 1917. It was a gift to the hotel.

MYRA: After I made you remove it from our room.

FOSTER: Yes, and made me put up that ugly picture, *Dog with Trombone*. Where is my painting?

MYRA: Maybe Millie took it down to be cleaned.

FOSTER: (*shouting*) Millie! Millie! Millie!

MILLIE: Coming, coming, coming!

FOSTER: MILLIE!!!

MILLIE: Yes, sir. How can I help you, sir?

FOSTER: THAT!

MILLIE: What do you mean by "that," sir?

FOSTER: My painting? Where is it?

MILLIE: Oh, the painting of the toe above the fireplace?

FOSTER: YES!

MILLIE: I haven't touched it recently, sir. Frankly, it's much too high to clean.

FOSTER: (*shouting*) OH, GOOD GRIEF!

FERN: What's all the yelling about?

FOSTER: My painting, *Mona Lisa's Toe*, is missing!

FERN: That disgusting piece?! Good riddance.

FOSTER: It's not disgusting, Fern.

FERN: It most certainly is. You can see as plain as day, Mona Lisa's toenail fungus.

SIMPSON: Oh, there you are, Foster. Your rent is due.

FOSTER: Rent?! How can you talk about rent at a time like this, Simpson?

SIMPSON: Three months overdue!

FOSTER: Look, my painting, it's gone!

SIMPSON: *Gone?!*

FOSTER: YES!

SIMPSON: Why, that's an original Lorenzo Picasso.

FOSTER: Da Vinci. It's an original Lorenzo da Vinci.

SIMPSON: Oh, good, then it's not worth anything. I can now put up a picture of my dearly departed aunt.

FOSTER: Nonsense! You're the owner here and I'm holding you responsible. You must call the police!

SIMPSON: *Police?!* That won't be necessary. Look, here's Freida Frittata, the famous detective and graduate of RADA.

OTHERS: RADA?

FREIDA: Yes. R-A-D-A. The Royal Academy of Detective Arts.

MYRA: And you'll help us find it, Miss Frittata?

FREIDA: Of course I will. When did you last see the painting, Foster?

FOSTER: Yesterday at 11:57, Eastern Standard Time, when I came down to lunch.

FERN: And I saw it at 4:59, just before the dinner hour. I remember because after seeing it, I immediately lost my appetite and returned to my room to upchuck.

MYRA: That's nothing new, Fern. You're always glancing at that painting and losing your appetite. That's why you're as skinny as a rail.

FERN: Well, I wish you'd give me a few of your pounds.

FREIDA: Listen, everybody! Here's what we'll do. Fern and Myra will check for the painting on floors 2 and 3. Simpson, floors 3 and 4, Millie, floor 5, and Foster and I, floor 1.

MYRA: Excuse me, Miss Frittata. How come you and Foster get floor 1?

FREIDA: Because Foster and I are older and don't have the energy of you 60-year-old youngsters. Now look, we'll meet down here in the lobby in exactly five and a half minutes. Okay, everybody—ready, set, GO!

*(SFX: Crash of cymbals.)*

EVERYONE: *(voices overlapping)* Not here! Nowhere! I don't see it! It's gone! It's vanished! This is impossible! This is ridiculous!

*SFX: Crash of cymbals.*

ANNOUNCER: And now for a word from our sponsor, Uncle Bowser's Soap. If you can't cope, try Uncle Bowser's Soap. Guaranteed to remove the toughest dirt from your shirt. Don't be a dope, try Uncle Bowser's Soap. And now back to our broadcast.

## **END OF FREEVIEW**

***You'll want to read and perform this show!***