

# BELIEVE IT OR NOT

By Tim Feeney

Copyright © MMXI by Tim Feeney, All rights reserved.

**CAUTION:** Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

**RIGHTS RESERVED:** All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

**PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS:** All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Heuer Publishing LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Heuer Publishing LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Heuer Publishing LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Heuer Publishing LLC.

*Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.*

**AUTHOR CREDIT:** All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

**PUBLISHER CREDIT:** Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Heuer Publishing LLC.***

**COPYING:** Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Heuer Publishing LLC.

HEUER PUBLISHING LLC  
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406  
TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011

# BELIEVE IT OR NOT

By Tim Feeney

**SYNOPSIS:** Mickey McKee has big plans for his warm, sunny afternoon and his mind is made up. It would be a tall order even for his friend Fr. O'Brian to convince Mickey to change those plans, let alone for the menacing stranger that suddenly appears.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(2 males, 1 either, extras; gender flexible)*

MICKY MCKEE (m) ..... 40–50ish, typical Irishman. Casually and comfortably dressed. Calm and sure, not easily frightened. *(42 lines)*

FATHER O'BRIAN (m) ..... Older Irish-Catholic priest. *(22 lines)*

LUCI (f/m) ..... Gender unknown, age unknown. Size, shape and color indeterminate. Usually horns, fangs, claws, foul odors, but... whatever. It's really more personality than appearance. *(31 lines)*

## NON-SPEAKING EXTRAS:

NEIGHBORHOOD FOLK (f/m) .... Various people on an afternoon stroll.

YOUNG COUPLE (f/m) ..... Husband and wife sharing a romantic moment together.

JOGGER (f) ..... Female runner.

FRIENDS (f/m) ..... Two people any gender combination.

**DURATION:** Approximately 10 minutes.

**TIME:** The present.

## SETTING

Typical neighborhood street in front of St. Patrick Catholic church on the sidewalk. Beautiful, sunny, warm, early summer afternoon.

## **COSTUMES**

Costumes are all contemporary summer styles.

Mickey would be wearing a flat cap, long sleeve shirt, sleeves rolled up. Trousers with suspenders.

Fr. O'Brian, a full-length Roman Catholic cassock would be too hot for summer, but black shoes, pants and a short-sleeved shirt with a white-band collar should do.

Luci should be dressed based upon the music chosen for sound queue #1. If Luci is played by a male, costume should be a snappy suit. If played by a female, the costume should be a fire-red dress. Also, Luci should have plenty of bling.

## **MAKE-UP**

Luci can be adorned with or without make-up suggesting a devil, such as horns, fangs, etc. Red make-up covering exposed skin is an option.

## **PROPS**

MICKEY – racing form or newspaper

FR. O'BRIAN – broom, rosary, small vial of Holy Water.

YOUNG COUPLE – bouquet of flowers for the husband.

JOGGER – headphones.

## **SOUND**

Peppy dance music heard from everywhere. Ideally, “Stayin’ Alive” by the BeeGees, “Macarena” by Los Del Rio, “Mambo #5” by Lou Bega, “Cant’ Touch This” by M.C. Hammer, or some snappy mambo, samba or soca.

Loud thunderclap followed by shattering glass heard from off-stage.

This play contains suggestions for the performance of a musical work (either in part or in whole). Heuer Publishing LLC has not obtained performing rights of these works. The direction of such works is only a playwright's suggestion, and the play producer should obtain such permissions on their own. The website for the U.S. copyright office is [www.copyright.gov](http://www.copyright.gov).

### **SET/FURNITURE**

Open stage with entrance/exit on both sides. A bench is placed up center.

### **AUTHOR NOTES**

The character of Luci is gender flexible. It works with a male decked out with horns and fangs, it also works with a seductive woman in a red dress. It is the arrogant, smug personality that sells the personification of the devil and causes his downfall. When Luci first appears on stage, the character is so confident, self-assured. S/he struts to the music and is thrilled with the power to kill on sight. For the sound queue, choose such music that dancing cannot be avoided and dress Luci appropriate to the style. For "Stayin' Alive," a leisure suit, for mambo or salsa other styles of dress would work.

Mickey McKee is just as stereotypical as can possibly be. The Irish accent is very beautiful to the ear, so if possible, an accent would enhance the dialogue.

**PRODUCTION CREDITS**

*Believe It or Not* premiered at Premiere Theatre at The Prisco Center in Aurora, IL, September 2014. Directed by Tim Feeney with the following cast:

MICKEY MCKEE ..... Jonathan Kraft  
FR. O'BRIAN ..... Dave Bremer  
LUCI..... Jim Pusztay

*Believe It or Not* was performed at Vero Voce Theatre in St. Charles, IL, March 2015. Directed by Dennis Brown with the following cast:

MICKEY MCKEE ..... Tony Pellegrino  
FR. O'BRIAN ..... Brian Rabinowitz  
LUCI..... Jocelyn Adamski

DO NOT COPY

**AT RISE:** *MICKEY sits on a bench reading a racing form. Neighborhood folk walk up and down the street past him. They nod as they pass, he nods back. A couple stop on stage, the husband surprises his wife with flowers. They chat. A woman jogs down the street.*

*FR. O'BRIAN comes from the church with a broom, sweeping the side walk. He regards MICKEY a few times and MICKEY hides behind his paper.*

**FR. O'BRIAN:** Afternoon, Mickey. A fine day it is.

*MICKEY lowers his paper and nods to FR. O'BRIAN. FR. O'BRIAN raises an eyebrow and does not drop his gaze. MICKEY fidgets behind his paper.*

**MICKEY:** Afternoon to you, Fr. O'Brian.

*FR. O'BRIAN finally resumes sweeping but only sweeps around MICKEY, staying close. This is not unnoticed by MICKEY, who is getting more fidgety.*

**MICKEY:** Now, Fr. O'Brian, you know how I feel about it all. You won't be sweeping me up into your little dustpan anytime soon. I told you so.

**FR. O'BRIAN:** Oh, Mickey, Mickey, Mickey. Whatever am I to do with you? My little lost lamb.

**MICKEY:** But I tell you, I'm not lost. I'm right where I want to be. Very comfortable, thank you very much.

**FR. O'BRIAN:** Someday. Someday, Mickey McKee you'll be crying out for me. Beggin' for salvation. And what if I'm not there to give it to you?

**MICKEY:** I figure I can handle m'self. But if ever I find m'self in a fix, in need of a salvation, I'll be sure to ring for you.

**FR. O'BRIAN:** You shouldn't be so flip about your everlasting soul, Mickey McKee. It's always at risk and you should always be on guard.

**MICKEY:** I'll keep it in mind. I'll try to, anyway.

*MICKEY smiles, FR. O'BRIAN shakes his head in resignation and retreats to the church.*

*MICKEY returns to his racing form. He looks up as the sound of the BeeGee's "Staying Alive" is blaring from everywhere. Other passersby hear the music but no source is discernable. Suddenly, at the other end of the street, comes a very sharply dressed, confident individual. Bright eyes, dazzling smile, careless and free, LUCI flows down the street strutting to the music.*

*LUCI points to the husband and wife, nodding in time with the tune. The husband instantly suffers a violent heart attack and dies in the arms of his wife. LUCI continues dancing. FR. O'BRIAN comes out to help the wife remove her husband.*

*The jogger runs back across, LUCI points and nods to her, she collapses with a brain aneurysm. FR. O'BRIAN pulls her corpse off stage.*

*MICKEY lowers his racing form and watches during the commotion. LUCI howls with laughter. Stopping in front of MICKEY, LUCI points to him, but nothing happens. The music and LUCI's laughter fade.*

**LUCI:** What are you?

**MICKEY:** I'm drunk. What are you?

**LUCI:** That wouldn't save you. What I am is surprised. That you haven't expired from fright at the very sight of me.

**MICKEY:** Well I'll grant that you are indeed quite hideous, but I didn't think it merited me having a heart attack over it all.

*LUCI lets out a booming laugh.*

**LUCI:** You are not afraid?

**MICKEY:** Of you? No, sir. Of my wife, sure as shit, if she caught me at the race track again.

**LUCI:** Why you little—

**MICKEY:** Look, my friend, I'm sure you are a right agreeable bloke, but you might have noticed, I'm a bit busy here, studying. I got some big doings coming up and I've got to be preparing m'self.

**LUCI:** Do you not know who I am?

*LUCI'S arms wave about wildly, eyes glaring at MICKEY, revealing a rising anger. A man across the street grabs his head and screams, his friend rushes to aid him. The man's screams end abruptly as he dies. His friend drags his body off, assisted by FR. O'BRIAN. MICKEY lowers his paper during the screams, after the man dies, he returns to the listings.*

**MICKEY:** Can't say as I do, though you do look a bit like me mother-in-law. There are differences, though, her fangs are much more yellow.

*LUCI howls in agony, feet stomping up and down.*

**LUCI:** You fool! You idiot! I am pure evil! I am no one, the one who isn't! I am the eternal darkness, the stealer of souls, the usurper, the betrayer, and the spinner of little girls' heads!

**MICKEY:** Pleased to meet you I am sure. Don't really understand what that all meant, but it was quite impressive all the same. Ever think of embossed business cards?

**LUCI:** O, Deus! Faciam ex te irritas!

*LUCI's hands clap together generating a tremendous thunder-clap followed by the sound of shattering glass. MICKEY stands and folds his racing form.*

**MICKEY:** Look, I'd love to stay and chat, you seem to be a most interesting... uh... creature..., but, the fourth race at Chatam Downs is about to begin and me horse, Seraphim, is 50 to 1. I just can't pass that up.

**LUCI:** Creature? Creature?!!! I am no mere creature. I am Lucifer, the devil himself! Behold my horridness and despair!

**MICKEY:** Is that a fact? Well, a fine figure of a devil you make! But still, me horse awaits.



**LUCI:** A devil? “A” devil? I am “THE” devil. You can’t just walk away from me! I command that your brain fry in your skull! Your eyes boil in their sockets! Your liver melt into fetid goo!

*Pause.*

**MICKEY:** Sorry, my lad, I don’t sense it happening. Me peepers still peep and me noggin is still... well, it’s as good as it’s ever been. My liver, though, I’ve been working on it m’self... and it is still holding its own. Must be off your game a bit.

**LUCI:** That can’t be true. Look around you, look at all the mayhem, death and destruction I’ve wrought. People’s hearts stopping, buildings crashing to the ground all on the force of my will. Why aren’t you dead?

**MICKEY:** Well, if I was to venture a guess, I’d say it was because I simply don’t believe in you. You are just a silly little bugaboo conjured up to frighten the wee laddies and lassies into behavin’. No more than a pooka.

**LUCI:** What?! A bugaboo? Me, a bugaboo? I’ll show you a bugaboo! And what the hell is a pooka?

**MICKEY:** Now, don’t be wasting me time. A poison dart or two, a coupla well-placed explosives and I could have put on a fine show m’self.

**LUCI:** Well, you have to believe in me! Good can’t exist without evil. You don’t know happiness if you don’t know sad. If you believe in the Almighty, then you have to believe in me.

**MICKEY:** Well, you see now, there’s the thing. I don’t believe I believe in the Almighty. I’m a bit of an agnostic, don’t you know? I suppose that’s why I ain’t been too impressed... and why me heart hasn’t been exploded.

**LUCI:** Of all the streets, in all the cities, in all the worlds, I have to bump into an agnostic who refuses to believe?

*Pause.*

I can prove it to you! How do you think the world came to be, all this stuff? Just poof and everything appeared? Someone had to build the sky and the moon and the earth. The Almighty built it, I was there, I saw him do it and I helped!

**MICKEY:** Pfft! That's all hearsay. Wouldn't stand up in any court.

**LUCI:** I kill people by the force of my glare and that is not enough for you to believe. I build the heavens and the earth and that isn't enough for you to believe. I could drain the oceans in one draught, fart a perfect rendition of Mozart's Requiem Mass while balancing Mt. Everest upside down on the tail of a yellow-bellied sap sucker and THAT would not be enough for you to believe!

**MICKEY:** To be honest, me friend Barney, he once quaffed a pony keg of Guinness and, while standing on his one peg leg, hatched a right passable version of God Save the Queen. So, really, I've seen it before.

**LUCI:** You are impossible! You are being unreasonable! You won't even consider the possibility of it being true! You are so unfair!

**MICKEY:** Now, now, then. Don't you start bawling on me. I can't help it if me ma raised me to be a wary lad. It's a healthy habit, she would tell me. It has served me well.

**LUCI:** But what can I do to convince you?

**MICKEY:** Well here comes Fr. O'Brian. I'll tell you what, try not to kill him and we'll see if he can't help us out with our little quandary.

*FR. O'BRIAN enters from the church.*

**FR. O'BRIAN:** Oh no, Mickey McKee! Do you know who it is you are chatting with?

**MICKEY:** Well, you see now, Fr. O'Brian, therein lies our problem. This gent, here, purports to be the devil himself. And while he does present a bonnie argument, I'm having a wee bit of a problem believing in him.

**FR. O'BRIAN:** Well, now, Mickey, I'd have to say that he does appear—

**MICKEY:** Hold on, Fr. O'Brian. Let me warn you before you go off. According to this git, if one believes in the Almighty Father, one must also believe in his opposite, the devil. Oh, excuse me. **"THE"** devil.

**FR. O'BRIAN:** 'Tis a true statement, Mickey. You can't have one without the other, it's a sort of balance to the universe, if you will.

**MICKEY:** 'Tis true enough, I suppose, but if that be the case, if one believes in the power of this – bowsie – one look from his fiery gaze and your heart will burst at the seams.

**FR. O'BRIAN:** Ah, but if you've got faith, Mickey... Faith in the Lord and in the saints will preserve you.

**MICKEY:** That may be so, Father, that may be so. But it's been the lack of faith, either way, that's been working for me. I just don't believe in the Almighty and I just don't believe this – chancer – is Satan.

*A pointed, menacing look at LUCI.*

And that's what's been sticking in his craw.

**LUCI:** Well, excuse me, but I feel I should be given my due respect. I've spent most of eternity creating and maintaining this persona of Evil Incarnate. I've been terrifying humanity for every millennium that humanity has been around, and I want this human, this insignificant bug, this inconsequential waste of DNA to know the essence of my hate.

**MICKEY:** My, but that was a bit bold, vile, and full of animus.

**LUCI:** (*Flippantly.*) Well, that's just me!

**MICKEY:** (*Flippantly.*) Well, I wouldn't know!

**LUCI:** Why you petulant little – I am going to make you believe in me,  
IF IT IS THE LAST THING I EVER DO!

**MICKEY:** WELL I DON'T CARE!

**FR. O'BRIAN:** Now, now you two, let's not be having a ruckus out here in front of the church.

**LUCI:** You can make him believe in me, Father. Talk to him, please. Talk some sense into his potato-stuffed head.

**MICKEY:** Whoa now, there's no need to be getting all insulting.

**LUCI:** You started it! You called me a pooka!

**MICKEY:** Well that's because you ARE one!

**FR. O'BRIAN:** Now, now, I won't be standing here listening to this. If you two can't be having a pleasant, adult conversation, then ye best be on yer way. The thought of it, such a spectacle here in front of the church. You both should be ashamed.

*Both LUCI and MICKEY stare down at their feet and fidget back and forth.*

**LUCI:** I'm sorry. Please forgive me, Father. I don't know what came over me. I just lost it for a moment. It won't happen again.

*Pause. Both FR. O'BRIAN and LUCI stare at MICKEY who returns a defiant look. LUCI puts his hands on hips and taps his foot, starting to simmer again.*

**FR. O'BRIAN:** Now, Mickey, don't you have something you want to say?

*Pause. More pause.*

**MICKEY:** No, I don't.

**LUCI:** You see! You see what I have to deal with? He is just plain stubborn!

**FR. O'BRIAN:** I'm disappointed in you, Mickey. This ain't the way your dear old ma brought you up to be. Bless her soul.

**MICKEY:** Aw!

*He wipes a tear from his eye.*

Why did you have to bring me ma into this?

**FR. O'BRIAN:** I'm sorry, Mickey. I knew that if there was anything what would bring you to shame, it would be your ma.

*Pause.*

**FR. O'BRIAN:** Well...?

*More pause.*

Have you anything to say, now?

**MICKEY:** No.

*LUCI howls out the last straw. FR. O'BRIAN sadly shakes his head sympathetically.*

**MICKEY:** Cause, me ma wouldn't want me to be cavorting about with the devil!

**LUCI:** Why you little...! WAIT! Wait! Then that means you DO believe I am the devil!

**MICKEY:** No, it just means me ma woulda thought you to be the devil. **THE** devil, whatever. To me, you're still just a pooka.

*LUCI gets spitting mad again, stomping his feet. FR. O'BRIAN looks up at him, very stern. LUCI recovers, puts his hands up apologetically.*

**LUCI:** I'm fine, I'm sorry, I'm fine. But, surely you can see, Father, the trials and tribulations he is putting me through. It is just not fair.

**FR. O'BRIAN:** Yes, I can see that.

**LUCI:** Then can't you help me, Father? I just feel that I've earned the right to be respected for who I am, all that I have accomplished, and all that I stand for.

**MICKEY:** *(Triumphantly.)* Well I can't very well respect what I don't believe in, now can I?

*FR. O'BRIAN turns away from LUCI and MICKEY and covers his face. His torso spasms and he presses his hands over his mouth to stifle the laughter. In a moment he turns back and wipes tears from his eyes. LUCI stares at him sternly.*

**LUCI:** Please, Father! I beg of you. Help me make him believe in me.

**FR. O'BRIAN:** My son, the whole world believes in who you are. What matter is it if HE doesn't?

**LUCI:** He has to! He just has to! Please! Can't you do something? Can't you bless him so that he believes in God Almighty, then he will have to believe in me.

**MICKEY:** Well I think if you bless me, Father, he will then have the ability to kill me. I'd rather we tried something else.

**LUCI:** Fine, then bless me, Father, that will prove it to this potato-sucking cabbage-head! Bless me and sprinkle some holy water on me. That should prove once and for all who I am.

**FR. O'BRIAN:** Well, I don't know, it is likely to do you harm.

**LUCI:** I don't care! I don't care! He won't believe me! I want him to believe who I am! Bless me! Bless me, Father, for surely – I – have sinned.

**MICKEY:** Might as well do as she says, Father.

**FR. O'BRIAN:** Oh saints preserve us! I bless you in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

*FATHER O'BRIAN sprinkles Holy Water on the devil. LUCI's eyes fly open wide and she clutches her chest.*

**LUCI:** Son of a bitch! *(The playwright permits the director to modify offensive language as necessary, as long as that substitution does not alter the meaning of the dialogue.)*

*LUCI collapses on the sidewalk dead.*

**MICKEY:** Well what do you know about that? It appears the fellow was right all along.

**FR. O'BRIAN:** Now Mickey McKee, if you aren't ever the pill! You didn't have to be so darn stubborn. You could have humored the poor soul, you know.

**MICKEY:** Well, I'm sorry, I had to be true to my convictions, such as they are.

**FR. O'BRIAN:** Well, it's about time you got yourself baptized, anyway. It's what your ma always wanted.

**MICKEY:** Well I don't know, Father. There doesn't seem to be much of a need for it now.

**FR. O'BRIAN:** You've got a point there, Mickey. But it would make for a good excuse to your wife for where you've been, rather than for her to hear you've been to the race track.

**MICKEY:** Now there's as good a reason to do it as ever I've heard. It shan't take long, will it?

**FR. O'BRIAN:** Oh, heavens, no! I've got my own horse in the fourth, don't you know!

*CURTAIN.*

**THE END**

DO NOT COPY