

GLOVER'S MANGE CURE CAPER

By Louise Botrell and Roy C. Booth

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SYNOPSIS

Two junior high girls in 1949 experiment with a radicalized beauty treatment in an attempt to become popular with less than favorable results.

Running Time: 25 Minutes

CHARACTERS

(4 women, 1 man)

DARLENE..... a precocious junior high student. *(122 lines)*

CAROLINE..... her best friend. *(130 lines)*

JENNIE..... Darlene's little sister. *(68 lines)*

MRS MILLS..... her never seen mom. *(4 lines)*

MR SMART..... the local drug store owner. *(20 lines)*

The Glover's Mange Cure Caper debuted at the Bigfork Village Hall in Bigfork, Minnesota, on October 18, 2002. Nine other performances followed at the Hill City High School, the Greenway Auditorium (Coleraine), and the Sawmill Inn in Grand Rapids through October 30. Produced by the Grand Rapids Players, the original cast and crew were as follows:

DARLENE Kathryn LaRue Spooner
CAROLINE Adrienne Mabelle Latimer
JENNIE Haven Elizabeth Davis
MRS. MILLS Janice Schultz
MR. SMART Werner Schultz

Director Roy C. Booth
Assistant Director Shane Troumbly
Technical Director Roy C. Booth
Stage Manager Cynthia Booth
Scenic &
Sound Designer Roy C. Booth
Light Designers Shane Troumbly, Joe Procopio,
& Roy C. Booth
Make-Up Designer Cynthia Booth
Make-Up Tech Janice Schultz &
Susan Johnson
Costumers Connie Lefler &
Barb Thompson
Publicity Toni Moore
House Manager Susan Wass

On November 30, 2002, an encore performance was given at the Myles Reif Center of Grand Rapids, MN. The stage manager was Randy Gagne, the light and sound designer was John Miller. The play has been produced numerous times since then.

Time: *The start of a fair weathered weekend during the beginning of the 1949 school year in a small midwestern town.*

Place: DARLENE and JENNIE's living room.

At Rise: CAROLINE is sitting at the couch – reading a teen magazine. Her best friend DARLENE sits nearby in a chair with her back to the audience with pink facial goo all over her face, while DARLENE's younger sister, JENNIE, watches with amazement in another chair. All are dressed casually – CAROLINE in a black pullover.

DARLENE: Elp!!!

CAROLINE: Hmm?

DARLENE: El eee! El eee! E!!!! (*Starts waving frantically.*)

CAROLINE: Now what?

DARLENE: Ahhhhhnnnn! E!!!!

CAROLINE: Oh for crying out loud, Darlene, I still can't make out a single word you're saying.

DARLENE: Annnn eeeeeee!!!

CAROLINE: Do you have any idea at all what she's trying to say, Jennie?

JENNIE: She's yelling for help. And she probably wants us to fan her some more. She must be melting under that thing.

CAROLINE: Oh.

DARLENE bobs her head up and down frantically.

JENNIE: Is that it Darlene? Do you want us to fan you?

DARLENE: YE! URRY! URRY!

JENNIE: Yep, that's it. Get that arm flapping, Caroline! Hee!

CAROLINE: Humph. Pest. (*Grabs a coverless Seventeen Magazine, starts fanning.*) Every time you smear that mask on your face we have to fan you, Darlene. Over and over again.

DARLENE: Emmmm!

CAROLINE: And you've put it on your eyelids again...

DARLENE: Aaaaauuggghh!

JENNIE: *Again?*

CAROLINE: Ew... and your eyes are watering like crazy and making gooey streaks all over...

DARLENE: Emmmmmmew.

CAROLINE: I'm pretty sure you could go blind if it gets in your eyes!

DARLENE: Agk!

JENNIE: Really? Wow!

CAROLINE: (*Shouting back into the kitchen.*) Mrs. Mills, can't she go blind if that gets in her eyes!?

MRS. MILLS: (*Offstage from the kitchen.*) Probably! Do you want mustard or mayonnaise on your bologna?!

JENNIE: Mustard!

CAROLINE: Oleo!

DARLENE: Ayo!

MRS. MILLS: (*Offstage.*) What was that Darlene?!

DARLENE: Ayonnaise! Ayonnaise!

MRS. MILLS: (*Offstage.*) That's what I thought! All right, mayonnaise it is, then....

JENNIE: Thanks, Mom!

DARLENE: 'Aroline, kee annin'! Kee annin'!

CAROLINE: What?

JENNIE: "Keep fanning."

CAROLINE: Oh. (*Fans harder, until...*) My arm is tired. How long do we have to keep this up?

DARLENE: It ill sto urnin' soon. Kee annin'! Kee annin'!

CAROLINE: You do know Darlene, that as impossible as it may seem, I do have a life....

DARLENE: Hurm?

JENNIE: You do?

CAROLINE: Quiet, pest!

JENNIE: (*Sticks out her tongue.*) Nyeah!

CAROLINE: (*Sticks out her tongue.*) "Nyeah," right back at you, you... pest. (*To DARLENE.*) Aren't we done yet?

DARLENE: I unno... Ennie?

JENNIE: Okay, it's been twenty minutes -- you can stop now. Time to peel all that gunk off!

DARLENE: Woo.

CAROLINE: Well, it's about time! (*Tosses the magazine, plops down in a chair. Grabs a newspaper.*)

JENNIE: Here, Darlene, let me help you to the sink.

DARLENE: 'Kay.

The two start making it to the sink in the back offstage, while DARLENE starts removing the gooey facial mask.

JENNIE: Boy, Darlene, you sure look pretty scary with all that goop on your face!

DARLENE: Huhr.

CAROLINE: Heh. Kind of like that monster that was featured in that movie last week at the drive-in!

JENNIE: Wow! I saw an ad for that one in the paper! Boy, was it really scary looking! Grarr! Graar!!!

CAROLINE: Yes, almost as scary as Darlene!

DARLENE: (*Offstage.*) Ha, ha! 'Ery unny! "Ery unny!

CAROLINE: My brother saw it, said it wasn't all that good, though. He says all the monster ever does is run around scaring people while wrecking things until it dies in the end. Big deal.

DARLENE: (*Offstage.*) Ties, huh? (*Washes off more. Finally.*) Ah! Finally! (*Reenters.*) See how smooth my face looks and how you can't see my pores?

JENNIE: Yeah.

DARLENE: Towel, please.

JENNIE: (*Hands DARLENE a towel.*) Here you go.

DARLENE: Thanks.

JENNIE: (*Looking closely.*) Wow, that IS smooth.

DARLENE: Darn right it is! (*Running her hand along her face.*) Smooth as silk! If Jimmy Pruett and the others at school don't notice me now...

JENNIE: Wow, you're practically glowing!

DARLENE: Uh huh.

CAROLINE: "Don't look directly into the light." Hey, Darlene...

DARLENE: What?

CAROLINE: Want to catch a movie over at the Bijou tonight?

DARLENE: I dunno? What's playing?

CAROLINE: Let me find today's paper and see. (*Goes to find a newspaper.*)

DARLENE: Say, if something *really* good is playing, then maybe I can test out my new look there... (*Sits.*)

JENNIE: Can I go, too?

DARLENE: NO!

JENNIE: Hmph!

CAROLINE: Here it is. (*Flips through the pages, reads.*) Nope. (*Sighs.*) Another crummy western.

DARLENE: Oh, well, I'd rather stay in tonight anyway...

CAROLINE: (*Reading more.*) Say, did you see this story in the paper here about some guy offering a reward for some dumb lost dog?

DARLENE: No.

JENNIE: What kind of dog is it?

CAROLINE: Says here it's a Saint Bernard named "Rufus"...

JENNIE: Wow! Does it say if it's got one of those little barrels under its collar like in the cartoons?

CAROLINE: I don't think so...

JENNIE: Oh.

DARLENE: Pest. Say, now that we've decided to stay in tonight, let's do a mask on you, Caroline.

CAROLINE: Uh...

DARLENE: You know it would help you. Especially with your...

CAROLINE: No – no masks! I still remember what a disaster it was that last time you tried to give me just a simple perm!

DARLENE: (*Giggling.*) Oh, how can I ever forget...

CAROLINE: I looked like I was ready for Halloween in July!

JENNIE: (*Acting like Frankenstein's Monster.*) Uhhrrr... fire... bad!

CAROLINE: (*Throwing a couch pillow at JENNIE.*) No thank you!

JENNIE: Hee, hee!

DARLENE: (*With a sly smile, leaning over.*) Say, is that dandruff on your shoulder?

CAROLINE: Don't be silly, Darlene. I don't have dandruff! None! I am practically spotless! Do you see any dandruff on me, Jennie?

JENNIE: (*Playing along.*) Well... maybe just a little.

CAROLINE: A little? (*Looks and sweeps.*) Where? Where?

JENNIE: In the back.

CAROLINE: (*Running her hand behind her head looking down on her black sleeve.*) EEK! That's "not a little," Jennie!

JENNIE: Okay, so it's practically a snowstorm!

CAROLINE: Agk!

JENNIE: Hee, hee! (*Exits into the kitchen.*)

CAROLINE: Dandruff!? Oh no! Oh no! I can't go to school on Monday with... with dandruff! It's picture day! Picture day! I just can't!

DARLENE: Okay, okay...

CAROLINE: What am I going to do!?!

DARLENE: Don't panic, don't panic! Um...

CAROLINE: Ah, ah! Do something! Do something! Please!

DARLENE: Um... OK, OK, um... uh... (*Sees magazine, picks it up*)
Aha, I've got it!

CAROLINE: What!? What!?!

DARLENE: Just yesterday I was reading an ad in the back of *True Romance*... that said, "Use Glover's Mange Cure treatment and you won't have dandruff..." (*Tosses magazine.*)

CAROLINE: Or any hair.

DARLENE: Let's go down to Glen Smart's, get a bottle, and give you a treatment.

CAROLINE: No!

DARLENE: Oh, why not?

CAROLINE: Because every time you try and do something with me like that it ends in disaster, that's why!

DARLENE: Oh, it doesn't happen every time, silly....

CAROLINE: Ha!

JENNIE: (*Entering with a pop bottle and sandwich in hand.*) "Ha," what?

DARLENE: We're going down to Glen Smart's drug store and get a bottle of Glover's Mange Cure for Caroline's dandruff.

JENNIE: Oh. Will that work? It looks kinda bad from this angle.

CAROLINE: Hey!

DARLENE: Of course it will! It says so in an ad on the back cover of *True Romance!*

JENNIE: Oh.

DARLENE: Wait a minute! I just realized something! Is that *True Romance* the magazine or the comic book?

JENNIE: Um... the comic book?

CAROLINE: You're going to follow the advice of a hair treatment ad that was on the back cover of a comic book!?!

DARLENE: Um... yes?

CAROLINE: Oh, for...!

JENNIE: Hey, what's wrong with comic books!?

CAROLINE: Oh, they'll rot your mind, pest – they're not sophisticated like, like... like *Seventeen Magazine!* Especially those dumb super hero and adventure comics!

DARLENE: I dunno Caroline, I still like to read *Archie* and *Patsy Walker* every once in a while and...

JENNIE: And Darlene says you still got all of those *Little Lulu* comics in your...

DARLENE: Jennie...

JENNIE: Well...

CAROLINE: Never mind. I don't want to hear about it. Look, I won't do it unless you do it too, Darlene.

DARLENE: Why?

CAROLINE: I don't want to be the only bald-headed girl in junior high if you screw up, that's why!

JENNIE: Heh! Yeah, especially on picture day!

CAROLINE: ESPECIALLY on picture day!

DARLENE: But I don't have any dandruff.

JENNIE: (*Looks.*) Nope. Not a flake.

CAROLINE: (*Glaring.*) You do if I do.

DARLENE: Okay, okay, fine, I'll do it. Only if it will make you feel better!

CAROLINE: All right then!

JENNIE: Glen Smart's place?

DARLENE: Sure, why not?

CAROLINE: I dunno, you know what kind of a blabbermouth he is...

JENNIE: Yeah!

DARLENE: I've got it covered. Trust me.

CAROLINE: I know I am going to regret this, but OK.

DARLENE: OK!

JENNIE: And where do you plan to get the money for this? Hmm?

DARLENE: Easy. (*Turns.*) MOM!

Blackout.

Pause.

The jingle-jangle of shop door cowbells peel as the...

Lights come up on another part of the stage. MR. SMART, the local druggist, is behind a counter as DARLENE and JENNIE enter.

MR. SMART: Well, hello, girls.

DARLENE & CAROLINE: Hello, Mr. Smart.

MR. SMART: And how are you both today?

DARLENE & CAROLINE: Fine.

MR. SMART: Good. So, what can I do for you?

DARLENE: Um...do you have any Glover's Mange Cure?

MR. SMART: Glover's Mange Cure? Glover's Mange Cure... Why, I sure do.

DARLENE: I'd like to buy some, please.

MR. SMART: Are you sure that's what you want?

DARLENE: Uh huh.

MR. SMART: I see. (*Pause.*) Got a mangy dog?

CAROLINE: Well... kind of.

MR. SMART: Really? What kind of dog is it?

CAROLINE: Uh...

DARLENE: A Saint Bernard!

CAROLINE: Darlene...

DARLENE: Yeah, a big... um... Saint Bernard! Yeah, that's it! A Saint Bernard!

CAROLINE: Darlene...

MR. SMART: I didn't know you got a new dog, Darlene... aren't Saint Bernards kind of, well, expensive?

DARLENE: Um... ah...

CAROLINE: He's not theirs!

MR. SMART: He's not?

CAROLINE: No! Uh. He's, he's...

DARLENE: Visiting! Yeah, that's it... he's just visiting... for a few days... so, we're, we're... uh... we're giving him a bath!

CAROLINE: Yeah, a bath!

MR. SMART: I see. Well, let me go and find it, then... *(He goes to look.)*

DARLENE: Whew!

CAROLINE: Darlene...

DARLENE: I'm sorry! I'm sorry! You know how nose-y Mr. Smart is... I... I...didn't want our secret to get out!

CAROLINE: I know...

DARLENE: He'd blab it to everyone and we'd be back to square one again!

CAROLINE: Yes, but a Saint Bernard?

DARLENE: It was in my mind already – it was the only thing I could think of, OK?

CAROLINE: Yeah, but.... Shhh, here he comes.

DARLENE: Ulp!

MR. SMART: *(Returning.)* Well, here you go – one bottle of Glover's Mange Cure, as requested.

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