

TALLEY O'MALLEY, THE UNLUCKY LEPRECHAUN

TEN MINUTE PLAY

By Kate Guyton

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TALLEY O'MALLEY, THE UNLUCKY LEPRECHAUN

A Ten Minute Comedy

By Kate Guyton

SYNOPSIS: A leprechaun suffers from a case of bad luck.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(TWO MEN, ONE WOMAN)

FRED (M)A tourist.

TALLEY O'MALLEY (M)A very unlucky leprechaun.

SALLY O'MALLEY (F)Talley's wife.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTION

Talley O'Malley, The Unlucky Leprechaun premiered at the GOOD Acting Studio (Michael Mario Good, Executive Producer) in Marietta, Georgia in July 2013 as part of an evening of one acts entitled *The GOOD Works Theatre Festival, 2013*. It was directed by Karen Howell. The Stage Manager and Technical Director was Jim Walsh. Lighting and Sound Design by Robert Drake. The cast was as follows:

TALLEY - Joel Coady

SALLY - Michelle Pokopac

FRED - Lee Buechele

I dedicate this play to my loving husband, Daniel Guyton, who taught me to make my own luck and believe in the power of positive thinking.

—Kate Guyton

AT RISE:

Lights up. TALLEY THE LEPRECHAUN sits on a ladder next to a tree. Beneath the tree sits a pot of gold. On the tree's trunk is a daily calendar showing the number 13. TALLEY holds a black cat in his arms, petting it. A broken mirror hangs from a limb of the tree. FRED THE TOURIST enters ecstatically. He has a camera around his neck and a fanny pack on his waist. TALLEY stares off into the distance.

FRED: *(Overdramatically excited.)* I finally made it! And it's real! The pot of gold and a leprechaun! A REAL LIVE leprechaun! The legends are true! *(TALLEY sighs, bored.)* Aren't you going to greet me, little man? You know, "top o' the mornin' to ya" and all that? *(Beat.)* Hello? *(TALLEY glances at FRED, then looks away again.)* So, all this is yours. *(FRED touches everything, examining it.)* The townspeople told me about a leprechaun who collected strange things from their houses and I didn't believe them. Thought they were all crazy, but looking at this stuff...this must be why they blame you if something goes missing. *(TALLEY still doesn't make eye contact.)* I guess these sorts of transactions are awkward. I don't really know you; you don't really know me. Well, if it helps, I'm Fred. *(FRED sticks his hand out for TALLEY to shake. TALLEY just sits there.)* And you are...? *(Beat.)* Aw, look, little man. I get it. You've been discovered and that's kind of embarrassing. But, if it helps, I really have a lot of respect for you people.

TALLEY: *(Tosses the cat onto the ground, stands up, jumps off the ladder and gets into FRED'S face.)* First of all, I am not a "little man" anywhere on my person. You understand? Second, I am happy when I feel like it. And "you people"? Really? Racist.

FRED: Hey, man, that's not racist. I'm Irish, too. *(TALLEY looks at FRED suspiciously.)* Ok. Ok. One-fourth Irish on my grandmother's side. I just meant people...like you. Leprechauns. And I'm just trying to make this a little smoother for you. I know you giving me that gold isn't going to be easy. It's your treasure.

TALLEY: Oh, no, it's not that. You take it. I don't care. Just don't ever refer to my fellow leprechauns as "you people."

FRED: Well, you haven't even told me your name. I feel bad leaving with your treasure when I don't even know your name.

TALLEY: All right. Talley O'Malley's the name, you've found my treasure and you can have it. Stick it up your backside for all I care.

FRED: There's no need for rudeness. Talley, is it?

TALLEY: I told you that you could take my gold. What more do you want from me?

FRED: This isn't exactly how I pictured this going, but ok. I guess I'll...just...reach down here and take it. (*FRED picks up the pot of gold. It is heavy, but he manages to drag it part way toward the exit.*)

TALLEY: I just hope it brings you better luck than it has for me.

FRED: (*Stopping with his back toward TALLEY.*) What do you mean?

TALLEY: Oh, nothing. Except my entire life falling apart. (*TALLEY walks beneath his ladder and sits.*) But you wouldn't want to know about that. It's a really awful story. Just take the gold.

FRED: (*Placing the gold on the ground.*) No. No, I think I'd like to know about this. What do you mean a really bad story? Is there something wrong with your gold...I mean, my gold?

TALLEY: Maybe.

FRED: Well, what?

TALLEY: You sure you want to hear it?

FRED: YES! Please! This is the most important transaction I've ever made! I should know the history of...this money.

TALLEY: Fine, then. I inherited the gold from my great grandfather; he left it to me to protect it. Once, I was a happy leprechaun without a care in the world. But now here I sit. My wife left me.

FRED: You had a wife?

TALLEY: (*Glaring at FRED.*) When I inherited the money, I couldn't leave the money. That's what we do, we leprechauns. And as you felt, it's heavy. So, I couldn't very likely carry it with us on outings. I did as any respectable leprechaun would do. I sat with it, stayed with it, counted it daily. That is until my wife came to me one day and said, "I'm leaving, Talley. You never take me anywhere."

FRED: So she left.

TALLEY: No, she didn't leave...yet. I offered to make this place homier for her if she would watch the gold while I went out to get decorations. I added this calendar to our tree, had to "borrow" this ladder to put it up. I don't steal things. The townspeople are just gossipy drunks. Anyway, my wife said the calendar was too big, she wanted something else to make this a homey place. So, I found this sweet, black cat one day and thought it might give her comfort to have a pet. I didn't know she suffered from allergies. I even brought her a looking glass so she could see how pretty she is.

FRED: But it's broken.

TALLEY: Yes. Don't interrupt. It was after I hung the mirror that she left me.

FRED: But you did all of these nice things for her.

TALLEY: Yes, I gathered up all of these nice things only to find out she's been stealing my grandfather's gold and going out shopping.

FRED: Well, no marriage is perfect.

TALLEY: She was a gold digger. In the end, we were both being dishonest. It was my responsibility to stay with the gold and I shouldn't have left her with it. But when she left me, I snapped. I kicked a rock into the mirror and it shattered. I accidentally tripped over the cat. And, then, I fell under the ladder.

FRED: I'm sorry to hear that.

TALLEY: So the gold, it's bad luck.

FRED: Wait a minute. But gold's not bad luck. Everything you have here, that's bad luck.

TALLEY: What do you mean?

FRED: You have a black cat. If they cross your path, that's terrible luck. The ladder is fine, but you're not supposed to walk under it. The broken mirror here? That's at least 7 years bad luck. And that calendar? The number 13 is the most unlucky number in western civilization. And your attitude, well, frankly your attitude stinks.

TALLEY: Maybe you're not so nice, either. *(Beat.)* Then, it's too late. Seven years bad luck. *(Sigh.)* Just take the gold and leave me alone.

FRED: Ah, listen, pal. Maybe I can help? There has to be some way to get her back, change your luck.

TALLEY: Oh, what do you know?

FRED: Have you never heard of the law of attraction? What we think about manifests itself within us. If we think bad thoughts, why then bad things will happen. If we think good thoughts, then good things will happen.

TALLEY: *(Closing his eyes and touching his temples.)* I'm thinking of you going away.

FRED: All right then. Suit yourself.

There's a whistling from off stage. Something upbeat and Irish. Enter SALLY O'MALLEY, carrying a box full of good luck charms. The box is so full, she can't see over it

SALLY: Talley, could you give me a hand with this box, please?

FRED and TALLEY look at each other and look at SALLY. FRED helpfully lifts the box out of her arms. She screams. FRED nearly drops the box.

FRED: Sorry, ma'am. I was just trying to help.

SALLY: Oh, just great! A human! I knew if we kept this stuff around, something bad was bound to happen.

TALLEY: But you left! You...you just left!

SALLY: Yes. I left to get us some good luck charms. You've become so pessimistic lately. And this place is really depressing. In this box are all the good luck charms I could find.

TALLEY: You didn't say anything.

SALLY: I was only gone for an hour and a half, dear. *(FRED looks suspiciously at TALLEY. TALLEY shrugs. SALLY pulls several items out of the box.)* I got us some rabbits' feet, some four-leaf clovers, some green drapes— *(She whispers to FRED.)* I just like the way they look. *(Back to TALLEY.)* Something old, something new, something borrowed – well, it's all borrowed – and something blue.

TALLEY: But you stole money from my grandfather's pot!

SALLY: No, I would never take that money. It's sacred. *(She glares at FRED.)* To some of us, anyway.

TALLEY: But I counted it and there was 20 coins missing.

SALLY: That was the coalition. You had to pay inheritance tax to the LL BEAN. You know? The Leprechaun's League of Bountiful Earnings and Negotiations? I told you they were coming by. You never listen to me.

TALLEY: I... *(He lowers his head.)* Yes, dear.

SALLY: You see your obsession with this? We have GOT to get out more. *(She looks at FRED.)* Maybe this human coming along is a good thing. Now we can finally take a vacation.

FRED: *(Extending his hand to SALLY.)* Fred's the name.

SALLY looks at FRED, then at her husband.

SALLY: I've always wanted to see that glen on the other side of the mountain.

TALLEY: *(Hopefully, for the first time.)* Me, too.

FRED: I've already seen it. It's nothing special. *(SALLY glares at him.)* I mean, it's great! Really. Top notch entertainment. The... wood sprites are to die for.

SALLY: *(SALLY rolls her eyes.)* Please. Everyone knows the wood sprites live near the river.

TALLEY: Yeah, idiot.

FRED: Well, I'm sensing some hostility here, so I'm just going to take my gold and...leave you two to it.

TALLEY: Good. Just take it and go. We don't need it anymore.

SALLY: Yes. Not when we have each other. *(TALLEY and SALLY kiss. FRED picks up the gold.)*

FRED: Well, it looks like somebody's getting lucky tonight.

FRED exits. TALLEY and SALLY stare into each other's eyes. Lights out.

THE END

NOTES

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