

# TILL YOU GET TO BARABOO

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS

By Emmett Loverde

Copyright © MMXIV by Emmett Loverde  
All Rights Reserved  
Heuer Publishing LLC, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

ISBN: 978-1-61588-264-9

Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this work is subject to a royalty. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. All rights to this work of any kind including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing rights are controlled exclusively by Heuer Publishing LLC. Inquiries concerning rights should be addressed to Heuer Publishing LLC.

This work is fully protected by copyright. No part of this work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without permission of the publisher. Copying (by any means) or performing a copyrighted work without permission constitutes an infringement of copyright.

All organizations receiving permission to produce this work agree to give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production. The author(s) billing must appear below the title and be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. All programs, advertisements, and other printed material distributed or published in connection with production of the work must include the following notice: **“Produced by special arrangement with Heuer Publishing LLC of Cedar Rapids, Iowa.”**

There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to the work, including the changing of character gender, the cutting of dialogue, or the alteration of objectionable language unless directly authorized by the publisher or otherwise allowed in the work’s “Production Notes.” The title of the play shall not be altered.

The right of performance is not transferable and is strictly forbidden in cases where scripts are borrowed or purchased second-hand from a third party. All rights, including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing, recitation, lecturing, public reading, television, radio, motion picture, video or sound taping, internet streaming or other forms of broadcast as technology progresses, and the rights of translation into foreign languages, are strictly reserved.

**COPYING OR REPRODUCING ALL OR ANY PART OF THIS BOOK IN ANY MANNER IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN BY LAW.** One copy for each speaking role must be purchased for production purposes. Single copies of scripts are sold for personal reading or production consideration only.

***PUBLISHED BY***

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

**TILL YOU GET TO BARABOO**

**By Emmett Loverde**

**SYNOPSIS:** While attending the wedding of a dear friend, a young man magically finds himself face-to-face with every woman he has ever loved and lost. Naturally, he does a little romancing, a lot of soul-searching, and a bit of apologizing, too.

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**

*(4 MEN, 10 WOMEN, 3 EITHER)*

- NARRATOR—VOICE (M/F)..... Any age
- ROLAND HAYES (M) ..... Nice looking. Well-groomed.  
Late 20s to 30s
- THE DUCKY (M) ..... Any age
- FLIGHT ATTENDANT (F) ..... Any age
- PILOT—VOICE (M/F)..... Any age
- IRENE REGNIER/DARLENE PARKS/  
HOTEL MAID (F) ..... Late 20s or early 30s
- MRS. CRATE (F)..... Any age
- JEAN-LOUIS (M)..... Any age, French
- JUDY CLAYMORE (F) ..... Late 20s or early 30s
- INTERVIEWER—VOICE (M/F)..... Any age
- ENGLISHWOMAN—VOICE (F)..... 20s to 40s
- DELIVERY MAN (M)..... Any age

SYLVIA (F)..... 20's to 40's

JESSICA (F) ..... 20's to 40's

MRS. LACEY (F)..... Any age

LILI PIEDMONT (F)..... Early to mid-20's

DOLLS' VOICES 1-8 (F) ..... Any age

**PROPS**

- Wrapped gift
- Cigar
- Newspaper sports section
- Notebook for drink orders
- Party hat
- Martini
- Word balloons
- Bottled water
- Rubber band
- Necklace
- Wrapped gift (2)
- Wallet
- Money
- Chinese food
- Paper plates
- Plastic silverware
- Chinese food bag
- Delivery man's notepad
- Delivery man's pencil
- Party drink (3)
- Wedding cake
- Bowl of punch
- Paper plates
- Plastic drink cups
- Plastic silverware
- Bridal bouquet

*TILL YOU GET TO BARABOO*

- Alarm clock
- Hotel room key
- Hair clip
- Divorce discount coupon
- Wedding veil
- Six-pack of beer
- Gun
- Suitcase
- Metallic shirt
- Two tacky shirts
- Housekeeping cart with supplies and garbage
- Feather duster
- Mini-vacuum
- Raggedy Ann-type doll
- Barbie doll dressed like a teenager
- Ballerina doll
- Clown doll
- Holly hobby-ish doll
- Porcelain fairy princess doll
- Wild doll with long, multicolored hair
- Wedding dress doll
- Crazy legs discount coupons
- Magazine
- Wallet
- Photo of the “real” Darlene
- Green toy duck
- Pick-up sticks
- Shopping bag
- Jewelry store items

**SUMMARY OF SCENES**

- ACT ONE, SCENE 1:** An airplane.  
**ACT ONE, SCENE 2:** A jewelry store.  
**ACT ONE, SCENE 3:** A hotel room.  
**ACT ONE, SCENE 4:** An elevator lobby.  
**ACT ONE, SCENE 5:** A wedding reception.  
**ACT ONE, SCENE 6:** A hotel room.

*INTERMISSION*

- ACT TWO, SCENE 1:** A jewelry store.  
**ACT TWO, SCENE 2:** An elevator lobby.  
**ACT TWO, SCENE 3:** A hotel room.  
**ACT TWO, SCENE 4:** An elevator lobby.  
**ACT TWO, SCENE 5:** A jewelry store.

Do Not Copy

ACT ONE, SCENE 1

**AT RISE:**

*An airplane is suggested by a pair of airplane-style seats: A window seat and an aisle seat. ROLAND HAYES 29, nice-looking, well-groomed, sits in the window seat and stares outside. Plane engine sound. The NARRATOR is off stage.*

**NARRATOR:** There's nothing like taking a trip on a plane, am I right? Especially if you've got your beautiful day, your skyful of possibilities, your trunkful of baggage...let me start over. I am a conscience. I'm not your conscience. I belong to this guy: Roland Hayes.

**NARRATOR:** Roland listens to me very carefully but sometimes he thinks I'm saying things that I'm not.

*ROLAND can't seem to stop playing with a large flat-wrapped gift.*

**NARRATOR:** That's when it's time to send him a message. Unfortunately my choice of messengers is limited.

*THE DUCKY, a man in a cheap, moth-eaten, green duck suit appears and saunters up the aisle smoking a cigar and reading the sports section. DUCKY pauses at ROLAND'S row to finish reading a paragraph before sitting down. ROLAND is still rustling his gift. DUCKY finally grabs ROLAND'S hands to keep them still.*

**ROLAND:** Was that bothering you?

**DUCKY:** Only while you were doing it.

**ROLAND:** Hey, no smoking.

**DUCKY:** Hey, no annoying.

**ROLAND:** I should have got her a crock pot.

*DUCKY ignores him and continues to read. A pretty FLIGHT ATTENDANT is strolling up the aisle taking drink orders.*

**ROLAND:** Do you think golf clubs -

**DUCKY:** (*Reads.*) "...to which Myers replied that he was currently very satisfied with his contract." (*Turns to ROLAND.*) Now you. Decent clubs cost an arm and a leg.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT:** (*To ROLAND, as if DUCKY were not there.*) Sir, would you like a pillow or a blanket?

**ROLAND:** (*Distracted.*) No, I'm fine, thanks.

**DUCKY:** And you don't know anything about golf.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT:** (*Offers party hat.*) Party hat? (*Offers martini.*) Martini?

**ROLAND:** No, I'm fine, thanks.

**DUCKY:** And they might hate golf.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT:** The left engine is on fire and we're asking all passengers to parachute out of the plane. Would you care to join us?

**ROLAND:** No, I'm fine, thanks.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT:** Birthday party?

**ROLAND:** Wedding.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT:** Fun.

*ROLAND frowns.*

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT:** Not fun?

**ROLAND:** The wedding will be fun. I won't.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT:** (*Offers hat and martini.*) These can help.

*Smiling, he shakes his head. She continues down the aisle.*

**ROLAND:** Miss?

*She turns back.*

**DUCKY:** Never hit on anyone who's paid to be nice to you.

**ROLAND:** When you were a little girl did you have an imaginary friend that only you could see?

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT:** Yes, but he kept borrowing money.

**ROLAND:** Yours was a he?

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT:** An it. A bumblebee. A big noisy one.

TILL YOU GET TO BARABOO

**DUCKY:** (To ROLAND.) Have her step aside. She's blocking my light.

**ROLAND:** (To FLIGHT ATTENDANT.) Would you step a little to the left?

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT:** (Obeys.) Is this better?

**DUCKY:** Tell her yeah.

**ROLAND:** Yeah. You were blocking my friend's...you were blocking my light.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT:** Oh—your friend is here on the flight? Do you talk often?

**ROLAND:** We bicker.

**DUCKY:** Tell her how you puke at the drop of a hat.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT:** Can you see him now? What does he look like?

**DUCKY:** She thinks you're wasted.

**ROLAND:** You're about ready to call Security, aren't you?

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT:** Is he an animal? I bet he's an impressive, classy animal, like a grizzly or a panther.

*DUCKY blows smoke at ROLAND, who coughs.*

**DUCKY:** She's doing the same thing, only not in your face.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT:** Are you all right, sir?

**ROLAND:** (Between coughs.) Fine, fine.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT:** I'll get you some water. (She walks over to the galley.)

**DUCKY:** If you squint, you can see her asterisk.

**ROLAND:** Excuse you!

**DUCKY:** I said "her asterisk," not her a—

**ROLAND:** She doesn't have an asterisk. She's perfect.

**DUCKY:** Everybody has one. Even me.

**ROLAND:** You do?

**DUCKY:** Squint.

*ROLAND squints at him. A two-dimensional word balloon such as the type used in comic strips APPEARS in mid-air next to DUCKY. It can be projected onto the wall beside him or flown in. The "tail" of the balloon points at DUCKY'S face. Inside the balloon are the words: "\*\*Please note that subject smokes, belches, and gambles." "\*" is an asterisk. ROLAND stops squinting and the balloon FADES AWAY or FLIES OUT.*

**ROLAND:** My imaginary friend is a low-life.

**DUCKY:** Now check out the stewardess.

**ROLAND:** It's rude.

**DUCKY:** You've got intuition. Use it.

*ROLAND squints at the FLIGHT ATTENDANT, who is getting him some bottled water. A balloon FLIES IN/APPEARS next to her. It reads: "\*\*May own three or more dogs, including a small yappy one."*

**DUCKY:** That's the worst you could find? Look harder.

*ROLAND squints harder. Inside the FLIGHT ATTENDANT'S balloon new text APPEARS below what's there already: "\*\*Probably has a boyfriend who can kick your ass."*

**DUCKY:** Wimp.

**ROLAND:** But she's so beautiful.

**DUCKY:** With you there's always a "but." Screw the "buts." She was flirting with you. Shoot for the stars.

*The FLIGHT ATTENDANT returns and hands ROLAND his water.*

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT:** You were about to tell me what he looks like.

**DUCKY:** Go ahead, kid.

**ROLAND:** It's a bird.

*DUCKY nods, reading still.*

**ROLAND:** A majestic, noble bird.

*TILL YOU GET TO BARABOO*

*DUCKY looks up sharply.*

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT:** Eagle?

**ROLAND:** More cunning than an eagle.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT:** Albatross?

**ROLAND:** Less morbid.

**DUCKY:** Are you ashamed of me?

*DUCKY aims a rubber band at the FLIGHT ATTENDANT'S head.*

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT:** Falcon?

*DUCKY stretches back the rubber band.*

**ROLAND:** DUCK!!!

*The FLIGHT ATTENDANT ducks. DUCKY puts down the rubber band and goes back to his paper.*

**ROLAND:** Sorry, folks! Nothing to worry about.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT:** Your friend is a duck? That's adorable!  
*(Starts down the aisle.)* Have fun at your wedding! *(To passenger.)*  
Would you like a pillow or a blanket?

**ROLAND:** *(To DUCKY.)* She thinks you're adorable.

**DUCKY:** I am.

**ROLAND:** I haven't seen you in twenty-five years. What are you doing here?

**DUCKY:** You know the movie 2001 where that big monolith appears and all the monkeys get smart?

**ROLAND:** You're a monolith?

**DUCKY:** No, but you're a monkey.

*The PILOT speaks OVER the PA system:*

**PILOT (V.O.):** Ladies and gentlemen, as we begin our descent into the McCarran International Airport we ask that you put your seat backs forward...

**ROLAND:** Is Judy going to go through with her wedding?

**DUCKY:** Judy is not the issue.

**PILOT (V.O.):** And fasten your seatbelts. The temperature in Las Vegas is sixty-five degrees under clear skies. So just sit back—

**DUCKY:** Look, just sit back...

**PILOT AND DUCKY:** ...relax, and enjoy the ride.

**NARRATOR:** See? Now he's paying attention. Now that I trotted out the big green duck from his childhood.

## ACT ONE, SCENE 2

### **SETTING:**

*A jewelry store in the lobby of a French-themed hotel in Las Vegas later that evening. A counter and a display case.*

### **AT RISE:**

*IRENE REGNIER, an attractive young French woman, is evaluating how a necklace looks on a customer, MRS. CRATE. JEAN-LOUIS, Irene's assistant, is sweeping up.*

**IRENE:** Oh, la, la, la, la! Non. Je ne peux plus regarder. C'est odieux, abominable, atroce, affreux! C'a me donne les larmes aux yeux! Envelez-moi ca!!! (*"Oh my god! No. I cannot look any longer. It's hideous, odious, abominable, awful! It makes me want to weep! Remove it!"*)

**MRS. CRATE:** You really like it?

**IRENE:** It is lovely. You should buy it. Now. (*To JEAN-LOUIS.*) Jean-Louis? La vieille chouette voudrait qu'on la soulage de son portemonnaie. (*"Jean-Louis? The ancient owl wishes to be relieved of her wealth."*)

**JEAN-LOUIS:** Oui, Madame.

**ROLAND:** (*To IRENE.*) Je sais ce que vous avez dit. Je parle un peu le français. (*"I know what you said. I speak a little French."*)

**IRENE:** Oh, you speak the French? Are you speaking it now?

**ROLAND:** You think the necklace looks hideous on that "ancient owl."

**IRENE:** But the owl herself does not, and always right the customer is. Who am I to argue? Now you wish also to be relieved of your money?

TILL YOU GET TO BARABOO

**ROLAND:** I have a wedding...

**IRENE:** But you are miserable.

**ROLAND:** I'm not miserable!

**IRENE:** Of course. You are ecstatic. Look at you, jumping out of your skin about your wedding.

**ROLAND:** No - people "jump out of their skin" when they're scared.

**IRENE:** Then I am correct: your wedding fills you with the willies.

**ROLAND:** It's not my wedding.

**IRENE:** It is not your wedding so you are jealous. You wish to die. You want to rain death upon all who are happy.

**ROLAND:** Are they really like you in France?

**IRENE:** The tourists come to fake French hotel in fake city, they meet me, I abuse, they say, "Visit la France, country of the rude? Never!" I spare my people the awfulness.

**ROLAND:** Do you have any his-and-hers jewelry?

**IRENE:** No. Perhaps bath towels. Or the oven mitts in the shape of creatures from the farm. Piggy or goat.

**ROLAND:** Her name is Judy.

**IRENE:** No details! You share pain with me, I feign the sympathy, your heart breaks anyway, then on me too you wish to rain death.

**ROLAND:** His name is Stan.

**IRENE:** Judy Claymore?

**ROLAND:** Do you know her?

*Her French accent softens a great deal.*

**IRENE:** Yes! She is my good friend! She stayed with my family in France when she was an exchange student. I am in the wedding!

**ROLAND:** What happened to your accent?

**IRENE:** It is for the tourists. Judy's the one who convinced me to move here.

**ROLAND:** You're an actress?

**IRENE:** Dancer. You are a musician? You play in the wedding?

**ROLAND:** I'm a guest. Do I look like a musician?

**IRENE:** The hair. And the clothes - such a desperate attempt at originality which achieves only the banal.

**ROLAND:** I just got off a plane from Los Angeles!

**IRENE:** But of course.

**ROLAND:** Is my French as bad as your English?

**IRENE:** My English is colorful. Your French is traumatic. You are not ready to buy for Judy the gift.

**ROLAND:** The wedding's tomorrow.

**IRENE:** This is Las Vegas. We are open all night. Return here after the boobie show.

**ROLAND:** Will you save me a dance at the wedding?

**IRENE:** You are not ready to dance with me. The pain.

**ROLAND:** You wouldn't be in that much pain. I'm a pretty good dancer.

**IRENE:** No, your pain. You are sad. You will use me. Wad me up like a greasy paper napkin and toss me in the ashtray where I will suffer, exposed, until the next cigarette touches me and I am suddenly engulfed and then...only ash.

**ROLAND:** How about I check with you tomorrow?

**IRENE:** (*Ushers him out.*) I will pick you up in front of the hotel at nine-thirty.

*On his way out the door, ROLAND looks back at IRENE and squints. An asterisk balloon APPEARS or FLIES IN next to her. It reads: "\*\*French/\*Brilliant/\*Vulnerable."*

**IRENE:** You will wash! And the clothes you will iron.

*One more asterisk APPEARS/FLIES IN: "\*\*Bossy." IRENE smiles at him. One more asterisk APPEARS/FLIES IN: "\*\*Assertive." Lights down.*

ACT ONE, SCENE 3

**SETTING:**

*A bedroom at the French hotel later that evening. Every lamp in the room is on. A large double bed, a sink with a door leading to a bathroom, a small table with two chairs, a television that faces away from the audience, a full-length mirror on the wall, a night table with a telephone. The wrapped gift sits on the dresser.*

**AT RISE:**

*ROLAND is on the telephone. He paces. The television is on.*

**INTERVIEWER:** *(From TV; English accent.)* Was there any truth to those rumors?

**ROLAND:** I'd like to place an order for delivery? The French hotel, room 1804.

**ENGLISHWOMAN:** *(From TV; English accent.)* I was deeply disturbed by his decision to put all of that in the book. Deeply hurt.

**ROLAND:** *(Into phone.)* Szechwan Chicken, fried rice. And a Coke. And an extra plate? Great. *(ROLAND hangs up and watches the TV.)*

**INTERVIEWER:** Then you did actually have the affair with Mr. Gold?

*ROLAND repeats their conversation quietly to himself, imitating their accents.*

**ENGLISHWOMAN:** I was in love with Lawrence Gold.

**INTERVIEWER:** So you were unfaithful to your husband?

**ENGLISHWOMAN:** In deed only. Never in heart.

**INTERVIEWER:** Do you want the divorce or not?

**ENGLISHWOMAN:** I want my marriage. And Lawrence. Neither! Oh good heavens!

**INTERVIEWER:** How was the sex?

**ROLAND:** Oh my god.

**ENGLISHWOMAN:** I beg your pardon.

**INTERVIEWER:** How was the sex between you and Mr. Gold? Did he satisfy you sexually? More so than your husband?

**ENGLISHWOMAN:** (*Incredulous.*) You're asking was the sex... good?

**INTERVIEWER:** Or bad.

**ROLAND:** Do not answer that!

**ENGLISHWOMAN:** Lawrence had more expressive hands than my husband, but he lacked stamina.

*There's a KNOCK at the door. ROLAND TURNS OFF the TV and gets out his wallet.*

**ROLAND:** Hold on!

*ROLAND opens the door to the hall to reveal JUDY CLAYMORE, a beautiful, effervescent woman of 33.*

**JUDY:** Hi, Rollie!

**ROLAND:** (*Pleasantly surprised.*) Judy.

**JUDY:** I said I might stop by after the rehearsal dinner! (*Hugs him tightly.*) I'm so glad you came!

**ROLAND:** Isn't this bad luck?

**JUDY:** It's bad luck if the bride sees the groom - but you're not the groom!

**ROLAND:** How did the dinner go?

**JUDY:** Manic. As usual, Stan's family arrived a half hour early, and mine two hours late. His parents gave mine a lovely floral arrangement and mine gave his oven mitts shaped like farm animals.

**ROLAND:** Which animals?

**JUDY:** I don't know...piggies and goats. (*Screams.*) Ro-land! I'm getting married! What the hell am I doing??

**ROLAND:** Don't you know?

**JUDY:** What if I'm not ready? What if Stan's totally wrong for me??  
What if it takes me twenty years to realize it by which time I'm so bitter all I want to do is kill myself???

**ROLAND:** Or what if everything turns out okay?

**JUDY:** Do you think it will?

**ROLAND:** (*Sadly.*) Yeah.

**JUDY:** You hesitated, that means something, why'd you hesitate?

**ROLAND:** I swallowed my tongue.

*A KNOCK at the door. JUDY steps quietly into the bathroom and out of sight.*

**DELIVERY MAN:** *(Through door.)* Moo Goo to Go.

**ROLAND:** One second! Judy, are you hungry? Judy?

**DELIVERY MAN:** MOO GOO TO GO!

**ROLAND:** *(Opens door.)* What do I owe you?

*The DELIVERY MAN, a scruffy gent wearing a baseball cap and jacket embroidered with a "MOO GOO 2 GO" logo, stands in the doorway. His cap and jacket are the same green as DUCKY'S suit.*

**DELIVERY MAN:** Ten-eighty. *(ROLAND pays him, then adds a generous tip.)* Thanks a lot, guy. *(The DELIVERY MAN turns to leave.)*

**ROLAND:** Say, um...

**DELIVERY MAN:** You need sauce? They never put in enough sauce.

**ROLAND:** Judy? Judy? *(Checks bathroom.)* She was just here and now she's not.

**DELIVERY MAN:** That's how women are. What'd you need?

**ROLAND:** Has anybody you loved ever gone and gotten married on you?

**DELIVERY MAN:** Beg pardon?

**ROLAND:** Did somebody you were in love with go marry someone else?

**DELIVERY MAN:** You did order Chinese food, didn't you?

**ROLAND:** Yeah.

**DELIVERY MAN:** That's all you wanted, right? I mean, you weren't expecting some little honey in a two-piece? 'Cause this is Vegas so on your speed dial they got a code for that.

**ROLAND:** It's just a simple question.

**DELIVERY MAN:** Did I ever love some girl and she married someone else? Yeah.

**ROLAND:** Did she know you were in love with her?

**DELIVERY MAN:** No.

**ROLAND:** Are you married now?

**DELIVERY MAN:** What are you, the Census?

**ROLAND:** I'm just curious. You don't have a girlfriend?

**DELIVERY MAN:** Not presently, no. Do you, Barbara Walters?

**ROLAND:** No.

**DELIVERY MAN:** Too bad. You look like a nice guy.

**ROLAND:** I don't want to be The Nice Guy. I want to be The Amorous Rogue.

**DELIVERY MAN:** Try being the guy who delivers Chinese food. That'll limit your options.

**ROLAND:** (*Glances around.*) Judy? Judy?

**DELIVERY MAN:** Maybe she went to get some ice. Speaking of which, this will get cold so I suggest you partake. (*The DELIVERY MAN takes the food out of the bag and sets two place settings.*)

**ROLAND:** Maybe she went back to her fiancé.

**DELIVERY MAN:** Wait - this Judy is staying in a hotel with you the night before she gets married?? (*Claps.*) That's excellent! Bring it on!

**ROLAND:** (*Checking under bed.*) She just stopped by for a snack.

**DELIVERY MAN:** A "snack"? Is that what you're calling it now?

**ROLAND:** There was no hanky-panky. You want to join me for some of this?

**DELIVERY MAN:** I never pass up dinner with a hedonist. I might learn something.

*They sit and begin to eat.*

**ROLAND:** Do you do anything besides delivering?

**DELIVERY MAN:** I write poetry. And no, you can't read it.

**ROLAND:** Aren't you trying to get published?

**DELIVERY MAN:** I get enough rejection. You just worry about your own problems - like Judy's groom when he finds out she spent the night in your hotel room!

**ROLAND:** I flew in from Los Angeles. She was just welcoming me.

**DELIVERY MAN:** Oh, that explains it. To you people in L.A., shaking hands is foreplay. Brides probably sleep with every guest who travels more than fifty miles.

**ROLAND:** Says the guy from Vegas.

**DELIVERY MAN:** I am a transplant from the East Coast.

**ROLAND:** Why aren't you married?

**DELIVERY MAN:** I got stuck on somebody once and she screwed me over, man - she ruined me! I got scars!

**ROLAND:** Scars. Wow.

*The DELIVERY MAN nods gravely. They eat in silence a moment.*

**ROLAND:** Did it just happen? The thing with the girl and the scars.

**DELIVERY MAN:** Jesus - you just keep digging! You're like a parole officer!

**ROLAND:** Are you on parole?

**DELIVERY MAN:** None of your business. But prison can inspire a lot of poetry.

**ROLAND:** What was her name?

**DELIVERY MAN:** Whose name?

**ROLAND:** The girl.

**DELIVERY MAN:** Are you trying to tick me off?

**ROLAND:** I'm making conversation.

**DELIVERY MAN:** I am sorry your girlfriend is marrying that other guy.

**ROLAND:** Judy was never my girlfriend.

**DELIVERY MAN:** But you did the nasty.

**ROLAND:** We never even kissed.

**DELIVERY MAN:** Never kissed? Then what's the big frigging deal?

**ROLAND:** You don't have to kiss someone to fall in love with them.

**DELIVERY MAN:** Karen Needleman.

**ROLAND:** What?

**DELIVERY MAN:** That was her name: Karen Needleman. Are you happy now? You wrenched it out of me.

**ROLAND:** Cute name.

**DELIVERY MAN:** She was a cutie.

**ROLAND:** "Was"? Is she not alive?

**DELIVERY MAN:** She's alive...I suppose. (*Sees his unease.*) No, I didn't kill her. I've never been to prison.

**ROLAND:** But you just said -

**DELIVERY MAN:** I was having fun. Can't I have some fun? Eat your rice.

**ROLAND:** Do you often lie to people for fun?

**DELIVERY MAN:** I didn't lie. I implied.

**ROLAND:** When was the last time you talked to Karen Needleman?

**DELIVERY MAN:** It's been a while. She might not be "Needleman" anymore.

**ROLAND:** That can hurt.

**DELIVERY MAN:** It doesn't hurt!

**ROLAND:** It doesn't hurt. Gotcha.

**DELIVERY MAN:** It burns! It sears! It barbecues the soul like flaming bile! (*A beat.*) Ooh—that's good! (*He pulls out a little note pad and writes down what he just said.*)

**ROLAND:** Has there been anyone since Karen?

**DELIVERY MAN:** A few sweeties here and there, but that first one...

**ROLAND:** She was your first?

**DELIVERY MAN:** Yeah. Hey, thanks for the chow. I'm not really supposed to eat on the job. It's against policy.

**ROLAND:** Harsh policy.

**DELIVERY MAN:** A while back, one of the drivers was delivering incomplete orders and blaming the cooks and customers were having a fit. Management found out he was eating the stuff so they got this new policy.

**ROLAND:** One punk can ruin it for everyone.

**DELIVERY MAN:** I'm not a punk - I was hungry! You're going to bust up this wedding aren't you?

**ROLAND:** Of course not.

**DELIVERY MAN:** That's why you're here, isn't it? To make a big scene? "If there's anyone who thinks these two shouldn't get hitched" and all that?

**ROLAND:** I'm happy for her.

**DELIVERY MAN:** Go ahead - storm the altar. Slug the Best Man. Do a Sinatra ballad. Then kiss her in front of everybody. She'll eat it up.

**ROLAND:** You would do that?

**DELIVERY MAN:** Me? Hell no. But you should.

**ROLAND:** I'd ruin the best day of her life.

**DELIVERY MAN:** She'll never forget you. (*Rises.*) What have you got to lose?

**ROLAND:** Her.

*TILL YOU GET TO BARABOO*

**DELIVERY MAN:** You already lost her. (*Opens door to hall.*) I gotta get back. Good luck, buddy.

**ROLAND:** Thanks.

*The DELIVERY MAN exits. JUDY bursts out of the bathroom.*

**JUDY:** Roland, don't you dare make a scene at my wedding!

**ROLAND:** Where were you?

**JUDY:** If you do anything tomorrow—

**ROLAND:** Did you hear all that? The entire conversation?

**JUDY:** Of course I did. If you try to stop my wedding -

**ROLAND:** Why shouldn't I?

**JUDY:** It would break my heart!

*Suddenly, ROLAND sweeps down and kisses her gallantly, romantically. She does not respond. She's like a dead fish.*

**ROLAND:** You're like a dead fish.

**JUDY:** I can't help it.

**ROLAND:** Am I that boring?

**JUDY:** No, but -

**ROLAND:** No anger, no lust, no nothing?

**JUDY:** I don't know how to react!

**ROLAND:** Judy...haven't you ever...

**JUDY:** No - I mean - I don't know how to react!

**ROLAND:** You either kiss me back or scream for help.

**JUDY:** I don't know which I'd do!

**ROLAND:** (*Steps toward her.*) Just do what you feel...

**JUDY:** Don't bother, Roland.

**ROLAND:** Fine. I understand.

**JUDY:** You don't understand. I'm not J -

**ROLAND:** I never should have done that. I'm sorry.

**JUDY:** Roland! I'm not Judy!

**ROLAND:** Of course you are.

**JUDY:** I'm a figment of your imagination.

**ROLAND:** Get real.

**JUDY:** I can't - I'm not real. I'm only Judy as you imagine her. Me being here is just your fantasy.

**ROLAND:** I've been turned down before but this is by far the best excuse.

**JUDY:** Everything I say has been pieced together from conversations you and Judy had in the past.

**ROLAND:** But you're the same Judy I've always known.

**JUDY:** Exactly.

**ROLAND:** You're saying I'm asleep right now?

**JUDY:** You're not exactly awake. You searched the bathroom. Where did I go?

**ROLAND:** If you're a dream why didn't you kiss me back?

**JUDY:** You never tried to kiss me before. So you don't know how I'd react. So I don't know how I'd react.

**ROLAND:** Then how do you know you would be mad if I busted up your wedding?

**JUDY:** Anybody would be mad.

**ROLAND:** Fine, I'll put the idea out of my mind.

*Pause.*

**JUDY:** It's still there.

**ROLAND:** Remember when Stan proposed and you couldn't make up your mind?

**JUDY:** So I asked you to marry me instead.

**ROLAND:** Why would you do that?

**JUDY:** You never gave me a straight answer.

**ROLAND:** But you weren't serious! Were you?

**JUDY:** I don't know - you never asked if I was serious.

**ROLAND:** Well, that's the past. My presence here at the wedding signifies that I completely accept this situation.

**JUDY:** My presence here in this room signifies that you don't.

**ROLAND:** Judy...how about a real kiss?

**JUDY:** You'll wake up hurt.

**ROLAND:** What's the fun of a chaste dream?

**JUDY:** The real Judy wouldn't, so neither will I.

**ROLAND:** You just said you didn't know what the real Judy would do!

**JUDY:** I've thought it over. Or you have.

**ROLAND:** I'm being rejected by a figment!

**JUDY:** Big deal - I see at least four other girls bobbing around in your brain. Particularly somebody named Darlene.

**ROLAND:** Darlene's just a distraction. There's nothing going on.

**JUDY:** There's also a Lili.

**ROLAND:** Lili has some growing up to do.

**JUDY:** I see a Plan B, Plan C, Plan D, et cetera.

**ROLAND:** Plan A never seems to work out.

**JUDY:** Stan only has a Plan A. And I'm her. It feels good.

**ROLAND:** That's obsessive and co-dependent!

**JUDY:** It's "love." (*Checks her figure out in a mirror.*) I think my butt's bigger in real life. (*Points to her face.*) And you left out my beauty mark.

**ROLAND:** I didn't know you had a beauty mark.

**JUDY:** Yes you know, or I wouldn't know, either. (*Admiring herself.*) Wow. Am I really this hot?

**ROLAND:** Uh, yeah.

**JUDY:** You just see me with "the eyes of love." Ooh—sorry. I forgot you think love is a disease.

**ROLAND:** It is!

**JUDY:** Breaking up my wedding isn't the cure.

*ROLAND squints at her. An asterisk balloon APPEARS/FLIES IN next to her. In the balloon: "\*\*Loving/\*Caring/\*Sensitive/\*Fun/\*Is marrying someone else." JUDY looks over at her balloon.*

**JUDY:** See? There's nothing but good stuff. The eyes of love.

**ROLAND:** Almost nothing but good stuff. But you are nothing but good stuff.

**JUDY:** Thank you. I'm not, but thank you. I'm also not coming by tonight.

**ROLAND:** But I got Chinese!

**JUDY:** Have you ever told me you love me?

**ROLAND:** That doesn't mean anything to you. You say "I love you" to the milkman.

**JUDY:** Is that wrong?

**ROLAND:** Ask the milkman.

**JUDY:** Do you love me?

**ROLAND:** Yes. Sure.

**JUDY:** Then say it to me now. The whole thing.

**ROLAND:** What's the point? You're not Judy.

**JUDY:** Then what's the harm?

**ROLAND:** I...love...you.

**JUDY:** Nice. Again.

**ROLAND:** I...love you.

**JUDY:** Again.

**ROLAND:** I love you.

**JUDY:** (*Kisses his cheek.*) I always knew.

**ROLAND:** I think I will bust up your wedding.

**JUDY:** Roland!

#### ACT ONE, SCENE 4

**SETTING:**

*An elevator lobby on Roland's floor the next morning.*

**AT RISE:**

*Roland waits for the elevator dressed in a nice suit. He clutches his gift.*

**NARRATOR:** One drawback of sending messages to people from deep in their psyche is they sometimes have trouble figuring out what the heck's going on. This can cause consternation in others.

*The very sexy SYLVIA joins him. Her hair and make-up are a little messed up. She wears a tight top and a short skirt and she has a party drink in her hand.*

**ROLAND:** Excuse me. Are you real? (*SYLVIA snubs him.*) I'm not giving you a line. I had a really vivid dream last night and thought maybe I was still asleep.

**SYLVIA:** Fine. I'm real.

**ROLAND:** You look very nice.

**SYLVIA:** (*Still snubbing.*) Thanks.

**ROLAND:** Are you dressed like that for work?

**SYLVIA:** (*Insulted.*) I teach third grade! I don't actually dress this way —I'm from Ohio!

TILL YOU GET TO BARABOO

**ROLAND:** I thought maybe you were a dancer or a waitress.

**SYLVIA:** You thought I was getting off work, didn't you?

*ROLAND squints at her. Her balloon APPEARS/FLIES IN: “\*Hot/\*Beyond hot/\*Broiling/\*Might cheat on her boyfriend this weekend?”*

**SYLVIA:** You look like you're on your way to church.

**ROLAND:** Wedding.

**SYLVIA:** I bet I'm having more fun than you are.

**ACT ONE, SCENE 5**

**SETTING:**

*A wedding reception, one corner of it at least. There is a table with a mostly-eaten wedding cake, a bowl of punch, and a bunch of paper plates, plastic drink cups, and plastic silverware.*

**AT RISE:**

*Roland is serving two glasses of punch as the NARRATOR speaks over:*

**NARRATOR:** I'm going to tell you a dangerous thing about weddings: They can make you believe in love.

*JESSICA, a sweet-faced innocent, walks over to the table carrying the bridal bouquet she just caught.*

**ROLAND:** Nice catch. I bet you could use this.

**JESSICA:** Oh, I don't drink. Thanks anyway.

**ROLAND:** There's no booze in it.

**JESSICA:** Oh, okay. Thank you.

*He hands her a cup. He squints at her and a word balloon APPEARS/FLIES IN next to her. “\*Marryable” is inside the balloon.*

**JESSICA:** Are you feeling better after your...incident?

**ROLAND:** Much, yes. Thanks for asking. And I thought you read wonderfully. Everyone around me agreed.

**JESSICA:** Really? It's the first time anyone's ever asked me to read at their wedding.

*“\*Shy” APPEARS/FLIES IN below “\*Marryable.”*

**JESSICA:** I was so nervous.

*“\*Just adorable” APPEARS/FLIES IN below “\*Shy.”*

**ROLAND:** You looked very comfortable in front of all those people. Are you a school teacher from Ohio or something?

**JESSICA:** I live here in Vegas. I dance at Crazy Legs.

*He doesn't get it.*

**JESSICA:** It's a strip club.

*JESSICA'S balloon DISAPPEARS/FLIES OUT with an audible POP. IRENE joins them and pours herself some punch.*

**IRENE:** She is absolutely exquisite!

**ROLAND:** Do you know her work?

**IRENE:** Very well. She turns on even me. And I am a cold fish.

**JESSICA:** He just gave me a great idea for a new act! I'll need some frumpy glasses and a big ruler.

*JUDY—the real one, complete with a beauty mark on her cheek—sweeps down on them.*

**JUDY:** Ladies - come see me off! (To ROLAND.) You come, too.

**ROLAND:** You do have a beauty mark.

**JUDY:** (As she leads them out.) Of course, silly.

ACT ONE, SCENE 6

**SETTING:**

*Roland's hotel room later that evening. The room is dark. Cool blue moonlight streams in with unearthly intensity. The alarm clock on the night table glows a bit too brightly. Light and shadow have allied themselves in an aesthetic partnership too perfect to be real.*

**AT RISE:**

*Male and female giggling outside the hallway door. A key fumbles in the lock. The door bursts open and Roland leads Irene gallantly in and closes the door.*

**IRENE:** There. You are home safe. My work is finished.

**ROLAND:** What are you doing after work?

**IRENE:** If I did not know that you were a gentleman, I would suspect of you impure thoughts.

**ROLAND:** I am a gentleman...normally. But I allow myself to step outside the tyranny of that role one night a year.

*He moves in to kiss her. At first she is welcoming but then:*

**IRENE:** Do not vomit on me!

**ROLAND:** I have no intention of vomiting on you.

**IRENE:** The mouth was open. The eyes were bugging out.

**ROLAND:** Dance with me.

**IRENE:** The prospect intrigues. The "music" does not.

*ROLAND snaps his fingers and slow-tempo music plays. He and IRENE begin to dance gracefully.*

**IRENE:** *(Impressed.)* Magic fingers.

*ROLAND smiles.*

**IRENE:** You have heard that before.

**ROLAND:** In a slightly different context.

**IRENE:** Naughty man. What else did this other girl say?

**ROLAND:** I forgot most of it.

**IRENE:** You remember every word.

**ROLAND:** Here's to new memories.

*He kisses her. A sweet moment.*

**IRENE:** *Vive la France!!! (Calms down.)* Pardon. You inspire.

**ROLAND:** As do you.

*As they kiss again, the music segues into the sound of ocean waves lapping upon sand. IRENE'S shoe grinds on something. The room around them darkens.*

**IRENE:** I grind.

**ROLAND:** Is that sand? Sand in my hotel room?

**IRENE:** I call the Housekeeping.

**ROLAND:** Wait - I don't think we're in Vegas anymore.

*The room has faded away and the two are isolated in a pool of moonlight on a warm summer night. IRENE completely drops her French accent and, through a change in attitude and carriage and the removal of a hair clip, becomes DARLENE PARKS, 28, a bright-eyed Southern California beauty.*

**DARLENE:** Vegas? This is Newport Beach.

**ROLAND:** Darlene?

**DARLENE:** *(Nods.)* Darlene.

**ROLAND:** Did I just kiss you?

**DARLENE:** If you have to ask...that's bad.

**ROLAND:** You look fantastic. *(He draws her to himself.)*

**DARLENE:** That's what I am.

**ROLAND:** Fantastic?

**DARLENE:** A fantasy.

*They kiss. When they part, both are grinning widely.*

**ROLAND:** That wasn't "bad," was it?

**DARLENE:** Whenever I'm with you, I'm smiling the whole time.

TILL YOU GET TO BARABOO

**ROLAND:** It's a beautiful smile.

**DARLENE:** You just... make me feel so good about myself. (*She turns away, disturbed.*)

**ROLAND:** Is feeling good about yourself bad?

**DARLENE:** I still think about Charles.

**ROLAND:** What's it been, two weeks since you guys -

**DARLENE:** Never mind. Forget it.

**ROLAND:** If this is my fantasy then you forget it.

**DARLENE:** Will I ever get married?

**ROLAND:** Where the hell did that come from?

**DARLENE:** I'm already twenty-eight!

**ROLAND:** Is that what you worry about? You're a baby. (*He smiles at her.*)

**DARLENE:** I'm sorry to bring that up. I'm being silly.

**ROLAND:** Did you want to marry Charles?

**DARLENE:** I loved him...but I like you. (*Embarrassed.*) Good heavens!

**ROLAND:** (*Embracing her.*) Liking me is a good starting place.

**DARLENE:** (*Sharply.*) Where your hands go, my mind will follow?

*The sound and lights change; they are now at a loud bar/dance club.*

**ROLAND:** Ah...Now we meet Fair Darlene of the Acid Tongue.

**DARLENE:** I take care of myself.

**ROLAND:** (*Looks around.*) We're not at the beach anymore, are we?

**DARLENE:** Were we ever?

**ROLAND:** Oh - this is where we went that night when... you're still Darlene, aren't you?

**DARLENE:** I guess I'm whatever you make me out to be.

**ROLAND:** Darlene, I did not invite you to this wedding with me. I left you back in Los Angeles!

**DARLENE:** Clearly you didn't.

**ROLAND:** What'd you do with the French girl?

**DARLENE:** She dropped you off outside the hotel, remember?

**ROLAND:** She never came upstairs?

**DARLENE:** Sorry.

**ROLAND:** She and I had chemistry, you have to agree.

**DARLENE:** Then why isn't she here instead of me?

**ROLAND:** Only you know why you're here!

**DARLENE:** It's your mind!

**ROLAND:** If it's my mind, then I'm forgetting you.

*Nothing happens.*

**ROLAND:** Shoo. Bring back Irene.

*Darlene looks down at herself. She's still there.*

**ROLAND:** Gowaygowaygowaygowaygowaygowaygowaygoway...

**DARLENE:** Let's talk about commitment.

**ROLAND:** Why are you still here?

**DARLENE:** Commitment.

**ROLAND:** Commitment's a good thing.

**DARLENE:** You once said, "Commitment is a joke." You said it to me in this club.

**ROLAND:** Oh god, that's right. But what difference does it make? You don't want any part of me.

**DARLENE:** You scared me.

**ROLAND:** You dumped me!

**DARLENE:** I thought you were going to leave.

**ROLAND:** You thought that?

**DARLENE:** You know I did.

**ROLAND:** I thought you saw me as just something to fill the empty space when "Charles" dumped you.

**DARLENE:** Do you think commitment is a joke?

**ROLAND:** It is if you don't truly know who you're committing to. When I make a commitment I don't break it. I'm not that kind of man.

*The harsh club music and lights change back to the soft romantic music and lighting that ROLAND and IRENE were enjoying and IRENE herself returns, accent and all. She binds her hair up casually.*

**IRENE:** What kind of man are you, Monsieur Roland Hayes?

**ROLAND:** Wait, where's -

*TILL YOU GET TO BARABOO*

*IRENE wraps her arms around him and they dance.*

**ROLAND:** Where's Darlene?

**IRENE:** No more does Darlene live here. I am Irene.

**ROLAND:** Maybe I should call you "Sybil."

*They kiss. The sounds and lighting of the beach return - as does DARLENE. She squirms out of the kiss and slaps his face!*

**ROLAND:** Darlene - you can't keep jumping in and out like that!

**DARLENE:** I'm not doing it - you are!

**ROLAND:** Then stay. I'm crazy about you. There - you wrenched it out of me.

*Affected, DARLENE backs away.*

**DARLENE:** But how long is it going to last?

**ROLAND:** How long are you going to last?

**DARLENE:** This isn't about me. I'm not even here. (*DARLENE exits. The beach fades away.*)

**ROLAND:** (*To himself.*) I keep forgetting that.

*Thank you for reading this free excerpt from TILL YOU GET TO BARABOO by Emmett Loverde. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:*

**Heuer Publishing LLC**

**P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406**

**Toll Free: 1-800-950-7529 • Fax (319) 368-8011**

**HEUERPUB.COM**