

Misconceptions

By Michael Vukadinovich

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STORY OF THE PLAY

Two sisters, Claire and Dora, are opposites when it comes to just about everything, and this night is no exception. Claire has spent her day at a funeral, while Dora has been at a wedding. But while Dora complains of not being able to meet anyone at the wedding, Claire admits to running into an old fling, Peter, at the funeral. The two sisters are in the middle of a fight when Peter calls and says he must see Claire right away. Claire hurries to get ready for Peter's arrival when their eccentric mother unexpectedly arrives ready to cook a roast. The two sisters begin announcing each other's faults to their mother. Dora announces that Claire is pregnant, but instead of denying the lie, Claire says it's true in an attempt to outdo her gregarious sister. Then when Peter arrives, the mother assumes he is the father. There's a host of lies, misconceptions, and coincidences in this hilarious comedy.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 m, 3 w)

CLAIRE: A woman in her mid-to-late twenties. She is cute, but there is a melancholy quality about her. She is a hopeless romantic.

DORA: Older sister, thirty. She is a bit more attractive than Claire and considers herself wiser. If Claire has been too sheltered, Dora is too experienced.

MOTHER: A woman in her late fifties. She looks and acts older than she is; her one wish in life is to be a grandmother.

PETER: A man in his late twenties. He is a nervous person, but there is something almost immediately likeable about him, though he is completely unaware of this quality.

SETTING

Apartment of Claire and Dora. A messy room covered with clothes, pictures, and magazines. There is a couch center stage and a coffee table cluttered with magazines, catalogues, newspapers, and an empty bottle of wine. There is a center door leading to the bedrooms. A door stage right leads to the kitchen, and a door stage left leads outside.

PROPS/COSTUMES

Apron
Umbrella
Phone
Kitchen towel
Bottle of hydrogen peroxide
Blanket or throw
Couch pillows
Lipstick, in Dora's purse
Wedding dress, for Claire
Pajamas, for Dora
(2) Large suitcases
Bag of groceries
Raincoats, for all

SOUND EFFECTS

Phone ringing
Doorbell

Act I

(AT RISE: After 11 p.m. CLAIRE is sitting on the couch in her pajamas quickly flipping through magazines. Nothing catches her attention. She throws the magazine on the floor and picks up the newspaper.)

CLAIRE: *(Reading from the newspaper.)* "Women of all ages should be aware of a middle-aged man, who has been stalking lone women walking at night and stealing their shoes at gunpoint. The man, who has dubbed himself the "Shoe Baron," has not physically harmed anyone, but police say the man is unpredictable and may steal other articles of clothing, including undergarments. It is estimated that this man, who seems to have an affinity for high heels, has stolen more than a thousand dollars worth of shoes." *(Tosses the newspaper onto the table.)* Isn't there a war going on somewhere?

(SHE browses through the pile of magazines. After a moment, DORA ENTERS. She is formally dressed. She has just come from a wedding and is carrying an umbrella.)

DORA: My God, it is pouring rain. I swear, if I ever get married again, I'll refuse to go to the wedding. God, Claire, it was so tacky, even you wouldn't believe it. I don't know why people even bother to get married anymore, other than the gifts.

(CLAIRE doesn't look up.)

CLAIRE: Maybe they were in love.

DORA: Trust me, not even love can account for this tacky of a wedding. It was so horrible, you'll never guess.

CLAIRE: I suppose I won't have to.

DORA: So, right as they finish their vows and kiss, a dozen white doves were released into the sky. White doves! I wanted to vomit.

CLAIRE: (*Sincere.*) It sounds beautiful.

DORA: Sometimes, I can't believe you're my sister. So they release the doves, and everyone is looking into the sky feeling all romantic and whatever, when all of a sudden, this huge hawk comes out of nowhere, and then another and another. Half of the doves got picked off in a matter of seconds.

CLAIRE: Hawks?

DORA: Yes, hawks. It turns out they are always releasing doves at this church, and all the hawks in the area have just caught on -- a sort of evolution, I suppose. So now, every time there is a wedding, all these hawks just wait around for dinner. No one knows what to do about it. One of the dead doves fell right in front of the bride, and blood got all over the front of her dress.

CLAIRE: Did she scream?

DORA: Of course she screamed! A dead bird fell on her dress. Not like it was going to stay on much longer anyway. The worst part is that the best man wouldn't leave me alone all night. What a sleaze. He kept saying, "You know they say weddings are the best place to meet that special someone." The only good part was the fact that I wasn't the one getting married. God, I was beginning to think I would always be a bride and never a bridesmaid. And on top of that, it started pouring outside. Can you believe this rain? (*Noticing CLAIRE isn't very interested.*) So what did you do today?

CLAIRE: The funeral.

DORA: Oh, my God, I forgot. How was it? I mean, did it go all right?

CLAIRE: As well as those things go, I suppose. It wasn't like we were very close. We hadn't talked in years, not since college. It was just weird because she was my age.

DORA: Well, at least you didn't have to go to a wedding.

CLAIRE: I suppose.

DORA: And whatever you do, don't start thinking about your own death. It will only depress you. It's like going to a wedding and thinking about your own love life.

CLAIRE: (*Suddenly.*) I met someone.

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DORA: You met someone? At the funeral?

CLAIRE: Well, remember Peter?

DORA: The nervous guy you dated in college?

CLAIRE: We only dated for a few weeks before he went abroad. Anyway, he was there, and I don't know, we really hit it off. It was like we had never been apart.

DORA: You really hit it off with a guy at the funeral?

CLAIRE: Yeah, he was so sweet, Dora. He gave me flowers ... a great big vase full.

DORA: He brought you flowers?

CLAIRE: Well, he didn't "bring" them. He took them off a table and gave them to me.

DORA: He stole flowers from a funeral?

CLAIRE: Can you just let me enjoy the moment for once? He is the only guy to ever give me flowers, or anything for that matter. Anyway, later on, a family member recognized them, and asked me to give them back, so it's not like we stole them.

DORA: Just "borrowed."

CLAIRE: Yeah, he "borrowed" flowers for me.

DORA: Sweet, I guess.

CLAIRE: It was sweet.

DORA: You meet someone at a funeral, and I can't even find one decent guy at a wedding.

CLAIRE: I didn't meet him there; we just got reacquainted there. He said he'd call me, but we know what that means.

DORA: Nonsense, I bet you will be in love by the end of the week.

CLAIRE: I don't know about love.

DORA: I bet you twenty dollars.

CLAIRE: You'll bet me twenty dollars that I'll be in love by next week?

DORA: That's how confident I am.

CLAIRE: Fine, twenty dollars.

DORA: You'll probably be using his last name in a month.

CLAIRE: I would never take the man's last name.

DORA: That is very wise; it makes the divorce so much easier.

CLAIRE: And I would never get divorced.

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