

I Love Lacy

A romantic comedy

by
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I Love Lacy

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DEDICATION

*To Pam, Pat and Barb, who don't mind hanging out with a
geek like me.*

STORY OF THE PLAY

Lacy Casey is socially awkward, has a goofy sense of humor, and has raised clumsiness to an art form. If you look in the dictionary under "adorkable," you'd find a picture of Lacy. Her friends Sue and Trevor love her quirkiness and accept her for who she is. When Lacy goes out on her first date with Bryce, she assumes it will be their last date. After all, her ungraceful mannerisms practically destroy their dinner; and he keeps calling her by the wrong name. But he comes back for more ... Meanwhile, best friend Trevor harbors a secret love for Lacy, adoring her from a distance. When Bryce turns out to be not all he seems to be, who will save the day? Lacy's gruff father Carl? And what about Gabriella, the mysterious Italian woman who doesn't speak a word of English? It's a fun, frivolous time, with a dollop of mistaken identity, in the life of a lovable train wreck as we find out who loves Lacy!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 m, 3 w)

LACY CASEY: A dorky geek girl in her mid-20's. Extremely likeable, and a hopeless klutz who seems to destroy anything she touches.

TREVOR BAILEY: Aka Trev, Lacy's best friend. Mid 20's. He is secretly in love with Lacy, but they have always had a platonic relationship and assumes she wants to keep it that way.

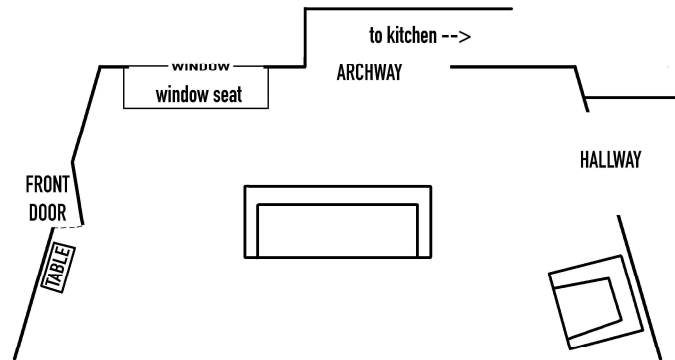
SUE PARKER: Lacy's best friend. Droll, with a dry sense of humor.

BRYCE WHEELER: Lacy's boyfriend. Comes from an affluent family. Quick-witted, but his sense of humor can be sarcastic.

CARL CASEY: Lacy's gruff, no-nonsense father. Very protective of his daughter.

GABRIELLA CALLEDERONI: A beautiful Italian woman, about 20-30 age range. She is a friend of Bryce's and speaks no English.

Basic Set Layout



ACT I

(AT RISE: A Friday night. We are in the living room of LACY CASEY's modest home. At the stage right wall is the front door. There is a small table by the front door with a dish of some kind that Lacy uses to drop her car keys in. There is already a set of keys in the dish - Sue's keys. At the upstage wall is an archway that leads to the [offstage] kitchen. There is also a picture window at the upstage wall, with a window seat in front of it. And on the stage left wall is a hallway which, we can assume, leads to other rooms in the house. There is a sofa in the center of the room; a sweater is draped over the back as though it had been tossed there casually. The apartment is decorated in a quirky, fun style, filled with the kind of stuff that would appeal to an adorkable young lady like Lacy. SUE is sitting on the sofa. She is looking at her phone. TREVOR enters from front door with a sign, roughly 8" x 10" on which is written "Like What You See? I'M FOR SALE!" He drops his car keys in the table dish by the door.)

TREVOR: Hi, Sue.

SUE: Hey, Trev. Lacy just texted me. Said she's on her way.

TREVOR: Good. I always feel a little weird when she tells us to meet up at her house for dinner, and then she's not here.

SUE: Yeah, but how often does that happen?

TREVOR: Pretty much every Friday.

SUE: Well ... yeah. Lacy is a little disorganized.

TREVOR: A little disorganized? Lacy's life makes the Tower of Babel look orderly.

SUE: What have you got there?

TREVOR: I made it for my car. *(Holds up the sign for HER to read.)* I decided to sell it. I want to stick it to my dashboard, but I need some double-sided tape. I don't have any, but I know Lacy has some around.

SUE: Okay. (A) Why don't you just prop it up in the window? and (B) why can't you just write something simple, like "For Sale"?

TREVOR: *(Rummaging around in a desk drawer.)* Because, (A) I don't like it in the window, it obstructs my view, and (B) "something simple" is what just any old schmo would put on their sign, and I'm not just any old schmo. *(Pulls tape from drawer.)* Ah-ha. *(HE sits on the window seat and lays a couple of strips of tape on the back side of the sign.)*

SUE: No, you're not. You've always been an above-average schmo to me.

TREVOR: Thank you. A little extra flair on this sign could be the difference on whether I sell the car or not. So, I finally get to meet this guy Bryce tonight.

SUE: Looks like it. I got a brief glimpse of him when they came to the restaurant a few months ago, but I didn't have much of a chance to talk to him.

TREVOR: I'm hungry. I think I want to have a snack before dinner. It will be a while before we eat. I wonder if Lacy has anything to nibble on.

SUE: You're the dessert king. Whip something up.

TREVOR: I don't feel like making something. I feel like heating something up and scarfing it down.

SUE: Like what?

TREVOR: Like someone else's food.

SUE: We heated up some pizza rolls last night. I think there were some left over.

TREVOR: You were here last night?

SUE: Yeah. We watched a movie.

TREVOR: Nobody invited me.

SUE: We didn't think you were into Hallmark romance movies.

TREVOR: And you'd be right. *(Sets sign on window seat and heads for kitchen.)* Pizza rolls, huh?

SUE: How do you know she's not saving those for herself?

TREVOR: She'd probably drop them all over the floor anyway. *(Exits to kitchen.)*

SUE: *(Still talking to Trevor.)* Good point. I love that girl, but she is a walking, talking, certified accident waiting to happen. We've been best friends since we were seven years old. When she was the new kid in school, I invited her to join me and my friends for some jump rope at recess.

SUE: (*Cont'd.*) In two minutes, one end of the rope was tangled up around her ankles, the other end was around my elbows, and my other friend was laying on the ground crying and holding her knee.

(*TREVOR enters.*)

SUE: (*Cont'd.*) I remember Lacy ended up with a bird tangled up in her hair, too.

TREVOR: A bird??

SUE: Yeah. A little sparrow. To this day I don't know how that happened. I think the poor thing just got caught up in her whirlwind of destruction. Anyway, I figured she'd make a pretty interesting friend, if I could just survive being around her. So, we've been friends ever since. Never a dull moment with that girl.

(*LACY enters through front door. She drops her car keys in the dish.*)

LACY: Hi, guys.

(*SUE and TREVOR ad-lib hellos.*)

TREVOR: I'm heating up your pizza rolls, okay?

LACY: Yeah, sure. I dropped them on the floor anyway.

(*TREVOR reacts.*)

LACY: (*Cont'd.*) No, not those ones. Those are the ones that survived. The rest I accidentally dropped and stepped on. I threw those out.

TREVOR: Gotcha.

SUE: We were just talking about you and Bryce.

LACY: Yeah, I really want you guys to meet him. Hey, thanks for letting me invite him to our Friday night thing.

SUE: No problem, kiddo.

LACY: Well, it's always been us three on Friday night. The Three Musketeers. *(SHE stabs at the air with an imaginary sword, knocking a lamp over.)* Oh gosh.

SUE: To be clear, it's the Three Musketeers who never have dates on Friday night.

LACY: Oh, before I forget, let me just lock up my car.

(SHE grabs her keys and presses a button on the fob and quickly drops them back in the dish. Her car alarm goes off. SFX: BLAT BLAT BLAT BLAT.)

LACY: *(Cont'd.)* Oh, gosh.

(SHE quickly picks up another set of keys from the dish and presses a button on its fob. A second car alarm goes off, out of sync with the first one. SFX: blat BLAT blat BLAT blat BLAT blat BLAT.)

LACY: *(Cont'd.)* Oh gosh.

TREVOR: Those are my keys, Lacy.

(Flustered, LACY hurriedly snatches up a third set of keys, impulsively hitting the button on its fob. And yes, a third car alarm starts. SFX: blatblatBLAT blatblatBLAT blatblatBLAT blatblatBLAT.)

LACY: Oh gosh.

(As LACY fumbles with the keys, SUE goes over to her and calmly shuts off all of the car alarms.)

SUE: And those would be my keys. Girl, you're a disaster area with pierced ears.

LACY: Yeah, I know. *(THEY sit on sofa.)* Anyway, it's nice that you let me include Bryce in on our fun. So, what were you saying about him?

TREVOR: She was going to tell me about your new boyfriend. *(Pointedly.)* I haven't heard many details about him. You just told me your first date didn't go well.

TREVOR: *(Cont'd.)* So, since Sue seems to have the scoop on your personal life, and I don't, since I'm only your best friend and it's not like you'd tell me anything ...

LACY: Okay, okay. I get it. Would you like some whiiine with your pizza rolls?

SUE: You're also her favorite guy friend. This was girl talk.

TREVOR: Fine. So, what happened with the "Disaster Date"?

LACY: Oh. Yeah. That was a couple months ago. It didn't exactly go smoothly.

(EVERYONE freezes. The LIGHTS switch to the DR corner. In this area, STAGEHANDS will quickly set the restaurant: a simple table and chairs. A candle and salt/pepper shakers are on the table. As they do this, SUE will put a waitress apron on. LACY goes to the restaurant and sits at the table. Sue approaches the table with menus.)

SUE: Hi, Lacy.

LACY: Oh, hi, Sue! I didn't know you were working tonight.

SUE: Somebody got sick. I got called in at the last minute. Are you dining alone tonight?

LACY: No, I'm here with a guy.

SUE: Ooh, my girl Lacy is on a date! So, where is he?

LACY: He's in the — you know, he's freshening up.

SUE: Lacy, girls "freshen up." Guys, they just use the john.

LACY: Right.

SUE: *(Puts the menus on the table.)* Well, you're lucky enough to be at one of my tables tonight. So, I'll just leave these here and I'll be back for your order when your guy is done "freshening up."

(SHE exits the scene. BRYCE enters from SR and sits.)

BRYCE: So ...

LACY: *(Awkwardly.)* So. This is nice.

BRYCE: Yes, it is. I've never eaten here before. *(Looks at menu.)* They could use a little more selection on their menu. And the décor is a little ...

LACY: Retro?

BRYCE: Well, I was going to say “tacky.”

LACY: Oh. Well, I don’t really come here that often. Hardly ever.

(SUE approaches the table.)

SUE: Hi again, girl!

LACY: *(Embarrassed.)* Hi. Bryce, this is my friend Sue.
(BRYCE has been engrossed in the menu and is not listening.) Bryce?

BRYCE: *(Looks up.)* I’m sorry, what? *(Sees SUE.)* Oh, you’re here. We’re not ready to order yet.

LACY: No, I was introducing you. This is my friend Sue.

BRYCE: Oh. Sorry. *(Confused.)* I thought you were our waitress. *(Looks at HER apron and order pad, puzzled.)*

SUE: I am.

LACY: She is.

BRYCE: I thought you said she was your friend.

SUE: I can do both at once. I’m good at multitasking. *(To LACY.)* So, kiddo, your usual?

(BRYCE looks at LACY, puzzled.)

LACY: Um. Yeah. That would be great. *(SHE attempts to hand SUE her menu and instead drops it on the floor.)* Oh gosh, I’m sorry.

SUE: *(Picking up menu.)* It’s all right, I’ve got it. How about you?

BRYCE: I’ll have the parmesan chicken, I guess.

SUE: Okay then. I’ll be right out with your salads. *(SHE exits.)*

BRYCE: Your “usual?” I thought you said you hardly ever come here.

LACY: Well ... Sue’s got a pretty good memory.

BRYCE: Oh.

(There is an awkward pause. LACY starts to say something, then.)

BRYCE: *(Cont’d.)* So, tell me all about Ellen.

LACY: Ellen?

BRYCE: Yes. Tell me all about yourself. (*LACY is confused.*)
That's what you do on blind dates, right? You find out about each other. So, tell me all about Ellen Casey.

LACY: (*Laughs nervously.*) Well, for starters, my name actually is—

BRYCE: (*Interrupts.*) Hey, you have to make sure and thank your friend at work. The one who got us together for this.

LACY: Yeah, Barb likes to play matchmaker. The thing is, as I was saying, my name is...

BRYCE: I really like the name Ellen. Very pretty.

(*LACY squirms a little.*)

BRYCE: (*Cont'd.*) So, Ellen, what do you do there at Allied Diversified, anyway?

LACY: (*Attempts one more time, then shrugs.*) I work in the human resources department. Mostly just looking up and copying insurance forms and stuff.

BRYCE: Oh. Well. That sounds ... (*Long pause.*) interesting.

LACY: Oh, it's more interesting than you might think. There are a lot of forms that you – (*When she says "a lot of" she gestures to make her point and knocks over a salt shaker.*) Oh gosh. Sorry. (*SHE resets the salt shaker, knocking her napkin on the floor in the process.*) Oh gosh. Sorry.

BRYCE: (*Trying to continue.*) I'm sure it must take some skill to keep them sorted –

(*LACY retrieves her napkin and, upon sitting back up, bumps her head on the bottom of the table.*)

LACY: Ow!

BRYCE: Ellen, are you all right?

LACY: Yeah, I do that all the time.

BRYCE: You do?

LACY: Well ... not on purpose. I mean ... that would be dumb, right? (*SHE laughs, a little too much.*)

BRYCE: Yes, I guess it would.

(SUE enters with salads. While LACY says her next line, she gestures wildly. Sue deftly avoids her arms as she places the salads on the table — she's done this before — and exits.)

LACY: Anyway, I work with some really nice people. Joe, he's nice. And Cheryl, she's nice too. Oh, and Barb, she's the one that set us up. *(Long pause.)* She's nice. *(Another pause.)* Oh, and Trevor. We've been friends for a long time, me and Trev. He's

BRYCE: Nice?

LACY: Right. Nice. I guess they're all nice. *(Babbles.)* I guess that's why I said they're all nice. There's nobody that's not nice, you know? *(Realizes she's babbling.)* Anyway ...

(THEY start to eat their salads, then LACY brightens up.)

LACY: *(Cont'd.)* Oh, I've got to tell you about this.

(BRYCE leans forward smiling, in anticipation of a good story.)

LACY: *(Cont'd.)* Barb was filling out all the forms for this new employee, the guy had just hired in.

BRYCE: *(Smiling.)* Right, right.

LACY: And she gets the last one all filled out, and then she looks at it and just rolls her eyes. Because she filled out a DD18A.

(LACY laughs and to make her point, slams her hand on the table. She hits the handle of the fork in her salad bowl; the fork and some salad fly through the air and onto BRYCE. Lacy looks at it awkwardly.)

LACY: *(Cont'd.)* Oh, gosh. Sorry.

BRYCE: So, this form DD18A ...?

LACY: Oh, right! Isn't that hilarious? *(BRYCE is unsure what to make of this.)* You know, because she thought it was a DD16A. *(Pause.)* Oh. This would probably make more sense if you knew what those were for, right?

BRYCE: Probably. But I guess I get the gist of ...

LACY: The DD16A is for hiring new personnel. The DD18A is for termination of an employee. She was firing the guy before he even started working!

(LACY laughs. BRYCE feebly tries to laugh. She doesn't seem to notice that she's the only one who thinks this is funny.)

LACY: *(Cont'd.)* Yep. Good times at work. Crazy stuff like that happens all the time!

(On "all the time" she flips her hand up, gesturing, and catches the rim of the salad bowl and sends salad flying off the table and again, onto BRYCE.)

LACY: *(Cont'd.)* Oh gosh. Sorry.

BRYCE: It's okay. Don't worry about it, Ellen.

LACY: Um ... right.

(SUE enters.)

SUE: Hey kiddo, you want the extra sauce for your barbecued ribs, right?

BRYCE: Barbecued ribs with extra sauce? *(Nervously.)* Maybe you'd better bring lots of napkins.

(LIGHTS back up to normal. STAGEHANDS strike the restaurant set. BRYCE exits. SUE removes the apron and goes back to the living room. LACY rejoins the others.)

SUE: I could hardly believe he asked you out again. After that date, I figured he'd run from the restaurant screaming. *(Feigning panic.)* "Barbecue sauce! Everywhere!"

TREVOR: Oh, did he have the ribs too?

LACY: No, I just — you know how I am. I gesture a lot when I talk. It was all over the walls, and I knocked Bryce's drink into his lap, and I had to put out the table...

TREVOR: Put out the table??

LACY: *(Casually.)* Yeah, it caught on fire when I knocked over the candle. Luckily the people at the next table had a carafe of water. I put a big barbecue sauce handprint on some lady's face when I reached for it.

(TREVOR laughs.)

LACY: *(Cont'd.)* So, after that I figured I could add Bryce to my list of guys that dated me once and never wanted to risk me again. But then I ran into him at the bank a couple of weeks ago.

(Again, EVERYONE freezes. LIGHTS go down except for the DR corner. STAGEHANDS quickly convert this corner to the bank set, which is a stand-alone teller's window. LACY moves to the front of the window, just completing a transaction. BRYCE enters and stands behind, waiting in line.)

LACY: *(Taking an envelope of money from the "teller." STAGEHAND can just hand it to her through the window.)* Thank you. Bye now. *(Turns to go and bumps into BRYCE.)* Oh gosh. Sorry.

BRYCE: That's all right... *(Sees her face to face.)* Oh, hey! Ellen! Hi! *(LACY looks at him, confused.)* Remember me? Bryce Wheeler?

LACY: Oh! Of course! You just – took me by surprise. You're Bryce. And ... and I'm "Ellen." Hi, good to see you again!

BRYCE: It's been, what, a month? How have you been?

LACY: Oh, you know, same old same old. *(When she says this, she flips her hands in a shrugging gesture and the money envelope flies out of her hand.)* Oh gosh.

BRYCE: *(Picks it up for her.)* Just throwing your money around, huh?

LACY: Yeah. Well ... it was nice seeing you again. *(Starts to walk away.)*

BRYCE: Say, Ellen ...

(LACY winces upon hearing this, then turns to BRYCE.)

BRYCE: (*Cont'd.*) Do you think maybe I could call you again sometime?

LACY: (*Dumbfounded.*) Really? You actually want to do that?

BRYCE: Sure.

LACY: You remember how that date ended up, right?

BRYCE: Yes, I remember. That was a lot of barbecue sauce on my shirt that night.

LACY: And on the floor.

BRYCE: And in my hair.

LACY: And on my dress. (*Thinks about it.*) To this day I can't figure out how I sat in my plate.

BRYCE: Yeah, it got a little messy. But overall it was ... okay. So, what do you say?

LACY: Well ... I guess if you're willing. Sure.

BRYCE: How's this Friday look?

LACY: Same as all the others. Watch a rerun of "NCIS," drool over Mark Harmon, read, go to sleep.

BRYCE: Pick you up at 7:00? I remember where you live.

LACY: Sure. That would be great.

(*SHE starts to go as BRYCE goes up to the teller window.*)

BRYCE: Great. I'll see you Friday, Ellen.

LACY: (*Winces; to herself.*) Yeah. Except my name is Lacy.

(*LIGHTS back to normal. BRYCE exits. STAGEHANDS strike the teller window. LACY returns to the living room.*)

TREVOR: So, he asked you out on the dreaded second date. Where did you go?

LACY: We went to a movie. It was ... nice. (*TREVOR looks at her quizzically. After a moment.*) I sneezed into his popcorn.

TREVOR: Oh.

LACY: And then I was trying to open my bag of M&M'S and they ripped open and rained down on the guy in front of me. It was like a little rainbow shower.

TREVOR: So, pretty much a typical night at the movies with you.

End of Freeview

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