

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.

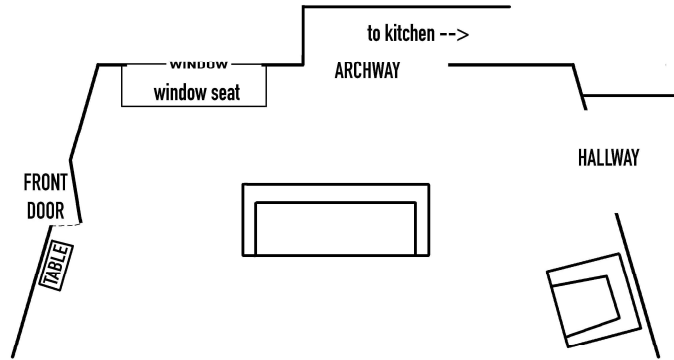
SUE PARKER: Lacy's best friend. Droll, with a dry sense of humor.

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.

End of Freeview

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