

The Three Apollos

By Joel Fishbane

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The Three Apollos

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DEDICATION

*To the first three Apollos: Shawn, Ian and Tristan; and to
Freya, for helping bring it to life*

STORY OF THE PLAY

New York, 1920. Hanover Brunswick is the man who has everything except the love of his wife...or so he thinks. When he learns that his beautiful neighbor Louisiana is marrying a man she's never met – the soldier Apollo Vladermilk – Hanover plots to disguise himself as Apollo and marry Louisiana, thus giving his wife grounds for a divorce. Meanwhile, the real Apollo arrives in town and quickly gets into trouble with the law. To protect himself, he exchanges clothes with Louisiana's father, the overbearing Boswell Lavador. Soon there are three Apollos running loose through the city, each causing a series of comic confusions that involve a clever telegram boy, a drunken constable, a dopey minister and a mob of wayward ladies. It is left to a hapless judge to sort out the mess, put the proper lovers together and ensure that everyone gets their happy ending.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTION

The Three Apollos originally produced by Pumpkin Theatre in association with Infinitheatre and White Raven Productions. It appeared at the Bain St. Michel in Montreal, Quebec from December 1 - 17, 2005. It was directed by the author. Set design was by James Lavoie; costume design was by Kate Hootan; lighting design was by Mark Baher; makeup design was by Natalie Riviere. The stage manager was Bonnie More. The cast was as follows:

HANOVER BRUNSWICK.....	Shawn Baichoo
FANNY BRUNSWICK.....	Christine Armstrong
ARTIE WORCHESTER.....	Cory Bertrand
THE TELEGRAM BOY.....	Giancarlo Caltabiano
BOSWELL LAVADOR.....	Ian Young
LOUISIANA LAVADOR.....	Freya Ravensbergen
APOLLO VLADERMILK.....	Tristan D. Lalla
LADY METITIUS.....	Lissa Hostland
JEZEBEL.....	Vikki Walker
TROLLOP.....	Katie Stanfield
STRUMPET.....	Dalia Marom
WAYWARD LADIES.....	Vanessa Matsui, Catherine Berube
ERNEST CORBOGGON.....	Neil Napier
OFFICER.....	Tommy Malone
MINISTER and others.....	Clinton Lee Pontes

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(7 m, 6 w, 1 flexible, extras)

HANOVER BRUNSWICK: Hanover is a playwright, and like all playwrights, he's suave, sophisticated and a complete imbecile when it comes to women.

FANNY BRUNSWICK: Married to Hanover, sister to Artie. She's slightly reminiscent of a young Katherine Hepburn.

ARTIE WORCHESTER: He is the typical young lover of the age, a rumped court jester trying to pretend he's not out of place in a jacket and tie.

TELEGRAM BOY: He is the smartest person on stage.

LOUISIANA LAVADOR: A typical ingénue, pretty and sweet.

BOSWELL LAVADOR: Louisiana's father. Corpulent, balding, dumb as a brick.

LADY METITIUS: Heads the Employment Agency for Wayward Ladies. She is June busting out all over.

APOLLO VLADERMILK: A classic braggart and a villain.

JEZEBEL: One of the Wayward Ladies.

TROLLOP: Another of the Wayward Ladies.

STRUMPET: Another of the Wayward Ladies.

CONSTABLE ERNEST CORBOGGON: A man more interested in love than his job.

CLIENT / OFFICER: Can be played by the same actor.

MINISTER / JUDGE: *(Flexible role.)* Can be played by the same actor.

EXTRAS: Other wayward ladies.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

SETTING: New York, August, 1920.

ACT I

Scene 1: The sitting room of Brunswick home, early one morning.

Scene 2: Outside the Brunswick home, later that morning.

Scene 3: Outside the Boswell home, a few moments later.

Scene 4: Outside Lady Metitus' agency in downtown New York, later that morning.

Scene 5: Outside the Boswell home, around noon.

Scene 6: A church rectory, a short time later.

Scene 7: A police station, around the same time.

Scene 8: A city sidewalk, later that afternoon.

Scene 9: Outside the Freckled Hyena Inn, around dusk.

ACT II

Scene 1: A room in Lady Metitius' agency, the next morning.

Scene 2: Outside the Freckled Hyena Inn, the same time.

Scene 3: The church rectory, a short time later.

Scene 4: A city sidewalk, later that morning.

Scene 5: A train station, around noon.

Scene 6: A courtroom, the next day.

ACT I

Scene 1

(AT RISE: In the darkness there is the SFX of ringing of a doorbell. The LIGHTS rise on our hero, HANOVER BRUNSWICK. He is deeply involved in his work. When his wife FANNY enters, he will not look up, kiss her cheek, or admire her beautiful bathrobe. In fact, despite the fact that she's slightly reminiscent of a young Katherine Hepburn, Hanover will treat her as a nuisance throughout the scene. The doorbell continues to ring.)

FANNY: Aren't you going to get that?

HANOVER: I wasn't planning on it.

FANNY: It might be important.

HANOVER: Nothing important ever happens before lunch.

FANNY: Is that so?

HANOVER: No one likes to do things on an empty stomach.

(SFX: The caller changes to incessant knocking.)

ARTIE: *(Off.)* Hello? Is someone there?

HANOVER: It's your brother.

FANNY: I can hear that, thank you.

ARTIE: *(Off.)* You won't believe the night I had. Quick, let me in before I propose to someone else.

HANOVER: *(Calling off.)* We're not answering the door today. Go around back.

ARTIE: *(Off.)* What?

HANOVER: *(Calling louder.)* I said, "Go around back!"

ARTIE: *(Off.)* Er...okay.

FANNY: Don't you think you're being a little childish?

HANOVER: Childish? I'm not the one who fired the butler.

FANNY: He was *stealing* from us.

HANOVER: Trinkets. Knick-knacks. It's not as if he ever stole anything *important*.

FANNY: He was going through my underwear.

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HANOVER: I'd think you'd be thrilled. Most men won't go near your underwear.

FANNY: I hate talking to you. All you ever do is come up with punch lines.

HANOVER: Don't bite the hand that feeds you. If it wasn't for my punch lines, you'd have nothing to say on stage. But then, you'd probably prefer that, wouldn't you?

FANNY: Honestly. You're not *still* thinking about that, are you?

HANOVER: I most certainly am. It's perfectly insulting to be told by your lead actress that your play is tedious.

FANNY: The play has been running for *two years*. Of course I find it tedious. Do you have any idea how boring it is to say the same thing night after night?

HANOVER: Of course I do - that's why we stopped talking during meals.

FANNY: Now who's being childish? I make one careless remark a week and a half ago and you've been impossible to live with ever since.

HANOVER: They say the only thing worse than being a playwright is being a playwright's wife.

FANNY: Who says that?

HANOVER: From what I hear, women married to playwrights.

(SFX: We hear a crash offstage.)

ARTIE: *(From off.)* It's all right! I'm all right!

HANOVER: I think I'll leave you two alone.

FANNY: You don't have to go. Artie would love to see you.

HANOVER: Yes, but I have no desire to be seen. It's all right, I'll leave you to plot my murder. If I stick around, it'll only ruin the surprise.

(HANOVER exits as ARTIE enters, looking disheveled.)

ARTIE: Someone broke your Ming vase. What's with Hanover?

End of Freeview

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