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THE DAY THEY KIDNAPPED BLANCHE

One-act Comedy in Three Scenes

by

Ann Barham Pugh and Katy Dacus

The Cast

BLANCHE: fun-loving 70 year-old retired English teacher turned amateur actress

SOL FENKELSTEIN: bitter 75 year-old widowed retirement home resident estranged from his only son

MRS SLOAN: snobbish 70 year-old widowed retirement home resident, who views theatre folk with disdain

DEVON: sharp middle-aged FBI Agent

BRENT: personable 30-50 year-old community theatre director

RUBY: crafty 50 year-old retirement home social director

BILLY: dim-witted aide employed by social worker

*October afternoon outside Senior Citizen Community Theatre facing a park
Marquee at theatre entrance reads:*

"USED CAR FOR SALE"

MATINEE SOLD OUT * EVENING TICKETS AT BOX OFFICE

BLANCHE, a bright handsome 70 year-old retired teacher and amateur actress bounces from theatre into the afternoon sun. Agile, fun-loving and athletic in pants, tailored shirt and dark flats, she slings a yellow bike helmet and a knapsack bearing 'YWCA Swim Team' logo. Laughingly, she scurries to her tandem bike Stage Right.

BRENT, 30-50 year-old stage director following her with a marquee notice, is a teaser. They are devoted buddies in spite of age difference.

Their show-biz bantering makes them oblivious to DEVON, a sinister-looking stranger on park bench Stage Left. In trench coat and hat that shadows his face, he eavesdrops while pretending to read a newspaper.

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BRENT: *(calls)* What's your hurry, Blanche? I've got Hollywood on hold.

BLANCHE: *(shrugs)* Neil Simon again? What a pest he is!

BRENT: Shall I say what I always do -- Spielberg has first priority?

BLANCHE: *(laughs)* Don't forget ABC wants me for the Farrah Fawcett role in the geriatric revival of "Charley's Angel's."

BRENT: You should consider Simon's offer. He's begging you to star in his latest zinger *(nudges her meaningfully)* "The Last of the Red Hot Grannies" *(makes click-click sound)*

BLANCHE: Hush your mouth! I'm far too young to play a grandmother role. *(imitates age-sensitive star)* I'm not a day over thirty-eight. Uh -- forty-eight? *(both laugh.)* I'll play any part so long as it doesn't promote porno or Polident. These *(indicates teeth)* are my own, and if you don't believe it-

BRENT: I believe! *(accusingly)* I saw on the call board that you're throwing the cast party.

BLANCHE: *(flippant)* You expected an engraved invitation?

BRENT: You know what I mean. Let someone else do the party.

BLANCHE: Why?

BRENT: You take on too much. Always do more than your share.

RUBY: I do exactly what I want to do. When did a little work ever hurt anyone?

BRENT: But, Blanche-- *(is interrupted)*

BLANCHE: *(cuts him off gently)* Brent, dear, I've told you I intend to have the gang over tomorrow night. *(pats Brent on the cheek)* Not to worry. It's taken care of. Lasagna's made and in the freezer. Sarah's doing salad. Cliff and Sam are bringing beer, which you, dear boy, will ice down in my bathtub. Simple.

BRENT: You're something else!

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BLANCHE: Yes, like what? A bossy old teacher? (*puts on bike helmet*)

BRENT: You're one classy lady. I adore you, but we must stop meeting like this.

BLANCHE: It's sheer madness. You know how gossipy show folks are. (*throws him a kiss*) Gotta run!

BRENT: Why bike all that distance when I can have a sandwich sent in, and you can put your feet up and relax before tonight's show?

BLANCHE: Who's tired? I promised Ruthie I'd drop off that stagecraft book. And who wants a soggy sandwich when you can have homemade soup at home? Besides, I need the exercise.

BRENT: Remember you have a show tonight. Don't pick up a date on your way home, okay? (*looks at bike*)

BRENT: You're impossible! See you at the half hour. (*inserts marquee notice, exits into theatre*)
(*BLANCHE kicks kick-stand up ready to go*)

DEVON: (*drops newspaper on bench, blocks Blanche*) Blanche Sherwin? Are you Mrs. Sherwin? Can I talk to you?

End of FreeView—Now buy the entire play!

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