

**Cast of Characters**

Roland Hayes, 29  
The Ducky  
Pilot (voice)  
Flight Attendant/Judy Claymore, 33  
Interviewer (voice)  
Englishwoman (voice)  
Delivery Man, mid 30s  
Irene Regnier/Darlene Parks/Hotel Maid  
Lili Piedmont, 30  
Sweetheart #1 (voice)  
Sweetheart #2 (voice)  
Sweetheart #3 (voice)  
Boz Lee (voice)  
Bobby (voice)  
Girls' Voices 1-8

**Place**

An airplane. A jewelry store. A hotel room.

**Time**

The present, on a Friday in November.

**Note**

The author intends that *Till You Get to Baraboo* be performed by a cast of five—two actors and three actresses. The suggested breakdown is as follows:

Actor 1: Roland Hayes

Actor 2: The Ducky, Interviewer, Delivery Man

Actress 1: Flight Attendant, Judy Claymore

Actress 2: Pilot, Englishwoman, Lili Piedmont

Actress 3: Irene Regnier, Darlene Parks, Hotel Maid

The “Girls’ Voices” and the “Bobby’s Angels” material may be done live by the above actors or pre-recorded.

# *Till You Get to Baraboo*

by Emmett Loverde

## **Act One**

### ***Scene One***

*SCENE:* An airplane is suggested by a pair of airplane-style seats—a window seat and an aisle seat. *ROLAND HAYES, 29, nice-looking, well-groomed, sits in the window seat and stares outside.*

*AT RISE:* *ROLAND can't seem to stop playing with a large flat package. A few airplane-style dinner dishes sit on the floor at his feet. Plane engine sound.*

*(After a moment, THE DUCKY—a man in a cheap, moth-eaten green duck suit—saunters up the aisle smoking a cigarette and reading the sports section. DUCKY pauses at ROLAND'S "row" to finish reading a paragraph before sitting down.)*

**ROLAND.** There's no smoking.

*(DUCKY sits, ignoring ROLAND. ROLAND continues to fidget with the package. DUCKY finally grabs ROLAND'S hands to keep them still.)*

Was that bothering you?

**DUCKY.** Only while you were doing it.

**ROLAND.** I should have gotten her a Crock Pot. If I don't get off the plane in Las Vegas, do you think they would let me fly back to L.A. half-price?

**DUCKY.** I think this one's going on to Tulsa. Anyway you already paid for the hotel room. Now shut it.

*(A FLIGHT ATTENDANT is strolling up the aisle. She pantomimes taking drink orders.)*

**ROLAND.** Do you think golf clubs—

**DUCKY.** (*Reads:*) "...to which Myers replied that he was currently very satisfied with his contract." (*Turns to ROLAND.*) Now you. You can't afford decent golf clubs. And she doesn't play golf. And what if he doesn't, either?

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT.** (*To ROLAND; as if DUCKY were not there:*) Would you like a pillow or a blanket, sir?

**ROLAND.** (*Distracted:*) No, I'm fine, thanks.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT.** (*Re: ROLAND'S dishes:*) I can take those for you if you wish.

**ROLAND.** No, I'm fine, thanks.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT.** The left engine is on fire and we're asking all passengers to parachute out of the plane. Would you care to join us?

**ROLAND.** No, I'm fine, thanks.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT.** Birthday party?

**ROLAND.** Wedding.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT.** (*Sweetly:*) Fun.

*(ROLAND frowns.)*

Not fun?

**ROLAND.** *It will be fun. I won't.*

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT.** I won't disturb you.

*(She continues down the aisle.)*

**ROLAND.** Miss?

*(She turns back.)*

When you were a little girl, did you have an imaginary friend? Someone only you could see?

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT.** Yes, but he kept borrowing money.

**ROLAND.** Yours was a "he"?

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT.** An "it". A bumblebee. A big noisy one, too.

**DUCKY.** *(To ROLAND:)* Can you have her step aside? She's blocking my light.

**ROLAND.** *(To FLIGHT ATTENDANT:)* Would you step a little to the left?

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT.** *(Obeys.)* Is this better?

**DUCKY.** Tell her yeah.

**ROLAND.** Yeah. You were blocking my friend's...you were blocking my light.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT.** Your imaginary friend?

**ROLAND.** Ye—*no*. Of course not.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT.** Do you and your invisible friend talk?

**DUCKY.** Hey—tell her how you puke at the drop of a hat.

**ROLAND.** *(Ignoring DUCKY:)* We bicker.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT.** What does your friend look like? Is it an animal, like a lion or a bear?

**DUCKY.** You know, she's messing with you.

**ROLAND.** You're about ready to call Security, aren't you?

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT.** I bet it's a *very* classy animal...

**DUCKY.** Hey, she's pretty cute.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT.** ...very imposing and solemn...like a grizzly or a panther...

*(DUCKY blows smoke at ROLAND, who coughs heavily.)*

**DUCKY.** She's doing the same thing, only not in your face.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT.** Are you all right, sir?

**ROLAND.** *(Between coughs:)* Fine, fine...

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT.** What does your friend look like?

**DUCKY.** Tell her, kid. I don't mind.

**ROLAND.** It's a bird...

*(DUCKY nods, reading still.)*

...a very majestic, noble bird...

*(DUCKY looks up sharply.)*

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT.** Eagle?

**ROLAND.** More cunning than an eagle...

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT.** Hawk?

**ROLAND.** You're getting warmer.

**DUCKY.** Are you ashamed of me?

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT.** Albatross?

**ROLAND.** Less morbid.

*(DUCKY aims a rubber band at the FLIGHT ATTENDANT'S head.)*

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT.** Falcon?

*(DUCKY stretches back the rubber band.)*

**ROLAND.** DUCK!!!

*(The FLIGHT ATTENDANT ducks. DUCKY goes back to his paper.)*

Sorry, folks! Nothing to worry about.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT.** Your friend is a duck? That's adorable! *(She starts down the aisle.)* Have fun at your wedding! *(To "passenger":)* Would you like a pillow or a blanket?

**ROLAND.** When we land they'll be waiting with handcuffs.

**DUCKY.** I bet if you asked her to dinner, she'd say yes.

**ROLAND.** What are you doing back? It's been twenty-plus years.

**DUCKY.** You know in the movie *2001* where that big monolith thing appears and all the monkeys get smart?

**ROLAND.** So?

**DUCKY.** You're like one of those monkeys.

**PILOT.** *(Over intercom:)* Ladies and gentlemen, as we begin our descent into the McCarran International Airport we ask that you put your seat

backs forward...

**ROLAND.** Maybe Judy won't go through with her wedding!!!

**DUCKY.** Judy's not the issue.

**PILOT.** *(Over intercom:)* ...and fasten your seatbelts. The temperature in Las Vegas is sixty-five degrees under clear skies. So just sit back—

**DUCKY.** Look, just sit back...

**PILOT and DUCKY.** ...relax, and enjoy the ride.

*(With a final grin at ROLAND, DUCKY picks up the paper and resumes reading it while ROLAND stewes in confusion. Plane engine sounds take over. Lights down.)*

***End of Scene***

## Act One

### Scene Two

*SCENE:* *A jewelry store in the lobby of the Paris Hotel in Las Vegas later that evening. A counter and a display case.*

*AT RISE:* *IRENE REGNIER, a very attractive French woman, is writing sales figures into an accounting book.*

*(ROLAND enters looking a little dour.)*

**ROLAND.** I have a wedding...

**IRENE.** But you are miserable.

**ROLAND.** I'm not miserable!

**IRENE.** Of course. You are ecstatic. Look at you, jumping out of your skin about your wedding.

**ROLAND.** No—people “jump out of their skin” when they're *scared*.

**IRENE.** I am correct then. Your wedding scares you.

**ROLAND.** It's not *my* wedding.

**IRENE.** It is not your wedding so you are jealous. You wish to die. You want to rain death upon all who are happy.

**ROLAND.** Are they really like you in France?

**IRENE.** The tourists come here, they meet me, I abuse, they stay home. From them France is saved.

**ROLAND.** Do you have any his-and-hers jewelry?

**IRENE.** No. Perhaps bath towels. Or the oven mitts in the shape of creatures from the farm. Piggy or goat.

**ROLAND.** Her name is Judy.

**IRENE.** No. Do not involve me. Then on me too you will wish the death.

**ROLAND.** I do already. His name is Stan.

**IRENE.** Judy Claymore?

**ROLAND.** You know her?

**IRENE.** (*Her French accent softens a great deal.*) Yes! She is my good friend! She stayed with my family in France when she was an exchange student. I am in the wedding!

**ROLAND.** What happened to your accent?

**IRENE.** It is for the tourists. Judy is the one who convinced me to move here.

**ROLAND.** You're an actress?

**IRENE.** Dancer.

**ROLAND.** I'm not surprised.

**IRENE.** Do not force me to again abuse. You are a musician? You play in the wedding?

**ROLAND.** I'm a guest. Do I look like a musician?

**IRENE.** The hair. And the clothes—such a desperate attempt at originality which achieves only the banal.

**ROLAND.** I just got off a plane from Los Angeles!

**IRENE.** But of course. You are not ready to buy for Judy the gift.

**ROLAND.** The wedding's tomorrow.

**IRENE.** This is Las Vegas. We are open all night. Return here after the boobie show.

**ROLAND.** Will you save me a dance at the wedding?

**IRENE.** You are not ready to dance with me. The pain.

**ROLAND.** I'm a pretty good dancer. You wouldn't be in that much pain.

**IRENE.** *Your* pain. You are sad. You will use me. Wad me up like a greasy paper napkin and toss me in the ashtray where I will suffer, exposed, until the next cigarette touches me and I am engulfed and then... only ash.

**ROLAND.** How about I check with you again tomorrow?

**IRENE.** (*Ushers him out.*) I will pick you up in front of the hotel at nine-thirty. But you will wash. And the clothes you will iron.

*(Lights down.)*

***End of Scene***

## Act One

### Scene Three

*SCENE:* A bedroom at the Paris Hotel later that evening. Every lamp in the room is on. A large double bed, a sink with a door leading to a bathroom, a small table with two chairs, a television that faces away from the audience, a night table with a telephone. The wrapped gift sits on the dresser.

*AT RISE:* ROLAND is on the telephone. He paces. The television is on.

**INTERVIEWER.** *(From television; English accent:)* Was there any truth to those rumors?

**ROLAND.** Yeah, I'd like to place an order for delivery? The Paris, room 1804.

**ENGLISHWOMAN.** *(From television; English accent:)* I was deeply disturbed by his decision to put all of that into the book. Deeply hurt.

**ROLAND.** *(Into phone:)* Szechwan Chicken, fried rice. And a Coke. Okay. And an extra plate? Great. *(Hangs up.)*

**INTERVIEWER.** Then you did actually have the affair with Mr. Gold?

**ENGLISHWOMAN.** I was in love with Lawrence Gold.

**INTERVIEWER.** So you *were* unfaithful to your husband?

**ENGLISHWOMAN.** In deed only. Never in heart.

**INTERVIEWER.** Do you want the divorce or not?

**ENGLISHWOMAN.** I want my marriage. And Lawrence. Neither! Oh good heavens!

**INTERVIEWER.** How was the sex?

**ROLAND.** Oh my god.

**ENGLISHWOMAN.** Excuse me?

**INTERVIEWER.** How was the sex between you and Mr. Gold? Did he satisfy you sexually? More so than your husband?

**ENGLISHWOMAN.** (*Incredulous.*) You're asking was the sex... good?

**INTERVIEWER.** Or bad.

**ROLAND.** Don't answer that! Do not answer that!

**ENGLISHWOMAN.** Lawrence had more expressive hands than my husband, but he lacked stamina.

*(There's a knock at the door. ROLAND shuts off the television and gets out his wallet.)*

**ROLAND.** Hold on!

*(ROLAND opens the door to the hall to reveal JUDY CLAYMORE, a cute, infectiously effervescent woman of 33. She should be played by the same actress who portrayed the FLIGHT ATTENDANT.)*

**JUDY.** Hi, Rollie!

**ROLAND.** (*Pleasantly surprised.*) Judy.

**JUDY.** I said I might swing by after the rehearsal dinner! (*Hugs him tightly.*) I'm so glad you *came!*

**ROLAND.** Isn't this bad luck?

**JUDY.** It's bad luck if the bride sees the groom—but *you're* not the groom!

**ROLAND.** So how'd the dinner go?

**JUDY.** It was manic. As usual, Stan's family was calm and reasonable and mine was catfighting and dysfunctional. *His* people arrived a half hour early, and *mine* two hours late. *His* parents gave mine a lovely floral arrangement, and *mine* gave his some oven mitts shaped like farm animals. (*Screams.*) Ro-land! I'm getting *married!* What the hell am I *doing??*

**ROLAND.** Don't you know?

**JUDY.** What if I'm not ready? What if Stan's totally wrong for me?? And what if it takes me *twenty years* to realize it by which time I'm so bitter all I want to do is *kill myself???*

**ROLAND.** Or what if everything turns out okay?

**JUDY.** Do you think it will?

**ROLAND.** *(Sadly:)* Yeah.

**JUDY.** You hesitated that means something why'd you hesitate?

**ROLAND.** I didn't hesitate. I swallowed my tongue.

*(A knock at the door. JUDY steps quietly into the bathroom and out of sight.)*

**DELIVERY MAN.** *(Through door:)* Moo Goo To Go.

**ROLAND.** Just one second! *(To JUDY:)* Judy, you hungry? *(But he can't find her.)* Judy?

**DELIVERY MAN.** *(Through door:)* Moo Goo To Go!

**ROLAND.** *(Opens door.)* What do I owe you?

*(The DELIVERY MAN, a scruffy gent wearing a baseball cap embroidered with the "MOO GOO TO GO" logo, stands in the doorway. His cap is the same green as DUCKY'S suit. The DUCKY actor should also play the DELIVERY MAN.)*

**DELIVERY MAN.** Ten-eighty.

*(ROLAND pays him, then adds a generous tip.)*

Thanks a lot, guy. *(He turns to leave.)*

**ROLAND.** Say, um...

**DELIVERY MAN.** You need sauce? They never put in enough sauce...

**ROLAND.** Judy? Judy? *(He checks bathroom.)*

**DELIVERY MAN.** Who's Judy?

**ROLAND.** She was just here and now she's not.

**DELIVERY MAN.** Happens to me all the time. What'd you need?

**ROLAND.** Has anybody you loved ever gone and gotten married on you?

**DELIVERY MAN.** Beg pardon?

**ROLAND.** Did somebody you were in love with go marry someone else—while you were still in love with them?

**DELIVERY MAN.** You did order Chinese food, didn't you?

**ROLAND.** Yeah.

**DELIVERY MAN.** That's all you wanted, right? I mean, you weren't expecting some little honey in a two-piece? 'Cause you can order that off the TV...

**ROLAND.** Just a simple question: did you ever love some girl and have to watch her marry someone else?

**DELIVERY MAN.** It's happened.

**ROLAND.** Did she know you were in love with her?

**DELIVERY MAN.** No way. If *I'm* stuck on somebody, that's *my* problem.

**ROLAND.** Are you married now?

**DELIVERY MAN.** What are you, the Census Bureau?

**ROLAND.** I'm just curious.

**DELIVERY MAN.** I feel like I'm being dissected like a bug.

**ROLAND.** I don't mean anything by it. You don't have a girlfriend?

**DELIVERY MAN.** Not presently, no. Do *you*, Barbara Walters?

**ROLAND.** No.

**DELIVERY MAN.** Oh. Too bad. You look like a nice guy.

**ROLAND.** I don't want to be The Nice Guy. I want to be The Amorous Rogue.

**DELIVERY MAN.** At least you don't look like a thug. How do you think I feel?

**ROLAND.** You don't look like a thug.

**DELIVERY MAN.** I look like I deliver Chinese food. That tends to limit my options.

**ROLAND.** I just keep thinking about this wedding tomorrow...

**DELIVERY MAN.** (*Begins taking food out of the bag.*) If you're stuck on this girl, why don't you bust up her wedding?

**ROLAND.** (*Glances around.*) Judy? Judy?

**DELIVERY MAN.** What's with the "Judy"? Every time I turn around

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