

## ON THE NOSE

(Lights come up on a poorly constructed set. There is a balcony with odd colored cloth hanging down and a backdrop that is supposed to be a castle. Two men enter in Shakespearean type dress. They are very bad actors who, think they are very good)

CAPTAIN:  
Look at yonder window, friend. She awaits me, she does.

SOLDIER:  
Doth she?

CAPTAIN:  
She does.

SOLDIER:  
But doth she love thee?

CAPTAIN:  
She does.

SOLDIER:  
So, good for you.

MAN:  
(From audience)  
So bad for us!  
(He and FRIENDS laugh. The two actors take a quick glance out in surprise then quickly get back in character)

CAPTAIN:  
Uh... yes. She loveth me. She wroteth a letter.  
(Takes it out. Sniffs lovingly)  
Ah, doth though smelleth her fragrance? Doth thou find it heavenly?

SOLDIER:  
(Excited)  
I smell. I smell.

MAN:  
You can say that again.  
(He and friends laugh. The two actors try to hide their anger, but they don't do it well)

CAPTAIN:  
Tonight, I shall go to her. Tonight. Tonight!

MAN:  
When?!

CAPTAIN:  
(Angry. Trying to be more dramatic)  
Tonight!

MAN:  
(Mocking)  
I can't hear you.

CAPTAIN:  
(Turns to run off the stage)  
Now look here!  
(SOLDIER grabs him)

SOLDIER:  
I cannot let you go to her.

CAPTAIN:  
(One more look at MAN then gets back to play)  
Why doth thou stopeth me?

SOLDIER:  
Because she is to be mine.

CAPTAIN:  
Then we must fight to our deaths.

MAN:  
We can only hope.

SOLDIER:  
(They pull swords)  
We fight for love!  
(They dual. MAN sings "Love Boat Theme." He gets FRIENDS to join in. CAPTAIN is stabbed)

CAPTAIN:  
Oh, my heart. My loving heart. My heart is stabbed. I can love no more.

SOLDIER:  
Oh, my captain. I have slain thee. But how?

MAN:  
What do you mean "how"? What's that in your hand, a swizzle stick?

CAPTAIN:  
I die now. I die. I leave thee to love for I can love no more. My heart is worn. My blood will pour this night  
no more. I leave my sword, my rank, my love. You have it all now. You have everything I desire.  
(Cough)  
I die and leave thee. I die and leave thee these words.

MAN:  
Will you just die already?!

CAPTAIN:  
(Jumps up)  
I've had it with you!

MAN:  
It's a miracle. He's alive.

CAPTAIN:

(Picks up his sword)

Come on, whoever you are. I've had it with you. One night is bad enough but three in a row!

MAN:

(Leaps up onto the stage)

Do you not know me?

(The man is CYRIL DE BURG, local jokester. He is well known for his big nose)

CAPTAIN:

Oh, yeah. I know you now. I've heard about you. You're the one with the big nose.

(Gasp from CYRIL'S FRIENDS)

FRIEND:

(From audience)

You shouldn't have said that.

CYRIL:

You're offended by my nose?

CAPTAIN:

It is no stranger than a dog with two tails.

(He laughs but no one laughs with him)

CYRIL:

There was a poem a read once. It goes something like this: (Picking up a sword)

"Roses are red. Violets are fuchsia. What you dish out, comes right back to ya!"

(And CYRIL quickly unarms the CAPTAIN with a twist  
of his sword)

CAPTAIN:

(Looks at empty hand)

How did you...?

(Backs away)

No hard feeling, huh?

CYRIL:

None at all.

(CAPTAIN starts to go)

CYRIL:

I look forward to seeing your performance tomorrow night.

CAPTAIN:

Oh, no.

CYRIL:

Oh, yes.

CAPTAIN:

Oh, geez.

(Exits)

ROXY:  
(Comes out on balcony)  
What's going on out here?

CYRIL:  
(To audience)  
Now, for the moment you've all been waiting for. The farewell. When we last left our hero, he was flat on the floor, bleeding and giving some terribly boring speech. But his fair lady comes out and sees him dying. She calls out to him:  
(He points to her)

ROXY:  
(She gives him a dirty look)  
What is this?

CYRIL:  
And she says...

ROXY:  
(Sighs. Speaks flatly)  
Oh, but I must have one good-bye kiss.

CYRIL:  
And so our hero, though he is bleeding to death, uses his last bit of strength to climb up to her.

(He does actions. The ROXY looks very annoyed. He is almost to her)

He wants that one last kiss. The kiss he has been dreaming of. But before he can reach her he tosses the mortal coil. UHHH!

(He dies and falls. Looks out at audience)

And dies.

(Stands up)

Finally.

ROXY:  
That isn't how it ends.

CYRIL:  
It isn't?

ROXY:  
No.  
(She looks at him)  
It ends with a kiss.

CYRIL:  
It does?

ROXY:  
Yes.

CYRIL:  
Really?  
(He climbs up again)  
Could you perhaps... show me?

ROXY:  
(She looks at him critically and then smiles. She leans to almost kiss him)  
In your dreams.

(She pushes him off. KELLY rushes out and faces audience)

KELLY:  
Well, folks. That was an interesting twist in tonight's show. We will now have a ten minute intermission...

CAPTAIN:  
(Storms onto the stage. Rips up a contract in front of KELLY)

I quit!  
(Exits)

KELLY:  
Let's make that a twenty minute intermission and we'll be back... with something.  
(Angrily calls to CYRIL under her breath)  
Get over here.

CYRIL:  
Something wrong?

KELLY:  
Thanks to you, the theatre group canceled the rest of tonight's performance. Now what am I going to do?

CYRIL:  
Hey! Let's have a community talent show.

KELLY:  
You mean right now?

CYRIL:  
Give a prize. That will make them happy.

KELLY:  
(Sighs)  
I guess. What else can I do?

KELLY:  
(ROXY exits as CYRIL enters. He watches her go)  
You ready?

CYRIL:  
Of course.  
(To audience)  
Everyone? Can I have your attention please? Due to a sudden attack of stupidity, we will not be showing our regularly scheduled play. Instead I present to you a talent show where you, the audience, can be a part of it. First prize... \$100.

KELLY:  
\$100?

CYRIL:  
(Aside)  
Just play along.

KELLY:  
Easy for you to say, It's not your \$100.

CYRIL:  
I'll start things off by reciting some of my poetry.

CAPTAIN:  
(Appears out of audience)  
I thought you said this was a talent show. It can't be one with you in it.

CYRIL:  
You're still here? Did the rest of the theatre group leave without you?

CAPTAIN:  
Aren't you being a little nosey?  
(Referring to CYRIL'S nose)  
I guess you're probably always nosing around.  
(CYRIL is mad. ROXY, SOLDIER, KELLY reappear on stage)  
What's wrong? I guess nobody nose!

CYRIL:  
Is that all you can think up?

CAPTAIN:  
I'm sure I could come up with a few more.

CYRIL:  
I bet you can't.

CAPTAIN:  
Wanna bet?

CYRIL:  
Gladly.

KELLY:  
Cyril. What are you doing?  
(CYRIL waves her down)

CYRIL:  
I challenge you to a dual of jokes. Whoever tells the most nose jokes...  
(CAPTAIN is up on stage)

CAPTAIN:  
Yes?

CYRIL:  
(Thinks. CYRIL motions to ROXY)  
Gets a kiss from the lovely lady.

KELLY:  
Cyril!

ROXY:  
No, it's okay.

CAPTAIN:  
(Comes onstage. Eyeing ROXY)  
I'll gladly accept as long as it's a real kiss, not one of those stage kisses.

ROXY  
(Winks at CYRIL)  
It depends who wins.  
(FRIENDS cat call from audience)

CYRIL:  
Shall we begin?

CAPTAIN:  
Okay, big nose.  
(Laughs)  
There's one.

CYRIL:  
That's it? I guess I shouldn't expect much from someone who must use his nose to count to eleven.

FRIEND:  
(From audience)  
One - one!

CYRIL:  
No, no. We are insulting my nose, not his. Let's see. Oh, yes. Aggressive: Sir, if I had such a nose, I would cut it off to please, not spite, my face.  
(Looks at audience)  
One - one.

CAPTAIN:  
Your nose is so big you must use a box of tissues a day.  
(A few boos from FRIENDS)

CYRIL:  
Oh, let's give it to him. Two - one.  
(Thinks)  
Hmmm. Ah, here's one: Hey, that thing's nearly a house... and wow, what a view!

FRIEND:  
Two - two!

CAPTAIN:  
(Frustrated. Then smiles)  
I've seen a bigger nose. On an elephant.

CYRIL:  
Very good. Three - two.

(Thinks. Smiles)

On exercise: I've heard of people developing their muscles, but developing your nose? It's the noseflex exercise challenge.

FRIEND:  
Three all!

CAPTAIN:  
(Annoyed)  
Uh, your nose is so big you... you...

CYRIL:  
See the snot before you hear the sneeze?

FRIEND:  
That point goes to Cyril.

CAPTAIN:  
He didn't let me finish.

CYRIL:  
Go ahead.

CAPTAIN:  
It's so big... you're always nosing around.  
(Boos)

CYRIL:  
No point.  
(CAPTAIN scowls)  
Gracious: How kind of you! How many people put a bird perch on his face?

CAPTAIN:  
Now look here...

CYRIL:  
When you have a cigarette and blow out your nose, do the neighbors cry, "Look out! A chimney's on fire!"

CAPTAIN:  
Forget it... I'm through...

CYRIL:  
(Stops him)  
But I'm just getting started. When you go to the movies, do they charge you twice?

FRIEND:  
Seven to three!

CAPTAIN:  
It is not!

CYRIL:  
(CAPTAIN is really ticked)  
And for my final insult: Musical. Sing with me now:  
(FRIENDS sing)  
Nobody NOSE the trouble I've seen. Nobody NOSE my sorrow.

(FRIENDS give wild applause)

CAPTAIN:  
I'm out of here.

CYRIL:  
Don't forget to write.

ROXY:  
It's about time somebody put that gut in his place.  
(Smiles at CYRIL who suddenly becomes shy)

And for your prize... a kiss.

(She kisses him on the cheek. LIGHTS FADE TO BLACK)