



THE THREE HEADED COIN

By Bill Roddey

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A play in one act

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CHARACTERS

Dick- Long time husband of Jane in his 40's, dressed in jeans and a wrinkled shirt.

Jane-Long time wife of Dick in her 40's, dressed in casual formal

Marsha-Friend of Jane's in her 20's, dressed in casual formal

John-Friend of Dick's in his late 20's, dressed in casual formal.

Pat- Colorful waiter at the restaurant in his 20's.

SYNOPSIS- Dick and Jane are trying to set John up with Marsha on a blind date in an Italian restaurant for dinner and it all goes to hell in a bread basket. Secrets and lies explode while love withers and blossoms in the shrapnel.

SCENE ONE

Dick, Jane and Marsha are all sitting at a table with a table cloth at a restaurant waiting for John to arrive for his set up blind date. There are three glasses of water in front of them with utensils wrapped in a napkin. And four chairs, one empty..

JANE

John will be here soon, Marsha. Now, he doesn't know that you'll be here. Dick didn't tell him this was a set up... Did you Dick?

DICK

Nope.

MARSHA

Are you sure that's a good idea, Jane?

JANE

It'll be fine... Right honey?

DICK

Yep.

JANE

Dearest, what's John look like?

DICK

Huh?

JANE

What's he look like? John?..Look like?

DICK

Well...he's young enough to still have his hair and NOT have a big belly... He goes to the gym regularly. He'd look good in a tux or a towel. (Giggles)

JANE

Is that him now, Dick?

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(John enters stage left and heads to the table. Stops, looks at Marsha suspiciously. Nods to Dick and sits down.)

JANE

You must be John. Welcome. I'm Jane. You know Dick ...and this is Marsha.

JOHN

(Looks askance at Marsha and barks.).

Hey, this isn't a set up... is it, Dick? I'm not big on set ups.

MARSHA

Me neither. I'm no fan of set ups either... Unless they're setting up the pins at a bowling alley.

JOHN

Bowling alley? Do you... bowl?... I love to go bowling!

MARSHA

(Smiles at John)

Just had my fifth 300 perfect game for the Lucky Strikes at the Sandwich and Soup Bowl. Our team... The Lucky Strikes light up the league...So to speak.

JOHN

I'd love to be in a league again! (Pause) I used to be pretty good.

MARSHA

(Teasing him)

I'll sponsor you. But you better be good. We don't want any pissy rookies on our winning team.

JOHN

Just need a little practice... And I'll be good to go.

MARSHA

I even know how to get the 8 -10 split every time!

JOHN

Really... How?

MARSHA

Use two balls.

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JANE

That's why I never go bowling...I don't have two balls.

(John and Marsha laugh. Pat, the waiter, arrives at the table from stage right with the menus)

PAT

Hi, lovely ladies and manly men, I'm Pat, your waiter... Anything for starters?

DICK

(Suddenly alert. Stares, then looks down and folds his napkin)

Ah... I want A Wasted Life...on the rocks.

JANE

No he won't...No, you won't, Dick. You've been drinking off and on all day... Just water for right now, ah, umm, Patrick... Gotta get some food in my man before we get to the high test rocket fuel... And a glass of water for John here.

PAT

(Hands them the menus)

Great, mademoiselles and hombres .

(Pat exits stage right)

(Dick looks glum and gets more glum as we proceed)

MARSHA

John, I hear you work with Dick. What do you do?

JOHN

I'm in management.

MARSHA

So you manage pretty well.

JOHN

Yeah, never heard that before... Yeah, I manage OK.

(Pat returns with the water and places it in front of John)

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PAT

Welcome to Vesuvius here in Little Italy, where all things are possible...including volcanic eruptions and molten chocolate lava cake. (Pause) Today's special is milk fed veal, taken directly from the teat while breast feeding... Braised, sauteed and salt brined with baby carrots, candied bacon bits, pan fried potatoes in green oil, Vienna sausages a la orange and lamb couscous... With a Julius Caesar salad and Et tu Bruti croutons... With every drink, dish and desert you get my very personal TLC, you lucky people... So let the hunger games begin...

JANE

OK, but we're not ready to order yet, Patrick. (Pause) If you could... just give us a minute...Please.

PAT

Great, take your time... The longer you wait, the hungrier you get. The more delicious the food.
(Pat exits stage right. As Dick starts to squirm with anger)

JOHN

Where do you work, Marsha?

MARSHA

After my..ah...well...bitter divorce, I moved to New York and got a job at Bloomingdale's.

JOHN

I just got out of a long term relationship myself. (Pause) Oh, what the hell. My girlfriend left me for her Pilates teacher...After eight years! She'd lost a lot of weight... She looked so hot!... This is the first I've been out since then. Dick insisted...Now I can see why.

(John looks at Marsha and smiles)

MARSHA

Hey, us losers gotta stick together...Till we're winners again, John.

JOHN

You're right. I.. I like your attitude, Marsha. If we weren't already at dinner...I'd ask you out to dinner.

(Pat returns from stage right to take the order.)

PAT

How we doing here?

JANE

Just a sec, Patrick. (Pause) Dick took me to dinner here on our first date. It's where we lit the flame and we've been back regularly to, ah, bank the fires. But not as often as we'd like... together.. They have the best pizza in town. Neapolitan pizza baked in a brick oven and apple wood smoked. Cooks it for nine minutes in an 1100 degree oven...And it's to die for...Isn't it dear?