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*Dramatic Publishing*



# THE MIRACLE GROUP

By  
SY ROSEN

This excerpt contains strong language.



**Dramatic Publishing**  
Woodstock, Illinois • England • Australia • New Zealand

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*The Miracle Group* received its premiere with the Vertigo Theatre Factory in Rochester, Minn., on June 4, 2004. It had the following cast, crew and director:

Agatha Carumbie . . . . . Debbie Hill-Fuehrer  
Alex Raskin . . . . . Shane May  
Bill Allen . . . . . Angus Russell  
Carl Lumpkin . . . . . Charles Klennert  
Clementine Sparrow . . . . . Kaytlin Borgen  
Janet Morris . . . . . Cece Schermerhorn  
Missy Arrington . . . . . Janice Hobbs  
Patrice . . . . . Tamara Kuhn  
Stacy Morgan . . . . . Merry Johnson  
The Three Angels . . . . . Jeffrey Johnson, Evan Marshall,  
Satish Rao, Jeremy “Schitz” Van Tassel

Directed by . . . . . Rick Dahl  
Lighting Design . . . . . Ben Hain  
Stage Manager . . . . . Amanda Cabral  
Producer . . . . . Miranda Arnold  
Set Design . . . . . Deb Schumann, Rick Dahl

*The Miracle Group* was produced by the 3KO Broadway Theatre Company on April 29, 2005 at the Sidewalk Studio Theater in Burbank, Calif. Here are the cast, crew and director:

Agatha Carumbie . . . . . Leigh Davidson  
Alex Raskin. . . . . Dan Westerman  
Bill Allen . . . . . Scott Brady  
Carl Lumpkin . . . . . Ben Kenber  
Clementine Sparrow . . . . . Melissa Bailey  
Janet Morris . . . . . Shelley Boyle  
Missy Arrington . . . . . Clare Meehan  
Patrice . . . . . Amy Oldham  
Stacy Morgan. . . . . Christina Diaz  
Stage Manager . . . . . Cordell Pace

Directed by. . . . . Steve Ferguson  
Lighting and Sound Design . . . . . David Jay Barry  
Producers . . . . . Jerel Taylor, Lynn Lomibao  
Set Design . . . . . Clare Meehan

## DIRECTOR'S NOTES

Nine strangers in 2005 Los Angeles sitting in a room and actually talking to each other without getting paid for it...now that's a miracle. This is a play about lonely people, looking for human connections that don't involve a chat room or a cell phone. Which prompts a larger question: Is it possible to show a city full of strangers that you are more than just a first impression? This takes courage, obviously, and also trust. Letting down your shield, and allowing someone to scratch beneath your surface can be a terrifying proposition. But whether you believe in miracles or not, doesn't it feel amazing to have someone else who believes in you?

*Steve Ferguson, Director*  
*3KO Theatre Company*

# THE MIRACLE GROUP

A Play in One Act

## CHARACTERS

AGATHA CARUMBIE - Ageless, like an evil turtle. She has the uncanny ability of making others feel uneasy.

ALEX RASKIN - Late 20s. Recovering from just about everything from alcohol to cocaine. A true innocent.

BILL ALLEN - Early 30s, sarcastic, cynical. When he was a child, Bill expected great things for himself. Bill was wrong.

CARL LUMPKIN - Mid 20s. Overweight, eager to please and a little scared of life.

CLEMENTINE SPARROW - About 19, high energy, tattooed, pierced, spiked and highlighted.

JANET MORRIS - Around 40. Married and seemingly content with herself.

MISSY ARRINGTON - Early 30s, practical, down to earth.

PATRICE - Very optimistic. Pleasant, accepting, inner strength, almost spookily calm.

STACY MORGAN - Twenty-five. Edgy, sarcastic, doesn't trust easily.

SETTING: An evening adult extension classroom in a community college. It can be in just about any city.

NOTE: If certain profanities in the script are considered objectionable, the author gives his permission to substitute language more acceptable in their place.

# THE MIRACLE GROUP

## SCENE ONE

*(Early evening. The LIGHTS come up to reveal a small community college classroom where adult extension courses are held. Folding chairs are arranged in a semi-circle. PATRICE, holding a clipboard, is about to start the class. Right now there are seven people in her "course." PATRICE is seated and the others are milling about.)*

PATRICE. Hi, I'm glad you all could make it.

*(The seven class members take their seats.)*

PATRICE *(cont'd, reading)*. Bill Allen.

BILL. Here.

PATRICE. Missy Arrington.

MISSY. Here.

PATRICE. Agatha Carumbie.

AGATHA *(correcting)*. Carumbie.

*(During the following, PATRICE says it exactly like AGATHA but still AGATHA corrects:)*

PATRICE. Carumbie.

AGATHA. Carumbie.

PATRICE. Carumbie.

AGATHA. Carumbie.

PATRICE. Okay, good. *(Then.)* Clementine Sparrow.

CLEMENTINE *(correcting like AGATHA)*. Spar-row.  
*(Then.)* Just kidding.

*(AGATHA chuckles unpleasantly.)*

PATRICE. Janet Morris.

JANET. Here.

PATRICE. Carl Lumpkin...

*(CARL is smoking but is doing his best to keep his cigarette from bothering anybody and out of sight. He answers too loudly as though he was afraid to respond and then just blurted it out.)*

CARL. Here I am! *(CARL looks around, slightly afraid that he created a scene. He didn't.)*

PATRICE. Alex Raskin.

*(ALEX is about to answer but is interrupted by STACY, who ENTERS with great purpose.)*

STACY. Okay, this is it, I'm making a commitment. I'm ready for this group. I'm ready to quit. The hell with these damn cigarettes! *(She takes a pack out of her jacket, crumples it and throws it into the wastebasket. She then throws away another pack from her bag and another pack from her jacket.)* I'm not gonna be a victim anymore. *(They all stare at her for a beat.)*

PATRICE. The smoke-enders group is down the hall.

BILL. And I think it was yesterday.



CARL (*showing his cigarette*). And it doesn't work.

STACY. This isn't smoke-enders?

PATRICE. This is the "I've experienced a miracle" group.

STACY. So I just made a complete ass of myself?

CLEMENTINE. No, you were cool.

BILL. And you took the pressure off the rest of us.

STACY. Typical. You know how long I've been practicing that speech? (*To CARL.*) Can I bum a cigarette?

AGATHA. I'd appreciate it if nobody smokes.

STACY (*re: CARL's smoking*). Why didn't you say something about him?

AGATHA. I didn't want to make a fuss. That's the kind of person I am.

STACY. I can see that.

AGATHA (*to CARL, harshly*). But you shouldn't be smoking here. This is a public facility.

CARL. You're right, you're right. I shouldn't smoke at all. I'm sorry.

STACY (*to CARL, joking*). At least we know how we're going to die.

AGATHA (*chuckling*). Do you?

(*STACY lets AGATHA's cryptic comment pass. CARL puts out cigarette in his Coke can.*)

STACY. So this is a miracle group?

PATRICE. Yes. Would you like to stay, uh...

STACY. Stacy, Stacy Morgan. Yeah, sure, why not? (*Looking around at somber faces.*) You seem like a fun group.

*(BILL, who's sitting on the end, pulls up a chair next to him, unfolds it and as he pats it seductively:)*

BILL *(slightly lecherous)*. Sit right over here, babe.

STACY *(taking chair and moving it to another spot)*. I'll sit over here, thanks.

*(Everyone shuffles their chairs to make room.)*

PATRICE. Great. If you like it, you can pay the registrar afterwards. It's fifty dollars for eight meetings.

STACY. That's great. It doesn't really matter, but uh, is it fifty dollars a session or for all eight?

PATRICE. For all eight.

STACY. That's good. I'm uh, having a little trouble finding work.

CARL. So am I.

AGATHA. Most employers don't like smokers.

STACY. Thank you. I'll jot that down.

ALEX. Here!

PATRICE. Excuse me?

ALEX. You called my name but I didn't have a chance to answer. I'm here.

PATRICE. Thank you, Alex.

ALEX. No problem.

PATRICE. Well, I think we're all here.

AGATHA *(re: STACY)*. And then some.

PATRICE. My name is Patrice and all through my life I've felt like miracles have been happening to me...like someone's watching out for me. And I thought that maybe some of you have experienced the same thing. And we could share.

JANET. That sounds wonderful.

PATRICE. Thank you, Janet.

*(JANET smiles shyly, pleased with herself.)*

AGATHA. What kind of miracles?

PATRICE. Oh. Well, I would be going to a job interview and there would be a terrible traffic jam and then all of a sudden it would just open up.

*(The group reacts, waiting for more. Finally:)*

MISSY. Huh.

STACY. I uh, I don't know if I'd call that a miracle. I mean, it's nice and everything.

JANET. Very nice.

ALEX. I like it when traffic opens up.

STACY. But...it seems...ordinary.

PATRICE. That's my point. Miracles don't have to be major things. They're the little things that get us through life.

CARL. So you're saying it doesn't have to be somebody being cured of cancer.

CLEMENTINE. That cancer thing is kind of trite, anyway, don't you think? Cancer, cancer, everybody's got cancer. Even skin cancer is considered cancer.

STACY. I don't know. I always thought a miracle had to be something more.

MISSY *(sarcastically)*. Like that piece of toast with the Virgin Mary on it.

CARL. They sold it on E-Bay for \$26,000.

BILL. Now that's a miracle.

PATRICE. For me it's just comforting to think someone is watching out for the little things. It's the little things that can drive me crazy.

JANET. But if a big thing came along?

PATRICE. They would probably watch out for that too. Or I hope they would.

STACY. Who is they?

PATRICE. Angels.

JANET. I like that.

CARL. So do I.

ALEX. Angels are good.

PATRICE. Yes, they are. *(Then.)* So, I'm sure most of you have a miracle you want to share. Who wants to start?

*(There's silence. You can see the pressure building up in CARL. He feels compelled to say something.)*

CARL. I hate going first.

JANET. Actually Patrice went first.

CARL. I hate going second.

*(The group laughs.)*

PATRICE. Go ahead, Carl.

CARL *(rising)*. Patrice was talking about angels.

ALEX. Angels are good.

CARL. Yeah, right. Anyway, maybe I saw some. I was driving home one night, it was a lonely night, I was drinking a little. I was in this bar and I thought this woman was staring at me but she was really looking at the bathroom behind me to see if it was open. It was depressing so I kept drinking.

BILL. It's tough coming in second to a bathroom.

*(PRODUCTION NOTE: During everyone's miracle story there may be interspersed appropriate lighting and sound effects. It's up to the theater company how much is used but one particular effect that's been successful is a slightly strange, relatively short, heavenly sound.)*

CARL. Anyway, I was driving down this back road and all of a sudden there was a deer right in front of me. And maybe because I was drinking but I couldn't turn in time and I hit him. And I heard this "oh shit" cry of pain... which is kind of odd to hear from a deer. And then his head came right through the windshield. I was still driving and looking right into his eyes which were three inches away from me. It was like this grotesque bonding moment. I slammed on the brakes and the deer flew off. He was just lying there on the ground and I ran over to him. Blood was coming out of him in a lot of different places and he kept staring at me...and I could tell he didn't like me. He was going to die when all of a sudden a car pulled up, I think it was a Buick, and three men came out. They were dressed all in white—white suits, vests, they even had white ties and they were all bald. Their scalps looked very, very smooth and soft—almost absorbent. I remember thinking I could use their heads to clean my kitchen cabinets. I was a little out of it and my cabinets are very dirty. Anyway, they walked over to the deer and they started touching him all over, just patting him and stuff, nothing sexual of course, and then the deer got up and ran away like nothing happened to him. And then they got up and headed back to their Bu-

ick and the three of them did a little dance around the car, very graceful, it looked like a minuet although I'm not even sure what a minuet is, and then one of them turned back to me and said "Don't drink and drive." And then they left. (*He returns to his seat.*)

CLEMENTINE. Wow. That is awesome!

PATRICE. You think they were angels?

CARL. I don't know. I'm sure there could be some other reasonable explanation.

(*They all sit there for a beat, then.:*)

MISSY. None really comes to mind.

CARL. I don't know. "Don't drink and drive" sounds so...earthly. Not angel like.

PATRICE. They probably want to talk like us so they can communicate.

JANET. That's right.

CARL. What about the Buick?

PATRICE. They didn't want to be conspicuous.

CLEMENTINE. I once dated someone who drove a Buick and I can't even remember his name or what he looked like or if he was a guy.

JANET. I've heard about people seeing angels and they were always dressed in white.

PATRICE. Have you been drinking since then?

CARL. No. Just a little but not when I drive.

PATRICE. So it was a good experience.

CARL. Yeah, it was. I wish they would show up again.

CLEMENTINE. Maybe they have. You just haven't seen them.

CARL. Maybe.

PATRICE. Thank you for sharing, Carl. That was a great miracle.

JANET. Just wonderful.

ALEX. I feel like we should applaud or something.

PATRICE. We can if you want to.

BILL. I don't know. If we applaud now and the next person's miracle isn't that great we'll still have to applaud.

STACY. There's nothing worse than an insincere applause.

CLEMENTINE. Maybe we should vote on whether we should applaud.

PATRICE. Or maybe we just won't applaud.

JANET. But it was a wonderful experience that you shared with us.

BILL (*sarcastic*). I'm applauding inside.

CARL (*not getting sarcasm*). Thanks. I think the deer and the angels should probably get most of the credit.

PATRICE. Does anyone else want to share?

*(The room is quiet. STACY starts to say something but doesn't.)*

PATRICE (*cont'd*). Stacy, you look like you've got something to say.

STACY. I don't know. I didn't come prepared.

AGATHA. You thought we were smokers.

STACY. Thanks for the recap.

PATRICE. That's okay, go ahead.

STACY. And I'm not even sure if my experience would be considered a miracle.

AGATHA (*under her breath*). Probably not.

STACY (*takes a breath, then*). I was dating this guy and I was crazy about him. And we were set to be married. I remember his hair smelled like raisins.

ALEX. That was in the movie *Lovers and Other Strangers*.

STACY (*caught*). You saw that movie? Nobody saw that movie.

ALEX. I was in this rehab group once where every time we felt like getting high we were supposed to go to a movie instead. I went to thousands of movies.

AGATHA. Drugs are poison.

BILL. I think you just changed his life.

STACY. I just took the raisins part. I thought it would make my story sound better. I don't like the details of my own life.

PATRICE (*gently keeping her on track*). Tell us about the miracle.

STACY. Yeah, right. We were at my place, lying in bed. He had stayed over. I loved lying next to him. Sometimes I forgot where he ended and I began.

ALEX. Like in *E.T.*!

STACY. Okay, you got to stop that.

ALEX. Done.

STACY. I would have liked to have stayed with him all day but I had to get to work. I had a job back then. I was halfway there, walking down this busy street, and on the spur of the moment I went back to my house. It was almost like somebody whispered to me to go back. And I found him in bed with my mother. So I dropped him. It turned out for the best.

JANET. What happened to your mother?

STACY. My mother's a bitch. (*Crosses for water.*) An alcoholic bitch. She moved out and we haven't talked



since this whole thing. But you know, there were no men in white or anything.

CARL. It still could have been an angel whispering to you.

ALEX. Was there a Buick around?

STACY. I didn't notice.

ALEX. It could have been there.

STACY (*goes back to her seat*). Maybe. But maybe I just put together a lot of clues.

MISSY. What do you mean?

STACY. Maybe I remembered one time we were all sitting in the living room and every time my guy... (*Scoffing.*) My guy... Made a joke my mom "innocently" patted his leg... (*She uses CARL's leg to demonstrate. He enjoys it and can't stop from smiling.*) Each time a little higher, rubbing his thigh...his inner thigh. And I just tucked that image away in the back of my mind.

BILL (*re: CARL*). So has deer boy. Sorry, sorry, sorry.

STACY (*decides to ignore BILL's comment*). And then maybe when I was walking to work the image came back to me. I guess I was lucky my father wasn't in bed with him.

CARL. You have an interesting family.

STACY (*shaking her head*). My family.

AGATHA (*disapproving*). This feels more like therapy than a miracle group.

PATRICE. It feels like a miracle to me.

STACY. Yeah, maybe. I bet you're all glad we didn't start that applauding thing.

PATRICE. I definitely think it was a miracle.

ALEX. Me too, definitely.

CLEMENTINE. If my mom slept with one of my boy-friends I'd kill her.

CARL. I'd help you.

CLEMENTINE. Thanks, Carl.

CARL. Thanks for remembering my name.

CLEMENTINE. Oh, yeah...I took this memory course once and it taught me how to remember people's names by associating them with animals.

CARL. I don't think I like where this is heading.

CLEMENTINE. No, no, Carl and lion. They both have four letters.

CARL. Carl and lion. I like that. Thanks. And thanks for not using goat.

PATRICE. Okay. Who wants to go next?

MISSY (*rising*). I was blind.

BILL. Excuse me?

MISSY. I was in a car accident fourteen years ago that blinded me.

CLEMENTINE. Oh my god!

MISSY. The doctors said my brain swelled and my optic nerve was severed and I wouldn't see again. It was terrifying at first. I had to learn the simplest things, finding my clothes in the morning, how to eat with a fork without poking myself. But after a while I started to get on with my life. I got a seeing-eye dog and made the best of it. And then this really weird, bizarre thing happened. I was in my kitchen and a pot fell on my head and now I can see. That was six years ago. (*Sits back down.*)

CARL. What about the severed nerve?

MISSY. I guess the doctors were wrong.

CLEMENTINE. You read about stuff like this.

ALEX. I feel like applauding.

STACY. Jeez, this beats the hell out of my miracle.

PATRICE. This isn't a competition.

STACY. I know, but it still beats the hell out of it.

CLEMENTINE. Are you worried that you might lose your sight again?

MISSY. No. Not really.

CLEMENTINE. If I were you I'd be wearing a helmet all the time. One little tap and everything could go black again, complete darkness.

MISSY. I just can't worry about that.

CLEMENTINE. I'll worry for you.

JANET. Was there anything that you saw that you didn't expect to see? I mean after being blind for so long.

MISSY. That's an interesting question.

JANET (*almost taking a bow*). Thank you.

MISSY. I remember parks being a little greener and people's regular expressions when they were walking down the street were happier. And I thought Eminem would be handsomer.

ALEX. *8 Mile* almost changed my life and then it didn't.

MISSY. And I was surprised by Marlon Brando's weight, even though I heard he had gained a lot. He was enormous.

ALEX. He was good in *The Godfather* and brilliant as Superman's dad.

MISSY. Of course he's been dead for a few years.

CLEMENTINE. So he probably weighs a lot less now.

BILL. That's one diet I don't want to go on.

AGATHA. I knew he was going to die.

*(Everyone reacts to AGATHA's weird comment, not knowing exactly what to say. Finally:)*

PATRICE. Good for you, Agatha.

MISSY. Actually most people seem heavier. Not much, but about ten pounds more.

JANET. I blame that on the Whopper.

CARL. What do you mean?

JANET. Well, you used to eat a regular hamburger for lunch and that was fine and then the Whopper came along. And now that's become the standard for eating.

CLEMENTINE. And now there's a Double Whopper.

JANET. And that led to the Double Big Mac.

CLEMENTINE. And the \$6 burger.

BILL (*sarcastic*). Those bastards.

CARL. I think I have to blame my weight on myself...and my hormones and my large bones, and my mother, of course.

*(Everyone laughs.)*

AGATHA. What's this got to do with miracles?

PATRICE. We're just talking, Agatha.

ALEX. Sometimes talking is a miracle.

AGATHA. How is that?

ALEX. I don't know, but it sounded good in my head.

JANET. What happened to your dog?

MISSY. Oh, I kept him. He's at home now but I let him lead me around on the weekends. It makes him feel good.

CLEMENTINE. What about the pot?

MISSY. I still use it. It makes good soup.

CLEMENTINE. I would probably put it in a place of honor like on your mantle or something. But I wouldn't sit under the mantle because that could be dangerous.

MISSY. I don't have a mantle.