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*Dramatic Publishing*



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# A DATE WITH JUDY

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS  
ADAPTED FROM THE RADIO PROGRAM  
OF THE SAME NAME BY

ALEEN LESLIE



*THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY*

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(A DATE WITH JUDY)



PHOTO BY N.B.C.

**Louise Erickson, who creates the rôle  
of Judy Foster on the radio.**

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# A Date with Judy

*A Comedy in Three Acts*

FOR FIVE MEN AND NINE WOMEN

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## CHARACTERS

|                                |                                   |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| JUDY FOSTER.....               | <i>a teen-age miss</i>            |
| MELVIN FOSTER.....             | <i>her father</i>                 |
| DORA FOSTER.....               | <i>her mother</i>                 |
| RANDOLPH FOSTER.....           | <i>her younger brother</i>        |
| HANNAH.....                    | <i>the maid</i>                   |
| BARBARA WINSOCKET.....         | <i>Judy's friend</i>              |
| OOGIE PRINGLE.....             | <i>the man in Judy's life</i>     |
| MITZI HOFFMAN.....             | <i>another of Judy's friends</i>  |
| MR. MARTINDALE.....            | <i>a theatrical producer</i>      |
| MRS. HOTCHKISS.....            | <i>the laundry woman</i>          |
| ELOISE HOTCHKISS.....          | <i>her daughter, who elocutes</i> |
| MRS. SHLUTZHAMMER.....         | <i>of the P. T. A.</i>            |
| REXFORD MEREDITH O'CONNOR..... | <i>a new boy in town</i>          |
| SUSIL.....                     | <i>Rex's kid sister</i>           |

PLACE: *The living-room of the Foster home in a town in the Middle West.*

TIME: *The present. Spring.*

## SYNOPSIS

ACT ONE, *Scene One: Just before dinner.*

*Scene Two: Three weeks later. Late afternoon.*

ACT TWO: *The following afternoon. Saturday.*

ACT THREE: *Early evening. The night of the dance. (The curtain is lowered for a moment to indicate a brief lapse of time.)*

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## NOTES ON CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

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**JUDY.** Judy is sixteen. She is an attractive teen-age miss—vivacious and very impressionable. Her spirits are always soaring to the heights, or sinking deep into the doldrums. The happy medium obviously has little place in Judy's existence. Throughout the play she wears clothes in the prevailing teen-age style. For the quick change in the last act she should have a "dresser" offstage, to assist her.

**MR. FOSTER:** He is in his early forties, nice-looking, and pleasant in disposition, except at those times his children try his patience too far. Then he is apt to "blow up." His tantrums, however, are short-lived. Underneath, Melvin is a fond father, and proud of his family. He wears business suits in the first two acts, and a Tux or dark suit in the final act.

**MRS. FOSTER:** Dora is a few years younger than her husband, an attractive, well-poised woman. She has more patience with the children than Mr. Foster has. In the first act she wears a good-looking spring suit, with matching accessories. On her first entrance in the second act she wears a simple print dress. Later, she puts on a dressing-robe. She wears a dinner, or evening, gown in Act Three.

**RANDOLPH:** He is a precocious boy of twelve. He has a dry, caustic sense of humor, advanced for his age, and he delights in making Judy the butt of his remarks. Randolph is thoroughly likable, withal. Throughout the play he wears school clothes suitable to a boy his age.

**HANNAH:** Her age is indeterminate. She is a large, blustery, raw-boned woman, with a mass of hair piled up on the top of her head. Hannah grumbles a good deal of the time, and runs the Foster household with the tact of an army sergeant, but she is a sentimentalist at heart. She wears a clean but somewhat voluminous house dress and an apron.

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**BARBARA:** She is Judy's age, though not as aggressive. Barbara is a good follower. She wears school clothes in the first act and a pretty dance frock in the last act. Over her shoulders is a light wrap, with a handsome corsage pinned to it.

**OOGIE:** Oogie is seventeen, a tall, gangling boy, who seems all legs and arms. He may not have the sophisticated polish that girls admire—but Oogie grows on you. His voice has not found its proper level, as yet, and it squeaks considerably. In the last act he is dressed for the dance. Throughout the rest of the play he wears up-to-the-minute school clothes, always with the latest fads.

**MITZI:** She is a tall, lanky girl with an adenoidal voice. She chews gum vociferously. Mitzi insists upon wearing the latest in teen-age dress, even when the effect is not flattering. A long baggy sweater and skirt doesn't "do anything" for Mitzi's lanky figure, but if it's the style, Mitzi will wear them. On her first entrance she has just washed her hair, and has a white scarf tied about it, turban fashion.

**MR. MARTINDALE:** He is a heavy-set man of forty-five. He has a sharp, clipped, nervous manner of speaking. He wears a good-looking business suit.

**MRS. HOTCHKISS:** She is a washed-out looking woman in her thirties. She wears ill-fitting and slightly outmoded clothes. Mrs. Hotchkiss "comes in" by the day to do washing and house-cleaning.

**ELOISE:** Eloise is twelve, a snub-nosed, freckle-faced girl, with a vacuous expression. She is not too bright, but Eloise is her mother's pride and joy. She wears a dress that is too childish for her age.

**MRS. SHLUTZHAMMER:** She is a large, bosomy woman, with a gushy manner and a voice that runs up and down the scales. She is apt to overdress, and goes in for costume jewelry and outlandish hats.

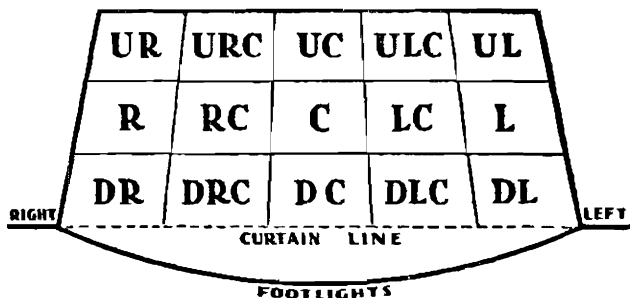
**REX:** Rex is a good-looking, well-built chap of seventeen. He is somewhat shy and serious. He wears slacks and a sweater in the second act, and a suit in the final act.

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SUSIE: She is a precocious child of eleven, with a definitely belligerent expression. She is probably the only person who can take the wind out of Randolph's sails. She wears clothes suitable to her age.



## CHART OF STAGE POSITIONS



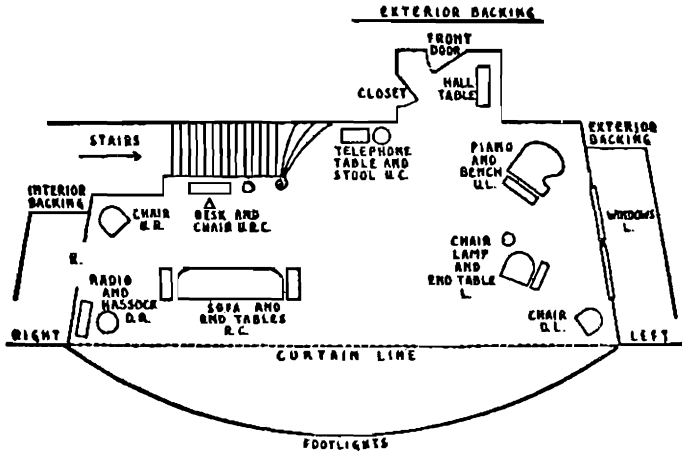
### STAGE POSITIONS

*Upstage* means away from the footlights, *downstage* means toward the footlights, and *right* and *left* are used with reference to the actor as he faces the audience. R means *right*, L means *left*, U means *up*, D means *down*, C means *center*, and these abbreviations are used in combination, as: UR for *up right*, RC for *right center*, D L C for *down left center*, etc. One will note that a position designated on the stage refers to a general territory, rather than to a given point.

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NOTE: Before starting rehearsals, chalk off your stage or rehearsal space as indicated above in the *Chart of Stage Positions*. Then teach your actors the meanings and positions of these fundamental terms of stage movement by having them walk from one position to another until they are familiar with them. The use of these abbreviated terms in directing the play saves time, speeds up rehearsals, and reduces the amount of explanation the director has to give to his actors.

# STAGE CHART



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# ACT ONE

## Scene One

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BEFORE RISE OF CURTAIN: *The footlights come up and the house lights are lowered. A telephone is heard ringing at extreme R stage. Then a small spotlight picks up JUDY as she steps out from behind the curtain, D R, holding a telephone in her hand.*]

JUDY. Hello!

[*Another spotlight picks up MITZI at extreme D L stage, also at a telephone.*]

MITZI. Hello, Judy! This is Mitzi.

JUDY. Oh—hi, Mitz!

MITZI. Hi, Jude!

JUDY. I can't talk long. Father says I talk to boys too much, but you're a girl—so maybe this one won't count.

MITZI. Judy—what is your utterly honest opinion of Tootsie Whiteman?

JUDY. Tootsie? Oh, she's a *darling* girl! Of course, I *do* think the way she plays up to the men is slightly revolting—the way she keeps saying, "You *brilliant* man—your brain ought to be in a *museum*." And I don't like her clothes, and I think her personality just oozes over everything in a nauseating kind of way, and I *loathe* her hair-do. [*She breaks off.*] Why did you want to know?

MITZI. Well, I was just curious. She told me that you reminded her of Lana Turner. [*Or any current movie favorite.*]

JUDY. She did? Did you say Lana Turner?

MITZI. Yes. She said only this morning: "I think Judy Foster is the *image* of Lana Turner—particularly sideways."

JUDY. Lana Turner—hmmmmmm—Well, I told you at the very beginning, Mitzi—Tootsie is a *darling* girl!

[*Both lights are killed quickly, the girls leave the stage, and the curtain rises almost immediately.*]

SCENE: *The entire action of the play takes place in the living-room of the Foster home. It is a bright, cheery, homey room—one that has been lived in. The front door is U L C, opening into a small hallway, which in turn opens into the living-room itself. In the hallway is a door, right, to a clothes closet, and left, a table, which is a catch-all for hats, stray schoolbook, etc. On the wall above the table is a mirror. To the right of the hallway are stairs to the upper part of the house. One other entrance, at R stage, leads to the dining-room and kitchen. A comfortable sofa is at R C stage. On either side of it are small end tables with lamps. There is a console-type radio D R, with a hassock in front of it. At the foot of the stairs are a telephone table and stool. To the right of the stairs are a desk and chair. Near the desk is a wastebasket. Double windows, with attractive drapes, are in the L wall of the set. In front of the windows are a large easy chair, smoking stand, and bridge lamp. In the U L corner of the room is a baby grand piano, the keyboard facing toward D R stage. [An upright piano will do just as well, if space does not permit a baby grand.] There are occasional chairs D L and U R. Rugs, knickknacks, several good pictures, and other accessories complete the furnishings.]*

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: *A collection of bottles containing specimens of caterpillars is strewn about at L stage—on the ledges of the windows, the chair, smoking stand, etc. The stage is apparently empty, except for a pair of boy's legs, belonging to RANDOLPH FOSTER, and sticking out from under the front of the sofa. There is considerable squirming as he wiggles under the sofa, obviously trying to retrieve something which has fallen underneath. MRS. FOSTER enters*

U L C. *She wears a good-looking spring suit, hat, and gloves, and carries a purse. She is an attractive woman in her late thirties. As she comes in and closes the front door, she calls.*]

MRS. FOSTER. I'm home! [*She turns and places her gloves and purse on the small table in the hallway.*] Judy! [*She glances toward the stairs, pauses momentarily, and then, with a little shrug, moves back of the sofa, toward the door R.*] Randolph!

[*A muffled, unintelligible grunt, accompanied by some squirming, is the only reply. MRS. FOSTER turns, not certain where the sound came from. Then she turns back, opens the door R, and calls out.*]

MRS. FOSTER. Hannah—I'm home! Anything I can do?

HANNAH [*off R*]. Not a thing, Miz Foster.

MRS. FOSTER [*with a tired sigh, moving back of the sofa again, taking off her hat*]. The next time I agree to be chairman of a committee, I'm going to have my head examined. [*She places her hat on the telephone table.*]

[*HANNAH has entered R. Her age is indeterminate. She is a large, blustery, raw-boned woman, with a mass of hair piled up on top of her head. HANNAH grumbles a good deal of the time, and runs the household with the tact of an army sergeant, but she is a sentimentalist at heart. Her house dress is clean, but somewhat voluminous. Over it she wears a large apron.*]

HANNAH. Dinner's 'bout ready. We're havin' those meatballs from yesterday—[*She speaks darkly.*]—what's left of 'em.

MRS. FOSTER. But there was a huge bowl of them—

HANNAH [*interrupting*]. Not after Oogie Pringle left last night.

MRS. FOSTER. That boy is eating us out of house and home.

HANNAH. Every time he spends an evenin' with Judy our ice-box looks stark naked.

[HANNAH snorts, turns abruptly, and goes out R. MRS. FOSTER moves downstage, toward the sofa. She stops short, left of the sofa, when she sees RANDOLPH's legs sticking out from underneath.]

MRS. FOSTER. Randolph! What are you doing under the sofa?

[RANDOLPH, a precocious boy of fourteen, emerges, holding something cupped carefully in one hand.]

RANDOLPH. One of my caterpillars got away.

MRS. FOSTER. I thought I told you to keep that museum of natural history up in the den.

RANDOLPH [as he gets to his feet]. I can't disturb them now—just when they're thinking about spinning cocoons.

MRS. FOSTER. They can spin cocoons in the den just as well as in the living-room.

RANDOLPH [disgustedly]. Okay! . . . [He crosses to the windows at L stage and puts the caterpillar in one of the jars.]

MRS. FOSTER [sitting on the sofa, slipping off a shoe]. My feet are killing me!

RANDOLPH. If you got your shoes a size larger—like I do—and sort of grow into them—

MRS. FOSTER [rubbing her foot]. At my age—I doubt if I'll grow anymore. Isn't Judy home from school yet?

RANDOLPH. She dashed in for a snack about an hour ago. Her latest passion is a banana sandwich with peanut butter and cream cheese. [He starts to fill his arms with an assortment of bottles, preparatory to taking them upstairs.]

MRS. FOSTER [shaking her head]. The things that girl puts in her stomach.

RANDOLPH. And survives.

MRS. FOSTER [surveying the collection of bottles]. Why couldn't you have taken up some other hobby, Randolph—dirty bugs crawling all over the house—Ugh! [She shudders.]

RANDOLPH. Like experimental chemistry?

MRS. FOSTER [*brightly*]. Yes—that sounds ever so much more elevating.

RANDOLPH. *Elevating* is right. Bobby Watson got an experimental chemistry set for Christmas, and nearly blew their front porch off.

MRS. FOSTER [*stopped for a moment*]. Well—there must be *some* hobbies that aren't dirty—or—or—dangerous.

[MR. FOSTER, *a rather harassed-looking man in his early forties, comes in U L C. He carries the evening paper. RANDOLPH, by this time, is loaded down with bottles.*]

MR. FOSTER. Evening, folks! [*He sees RANDOLPH.*] For the love of heaven, Randolph, are those bottles still down here? This room looks like a junk yard. [*He puts his hat on the ball table.*]

RANDOLPH [*calmly*]. I'll have you know these are rare species of papilo asterias.

MR. FOSTER [*coming to C stage*]. Eh?

MRS. FOSTER [*explaining*]. He means caterpillars, Melvin.

MR. FOSTER [*nettled*]. Then why didn't he say so?

RANDOLPH [*blithely*]. I did.

MRS. FOSTER. Never mind. Have a busy day at the plant, Melvin?

MR. FOSTER [*handing her the paper, at the same time giving her a perfunctory kiss on the cheek*]. So-so. Have a nice afternoon at the club?

MRS. FOSTER. Just wonderful! We blackballed Mrs. Richards.

MR. FOSTER. Bill Henry was in to see me today. He's on the committee for the Country Club dance next month. Would you like to go?

MRS. FOSTER [*separating the paper*]. Why—yes. It would be fun for a change. We haven't been to a dance in years.

RANDOLPH. Think the body will be able to stand the strain, Father?

MR. FOSTER. Oh, I don't know. I still feel pretty chipper. [*He turns to MRS. FOSTER.*] Dinner ready?

MRS. FOSTER. Almost. [*She hands him part of the paper.*]

MR. FOSTER. What are we having? [*He crosses to L stage.*]

RANDOLPH. Whatever Oogie didn't eat last night.

MR. FOSTER. Where's Judy? [*He sits in the easy chair at L stage.*]

MRS. FOSTER [*as she glances at the paper*]. Randolph said she was in after school—and went out again.

MR. FOSTER. Well—it's six o'clock, and I want my dinner. Judy will simply have to pay more attention to clocks.

RANDOLPH [*crossing to the stairs*]. Perish the thought, Father. Judy has no use for anything as mundane as a clock. [*He pauses at the foot of the stairs.*]

MR. FOSTER. Just the same, if that girl——

[*The front door, U L C, flies open, and JUDY FOSTER hurries into the room. JUDY is sixteen, pretty, vivacious, and very impressionable. She is in her usual state of excitement.*]

JUDY [*quickly, moving back of the sofa, bending over, and giving MRS. FOSTER a bug*]. Mother darling—and Father, dear one—[*She crosses L and pecks the top of his head, much to his annoyance.*]—and Randolph—my adorable brother! [*She turns and blows him a kiss.*]

RANDOLPH. This I got to hear. [*As the scene continues he puts the armload of bottles on the desk, crosses down to the hassock, D R, and sits.*]

JUDY [*at C stage, rattling on*]. Barbara Winsocket and I got together after school, and we have the most brilliant idea——Oh, by the way, Mother, may Barbara have dinner with us tonight? [*She sits beside MRS. FOSTER.*]

MRS. FOSTER. Well—I don't know——

JUDY [*not waiting for her reply*]. She stopped at home for a minute to tell her mother she would.

MRS. FOSTER. Judy, you might have asked me first.

JUDY. I knew you'd say yes. [*She bugs her.*] You're the most adorable, unselfish, sweetest mother a girl ever had for a mother.



MR. FOSTER. For the love of heaven, Judy, stop butbling!

JUDY [*jumping up, moving to c stage again*]. All right, Father—but wait till you hear what we just thought up. It's the most sensational plan! [*There is a dramatic pause.*] All we need is five thousand dollars!

MRS. FOSTER [*bringing her paper down suddenly to her lap*]. Five thousand—is that all?

MR. FOSTER [*dryly*]. That should be easy.

RANDOLPH [*with an airy wave of his hand*]. Sure—just save it out of your allowance.

JUDY. I'm not talking to you, Randolph. Not at the moment, anyhow. Father—[*She crosses to him.*]

MR. FOSTER. Look, Judy, I haven't had five thousand dollars in over a week. Couldn't we settle for less?

JUDY [*laughing gaily, perching on the right arm of his chair*]. There! It worked! Of course we can do with less. Psychology is a wonderful thing. Just like Barbara said. "Start big—you can always come down."

MR. FOSTER. In this case you'll have to come awfully *far* down.

JUDY. I'm so excited I can hardly talk.

MR. FOSTER [*going back to his paper*]. Splendid!

MRS. FOSTER [*reprovingly*]. Melvin.

JUDY [*jumping up*]. Now, listen, everybody. This is the background. Our club is giving a dance next month—grand march and everything. And the girl who raises the most money for the Community Relief Fund is going to be crowned Queen of the ball, and she'll get to lead the grand march.

RANDOLPH. How completely scintillating! And what wouldn't I give to be Queen!

JUDY [*moving toward MRS. FOSTER*]. Mother, tell Randolph to stop being such a bore and making such utterly inappropriate remarks while I'm talking.

MRS. FOSTER [*speaking as if by rote; this is an old story for her*]. Randolph, stop being such a bore and making such utterly inappropriate remarks while Judy is talking.

[RANDOLPH'S answer to this is to take a "yo-yo" from his pocket, with which he practices as the scenes continues.]

JUDY [*continuing*]. Well—[*She takes a deep breath.*]—Barbara and I found out that Tootsie Whiteman's father is subscribing five hundred dollars to the Community Relief, and Barbara and I figured that if our fathers would co-operate and subscribe five hundred dollars *each*, we'd pool our subscriptions and turn in a thousand dollars.

MR. FOSTER. I think I see what you mean. You and Barbara combined are going to lick the slacks off Tootsie Whiteman.

JUDY. That's it exactly! [*She bugs him, mussing up his paper as she does so.*] You're the most understanding and hand-somest father in the world!

MR. FOSTER [*confidently*]. Of course, I am. However, I am not the *richest* father in the world.

RANDOLPH. Oh, well, then your understanding and beauty will never get you anyplace.

MRS. FOSTER. Well—it seem to me if Tootsie's raising five hundred dollars, you don't need a thousand dollars to beat her.

RANDOLPH. No—you only need five hundred and one dollars.

JUDY. Oh, Barbara and I aren't taking any chances. Tootsie *may* raise more money from a source outside her father.

MRS. FOSTER. But I don't see how both you and Barbara can be Queen and lead the grand march.

JUDY [*impatiently, crossing toward the sofa again*]. Mother! Don't you see the important thing is that we subdue Tootsie!

MRS. FOSTER. Oh . . .

JUDY. Tootsie has been very snippish to us lately—and on account of Barbara and I are blood-friends, we'd be very nauseated if Tootsie got to be Queen.

MR. FOSTER. But if you and Barbara do bring in the most subscriptions, which of you will be Queen?

RANDOLPH. I've got my money on my blood-sister.

JUDY [*simply*]. Why, we'll just flip a coin.

RANDOLPH. No wonder you were looking for that double-headed nickel in my magic kit.

JUDY [*moving back of the sofa, and over toward RANDOLPH*].

Randolph, that's not true!

RANDOLPH. Kidding.

JUDY. Well, don't say things like that, even in jest! Barbara and I would simple *die* for each other.

RANDOLPH. Then why did I hear you calling her a double-headed beetle?

JUDY. That was *yesterday*. We're all made up now. We signed the Oath of Eternal Allegiance today, and we intend to keep it. [*She adds as an afterthought, as she crosses back of the sofa again to C stage.*] At least until we put this Community Relief Fund deal over. [*She takes a deep breath and turns to MR. FOSTER.*] And now can I have the money, Father? [*She holds out her hand.*]

MR. FOSTER. Judy, I have sad tidings. This very afternoon a man walked into my office and asked me for a subscription to the Community Relief—and I subscribed—right up to my neck.

JUDY [*in distress*]. Oh, *no!* Oh, no, Father—how *could* you?

MR. FOSTER. I'm sorry, dear, but I didn't know at the time you were in the business.

JUDY [*miserably*]. Oh, jeeppers! You're forcing Barbara and I into doing something drastic.

MRS. FOSTER [*quickly*]. Now, wait a minute, Judy. I'll have no daughter of mine selling kisses in front of O'Sullivan's Brass Rail!

JUDY. Gee, Mother—how did you know?

[*BARBARA hurries in the front door. She looks definitely crest-fallen. BARBARA is JUDY'S age, though not as aggressive. She is what you would call a good follower.*]

BARBARA [*hurrying down to her*]. Oh, Judy . . .

JUDY. Oh, Barbara—*no!* Not your father, too?

[*BARBARA nods mutely.*]

JUDY. I could simply perish!

BARBARA [*brighly*]. But Mother said I could stay for dinner.

RANDOLPH. The condemned men ate a hearty meal.

JUDY. Mother, tell Randolph to stop it! He's so utterly—utterly—utterly—[*She can't find words to express herself.*]

MRS. FOSTER [*wearily*]. Randolph, stop it. You're so utterly—utterly—utterly . . . [*She slips her foot in her slipper again, and rises.*] Dinner will be ready in a few minutes. [*She starts toward the door R.*] Wash your hands before you come to the table, children.

[*MRS. FOSTER goes out R. JUDY and BARBARA cross glumly to the sofa and sit.*]

MR. FOSTER [*tossing the paper on the floor in several sections, and rising*]. Perhaps you'll think of another plan, Judy. [*He starts up the stairs.*] But for heaven's sake, keep me out of it.

[*MR. FOSTER goes up the stairs.*]

BARBARA [*punching one of the sofa pillows.*] I'll bet if we died, our families would sit up and take notice.

RANDOLPH. Bet they wouldn't even come to the funeral.

JUDY [*ignoring him*]. You know, Barbara, I rather expected your father to welch on us.

BARBARA [*hotly*]. Judy Foster, don't you dare say one word against him. Your father welched, too.

JUDY. Sorry. Skip it.

BARBARA [*mollified*]. All right, then. Father wasn't really *mean* about it, Judy. In fact, when I said, "Father, can I have five thousand dollars?"—I thought for a minute he was going to give it to me.

JUDY. You did?

BARBARA. Yes, because he just looked at me and then started fishing around in his pockets. Why, I felt like saying, "Oh, not the *entire* five thousand, Father. All I really want is *one* thousand. You can keep the rest for yourself!"

RANDOLPH. What a generous gesture on your part.

JUDY. Well—what happened?

BARBARA. Well—after he'd fished around in his pockets awhile—he pulled out a match.

JUDY. Is that all?

BARBARA. Yep. Except that he lit his cigar.

JUDY [*rising, moving to L stage, glancing out the windows*].

I'm simply determined to raise a thousand dollars. No matter what lengths I have to go to.

BARBARA. Me, too!

RANDOLPH [*rising*]. Would you girls be willing to take a job?

JUDY [*turning*]. Oh, for the love of everything! What job would pay us a thousand dollars?

BARBARA. Of course, if we were *movie actresses* . . .

JUDY [*considering this, moving D L*]. Yes—though I don't suppose we could get to be movie actresses very fast.

RANDOLPH [*crossing to the desk*]. Not before the dance, anyhow. [*He begins to gather up the bottles again.*]

JUDY [*sitting D L*]. Tootsie says she'll get a screen test the moment her picture is syndicated as Queen of the dance.

RANDOLPH. Just *who's* going to syndicate it?

JUDY. I'm only quoting her. [*She continues sarcastically.*]  
Tootsie would be a very good type for horror pictures.

BARBARA [*suddenly*]. Say! I have an idea! Why don't we enter some contests. That's very *quick* money.

JUDY [*enthusiastically, jumping up*]. Of course! That's wonderful! And all the money we win we could subscribe to the Community Relief.

RANDOLPH. I read about a contest last week. All you have to do is rob a bank and you get ten thousand dollars.

JUDY. Oh, be quiet, Randolph! [*She crosses excitedly to BARBARA.*] Seriously, though, this is a *terrific* idea! Just last week I read about a contest being run by "Stay-Kissed, Inc."—they're giving a prize for the most kissable lips. [*She moves to the end table at L stage and starts to rummage through the stack of magazines there.*] It was in one of these magazines—

let's see—no—that's not the one—All you have to do is submit a photograph.

BARBARA [*happily, rising, moving to the easy chair L, and sitting on the right arm of it*]. Yes? Whose photograph will we submit? Yours or mine?

JUDY [*as tactfully as possible*]. Well—I happen to have a very good photograph.

RANDOLPH. And I can see "Stay-Kissed, Inc." receiving it. One look at you and they'll call the whole thing off.

JUDY [*still thumbing through the magazines*]. Well, of all the foul things to say. It's a perfectly stunning photograph. It doesn't look a bit like me.

BARBARA. Maybe he's right, Judy. Maybe we ought to submit a photograph of Betty Grable—or somebody—just to be on the safe side.

JUDY. We don't *have* a picture of Betty Grable.

BARBARA [*assuming a "thinking" pose, her finger to her mouth*]. Well—then—let's think. What real pretty girls do we know?

JUDY. I hate to admit this—but Tootsie Whiteman is sort of gorgeous.

BARBARA [*rising, moving to C stage*]. Maybe we could snitch one of her pictures.

RANDOLPH. Honey-children, if you beat Tootsie Whiteman out of being Queen with one of her own photographs, I would die laughing. [*He starts up the stairs, loaded down with his bottles.*]

JUDY [*suddenly*]. I've found it! Here it is! [*She crosses toward BARBARA, reading from the magazine.*] "How would you like to win five hundred dollars?"

BARBARA. Oh, Judy!

[BARBARA and JUDY sit on the sofa.]

JUDY. "'Stay-Kissed, Inc.' offers you this amazingly easy way——"

[*They are suddenly interrupted by the groaning and wheezing of a rattletrap car driving up in front of the house. A screechy auto horn honks several times.*]

JUDY. Oh, jeepers! That sounds like Oogie. And I haven't any time for him now.

RANDOLPH. Delia must be running on lighter fluid.

[*Then the car gives a final groan and squeal of brakes.*]

JUDY. Bother! It is Oogie!

RANDOLPH [*on the stairs*]. It sounded as if Delia had just laid her life down for Oogie.

[*RANDOLPH laughs and goes on up the stairs.*]

BARBARA. Has he asked to go to the dance with you?

JUDY. Every day for two weeks.

[*The front doorbell rings. JUDY crosses up to answer it. OOGIE PRINGLE stands in the doorway. OOGIE is seventeen, a tall, gangling boy, who seems all legs and arms. OOGIE may not have the sophisticated polish that girls admire—but he grows on you. His voice has not found its proper level, as yet, and it squeaks considerably.*]

OOGIE [*all in a rush*]. Gee, Judy—I know it must be near dinner time, but Delia and I happened to be passing—[*He breaks off suddenly, pauses, swallows, and a fatuous look comes over his face.*] Gee—boy—do you look *sna-a-a-azy!*

JUDY [*impatiently, moving downstage and sitting with BARBARA again*]. Barbara and I are working on a terribly momentous idea, and I simply haven't time for you.

OOGIE [*following JUDY, at the same time calling to BARBARA*]. Hi, Barb!

BARBARA [*sweetly*]. Hi, Oogie!

OOGIE [*turning his attention to JUDY again*]. But I thought maybe you'd have made up your mind by now to go to the dance with me. [*Almost unconsciously, he crosses over to the*

*end table left of the sofa and helps himself to a handful of nuts from the covered candy dish.]*

JUDY. We went all over that yesterday—and the day before—  
*and the day before—*

OOGIE [*munching on the nuts, as he sprawls out in the easy chair at L. stage*]. Gee whillikins, you're going to the dance, aren't you?

JUDY. Don't be absurd! Tootsie Whiteman would have it all over school that I couldn't get a date if I didn't.

BARBARA. She'd positively revel in the opportunity.

OOGIE. Then why won't you go with *me*?

JUDY. The dance is a whole month away, Oogie. Positively almost *anything* could happen in a month. Why—the whole course of a woman's life has been known to change *over night*. She meets a man—

BARBARA [*in a lovesick voice*]. Like Charles Boyer—

JUDY. —or Van Johnson—and she's a different woman.

OOGIE [*getting up, ambling toward the sofa*]. Yeah—but what's that got to do with you? You're not a *woman*—you're only *sixteen*.

JUDY [*severely*]. Sixteen and a half. [*She picks up the magazine.*] And now if you'll excuse me, Barbara and I have work to do.

OOGIE. Will I see you after school tomorrow?

JUDY [*aloofly*]. Possibly. [*She busies herself reading the magazine.*]

OOGIE. Maybe you'll change your mind about meeting Charles Boyer—or Van Johnson. . . .

JUDY. It's not likely.

OOGIE [*digging in and taking another handful of nuts*]. If you do, I'll see you over at "Henry's Coke and Phosphate Parlor" at three. [*He moves up to the front door.*]

JUDY [*without turning*]. Don't count on it.

OOGIE [*at the door, looking over at JUDY, who is still engrossed in the magazine*]. Oh, boy—am I *confused*! [*He shakes his head.*]