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*Dramatic Publishing*





# The Day Paul Newman Came to Call

A One-Act Play

By

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**THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
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THE DAY PAUL NEWMAN CAME TO CALL

*A One-Act Play*

*for Three Men, Two Women*

C H A R A C T E R S

MARY SUE LOCKHART . . pretty, a bit shy, in her mid-twenties

LUCY LOCKHART . . . . .vivacious, charming older sister, in  
her mid-thirties

PAPER BOY . . . . .about sixteen

GAS MAN . . . . .middle-aged

DR. DURHAM . . . . .gentle, middle-aged physician

*TIME: The Present*

*PLACE: The dining room of the Lockharts' home*

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# The Day Paul Newman Came to Call

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SCENE: The dining room of the Lockhart home, an almost-seedy, Victorian-style house.

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: MARY SUE LOCKHART is sitting at the dining room table. She has just finished her breakfast and is lingering, rather pensively, over her coffee. After a few moments, LUCY LOCKHART calls from the kitchen.

LUCY (from offstage, gayly). Mary Sue? Mary Sue? (MARY SUE does not react.) Mary Sue, are you still eating?

MARY SUE. No, Lucy, I'm all done.

LUCY (from offstage). You're all done? Well, that is nice. Now, dear, don't you worry about the dishes or anything. You just hustle yourself up and get yourself ready. (MARY SUE smiles to herself.) You hear me, dear? You've got to get yourself prettied up for the stars. (MARY SUE brightens a bit.) The good Lord only knows who may be coming to call on you today, and you must be gussied up proper. Can you hear me all right, dear?

MARY SUE. Yes, Lucy.

LUCY (from offstage). Are you being pensive? I'll just bet that

is what you are being.

MARY SUE (quietly). No, I'm not.

LUCY (offstage, after a pause). Did you speak, Mary Sue? I can't hear you.

MARY SUE. I just said . . . everything's fine.

(LUCY LOCKHART enters from the kitchen. She wears an apron over her dress that is far too dressy for an ordinary morning in the kitchen. She has obviously taken some time with her hair as it is rather grand in design although the execution has left something to be desired.)

LUCY (bubbling). There you are, just lolling about like a real lady! Mercy, but you do look pretty this morning. But you must do something with your hair, dear. This could be a very big day! (MARY SUE smiles at LUCY.) Such a pretty smile. I've always said you have a smile that lights up the whole world! Haven't I always said that?

MARY SUE. Yes, sister, you have always said that, but I've always —

LUCY (interrupting). Now, you never mind the false modesty. Mercy! Mama would be so proud of her little girl. (MARY SUE gets up from the table.) That's right, you just hustle off now, while I just run through these dishes. Darling, you didn't finish your breakfast.

MARY SUE. I wasn't really hungry.

LUCY. Excited! I'll bet you're just busting with excitement. Well, you never mind. Anyone as pretty as you deserves all the excitement. Haven't I always said that?

MARY SUE (smiling). Yes, sister.

LUCY. Scoot, now! Scoot yourself off for the finishing touches.

MARY SUE. All right. (She exits to upstairs.)

LUCY (calling after MARY SUE as she starts to clear the table).

Who do you suppose will come a-calling today? My, I can hardly wait. Such a beautiful day, too. Full sun beaming down just has to mean excitement. (She takes the dishes into the kitchen and continues to speak from offstage.) I'll just bet Mama had a hand in this beautiful day. Praying her little daughter has a day she'll never forget!

(LUCY comes back from the kitchen and finishes wiping off the table.)

LUCY. I saw a bluebird this morning. Right on the trellis. Pretty as a picture. Bluebirds of happiness, that's what they are. They must be practically the prettiest of God's feathered creatures. With just that touch of red. Oh, and the cardinals! I love the cardinals — but bluebirds! Oh, my! Of course, blue is my favorite color so I suppose I am partial to the dear little things . . . Goldfinches are darlings, too . . . if you like yellow. (She looks around to check that all is in order, then gets an idea and calls off to MARY SUE.) Why don't you wear your pink today, dear. Pink is so pretty on you. I love that pink. It's my very most favorite color, you know, but it does look better on you than it ever did on me. I'm so glad we fixed it for you. (She pauses.) Or wear the lime green. It goes with your eyes. On a day like this it just seems like the whole world is smiling on us. Just us! 'Bout ready, Mary Sue?

MARY SUE (from offstage). Yes, in a minute.

LUCY. You don't want to be caught dawdling when the stars come a-calling. (She looks out the window and sings to herself. The phone rings. She answers it.) The Lockhart residence. . . . Yes. . . . Whom may I say is calling? . . . Dr. Durham's office. . . . Oh, I'm sorry, I'm afraid she can't come to the phone right now. . . . Yes, I'll tell her you called. . . . Is there any other message? . . . Yes, well, you

have a nice day, too, my dear. Goodbye! (She hangs up the phone and starts checking the room. The doorbell rings.) Oh, my heavens, they're here already! Mary Sue! Mary Sue! I believe you best hurry up, dear. (She fusses with her hair as the bell rings again.) I'm coming! I'm coming! My, aren't they impatient! (She goes off to the front door and we hear her open it.)

PAPER BOY (from offstage). Good morning, ma'am. I'm collecting for the paper.

LUCY (from offstage). Mercy me, look at you! Won't you come in?

PAPER BOY (from offstage). Thank you, ma'am.

LUCY (from offstage). Come in and sit down. My sister will be right down. She'll be so pleased!

(The PAPER BOY, a good-looking boy about sixteen, enters the dining room. He appears completely at ease.)

LUCY (from offstage). Mary Sue! Come on now. Mustn't keep your caller waiting. (The PAPER BOY appears to be slightly surprised but is not in the least concerned.)

(LUCY enters the dining room and smiles at the PAPER BOY.)

LUCY. Sit down! Sit down! May I serve you some coffee?

PAPER BOY. No, thank you, ma'am.

LUCY. Sit! Sit! Sit! (The PAPER BOY sits as he holds out the bill to LUCY.)

PAPER BOY. Here's the bill, lady.

LUCY (ignoring the bill). I don't believe I have ever had the honor before.

PAPER BOY. Huh? Oh, I'm new. Just started last week.