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Dramatic Publishing



A Farce in Three Acts

by

JEAN PROVENCE

No Boys Allowed



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

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(NO BOYS ALLOWED)

NO BOYS ALLOWED
A Farce in Three Acts

For Six Men and Eight Women

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MR. MIDNIGHT.....*a prowler*
RITA BAXTER..... *giving a slumber party*
JANE BAXTER..... *her younger sister*
VIKKI.....*a country cousin*
FRED DANA..... *in bad with Rita*
LEROY DOYLE.....*Fred's pal*
EDWINA COOK.....*Rita's best friend*
BELINDA ELLIOT..... *Rita's rival*
NADA OWENS..... *a boy-hater*
PATSY FARREL..... *who loves to eat*
O'BRIEN..... *an officer of the law*
KEITH GARLAND..... *Fred's rival*
HARVEY SMITH.....*Keith's man Friday*
MRS. DANA.....*Fred's mother*

PLACE: *The living room in the Baxter home.*

TIME: *The present. Spring.*

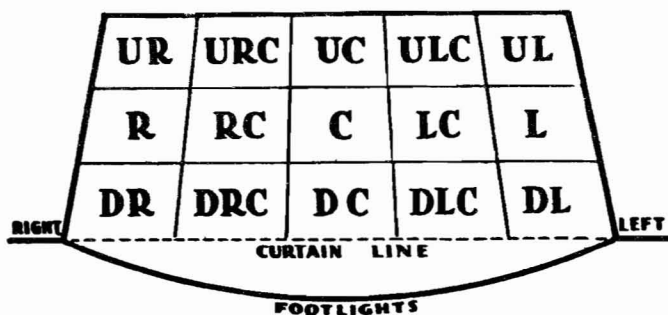
SYNOPSIS

ACT ONE: *Eight p. m., Friday night.*

ACT TWO: *A short time later.*

ACT THREE: *Midnight.*

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*, DLC for *down left center*, etc. A territory designated on the stage refers to a general area, rather than to a given point.

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.

ACT ONE

SCENE: The scene is the living-room of the Baxter home. It is a comfortable, nicely-furnished room in an old two-story family home. There is an archway in the rear wall, URC, leading to the front hall. To the right in the hall is the front door, while a flight of stairs at the left leads to the second floor of the house. There is a large window in the R wall at center, hung with flowered drapes. In the L wall, downstage, is a door leading to the dining-room and kitchen. In the rear wall, UC, is a smaller door leading to the downstairs clothes closet. Left of the closet door are a desk and chair. On the desk is a telephone. At RC, at an angle, is a sofa. A large easy chair is at LC. Upstage of the door DL is a television cabinet. Just below the cabinet is a hassock. Below the door DL is an occasional chair. There is a smaller easy chair DR, with an end table and lamp left of it. On the wall above the television cabinet is a framed mirror. There is a light switch on the wall left of the archway URC and a wall outlet below the window R. Lamps, pictures, rugs and other furnishings may be added as the size of the stage permits.)

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: The stage is empty. There is a sound outside the front door. Then the front

door opens slowly. MR. MIDNIGHT ENTERS on his hands and knees. Without rising, he slowly shuts the door and then crawls downstage, behind the sofa. The audience cannot see his entrance and movement downstage because the sofa blocks his movements, and they are not aware of him until he pops up suddenly over the back of the sofa. He wears a grotesque mask. Quickly he glances from side to side, and then makes a quick movement to the closet UC. He peeks in, shuts the closet door immediately, and then ransacks the desk. He is about to go DL when the telephone rings. Retreating, MIDNIGHT runs to the hall URC, but turns back to dart into the closet as RITA ENTERS DL and JANE leaps down the stairs at the same time. Both rush to the telephone.)

JANE (holding up telephone in triumph). I got it!

RITA (sharply). Give it to me, Jane!

JANE (yelling into receiver). Hello! . . .

RITA (trying to take telephone). You know it's for me.

JANE (holding it out of her reach). Oh, I don't know.

RITA. It's one of the girls calling.

JANE (into telephone). Hello! . . . (Turns to her.)
It's a boy.

RITA (struggling). Give me that phone!

JANE (into telephone). Whom do you wish to speak to? . . .

RITA. I'll tell Mother how awful you've been since she's been away.

JANE (pushing telephone to RITA). Go on! Take it! It's for you.

RITA (pushing telephone back). Who is it?

JANE (banging telephone on desk). Answer it and find out.

RITA. If it's Fred I don't want to talk to him.

JANE (taking telephone again). I'll tell whoever it is you're not in.

RITA. No.

JANE (coily). Maybe it's Keith Garland or Harvey Smith--or some of that gang.

RITA (motioning). Ask him who it is!

JANE (curtly into telephone). Rita says she isn't here. (Starts to hang up.)

RITA (grabbing telephone). Give me that phone!

(Into telephone.) Hello! This is Rita! . . .

Fred Dana! I thought I told you I don't want to talk to you again. . . I mean it! I don't ever

want to see you again. Not in my whole life!

You two-timer! You bigamist! . . . You can't explain. I saw you kiss that blonde at the air-port. . . . I don't care what you say. You kissed

her. Furthermore, she's the same girl you ditched me for Saturday night to take to the Silver Slipper. You never took me to the Silver

Slipper. I'm just some old date you drag to the high school dances. I'm not good enough to take to the Silver Slipper. . . . Your cousin! . . .

A likely story! . . . Well--you can kiss another girl all you want. See if I care! And that's final. Good night, Mr. Casanova! (Slams down telephone.) There!

JANE (who has been leaning on back of sofa during telephone conversation, enjoying every minute of it). What's the matter with you and your lover-boy now?

RITA (burning). His cousin!

JANE. What's he done?

RITA. He's thrown me over for a blonde! That's what!

JANE (interested). Yeah? Tell me about it.

RITA (coming down to C). I'll never speak to

Fred Dana as long as I live! I never was so humiliated in all my life. And right in front of my best friends. (Telephone rings.)

JANE (leaping toward telephone). I'll get it.

RITA (snatching telephone). No, you won't!

(Into telephone.) Hello! . . . Good-bye!

(Bangs down receiver.)

JANE. That was short and to the point.

RITA. No boy is going to two-time me and get away with it.

JANE. What are you going to do now for a date for the high school dance?

RITA (gulping). Gosh! I forgot about that. (Telephone rings again.)

JANE. Leave the phone off the hook so he can't keep calling you back.

RITA (laying receiver on desk). That'll fix him.

JANE (flopping on sofa to lament). Gosh! I wish boys would two-time me. They don't even one-time me. I'll be glad when I'm a senior in high school like you and have dates. (Inspired.) Do you think I could get Leroy, or somebody, to take me to the dance?

RITA (shaking her head, coming down to C). Don't be asinine. You're not even a senior in grade school.

JANE (quickly). I'm in the seventh grade.

(VIKKI ENTERS DL, carrying her guitar.)

VIKKI (waving her guitar as she enters and comes to LC). I'm leavin', I'm takin' off from this here crazy house right now. Right here this minute, I'm takin' off. An' that's the gospel truth!

RITA. What's the matter, Vikki?

VIKKI. You know what's the matter. I'm bein' imposed on. I came here t' get on TV. Not cook

and clean house for a flock o' twitterin', squeal-in' city gals.

RITA. What are you talking about?

VIKKI. All those sandwiches you told me t' make.

The TV singers' union don't allow you t' cook.

I gotta sing! I came t' town t' sing.

RITA. But you have to look after Jane and me while Mother and Father are at Aunt Helen's.

VIKKI (gesturing). What about all them girls comin' here t' slumber t'night?

RITA (amused, coming toward her). Oh, they won't mean work for you! It's only a slumber party.

VIKKI. That's what I'm talkin' about. Fifty-'leven kids comin' here t' sleep. I'll have t' shake ever' tick in th' house.

RITA. No, you won't.

VIKKI. All them sheets t' wash.

JANE (rising). Gosh, Vikki! Haven't you ever been to a slumber party? Nobody ever sleeps at a slumber party. A slumber party isn't to sleep. It's to stay up all night and have a good time.

VIKKI (crossing to C). Is that a fact? (JANE nods and sits on sofa again.)

RITA. Honest, Vikki. You won't have to work.

VIKKI (musing). Well! I don't know. Sounds suspicious t' me. You can't tell me a lot 'o girls can come here an' slumber all night an' not make me a heap o' helpin'.

RITA (moving toward her). Vikki, you can't go home to the farm now. Mother would be angry. She wants you to stay and look after us. We'd be alone.

VIKKI (leaning on her guitar). I know. But she said she would get me on TV. I didn't come here to be a maid.

RITA. When Mother and Father come back I'll ask them to talk to the man at the TV station again.

VIKKI. No maybe about it. I came here t' sing on TV. Not slumber sit.

RITA (urging VIKKI, who rises). Go back to the kitchen. (Front doorbell rings.)

JANE (leaping to front door). I'll get it.

RITA (pushing VIKKI DL). Go on, Vikki. There won't be any housework for you. I promise.

VIKKI. Don't forget. I didn't come here t' housework. I come here t' get on television. (Goes out DL with her guitar.)

JANE (at front door). Good night!

RITA (facing Jane). Who is it?

JANE (opening front door). It's Fred and Leroy.

RITA (protesting, as she moves toward front door). Don't let them in.

(FRED and LEROY ENTER at front door.)

JANE (shrugging). Gosh! They're already in.

FRED (rushing down to grab RITA). Rita! I've just got to talk to you! You've got to listen to reason! (Brings her to LC.)

RITA. Fred Dana, you march right back across the street to your own house.

FRED. Let me explain!

RITA. I saw you kiss that blonde!

FRED. If you'll let me explain. I told you, she's my cousin Harriet.

RITA (turning her back on him). Huh!

FRED. Mother made me take her. She promised to phone you, but your line was busy.

RITA (scoffing). Ha ha!

FRED. Mother even gave me the money to take her. All I had was a cheese sandwich. That's

the cheapest thing on the menu.

RITA (whirling to face him). Am I supposed to believe that?

LEROY (who has moved DR). It's the truth, Rita. She really is his cousin.

JANE (leaning on back of sofa). Blondes aren't anybody's cousin.

LEROY. I wish I had a cousin as pretty as Fred's. Boy! What a blonde! (Sighs.)

JANE (to LEROY). Is she a natural blonde?

LEROY (shrugging). Don't ask me.

JANE (mooning). Gosh! Do you think if I bought a bottle of peroxide I could be a blonde?

LEROY (joking). Why not! All blondes are light-headed. You're already dizzy.

JANE (moving DR, shaking her fist at LEROY). I'll get even with you. (Turns and flops on sofa.)

FRED (tugging at RITA). Please, Rita. Harriet is my cousin. Really. You can phone my mother and ask her.

RITA (standing firm). You're wasting your breath, Fred Dana. I saw you kissing that girl.

FRED. I was only kissing her good-bye.

RITA. You humiliated me. You mortified me.

In front of all my friends. They saw you kiss her. And when we were practically engaged.

FRED (offering a class pin). Here, Rita, take back my class pin. I'll take you to the Silver Slipper as soon as I can save up enough money.

RITA (pushing FRED to C). I'm not going to the Silver Slipper or any place with you!

FRED (pleading). You've got to listen, Rita.

We've got to get things straightened out.

RITA. I'm not going to let you humiliate me again. What would the girls think if they came to my slumber party and found you here? After all, I have some pride.

FRED (pleading). I'm practically down on my bended knee.

RITA (firmly). No.

FRED (down on one knee). See?

(EDWINA, carrying a week-end bag, opens the front door and calls into the room.)

EDWINA (calling). Hello! Anybody home?

JANE (rushing to greet EDWINA). It's Edwina! Where's the rest of the gang?

EDWINA. They're coming. I brought everybody over in Father's truck. They're getting their things.

RITA (motioning FRED to rise). Now! I hope you're satisfied! You've humiliated me again!

FRED (rising). Good night, Rita! I just had to talk to you.

RITA. I'll never forgive you. Don't ever try to talk to me again. (Crosses DL.)

(BELINDA, with a week-end bag, NADA, with a make-up kit, and PATSY, carrying a topcoat, enter at the front door.)

BELINDA (breezing to C). Wait until you see my new pajamas! (Suddenly stops as she discovers LEROY and FRED.) Say! What is this? I thought this was going to be a slumber party. No boys allowed!

PATSY (joining BELINDA). Yeah! What are you two fellows doing here? No boys are allowed at a slumber party.

BELINDA. Certainly not.

FRED (crossing DR). We were just going. (EDWINA and NADA now come to C.)

EDWINA. How can we talk about you boys if you're here?

BELINDA. And do we have a lot to talk about,
Don Juan!

NADA. What is this I hear about you ditching
Rita for a blonde?

FRED (gulping). It was my cousin.

BELINDA (doubting). Really?

LEROY. That's the honest truth.

NADA. I hear she's a regular suicide blonde.
Dyed by her own hand. (Laughs.)

JANE (in singsong, coming down to FRED). Fred
got his walking papers--Fred got his walking
papers!

BELINDA (crossing to RITA). I don't blame you,
Rita. If I were engaged to a boy and I caught
him kissing. . . (Throws up her hands.) That
would be the end.

FRED (gesturing). I can explain everything.

NADA (coldly). Any man can explain anything.

BELINDA (confronting FRED). How about giving
us your story? Something interesting that will
sell to the *Ladies Home Journal*.

FRED. You girls sure can get at a guy. You
make me feel like a moron.

NADA. You're over-confident.

FRED (raising his hand in an oath). I'm never
going to kiss another girl as long as I live.

RITA. If you had any character, you'd leave.

NADA. We ought to call the police and have you
thrown out.

RITA. It's all the same to me if you have him
thrown out.

BELINDA. Yes, throw him out!

FRED. Have a heart, Rita!

EDWINA (taking hold of FRED and pulling him to
C stage). What do you say, gang? Shall we
throw him out? No boys allowed at a slumber
party.

PATSY (hopefully). Couldn't we have boys just once?

NADA. I can get along without them.

EDWINA (raising her hand). All those in favor of throwing out these two "Bluebeards," raise their hands and say "aye." (The GIRLS raise their hands and shout "aye.")

FRED (moving to escape). Now, wait a minute! (GIRLS pull him back.)

LEROY (making a move). I've been thrown out of better places than this.

BELINDA (taking hold of LEROY). You, too! (GIRLS pull him over with FRED.)

FRED. Have a heart. I'm not going to spoil your slumber party. I've just got to straighten things out with Rita. I'll go.

EDWINA. You're going right now.

FRED (appealing to RITA). Please, Rita! Listen to reason. Call my mother.

RITA (putting her hands over her ears). Go ahead and get him out of here. I've heard all of his explanations I want.

EDWINA (pushing FRED toward front door). Sometime you'll learn not to two-time the girls at Central High.

BELINDA (pulling LEROY toward front door). There's nothing lower than a snake unless it's a Don Juan.

FRED (resisting). I tell you, I'm innocent!

BELINDA. It wouldn't have been so bad if you'd kissed one of us at Central High. But you had to go for a blonde from out of town.

PATSY. We're not good enough for you! (GIRLS mill around FRED and LEROY as they force them toward front door.)

JANE. Out with 'em!

FRED. Please let me talk to Rita.