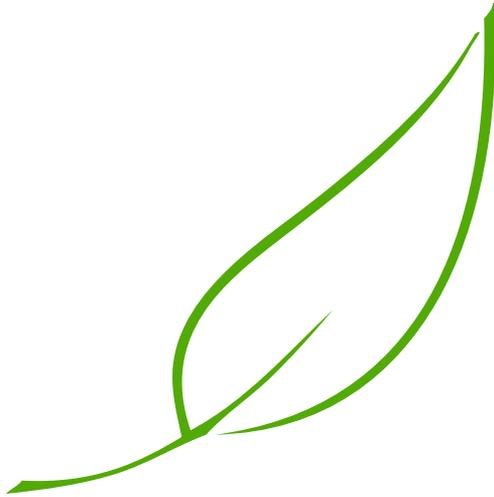


STUCK ON YOU

by Ken Bradbury



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(Brett, a girl, stands alone on stage. One of her feet is behind a chair and it seems to be stuck. In fact, it is stuck.)

Brett: I can't believe this. *(she tugs on her foot)* I really cannot believe this. *(she tugs again)* Oh, my gosh. This is terrible. *(she looks around the room, searching for something)* The phone. *(she reaches ... this is painful. Her toe is stuck in place and she stretches for the phone)* *(in pain)* Oh ... oh, come on. Come on. *(begins to cry)* Oh, please ... please ... just another inch. *(the imaginary phone drops to the floor ... she looks at it then lets out a mournful wail)* Oh, no ... *(she carefully and painfully lowers herself to the ground and stretches herself again, trying to reach the phone on the floor)* Uh ... uh ... uh ... *(she grabs the phone)* Yes! *(bringing the phone to her and punching buttons, then)* Hello? Front desk? This is Brett Burke in 501. No ... no, I don't need any towels. ... No, my bed's fine. I only have this room for today. I'm the one getting married in the Paradise Room? Yes. The Burke-Heitbrink wedding. I'm Burke and I'm stuck. No, Heitbrink's fine. Burke is stuck. Stuck. No, I have plenty towels, really. I need a ... *(looks at her foot)* ... a ... I don't know. A toe remover. My toe's stuck in the bathtub. No, it's still attached. It's still on my foot. Yes. Yes, that means I'm stuck too. How do you figure these things out? Look, just send somebody to help. I'm getting married in ten minutes. No, the toe has to go with me. He proposed to the whole body ... the toe was part of the deal. *(shouting)* I don't know what I need! It's your hotel! Send ... send ... a plumber or something. No, the towels are fine. Just send a plumber! Fast! *(she slams down the phone)* Idiots. *(looks at her foot)* Who am I calling an idiot? Oh, dear. This is ... this is awful. We've only got the Paradise Room for an hour. I'll call Mom. *(reaches for the phone, then stops)* No, she was against this wedding anyway. She'll tell me it's a sign from God. Dad! *(reaches, then stops)* No, he'll freak and come up here and start tearing up the

plumbing. Come on, plumber! Come on! (*a knock*) Come in!
(*another knock*) I said come in!

Tony: (*outside "the door"*) Anybody in there?

Brett: Yes! Yes, I'm in here! Come in! Quick!

Tony: You're in the bathroom.

Brett: I know I'm in the bathroom! I'm stuck in the bathroom!

Tony: Why don't you just come out?

Brett: Because I'm stuck ... I'm stuck inside the bathroom and that's why I can't come out of the bathroom! Come in!

Tony: You want me to come in?

Brett: That's what I just said! Come in! Come in!

Tony: (*begins to turn the knob, then stops*) You got clothes on?

Brett: I'm wearing a towel. Don't worry. I'm fine. Just get in here fast!

Tony: How big's the towel?

Brett: Big enough! Please come in!

Tony: (*begins to turn the knob then stops again*) You aren't a nut are you? I ain't comin' in if you're some kind of a nut.

Brett: I'm not a nut! I'm supposed to get married in nine minutes and my foot's stuck in the bathtub! I'm going out of my mind, but I am not crazy! Now if you're a plumber, get in here now!

Tony: (*turns the knob and enters*) You ain't got no clothes on.

Brett: We've covered that. And the towel's covering me. Now get me out of here!

Tony: (*peers into the tub*) I can't.

Brett: Why not?

Tony: Your foot's stuck.

Brett: Duh! You're a plumber! Plumb it loose!

Tony: I do pipes.

Brett: What?

Tony: I do pipes. Hoses. Knobs and stuff. I don't do toes.

Brett: I don't care what you do, you've got to get me out of this bathtub so I can get dressed!

Tony: Does it hurt?

Brett: Of course it hurts!

Tony: How'd you do it?

Brett: It doesn't matter how I did it and I don't have time to tell you. Just get me loose. Oh, this is just what I need. Mom said to wait another year.

Tony: To take a bath?

Brett: To get married!

Tony: You can't get married like that.

Brett: I know I can't get married like this! Are you the only plumber on duty?

Tony: Yeh. I usually work nights. People don't get stuck much at night.

Brett: Look Bubba ...

Tony: Tony. My name's Tony.

Brett: Look Tony, I don't care how many people get stuck at night or in the daytime. I've got an entire wedding party waiting on me down there and my toe's stuck in your tub.

Tony: Ain't mine.

Brett: I mean ...

Tony: I use a shower. Bath takes too long.

Brett: You're the one taking too long! Get out your tools and ... I don't know ... fix it!

Tony: (*reaching into his bag, then stopping*) What if I break your toe?

Brett: Don't! Work on the tub, not the toe!

Tony: (*reaching into his bag*) Don't know if I got a toe remover in here. How big's your toe?

Brett: It's a regular, normal, very painful toe! What difference does that make?

Tony: (*looking at a tool*) Reckon it's a three-quarters or a seven-eighths?

Brett: Three-quarters. I just measured it this morning. Now hurry up.

Tony: (*working himself into a very awkward position very close to her and bending down to her toe*) This is gonna be tough.

Brett: Just so it's quick.

Tony: (*stops*) You got a good hold on that towel?



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