

# FAUX PA

By Jeffrey Watts

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**DEDICATION**

*For my mother, to whom the angel made six visits.*

*The Playwright*

*Jeffrey Watts*

**STORY OF THE PLAY**

Mild-mannered suburbanite Robin (Rob) Clark is told by Eugene, an unlikely angel, that he is going to have a baby. Rob and his wife, Cindy, have wanted a child, but this isn't the way that they expected it to happen. Instead of being happy, they question the miracle. Added to the mix and confusion are a couple of doctors. First, Doc Mitchell, a doctor/fisherman, who says it's so. Then, Dr. Stern, a cynical psychologist, who says it's nuts!

Meanwhile, Rob and Cindy, who have accepted the miracle, are besieged by a parade of curiosity seekers, led by Dr. Stern, while Doc Mitchell comes under investigation by the medical association. When Eugene finally realizes his faux pas, everyone is disappointed.

There is a happy ending, though, when another angel, Eugenia, makes a surprise announcement of her own.

## **CAST OF CHARACTERS**

*(6 m, 4 w, 4 flexible, extras. Doubling possible.)*

**EUGENE:** A bumbling, awkward, but likable angel who doesn't seem to fit into the typical definition of an angel.

**MICHAEL:** A higher ranking angel.

**ROBIN (Rob) CLARK:** A typical guy that lives in a typical home in a typical town whose life gets turned upside-down.

**CINDY CLARK:** His wife.

**DOC MITCHELL:** An old doctor who looks like he'd be more at home on a fishing boat off the coast of Maine.

**DOCTOR STERN:** Her name says it all. Cold, humorless, and dead-ahead.

**BILLY PUTNAM:** A circus owner.

**ALI BABA:** A motorcycle gang leader.

**MONICA SMITH:** A talk show host.

**EUGENIA:** Another angel.

**REPORTER 1:** Wants a good story.

**REPORTER 2:** Another.

**PRIEST:** Local clergy.

**CLUB MEMBER:** A UFO club member.

**MAN:** A men's-lib advocate.

**EXTRAS:** For the crowd scene if desired.

**TIME:** Present.

**PLACE:** New Haven, USA.

**Performance time:** About an hour.

### **SETTING**

Easy to produce with a simple home interior and a heavenly cloud inset.

The interior of the Clarks' suburban home has a sofa and coffee table DSC, and a table with a phone behind the sofa. An easy chair and end table are DSR. A dinette set is DSL. There is a door to the bedroom USR. USC is an exterior door and window. There is a swinging door to the kitchen SL.

The inset of a heavenly cloud has a three-foot, white stepladder in the center.

### **PROPS**

Pre-set: Wrapped baby gift and newspaper on the sofa; a huge book, "Diapering Your Baby," under the sofa; a diaper and baby powder under the chair cushion; and a wash cloth from the centerpiece on the table.

Eugene - Belt.

Michael - Scroll.

Rob - Bathrobe, slippers, tray of food (including ice cream, pickles, peanut butter, doughnut), portable changing table, doll, diaper, surgical mask, rubber gloves, large book, baby powder, wash cloth, diaper pins, dinnerware, pillow, large jacket, watch.

Cindy - Baby shower gift, pen and shopping list, full grocery bags, knitting, frying pan.

Doc - Creel filled with medical gear, glass of water, stethoscope, thermometer, sphygmomanometer (blood pressure device), newspaper.

Dr. Stern - Briefcase, clipboard, pencil.

Billy Putnam - Contract.

Eugenia - Purse, scroll.

Miscellaneous. - Note, feathers.

**ACT I**  
**Scene 1**

*(AT RISE: The heavenly inset. EUGENE is perched precariously atop the ladder looking petrified. Just before he jumps, MICHAEL, an older, more distinguished angel, enters.)*

MICHAEL: *(Does not see EUGENE.)* Eugene! Eugene!  
Where are you, lad?

EUGENE: *(Timidly waving from the ladder.)* Up here, sir.

MICHAEL: Good Heavens! What are you doing up there?

EUGENE: Practicing, sir.

MICHAEL: Practicing?

EUGENE: Practicing being high.

MICHAEL: *(Astonished.)* What?

EUGENE: You remember how I used to be afraid of heights?

MICHAEL: Yes.

EUGENE: Well, look at me now...no fear. *(Briefly removes HIS hands from their desperate grasp on the ladder then hugs the ladder again in fear.)*

MICHAEL: That's very good, Eugene. Could you come down now? I have to speak with you.

EUGENE: But, sir, you don't realize what an accomplishment this is for me. You see, I've been reading this book on psychology -

MICHAEL: Psychology?

EUGENE: Yes, sir. *(Brightly.)* And, sir, I've learned what my problem is. I have acrophobia...that's the psychological term for the fear of heights.

MICHAEL: Yes, Eugene, I know.

EUGENE: You see, because of my acrophobia, I've severely limited myself. So, I believe that by overcoming this problem I'll be able to fly just like all of the other angels.

MICHAEL: That's very nice, Eugene, but -

EUGENE: Let me show you, sir.

MICHAEL: Eugene -

EUGENE: Here I go, sir.

MICHAEL: Eugene -

*(EUGENE closes his eyes and holds his nose and jumps. He falls flat on his face.)*

MICHAEL: Are you all right, lad?

EUGENE: *(Embarrassed.)* Yes, sir. I don't know what went wrong. *(Stands and brushes HIMSELF off.)*

MICHAEL: As usual, Eugene, you're making something difficult out of something that is really quite simple. You need wings to fly. You have no wings. When you have your wings, Eugene, you'll be able to fly and not until then.

EUGENE: But I have to earn my wings and I don't think that will ever happen. For years and years I've tried, but I really haven't gotten a job by which I can really prove myself.

MICHAEL: Well, I think your cloud has come in. This is your day, my lad!

EUGENE: What do you mean?

MICHAEL: A job order was sent down from headquarters. A job that I think you can handle.

EUGENE: A job? For me?

MICHAEL: Yes, for you. You are to deliver a message.

EUGENE: A message? What is it...the final judgment of the world?

MICHAEL: No. Nothing quite that earth-shattering. Eugene, you are to deliver the message of a coming child.

EUGENE: Like the message Gabriel gave to Mary about the coming of Jesus?

MICHAEL: The same idea.

EUGENE: Wow! What company! Of what great and mighty person will I tell the coming of? Oh, this is so exciting! Do you think they'll add an extra chapter to the Bible to include me? *(Gazing off.)* "The Message of Eugene the Angel!" *(To MICHAEL.)* Can I write my own script?

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