

*Please return to check-in*

FAILURE: A LOVE STORY  
By Philip Dawkins

*About the play (from Playscripts):*

By the end of 1928, all three Fail sisters will be dead -- expiring in reverse order, youngest to oldest, from blunt object to the head, disappearance, and finally consumption. Tuneful songs, and a whimsical chorus follow the story of Nelly, Jenny June, and Gerty as they live out their lives above the family clock repair shop near the Chicago River, before their time unexpectedly runs out. A magical, musical fable where, in the end, the power of love is far greater than any individual's successes or failures.

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*NELLY FAIL—Female, “the youngest”*

*About this scene:*

NELLY has just met MORTIMER MORTIMER, who has fallen in love with her on sight and proposed. Before agreeing, she lists her requirements for a husband.

MORTIMER MORTIMER

Do you think that maybe you could love me too?  
At least until death?

NELLY

Of course I could, Mort Mort.

The question is, will I?

See, I don't want to fall in love with just anybody. I'm not looking for someone, I'm looking for someone in specific.

Someone handsome, debonair, sophisticated, a family man.

I want a man who knows how to wear pants so they don't wrinkle behind the knees.

I want a man who sings and who dances and understands flowers.

I want a man who smells like soap when he's clean and like a nice day at the beach when he's not.

I want a man who once loved —and I do mean with all of his little boy heart —*loved* a dog.

I want a man who rinses out the Brilliantine before laying his rich dark hair on the pillows I've fluffed expressly for the weight of his big tired head.

I want a big man.

I want a man who may not always be nice, but who is always always kind.

I want a man who eats wheat.

I want a man who reads the Bible out loud and the newspaper silent.

I want a man who says please and thank you and hunky-dory and means it.

I want a man I can help become a winner at his workplace by starting his day with Post Bran Flakes.

I want a man who speaks his mind and listens when I speak mine, even though we needn't say a word because we always -- the both of us -- know exactly what the other is thinking.

You know?

MORTIMER MORTIMER

Exactly.

NELLY

Also, I want to be a movie star like Lillian Gish.