

NICK DeFALCO, PRIVATE EYE
The Goddess In Green Satin
10:00 Comedy for 7 Characters

By
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NICK DEFALCO, PRIVATE EYE
"The Goddess In Green Satin"

SYNOPSIS:

Nick DeFalco, private eye, is selected by Demeter, a Goddess in a shimmering, emerald green satin dress, to find her daughter Persephone who has been missing for 2,500 years after being abducted by Hades, the Dark Lord. Despite the fact that there are no photos of Persephone and as Nick says, "Where in the hell is Hades?", he takes the case. With his uncanny sense (luck?) about where to look for suspects, Nick goes to the local "Psychic Fair" to ask for advice. There he meets the Dark Lord, and discovers Persephone hasn't visited her mom because she now has her MBA and has been busy setting up the Hades Take-Out Division which delivers "... nervousness, fear, free floating anxiety, regret, greed and the little stuff that wakes you up at night." In the end, Demeter plumps Nick's checkbook nicely.

TIME

Autumn or Halloween

CHARACTERS

DOUBLE: May double Delivery teen / Persephone.

M NICK DeFalco – Private eye with trenchcoat and hat.
F DEMETER – gorgeous woman in a green satin dress.
F Delivery Teen – cute, perky 16-year old delivery girl.
F PERSEPHONE – sharp, 20-something businesswoman.
M DARK LORD – 30-something, good-looking God of Hades.
M/F Palm reader – an old crone.
M/F Announcer (O.S.)

SETS

OFFICE:

Entry / exit door, "window", desk, desk chair, side chair, coat rack.

Delivery teen: roller blades.

PSYCHIC FAIR

Card tables, folding chairs

PROPS

OFFICE: Sandwich bag, sandwich, coffee cup.

PSYCHIC FAIR: Deck of cards, Darth Vader Helmet.

MUSIC: Sexy sax theme ins and outs.

LIGHTS UP

(NICK'S OFFICE: COAT RACK, DESK,
SIDE-CHAIRS, PHONE.)

ANNOUNCER: (O.S.)

It's a life in pursuit of answers to other people's questions.
It's the life of a private eye -- Nick DeFalco, private eye.

(NICK is dressed in a trench coat,
shabby suit.)

NICK:

It was autumn. Around Halloween. The time of year given over
to the glum reality of approaching winter.

(a beat)

Zenith Deli had just instituted roller blades for their
delivery staff...

TEEN: (O.S.)

Zenith Deli...

(ENTER TEENAGE DELIVERY GIRL, out of
control, on roller blades carrying
a small sack. SHE CIRCLES DESK AND
NICK.)

TEEN:

(unsteadily)

Ooh, ooh, ooh...!

(SHE FALLS ONTO SACK IN FRONT OF
DESK.)

NICK:

(helping her up)

You okay?

TEEN:

(getting up)

I think so.

(SHE HANDS NICK THE SACK.)

TEEN:

Here's your sandwich.

NICK:

You flattened it.

TEEN:

Sorry, Mr. DeFalco.

NICK:

(peering into sack)

It was a B-L-T -- the last of the fresh tomatoes from the garden.

TEEN:

(anxiously)

You don't want me to skate back and get you 'nother one, do you?

NICK:

Naw. That's okay.

TEEN:

Whew! Thanks Mr. DeFalco. Okay, then, that's \$2.75, Mr. DeFalco.

NICK:

But you flattened the sandwich.

TEEN:

Probably tastes okay. It was wrapped up.

NICK:

What about customer service?

TEEN:

You think it's EASY to roller-blade UP twelve flights of stairs, Mr. DeFalco?

NICK:

Well...

TEEN:

We got customer service, Mr. DeFalco. Danny says we've got to be AGGRESSIVELY POLITE with our customers!

NICK:

Aggressively polite?

TEEN:

Yeah. No matter what I REALLY think, I'm SUPPOSED to act EXTRA NICE to you!

(a beat)

SEE! I'm smilin', Mr. DeFalco.

NICK:

You don't look sincere.

TEEN:

(between gritted teeth)

Don't say that! I lose points! I'm sincere! I'm sincere!

NICK:

Stop with the smile! You're takin' away my appetite! How much was that? \$2.75?

TEEN:

It's always \$2.75 Mr. DeFalco.

NICK:

Here you go -- three bucks. That's a quarter tip for you!

TEEN:

Twenty-five cents? Oh, wow-ee! A whole quarter! Thank you, Mr. DeFalco! Now I can go to college!

(TEEN SKATES OFF.)

NICK:

(sits in desk chair)

Destiny is a flattened BLT made from the last tomatoes of the season and a half-a cuppa cold coffee.

(AUDIO: GLISSANDRO. ENTER DEMETER dressed in a long, shimmering, green, low-cut satin dress. She has long auburn hair. She walks on very high-heels.)

DEMETER:

Mr. DeFalco?

NICK:

Well... Trick or treat, sister!

DEMETER:

I beg your pardon?

(DEMETER crosses to DeFalco's desk.)

NICK:

(to audience)

I had never seen a stack of pumpkins quite like this one.

(DEMETER does a sophisticated "sexy" take.)

NICK:

(to audience)

From her long auburn hair down to her shimmering, emerald green satin dress, to her 3 and a half-inch stiletto heels, if her name was Jacqueline Frost, she could nip at my nose all afternoon.

DEMETER:

Mr. De Falco...?

NICK:

I didn't catch your name, Miss...?

DEMETER:

MRS Demeter [DAH-METER].

NICK:

(sitting)

Got my dah-meter runnin'! What can I do for you?

DEMETER:

Mr. De Falco, I have a problem.

NICK:

Nothing wrong from where I sit!

(gesturing to chair)

Oh, won't you have a chair?

DEMETER:

(sitting)

Thank you.

NICK:

What's your problem?

DEMETER:

I'm a goddess.

NICK:

And I'll fight the man who says you ain't!

DEMETER:

My daughter is missing.

NICK:

(getting a pad to
make notes)

What's your daughter's name?

DEMETER:

Persephone.

NICK:

(writing)

How long has she been missing?

DEMETER:

About three months, recently. But this whole thing began about two-thousand, five-hundred years ago and I'm sick and tired of it. I look for her. I worry! I totally neglect the farms and fields...

NICK:

Hold it, sister, did you say twenty-five hundred years ago?
Is this some kinda joke?

DEMETER:

I told you. I am the goddess Demeter and my daughter
Persephone was abducted about two-thousand five-hundred years
ago by the Dark Lord of Hades.

NICK:

Demeter -- you mean like the MYTH of Demeter?

DEMETER:

I'm no myth, Mr. DeFalco. I'm sitting right here with you.
WorldCom profits, sub-prime mortgages, "mission accomplished",
those were a myths.

(she touches paper
bag)

Here, watch your sandwich...

(AUDIO: glissando.)

NICK:

(looking into sack)

Hey! You plumped my sandwich!

DEMETER:

See?

NICK:

Can you plump bank accounts?

DEMETER:

You help me with my daughter, Mr. DeFalco and I'll plump
your checkbook.

NICK:

You got a photo of your daughter?

DEMETER:

Mr. DeFalco, goddesses can't be photographed.

(LIGHTS FADE DOWN ON OFFICE. SINGLE
SPOT AREA ON STAGE. NICK CROSSES TO
SPOTLIGHT.)

NICK:

She sat and told me the tale I'd heard in 9th grade mythology.
The good girl from up on Olympus Drive and the boy from the
underworld side of the tracks. He had flashy wheels. They
went for a ride. They had lunch. She ate pomegranate seeds,
possibly laced with hallucinogenic substances. Now she spends
six months in Hades with the Dark Lord and six months on the
Earth.

(SPOTLIGHT FADES. LIGHTS UP on OFFICE.
DEFALCO turns back to scene. DEMETER
CROSSES TO NICK.)

DEMETER:
Find her, Mr. DeFalco. Bring her back to me.

NICK:
Where do I find the Dark Lord?

DEMETER:
He'll contact you, I'm sure.

NICK:
How do we stay in touch? You got a cell phone?

DEMETER:
Just whistle, Mr. DeFalco, put your lips together and
whistle...

(DEMETER EXITS.)

NICK:
A beautiful goddess throwing a famous line from a great old
movie starring...

(points to chin)
you know... the guy with the dimple.

(NICK CROSSES BACK TO DESK.)

NICK:
What a case! A missing goddess. You don't know what she
looks like. And, where in the hell is Hades? I knew I was
gonna need some help and I knew EXACTLY where to go to get
it... The Psychic Fair.

(LIGHTS DOWN on DEFALCO OFFICE.)

(LIGHTS UP ON PALM READER at table.
DEFALCO crosses to PALM READER.)

PALM READER:
(Brooklyn accent)
Read your palm, \$10 bucks...
(looks him over)
...in advance.

NICK:
(getting cash from
pocket)
Okay.

PALM READER:
Put out your left hand.

NICK:

Okay.

PALM READER:

(looking at his
palm)

Now... everybody's got three main lines, a head line, a heart line and a life line. Your head line is, uh, short.

NICK:

What!

PALM READER:

(covering)

I mean in comparison with your heart line which is ver-ry long. And that's good. That means you're a LOVER!

NICK:

And my life-line?

PALM READER:

Your life line is... oopsie!

NICK:

What do you mean when you say oopsie?

PALM READER:

Here's what I meant when I said oopsie -- make a fist with your right hand.

NICK:

Okay.

PALM READER:

(pointing to fist)

Now, that's a fist, right?

NICK:

Yeah...

PALM READER:

Now if this long heart line on your left hand, crosses a PANTY LINE on some good-lookin' girl's derriere, then her boy friend is gonna send you some fist-mail... Oopsie!

NICK:

Oopsie...

PALM READER:

Now, for the question on your mind, you should visit the Dark Lord at the back of the room.

NICK:
(surprised)

The Dark Lord!

(LIGHTS UP ON BACK TABLE. THE DARK LORD is sitting and wearing a University of Michigan (PICK THE UNIVERSITY YOU WISH) T-shirt and a DARTH VADAR HELMET.)

(LIGHTS DOWN ON PALM READER AS NICK CROSSES TO DARK LORD.)

NICK:
Excuse me, are you the Dark Lord?

DL:
(DARTH VADAR VOICE
/ BREATHING)
Yes, I am the Dark Lord.

NICK:
You tell fortunes?

DL:
(DARTH VADAR VOICE
/ BREATHING)
I read the Force.

NICK:
I thought you were the god of Hades.

DL:
(DARTH VADAR VOICE
/ BREATHING)
My mother-in-law sent you.

NICK:
How do you know that?

DL:
(DARTH VADAR VOICE
/ BREATHING)
She's a major pain in the Force.
(shifting to normal
voice)
Can I stop with the breathing and voice thing?
(removing helmet)
I hate that.

NICK:
So why do you do it?

DL:

Gimmick. Humans love gimmicks. You liked it, didn't ya? We gods adopt a form pleasing to mortals, so why not have some fun, eh? Like wearing a costume. Take my mother-in-law for example...

NICK:

You mean Demeter...

DL:

You think she's a beautiful lady in the green, shimmering dress. Mr. DeFalco, she's thousands of years old! She's the mother of the entire Earth! Can you imagine the stretch marks she actually has?!

NICK:

She wants her daughter back.

DL:

She should come for a visit.

NICK:

She doesn't visit?

DL:

We live on the wrong side of the tracks. And, Persephone's busy since she got her MBA and opened up the Hades take-out division.

NICK:

Take-out division?

DL:

Yeah! Sure! Everybody delivers today, even Hades!

NICK:

Delivers what?

DL:

Nervousness. Fear. Free floating anxiety. Regret. Greed. The little stuff that wakes you up at night. It's BRAND DEVELOPMENT.

(ENTER PERSEPHONE.)

PERSEPHONE:

Hades is selling way upstream into the buying cycle, Mr. DeFalco.

NICK:

This must be Persephone.

PERSEPHONE:

We're in sports, medical, brokerage... Here's our latest!
We're getting all restaurants to insist that their employees
be AGGRESSIVELY POLITE! Talk about anxiety!

NICK:

That kid on roller-blades! I had no idea!
(he whistles)

DL:

Uh-oh, I wish you hadn't done that...

NICK:

Done what?

DL:

Whistled!

(ENTER DEMETER)

PERSEPHONE:

Mo-ther! So good to see you!

DEMETER:

I'm so glad you whistled, Mr. DeFalco.

DL:

Hello, Mom. How's tricks? Started any new hurricanes lately?

DEMETER:

Very funny.

(to Persephone)

Dar-ling, I've missed you so TERRIBLY! I even hired this
nice man to find you!

PERSEPHONE:

Oh, I know, but I've been so BUSY! What with the U.S. economy
tanking, I've had to set up a Fear SWAT team! We've been
working overtime just on retirement anxiety alone!

(a beat)

How's it going with the new species, Mom?

DEMETER:

Oh, they fill the bathtubs and keep me busy!

PERSEPHONE:

I can imagine. Let's do lunch, shall we?

DEMETER:

Of course!

PERSEPHONE:

I can do Thursday -- Wednesday I'm launching a new Republican
Party Division. Friday?

DEMETER:

Oh, I can't. And Next week's out!

(LIGHTS FADE DOWN. DEFALCO crosses
back to office set.)

NICK:

As they went on and on comparing calendars, I slipped out
and walked back to my office. I wondered if the whistle thing
would still work. So I thought I'd give it a try.
(whistles under
breath)

(ENTER DEMETER.)

DEMETER:

Ah, Mr. DeFalco. I think we have some unfinished business.

(DEMETER crosses to stand close to
NICK.)

NICK:

What's that?

DEMETER:

(seductively)

I'm going to plump your checkbook!

(DEMETER pats his jacket pocket.
AUDIO: glissando. DEMETER kisses
NICK on the cheek.)

DEMETER:

Thank you, Mr. DeFalco.

(DEFALCO watches DEMETER EXIT.)

NICK:

My checkbook was plumper, all right...

(NICK reaches into his jacket and
takes out his checkbook and opens
it. Inside is a carrot.)

NICK:

..she gave me a carrot!

(bites carrot.)

...the plumpest carrot I ever tasted.

ANNOUNCER: (O.S.)

It's a life in pursuit of answers to other people's questions.
It's the life of a private eye -- Nick DeFalco, private eye.

(BLACK OUT.)