

THE STONE NAKED WOMAN

a Comedy in One Act

by Kay Rhoads

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STORY OF THE PLAY

A small Iowa town deals with the weighty issue of whether a stone statue violates the morals ordinance. Friendships are tried, prejudices are revealed, and self-interest is (dare it be said) exposed in this fast-moving comedy.

Chorlis Deets, longtime resident of Lambs Corner, has a new lawn ornament in honor of his departed wife: a stone statue of Aphrodite, painted pink and “situated” on a swing in his front yard.

An emergency meeting of the city council is called to deliberate the issue and decide whether or not to forcibly remove the statue. As the meeting courses through the afternoon, all have their say, from the dentist to the grocer to the clergy to the neighbor on the corner. The problem must be resolved quickly because on the heels of Aphrodite, on order from Belgium, Chorlis awaits the arrival of a stone naked Adonis. But, before the issue is settled, word comes that Aphrodite has been stolen!

Running Time

45 minutes

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(11 male, 9 female, 1 flexible, doubling possible)

GLORY MURPHY: City councilwoman, about 60.

CHORLIS DEETS: Resident of Lambs Corner, about 60.

GOLDIE GLASCOCK: Owner of a beauty salon, about 50.

BLANCHE PANCAKE: Webb Pancake's wife, about 60.

ALVIN CRUCKSHANK: Mayor. Theda's husband, 50+.

THEDA CRUCKSHANK: Secretary to council. Alvin's wife, 50+.

DENZIL DENS WORTH: Dentist. City councilman, 50+

JOHN CRUCKSHANK: Owner of the town's supermarket, 25+.

WEBB PANCAKE: Blanche's husband, about 60.

REV. ANGEL: Minister, 35 or older.

JASPER ALDRICH: Townsperson, 35+.

LOGAN VAN OERSDALE: Owner, editor of the town newspaper, 35-60.

MARLENE ALDRICH: Townsperson, about 35.

MAUDE CONKLIN: Another townsperson, about 35.

DARLENE FEARS: Another townsperson, about 35.

NETTIE HUNGETT: Another townsperson, 60+.

ART WOODCOCK: Owner of a tee shirt shop, about 35.

ANNAMARIE: Librarian, about 25.

CLAYTON CRUCKSHANK: City attorney for Lambs Corner, about 30.

***TV CAMERA OPERATOR:** Man or woman any age, non-speaking role.

***SHERIFF:** Man about 40.

*Parts can be doubled.

TIME: The present.

PLACE: A small Iowa town.

SETTING

City council room. Conference table offset toward audience. Telephone on the table. Chairs to US side of table. Several large framed pictures of former mayors hang on the SL wall. TV camera DSR. Also, the first row or two of seats in the theatre should be left open for Townspeople to occupy beginning in Scene 2.

PROPS

Bicycle (optional)
BB gun
Liquor bottle in brown paper bag
Hat for Chorlis
Deck of cards
Haircutting shears
Hair curlers
Plastic smock
Watch
Gavel
TV camera on wheels
Book: *Robert's Rules of Order*
Camera with large lens and flash
Newspaper
Buttons or other small hair ornaments
Microphone
T-shirt with lettering, "I'm Just an Old Art."
Woman's reading glasses
Megaphone

THE STONE NAKED WOMAN

Scene 1

(AT RISE: GLORY enters the council room. { Optional: She is pushing an old bicycle. Jeans rolled up on the right leg. She leans the bike against the wall under last picture DS.})

GLORY: *(Straightens the picture.)* Straighten up, Daniel Murphy, and get ready 'cause you are going to love this one. Special meeting of the city council set for three o'clock and I'm going to need your help. Remember the root beer scandal? It's Chorlis again, my love, and this one shows every sign it'll surpass the brown bottle bill you worked out four years ago, oh, and the ditch weed debacle you left for me to handle three years ago. Anyway, I wanted to get here early, before the crowd beats their way in here, and talk to you. Plus, I've been trying to clear my mind to get ready. You always loved my poetry. How do you like this one? I call it, "The Jig Is Up." *(Points upward, then clears HER throat.)* I know you're laughing wherever you are. Dancing a jig on some faraway star. Looking down, uh ... let's see ... looking down ... from yonder afar ... no ... looking down from ... some heavenly bar.

(CHORLIS enters singing "Danny Boy." He's carrying a BB gun and a bottle in a brown paper bag.)

CHORLIS: Glory, I have me a drink every livin' day whether it be a day to mourn or a day to celebrate, all in the memory of dear old Dan Murphy. *(Tips bag.)* Top o' the mornin', Dan.

GLORY: Chorlis! You can't bring liquor into the chambers. By the way, it's well past noon.

CHORLIS: Ooops! Let's try that again. Here's to you, Daniel Murphy, the merriest Irishman, and the onliest, ever to be the mayor of Lambs Corner.

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CHORLIS: *(Cont'd.)* Top o' the afternoon. *(Starts to lift the BB gun to HIS mouth.)* Whoops! *(Laughs and turns to GLORY.)* Want a slug?

GLORY: No thanks, I like a beer now and again but not in city hall. There's a Lambs Corner city ordinance against that, you know. To say nothing about the gun.

CHORLIS: Yup! *(Sits down.)* Seen her, Glory?

GLORY: What kind of question is that? Everyone in town's seen her.

CHORLIS: Ain't she beautiful? She's a foreigner, you know. All the way from Belgium.

(HE puts the gun on the table and takes off his hat and places it on the floor about three feet in front of him and takes out a deck of cards and begins to pitch them toward the hat.)

GLORY: Chorlis, the town's in an uproar.

CHORLIS: She's meant to be appreciated.

GLORY: I don't think folks are driving past your house to appreciate her. How'd you get her here?

CHORLIS: Ship. Ordered me another one.

GLORY: Another Aphrodite?

CHORLIS: One's comin's a man.

GLORY: Chorlis, he's not ...

CHORLIS: Name's Adonis.

GLORY: Oh oh! He is.

CHORLIS: Human form's a beautiful thing.

GLORY: You think that old tree will take the two of them?

CHORLIS: Nope. *(Shows GLORY the queen of hearts.)* Queen! *(Flips it toward the hat.)* He's what's called a standing nude.

GLORY: A standing nude. Chorlis ...

CHORLIS: Think I'll have him stand back a' her ... so's it'll be like he's pushin' her on the swing. King! *(Waves the king of hearts at GLORY.)* Think I'll like that.

GLORY: Same color?

End of Freeview

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