A Nose for the News

By Charlie Lovett

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CAST OF CHARACTERS
(In Order of Speaking)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Description</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>MARTHA</td>
<td>stage manager of WCDB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FLIP FLAGSTONE</td>
<td>weatherman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHRIS</td>
<td>new guy in the mailroom; he is STOOPID</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLAIRE</td>
<td>announcer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SPICE SPENCER</td>
<td>sportscaster with a sporty metaphor for every occasion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DROOPY THE CLOWN</td>
<td>world's most depressing clown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CYRANO</td>
<td>station manager and also a swashbuckling, poetic hero with a BIG nose; dresses like a musketeer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PIERRE</td>
<td>dense child of Mr. Gauche</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VINCENT VALVERT</td>
<td>not-too-bright news anchor for rival station WNOZ; pronounced Vahlvair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BRET</td>
<td>news writer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RAYMOND</td>
<td>incompetent host of a cooking show and poet wannabe; dresses like a beatnik</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DOLORES</td>
<td>Roxanne's executive assistant; loyal above and beyond the call of duty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LISA</td>
<td>producer of Raymond's cooking show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ROXANNE</td>
<td>anchor for the nightly news</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MR. GAUCHE</td>
<td>evil owner of WCDB</td>
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See PRODUCTION NOTES for details about flexible casting.
SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Scene One: Saturday morning. On the set of WCDB TV.
Scene Two: Later that day. In the lounge of the station.
Scene Three: Early Monday morning. In the newsroom and on the set.
Scene Four: Immediately following. In the newsroom.
Scene Five: Monday afternoon. On the set.
Scene Six: Monday evening just before the six o’clock news. Same.
Scene Seven: Tuesday morning. Same.
Scene Eight: A short time later. Same.
Scene Nine: Tuesday evening just before the six o’clock news. Same.
Scene Ten: Wednesday morning. Same.
Scene Eleven: Wednesday evening just before the six o’clock news. Same.

SETTING

TIME: Sometime in the past. If you had to guess, you’d say it was the early 1960s, when people still wore thin black ties and thick black glasses.

PLACE: The studio and offices of WCDB television.

This play employs simple area staging. UP CENTER is the set for WCDB News. There is a news desk flanked by a weather map to the LEFT and a sports desk to the RIGHT. DOWN CENTER is an open space. There might be a few cables and lights strewn about. There is a lounge chair STAGE RIGHT. STAGE RIGHT leads to other parts of the studio and outside, and STAGE LEFT leads to the studio dressing rooms.

On the FORESTAGE RIGHT is the newsroom, with desks and typewriters. FORESTAGE LEFT is the lounge area with a coffee pot, magazines and several comfortable chairs, perhaps a small couch.
Scene One

LIGHTS UP: Saturday morning, on the set of WCDB. PIERRE and VINCENT sit somewhere in the AUDIENCE.

MARTHA: (ENTERS RIGHT with a headset and a clipboard.) Two minutes, everybody. Two minutes to air. Two minutes. (FLIP ENTERS LEFT with CHRIS. FLIP, as always, carries a box of popcorn, from which he occasionally takes a piece. MARTHA passes them and yells at CHRIS.) Two minutes. (CHRIS flinches as MARTHA turns to address FLIP. She speaks to him with gentle adoration.) Two minutes. Flip. (EXITS RIGHT.)

FLIP: This ought to be good.

CHRIS: What ought to be good?

FLIP: (Gestures towards the open area DOWN CENTER.) You know. This. (CHRIS looks dumbfounded.) You haven’t worked here very long, have you?

CHRIS: About a week. I’m Chris, the new guy from the mailroom.

FLIP: (Shakes his head.) No wonder I haven’t been getting any mail. Anyway, I’m Flip Flagstone. I “predict” the weather. But this is going to be way more fun. (CLAIRE ENTERS LEFT.)

CHRIS: (Yells.) What is?! (MARTHA ENTERS RIGHT.)

CLAIRE: (With adoration.) Good morning, Flip.

MARTHA: (Angry.) Didn’t you hear, Claire? It’s two minutes. Don’t you have work to do?

CLAIRE: I’m going, I’m going. (To FLIP.) Nice talking with you, Flip. (Crosses DOWNSTAGE.)

MARTHA: (Angry.) I didn’t hear him talking to you. (Gentle, to FLIP.) We’ll talk later, okay, Flip?

CLAIRE: (Moves DOWNSTAGE and speaks to the AUDIENCE.) Good morning, studio audience. How is everybody this morning? Is everybody ready for “The Droopy the Clown Show”? (Waits for reply.) Oh, come on. You can do better than that. Is everybody ready for “The Droopy the Clown Show”? (If all goes well, the AUDIENCE cries out “Yes.” If not, carry on.) I know everyone’s favorite weatherman, Flip Flagstone, is ready. Aren’t you, Flip? (Gazes adoringly at FLIP who winks at her. Addresses MARTHA. Snotty.) Everybody’s ready, Martha.

MARTHA: Well, you’re going to have to wait a couple of minutes. Two minutes, everybody. Two minutes to air. (To FLIP, adoring.) Two minutes, Flip.
CLAIRE: I thought you called two minutes a minute ago.

MARTHA: When have you ever known us to start a show on time? Apparently the morning news ran long, Roxanne was being poetic again. (Yells at CHRIS.) Two minutes! (Turns to FLIP and speaks gently.) Does two minutes work for you, Flip? (FLIP nods to her, and she EXITS LEFT as SPICE ENTERS RIGHT.)

CLAIRE: Well, if we’re still at two minutes, I’m going back to my dressing room. See you in a couple of minutes, Flip. (EXITS LEFT)

FLIP: Hey, Spice, have you met my buddy Chris?

SPICE: (Holds out a hand to CHRIS.) Spice Spencer. Sports. So, this is going to be good.

FLIP: No kidding. That’s what I’ve been saying. This is going to be good.

CHRIS: Would somebody please tell me what is going to be good?!

SPICE: You don’t know? (To FLIP.) How long has he been on the team? (To CHRIS.) How long have you been on the team?

FLIP: (As CHRIS counts days on his fingers.) About a week, he says.

SPICE: And you really don’t know? Oh, this is going to be the world series of good.

FLIP: (To CHRIS.) Look, you know the station manager, Cyrano? The guy in the funny hat and the crazy clothes.

SPICE: His real name is… (Looks around to be sure no one is watching…) Michael.

FLIP: Yeah, but everybody calls him Cyrano.

SPICE: Right. Trust me, you do not want to go 15 rounds with this guy, so you’ve got to call him Cyrano.

CHRIS: Oh, you mean the guy with the big nose.

FLIP/SPICE: (In a near apoplectic fit.) Shhhhhhhhh!

SPICE: Are you crazy?

FLIP: Never use that word around here. It’s a real bad idea.

SPICE: Like fourth down and 20 bad. The only thing worse than calling Cyrano that other name is to mention… (Looks around again and whispers…) his N-O-S-E.

CHRIS: (Looks puzzled and spells in his palm, trying to work out the word.) I’m not that good with spelling.

FLIP: You know, his… (Points at spelling.)

CHRIS: Oh, his nose, right.

FLIP/SPICE: Shhhhhhhhh!
CHRIS: Oh, sorry. So if his name is— (FLIP and SPICE lift fingers of warning) —that name, then why does he want to be called… Seerie… Sarah… some other name?

FLIP: It's after Cyrano de Bergerac.

SPICE: Yeah, the great Cyrano de Bergerac is his hero.

FLIP: He was this French guy.

SPICE: There was a play about him. Although I don't know why anyone would go to the theatre if there was a game on.

FLIP: You see, the original Cyrano had a gigantic you-know-what, too.

SPICE: So our Cyrano patterns his whole life on Cyrano de Bergerac. He writes poetry, he's a great swordsman, he tells jokes…

CHRIS: Wait… what was that middle thing?

SPICE: He's a swordsman. He could have fenced in the Olympics. You should see him with a blade.

FLIP: He will see him with a blade in just about—

MARTHA'S VOICE: (From OFF LEFT.) Two minutes!

SPICE: Oh, this is going to be good.

CHRIS: Okay, I get that he calls himself… what was it again?

FLIP: Cy-ra-no.

SPICE: Like the race horse.

CHRIS: Right, whatever. And I get that he doesn't want anyone to talk about his… you know. (Yells.) But what is it that's going to be good?!

SPICE: Cyrano ordered Droopy the Clown off the air.

FLIP: He really is a horrible clown.

SPICE: Yeah, childhood depression rates are way up.

FLIP: And our ratings are way down.

SPICE: We're in as much trouble as the 1919 White Sox. Cyrano's trying everything he can to save the station.

FLIP: So he cancelled Droopy. But Droopy is going on the air anyway. (MARTHA ENTERS LEFT, followed by CLAIRE.)

SPICE: So Cyrano should be here with his sword to teach him a lesson in— (To MARTHA.) What is it, the two-minute warning?

MARTHA: Two minutes? Are you kidding? I called two minutes ages ago. We start in 30 seconds. Places, everybody.

SPICE: Oh, you know everybody is going to come watch this. (He and FLIP pull CHRIS STAGE LEFT as MARTHA and CLAIRE move STAGE RIGHT.) ROXANNE, DOLORES, RAYMOND, LISA and
BRET ENTER RIGHT and move to LEFT and RIGHT to watch. CLAIRE moves DOWN CENTER. CHRIS spots ROXANNE.)

CHRIS: (Points to ROXANNE.) There she is. That's the lady I want to work with.

SPICE: Roxanne? But she's the news anchor. Whoever they pick to be her co-anchor will have to be awesome. We're talking Babe Ruth, Joe Louis.

FLIP: (To CHRIS.) You do know that anchors have to write their own stories.

SPICE: And it helps if they can spell.

FLIP: And then there's Mr. Gauche, the owner of the station. He's not exactly the nicest guy in the world.

SPICE: Rumor has it he doesn't want anyone working with Roxanne. He doesn't like the idea of paying for two anchors when he can get by with one. I mean, why would you hire Dwayne Thomas if you already have Johnny Unitas?

FLIP: Who's Dwayne Thomas?

SPICE: My point exactly.

CHRIS: Trust me. Someday I will work with Roxanne.

CLAIRE: Cue music. (SOUND EFFECT: CIRCUS STYLE MUSIC PLAYS, but it is SLOW and DEPRESSING.) Hi, kids! (Turns her head to FLIP for a second.) And Flip. (Turns back.) It's time to put on a frown and think of the saddest thing you know, because it's time for "The Droopy the Clown Show." And now... he's been called depressing, he's been called boring, he's been called the worst clown in history, but you can just call him... Droopy the Clown! (Joins the OTHERS watching RIGHT.)

DROOPY: (ENTERS LEFT. He is a truly depressing clown wearing a black trench coat over his clown suit. He trudges DOWN CENTER and stands for a moment. In a droning monotone.) Hi, kids. Are you happy today? (Waits for a response, then replies in an angry, intimidating voice.) I said are you happy? (Returns to his droning no matter what the AUDIENCE responds.) Well, I'm not. Being a clown is so depressing. Say, kids, do you ever wonder if life has any meaning?

CYRANO'S VOICE: (Yells from OFF RIGHT.) Didn't I tell you your show was cancelled?

DROOPY: You see, kids, my life is just one depressing thing after another.

CYRANO'S VOICE: (Still from OFF RIGHT.) Fly from the stage, you cheerless clown, or you will taste my sword.

For preview only
DROOPY: Say, kids, do you want to do an art project? (Waits for reply and then yells, angry.) Do you? (Droning again.) Today we're going to take a piece of poster board and color it solid black. Won't that be fun?

CYRANO'S VOICE: (Still from OFF RIGHT.) I have warned you twice. If you do not absent yourself from this studio at once, the third warning will have the bite of steel in it.

DROOPY: You're not afraid of a station manager with a sword, are you, kids? (Waits for a reply and then yells.) Are you? (Droning.) Well, I'm not afraid of anything. (Sighs.) Except the emptiness of life.

CYRANO: (Leaps ON RIGHT. His sword is drawn and there is fire in his eyes, along with a twinkle, and his nose is of mammoth proportions.) Presently, I shall grow angry!

DROOPY: (Quickly.) That's all the time we have for today, kids. Bye, now. (Runs OFF RIGHT.)

CYRANO: Hal! A wretched clown and a coward. (ALL ONSTAGE cheer and clap for CYRANO'S easy victory.)

PIERRE'S VOICE: (From the AUDIENCE.) What are you clapping for? All he did was hold a sword up in the air and yell a little.

CYRANO: (Brandishes his sword.) Do you wish to engage with me, sir?

PIERRE: (Moves ONTO STAGE from AUDIENCE.) I don't want to engage with you, I want to see the show.

CYRANO: Well, if it isn't the daddy's boy.

SPICE: (To CHRIS.) His father is Mr. Gauche, the owner of the station.

CYRANO: (Calls OFF RIGHT.) Oh, Droopy! Do come and meet your solitary fan. (No response.) Oh, dear, he seems to have gone. Perhaps I can entertain you?

PIERRE: (Stares at CYRANO’S nose, entranced by its every move.) No, thanks. I like Droopy. He has all those, like, deep thoughts and stuff.

CYRANO: (With a tone of derision.) Deep thoughts? I can see, sir, that you need no deep thoughts to entertain yourself. You seem content to stare... at my nose!

PIERRE: (Defensive.) No, sir, I... I...

CYRANO: (Walks straight up to him.) Does it amaze you?

PIERRE: (Steps back, still watching the nose.) I was looking at... at...
CYRANO: (Wags his nose slowly back and forth. PIERRE echoes his movements.) Does it sway and dangle, like a trunk?
PIERRE: I never said—
CYRANO: Is there a wart upon the tip? Tell me, what is there to stare at?
PIERRE: I wasn’t looking, I swear.
CYRANO: And why not look at it? Does it disgust you?
PIERRE: No!
CYRANO: (Turns sideways.) Is there something wrong with its profile?
PIERRE: No, not at all!
CYRANO: Possibly you find it just a trifle... large?
PIERRE: No, small, very small—tiny!
CYRANO: (Shows anger.) Tiny! My nose?
PIERRE: (Cowers.) Please don’t hurt me!
CYRANO: ’Tis enormous! ’Tis magnificent! A great nose is a sign of a great man. As for you... I could not abide a nose as small as yours. And I will not abide it one moment longer. (Draws his sword, and PIERRE flees in fear, running OFF RIGHT. ALL laugh and applaud. As the applause dies down, ONE PERSON continues clapping in a slow, ironic manner. HE ENTERS from the AUDIENCE still clapping, and we see he is VINCENT VALVERT, anchor of rival station WNOZ.)
VINCENT: I suppose you want us to be impressed?
FLIP: Well, if it isn’t Vincent Valvert. And how are things over at WNOZ?
VINCENT: Well, there are no criminal investigations involving our clown, if that’s what you mean.
CYRANO: (Sarcastic.) A fellow of excellent wit. (VINCENT puts his hands on his hips and makes it clear that he is staring at CYRANO’S nose. There is a pause.) Did you have something to say?
VINCENT: (Slow and deliberate.) Your nose is big. (A gasp goes up.)
CYRANO: Is that all?
VINCENT: What do you mean, “Is that all”? I’m insulting your nose.
CYRANO: (Amused.) By calling it big?
VINCENT: Yeah. You have a big nose.
CYRANO: So you said. You’ve rather missed an opportunity for cleverness, haven’t you?
VINCENT: You think you could do better?

CYRANO: (Laughs.) Do I think I can do better? (To the assembled CROWD.) Do you think I can do better? (Cheers and applause.) I think we can all do better.

BRET: You tell him, Cyrano.

RAYMOND: Be poetic, daddy-o, be poetic.

CYRANO: Very well, a better way to insult a nose. Staff, I'll need your help. Perhaps I should start with, kindly, "You must love the little birdies to give them such a roomy perch." What next?

SPICE: Athletic!

CYRANO: My, when you win by a nose, it must be no contest.

DOLORES: Agricultural!

CYRANO: It must take a pitchfork to pick that thing.

LISA: Economic!

RAYMOND: Homeriac!

ROXANNE: Geographic! Is that a map of Florida on your face?

FLIP: Meteorological! Is it true that you have to warn the National Weather Service before you sneeze?

RAYMOND: Homeric!

CYRANO: Was this the nose that launched a thousand ships?

BRET: Medical! When your nose runs, how do you keep up?

MARTHA: Temporal! Lie down—we need a sundial.

RAYMOND: Culinary! Would you like a bun with that?

BRET: Traveling!

CYRANO: I'm sorry sir, but we're going to have to search your nose.

DOLORES: Entertaining!

CYRANO: So how do you like having satellite TV?

LISA: Measured! I wonder if you could help me. I seem to have lost my yardstick.

RAYMOND: Hereditary! Is it true your mother was an aardvark?

CLAIRE: Historic! Where did you get that lovely model of the Washington Monument?

DOLORES: Legal! Do you pay royalties to Pinocchio?

LISA: Maternal!

CYRANO: You'd better not run with that thing—you could trip and poke your eye out. (General laughter and applause.) Is that enough, you dim-witted, tiny-nosed excuse for a newsmen?
VINCENT: You might like to know, Mr. Clever Man, that you are not the only person in town who knows how to use a sword. It so happens that I have been taking lessons. (PIERRE ENTERS RIGHT and hands a sword to VINCENT, who brandishes it at CYRANO.)

CYRANO: (Makes a fake lunge towards PIERRE, who runs OFF RIGHT.) Well, Monsieur le Tiny Nose, let us hope that your sword is sharper than your wit! As for me, I shall teach you a lesson in poetry and swordplay. While I dispatch you, I shall compose a ballad for your edification. (The TWO begin to sword fight. The OTHERS cheer CYRANO on.) Come, now, a ballad to silence my small-nosed foe. (Begins to recite poetry while fighting.)

An impudent fool named Valvert
Had no nose he could stick in the air.
He fought with a sword,
But with no witty word,
So the contest was really not fair. (More cheers.)

VINCENT: You and your stupid poetry. Who cares about poetry? This is the twentieth century, you know.

LISA: (Heckles.) Then why are you sword fighting? (Laughter.)

DOLORES: Come on, Cyrano, one more verse ought to finish him!

CYRANO: (As VINCENT begins to fight more and more desperately.)
A man with a glorious nose
Took a sword to his poor flat-faced foes.
While composing a poem,
He thrust his sword home, (He does so.)
And his friends shouted out... (VINCENT drops his sword and runs OFF RIGHT in terror.)

ALL: (As VINCENT EXITS. Except CYRANO.) There he goes! (Cheering and applause. CYRANO waves his sword in triumph, then re-sheathes it and strides OFF RIGHT. BLACKOUT.)

End of Scene One

Scene Two

LIGHTS UP: Later that day. LISA and DOLORES sit in the lounge, FORESTAGE LEFT. LISA carries a clipboard and is ever efficient. MARTHA ENTERS RIGHT and crosses into lounge.

MARTHA: (Agitated.) Hey, Lisa, Dolores, have you heard?

DOLORES: About Cyrano humiliating Valvert? We saw the whole thing.

MARTHA: No, not that. Apparently there’s an angry mob outside of Flip’s house.
DOLORES: Does Roxanne know? Maybe I should go and tell her.
LISA: Will you forget about Roxanne for five minutes?
DOLORES: Well, I am her executive assistant. She said I am absolutely essential to her.

MARTHA: I don’t understand why anyone would be angry at Flip. I mean, he’s so dreamy.

LISA: Oh, come on. Do you know how many of Flip’s forecasts are accurate? Four percent. Four percent! I don’t think he even knows how to read a weather map.

DOLORES: He does nothing but eat popcorn all day. I know because he gave me some for Roxanne once when she was hungry.

MARTHA: (Increasingly upset.) There’s a mob at his house because he eats popcorn?

LISA: I think they’re sick of always going outside in raincoats on sunny days and getting drenched when the weather report calls for clear skies. I know I am. I mean, come on—a monkey could do better than four percent! (CYRANO ENTERS RIGHT and moves into the lounge.)

MARTHA: But he’s so cute. There has to be something more to it. I’ll bet you anything Mr. Gauche set this up.

CYRANO: Set what up?

MARTHA: There’s an angry mob outside Flip’s house. Who knows what they might do to him!

LISA: Taking away his popcorn popper would be a good start. Did you know the station spent $617 last quarter on popcorn?

DOLORES: I better go tell Roxanne about all this. Have you all noticed she’s wearing red today? She looks so good in red.

LISA: She does realize that we broadcast in black and white, doesn’t she?

MARTHA: I wonder if we could send the National Guard to rescue poor Flip. Do you think he has enough popcorn? (EXITS RIGHT with LISA. CYRANO sits in a chair.)

BRET: (ENTERS LEFT with RAYMOND and they move into lounge.) I can see the headline now—“Cyrano destroys Valvert in battle of wit and steel.”

RAYMOND: (Here and in later scenes he carries a bongo drum with which he punctuates his speech.) You are one hip cat, Cyrano. Especially the thing with the poetry and all—that was a gas. I wish I could talk like that, daddy-o.
1 CYRANO: (Glim.) It was nothing.

2 BRET: (Sits with RAYMOND on either side of CYRANO.) What are you talking about? You were the top story of the day. (CYRANO sighs.)

3 RAYMOND: Is something bringing you down?

5 BRET: You can tell us—we’re your best friends.

RAYMOND: Yeah, if something is bothering you, maybe we can help. You dig?

10 RAYMOND: Is something bringing you down?

15 BRETT: Oh, come on, Cyrano. That’s old news. It’s never slowed you down before, so how can it get in your way now?

10 CYRANO: You promise you won’t tell anyone?

RAYMOND: We promise. Now what gives?

15 CYRANO: Friends, what I desire more than anything in the world is to be co-anchor with Roxanne.

BRET: You’d make a fabulous co-anchor. What a story it would make! With your razor wit…

RAYMOND: And your groovy poetry… (DOLORES ENTERS RIGHT with a clipboard and pen, making notes.)

15 BRET: You’d be the best personality on television.

15 CYRANO: (Again points to his nose.) Yes, but television is a visual medium. Nobody wants to look at this.

DOLORES: Cyrano! Are you still here? (Looks around.)

RAYMOND: Over here, Dolores. We’re just getting some kicks reliving Cyrano’s victory. I wish I could write a poem about it.

DOLORES: (Approaches lounge.) Cyrano, Roxanne wants to know if you can meet her at nine o’clock Monday morning. She wants to discuss the co-anchor position, and it’s very important that you be on time. She has a very busy schedule.

15 CYRANO: (His mood transforms to joyous.) She wants to discuss the co-anchor position… with me?

BRET: You see. I told you everything would be okay. Stop the presses. Cyrano to co-anchor newscast.

RAYMOND: This is going to be solid. Like epic poetry.

DOLORES: Look, can you take the meeting or not? I’ve got to coordinate Roxanne’s schedule down to the minute.

15 CYRANO: Yes. Yes, yes, yes! I can take the meeting. (DOLORES makes a mark on her clipboard, then EXITS RIGHT.) Bret, Raymond! I can’t believe it. I’m walking on air. I feel I could take on the world.
Scene Two

LISA: Are you kidding me? That would never happen. I mean, this is TV, and the guy has got an enormous nose! (BLACKOUT.)

End of Scene Two

Scene Three

LIGHTS UP: Early Monday morning. MR. GAUCHE stands in the newsroom, FORESTAGE RIGHT. VINCENT and PIERRE ENTER RIGHT.

MR. GAUCHE: Sit down, boys.

VINCENT: Good morning, Mr. Gauche.

PIERRE: Hello, Father. I hope you’re having a good morning.

MR. GAUCHE: (Mocks him.) “I hope you’re having a good morning.” (Angry.) No, I am not having a good morning! As soon as the two of you get to work on my evil plan to run this station out of business, the ratings go up, the fan mail starts pouring in and a lunatic station manager becomes a folk hero. So, NO, I am NOT having a good morning.

VINCENT: You still have your health.

MR. GAUCHE: But you won’t have yours for long if you don’t start showing me some results. Now you, Pierre. What simple task did I ask you to accomplish?

PIERRE: To keep “The Droopy the Clown Show” on the air at all cost.

MR. GAUCHE: And the results of your efforts?

PIERRE: The show was cancelled, sir. But that was because of Cyrano. You see—

MR. GAUCHE: And you, Vincent. What tiny little chore did I set for you?

VINCENT: To publicly humiliate one of the station employees, sir. But how was I to know that Cyrano—

MR. GAUCHE: And did you succeed?

VINCENT: (Hangs his head.) No, sir.
PRODUCTION NOTES

PROPERTIES

ONSTAGE: News desk with papers and two microphones, weather map, sports desk, lounge chair, cables, lights, work desks with papers and typewriters, office lounge furniture (a few chairs and a small couch), cart with coffee pot and cups.

BROUGHT ON, Scene One:
- Headset, clipboard (MARTHA)
- Box of popcorn (FLIP)
- Sword (PIERRE)

BROUGHT ON, Scene Two:
- Clipboard and pen (LISA, DOLORES)
- Bongo drum (RAYMOND)

BROUGHT ON, Scene Five:
- Sheaf of papers (CHRIS)

BROUGHT ON, Scene Six:
- Sheaf of papers (CYRANO)
- Umbrella [optional] (FLIP)
- Football [optional] (SPICE)

BROUGHT ON, Scene Nine:
- Coin (FLIP)

BROUGHT ON, Scene Ten:
- Office supplies, including notecards and pen (DOLORES)

BROUGHT ON, Scene Eleven:
- Papers (MARTHA)
- Headphones (CHRIS)
- Piece of paper (CLAIRE)

SOUND EFFECTS

Circus music (played in slow, depressing style), “news” music.

COSTUMING

RAYMOND always dresses like a beatnik. DROOPY THE CLOWN wears a black trench coat over his clown costume. CYRANO always dresses like a musketeer, and his costume includes a sword and sheath. ROXANNE dresses stylishly, according to dialogue in the script (or simply change the dialogue to match whatever she is wearing). MARTHA, RAYMOND, CLAIRE and CHRIS wear watches.

For preview only
FLEXIBLE CASTING

Characters are written as male or female according to the original production. However, most of the characters (except CLAIRE, MARTHA, FLIP, CYRANO and ROXANNE) can be played by either male or female actors with only small changes in the dialogue. Names can be changed accordingly, such as RAYMOND to REBECCA, VINCENT to VALERIE, BRET to BETTY, and so on.

In the original production, a girl played CYRANO (as a man). This worked very well, since his character is supposed to be a swashbuckler who could very easily have long hair.

A Nose for the News

For preview only
We hope you’ve enjoyed this script sample.

We encourage you to read the entire script before making your final decision.

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