

PERUSAL SCRIPT

Just Lucky I Guess
or *Six Characters In Search of a Fortune*

A Comedy
by
Mark Ogden



Newport, Maine

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JUST LUCKY I GUESS

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Cast of Characters (2M 4W)

Kasey Olesen –Assistant Personnel Manager at the Las Vegas Holiday Inn, pretty & prim, 25

Brad Olesen –Her rambunctious, blond, muscular younger brother, a college drop-out, 21

Ken Connelly –A striking flight attendant, Kasey's lover, uncommonly handsome, 27

Taro Iacabazzi –A dancer and choreographer on the Strip, their neighbor in the apartment building, 27

Rinda Stupaski –A divorced keno runner, their next-door neighbor in the apartment building, 19-25

Mary Martha Matthew –An accountant at the Holiday Inn, Kasey's ultra religious friend, 22-26

Place: a small Las Vegas apartment

Time: originally set in the '90's, can be set in the present if you update technology and references.

JUST LUCKY I GUESS a Comedy by Mark Ogden. 2M 4W. About 100 minutes. 1 interior, Contemporary costumes. (*Perfect for College/University, Community, Professional theatres*) Ken and Kasey -- 20somethings, are living together. Brad, Kasey's younger brother moves in, temporarily. The apartment building where they live produces all sorts of interesting characters to complicate every single relationship in the group: a 27-year-old Choreographer who is into everything that the universe has to offer her, a recently divorced Keno runner who thinks she is cursed, and an ultra-religious accountant, making sure that at every opportunity she points out God's relationship in everything. The plot centers around luck, providence, love, marriage, witchcraft, faith, love, and, oh -- it all happens in Vegas! **Order # 3160.**

This version of the play was done in 1998, after the death of Mark Ogden. The Executor of Mark's estate, Dawna Kenworthy, revised the script slightly for this version.

ACT 1

Scene 1 -- Las Vegas. A small one bedroom apartment. KEN CONNELLY - 27, uncommonly handsome - sits reading a travel-mag. He tosses it aside and sits in boredom. Enter KASEY OLESON - Pretty but prim in a business suit - carrying a briefcase.

KEN: Kasey! You're actually home before midnight.

KASEY: I hate Las Vegas! Do you know it's still 100 degrees out there? Mom was right when she said we might as well be moving to Hell, you know "Sin City".

KEN: Not my Mom. "You're living in sin anyway. You might as well go where you won't stand out".

KASEY: Living in sin! Oh brother!

KEN: Look, if you hate it so much. Let's just move back to Minneapolis.

KASEY: I can't. I can't throw away this promotion. I've just gotta tough it out a while.

KEN: At least one of us is working. If this stupid airline strike lasts any longer, I'm gonna go nuts.

(KEN lays on the sofa.)

What's that smell? Oh gross!

(Finds Brad's dirty sock in the cushions.)

What about Brad? This little visit is turning unto a summer vacation. And now he's talking about staying and going to UNLV.

KASEY: Really? Good. He's really not stupid. Minnesota's a tough school and a lot of people flunk out. At UNLV hell be fine.

KEN: Kasey, he can't live here.

KASEY: Well he can til he gets a job.

KEN: Then get him a job at the Holiday Inn. You are the assistant personnel manager. Please

KASEY: Ken, hiring my brother is blatant nepotism! Okay, I'll think about it.

KEN: We can't do anything with him bopping in and out. And this was supposed to be sort of a honeymoon.

KASEY: Honeymoon?

KEN: A pre-marriage honeymoon.

KASEY: Ken

KEN: Well, a lot of people come to Vegas to get married

KASEY: Ken -- we've been thru; and thru' this. When I'm ready, you'll be the first to know.

KEN: Okay, Okay. Just checking.

(Enter BRAD OLESON - 21, blonde, muscular)

BRAD: Man, this AC feels good. Vegas is definitely not the place to leave an Almond Joy on your back seat. I would't even try it with M & M's.

(Kicks off shoes and throws candy wrappers on floor)

KEN: You left a candy bar in your car?

BRAD: Actually, this chick's car -- that I met at the Tropicana -- that gave me a ride over to the Hard Rock. And she was ticked! I'll never do that with my new Jaguar.

(Perusal Script) **JUST LUCKY I GUESS** or **Six Characters in Search of a Fortune** by *Mark Ogden*

KEN: New Jaguar?

BRAD: Yeah, there's this candy-apple Jag on display at the Trop. I'm gonna win it.

KEN: Aren't we all?

BRAD: I'm serious. Guess what happened. Guess what I did today?

KASEY: You made a chocolate mess in somebody's backseat.

(picking up Brad's mess)

BRAD: That too.

(flashing cash)

I won a thousand bucks -- playing video-poker. I put in four quarters and hit a royal flush just like that.

KEN: No way!

BRAD: The GOOD LUCK came to me just like the Letter said.

KASEY: *(still on floor cleaning)* What letter?

BRAD: *(Crossing to a desk)* And it'll be coming to you, too, because ...

(handing each a photocopy)

...Here you go!

KASEY: A chain letter?

BRAD: Your ticket to fame and fortune.

KASEY: These things are silly.

BRAD: No, they're not.

KASEY: You're right. They're stupid.

BRAD: I got 1000 bucks that says different.

KEN: Where'd you get this anyway?

BRAD: Somebody stuck it under the door.

KASEY: ~Addressed to you?

BRAD: To occupant.

KEN: Man, what is this -- the millionth copy of the millionth copy.

(reading)

"Kiss someone you love when you get this letter and make magic".

BRAD: *(comes over to look at letter next to KEN)* Don't look at me.

KEN: *(pushes BRAD away)* C'mere, Kase, Let's make magic.

(Grabs KASEY)

KASEY: Spare me.

KEN: "This letter has been sent to you for GOOD LUCK. The chain comes from Venezuela. The original copy is in New England... Within four days you'll receive GOOD LUCK, providing that you send it back out.

Send 20 copies to friends and associates, people who need GOOD LUCK

(Update references throughout)

Okay, what about Clinton and Ken Starr.

BRAD: *(reading over KEN's shoulder)* "In a few days you'll get a surprise".

KASEY: I'll bet! How much money are you supposed to enclose?

BRAD: None. It says, "Don't send money".

(Perusal Script) **JUST LUCKY I GUESS** or **Six Characters in Search of a Fortune** by *Mark Ogden*

KEN: *(reading)* “Don’t send money since fate has no price”.

KASEY: What does that mean?

BRAD: It means something -- uh... Something deep.

KEN: *(reading again)* “This is no joke. This is true whether you are superstitious or not. Constantine Dias...”

BRAD: Ole!

KEN: *(continuing)* “... received the chain in 1953. He asked his secretary to make 20 copies and send them out. A few days later he won a lottery of two million dollars!”

(aside)

And ran off to Venezuela with you know-who.

BRAD: *(starts reading)* “While in the Philippines, Gene Walch failed to circulate the letter and lost his wife six days later”.

KEN: I thought he was supposed to have bad luck.

BRAD: However, before her death she had won \$99,000 in a lottery and the money was transferred to him 4 days after he decided to mail this out”. Amazing, huh?

KEN: *(reading)* “Remember, don’t send money. But don’t ignore this either. It works!”

KASEY: No, it doesn’t! Luck is just wishful thinking.

KEN: Don’t let anybody at the Holiday Inn/slash/Casino hear you say that. If it weren’t for LUCK, you wouldn’t have a job.

BRAD: Look, Kase, I won a 1000 bucks. Was that just a coincidence?

KASEY: Yes, if they seem connected, it’s because you’re connecting them. Try this: you sent out the letter and that girl at the Hard Rock dumped you. Did she dump you because you sent the letter?

BRAD: No, she dumped me because I was lucky.

KEN: Wait a minute

BRAD: She wasn’t that cute.

KASEY: Never mind. The point is: There’s no connection!

KEN: What do you think, Brad? There’s some leprechaun out there pulling strings for you?

BRAD: Of course not.

(Using accents)

I’m Swedish not Irish.

KASEY: Be straight here -- are you kidding or not?

BRAD: Okay, okay I’m kidding.

KEN: No, you’re not. You really believe it.

BRAD: Okay, maybe I do. A lot of people do. Millions of people out there.

KASEY: It’s Medieval superstition: Don’t step on a crack. Don’t break a mirror. Holdovers from when people actually believed in leprechauns and fairies and other supernatural things.

BRAD: But there are supernatural things. There are extrasensory things you can’t perceive with your five senses. Dogs can hear sounds humans can’t. I know that for a fact.

KEN: Right -- ‘cause you’ve dated plenty.

BRAD: *(Referring to KASEY, kidding)* Look who’s talkin’. What about UFO’s?

KEN: You believe in them, too?

(Perusal Script) **JUST LUCKY I GUESS** or **Six Characters in Search of a Fortune** by *Mark Ogden*

BRAD: I don't know. All I know is there's a lot of weird stuff Science can't explain.

KASEY: No, there are a lot of weird people Science can't explain! People who make up things that don't exist.

BRAD: Well, what about GOD? Isn't God supernatural?

KASEY: Don't drag God into this! God doesn't play favorites.

BRAD: Then why do certain people get all the breaks?

KASEY: Because they work for them. I know that's a foreign concept, but

KEN: What's that saying? "Luck is when..."

KASEY: ...Preparation meets opportunity."

KEN: Right.

BRAD: Okay -- and I'm prepared to win that Jag!

KASEY: Fine. Use this 'luck thing' as an excuse to waste your money.

BRAD: Don't worry; I know the rule: Never lose more than you can afford to gamble.

KEN: Never gamble more than you can afford to lose.

BRAD: Whatever, whatever. But listen, don't you wish there was a way to make everything go your way? To like -- charm the Universe?

KASEY: What you do is: go to school, get a decent job, save your money

KEN: Marry Liz Taylor

KASEY: Ken you're not helping! If you want something you've gotta earn it.

BRAD: Bummer. Work, work, work, I'd rather win, win, win.

KASEY: I'd rather work because it doesn't work any other way.

BRAD: Okay, okay! I still think you should send that out!

KASEY: You're hopeless.

BRAD: I'm warning ya' ...

KEN: Warning?

BRAD: (*pointing*) Yeah, read --- right there. **KEN:** "Helen Fairchild received a letter and not believing, threw it away. Nine days later she died!"

(KASEY grabs the letter and rips it in half and throws in the garbage can.)

BRAD: Kasey! You're a goner. A goner!

(KASEY exits to the bedroom.)

KEN: (*picks up other letter on the coffee table*) Actually, this sounds kinda fun. "Kiss someone you love when you get this letter and make magic" ... Did you kiss anybody?

BRAD: Uh -- matter of fact, I did.

KEN: Who?

BRAD: Ken, whataya think mirrors are for?

(*Blackout*)

Scene 2 -- KEN, dressed casually, is reading the Review-Journal. You hear the toilet flush. BRAD, tousled in cut-off sweats, emerges yawning from his bedroom.

BRAD: Wanna go somewhere for breakfast?

KEN: Brad, it's nearly noon.

BRAD: Then how about lunch?

KEN: Listen Mr. Lucky, Kasey and I have talked this over. We're glad you want to stay in town, but you've got to get your own place.

BRAD: I'm in the way?

KEN: BINGO.

BRAD: Hey, did you send those letters? You've only got 72 hours.

KEN: I wish you hadn't won that 1000 bucks. It's gonna warp you forever.

BRAD: Don'tcha wanna get lucky? Don'tcha want the strike to end?

KEN: Brad give it a rest.

BRAD: Bag it then. I don't care. Don't say I didn't try to share the wealth.

KEN: How about the rent?

BRAD: Opportunity's knockin' pal, even though you can't hear it.

(The doorbell rings, KEN looks quizzically at BRAD then answers to find TARO, a gorgeous woman of 27, holding a large herb-garden.)

TARO: Hello! I'm Taro. I live down the hall.

KEN: Um, I'm Ken Connelly.

TARO: So you're Connelly. I noticed the names on the mailbox. And who's Oleson?

KEN: Oh, that's Kasey, my -- my --

BRAD: Just say it: your lover.

TARO: *(to Brad)* Oh! Nice to met you.

BRAD: No, not me! I'm Brad, Kasey's sister. I mean -- Kasey's my sister.

TARO: I see. She's the serious woman I've seen.

BRAD: Her real name's Kathleen.

TARO: *(to Ken)* Your soul-mate?

KEN: Something like that.

TARO: I suppose that means you're unavailable.

KEN: 'Fraid so.

BRAD: Don't worry. I'm available!

TARO: *(to BRAD)* And I have a wonderful feeling that you are a lot of fun! Full of red and yellow and orange energy.

BRAD: You know it!

TARO: *(to KEN)* Whereas your energy seems more green and blue and purple. But something's wrong. Your vibrations are erratic, troubled

BRAD: Yeah, he's disturbed all right.

TARO: Is something upsetting you?

(Perusal Script) **JUST LUCKY I GUESS** or **Six Characters in Search of a Fortune** by *Mark Ogden*

KEN: No, I'm fine. Just a little bored maybe. Wouldja like a Coke or something?

TARO: Fresh papaya juice -- if you have it.

KEN: Uh -- we're out. Iced Tea?

TARO: Wonderful!

BRAD: (*pointing at the herb-garden*) Whats that?

TARO: Oh. A gift! An herb-garden. My Aunt Sydney makes them. She's into herbal medicines and potions and things.

KEN: Potions?

TARO: Uh-huh. She's a witch. But strictly white magic. These are supposed to be little good luck charms.

BRAD: Good luck! Man! This is two days in a row!

KEN: Somebody stuck a chain letter under our door. Did you get one?

TARO: No ...

BRAD: You want one? Ken hasn't sent his out yet.

TARO: Yes. Yes. of course. I never refuse anything.

(KEN gives her the iced tea)

If I can't use it, I give it to someone who can.

(Taking a sip)

If I don't like it I give it to someone who does.

(She pours a bit into the herb-garden)

Why cling to things you never use?

KEN: Yeah, I've got clothes I haven't worn since Reagan.

TARO: Then clear them. Open those closets and make room for something new. Never block the flow of energy through your life. Everything is energy, you know.

(Pounding on the table)

Does this seem solid? It's not. It's nothing but whirling, spinning particles. And so are you. We live in a kaleidoscope and yet, everybody resists change. Isn't that foolish? You could almost say 'stupid'.

BRAD & KEN: (*both are mesmerized by TARO*) STUPID!

TARO: (*to BRAD*) I like people who welcome change, people with lots of energy, people with zest and drive and a yen for adventure.

BRAD: Yeah, that's me: I yen for adventure!!

TARO: (*to KEN*) But I also like people who are sensitive to the ebb and flow of the forces around them, people who may not be completely aware of their cosmic potential, people who are untapped.

KEN: Untapped?

BRAD: What about luck? Do you believe in luck?

TARO: Well, sure. Luck is your good will, your good deeds coming back to you. Have you ever heard of the Universal Bank?

BRAD: No.

TARO: Most people give with strings attached. But it's much better to give without expectations. And when you do, it's like making a deposit in the Universal Bank. You never know how your good will come back, but that's half the fun. It's always a surprise.

(Perusal Script) **JUST LUCKY I GUESS** or **Six Characters in Search of a Fortune** by *Mark Ogden*

KEN: Wait a minute. Brad won a thousand bucks yesterday and he's never done anything good.

BRAD: I have to. I've made plenty of deposits.

KEN: In the Universal Bank, Brad, not the sperm bank!!

TARO: There's a wonderful river flowing all around us. You could take bucketfuls if you wanted, but most people settle for maybe a spoonful. Someday, someday soon I'll tell you more, but right now I've got a rehearsal.

BOTH: Rehearsal?

TARO: For a new show. Opening in two months at the Desert Inn. Right now I'm in Jubilation at Bally's. We're dark on Tuesdays, but come tomorrow. I'll get you a good table.

(TARO crosses to door.)

BRAD: Cool! Thanks!

KEN: Thanks for the weeds.

TARO: It was an excuse, you know. To meet you. You're both so different and yet so attractive! Just think: a moment ago we were complete strangers. Now our trajectories have crossed and nothing will ever be the same.

(TARO exits. KEN stands staring. BRAD follows her into the hall.)

BRAD: *(reappearing)* Did you get a look at her?

KEN: No, Brad, I was blindfolded.

BRAD: What'd I tell ya', pal? I'm getting luckier by the minute.

KEN: Brad, she barely looked at you. She was coming on to me.

BRAD: Bull-oney. She poured your iced tea in the stupid plant.

KEN: Well, next time I'll be sure to have a big jug of papaya juice.

BRAD: Besides, you're taken.

KEN: I can look at the menu.

BRAD: But I can have anything on it. Because the Luck has come to me!

KEN: You're obsessed.

BRAD: Okay fine. I know you think this letter's stupid so I'll just take it back. I can send it to somebody else.

KEN: Fine. No problem.

BRAD: Well, I'm gonna take a shower.

(Plucking a charm from the herb-garden)

A lucky shower!!

*(BRAD exits, KEN waits a moment then searches in the garbage for KASEY's letter. **Lights dim** as KEN exits)*

Scene 3 -- *That night: about 6:30. KEN and BRAD are playing twenty-one.*

BRAD: Yes! I win again! Seven hands out of ten.

KEN: Hey, I've got a question. Suppose I'd sent those letters -- then who'd be winning?

(Perusal Script) **JUST LUCKY I GUESS** or **Six Characters in Search of a Fortune** by *Mark Ogden*

BRAD: Me, of course. 'Cause I sent em first.

KEN: But wouldn't that make me unlucky?

BRAD: You'd be lucky just to be in my presence.

KEN: Excuse me, while I puke

(Enter KASEY with the mail - looking through bills)

KASEY: Boy, do I have a headache!

KEN: A migraine?

KASEY: No --just this jack-hammer...

(BRAD jackhammers)

KEN: Brad!

(Kicks him off sofa)

Here, Kase, lay down and relax.

KASEY: *(handing the mail to KEN)* Here. How come you guys sit around all day and I still have to get the mail and do the dishes and clean up this mess

BRAD: I didn't sit around. I went to Job Service. Then to the Police Station to get fingerprinted. See...

KASEY: Brad, I said I'd get you a job.

BRAD: I know, but I don't wanna be some busboy. I want a job where I can show off my true abilities.

KEN: Sorry, Al Gore's already got it.

BRAD: No, I want a job where I don't have to work.

(BRAD sits on edge of sofa and plucks a charm from the herb garden still sitting on the coffee table.)

KASEY: Whats that?

BRAD: An herb garden. This babe down the hall gave it to us. Her Aunt made it -- 'cause she's a witch.

KASEY: She's a...**KEN:** Not her. Her Aunt.

BRAD: She's a looker, too.

KEN: No kidding

(KASEY reacts - sits up.)

Brad's type.

BRAD: Exactly my type. Tall, Blonde, legs up to here. Anyway, her name's Taro and she thinks I'm cute.

KEN: Did I mention that she's blind?

(Suddenly, the doorbell rings. BRAD crosses to find RINDA Stupaski, a skinny woman holding a dripping plunger.)

RINDA: Sorry, you guys. My damn toilet's clogged and I don't know what the hell to do!!

KASEY: Hi, Rinda!!

RINDA: I know you're not supposed to flush disposables, but it was such a mess. I took a chance. I took a little chance and you should see the mess I've got now. It wasn't even the plastic -- just the padding. Every time I turn around life just slaps me in the face. I never get any good cards.

BRAD: I don't know. Sounds like a royal flush to me.

RINDA: Very funny. I'm glad I'm moving out of this dump.

BRAD: Me, too!!

RINDA: Thanks a lot.

(Perusal Script) **JUST LUCKY I GUESS** or **Six Characters in Search of a Fortune** by *Mark Ogden*

BRAD: No, I'm moving.

KASEY: *(to RINDA)* You're moving?

RINDA: I can't afford it. I knew I shouldn't have renewed the lease. I knew Bob wouldn't make his alimony payments. He's barely paying child support. But I took a chance -- fool that I am -- I should know better. Now I hear he's getting remarried. And what are the odds of getting anything out of him now? Zero! I'll probably wind up in one of those crime-infested pay-by-the-month motels downtown. And won't that be great for a two-year-old? The world's rotten. Life sucks. And my commode's full of baby-crap.

KEN: Brad, go help her. I'll be there in a minute.

BRAD: Sure you will.

(BRAD & RINDA exit)

KEN: *(crossing to KASEY)* I don't believe it. We're finally alone. Whattaya say we make magic'?

(KEN goes to kiss KASEY -- BRAD barges back in.)

BRAD: Oh, I see. There's a clog in here, too.

(Crossing to the kitchen for some Drano)

How come you get to fool around while I get latrine duty?

KEN: Just 'lucky' I guess.

BRAD: *(exiting)* Right. I'm fortunate to have the opportunity to help someone in need.

KEN: He thinks he's got the market cornered. But we'll see what happens in four days.

KASEY: What do you mean?

KEN: Nothing. Never mind.

KASEY: Don't tell me you sent that stupid letter...

KEN: *(exiting quickly)* Oh, gee! I guess I oughta help those guys....

KASEY: Ken!!

*(KASEY stares after him. **Blackout.**)*

Scene 4 -- next night about 9:00. BRAD is making himself gorgeous - herb garden is still on the coffee table.

KEN: Whoa! Do you have enough fragrance on?

BRAD: I gotta use a lot or it doesn't last. Man, I'm glad you're not goin'.

(Enter KASEY from work - sniffing)

KASEY: Yep. Brad's going out.

BRAD: Guess what, Kase. I got a job, the perfect job.

KEN: He's gonna be a gladiator at Caesar's.

BRAD: Twelve bucks an hour and all I have to do is walk around and gladiate. You should see my costume. It's a toga.

KEN: It's a skirt.

KASEY: So you're really going to stay in Vegas?

BRAD: Yep, this town's got my name on it. Today at Fitzgerald's I won another hundred.

(Perusal Script) JUST LUCKY I GUESS or Six Characters in Search of a Fortune by Mark Ogden

(To KEN)

And tell her what happened at 7-11.

KEN: *(reluctantly)* On the way out I stuck a quarter in the slot machine and won 40 bucks.

KASEY: *(facetiously)* 40 bucks. Wow!

BRAD: How much did you win today?

KASEY: None. But I earned plenty!

(To KEN)

I suppose you won the 40 because you sent out those stupid letters

BRAD: What?

KASEY: Come on, admit it.

BRAD: You dog! You weasel! Gettin' on my case. What do you think -- there are little leprechauns out there pulling strings for you?

KEN: Okay, I admit it. I sent 'em and I'll tell you why...

BRAD: Because you saw what was happening to me and wanted a piece of the action.

KEN: To prove you wrong. If I don't get lucky by Saturday, the chain letter's a big fraud!

BRAD: You already won 40 bucks.

KEN: That doesn't count. It's gotta be big numbers -- like in the letter -- 70 thousand, 99 thousand, two million.

BRAD: Wait a minute. It doesn't have to be money. The letter doesn't promise money.

KEN: Okay, it doesn't have to be money, but by Saturday something really good has to happen.

BRAD: Then you'd believe it?

KEN: Then I'd believe it.

KASEY: I don't believe it?

KEN: Brad, you better go. Your cologne is down to industrial strength.

BRAD: Yeah, you're right. The woman of my dreams is undressing right now.

(Exiting)

Wish me luck!

KEN: Don't come back 'til dawn.

KASEY: You guys! Whoever put that letter under the door ought a be shot.

KEN: *(grabbing an exotic flower arrangement)*

Oh, forget it. Here.

KASEY: Birds of paradise?

KEN: Forty bucks worth. I get lucky; you get luckier.

KASEY: They're beautiful.

KEN: It's advice from Good Housekeeping: Surprise your spouse with something exotic when he...she gets home from work. Cosmo suggested a black negligee, but they didn't have my size.

KASEY: Who does?

KEN: Hey wait here, I'll get the champagne.

KASEY: Champagne?

KEN: Yea, we'll celebrating. Brad's gone.

(Perusal Script) **JUST LUCKY I GUESS** or **Six Characters in Search of a Fortune** by *Mark Ogden*

KASEY: I met a new friend today.

KEN: *(returning with champagne and glasses)* Oh really?

KASEY: Yea, we went to lunch.

KEN: *(uneasy)* This new friend, is it a he or a she?

KASEY: Ken you are paranoid.

KEN: No I'm not. Besides I don't care.

KASEY: Good.

(Holding M&Ms in bowl)

Want a M&M-- since we are celebrating?

(Ken takes one and throws it in the air and catches it in his mouth – still upset – Kasey enjoying his concern)

KEN: Soooo-- was it fun?

KASEY: What?

KEN: Your little visit with your new friend?

KASEY: It was so much fun. Most fun I've had in a long time.

(teasing him)

She was very nice and very religious?

KEN: Religious?

KASEY: Yea, her name is Mary Martha Matthew.

KEN: So did you tell her you were living in sin?

KASEY: Ken!

KEN: Well? Did you tell her you were sort of attached?

KASEY: No. It's none of her business.

KEN: So—at company parties I still have to be your date?

KASEY: It's just easier not to publicize it.

KEN: Kasey, who's gonna care? This isn't Minneapolis -- this is Vegas. Almost California.

KASEY: You can call yourself whatever you want.

KEN: How about -- your soul-mate?

KASEY: Soul-mate? Did you read that in Cosmo?

KEN: No, Taro mentioned it.

KASEY: Taro! She made quite an impression, didn't she?

KEN: *(stroking her hair)* I'm not at Bally's with Brad, am I?

KASEY: No....

KEN: Well then, don't worry about it. Don't think about anything but us.

(He kisses her)

When do you think you'll be ready to get married?

KASEY: I don't know. A year maybe. As soon as my career is secure.

KEN: When you make Personnel Manager?

KASEY: Maybe.

KEN: Maybe? Isn't that secure enough?

KASEY: Ken, I can't believe you're bringing this up now.

KEN: I can't believe you're ignoring it.

KASEY: I'm not ignoring it. I'm postponing it 'til we've got enough money.

KEN: How much is enough? Just say the amount and I'll go get it.

KASEY: Ken why are you doing this?

KEN: Because nothing's changed. We're in a new place and nothing's changed. I'm sort of nice to have around -- to fetch you coffee, get your pillow, keep the flight interesting -- as long as there's no commitment.

KASEY: I didn't force you to come with me. I didn't drag you here.

KEN: I know. You were perfectly content to leave me in Minneapolis.

KASEY: That's not true.

KEN: I've tried to be patient, but you can't have everything your way all the time.

KASEY: I don't.

KEN: Yes, you do. The move, the marriage or not marriage, everything! I've spent five years caring what you want. It's time you stopped taking me for granted. You're damned lucky to have me in your life.

KASEY: And so are you! Damned lucky to have me.

KEN: I don't have you! That's my whole point!

(Blackout)

*Scene 5 -- Friday morning at about ten. KEN is sorting thru clothes, books, etc. deciding what to give away.
Enter BRAD considerably ruffled, exhausted and grinning.*

KEN: Brad, where have you been?

BRAD: You told me to not come back till dawn.

KEN: That was Wednesday. This is Friday!!

BRAD: Just trying to give you some space, man.

KEN: You'll have plenty of space now. Kasey and I are splitting up.

BRAD: You're kidding!

KEN: I'm probably moving out at the end of the month so I guess you can stay here.

BRAD: Oh, but I found a place.

KEN: Really? Already?

BRAD: Yeah! Ken, I can't tell you all the cool things that have been happening. That letter has changed my whole life.

KEN: Then why isn't it working for me?

(Perusal Script) **JUST LUCKY I GUESS** or **Six Characters in Search of a Fortune** by *Mark Ogden*

BRAD: Give it a chance. It's only Friday. Besides, maybe breaking up with Kasey is the best thing that could happen.

KEN: That's not the kind of luck I had in mind.

BRAD: I gotta tell ya' -- Taro is unbelievable. She's pure cosmic energy. And you should see her dance! Plus -- she's teaching me how to charm the Universe.

KEN: Oh, yeah? How?

BRAD: By making 'affirmations'. You just keep saying these little sentences like: 'I deserve to be rich'. And 'I give myself permission to enjoy money'. Stuff like that.

KEN: And what does that do?

BRAD: It makes it happen. So if you picture yourself being a billionaire long enough, you'll be a billionaire.

KEN: Or, dead.

BRAD: Well, if that's what you picture, that's what you'll get.

KEN: Weird

BRAD: Hey, Taro's got her own slant on everything. She breathes colors.

KEN: So -- uh -- where did you stay? With her?

BRAD: I wish. But she's classier than that. Wednesday, I just stayed at Bally's

KEN: Bally's, that's expensive.

BRAD: So what? I give myself permission to enjoy money. My income exceeds my outflow. I know how to be rich. I'm a billionaire! A billionaire!

KEN: You're a cuckoo.

BRAD: And last night after her show, we went to this witch-thing.

KEN: Witch-thing?

BRAD: At her Aunt Sydney's. It's this big ol' place. And that's where I'm going.

KEN: To live?

BRAD: Rent free.

KEN: Rent free!

BRAD: And besides that, I can learn more about witchcraft. They think I'd make a good one.

KEN: Look Brad, if you want to believe in witchcraft, fine, but I don't! I don't think magic is going to solve any of my problems!

BRAD: You really are upset. Maybe Taro can help.

(BRAD starts out)

KEN: Taro?

BRAD: She'll know exactly what to do.

KEN: Brad, wait!

BRAD: I'm just trying to save your marriage.

KEN: What marriage? Brad -- Oh, I can't believe this ...

(BRAD exits. KEN stares dumbfounded then rises to get the herb-garden, studies it a moment before putting it on the coffee table, then goes to the fridge and gets out the papaya juice.)

BRAD: *(re-entering excitedly)* Okay, she's coming.

KEN: I wish you hadn't done that.

(Perusal Script) **JUST LUCKY I GUESS** or **Six Characters in Search of a Fortune** by *Mark Ogden*

BRAD: It's okay. She was just meditating. She wasn't ticked.

KEN: Brad, I don't think that everybody and their dog needs to know my problems. What did you say to her anyway?

BRAD: I just told her you were bummed about Kasey, that's all.

(Enter TARO in a shiny silk pajamas.)

TARO: Hello....

BRAD: Guess what? He doesn't wanna talk to you after all.

KEN: Listen, I'm sorry. I don't mean to be rude. It's just something I have to work out myself

TARO: Isn't everything?

KEN: It's just that Kasey is being such a -- a serious woman.

TARO: Then lets talk about it. I'm free. I'm here.

BRAD: Yeah, I think we should.

TARO: 'Could'. Always say 'could'. Then you have a choice.

BRAD: *(squeezing her)* Isn't she cool? Isn't she like from another planet?

TARO: All right, the first thing we've got to do is clean this room. It's full of psychic smog! We need to 'scrape' the walls and the furniture.

(TARO does so, not touching anything. BRAD & KEN stare.)

We need to 'scrape' the walls and the furniture.

(BRAD & KEN obey)

Let's make a big pile right here.

(BRAD & TARO do. KEN contibutes a skeptical handful.)

Now imagine a huge wind, a wind, blowing all the dirt out of every comer and crevice and out the door.

(BRAD huffs and puffs)

No, imagine it!!

(With simple gestures TARO creates an imaginary wind)

There! That feels much fresher, much brighter. Now lie down on the floor ...

BRAD: All right! This is what we did at the witch-thing.

TARO: *(to KEN)* It's just a relaxation exercise.

(KEN & BRAD lie down.)

TARO: Now -- imagine that the air is blue, calm and healing. Breathe it in. Fill your whole body with blue air and exhale filthy yellow air.

(BRAD really gets into the spirit.)

BRAD: *(To KEN)* See, I told you about the colors.

TARO: We're like fish in water you know, surrounded with positive energy. The Chinese call it 'chi'. The Indians call it 'prana'. It permeates everything in the Universe, but we're not aware of it. Just like fish in water.

KEN: This is too weird.

TARO: No, don't think. Clear your mind. Calm the chattering monkey.

BRAD: Yeah, Ken.

(BRAD imitates a monkey.)

TARO: No Brad, I want you to go down to my apartment.

BRAD: Your apartment?

TARO: Shh! Don't talk.... Here's the key. There are books and subliminal tapes and food in the refrigerator.
Feel free to look at anything, any of the crystals, any of the amulets –

KEN: Any of the razorblades.

TARO: Ken, please. Feel free to explore anything for about thirty minutes.

BRAD: *(rising)* Okay!

(BRAD exits)

TARO: He means well, but he's really just a baby, just starting to awaken. But then, aren't we all? We're all little children in God's playground.

KEN: Can I get up yet?

TARO: Do you feel relaxed?

KEN: *(rising)* Relaxed enough. Look, I know you're into this 'magic stuff, but I'm a Presbyterian.

TARO: Oh, no. I'm not into Magic at all. Magic is an attempt to control supernatural forces, to coerce them to do your bidding. It can't be done. The laws of the Universe can't be manipulated. Magic and cosmic awareness are completely different.

KEN: Hey, want some papaya juice?

TARO: Sure.

(KEN goes to the kitchen and pours two glasses.)

KEN: You know – this 'affirmation' stuff – Does it really work?

TARO: Absolutely! I'll give you an example. About a year ago I started affirming that I was going to choreograph a show on the strip. I started to visualize it. And every time I passed a casino I'd say -- "I'm in there. I'm excitedly choreographing a Strip show right now!" And whataya know? I am!

KEN: Wow!

TARO: It all works on belief and desire. Decide what you want and believe you're going to get it.

KEN: I see. So if I were to picture -- say -- Kasey and me getting married, then it would happen?

TARO: Well, no. Because you can only affirm for yourself, what you want to do, how you want to be.

KEN: I want to be married!

TARO: Then that's what will happen.

KEN: But maybe not with Kasey.

TARO: Maybe not. All you can do is affirm 'what' you want. And don't worry about how it happens. The Universe knows how to do things a lot better than you do. Just trust it.

KEN: It's just that Kasey and I have –

TARO: Sometimes -- in order to get what you want, you have to let go of something else. Tell me - Do you like yourself?

KEN: Do I like myself?

TARO: No, don't back away. Can you say it? 'I like myself.'

KEN: I --uh-- like myself.

TARO: No. With exuberance! I like myself! I love myself? Could you stand completely naked in front of a mirror and say it?

KEN: Why? Is that next?

TARO: No. But if you can't do it, there's a profound lesson in it for you. You've got to be that secure in yourself -- if you want the support of the Universe.

KEN: Well, I think I could do it. You know, by myself.

TARO: How about Kasey?

KEN: No, I couldn't do it with Kasey.

TARO: I mean - could she do it? Do you think she 'likes' herself?

KEN: Well, yes.

TARO: Really? Then why is she so afraid to make a commitment?

KEN: You think she doesn't 'like' herself?

TARO: Deep down she may have tremendous feelings of inadequacy.

KEN: Inadequacy? You don't know Kasey.

TARO: Or maybe you don't. Maybe she's trying to hide who she is behind what she does. Maybe she's deeply afraid of being 'found out'. Think about it, Ken. Insecure people can't really love. They can only pretend. It's always best to accept things as they are.

KEN: (*perplexed*) You mean -- give up?

TARO: You've been trying to make her change, right? To force the situation.

KEN: Yeah, I guess.

TARO: And what's the result?

KEN: It's worse.

TARO: Right. Because: You can't fix anyone else. You can only change the way you react.

KEN: You mean -- If I stop chasing, maybe she'll stop running?

TARO: Maybe. Maybe not. But the last thing you want to do is give up your personal power. Now I need to go.
(*TARO exits. KEN crosses to the kitchen and chugs papaya juice out of the bottle. Then he crosses to the mirror on the wall.*)

KEN: I like myself! ----- I LIKE MYSELF!
(*BRAD walks in and watches KEN.*)

BRAD: Ken? Wow! That's really good.
(*Blackout.*)

Scene 6 -- Saturday, about 6 p.m. KASEY is busy cleaning, vacuuming, ironing -- seemingly all at once. The doorbell rings. She answers to find TARO.

TARO: Hello. You must be Kasey.

KASEY: You must be Taro.

TARO: Happy to meet you. Is Ken here?

KASEY: Afraid not.

TARO: Tell him I got his note. I'm thrilled for him.

(Perusal Script) **JUST LUCKY I GUESS** or **Six Characters in Search of a Fortune** by *Mark Ogden*

KASEY: Note?

TARO: What kind of car was it?

KASEY: Car?

TARO: He won a car. The note says: "Taro, I won a car."

(To KASEY)

You didn't know?

KASEY: No.

TARO: Is Brad here?

KASEY: No. Is he really moving in with your Aunt?

TARO: Oh, yes. But believe me, he'll stay busy. There's a big pool and a big yard ...

KASEY: I see. So he'll be working for her?

TARO: Wr For them. The coven.

KASEY: Coven! No way. I won't let him do it.

TARO: Honestly, they're very caring people. Just misguided.

KASEY: Misguided?

TARO: *(cleaning the walls in her own way)* Nobody with half a brain believes in witchcraft.

KASEY: But -- I -- thought you were --

TARO: I'm not.

KASEY: What about that herb-garden?

TARO: Oh, Sydney makes those for gifts. Ken and I talked about this. Didn't he say anything?

KASEY: Actually, I haven't talked to Ken since yesterday. You don't know where he is, do you?

TARO: I don't. Sorry. Well, listen. I've got two shows tonight and I'm still reading Shirley Maclaine's new book

(As she turns to go, KEN arrives)

KEN: *(brightly)* Taro!

KASEY: Ken!

KEN: *(dimmer)* Hi, Kasey.... You won't believe it. You know that Jag at the Trop, the one Brad's been drooling over?

KASEY: *(flatly)* You won it.

TARO: *(thrilled)* You won it! Let's hear it for the Universal Bank!

KEN: Brad's gonna croak. Hey, the strike's over. Did you know? I was at McCarran this morning talking to Troy. He's got a spare bedroom.

KASEY: *(limp-wristing)* Troy? You're gonna live with Troy?

TARO: Excuse me, but I want to see this fabulous car.

KEN: Okay, but it's still at the Casino, Somebody want to drive me over?

TARO: Sure!

KASEY: I will.

KEN: Okay, whoever.

TARO: I will.

KASEY: I will.

(Perusal Script) **JUST LUCKY I GUESS** or **Six Characters in Search of a Fortune** by *Mark Ogden*

KEN: (*changing the subject*) I told Brad I'd better win big by Saturday and bingo! That car's worth \$100,000 easy.

(*RINDA appears and knocks on the open door.*)

RINDA: Sorry. Can I use your phone? I'm calling my daycare. I was supposed to pick up Bobby, but now I gotta work. Somebody called in sick. Yeah, right. I called in sick once. And I was really sick, too. And they said 'Get in here or you're fired'. So I went. And there I was running around in all the smoke choking and coughing. Keno!

(*RINDA hacks*)

Keno! Next day I had triple pneumonia. I shoulda sued 'em.

KASEY: It's in the bedroom.

RINDA: What?

KASEY: The phone.

(*RINDA exits to bedroom*)

TARO: (*to KEN*) Let's go.

KASEY: I'll go.

(*to TARO*)

You wanted to read your book, remember? Besides, I need to talk to Ken.

RINDA: (*re-entering*) I just don't know about that daycare. They seem okay, but you know, those kidnappers in California seemed okay, too. Every time I leave Bobby, I just cringe. There are so many creeps out there.

Every day there's another murder, another drive-by shooting, another recruiting violation at UNLV. I don't even watch the news anymore. I can barely stand to read the Enquirer.

KEN: It's a tough world.

RINDA: It's a nightmare. A Stephen King movie.

TARO: Actually, it isn't. Well, it doesn't have to be – if you give up the notion that everything's a struggle. I mean – if you think money's tight, it'll be tight. If you think jobs are scarce, they'll be scarce. If you've got a 'poverty mentality', you'll always be broke. On the other hand, if you've got an abundance mentality, you'll always have plenty. The more you outflow, the more you inflow.

KASEY: And there's no work involved?

TARO: Yes, of course. But when you're 'in the flow', work is fun. Your work is your play.

RINDA: If I'm in the flow, it's going down the drain!

KASEY: I'm sorry, but my work isn't fun.

TARO: Are you doing what you love? That's crucial.

KEN: I'm not.

RINDA: I'm sure as hell not.

TARO: I am.

KASEY: Look your – uh – philosophy – contradicts everything I know about Economics. The way to make money is with a little thing called interest. You invest your money at a decent rate and let it accumulate. The more you accumulate, the more you accumulate.

TARO: No, I'm sorry. That's simply an illusion. You see, money is just another form of energy.

RINDA: Green energy.

(Perusal Script) **JUST LUCKY I GUESS** or **Six Characters in Search of a Fortune** by *Mark Ogden*

TARO: And it has to be circulated. If you don't choose how you want to spend it, the Universe will choose for you. You'll have doctor bills, car repairs, all kinds of unwanted expenses.

KASEY: Hold on, Taro. Everything in business, the entire legal system is based on guarantees.

TARO: There are no guarantees, only opportunities.

RINDA: Now lemme see: if you wanna have a lot, you have to give away a lot?

TARO: Right.

RINDA: Great! Give me some.

KASEY: Look, you believe whatever you want. Not all of us have glamor jobs. Not all of us are choreographers on the Strip!

KEN: Kasey!

KASEY: But I'll tell ya', I'll bet I can make more than you. I'll bet if we each start out with a thousand bucks, in three months...

KEN: Kasey!

KASEY: You can inflow and outflow. And I'll invest in some 'traditional' way and we'll see.

TARO: Well, we could do that. But I don't believe in competition. The world loves to compete, but all forms of competition are hostile.

KASEY: I think you think you'll lose.

TARO: The last thing we need is more hostility.
(*To KEN*)
See you and the machine tomorrow.
(*TARO exits*)

KEN: Kasey, What's with you?

KASEY: What's with her?

RINDA: She's sure got some weird ideas.

KASEY: Very!

KEN: Even so

RINDA: Even so I think I'll hit her up for the, uh -- rent money.
(*RINDA exits*)

KEN: (*starting out*) You ready?

KASEY: (*angrily*) Ken, where were you last night?

KEN: Bally's.

KASEY: Alone?

KEN: Yes, alone! Listen, it's just not working. I'm moving out as soon as I get back from my flight to St. Louis.

KASEY: Sure you can afford it?

KEN: Money, money, money! That's all you think about. So what if you make more than I do? You act like you're buying me or something.

KASEY: Buying you!!

KEN: What's even crazier is that all of a sudden I'm 100,000 dollars richer and it doesn't even matter.

KASEY: Ken, you don't even make enough to keep that car.

(Perusal Script) **JUST LUCKY I GUESS** or **Six Characters in Search of a Fortune** by *Mark Ogden*

KEN: You should listen to yourself. You focus on the downside of everything! But maybe it's your way of protecting yourself.

KASEY: Thank you, Dr. Freud.

KEN: Kasey, I don't want us to hate each other. I don't want to burn the bridge, but if you do, okay. I'll manage. In fact, you need to see other people. And so do I.

KASEY: Taro?

KEN: I don't know. Brad saw her first.

(Enter BRAD)

BRAD: You dog, you dog! That was my jag!

KEN: Sorry – Just Lucky I guess.

KASEY: Hi, Brad. Ever heard of a doorbell?

BRAD: You gave me a key.

KASEY: Well, I want it back. No, wait! I want you back.

BRAD: You do?

KEN: You do?

KASEY: I don't want you living with a bunch of weirdo witches.

BRAD: They're not weirdo witches. They're good witches – white witches, not black. There is a difference, you know. Besides, they're cool.

KASEY: Brad, this has gone too far. If Mom knew...

BRAD: She'd freak. But she'll get over it when I become a billionaire. Hey, I guess you never sent those letters, did you? I guess you missed the deadline...

KASEY: I guess I did.

BRAD: I'm tellin' ya', Kase, you're gonna wind up in a cemetery unless you reverse the curse. So here's what Sydney said to do: pull your pockets inside out, turn around clockwise seven times then spit over your left shoulder into the face of the Devil.

(RINDA is there as he turns)

RINDA: Cute!

BRAD: Saliva is one of the best weapons against evil.

KASEY: I'm calling a psychiatrist.

RINDA: I'm calling Sydney...whoever that is.

BRAD: Taro's Aunt.

KASEY: She's a witch.

RINDA: Aren't we all? Maybe she can help me with a little experiment I'd like to try with my ex.

KASEY: What?

RINDA: A 'Bob' doll ... to stick pins in.

BRAD: Rinda, they don't do any of that.

RINDA: Well, ho-hum and why not? I mean -- if you're gonna be a witch...

BRAD: Look, Rinda, if you want to get into Black Magic, fine. But it'll turn on you. It'll turn on you and you'll deserve it.

KASEY: Where do you get these ideas? I can't take this any longer!

(Perusal Script) **JUST LUCKY I GUESS** or **Six Characters in Search of a Fortune** by *Mark Ogden*

KEN: Kasey, come on, stop being so serious.

KASEY: This is serious! You've all gone off be deep end. Somebody in this room has got to stay sane.

BRAD: Okay, I will.

KASEY: You? You're the worst of all! All of a sudden my normal, red blooded, mid-American brother is drinking crystals and waving wands. Come back to reality. All of you!

(KASEY goes into the bedroom and slams the door.)

RINDA: Is she getting enough fiber?

BRAD: *(pounding on door)* Come on, Kasey, lighten up.

KEN: *(exiting)* I'm getting out of here. I'm not going to deal with this.

BRAD: Oh Kasey, don't call mom and dad!

(KEN, RINDA & BRAD exit. KASEY emerges with her cordless, crosses to her purse and fishes for a business card.)

KASEY: *(after dialing)* Hi. It's Kathleen Olesen, from work... Listen, the other day you mentioned some stocks that you thought were really going to take off ...Well, maybe we could have lunch again ...Whenever ...Well, actually, today would be fine ...Really, I'd like to go over my whole portfolio. I'm ready to make some big money ...

(Lights dim)

Scene 7 -- Two days later, Tuesday about 6:30. Enter BRAD and TARO.

BRAD: Well, I may not be staying with Sydney anymore. Kasey called mom Sunday night and told her everything.

TARO: She did? I feel sorry for her. She's so threatened.

BRAD: She thinks you're after Ken.

TARO: Well, throwing a tantrum is hardly the way to keep him. Besides, I'm not after anybody.

BRAD: Not even me?

TARO: Not even you. Although I do enjoy your spontaneity.

BRAD: And that's all?

TARO: Isn't that enough?

BRAD: I thought we had somethin' goin'.

TARO: Brad, I've known you exactly one week. Where is this possessiveness coming from?

BRAD: You led me on. You let me buy all those expensive dinners.

TARO: Brad, I just realized why we've come into each other's lives. To teach each other an important lesson, a lesson that life teaches over and over and over -- to let go. Life is about learning to let go.

BRAD: But I don't wanna let go.

TARO: Brad, if you want me in your life at all, you have to.

BRAD: This sucks!

TARO: I'm sorry. Now I've got to go. I don't want to be here when Kasey-

(Perusal Script) **JUST LUCKY I GUESS** or **Six Characters in Search of a Fortune** by *Mark Ogden*

(Instantly, the door opens. Enter KASEY, looking haggard, and MARY-MARTHA Matthew, the religious accountant.)

BRAD: *Kasey! You look awful!*

KASEY: I feel awful. I threw up all over Ken's car and then I totaled it.

BRAD: The Jag?

MARY-MARTHA: It's not totaled. Just sort of bashed in along the side.

KASEY: I wasn't concentrating. I was thinking about something else.

TARO: Are you okay?

KASEY: *(defensively)* Do I look okay?

TARO: I mean -- were you hurt?

KASEY: I'm fine. Mary was the one on the passenger side.

MARY-MARTHA: But I'm fine, too. I had my seatbelt on. I always wear a seatbelt. Oh, listen to me. I'm Mary-Martha Mathew. I work with Kasey.

TARO: Mary-Martha Matthew, interesting name.

MARY-MARTHA: It's Biblical.

TARO: Very.

KASEY: This is Taro. It isn't Biblical.

MARY-MARTHA: Oh! I should have guessed. We've been discussing your theories.

TARO: Really? How clever of you.

BRAD: So -- where is it? Is it driveable?

KASEY: In the shop. I'm having it fixed before Ken ever sees it.

BRAD: Gonna be expensive.

KASEY: I know Brad! I don't know why I took it this morning?

(To BRAD)

And don't say it's because of that stupid letter.

(To TARO)

Or that the Universe is forcing me to circulate my money!

TARO: Listen, I'd better go. Kasey, I'm really sorry.

KASEY: I'll bet you are.

TARO: *(to BRAD, exiting)* Come over before you leave.

KASEY: *(going to the bedroom)* Excuse me just a minute...

(Throw-up sounds come from the bathroom.)

BRAD: Are you sick? Mom said you were sick.

KASEY: *(entering)* She called you, huh?

BRAD: Yeah, and if I have to start going to church, so do you.

KASEY: Fine with me. I'd rather see you in a pew than on a broom.

(KASEY runs to the bathroom - throw-up sounds again.)

MARY-MARTHA: I hope she's all right. She's had a rough couple of days.

BRAD: You work with her, huh? Whataya do?

MARY-MARTHA: I'm an accountant.

BRAD: I'm a gladiator.

MARY-MARTHA: And it's Brad, right?

BRAD: Right. And your Martha Matthew ...

MARY-MARTHA: Mary-Martha Matthew. She's been telling me about you ...

BRAD: Well, don't believe it. She over-reacts to everything.

MARY-MARTHA: She seems pretty down-to-earth to me.

BRAD: She tell you about Ken?

MARY-MARTHA: As a matter of fact, she did. But I understand he's moving out...

BRAD: Yeah. And neither of 'em's wasting any time. I mean -- one day they break up and the next they're dating somebody new.

MARY-MARTHA: We're not dating. We've just had lunch a couple of times. Now wait a minute, did you think I was one of those les... no! I like men ... oh I can't believe it...

(So upset she can't talk)

BRAD: Well, give her up. She's a jinx. She's cursed by the Universe.

MARY-MARTHA: No, she's not. Listen, she told me about the stuff you're getting into, and it's dangerous, my friend. It's the work of Satan and his evil minions.

BRAD: You believe in Satan, huh?

MARY-MARTHA: You bet I do!

BRAD: Yeah, so does Sydney. All the witches do. But did you know that if you draw a circle, the Devil can't get in.

MARY-MARTHA: Wrong. Satan's powers are tremendous. Especially now. Theses are the last days, my friend, and he's raging all around the world.

BRAD: Bummer.

MARY-MARTHA: Bummer? I don't think you realize how serious ...

BRAD: I don't know what to think. See: Taro says there's no Devil. And the way she explains it, it makes sense. But it can't be both ways.

MARY-MARTHA: No, it can't. Satan exists as surely as God exists and I'm afraid that Taro has been beguiled herself.

BRAD: I'll have to ask her.

MARY-MARTHA: You can't ask her. She wouldn't know. She's caught up in the trap of her wicked ways.

BRAD: You must go to church.

MARY-MARTHA: You bet I do! And the Bible says: Confess the hand of God in all things. He blesses the righteous and curses the wicked. If you obey Him, you'll prosper.

(MARY-MARTHA really gets into it like a preacher. KASEY enters and lays on the sofa.)

If you don't, you'll be cast into outer darkness forever and ever.

BRAD: *(caught the spirit)* Amen!! Have you ever thought of being a preacher?

MARY-MARTHA: Oh, I'd like to -- My father was a minister.

KASEY: Let me tell you about Mary-Martha. Maybe she can shape you up. She doesn't drink or smoke. She doesn't gamble or even play cards. She goes to church every Sunday and once or twice a week. And she puts money on the plate every Sunday.

MARY-MARTHA: Kasey, you make it sound like my life is a burden. It's not.

KASEY: I didn't mean that. I just don't know how you do it. It's so rigorous.

MARY-MARTHA: It's a joy! And believe me, it brings a healthy return in blessings from above.

BRAD: It's kind of like what Taro says. You just give your money away. And it comes back to you tenfold.

KASEY: Brad, it's not the same thing at all.

BRAD: Yes it is.

KASEY: Listen, I've got to go lie down. I've got to be asleep when Ken gets home.

MARY-MARTHA: (*judgmentally*) I think it's good he's moving out.

KASEY: Right. Well, thanks for bringing me home.

BRAD: Hey, I've got a question. Did God make you wreck?

MARY-MARTHA: What?

BRAD: Well, you said that God's hand is in everything.

MARY-MARTHA: I said that the Bible says that.

KASEY: Wait a minute. You think God caused the wreck?

(Which is exactly what she thinks)

MARY-MARTHA: Well I... uh... think he caused the wreck to be not as bad as it could have been.

KASEY: You're evading the question.

MARY-MARTHA: Okay, I think you caused it and the Lord saved us.

KASEY: You're not serious!

BRAD: So when bad things happen, it's people's fault. And when good things happen, it's God's fault.

MARY-MARTHA: Basically, yes. I'm just grateful that his spirit was protecting us.

BRAD: So it's God who makes people lucky.

KASEY: Brad, you're obsessed.

BRAD: I'm just trying to figure out how the Universe works! Is that such a sin?

MARY-MARTHA: I'd better go. Hope it goes all right with you-know-who.

BRAD: What about when he punishes the wicked?

MARY-MARTHA: They're only getting what they deserve.

BRAD: Like Kasey.

KASEY: What do you mean?

BRAD: Maybe He's punishing you for living with Ken, for living in sin.

KASEY: That's absurd.

(To MARY-MARTHA.)

Is that what you think?

MARY-MARTHA: It's not my place to judge.

KASEY: No, it's not,

BRAD: Then stop judging me. Maybe I don't obey every little commandment, but at least I keep the top ten. I mean -- where does it say: Thou shalt not live with witches?

MARY-MARTHA: Hey, I'd better go. We can look at those stock reports tomorrow.

(Suddenly, the door opens. It's KEN with his flight bag)

BRAD: Ken!

KEN: Where's my car?

KASEY: Ken, Hi! You're home early.

KEN: Early? I've been stuck in traffic for an hour.

(To MARY-MARTHA.)

Hi.

KASEY: Ken, this is Mary-Martha Matthew, that girl from accounting I told you about.

KEN: Nice to meet you. Brad, what have you done with my car?

BRAD: *(ticked)* Nothin', Ken.

KASEY: Ken, I'm just going to say it. It's in the shop getting fixed.

KEN: Fixed?

BRAD: Why are you looking at me?

KEN: 'Cause you're the logical culprit.

BRAD: Well, you're the logical idiot.

KASEY: Ken, I did it. Me, not Brad. Me! But don't worry; it'll be just like new in a week.

KEN: WHAT?

KASEY: But listen, I've got good news, too. Well, I think you'll think it's good news.

KEN: What?

BRAD: I can't believe you just immediately suspected me. That's low, Ken, even for you.

KASEY: Brad, you're interrupting...

KEN: *(to BRAD)* What do you mean -- even for you?

BRAD: You know what I mean.

KASEY: I'm trying to tell him something.

MARY-MARTHA: What does he mean?

BRAD: I mean -- you and Taro. You're stealing her from me.

KEN: No, I'm not.

BRAD: Don't act so innocent, you dog.

KASEY: Brad, will you please shut up and --

BRAD: You bird-dog.

(BRAD punches KEN in the jaw. They fight behind sofa - arms and legs everywhere.)

MARY-MARTHA: Hey, you guys, break it up.

KASEY: Stop it! Stop it right now!!

(They stop and come up from behind the sofa - BRAD has clothes on his head)

The reason I forgot to check my blind spot, the reason I went to the clinic yesterday afternoon, the reason I've been nauseous for three weeks is that I'm pregnant!

(Silence)

MARY-MARTHA: You mean with child?

KEN: Pregnant?

BRAD: You Dog!

KASEY: Lucky me!

(Blackout.)

(Perusal Script) JUST LUCKY I GUESS or Six Characters in Search of a Fortune by *Mark Ogden*

End of Act 1

ACT TWO contains 14 pages