

Barbara and Diane
by Cheryl Ann Costa
A Play in One Act

© Copyright 1998 2000 Cheryl Ann Costa – All Rights Reserved

Barbara And Diane is a play that explores the mysterious world of “Walk In’s.” As a production it was intended to be an easy to stage-stand alone comedy. Using props and costumes most theaters have stocked in their inventory with walk on bits parts suitable for production assistants.

The play is also intended to be suitable for production with two other unrelated companion plays “**Convictions**” and “**The Electra**” as an evening of one-acts (**A Hospital Suite**) All three plays use the same simple set with minor variations. In the suite version of the production the bit medical characters make appearances or are supporting characters in the other works.

“**Barbara and Diane**” is intended to be a wacky comedy with the flavor of a mystery.

Premise: Barbara is hard-driving lawyer trapped inside a comatose body – that is, until sassy less refined Diane comes along. Diane’s body just died in a car crash, and for some reason the universe decides to move her in with Barbara and wake up her body. Barbara now finds herself detached from her body with the less refined Diane; awake and taking up a storm with everyone thinking it’s “Barbara.” Sylvia, Barb’s Bible mama comes to visit and takes an immediate shining to the apparently “revived and renewed” daughter. Of course this causes upset and frustration to Barbara who only Diane can see and hear. Later both Barbara and Diane team up to discover the reason for their mutual dilemma. Running Time: 30-35 minutes - Summer 2000 Workshop Debut Production Script

Characters: 3-F, 1-M, 4-Variable bit parts

Barbara Semel: Mid thirties to early fifties, a lawyer, reserved, almost snobbish.

Diane Kosty: twenties, younger manner, sassy, blue collar.

Sylvia: Barbara’s mother down to earth (age respective of the Barbara cast)

Samuel “Sammy”Cox: Barbara’s fiancée

Bit Players

Nurse Nagursky - Thirties to fifties, compassionate, but very much to business.

Doctor Franklin – Late thirties – Neurologist.

The Police Detective – Middle aged in a business suit

A Uniformed officer

Set Requirements:

Hospital room elements, single bed propped up hospital style. (a real hospital bed is better) Two visiting room style chairs, a nightstand table with large flower arrangement.

Scene One – The Awakening

Time: 9 February 10:19am

Place: Silver Spring Medical Center – Room 1720

[Setting a hospital room, a person in the hospital bed covered up with blankets and under dim lighting. Barb standing down stage in a body suit or a tupa dress, has a glow stick about heart level – with the dim stage lights it appears to be her soul essence. Barb addresses the audience]

Barbara: My name is Barbara, I'm an attorney, a litigation attorney to be exact. I used to spend my days arguing law suits between big corporations. I would defend the interests and sometimes the employees of company "A" against the charges of a law suit brought by company "B." Let's face it, it's a jungle out there, many times the folks of company "B" would have been just as happy to do to company "A", what was being done to them, had they only thought of it first.

My job was very stressful and one day something just had to snapped. When that day came, I collapsed right there in the middle of Philadelphia circuit court. I must have made quite a scene. Since that time I have been in a coma, with a questionable prognosis.

[pause and reflect for a moment]

That is until she came along!

[Lights up on bed as soon as Diane in the bed starts talking]

Diane: You make me sound like the coming of the seven year locust!

Barbara: You have to admit that I was minding my own business before you came along.

Diane: I suppose if you call lying there in a vegetative state minding your own business, Duh!

Barbara: I wasn't vegetative *[beat]* I was consciously challenged, anyway I was quite peaceful until you came.

Diane: Look lady I wasn't pushing the damn gurney, I was just riding on it,

Barbara: After what?

Diane: After being all crushed up in a car wreck. I was minding my own business too not trying to cause a scene.

Barbara: You call going into cardiac arrest outside my room not making a scene????

Diane: It wasn't exactly my idea to go flat-line you know. *[beat]*

Besides it was my big moment in eternity -- *-[she gets all mystical]* -- there I was basking in the light of creation and being greeted by all my dead relatives and friends.

Barbara: If it was so beautiful why didn't you continue on?

Diane: I haven't the foggiest! As I was saying, there I was, busy going off into that bright light. *[beat]* when something grabbed me. Did you grabbed me?

Barbara: Grab you! I didn't grab you. Besides I couldn't see you or the light,

Diane: Why not.

Barbara: My eyes were closed silly..

Diane: *[almost mystical]* Ohhhh, I sure could sure see the light, it was beautiful and loving, *[crass]* then suddenly I felt like something grabbed me and threw me into a laundry sack.

Barbara: That laundry sack, as you call it, is my body.
[The Diane lays still when the nurse comes in.]
Oops you better be quiet the nurse is coming, close your eyes.

Nurse: Hi Barbara, how's it going. It's a really nice day outside, maybe if there is time I'll come back and take you up to the sun deck. *[goes about nurse type chores, blood pressure etc]*

Barbara: The sun, do you know how long it's been since I've felt the sun on my face. I think the last time was when I went to the beach with Samuel. Oh, we had such a wonderful time, God I miss him.

Diane: Oh gawd you're making me sick. Nurse, I don't want to go sit on the sun deck, I'm thirsty I'd like a nice cold beer!

Nurse: Barbara! What did you say? *[shocked]*

Diane: I said I'd like to have a cold beer!

Nurse: Oh my goodness it's a damn miracle, you stay right there,
[she rushes out of the room]
Doctor Franklin !!! Doctor Franklin !!!

Barbara: Now you went and did it, you're supposed to be in a coma.

Diane: What'd I do? *[beat]* I just said I wanted a beer I was being honest. I figured not being honest wasn't such a great idea considering my, *[beat]* I mean our collective states. Besides I'm not the one in a coma, it appears that you are.

Barbara: ...but it's my body.

[End of Scene - fade to ghost light]

[the doctor and nurse return]

Scene Two – A Damn Miracle

[A short time later]

Nurse: How are you feeling Barbara? *[takes pulse]*

Diane: I guess, I'm feeling just fine, *[beat]* I guess.

Nurse: Well you look terrific, is there anything I can get you, Barb?

Diane: I'd really like that beer I ask for yesterday. By the way my name's not Barbara.

Doctor: Oh yes it is my dear, considering what you been through my friend I guess I wouldn't know my own name either. Tell you what, you relax and bear with some of my tests, and I'll see if I can arrange that beer, how's that sound.

Diane: Sounds great. Doc how long has Barbara, *[beat]* I mean me, I mean how long have I been? *[doctor looks at her in a quizzical way]* What I mean how long have I been in a coma? *[the nurse is puzzled]*

Doctor: About a six months, you be patient and we'll have you out of here in no time.
[doc leaves]

Diane: *[longing at Barb in a sympathetic way]* Six months that's a long time

Nurse: I called your mother and I suspect that you'll see her this morning.

Diana: My mother??? I don't have any family?

Barbara: My family stupid!

Diane: Oh!! That family! Thank You Nurse, thanks for calling them.

Barbara: Tell her to call my boy friend Samuel.

Diane: Oh, yeah!! Nurse could you call my boyfriend Sam, my "mother" will have the number.

Nurse: My pleasure. *[nurse leaves- buzzing]*

Barbara: His name is Samuel.

Diane: Samuel huh, so what's wrong with Sam.

Barbara: Look you little twit, that's my body and everything you say reflects upon me.

Diane: *[giving barb a clueless stare]*

Barbara: Everybody thinks what you say is coming from me. I've got a reputation to keep up.

Diane: Yeah and the first rule of salvage is possession --

Barbara: Don't preach the law to me you -- you -- "body snatcher!"

Diane: BODY SNATCHER!!? Look sister, from my perspective, I'm in the driver seat, so the way I look at it I'm in charge hon.

[Barb with a sigh -- resigns to the situation]

Barbara: So you are, *[thinks for a moment]* OK can we make a deal?

Diane: Now your talking, I'm listening, like what?

Barbara: You just do your best to act like me and I'll try and keep you out of trouble and coach you as best I can, until we figure this thing out.

Diane: -- But I'm in charge until we get this thing figured out, OK

Barbara: Like you said, you're in the driver's seat.

[end of scene - fade to ghost light - Sylvia - enters and sits in the guest chair]

Scene Three - Mom Visits

[We find Sylvia sitting and talking to Diane, Barb is sitting on the edge of the bed. Trying to keep Diane on track while talking to her mom. Mom can't hear Barb and only interacts with Diane. As the scene opens with Nurse Knocker is spoon feeding Diane- Barb and enjoying the lively gal talk, .Barbara looks on but stages herself behind the bed or behind the line with all the" living" characters.

[All Laughing]

[Lights Up]

Sylvia: ...and so I told your aunt Sadie that she really needed new glasses cause her new toy poodle was really a chiwahwah !

Barb: That pet dealer should be sued, Taking advantage of an old lady like her.

Diane: I bet she was just as fond of that chihuahwah as any old poodle.

Sylvia: She is, she says she didn't care what he was and won't give Charles up for all the Tea in China?

Barb: She named the dog Charles?

Diane: Charles what a noble name for a little dog!

Sylvia: Yes it is. She named him after Charles DeGaulle you know.

Barb: I though she named him after Charles Manson.

Diane: So mother maybe you and I should take a vacation some place after I get out of the hospital.

[Sylvia gets a little excited]

Sylvia: A vacation!!? With just you and me, Ohhh that would be wonderful. You never wanted to travel, with your father and me before, are you sure you want to now.

Barb: That's because they think that Howard Johnson's is just as good as the Hilton.

[Diane trying to get Barb's goat]

Diane: Sure mom we could do a nation wide tour of Howard Johnson motels coast to coast.

Barb: Argggggh

Diane: Let's just make it an extended vacation of everyplace you've always wanted to go visit.

Sylvia: Could we even visit Norman Rockwell's hometown in Arlington, Vermont?

Barb: Oh No not that.

Diane: Sure mom, we'll make it a nice New England road trip, perhaps we'll time it to see the fall leaves change.

Sylvia: Oh Barbara honey? You sure have changed so much since you were in that coma.
[they hug]

Diane: Yes I have mother, You might say I'm a very different woman!

Barb: Enough with the road trip Americana, ask her about Samuel my fiancée.

Diane: Mom do you have any idea where Sammy is ?

Barb: SAMUEL !!!

Sylvia: Who?

Diane: ...I meant Samuel! He is going to come visit me, I have this deep need to see him. *[crossing her heart in a sarcastic way]*

Sylvia: Ohhh, I don't know about that.

Barb: Why?

Diane: Yeah why?

Sylvia: After you over dosed and went into your coma, he sort of lost faith that you were ever going to wake up and found somebody else.

Barb: What's this about and overdose??? I didn't overdose?

Diane: What's this about and overdose she didn't...I mean, didn't overdose?

Sylvia: That's what the police and the doctors said, that you were mixing alcohol and sleeping pills.

Barb: I never took sleeping pills, OK maybe once but that was a long time ago.

Diane: Mom I haven't taken any sleeping pills in a long time and that was a long time ago, what about Sam?

Barb: Yeah what about Samuel?

Sylvia: Honey I hate to tell you this but Samuel got tired of waiting and married. What's really sad is that his new wife just died recently in a tragic accident, poor thing.

Barb: Who did he marry?

Diane: Yeah who did he marry?

Sylvia: A Diane somebody from east Philly, some of her relation are big wigs at the Electric company. She was worth a lot of money as it turned out.

Barb: You!!! Get her out of here now!!! [Diane shrug's off the order]
Now I said!

Diane: Mom I'm this has all been a bit overwhelming for me. Could we call it a day, I need to take a nap really bad.

Sylvia: Certainly my dear you get your rest and I'll call you tonight and I'll see you in the morning how's that?

Diane: I'll be looking forward to it.. *[Sylvia, kisses Diane on the cheek and leaves the room]*

Barb: I can't believe this...

Diane: What !!? I thought you would be happy with the way I pretended to be you?

Barb: That's not the problem

Diane: Then what is?

Barb: Didn't you hear her, she said that Samuel got married.

Diane: Yeah, I heard her, hon, but under the circumstances of you haven't exactly been the most available gal.

Barb: I'm sorry Diane, I guess I'm old fashion, I thought he would wait for me.
[Moving down stage]

Diane: Wait for you? Hon you've been doing a long running command performance in the role of an eggplant for God sakes, what did you expect?

Barb: I guess you're right. I just thought he would have waited.

[diane stops and asks]

Diane: Gee why does everything look like baby food?

Nurse: Because that's what it is.

Diane: You mean you're serving me baby food, why?

Nurse: Barbara you've been on a feeding tube a really long time and we have to get you used to solid food again.

Diane: You've got to be kidding.

Nurse: You be patient and we'll have you on something more substantial in no time.

Diane: Delightful

Barb: Gee it's seems that being in the driver's seat isn't what it's cracked up to be.

Diane: Oh Well I guess I can deal with a little pabulum, The way I see it, it sure beats looking at the world from where you are.

Barb: I suppose you are right. I've been wondering when the light is going to come back for me.

Diane: What do you mean?

Barb: Well the way I figure it I guess I must be dead. I mean with you being in my body an all.

Diane: I was afraid to bring that up but that has sort of crossed my mind too. Why haven't you moved on? --

[Samuel makes an entrance interrupting the moment]

Sam: Heaaaaay baby doll? !!!

Barb: S A M U E L

Diane: S A M M Y !!!

Sam: Hey Barbara since when did you start calling me Sammy.

Diane: I've always called you Sammy.

Sam: Sweet Heart, I beg to differ with you, you've never called me "Sammy."

Barb: Diane shut up I called him Samuel.

Diane: Huh!! Oh yeah, I'm sorry Samuel I must have been confused, the coma you know.

Sam: Oh, Yeah the coma, No problem Bobola. So how are you doing after the coma? I never thought that you would have survived mixing all the Valium in your coffee.

Barb: Huh? Something is very wrong?

Diane: What?

Sam: I asked you how you're doing?

Diane: I'm fine. How have you been in Sammy -- I mean Samuel?

Barb: Get him out of here NOW!

Diane: OK, Sammy I mean Samuel I need you to leave.

Sam: I just got here Bobola, now you want me to leave?

Barb: ICE CREAM !

Diane: ICE CREAM ?

Sam: Ice Cream?

Barb: You need ice Cream

Diane: I need ice cream, *[she gets into the idea almost seductively]*
Oh, Samuel I need some Ice Cream really bad.

Sam: You need ice cream that bad?

Barb: Good girl

Diane: Oh Samuel do you know how long it's been since I've had New York Fudge
Chuck?

Sam: You were in a coma for 15 months , I didn't think that you'd remember Ice cream.

Diane: Oh, Sammy that's the part that very few people know about coma's, you miss it
really miss one thing really bad. For me it was an eternity without New York Fudge
Chunk?

Sam: OK, I'll bring some next time...

Barb: NO -- Get rid of him, now.

Diane: Oh Samuel NOW, I will just die if I can't have some New York Fudge Chunk, --
NOW!

Sam: OK OK I'll go get some New -- York -- Fudge -- Chunk, where would I find this
"holy grail" of an ice cream.

Diane: Well the only place I know of is in Camden, NJ.

Sam: That's on the other side of town for God's sakes!

Barb: He's your fiancée????

Diane: Honey poo, I'm your wife -- I mean fiancée. Am I not worth it?

[he thinks about it for a moment]

Barb: Gooooood!!! good girl -- now you have him.

Sam: Hmmmm All right since you put it that way, I'll drive over to Camden and get you some New York Fudge Chunk ice cream. *[he gives her a kiss on the cheek and leaves, after he is clearly gone, Barbara jumps on the bed]*

Barb: You were terrific kid, convincing my fiancée to scourge the town for fudge ice cream.

Diane: He's not your fiancée, he's my husband.

Barb: No you're mistaken my dear, Samuel and I hadn't married before my coma.

Diane: No that's not what I mean, I was married to Sammy for the past seven months.

Barb: That's impossible, he's my fiancée.

Diane: I didn't know he was your fiancée.

Barb: Wait a minute here? I know you didn't hon. *[beat]* I can't help but think that there is something rotten in Denmark

Diane: What do you mean?

Barb: Diane how did Sammy represent himself to you when you first met him. How did you meet him?

Diane: He sort of fell into my life, he was an acquaintance of my dad's before he died. After my dad passed away, suddenly he was always there. That was about a year ago. We got married six months later. Then my brakes failed on the expressway a few days ago you know the rest. What's your story?

Barb: He sort of fell into my life too, he was an acquaintance of my business partner, and suddenly he was always there. That was about two years ago. We got engaged after about a year. We had plans to marry and do a honeymoon on the French Riviera, right after I finished a big litigation case. I was within a week of finishing the case when I went into the coma.

Diane: It almost sounds like he was dating us at the same time. I was looking forward to a nice long life with Sammy, a girl could do worse him being an engineer and all.

Barb: Who's an engineer?

Diane: Sammy of course.

Barb: Sammy's not an engineer --- he's a lawyer.

Diane: Barbara he told me he was an electrical engineer.

Barb: and he told me he was an attorney. Now something really smells. I think we need to get to the bottom of this, *[thinks for a few minutes]* Diane? Do you trust me Diane?

Diane: Considering our mutual situation I don't see as I have a choice.

[as Barb begins to hatch the plan, lights fade to black]

Barb: OK this is what I think we should do, I need you to

[End of Scene - Lights fade to black]

Scene Four – Finding the Truth

[lights up]

[As the scene begins we see Barbara sitting at the end of Diane's bed twiddling her thumbs, Diane is sitting quietly in bed reading a magazine. They are both just waiting, quietly – until Samuel makes ad entrance]

Sam: Knock Knock Hey sweet cheeks I found that ice cream you were looking for.

Diane: Thank you I appreciate your effort, "Samuel!"

Sam: Stuff was expensive.

Diane: Yes it is, but that should matter to a man of means like yourself.

Sam: What do you mean?

Diane: I want to express my sympathies and condolences on the recent tragic death of your "wife" Diane Kosty.

Sam: You know about her -- -I was going to tell you but I thought I should wait considering your condition.

Diane: My condition?

Sam: Yeah the doctors told me that you are still really delicate and that I should avoid shocking you.

Diane: How considerate of you.

Sam: So who told you about Diane?
[Diane picks up a folder full of papers]

Diane: **I hired a Private Investigator.**

Sam: **Really** *[trying to be nonchalant]*

Diane: You forget that I'm an attorney, my firm had a P.I. on retainer, so I asked him to look into your affairs when we started getting close.

Sam: -- And what did he tell you?

Diane: Nothing actually because I went into my coma before he could deliver his report.

Sam: So you found out I got married after you went into your coma? So what you couldn't expect me to wait around, they told me you most likely would never regain consciousness.

Diane: Actually Sam I found out that you were dating that Diane Kosty woman while you were dating me.

Sam: So she was an old girl friend.

Diane: No Sam she was something more, she was engaged to marry you at the very same time you were dating me, she thought you were an electrical engineer.

Sam: Who told you that!

Diane: Sam you lead me to believe that you were an attorney with a sister law firm, but as it turns out your weren't.

Sam: So now you know the truth, so what if I'm not attorney.

Diane: Good point! So what! *[she thinks for a moment]*
Then I got to wondering what you had to gain.

Sam: Gain?

Diane: Yes gain from your humble wife.

Sam: Barbara, she was trailer park trash --

[Diane loses her Barbara composure for a moment, reverts to her own accent, then back to Barbara style]

Diane: “Trailer Park Trash” -- As it turned out your dear departed wife despite her humble trappings was positioned to inherit a significant stock trust when her father died.

Sam: So what it was her money, I wasn't going to get any of it!

Diane: Oh contraire, my dear Sammy, if she died, you as her husband stood to inherit the whole thing. So why did you kill her?

Sam: Barbara you are amazing, it is as you said -- I stood to get it all and inherit her estate since she had no other heirs. I was a simple matter to rig the brakes on the old beater she drove around.

Diane: Sammy you have me puzzled?

Sam: In what way Barbara my dear fiancée.

Diane: Why did you try and kill me ?

Sam: What are you talking about?

Diane: You know the heavy dose of Valium in my coffee thermos.

Sam: Barbara I surprised you haven't figured that out too.

Diane: What do you mean?

Sam: It was that high profile litigation case you were working on. There were parties who stood to lose a huge amount of money if you won that case. I was hired to get involved in your personal life to throw you off balance while in the throes of love.

[barb finally breaks her silence]

Barb: I'm to discipline a lawyer for that.

Diane: She's too, I mean I'm too disciplined a lawyer for that Sammy.

Sam: Why are you calling me Sammy, only my wife called me that?

Diane: So you drugged my coffee so I would pass out.

Sam: I drugged your coffee to get you out of the legal picture my dear -- and --

Diane: -- and what --

Sam: -- and out of the picture so I wouldn't have to marry a stuck up snob like you.
[Here grabs a pillow from the chair and tries to smother Diane, she screams, they struggle, moments later a detective in and a uniformed officer rush in the room and subdue him and cuff him.]

Detective: Samuel Cox you are under arrest for the murder of your wife Diane Kosty Cox and the two charges of attempted murder of Ms. Barbara Semel. *[to the officer]* Read him his rights then book' him and cook' him.

[the officer leaves the nurse enters to check on Barbara]

Nurse: Barbara are you OK?

Diane: I'm OK.

Detective: Ms. Semel, I'd like to thank you for a most interesting narrative.
[he reaches behind the flowers and removes a small walkman style tape recorder and fishes a microphone from the flower stems.]

Diane: I'm glad I could help.

Detective: Help! she says, you gave us this case on a silver platter By the way could I see that P.I.s report. *[she hands him the folder, he looks through it to find blank pages]*

Detective: Hey these pages are all blank?

Diane: Detective I was only bluffing him. *[looking rather sheepish]*

Detective: Amazing, We'll be in touch with you counselor for a formal statement.

[The detective walks out the nurse begins fussing with Diane's pillows, Diane and Barbara make eye contact and both have a look of quiet beaming delight and respect for each other. Fade to black]

The lights cross fade down except for the light around the hospital bed, the nurse exits during the cross fade, and Barbara, joins Diane on the bed, suggesting they are having a pajama party. While the women are enjoying the after glow of their coup both women start laughing]

Scene Five – Destines

Barb: -- Did you see the look on his face when he thought I called him Sammy.

Diane: He looked like he'd seen a ghost, giggle.

Barb: I've got to hand it to you Di, you handled yourself beautifully, I couldn't have done better myself.

Diane: I couldn't have done it with out all your couching --

[very bright light shines in from off stage from the house- both women are distracted and look toward it]

Diane: -- -Oh my, there's that light again.

Barb: Light!?! You mean that's the light you were going off to when you almost died?

Diane: Yep that's the one, beautiful ain't it.

[she gets out of bed, her heart light now evident]

Barb: I guess it's here for one or both of us.

Diane: **Yeah I guess so --**

Barb: We've got a problem?

Diane: What do you mean.

Barb: If I go off into the light, I won't be around to couch you, you'll end up getting sued for legal malpractice because you're not really a lawyer and that will break my mothers heart.

Diane: If I go off into the light you'll end up being a damned vegetable again, that will not make mom very happy either you know.

Barb: If we both go there, we'll both be dead and we'll both break Sylvia's heart.

Diane: What are we suppose to do?

Barb: Well the way I see it we still have one healthy body between us right?

Diane: Yeah but what are you driving at?

Barb: Have you ever been to the French Rivera?

Diane: No

Barb: Did you know that all the hottest guys from Europe all hang out there during the summer season.

Diane: Do they really?

Barb: Yes they do -- suppose I hang out and keep you out of trouble as a lawyer.

Diane: That would be great but what's in it for you?

Barb: Well -- I'll get to enjoy some aspect of living a full and fruitful life, even if it's vicariously through you. My mother will get the appearances of her loving daughter back.

Diane: -- But what if the powers that be won't let us.

Barb: Lets ask them -- *[looking at the light]* I call upon the powers in the light to hear my words. I choose to stay here on this plane to help my friend Diane live a rich and fruitful life.

Diane: Nothing happened.

Barb: Perhaps this is viewed as a two-way contract, perhaps they want a commitment from both of us. I don't mean to split hairs here but you are the only "officially dead" person between us.

Diane: Look you light guys, my life got cut short and I got volunteered to help Barbara out. I pitched in and helped out my new friend Barbara. If it's all the same to you I'd like to stay here to help her live out her life vicariously through me. OK?

Barb: Perhaps we have to seal the contract, lets shake on it! Do we have a deal?

[Diane shakes hands with Barbara]

Diane: WE HAVE A DEAL!

[the light fades]

[they scream with delight - two of them rejoice and hug like sisters – music swells -- - fade to black]

THE END

Technical and Production Data

Set Requirements:

Hospital room elements, single bed propped up hospital style. Two visiting room style chairs, a nightstand table with large flower arrangement.

Costumes:

Barbara & Diane - Matching Pajamas

Sylvia – In classic Sunday best

Samuel – Professional looking Business suit

Doctor - Scrubs optional lab jacket – stethoscope

Nurse – Nurse whites

The Police Detective – Business suit Badge pouch

A Uniformed officer – Traditional patrol officer and belt and handcuffs

Props: Mama’s church fan, a large flower arrangement, a walkman style tape recorder, a blood pressure kit, 2- stethoscopes, a paper bag with a ice cream container, a office style folder with papers, a magazine. Police badges.

First Performance: The 32nd Annual Silver Spring Stage One-Act Festival - 25,26,27 August 2000

Review: “.... Delightfully offbeat as it blends vivid humor with more esoteric elements..”
The Gazette 8/30/2000

Author’s Bio:

Cheryl Ann Costa has been deeply involved with theater since she was fifteen years old. The technical side of the art form was her focus for many years until she decided one day to start tell her own stories. At the age of twenty-eight she re-enrolled in college and began studying filmmaking and screen writing. that is until a professor invited her to join And is a member of **The Dramatist Guild**

Barbara and Diane produced at:

The 32nd Annual Silver Spring Stage One-Act Festival- 25,26,27 August 2000:

The Cast

Barbara Semel	Francene Walker
Diane Kosty.....	Kakiea Washington
Sylvia Semel.....	Saida S. Cunningham
Samuel “Sammy”Cox.....	Joe Day
Nurse Nagursky.....	Karen Hayes
Doctor Franklin.....	Gregory Brian
The Police Detective.....	John Prichard
A Uniformed officer.....	Beverly Banks

Director & Production Design.....Cheryl Ann Costa

Assistant Director..... John Pritchard

Production Assistant..... Beverly Banks

Three Plays about Unfinished Business

“Unfinished business is that thing that holds a lock our hearts, and sometimes keeps us from moving on to bigger and better things.”

Barbara and Diane

Barbara and Diane started for me as a stream of muse consciousness again dancing in my creative heart. Suddenly one Saturday afternoon this “lawyer in a coma” got in my head, with words that later became the opening monolog; “until she came along.” For the next ten minutes the lines that would become the opening dialog, flowed out of me. It was as if like Barbara and Diane were duking it out in my head. Then I saw it, clear as day, the classic case of “two girls, one dress,” and in this case one body vessel between them. As it turns out one guy between them as well and he is two-timing both of them unbeknownst to them initially. Obviously this is their unfinished business but it’s the sort of the unfinished karma business that neither of them are aware of until it slaps them both in the face.

This particular play was written pretty much with a WASP point of view and designed with a predominately female cast—which is my style—and in this case, very “white.” Then during auditions it became obvious that there was a mass of talent present that was “of color.” I began seeing a wonderful dynamic of actor energy coming together. So I cast the show with all the prime and supporting roles with actors of color. While the play wasn’t originally conceived of in an ethnic context, it adapted well and was well received by the audiences. The cast was also the best cast I have ever directed. They were all off book in two weeks, which meant that we had literally weeks to polish the presentation rather than the last few rehearsals.

“Barbara and Diane” received very glowing reviews as a fast moving goofy comedy, and it packed the house. Two writer-director friends suggested that I adapt the play to narrative form and produce a series of pulp serials novels about the exploits of Barbara and Diane. The concept being that Diane is not capable of being an attorney like Barbara, but she is streetwise, so she becomes a Private Investigator. As a PI with the spiritual essence of Barbara looking over her backside, they make an unbeatable pair.