

T H E  
**PLEASANTVILLE**  
E X P E R I E N C E

By: Timothy S. Klugh

A condensed adaptation to stage play in one act by:  
Kate Charlesworth-Miller and Delora D. Klugh

**Directed by: Delora D. Klugh**

ORIGINAL CAST

Donnie Lockwood..... Timothy Reye  
Kate Charlesworth-Miller..... Sally Seneca  
Mark Miller..... Stephen Seneca  
Elaine Grasso..... Olivia Seneca  
Keith Maloney..... Mr. Millington  
Marc Graham..... Iowa J. Johnson  
Natalie Loyd..... Renee Howell  
Steve Baughman..... Jack DeChamp  
Young Mark Miller ..... Fraun Sodier  
Laurel Fisher..... Barbara Susan  
Beth Nisonger..... Mrs. Howell  
Glen Garcia..... Karl Booth  
John Bradford..... Jesse  
Michael Bailey..... Michael O'Brien  
Eric Gay..... Bill / Mr. Harris

SCENE 1

***THE SENECA'S***

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*Sally is serving breakfast to Stephen and Olivia*

**STEPHEN:** *(as Sally pours the coffee)* Thank you, Sally.

**TIM:** *(joins the family at the breakfast table)* I think...I'm going to accept Mr. Millington's offer to work for him at his store.

**SALLY:** *(concerned)* Are you sure you're up to this, Tim?

**TIM:** I'm ready to try things over again and this job seems to be a good place to start. I want to do my part here, since you are letting me stay awhile. *(to Stephen)* Stephen, I'll only work for Mr. Millington if you can spare me in the afternoons after I've finished my farm chores.

**STEPHEN:** *(considers, then says)* I think that would be fine son, and I appreciate you being considerate with me.

**SALLY:** *(worried)* Are you going to start working today?

**TIM:** Yeah, I think I will.

**STEPHEN:** Will ya' need a ride over to the shop?

**TIM:** No thanks, I'll just walk.

**OLIVIA:** Well, you better wear something nice to work so you'll be ready for the barn dance tonight.

**TIM:** What barn dance?

**OLIVIA:** The Friday night barn dance. It's a tradition we've had in this town for years. They have it in the old barn behind the courthouse.

**TIM:** *(hesitantly)* I don't know if I'll make it. I'll probably stay at the store till it closes.

**OLIVIA:** *(triumphantly)* Then you'll be right on time. Mr. Millington always closes the store shortly before the dance begins. He doesn't dance much but he loves all of the food the ladies of the town bring. You can come with him.

**TIM:** (*seriously*) Olivia, I'll be honest with you. I appreciate your offer and I'm sure this barn dance is a big deal in this town. But, I'm not too familiar with many people around here, and I don't feel comfortable.

**OLIVIA:** There isn't any need to be concerned. This is a small friendly community and you'll blend in quickly.

**TIM:** (*sarcastically*) Great.

**SALLY:** I'm sure you'll have fun, dear.

**OLIVIA:** (*flirtatious*) Aside from everything else, I'd like you to come. Won't you please come for me?

**TIM:** (*gazing at Olivia's eyes*) O.K., I promise.

**OLIVIA:** Then I guess we have some shopping to do before you go to Millington's.

**TIM:** We do?

**SALLY:** Of course! If you're going to be seen in a social setting in this town, you'll have to dress appropriately.

**TIM:** I thought this was being held in a barn...

**OLIVIA:** (*interjecting*) Yes it is! And you're going to look like a country gentleman when you go.

SCENE TWO

**MILLINGTON'S STORE**

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*Mr. Millington's store around noon. Mr. Millington stepped out from the back room carrying a box of canned goods. He notices Tim.*

**MR. M:** Are ya' lost, kid?

**TIM:** Hello Mr. Millington. I was wandering if you would still like me to work for you.

**MR. M:** Are ya' saying ya' want the job?

**TIM:** I can come in each afternoon when I've finished helping Stephen in the fields if that's okay.

**MR. M:** *(handing Tim the box)* Kid, you're hired. You'll be kind of a stocking boy...You'll lift the heavier stuff and save me the trouble. Ya' look strong enough to handle it. I ain't expecting too much from ya' am I?

**TIM:** I'll do all I can to help.

**MR. M:** You can start on that shelf over there. I'm going to take a break.

*(Tim goes to the shelf and begins emptying the box)*

**TIM:** *(small talk)* I met Olivia's friend Iowa last night. What do you know about him?

**MR. M:** I've known Iowa J. Johnson since the day he was brought into this world. He's a fine young man with an over-sized heart. You can take my word for it...I also know that Olivia is quite smitten by him. She has future plans for them that Iowa keeps trying to avoid.

**TIM:** *(disappointed)* That's what I'm beginning to understand.

*(Mr. Millington hands Tim an apron and goes back to the counter)  
(Renee and her mother enter the store)*

**MRS. HOWELL:** *(walks to counter)* Good afternoon Philip.

**RENEE:** *(tapping in Tim's shoulder)* Excuse me, are you working or eavesdropping?

**TIM:** Oh, hello Renee.

**RENEE:** *(playing with his apron strings):* So...You're working for Mr. Millington now?

**TIM:** Yeah, I just started today.

**RENEE:** You're gonna' be here awhile then?

**TIM:** I don't know, yet.

**RENEE:** I hear Olivia talked you into coming to the dance tonight.

**TIM:** I'm not sure I really had a choice to begin with. Olivia and her mother spent all morning shopping to buy me this country outfit.

**RENEE:** I can see a little of it around your apron. By the way, nice boots.

**TIM:** They definitely take some getting used to.

**MRS. HOWELL:** Renee, stop flirting and let's go!

**RENEE:** Well, my mom's about to leave. I'd better let you get back to work. I wouldn't want you to get fired on your first day.

**TIM:** Yeah, I better get to it.

**RENEE:** I'll see you tonight then.

**TIM:** Most likely so...By the way, I hope everything's going well since I saw you and Olivia the other night. You seemed a little upset about something. Is everything okay?

**RENEE:** Don't trouble yourself about that matter. There's enough talk in this town as it is. No need concerning yourself with Karl and my business.

*Renee exits*

**MR. M:** Pretty nice girl, ain't she?

**TIM:** If you say so.

**MR. M:** (glancing to the checkerboard) Do ya play checkers, son? Let's take a little break.

*(Iowa enters the store, grabs some licorice from the candy jar and walks over to them.)*

**IOWA:** *(to Tim)* Don't make him lose too badly.

**MR. M:** Ya' know, I gave him that move.

**IOWA:** (*patronizing*) Of course you did. I'm Iowa J. Johnson, Iowa Jefferson Johnson. And I suppose your Tim.

**MR. M:** (*examining the board*) Did your mother make a peach cobbler for tonight?

**IOWA:** Yes sir she did. She slaved all day making two cobblers since you ate her last one in one bite. (*he leans over Tim's shoulder and points out a move*)

**MR. M:** Iowa, let the kid play his own game! Besides, you're wrong. I ate it in three bites and I had a right, to. The cobbler was getting cold and It was going to go to waste!

**IOWA:** Thank goodness the women of our town have you to finish off the leftovers!

(*Iowa suddenly notices what Tim is wearing*)

**IOWA:** Well, Sally and Olivia have done themselves proud. Don't you look like the country boy.

**TIM:** Had Olivia not refused to give me my old clothing back, I would not be in this get-up.

**IOWA:** I think she did the best thing for ya'. You're gonna' fit right in. (*pauses abruptly, and glances at Tim's hair*)

**TIM:** What!?

**IOWA:** Nope, that hair of yours just ain't gonna' do it.

**TIM:** What's wrong with it?

**MR. M:** I see what ya' mean. Kid, when was the last time ya' had a haircut?

SCENE 3

***JESSE'S BARBERSHOP***

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**MICHAEL:** Would ye be needing a haircut, laddy? *(Timothy pauses)* Hop on up, lad. I won't bite. *(Tim sits)* I think a little off the top, short around the ears...would ye be wanting your sideburns off or on?

**TIM:** Off, I guess.

*(Iowa stands by Mr. Millington's chair and chats quietly)*

**MICHAEL:** Ye haven't a lot to say, do ye lad?

**TIM:** I'm new in town.

**MICHAEL:** That I know already. What do ye think of our town?

**TIM:** *(changing the subject)* I like your barber pole.

**MICHAEL:** Why is that, laddy, when all barber poles look alike?

**TIM:** Yeah, but your barber pole is red and white. I've only seen red, white and blue ones before.

**MICHAEL:** Oh, I see. Why that is a very old pole outside this shop. Don't ye know why a barber pole is red and white? *(solemnly)* Why hundreds and hundreds of years ago a barber was also the doctor and dentist, ye know. Why they even had their own guild. A barber would use a pole for his patients to grasp during surgery, while using a basin of leeches to consume the blood. When the barber finished, he would put the bloody bandages around the pole and place it outside his shop. It was a way he'd advertise his business. The wind would wrap the bandages around the pole. That is why barber poles are red and white. I think the blue is an American custom.

**TIM:** *(sickly)* OK.

**MICHAEL:** Well its true, lad. By the name of St. Julian, I swear it!

**JESSE:** Michael, would ya' stop it already with your blood-drenched story of the barber pole. Don't mind him, kid. We call Michael O'Brien the town encyclopedia 'cause he knows a little somethin' about everything.

**MICHAEL:** *(a little offended)* And it all be true.

**MR. M:** Have ya' gentlemen met the new kid?!

**BILL:** What's yer name, kid?

**TIM:** Tim.

**BILL:** Where ya' from?

**TIM:** I'm from out-of-town.

**BILL:** We know that already. Where are ya' from in particular?

*(All eyes curiously on Timothy).*

**TIM:** I don't see why I need to talk about this.

**BILL:** Well, I don't know if I can trust someone who won't even tell where he's from.

**JESSE:** Ah, leave the boy alone Bill. No one knows where you lived before ya' came to this town. Should we stop trusting you?

*(the barbers agree)*

**MR. M:** Listen, this kid has put up with quite enough of this town badgering him. He's a good kid, and he works for me. So, I'll have no more of ya' fellas coming down on my new employee.

**JESSE:** *(uncomfortably clears throat)* Well, how about that barbershop quartet we've got going?

**IOWA:** The four of ya' are sounding better than ever. *(to Tim)* Let me introduce you to the Pleasantville Barbershop Quartet. Mr. Millington, Michael O'Brien, Jesse and Bill.

**MICHAEL:** And a fine quartet it be.

**MR. M:** Of course sometimes we are helped out by that pretty young lady.

**MICHAEL:** Angelina McNeal.

**MR. M:** She works across the street at Lenora's. Every now-and-then she comes over after work to sing with us.

*(Stephen steps through the door as Mr. Millington finished speaking)*

**STEPHEN:** How was your first day, son?



**TIM:** I think I did all right.

**MR. M:** *(brightly)* The kid did okay. He didn't get fired.

*(Iowa chuckles under his breath)*

**STEPHEN:** *(genuinely concerned)* No, problems then?

**TIM:** None today.

**STEPHEN:** *(turning towards Jesse)* Can ya' squeeze me in a five dollar trim before the dance, Jess?

**JESSE:** I think I can do that. Have a seat.

**STEPHEN:** *(sits down and points to a newspaper near Iowa)* Iowa, Grab that for me, won't ya'?

*(Iowa picks up the paper and tosses it to Stephen.)*

**JESSE:** How's the farm coming along, Stephen?

**STEPHEN:** I'm almost through combining the wheat, I'm gonna' plant the soybeans in a few days.

*(Michael suddenly starts swatting the hair off of Timothy's neck with a towel then shows him the mirror)*

**MICHAEL:** What do ye think?

**TIM:** I like it.

SCENE 4

***THE DANCE***

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Stephen, Mr. Millington, Iowa and Tim walk to the dance. The interior of the barn is decorated with ribbons and strings of lights. Instead of chairs, straw bales lined the walls. A large table loaded with homemade pies, cakes, and other treats including a huge punch bowl stood inside the door. Mr. Millington's attention is instantly directed to it.

**MR. M.:** (*happily*) Peach cobbler! I'd better sample the fixin's.

**STEPHEN:** Now, where's my wife?

(*Tim, looking apprehensive, takes a few step backwards towards the exit*)

**IOWA:** (*grabbing Tim's arm*) "Oh no ya' don't. You're staying right here.

**TIM:** I don't have to stay anywhere. I've changed my mind about this dance.

**IOWA:** Now, how are ya' gonna' give Pleasantville a chance when ya' don't even want to get involved in what we do?

**TIM:** Maybe this isn't the way I want to do it.

**IOWA:** What did ya' have in mind? Call them all on the phone? If ya' want to fit in around here, ya' have to do the what the folks around here like to do.

**TIM:** Sure, you can say that. You only live in this town.

**IOWA:** Ya' know a lot of people have come halfway for you since ya' arrived a few days ago. Maybe it's time ya' come halfway too. These people ain't so bad, but not all of them are going to come to you. I'm afraid you're gonna' have to give a little.

**TIM:** (*thoughtfully, glancing at his new outfit*) Well, Sally and Olivia did spend a lot of time on my outfit. I guess I shouldn't let them down...Fine, I'll give it a try.

**IOWA:** Grand! Tonight ya' meet these folks Pleasantville style.

(*Iowa walks Tim up to a group of young people*)

**IOWA:** Gang, I'd like y'all to meet Timothy Reye!

**JACK:** My name's Jack DeChamp.

**IOWA:** Jack is the captain of the football team. He's one of our local hero's!

**JACK:** When are you going to join the team Iowa? Were getting ready to start our senior year. Don't you think it's about time you do your town some good?

**IOWA:** Now Jack you know I've got to work the farm. It's going to be mine someday and I need to learn all I can while I'm young.

**OLIVIA:** *(steps next to Iowa with a gleam in her eye)* That's right Jack so leave him be.

**BARBARA:** Hi, my name is Barbara Susan.

**JACK:** *(with a proud smile on his face)* This little lady's with me!

**FRAUN:** And I'm Fraun Sodier, and you look like a man in pain.

**TIM:** What? Oh, these cowboy boots take a lot of getting used to.

**BARBARA:** Oh, you're doing fine. Just ignore him.

**FRAUN:** What are you talking about? Look at the guy's face. Who did this to the poor fellow.

**RENEE:** Fraun, keep quiet!

**TIM:** Are you French?

**FRAUN:** *(smiling)* You'd think that wouldn't you? Actually, you're right. Up until my grandfather, my family lived in France. My grandfather came here with a job opportunity in the city, but when he got there, the job was gone. With things not going well for him in the old country, he decided to bring his family over here and live out what he thought was the American dream: *(proud but sarcastic)* to own a farm and two automobiles. We still live in his farmhouse west of town.

**TIM:** That's interesting. I just met an Irish barber earlier today.

**FRAUN:** Well, that is interesting isn't it. My, it's so hard to find an Irish man who isn't a barber anymore...

**OLIVIA:** Dance with me, Timothy.

**TIM:** I can't dance, Olivia.

**OLIVIA:** Nonsense. Everyone can dance. It's just a matter of knowing what to do with your feet.

**TIM:** That's my problem. I've never danced before.

*(during this conversation, Jack taps Iowa on the shoulder, asks him a question, and they exit together)*

**OLIVIA:** You've never danced before!? How old are you?

**TIM:** I'm seventeen.

**OLIVIA:** You're seventeen and you've never danced before?

**TIM:** Olivia, my life didn't allow me the opportunity to dance.

**OLIVIA:** *(smiling at him)* Well, your life is going to give you that opportunity now. Let's try something simple. Place this hand in mine and the other around my waist.

*(he does so, nervously)*

**OLIVIA:** Timothy, loosen up. You're so stiff, it's like I'm dancing with a tree.

**TIM:** I'm sorry.

**OLIVIA:** Now, move your feet like mine. *(they dance a few steps)* You'll have to hold me closer now or people will think you're afraid to touch me.

**TIM:** Olivia, I really don't feel right about this.

**OLIVIA:** What's wrong?

**TIM:** I know what all these people are thinking.. They're thinking I'm the wandering vagrant who came to this town that can't be trusted because he won't tell anyone where he's from. Maybe it's too soon for me to be among these folks.

**OLIVIA:** Then don't be. Just close your eyes and pretend that there's no one else in the room.

*(Ad-lib teaching how to dance)*

*(Tim closes his eyes and keeps dancing, even as the music stops)*

**OLIVIA:** *(tapping him on the back)* Uh, Timothy? *(turning to the group)* He...he was too busy keeping count.

**RENEE:** My, that was quite a dance.

**BARABA:** You two must have been dancing to a different song.

**OLIVIA:** *(defensively)* He was learning a new dance. We just were not through dancing yet.

**FRAUN:** Everyone else was.

**OLIVIA:** Where's Iowa and Jack?

**BARABA:** Iowa went to look at Jack's truck. It's been overheating.

*(Iowa and Jack walk back in)*

**BARBARA:** *(to Jack)* What's wrong with it?

**JACK:** Iowa found it. The anti-freeze is leaking from a hose.

**IOWA:** Nothing difficult to fix. *(a brief pause)* Now, why are we here again? Oh, yes!  
*(turning to Olivia, offering his hand)* My lady, may I have the pleasure?

**OLIVIA:** You may.

*(Jack scoops Barbara up and follows them to the dance floor)*

*(Fraun turns to Renee. Renee glares at him in disgust)*

**RENEE:** Come on, Fraun, but after this dance I'm going back to pretending I don't know you.

**FRAUN:** What about Karl?

*(Tim sits on a straw bale alone. Sally appears out of the crowd coming toward him)*

**SALLY:** Where have you been hiding?

**TIM:** Right here.

**SALLY:** I knew it! You were afraid I would want to dance with you.

**TIM:** *(jumping to his feet)* May I dance with you, Mrs. Seneca?

**SALLY:** I thought you would never ask!

**TIM:** I only know the dance Olivia showed me earlier tonight.

**SALLY:** Why her father taught her that dance, but I can improve it a bit.

**TIM:** So, did you bake anything for the dance?

**SALLY:** Why sure I did. I baked an apple pie. If Mr. Millington hasn't finished it off yet you will have to try a piece.

*(Tim and Sally go over to the refreshment table, Sally gives him a slice of pie. Mr. Millington and Stephen are at the table, carrying on a lively conversation, which Sally interrupts)*

**SALLY:** Save some for the rest of the town!

**STEPHEN:** Oh, I'm sorry dear. Mr. Millington and I were just having some punch. Would ya' like some?

**SALLY:** No, but I would like you to put it down and dance with me.

**STEPHEN:** *(to Mr. Millington)* I guess I'll see ya' later.

*(Tim returns to the straw bale, where Fraun is sitting)*

**TIM:** Is everyone still dancing?

**FRAUN:** Yup.

**TIM:** Olivia with Iowa and Barbara with Jack?

**FRAUN:** Yup.

**RENEE:** Renee?

**FRAUN:** Nope.

**TIM:** Where's Renee?

**FRAUN:** *(shrugs his shoulders.)* I un oh.

*(Looking a little puzzled and concerned Tim stands up and exits the barn, looking for Renee.)*

SCENE 5

***RENEE'S PROBLEM***

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**RENEE:** No, Karl don't!

**KARL:** Shut up! I'm getting tired of waiting for you. *(he tries to force a kiss)*

**RENEE:** Karl, leave me alone! Please, don't hurt me.

**KARL:** Don't hurt you? After ya' toy with my feelings and insult me? You deserve everything you get.

**RENEE:** Why are you doing this to me?"

**KARL:** Because you owe me! Now, you let out one more sound and I'll...

**RENEE:** Tim, help me please!

**KARL:** Boy, you're in the wrong place at the wrong time. *(menacing)* Just turn around and walk away! *(Tim doesn't move)* Ya' ain't too stupid to understand that are ya', boy?

**TIM:** *(scared, but not moving)* N-No, I won't leave!

**KARL:** *(shoves Renee to the ground)* You're just always getting yourself into trouble, ain't ya'!?

*Karl comes at Tim, and throws a punch. Tim ducks and misses it, and tries to kick Karl, but Karl catches his leg and throws him to the ground. They fight. Iowa Jack and Fraun run out of the dance at the sounds of the fight – Karl scrambles to his feet and tries to run but Iowa, Jack and Fraun catch him.*

**JACK:** I've been wanting to do this for a long time. Let's take him to the Sheriff boys. *(they escort Karl away leaving Tim and Renee)*

**TIM:** *(to Renee)* Are you all right?

**RENEE:** Yes.

**TIM:** I don't think he'll be a problem to you any longer.

**RENEE:** *(as Tim goes to comfort her)* Please, don't come any closer. I just don't want anybody near me right now.

*(Tim sits a few feet away from her)*

**TIM:** Why not?

**RENEE:** Why not?! *(crying)* I'm nothing! I'm not worth anything!

**TIM:** Renee, yes you are! You are worth a lot!

**RENEE:** Then why did my father hurt me? Why does Karl hurt me? There's no one who cares about me. *(curls her legs up close to her).*

**TIM:** Renee, that's not true. Your mother cares about you, Olivia cares about you. Iowa does...just about anyone who lives in this town cares about you.

**RENEE:** What about you, Tim? *(raising her head to look at Tim)* Do you care about me?

**TIM:** Do I care about you? Renee, why do you think I'm here? I care about you. You're one of the reasons I'm still in this town.

*(Olivia and Barbara enter)*

**OLIVIA:** Renee are you okay?

*(they get to their feet, Tim in obvious pain)*

**BARBARA:** Jack told everyone what happened. Looks like you're our new town hero.

**OLIVIA:** Are you all right, Renee?

**RENEE:** I'm all right now.

**TIM:** No one is ever going to hurt you again.

**OLIVIA:** Everyone knows now Renee and you have an entire town on your side.

**JACK:** *(coming around the corner)* Where the heck were ya' guys? You missed everything.

**FRAUN:** *(examining his feet)* Yeah, ya missed the big scuff I got on my boot.

**IOWA:** Are ya'll okay?

**RENEE:** *(Renee looks around at her friends)* I know I'll be okay as long as I have you guys.

**FRAUN:** So Tim, What's your story?