



Proudly Presents

# **BELIEVING IN BRUCE**

**WRITTEN BY GREGORY T. BURNS**

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## Cast of Characters:

**Bobby Joe**

**Clara Beth**, a local townspeople

**Daryl**, a neighbor

**Bruce**, Bobby Joe's next door neighbor and partner in crime

**Curtis**, the local radio disc jockey

**Tabitha Palmer**, a local news reporter

**Irma Mudd**, a local townspeople

**Ed Crump**, a local townspeople

**Jolene**, a local townspeople

**Buford**, a young boy

**Debbie Lou**, the local ingénue

**Bobby Joe:** (*To audience*) Okay, I've got to tell you something. It's a secret. Can you keep a secret? Never in my wildest dreams did I truly believe that I would be a rich man. I mean, *never!* Oh, I've thought up some hum-dingers in my day, but never in my mind would I have thought I could come up with a product that would cost me virtually nothing—nothing at all—and then turn that 'nothing' into the gold mine it has become. Believe it or not, that's what I thought—until I met Bruce.

Bruce moved next door to me about six years ago. He's been like a brother to me—sort of like a partner in crime. (*Laughs*) Truer words have never been spoken! That's what he is. Bruce is my next door neighbor, the brother I never had—and my partner in crime! Now, before I start my story here, let me make one thing perfectly clear. Everything you've ever heard about me or Bruce is probably true! Bruce and I are always coming up with some sort of crazy scheme to make money. Take, for example—our door-to-door shrimp business. Now, you may or may not know this—but fresh shrimp costs a lot of money! So we went to the store, bought us some of those cheap, frozen *fish bits*, let them thaw out—then—went around town *selling* them to people—people who *thought* they were buying fresh caught shrimp. Mind you—we don't live anywhere near an ocean—or a lake—or even a swimming pool for that matter. Regardless, one thing I told Bruce I would never

do is out-right lie to anyone's face. It's bad enough to *scam* your neighbors—but to verbally *lie* to someone? I won't do it. Bruce said he wouldn't do it either. And if you know Bruce, and many of you do—you know he's as good as his word.

**Clara Beth:** So, you boys are selling shrimp?

**Bobby Joe:** Howdy, Ma'am, we're selling *seafood*.

**Clara Beth:** Well, it says right there on the side of your bucket—S-H-R-I-M-P.

**Bruce:** (*Looking at the bucket*) Yes—you're right, that's what it says alright.

**Clara Beth:** (*Looking into the bucket*) I thought shrimp had a—I don't know—more curly cue-ish shape to their bodies.

**Bobby Joe:** Curly cue-ish?

**Clara Beth:** Yeah, you know—like crescent rolls.

**Bruce:** Oh, well—these are *round*.

**Clara Beth:** I don't think I've ever seen round shrimp before!

**Bobby Joe:** To tell the truth—I haven't either.

**Clara Beth:** Well, it certainly smells *fishy*—so I'll take five dozen!

**Bobby Joe:** (*To audience*) The thing is—Bruce and I never *said* they were shrimp. We happened to have a bucket that said 'shrimp' on the side. Trust me, it's the only bucket either of us even owned—which I suppose—gave us the idea in the first place! I'll tell you one thing—the people in our town *really* love their seafood! Okay—I know—you want to know about the *ghost*, right? Well—actually—it's a very funny story.

One day, one of my neighbors, Daryl, came into my backyard—well, he was chasing his little dog that had gotten loose. Anyway, I was inside the house—when all of a sudden—I hear this commotion!

**Daryl:** Bobby Joe! Bobby Joe, get out here quick! There's a brown ghost floating around in your backyard! Hurry up, before he flies away!