

Youthwrite

2009 / 2010



*An Anthology of Winning Plays
by BC Drama Students*

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Katrina: *(Breathing quickly)* I can't do this, I can't do this.

Actor One: They're gonna love me.

Actress Two: They're gonna hate me.

Actor Two: You are going to be a star!

Actress One: What if I mess up?

Neil: This is this biggest night of my life.

(Everyone freezes except for NEIL and the MOTHER)

Mother: I know, honey. I am so proud of you.

Neil: What if I'm not ready, Mom? What if no one likes me?

Mother: They're going to love you, sweetie. You look great. You are ready! But, where's your suit jacket? Mmmm...Sissy, can you grab your brother's suit jacket. I left it –

(The overly eager Sissy runs in before her mother can finish with the suit jacket ready. She also holds a glass of water that she hands to her mother. NEIL puts on his jacket and the MOTHER hands him the water.)

Mother: That's it, sweetie. Take a drink of water and just relax. It is normal to be nervous on such a big night. Just breathe.
(Everyone breaths in and out with NEIL) That's it. In and out. Relax. You are going to be great. In and Out.....

(Lights fade down as the breathing in and out is repeated 3 times.)

Scene II: *The Audition*

(Six speed daters are standing around looking nervous. The speed dating COACH stands on a platform above them. She holds a stopwatch in her hand.)

- Coach: Ok, everyone, positions please! *(The daters quickly take a seat at one of the 3 tables. NEIL sits with JULIET, KINICKIE sits with KATRINA, STELLA sits with SEYMOUR.)* Let's go over the rules of speed dating one more time. You have one minute for each date. During this time you need to be completely honest with your partner. Tell your story. Let them know why you are here. What do you really want? Find that same truth in them. Make magic happen tonight, people. Ok, you have one minute on the clock. **AND...ACTION!**
- Neil: H-hello...hi...um...so, what kind of person are you looking for?
- Juliet: I'm just looking for my Romeo. Oh, where for art thou Romeo? And thou? What does thou doest?
- Kinickie: Well, baby, I like hangin with my boys, the T-Birds. *(He stops comb his hair)*. Working on my car...oooh, you should see this baby- A fuel injection cut off and chrome plated rods...oh yeah.
- Stella: So, I've had a rough year. I recently separated from my husband, Stanley. He was a real drinker and not very nice to me. Then my sister Blanche shows up to tell me she lost our family home and she's been living in some flea bag motel. Oh, the drama! Anyways, I'm just looking for something a bit lighter in my life. You know, like.....
- Kinickie:a Palomino dash board and duel muffler twins, oh yeah.
- Katrina: *(Under her breath)* Stop talking, please, stop talking!
- Seymour: Um, well....my hobby is, uh... strange plants and, uh, my dream to get far away from Skid Row to a place that's green!
- Juliet: Our time together has nearly come to a close. Oh, gentle Neil, let her not divideth us! Let us flee and....
- Kinickie:burn up that quarter mile on Thunder Road.

Katrina: I do.

Wedding Planner: No, you don't!

Katrina: I don't?

Wedding Planner: No, I don't believe you. You need to say it like you mean it. *(She steps in between them and looks into NEIL's eyes. She becomes increasingly more passionate as she speaks.)* Look at him like you did for the very first time and look deep into his eyes and tell him that you want to spend the rest of your life with him. Make me feel something!

Katrina: Oh...ok.

Priest: Katrina, do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do you part.

Katrina: *(Looking deep into NEIL's eyes)* I DO!

(The ASSISTANT lets out a small sob. Everyone turns to look at her.)

Wedding Planner: Carry on, carry on!

Priest: Neil, do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do you part?

Neil: Um, yeah, sure, of course.

Wedding Planner: I DO! The line is I DO! How can you screw that up? It is only the most important line that you have to say! Try it again. ACTION!

Priest: Neil, do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do you part?

Neil: I Do.

Katrina: Oh, baby, I love you so much!

(They grab each other in a passionate embrace. Just before they are about to kiss the WEDDING PLANNER steps in between them.)

Wedding Planner: Whoah, whoah, whoah, people! Too much ACTION! Let's save it for the big night! Ok, that was good, but I know that we can do better! Let's run through it again. Really give me everything you've got this time! Remember, we all want to go home feeling like we've witnessed one of the greatest love stories of all time! Ok, positions, everyone!

Scene IV: The Construction

(The ARCHITECT and the INTERIOR DECORATOR are walking around the stage studying it carefully.)

Architect: I want the master bedroom right about here with the on-suite bathroom to the right....or was it to the left...no, wait, where are those blueprints.....

(The HEAD CONTRACTOR runs in with the blueprints in hand. She holds a cup of coffee in the other hand, which she hands to the architect. All three look at blue prints together. They turn their heads to the left, then to the right, then back to the left. Finally, the HEAD CONTRACTOR realizes it is upside down and flips it over.)

Architect: Right, right, I wanted it on the left! Now, the Master bedroom needs to be very spacious since a lot of the action will take place there.

Interior Decorator: Ok, but too much space will take away from the intimate mood we are trying to create here. I am thinking that we need warm colours...maybe some Honey Brown on this wall and an Autumn Gold over here.

(Both are speaking to the HEAD CONTRACTOR, who is trying to follow along and take notes.)

Architect: Alright, but practically speaking we need to make sure that the space suits the needs of the owners first. So, we need to make sure this wall here is solid and sound proof. We don't want any unnecessary and disruptive sound coming in.

Interior
Decorator: Ok, so we are thinking a more tranquil atmosphere then? Mmm..., what about a little Bahama Blue for colour. Oooh, we could really expand on the tropical theme. I can see it now- a wicker bedroom furniture set paired with some with some animal print bedding....

Architect: Um, yes, ok, anyways....Oh, here comes the-

Katrina: -LEAD! Neil, why can't you just deal with the fact that I want to lead sometimes.

Neil: You mean all times.....

Katrina: Shhhh....Hello, there. You must be the decorator? *(She shakes her hand).*

Decorator: It is so nice to meet you. You have a very bright and bold energy about you. I was just telling your architect that a living space really needs to extenuate and bring out the natural character of its inhabitants.

Katrina: I totally agree, although my husband is a bit of a wall flower and I would hate for him to blend into the scenery too much!

(The DECORATOR and KATRINA laugh loudly together.)

Neil: *(Frowns at his wife and turns to the ARCHITECT).* How are things looking time wise? You know that we are on a pretty tight schedule here.

Architect: Don't worry, Mr. Jones, we are right on schedule. However, the house inspector has been on my case a lot lately.

Decorator:and I was thinking of putting some nice wall sconces along here just to soften the mood a bit. It is amazing what the right lights can do for a room!

Architect: Mr. & Mrs. Jones, we really need to talk about the budget here.

Katrina: I am going to look stunning standing right here! Maybe we could add a skylight to bring in some more light. I really want this part of the house to shine.

Architect: Mrs. Jones, as I was saying, if we are going to stay within the budget we really can't afford to-

Katrina: And what about a sunken living room? You know how important it is to create levels.

(The HOUSE INSPECTOR enters.)

Inspector: I can tell you right now that will not happen. Your blocking ideas are violating sector 743 of the residential building code.

Neil: What does that mean?

Inspector: It means that safety must come first! *(He looks at the blueprints)* Mmmm....

Architect: *(Rolling her eyes with a sigh)* Mr. & Mrs. Jones, I'd like you to meet the house inspector. He is just here to make sure that we are following the proper rules and regulations. Now, as I was saying, since we have

increased the size of the master bedroom we are going to have to make the living area smaller.

Katrina: Smaller?!! But I need the space to be able to entertain! How can I truly express who I am if feel constricted?

Decorator: *(Consoling Katrina)* Well, a smaller space would add to the sensuality of the room. And don't forget the right lighting can do just about anything.

Inspector: Including start fires. I am afraid I can't let you go ahead with this electrical plan. Your lighting gimmicks are an extreme fire hazard. This fuse here is just waiting to blow.

Neil: Um, sir, don't you think we could work something out? I think my wife's fuse is ready to blow.

Inspector: Don't argue with the inspector. I know a hazard when I see one.

Decorator: Ok, ok. I can work with this. *(To the HEAD CONTRACTOR)* Let's do a little experimentation with our lighting plan and see if we can come up with something to make everyone happy.

(The HEAD CONTRACTOR nods and then runs off stage.)

Inspector: Mmmm....and I don't like the looks of this right here. *(He points to something on the blue prints).*

Architect: Excuse me, sir, but you are really starting to compromise my design.

Inspector: *(Measuring a part of the stage)* No, no, not good at all.

(Suddenly there is a short circuiting noise and the lights go out.)

Katrina: What is going on here?!!

Inspector: *(In a sing song voice)* Violation seven four
threeeeeee.

Katrina: I CAN'T WORK WITH THIS! *(She storms
offstage)*

Neil: *(Chasing after his wife)* Honey, wait, we can get
past this. Just think about how great the finished
product will be!!!

Architect: This is ridiculous! Tech people! How are we ever
going to make the deadline now! Where is my
electrician?!! *(She storms out)*

(The HEAD CONTRACTOR turns on a flashlight.)

Decorator: Ooooh, now that's nice. I think I can work with
this.

Inspector: Actually you can't. It's a violation of sector 537.

Scene V: Working Out The Kinks

*(The THERAPIST is at her desk. The SECRETARY enters and hands her a
cup of coffee and a file folder then exits. NEIL & KATRINA enter the room.
KATRINA is fussing with NEIL's tie as he is trying to pull away from her.)*

Therapist: Mr. & Mrs. Jones? *(She reaches out her hand to shake NEIL's
hand, but KATRINA steps in front of him and grabs her hand first. NEIL
steps into the background and then they both sit on the couch.)*

Therapist: So, you have been having some problems in your relationship.
Mr. Jones, why don't you tell me a little bit about some of the
issues you've been having.

Neil: Well, um, you see, um, well....

Katrina: *(cutting him off)* The biggest problem is that he doesn't know how to communicate! I mean look at him! You can't even understand-

Therapist: Mrs. Jones, please, give your husband a chance to speak. You'll have your turn in a moment.

Neil: Well, as you can see, she is always stealing the attention away from me. No one ever seems to notice me when she's around. She's always stealing the spotlight!

Therapist: Ok, good. Mrs. Jones, tell me how you feel.

Katrina: Feel! Ha! That's exactly the problem. My husband doesn't make me feel a thing. He is void of all emotion. He doesn't express himself!

Neil: Well, maybe if you let me get a word in I could express myself!

Katrina: Words mean nothing if there is no emotion behind them!

Therapist: Ok, ok. So, I can see there are definitely some communication problems here. Now remember, if we want to create something beautiful between you two we have to work as a team. Sometimes that means we have to put our individual differences aside. At one time you made a commitment to your roles as husband and wife. You need to find that passion again if you don't want your story to turn into a tragedy. Now, Neil, do you think you can tell your wife how you feel about her? And remember, she needs to believe you or she won't be able to fully commit to her role in this marriage.

Neil: Ok, I'm willing to give that a try. As long as she let's me have my moment.

Therapist: Mrs. Jones, one of the hardest things to do is listen. Do you think you can give your husband the time to express himself to you?

Katrina: Ok, but this better be good!

(The THERAPIST gives her a warning look. KATRINA holds up her hands in appeasement and pretends to zip her mouth closed.)

Therapist: Mr. Jones, you have the floor.

Neil: *(Clears his throat, closes his eyes, and gets into "character")*
Katrina, we both know the problems of two people don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world. Life is like a box of chocolates and you never know what you're gonna get. But, when you realize you want to spend the rest of your life with somebody, you want the rest of your life to start as soon as possible. There are ups and downs to every relationship, things that we love and things that we hate. I hate the way you're always right. I hate it when you lie. I hate it when you make me laugh, even worse when you make me cry. But mostly I hate the way I don't hate you. Not even close, not even a little bit, not even at all. Katrina, you make me want to be a better man. I'm just a boy standing in front of a girl...asking her to love him.

Katrina: Oh, Neil! Kiss me! Kiss me like the first time!

(They grab each other in a passionate embrace.)

Therapist: Well, I guess my job is done here. That's a wrap

Scene VI: *The Performance*

(NEIL is wheeling KATRINA onto the stage in a wheelchair. She is taking deep breaths. KATRINA's parents, ALICE & GEORGE, follow behind. GEORGE is holding a video camera. ALICE is holding a digital camera.)

Neil: That's it, honey. Just try to relax. Keep breathing.

Katrina: Aaaaah! I'm not ready! I can't do this!

Neil: *(Grabbing her hand)* Yes, you can! Remember how hard we worked to get here. You can do this!

Alice: Honey, is the camera on? Make sure you get everything. *(She snaps a picture)* I don't want to miss a thing! Good girl, Katrina, baby, you're doing great!

Nurse: Hello, Mr. & Mrs. Jones. It looks like the big day is finally here! Let's just get you up here so we can get this show on the road.

(The NURSE and NEIL help KATRINA out of the wheelchair and onto the bed. KATRINA moans as another contraction starts. She grabs NEIL's hand and squeezes it.)

Neil: It's ok, honey. I'm here to support you. You're going to be fine. Just remember what we practiced. *(He begins to breathe with her. She squeezes harder on his hand and he winces in pain.)* That's it, breathe. In and out....

Alice: Oh, look at my little girl up there! She's so brave! I'm so proud! George, make sure you get a close-up!

(The DOCTOR enters the room.)

Doctor: Good evening, folks. Wow, it looks like we have quite the audience here, tonight. Before we begin I would just like to remind you that there is no flash photography allowed in the delivery room. I need to be able to see what is going on at all times. Nurse, did you make sure everything was in place for the "opening"?

Nurse: Of course, Doctor, we are ready to roll.

(KATRINA moans again. The DOCTOR checks her out.)

Doctor: Ok, people, this baby is ready for its big premiere! This is your 5 minute call!

(Suddenly, NEIL passes out on the floor.)

Doctor: Uh oh, looks like someone's nerves got the better of him!

(Everyone rushes to surround NEIL)

Alice: What a flop! George, make sure you get a shot of that!

Katrina: Aaaaah! Excuse me?! Can we focus here people! This is about me!

Doctor: Oh, of course. Nurse, can you please pull him behind the curtain. We don't want any distractions from the real star of the show here, do we?

(The NURSE drags NEIL off stage.)

Doctor: Ok, people, here it comes....the big FINALE! Push, Mrs. Jones!

(KATRINA pushes and the sound of a baby crying is heard. Everyone begins to cheer and applaud.)

Nurse: Bravo, Mrs. Jones! It's a girl!

Alice: Oh, sweetheart, you were wonderful!

Doctor: CUT! CUT!

(Everyone freezes.)

Doctor: CUT the CORD!

(The NURSE jumps forward and cuts the cord. She wraps up the baby and is about to hand it to KATRINA, who is still breathing heavily.)

Doctor: Wait, it's not over yet! I think there is an encore! Push again, Mrs. Jones!

(KATRINA pushes one more time and a second baby is born. The NURSE rushes in to cut the cord.)

Doctor: It's a boy! Wow, that was quite the performance!

(Everyone begins to cheer. The NURSE hands KATRINA her babies.)

Alice: How exciting! George, are you getting this?!

Doctor: Great work, Mrs. Jones, great work!

(Everyone gushes over the babies. NEIL walks back one stage. He is groggy and rubbing his eyes.)

Neil: Wha- what happened? Did I miss anything?

Scene VII: The Curtain Call

God: Let there be light!

(The lights come up on NEIL and KATRINA. They are sitting alone on the stage in their wheelchairs.)

Neil: Katrina, honey, can you see the light?

Katrina: Oh, yes, I can! It's beautiful. What do you think it means?

Neil: I think it means it is time for our final exit.

Katrina: I can see them all, Neil. All of the beautiful people who supported us throughout it all. Those who laughed with us, and those who cried with us. They are all here with us now.

Neil: Thank you for sharing the story of my life with me, my ingénue.

Katrina: Sing me a song, my love. Sing me a song from the beginning of our story.

(NEIL begins to sing to her softly. KATRINA reaches for his hand and closes her eyes. NEIL's voice begins to drift away. Two figures, dressed in black, enter the stage. Silently, they wheel NEIL and KATRINA away as the lights fade down.)

THE END



Aspartame and Blue Lace

By
Kaitlyn Purych

Caution: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that "Aspartame and Blue Lace" by Kaitlyn Purych is subject to royalty. It is protected under Copyright Law. Inquiries regarding performance rights and royalties should be directed to Kaitlyn Purych at 3483 197 Street, Langley B.C. V3A 7C4. The fee for a single production of this play will cost \$25.00.

Setting

An apartment in a senior's building, present day.

Characters

Bea She's eighty-nine years old and enjoys many activities that are unusual for a person of her age. She is spontaneous and does whatever she wants, which sometimes gets her into trouble. She seems careless, but she truly cares for her best friend, Agnes.

Agnes She is ninety years old and is very responsible. She leads a quieter life than her roommate, and spends much of her time looking out for Bea and trying to keep her out of trouble. Agnes sometimes has little patience for her friend and her shenanigans, but she knows that they need each other.

Josh He's seventeen and is awkward around people he doesn't know. He tries to please everyone, and he's laid back.

(The lights come up on a living room with a couch in the center. There's a table with a computer and so many candy wrappers and junk on it, that they've started spilling onto the floor. This table is somewhere stage right. There are several articles of very brightly coloured clothing draped on the couch and lying on the floor. Bea is sitting in a comfortable chair at the computer drinking an energy drink. She is dressed in a very bright track suit.)

Bea *(She's talking to the computer and to herself.)* Well, well Tan61, a straight. A very good hand. Unfortunately for you and the others it's not good enough. Four nines! Ha! I win. *(She takes a drink from her energy drink and sighs contently)* Let's check up on my little J-man... *(She clicks around on the computer.)* New message: *(reading from the screen)* "Hey Babe89, how's it goin'? In answer to your questions, I'm twenty as well. I pretty much like all punk rock music, and yeah I play poker. I work at the café at the corner of James St and 52nd. Where do you work? I hated high school too. I swear all the teachers were like out to get me. I'm still livin' at home which sucks sometimes, but whatever. Love, J-man" *(she starts responding at an impressive speed on the keyboard.)* *(Agnes enters carrying a full laundry basket. She looks annoyed at the sight of the messy apartment and she glares at Bea who is facing the computer. Bea sees her, smiles at her and then starts to click around on her computer, she obviously doesn't want Agnes to see.)*

Agnes I see you've been productive with your day. *(Bea isn't paying attention)* Beatrice. *(Bea looks around and acknowledges her)* Here's your laundry. *(She puts the basket on the couch, and Bea goes back to her computer.)*

Bea Thanks Ags. It took you a long time.

Agnes *(crossing the room to see what Bea's up to)* Yes, and apparently two and a half hours wasn't quite enough time for you to pick up your clothes or to clean up this mess. *(Gesturing to the giant pile of wrappers by the computer. She picks up a few wrappers and looks at them disapprovingly. She then sees the energy drink.)* You drink these things? Do you have any idea how bad they are for you?

Bea Yes. Anyway, I was just about to... *(She is cut off)*

Agnes What have you been doing while I've been breaking my back doing the laundry?

Bea *(sarcastically)* Oh yeah, laundry's tough. Dumping the clothes into the machine, struggling to get the soap in. Then! Getting those damn quarters into the slots! *(she dramatically throws herself across her chair)* Oh, the horror!

(Agnes does not look amused. Bea sees this and sits up.)

Agnes Well if it's so easy then why don't you do it yourself?

Bea Well, I would have. It's just that I had made plans to have a nice game of poker with some of my friends.

Agnes Friends?

Bea Yes, friends! *(she says this as if she's known them for years)* There's Slayer1898, Tan61, YouKnowit...

Agnes This is what you've been up to for the past two weeks? Online poker? If you like to gamble so much, why don't you come with me to the bingo games downstairs? You get the thrill of the game, and you get to meet some great folks. That's where I met Harold! *(She pauses and smiles dreamily as she thinks about Harold. Bea looks at her, doubting the excitement of these bingo sessions.)* You see? You never know who you'll meet there. *(She sighs)*

Bea *(Choosing her words carefully, so as not to hurt Agnes's feelings)* Not that bingo doesn't sound great, I just prefer poker.

Agnes *(giving up)* I'm just saying that you might enjoy it, that's all.

Bea Well, I don't see a point in going all the way downstairs, when I can gamble from the comfort of my chair.

Agnes *(remembering another point)* Another thing! Don't you realize the dangers of the internet? *(At this point, Bea starts mouthing word for word what Agnes is saying)* All of the mischief that young people get into these days! Why, it makes me sick to think of all the trouble that goes on with those electronics. The stalkers, the identity theft, the... *(she looks around, embarrassed then whispers)* the "pornography"!

(Agnes sees what Bea is doing and looks exasperated) Oh, grow up!

Bea If you hate the computer so much, how come you go on it all the time? What are you doing on here that's safer than what I'm doing?

Agnes What I do on the computer isn't any of your business. I just want you to be careful.

Bea *(rolls her eyes and goes back to her computer)* Whatever you say Grandma.

(Agnes sighs and, deciding that she can't talk to Bea, starts cleaning up the mess, trying to make Bea feel guilty by moving really stiffly and clutching her back. Bea doesn't notice and is clicking around on the computer again.)

Bea Do you wanna hear your horoscope?

Agnes Oh, for goodness sake! You don't mean to tell me that you actually believe that rot!

Bea *(she continues, ignoring this last remark)* Alright! Yours is: "Someone you know will reveal something shocking to you today."

Agnes Pft!

Bea *(Mocking Agnes)* Pft!

Agnes What's that now?

Bea Nothing. Want to hear mine?

Agnes No.

Bea Okay then. It says: "Disaster strikes today." Hmm... *(pondering, she picks up the phone and dials)* Hi, is this Tatiana's Tattoo's? *(Agnes, hearing this stares at Bea)* This is Beatrice Johnson calling. I'm sorry, but I won't be able to make my 3:30 appointment. *(Agnes buries her face in her hands)* Could I reschedule for the same time next week? *(Agnes stares open mouthed at her friend, not believing what she's hearing)* Great, thanks. *(She hangs up and walks over and sits on the couch.)* Well, it looks like my afternoon just opened up. What have you got going on? *(She picks up a teen magazine and starts reading it, half listening to Agnes)*

Agnes *(She takes a moment and shakes her head in disbelief)* Well, my great-grandson is coming over for a few hours.

Bea You have a Great Grandson?

Agnes Yes, where have you been?

Bea Well, why doesn't he ever come over?

Agnes He does, just not very often. He lives seven hours away. But he'll be visiting much more often, now that him and his parents have moved up here.

Bea How long have they been here for?

Agnes Nearly two weeks, I was sure I told you.

Bea If he's visited before, how come I've never met him?

Agnes Because the last time he was up was nearly eight years ago, when you still had your driver's license. I remember I had to cut our visit short because you had been caught street racing, and needed bail.

Bea *(Remembering fondly)* That's right. Gosh, I miss driving. *(She stares into space for a moment, then resumes her reading.)*

Agnes From what my grand-daughter tells me, he's grown up a lot since the last time I saw him. *(She looks at Bea who isn't really listening and who reading the teen magazine)* I wish you would.

Bea Alright, well I guess I'll just stay here. Unless, you wanted some time for just the two of you...

Agnes No, stay. *(Looking relieved, and sitting down on the couch beside Bea)* I was actually nervous about him coming. I was never very good with kids, but a *teenager?* *(she looks a little overwhelmed)*

Bea What? Teenagers are great!

Agnes But what would I say to him?

Bea Ask him about things that interest him.

Agnes *(she thinks she understands)* Oh, you mean like school subjects and books?

Bea Probably not so much the school part...how old is he?

Agnes He just turned seventeen.

Bea Right, so I would probably direct the conversation towards movies and music.

Agnes For two and a half hours? (*Looking doubtful*)

Bea (*Joking*) Well, if you're feeling adventurous, you could bring up his love life.

Agnes (*As if trying to memorize the words*) So movies and music...wait. I think he has a girlfriend.

Bea Just stick to the movies and music.

Agnes Okay. And you'll be here the whole time?

Bea Yes, don't worry. Hey, he doesn't happen to play poker, does he?

Agnes I have no idea. I know that he just got a job at a café somewhere in the city. (*She notices that she's sitting on something. She pulls out from under her an empty energy drink can.*) Could you maybe tidy some of this stuff up?

Bea Fine. (*She gets up unhappily and starts gathering up her clothes*)

Agnes I'll put the laundry away. We all know it won't get done if I don't do it. (*She takes the basket and exits stage right*)

(*As soon as Agnes is gone, Bea drops the large pile of clothes, bottles and wrappers that she's holding, and goes and sits down at the computer again.*)

Bea Alright... J-man. (*She reaches down behind the table at the computer and pulls out another energy drink. Reading from the screen*) New Message: "Hey Babe89. What's up? I know what you mean, my folks don't like the internet either. You know, I always figured that it would be cool to live with a roommate but hearing about yours it doesn't sound that great... And I agree that a room should be at least a bit messy, you can't relax when your house is like a museum." (*She turns away from the computer and says to herself as if she's known it all along*) It's like we're meant to be!

Agnes (*From off stage*) What's that?

Bea *(Looking startled)* Uh, nothing! I was just...singing. *(She improvises)* La la la la... *(She returns to the computer and reads, keeping her volume down)* "Hey, could you send me a picture of yourself? I don't even know what you look like" *(She says to the computer)* Not until I get one from you J. *(She continues to read)* "I'm going out in a while. Kind of a family thing. Talk to ya later. Love, J-man." *(she starts responding, and she hears Agnes coming out of her room. She leaps up from the computer and grabs up the things she had dropped and pretends to be still cleaning as Agnes enters, looking unimpressed.)*

Agnes Alright, what have you been doing?

Bea *(sounding unconvincing)* I've been cleaning. And singing.

Agnes Mmm hmm? *(She goes to the computer and sees the screen)* Beatrice! What is this?

Bea Well...it's this website where you can talk to other people.

Agnes *(being very short with Bea)* I can see that. Why is it on the computer screen? I thought the only thing you've been doing on here was poker.

Bea *(deciding to come clean, she puts down the pile of junk.)* Agnes, I'm not going to lie, I haven't been honest with you.

Agnes Shocking.

Bea A couple of weeks ago, I found this website. I made a profile page, and I met this great guy.

Agnes This is exactly the kind of thing I was talking about! He could be a creepy stalker from down the street! He could be a criminal, trying to steal your identity! He could... *(She shudders, imagining other possibilities)* What is the matter with you?

Bea It's not that big of a deal, we actually have a lot in common. He even signs his messages with "Love".

Agnes You know, it's funny, that's exactly the way a stalker would sign a message!

Bea Look, Ags, it's not that big of a deal... *(she is cut off)*

Agnes And how can you even be sure of his age? He's probably some fifty year old man, sitting in his basement...how old did he say he was?

Bea *(Looks at the floor, embarrassed)* Well, you know, a little younger than me...

Agnes *(in a mother-like tone)* Beatrice. How old did he say he was?

(Bea is silent, trying not to make eye contact)

Agnes He is fifty isn't he! You've been dating a man forty years younger than you on this darned internet!

Bea That would be thirty-nine years younger if that were the case, which it isn't! *(she says this last part as if she's hurt that Agnes would suggest such a thing)* Besides, I would never date a fifty year old. *(pause while Agnes looks relieved)* He's twenty. *(she looks sheepish)*

Agnes *(She thinks Bea is joking and starts laughing hysterically at this comment. Bea's face does not change.)* Oh Beatrice! You are hilarious sometimes! *(still laughing)* Do you remember the time we went to the Museum of Natural History and... *(She realizes that Bea is in fact serious, and without skipping a beat)* Oh my God he's twenty! Beatrice! What are you thinking? *(She gasps in horror)* You're the creepy stalker I was warning you about! *(She pauses)* What is *he* thinking? What kind of a sick pervert wants to date a ninety year old woman?

Bea *(Getting angry)* Hey! I'm only going to say this one more time! I'm only eighty-nine! We're not all old like you! You know, some people actually believe that you're only as old as you think you are.

Agnes You're crazy! The next thing you'll be telling me is that you feel like you're twenty.

Bea Well, as a matter of fact... *(she is cut off)*

Agnes You told him you're twenty? *(she is furious)* You could go to prison for this.

Bea Oh come on, he's probably not twenty either. Everyone lies about their age on the internet.

Agnes By sixty-nine years?

(The phone rings and they glare at each other. Agnes gives in, and goes to answer it.)

Agnes *(To Bea, sounding angry)* This is not over. Will you put this all in your room please? *(gesturing to the pile of junk, then she speaks into the phone as Bea scoops up her stuff and carries it off stage right)*.

Agnes *(Sounding serene)* Hello? *(Pause)* Yes. What's that now? *(She pauses, straining to hear)* I'm sorry, I'm a little hard of hearing. You'd like to speak to Bea? *(Pause)* Yes, and who may I say is calling? *(Pause)* Who's got a secret? *(Pause, then she says to herself)* That's funny, I don't know any Victoria. *(Pause as she listens to the phone)* What's that? Oh, yes I'm sorry. Beatrice!

Bea *(Enters)* Have you seen my Gameboy?

Agnes Victoria's on the phone. *(She hands Bea the phone and starts cleaning up the computer area.)*

Bea *(Looking confused)* Hello? *(Pause)* Oh, sorry about that...my roommate ... anyway, what were you calling about? *(Pause)* Didn't I put it on the order form? Sorry, I'll get one in pink and one in blue. *(Pause)* Thanks. Bye. *(She hangs up the phone)*

Agnes *(Has been listening to the conversation)* Who is this Victoria person?

Bea *(casually lying)* Oh she's an old friend.

Agnes *(She looks around, then gets a look of mischief on her face)* What's her secret then?

Bea *(Thinking quickly)* Uh...well if I told you, it wouldn't be a secret would it?

Agnes Fine.

Bea *(She starts looking under the couch cushions)* When was the last time you saw my Gameboy?

Agnes *(she pretends to think about this)* Now lets see...the last time I saw your Gameboy would have to have been...the last resident's meeting downstairs. *(Bea looks embarrassed)* What was is that you exclaimed quite loudly? Oh yes, "Damn you stupid ghosts!". *(Sarcastically)* Yes, that wasn't embarrassing at all.

Bea *(Looking for an excuse to leave)* You know, I don't think I checked everywhere in my room...*(she exits stage right)*

(Agnes sits down on the couch. After a few moments, she looks to make sure that Bea's in her room, then she picks up the teen magazine on the coffee table. She flips through it with disapproval.)

Bea *(Enters carrying a small-looking t-shirt. Agnes throws down the magazine and sits back on the couch, looking nonchalant. Bea is angry but tries to sound calm.)* Umm, Agnes?

Agnes Yes?

Bea Do you remember before you left, how you said that some of your laundry can't go in the dryer?

Agnes *(Tentatively)* Yes.

Bea And do you remember how I told you that my favorite t-shirt can't go in the dryer?

Agnes *(She remembers, mentally kicking herself. Then she lies)* No, did you say that?

Bea Agnes!

Agnes I'm sorry Beatrice, I completely forgot!

Bea Did you shrink any of *your* clothes?

Agnes *(sounding guilty)* No.

Bea *(as if this confirmed her suspicions)* Mm hmm. *(She turns to go back to her room)*

Agnes *(she stands up)* No, wait! Bea I'm sorry, I just got distracted when I was doing the laundry.

Bea *(Turning to face Agnes)* What do you mean you got distracted? There's nothing down there!

Agnes Well, I ran into Harold...and we were talking about the weather and the kind of laundry detergent I was using...

Bea Well that sounds riveting!

(There is a knock on the door.)

Agnes *(Forgetting the current situation and looking suddenly nervous)* That will be Josh!

Bea *(Still upset about her shirt)* Well I'm going to go see if you've destroyed any more of my things. *(She exits stage right.)*

(Agnes goes over to the door, takes a deep breath and opens the door. Standing in the doorway is Josh, who nods his head as he walks in, acknowledging his grandmother.)

Agnes *(She closes the door then gives him an awkward hug. Then she tries to sound casual, but we can hear that she's nervous.)* Josh! I hardly would have recognized you! You've grown up so much since the last time I saw you. How long has it been?

Josh I dunno. *(He pauses awkwardly)* How are you? *(He sits down on the couch, and Agnes sits down on the opposite end.)*

(Bea enters carrying a bag of chips and another magazine. She is still mad at Agnes)

Agnes Oh, I've been doing fine! I've been keeping myself busy with...*(she sees Bea and rolls her eyes)* You remember my roommate, don't you?

Josh Not really.

Bea *(She wipes her hand off on her pants, and shakes Josh's hand.)* I'm Bea. What's your name?

Josh It's Josh.

Bea Hey Josh. *(She sits down on the couch between Josh and Agnes, opens her magazine and starts eating chips and reading.)*

(Agnes, finding this very rude, clears her throat. Bea pretends to mistake this noise for Agnes wanting one of her chips. Without words, Bea offers Agnes a chip. Agnes stares at Bea, annoyed and Bea goes back to her magazine.)

Agnes Anyway, Josh, as I was saying I've been keeping myself busy playing bingo downstairs and little things like that...*(Bea starts crunching her chips very loudly)* And, um, Josh, what have you been up to?

Josh Not a lot. I pretty much just go to school, then work.

Agnes Oh, well that sounds nice.

(There is a silence as Agnes thinks of what to ask next. Josh shifts in his seat. Bea is pretending to read contently, calmly turning pages.)

Agnes *(Remembering what Bea had told her, and trying to act relaxed)* So Josh...tell me...do you like movies?

Josh *(confused)* What do you mean? Like all movies?

Agnes *(She looks to Bea for help, but Bea is pretending to read.)* Um...yes. Do you like all movies? *(Pause)* Or just some? *(She looks unsure about the last question she asked)*

Josh *(Slowly)* I like some movies.

(There is an awkward pause, and Agnes shifts uncomfortably in her seat)

Agnes *(Building up the courage to ask another question)* So...what about music? Do you like music? *(She looks at Bea for encouragement, but Bea is smirking into her magazine still "reading")*

Josh *(Looks at Agnes as if questioning her sanity)* Yeah, I like music.

(There is another, slightly longer awkward pause)

Agnes *(Deciding that she's out of options, says enthusiastically)* So Josh, tell me about your love life!

Bea *(She closes her magazine and looks at Josh. She speaks loudly, as if trying to undo the last question asked by Agnes)* Josh! What grade are you in?

Josh *(Looking startled at this outburst from the previously quiet Bea, but also relieved at not having to answer Agnes's question)* Eleven.

Bea *(She looks at Agnes, expecting her to ask another question. When she doesn't, Bea turns back to Josh)* Do you like school?

Josh *(Unsure how to answer)* Um...well, it's okay...

Bea I didn't like it either. Chip? *(offers Josh the bag)*

Josh *(taking one)* Thanks.

Bea So tell me about this job of yours.

Josh (*embarrassed*) It's kind of a lame job...

Bea Believe me, no job can be as lame as your Great-grandma's first job.
(*she starts laughing*)

Agnes (*Slightly offended*) Hey!

Josh (*Intrigued*) What? What was it?

Bea (*Still laughing*) She went door to door for a company.

Josh That doesn't sound too bad.

Agnes Thank you Josh.

Bea No wait, it gets better! She worked for Wrigley's Gum! (*She laughs and Josh starts laughing too*)

Josh You sold gum door to door? People did that?

Bea (*Starts singing the Double Mint commercial*) "Double your pleasure, double your fun, double your double good, double good, double mint gum!"

Agnes (*Now very angry*) Oh, shut up! It was my first job, and I got free gum!

(*Josh stops laughing, and so does Bea*)

Bea (*After a pause*) You know, it's too bad you didn't sell an anti-aging cream or something useful. (*She and Josh burst out laughing at this and Agnes sighs and rolls her eyes.*)

Bea (*When she stops laughing*) Well, I'm thirsty. (*She gets up and reaches behind the computer. She pulls out two energy drinks, and offers one to Josh*) Want one?

Josh (*Surprised*) Sure! Thanks.

Agnes (*Standing up and approaching Bea*) Now wait a minute, I don't want my Great-grandson drinking that garbage!

Bea What are you talking about? These are great! They make me feel years younger!

Agnes Do you have any idea of what's in these cans of filth?

Bea Umm...energy!

Agnes It's full of aspartame!

Bea What? No it's not!

Agnes Yes it is!

Bea *(Holding out the can for Agnes)* Then show me.

Agnes *(She gets ready to point it out, but she can't find it. She is unwilling to give up though.)* Well, it doesn't matter if it's in there or not. It's still like drinking liquid cancer!

(Josh is following this argument wide-eyed. He doesn't know what to think of this, although he agrees with Bea.)

Bea Oh Agnes relax! Go and have a nice, wimpy cup of decaf tea...

(Agnes is mad and exits stage right. Josh laughs and opens his energy drink.)

Josh Are you guys always like this?

Bea *(She thinks about this and picks up her magazine)* Not always. We fight a lot, but... We've been friends for a long time, but when I got sick and started treatment, Agnes moved in with me and took care of me.

Josh So when you get better, she'll move out?

Bea I've been better for years, but she's still here. *(She thinks about this more, then dismisses the thought.)* So what did you say your job was?

Josh Um...I serve coffee...I'm not very good at it either.

Bea That's alright. I was a waitress once. The worst two weeks of my life. *(She looks down at the magazine)*

(Josh takes a sip of his drink. Bea holds up the magazine showing a bikini ad.)

Bea Do you think I could pull this off?

Josh *(he's at a loss for words)* Umm...well...you know...

Bea *(enjoying his discomfort)* Just kidding! *(when Josh looks relieved)* Red's not my colour.

(Josh shudders)

Bea I'm kidding again. I can't wear bikinis anymore. I found that out the hard way a couple of months ago when I was at the pool. Agnes told me that I was too old for the water slide, so naturally, I was compelled to go on. Unfortunately, I hadn't tied the strings quite tight enough on my top.
(She pauses in sympathy) That poor lifeguard...

(Josh laughs nervously, not sure if this is a joke or not.)

Bea *(Serious)* What's so funny?

Josh *(Realizing that she's serious, then to himself)* That poor lifeguard is gonna be in therapy for years.

Bea *(insulted)* What did you say?

(Josh opens his mouth to apologize, when Agnes enters, goes over to the door where her purse is and starts rummaging around in it. She is still mad and is avoiding eye contact with Bea.)

Bea *(Forgetting about Josh's comment and turning to Agnes)* You're back. How was your tea?

Agnes *(Pulling from her purse a pack of mints)* I'm just getting a mint, then I'm going back to my room.

Bea *(Getting up and walking over to her)* Are they sugar-free? Can I have one?

Agnes Fine. *(She shoves the pack at Bea, who starts reading the package.)*

Bea *(Reading the pack of mints)* Wait a minute...what's this?

Agnes What's what?

Bea Does this say "contains aspartame", Agnes?

Agnes *(Snatches the pack away and looks at it. She sees the word "aspartame" but doesn't want to be proven wrong)* The writing's too small. I can't read it.

Bea *(knows Agnes is lying)* What ever happened to *(She mocks Agnes)* "It's like drinking liquid cancer!"

Agnes (*Annoyed with Bea*) Well, I guess I didn't read it carefully enough when I bought it.

Bea (*Smugly*) I guess not.

(Bea sits down on the couch and Agnes turns to go back to her room.)

Bea You're not going to go sulk in your room again like a cranky old woman, are you?

Agnes I *am* a cranky old woman.

Bea Well, that's true. But come sit down anyway. I'll leave and you two can spend some quality time together. *(she exits stage right to her room)*

Agnes Hi Josh. *(She sits down on the couch)* I'm sorry about all of the fighting. If you had to live with *that* every day, you'd be like this too. *(she sighs)* So how are you?

Josh I'm pretty good. *(He is distracted by the magazine that's still open to the bikini page)* Kind of disturbed. I'm just gonna put this away. *(He closes the magazine and shoves it under the couch.)* So what were you doing in there?

Agnes Well, when I get mad, I clean things. So I re-made my bed and started dusting. But then I remembered that I already dusted this morning. So I came out here.

Josh If she bothers you this much, then why don't you move out?

Agnes *(Thinking)* Well...she's not that bad...and she takes care of me. Remember when you were little, when I had my heart attack?

Josh Not really. But I remember visiting you in the hospital and you gave me your popsicle.

Agnes That's right. Well, Beatrice stayed with me for the two weeks I was in there. She never left my side, and when we got home she looked after me until I was better. *(She pauses and smiles thinking about this.)* But to be fair, the heart attack was her fault.

Josh What?

Agnes Yes. She thought it would be fun to jump out at me while wearing her Halloween costume. Well, I wasn't expecting Dracula to jump out of the shower while I was doing my make-up.

Josh *(In disbelief)* Are you kidding me? Who would do something that stupid?

Agnes You're talking about the woman who was arrested for possession of narcotics on eightieth birthday.

Josh No, you're not serious.

Agnes Oh, yeah. It occurred to her that she didn't want to leave this world without having tried marijuana. Unfortunately, her dealer turned out to be an undercover policeman. He decided to let her off with a warning, but Bea was upset that she didn't get to keep the drugs or get her money back. Apparently she used some harsh language and rude gestures, and ended up spending the night in jail. She's strangely proud of that fact.

Josh Wow. Bea's done time. Cool!

Agnes *(Sighs)* Well, what do you like to do on your free time?

Josh Oh, you know...I play video games. I play on the computer, and I like TV.

Agnes What do you watch on TV?

Josh Whatever's on. I mostly just fool around on the computer.

Agnes I like to play on the computer as well.

Josh Really? I thought most old...*(Realizes he's insulted her)* ...er people didn't use the computer.

Agnes Well, I just fumble around on it...Beatrice loves it. She's always doing something on there. Whether it's online poker, or...

Josh Poker, really? I love poker! Do you play? We should all have a game.

Agnes Maybe a little later...do you like bingo?

Josh Um, sure. I haven't played it in a really long time, but it's alright.

Agnes Well, I'm going to go downstairs in a while to see when the next Bingo session will be downstairs. We play quite regularly. Maybe you could come play with us sometime.

Josh Yeah, that might be fun. Just let me know next time.

(Bea enters carrying a Gameboy)

Bea Hey look! I found my Gameboy!

Agnes *(Dryly)* Oh good.

Josh You have a Gameboy?

Bea Of course! It's an old one, but that's okay.

Agnes Where did you find it?

Bea Weren't you with me? I got it at that garage sale a couple of years ago, remember?

Agnes No, where *in your room* did you find it? Weren't you looking for it earlier?

Bea *(Understanding)* Oh! It was on my night stand. I just didn't see it before because it was under some magazines.

Agnes Maybe you should clean your room and organize it, instead of dumping things on top of each other in a giant pile.

Bea This place is organized enough. I don't want my room to be like a museum too.

(At this Josh recognizes the expression but doesn't think too much of it.)

Agnes Fine, I'm not getting into this again.

(Bea sits down on a chair and starts playing her game.)

Agnes So, as I was saying about bingo, there are about six of us who play quite often. Now lets see...there's Gertrude, who likes to cheat. She's always got some new way of slipping on extra chips or manipulating the numbers so that she wins. She's quite devious in that way...

Bea *(Yelling at her game)* Yes! *(she's engrossed in the game and doesn't realize she's caused a disturbance.)*

Agnes *(ignoring Bea)* Then there's Annie, who always falls asleep during our sessions. It never fails. We've tried playing at different times of the day but whether it's nine in the morning, noon, or seven thirty in the evening...

Bea *(To her game)* Die! *(Pushing buttons vigorously)*

Agnes *(Clears her throat and does her best to ignore Bea)* Oh, then there's Louis. *(she leans closer to Josh, smirking)* We all call him "Pewy Louis" when he's not around. I always try to sit as far away from him as I can... Now there's also Bernice, who doesn't play with us that often. She's such a sweetheart, but she usually sits at the Scrabble table. *(She glares as she mentions the Scrabble table)*

Josh What, you don't like the Scrabble table?

Agnes *(She's very serious)* No. The people at the Scrabble table think they're better than the ones at the Bingo table.

Bea No, no, no! *(She pushes the buttons frantically)*

Josh *(A little distracted by Bea)* Well, is there anyone you actually like playing with?

Agnes Of course! There's Harold... *(She smiles dreamily)* He's so sweet, and he's such a gentleman! You know, he reminds me of...

Bea *(Shrieking at her game)* NOOOO!!!

(Josh and Agnes both look at Bea, who looks up from her game.)

Bea I lost.

Agnes *(Sarcastically)* Really?

Bea Yeah. I'm pretty sure this game is designed to make you fail.

Agnes *(dryly)* That's too bad.

Josh What game are you playing?

Bea Pac Man.

Josh What? It's so easy!

Bea *(Mad)* Hey! It's hard, okay?

Josh How are you losing?

(Josh moves over to where Bea is sitting and Agnes is left alone)

Bea *(holding up the Game)* See, I keep getting backed into the corners...

Agnes *(Trying to be involved in the conversation)* Well, why don't you avoid the corners?

(Bea glares at Agnes)

Josh When you get here, *(points to screen)* turn this way. *(Gestures)* This way you can avoid them...

(Agnes rolls her eyes)

Bea Oh! That way I can go here and...okay I get it! Thanks Josh.

Josh No problem. *(To Agnes)* Hey, Great-grandma, do you like video games?

Bea Agnes and technology! That's a good one.

Agnes Now wait a minute. I have a cell phone. That's modern technology.

Bea When your cell phone is the size of a brick, it doesn't count as modern technology.

(Bea takes a sip of her drink)

Agnes Well, I don't see why you bother with all of this video game nonsense. It isn't useful.

(Bea has an answer to this, but her mouth is full of the drink)

Josh It's just a way to spend time, it doesn't have to be useful...

Bea *(Swallowing)* Of course it's useful! This "nonsense" keeps me sane.

Agnes *(To herself)* That's debatable.

Bea Hey! It's not as if I haven't tried to participate in your "fun little sessions".

Agnes Participating is fine. Taking violent slap shots in croquet is not fine, and is a danger to yourself and others.

Bea I was just trying to make the game interesting.

Josh That's okay Bea, my mom told me this one story...Great-Grandma, do you remember the year you got a lawn bowling set for Christmas?

Agnes Oh, yes...well...

Josh She was so excited about it that she insisted they play it then. So they all went out, in like two feet of snow, and tried to lawn bowl. Apparently they had to wait until spring to find the balls again.

Bea (*Amused*) That sounds like something I'd do.

Agnes Yes, well...that was not one of my finer moments. But that rarely happens...

Bea That's a lie. She screws up all the time. For example, this morning when she shrunk my favorite shirt. (*Looking at Agnes trying to make her feel guilty*)

Agnes I already apologized to you. And I do not "screw up all the time"! It's not as bad as the last time *you* did the laundry. All of our whites were blue!

(*Bea looks at the floor*)

We never did find out whose lacey, blue...*thing* that was, did we?

Bea (*looking at the floor*) Umm...no...you know...(pause) So Agnes, didn't you have a bingo thing or something?

Agnes I'm not sure. We were talking earlier about doing something. Maybe I should go talk to Harold. Did you know, he said the funniest thing the other day...

(*Bea and Josh exchange glances and smirk*)

Agnes Oh, you're just jealous that you don't have a friend like Harold.

Bea (*Dryly*) You're right. Oh, how I wish I had someone as thoughtful, caring and... (*She pretends to fall asleep*)

Agnes Humph! I'm going to go talk to Harold, who is a mature and kind man, which is more than I can say for *you* Beatrice.

Bea I'm glad, because I'm not a man. How did you meet him again?

Agnes At a Bingo event. I have to go now.

(Agnes leaves.)

Bea *(Smirking)* Bingo. So, what's new?

Josh Not much.

Bea Hey, I hear you have a girlfriend.

Josh Oh, yeah.

Bea So? What's she like?

Josh She's so fun. We have so much in common.

Bea Well, that's always a good thing.

Josh Yeah, we like the same music and games and stuff.

Bea Cool. How long have you guys been together?

Josh A couple of weeks.

Bea Ah, young love...have you called her recently?

Josh No, why?

Bea Because girls like it when boys call.

Josh How do you know?

Bea I haven't always been old, you know. There was a time that boys used to call me.

Josh Sorry. I just meant...never mind. I'll call her later.

Bea What's wrong with right now?

(Josh looks at her uncomfortably)

Bea Oh come on, don't be shy. I'll be reading my magazine. You won't even know I'm here.

Josh Are you sure? I mean, do you think I should?

Bea Why not? Do you have her number?

Josh Yup, I put it in my phone.

Bea Then go for it!

(Bea smiles at Josh encouragingly and he dials on his cell phone. He turns away from her. After a pause Bea's home phone rings. She picks it up.)

Hello?

Josh Hey, is this Babe89?

(Bea hears Josh's voice from both beside her and through the phone. She is confused)

Bea Hello?

Josh *(speaking very clearly)* Is this Babe89?

Bea *(A look of horror appears on her face as she realizes that Josh's online girlfriend is her. She stares ahead, deciding what to do. She eventually gets up and walks over to the door, saying to Josh) I'm just going to take this call over here. (She does her best to sound young.) This is Babe89. (Glances at Josh to make sure he's not paying attention to her.) So...like, who is this?*

Josh It's J-man.

Bea *(Attempting to play stupid)* Like, from the computer?

Josh Um...yeah. My real name's Josh.

Bea *(Not knowing what to say)* Sweet. I hope you don't mind me asking, but how did you get my number?

Josh It was on your profile page.

Bea So you put it in your cell phone?

Josh Well, yeah. Hey, how did you know that?

Bea Uh...*(Looking at Josh)* call display.

Josh Oh. So, what's your real name?

Bea What do you mean my real... I mean, my real name's... *(She looks around for a name and sees a magazine)* Victoria.

Josh Awesome.

Bea Like, I know. *(She shakes her head at the stupidity of this last statement.)*

(There is a pause on the phone, and both Bea and Josh look a little awkward.)

Josh So, how are you?

Bea I'm okay. A little stressed.

Josh Like with school and stuff?

Bea Um... more like communication problems... *(she looks over to the computer, then to Josh)*

Josh *(Trying to be understanding)* Trouble with the family?

Bea Well, more like my friend's family.

Josh That's too bad.

Bea But don't, like, worry about it... man.

Josh *(Finding her choice of words odd.)* Okay.

(Bea clears her throat, and Josh turns around to look at her. Bea sees him, and instantly leans on the door, pretending to be deep in conversation on the phone. Josh turns around and Bea stands away from the door.)

Bea So, what are you, like, up to?

Josh I'm kind of at a family thing.

Bea What kind of a family thing?

Josh I'm visiting my Great Grandma.

Bea *(Glaring at Josh's turned back)* Only your Great Grandma?

Josh Well, yeah, and her roommate.

Bea What's she like?

Josh She's really nice, a little uptight...

Bea No, I mean what's the roommate like?

Josh Oh. She's cool...kind of odd.

Bea *(disappointed)* Oh.

(awkward pause)

So...like, how about those new ippods?

Josh You mean iPods?

Bea That's what I said.

Josh They're great. Don't you have one?

Bea *(She doesn't)* Well, of course I have one. *(To herself)* Except mine's bigger, older, and it plays cassettes.

Josh What?

Bea Speaking of iPods, did I tell you about the concert I went to a while ago?

Josh No. What was it?

Bea *(She didn't go to a concert.)* Guess.

Josh Was it the Who?

Bea Who?

Josh *The* Who. You know, the band?

Bea *(Pause)* Uh huh! It was their concert.

Josh Awesome! How did you get tickets? I heard they were really expensive.

Bea My, uh...my Dad got them for me.

Josh That's cool.

Bea *(Pause)* Totally.

(Awkward pause)

Bea So...how about that local sports team?

Josh What local sports team?

Bea You know...that sports team...the one that's...

Josh Local?

Bea Never mind.

(Agnes walks in. Bea sees her and starts laughing hysterically, pretending to be talking to someone else)

Bea Oh, Abigail, you are hilarious!

(Agnes rolls her eyes and goes to where her purse is.)

Josh Abigail? This is Josh. J-man, remember?

Agnes *(To Josh)* What?

Josh *(to Agnes)* I'm on the phone.

(Agnes looks at Bea who is avoiding eye contact)

Josh Victoria, can I ask you a question?

Bea *(Looks from the phone to Agnes who is staring at her) No. (Panics) I have to go, bye. (She hangs up the phone. Then to Agnes) That silly Abigail. (Exits to her room, stage right)*

(Agnes is confused and watches Bea leave. Disappointed that "Victoria" has hung up, Josh sighs and puts down his phone.)

Josh Oh well. *(He starts dialing a new number)*

(Agnes starts to walk across the room towards the computer when her cell phone starts ringing. She answers it.)

Agnes Hello?

Josh Hey, is this BingoDiva?

(Agnes recognizes the voice, looks at Josh and gasps. The lights fade with Agnes staring in shock.)



Edit

By

Rosie Fairweather

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EDIT

Curtains open

Three characters are fast asleep on top of their blocks. Perhaps snoring. The writer enters sleepily with a coffee cup, and sits down at her desk and typewriter. After yawning, the writer begins to type, waking all the characters up.

Character 2: *Ooh, is it breakfast already? What a crazy sleepover (the other characters smile and nod, waking up and grunting in approval).*

Character 3: *Yeah, breakfast sounds good.*

Character 2: *Should we make waffles?*

Character 1: *Yeah, with whipped cream!*

Character 2: *Okay.*

Character 3: *And little maraschino cherries?*

The writer suddenly stops typing, rips out her page and moans in frustration.

Writer: *That story's no good. I'm NOT writing that one anymore.*

Character 3: *Are... You okay, boss? You seem on edge this morning.*

Writer: *YES! Yes, I'm fine. Just - a little stressed out, that's all.*

Character 2: *How come?*

Writer: *It's nothing, really, just... My publisher's getting a little antsy*

because it's been a while since I've sent in anything book-worthy.

Character 3: Oh come on, how long could it possibly have been?

Writer: Four years?

All Characters: Four years!

Writer: I know!

Character 2: Well, how did this happen?

Writer: Because we procrastinate remember?

All Characters: Right, oh yeah.

Writer: We just need to work harder. I need to work harder. I need to write something... That will sell.

Character 2: Uh-oh.

Character 3: What is it?

Character 2: I have a bad feeling about this.

Spotlight on the writer as she types, the rest of the characters move their blocks to fit the next scene.

Writer: Our story begins in a local thrift shop, where three best friends come across a magical pair of pants. These pants will help them bond over the summer, when they need each other most.

Spotlight lifts.

Character 1: Oh my gosh.

Character 2: What is it, Libby?

Character 1: Those jeans, they look SO good on you!

Character 2: Oh man, NO way!

Charcter 3: Yes way! Can I try them on?
Charcter 2: Of course, best pal.
Character 1: Omfg.

Character 3: Um, wait a second.
Writer: Oh, what is it?
Character 3: I don't think that she should be saying something like, "omfg"... don't you think she's a little young for it?
Character 1: Oh no (Bounces around like a child)!
Writer: It's an abbreviation.
Character 2: She doesn't even know what it means.
Character 3: She's a bright young girl! Her brain is like a sponge, don't you think she'll figure it -
Character 1: I had an accident.
Character 2: Ew.
Writer: Ew. Carry on.

Character 3: (Ah-hem) Like, what is it, Brooklyn?
Character 2: Those jeans - they look so GOOD on you, too!
Character 3: Oh. My gosh. Like, LOOK at me!
Character 1: Like, wow, your butt looks so good in those jeans.
Character 3: I know, right?
Character 2: Wow, I mean, who could have thought that three beautiful girls with double zero waist sizes could ever fit in the same pair of pants.
Character 1: I'm so happy we're all so pretty.

Character 2: Same here. I'm happy that I'm Greek, also!

Character 1: Let's keep these jeans over the summer so that our friendship stays strong, okay?

Character 2: Group hug!

Bubbly group hug.

Character 1: But, wait. I don't want to have to deal with mailing costs here, you guys. The price of stamps has SOARED.

Character 2: What do you mean?

Character 1: Well, you're going to Greece this summer, so... I'm not made of money.

Character 2: Oh. Well, I'll chip in.

Character 3: Yeah, like always.

Character 2: W - what?

Character 3: JUST because your family is richer than ours doesn't mean you always have to look out for us, Carmelita.

Character 2: I - I didn't mean it like that, I just want us to stay pals, even if we're growing apart.

Character 1: I think it's too late for that.

Character 3: Yeah.

Character 1: Peace out, girl.

Character 2: Fine! Leave!

Writer: Wait - What? Why did you just ruin your lifelong friendship? You were BEST friends.

Character 3: We just did what you wrote us to do.
Writer: No I didn't - I - (She reads over her last bit of work, then shakes her head). It was you, who changed that up, wasn't it?
Character 2: Don't look at me.
Writer: (Sarcastic) My mistake.
Character 3: So we're starting all over again?
Writer: Yes.
Character 1: I want to play with it! I want to play with it (pointing to the typewriter)!
Character 3: No, no, not right now. Maybe later.
Writer: Places.
Character 2: But, that could have been a good conflict what you had there, don't you think -
Writer: Hey, are you writing this book, or am I?
Character 2: You are.
Writer: That's right.

Writer starts typing again, with spotlight. Girls move the blocks to make a new set.

Writer: Gossip Girl here. This story takes place at the hot new club, where a bunch of gossipy teenagers are at the party of their life. Can S and B, and C and D and E and F and G all stay close and get along? Or will their rumors and betrayal be found out? We'll have to see.

Spotlight lifts, and a red wash of lights takes its place (to look like a club).

Characters 1 and 2 are talking together, looking happy and excited. Character 3 walks up to them and starts making conversation.

Character 3: *Hey, girls. (breaks character for a second) Wait a second, here. Are you having her drink champagne??*

Writer: *...No?*

Character 3: *Change it right now! (Character 2 sighs impatiently)*

Writer: *(types for a moment, and then Character 1 takes a sip)*

Character1: *(smiles) Mmm, grape juice yummy.*

Character 3: *Thank you.*

Character 2: *Do I really have to wear this dress? It's totally the wrong colouring on me.*

Writer: *You're my characters, please? You have to.*

All Characters: *Oh fine.*

Writer: *Keep going.*

Character 3: *Waddup, girls?*

Character 2: *Oh, nothing Mocha. We were just saying how much we're enjoying your party.*

Character 3: *Oh, thank you, Coco. My parents let me rent this place.*

Character 1: *I'm having fun, too. You host a good party.*

Character 3: Cappacino, that really means a whole lot to me, because I was hearing all these rumours at school that you two were, get this - Talking about me behind my back!

Characters 1 and 2 look at each other nervously

Character 2: Pff - Are you kidding? We would never dream of it. Don't you worry.

Character 3: Really?

Characters 1 and 2: Really.

Character 3: *(Relieved)* Thanks, you guys. That makes me feel so much better.

Character 2: Well, uh, we'll let you get back to your party guests now.

Character 3: Oh, yeah, um - Okay, thanks, girls.

Character 3 walks off, then hear the girls whispering mean things about her. Mocha overhears the conversation.

Character 3: Ooooh! Why is my life so horrible!

Character 1: Oooh look at me, I'm Mocha! I live in a huge house and have huge boobs and HUGE amounts of money. Why, God, why have you done this to me!

Character 2: All the guys at school want me and my parents let me party ALL the time and I have the closet the size of a small independent country and -

Character 3: Why is everybody so mean?!

Character 2: X O X O

Character 1 and 2: Gossip Girl.

Writer: (Stops typing) No, no! What just happened? You trusted them, and then they went behind your back! That's not how it was supposed to go.

Character 2: What are you talking about? You brought this about yourself.

Writer: I did not! Why did you start being mean? I didn't write you to do that...

Character 2: I just thought the story could use a little spicing up. No one wants to read about friends getting along.

Writer: You know what, just forget it, alright? Let's restart.

Character 3: Um, excuse me?

Writer: What is it now?

Character 3: When do we get our break?

Writer: No time today, sorry.

Character 3: But I really need a latte, and this little one needs a nap -

Writer: No time today. Besides, I just had an idea.

The writer begins to type again, spotlight and characters once again switch up the position of the blocks.

Writer: Gabby is a small-town girl, who has just moved to a big city and a new school. She hopes that she will be able to fit in with everyone else, and

maybe find that special guy she's been waiting for.

Spotlight lifts.

Character 3: My name is Ty Balton, and I'm a whiz at basketball. But secretly I love music and dancing.

Character 2: My name is Gabby, and I'm really shy and smart and pretty and a good role model, too... despite the fact that there are naked pictures of me on the internet.

Character 1: I'm Sharpie! So, Tyyyy... How are things going?

Character 3: I don't know, girl, see, I really don't want to disappoint my Dad, but I feel like -

Character 1: That's nice. But hey, I was thinking, YOU'RE good looking, and I'M good looking... And so I was wondering if maybe you'd like to go out sometime, say... Friday night?

Character 3: *(Ty sees Gabby across the hall) Whoa, dude. She's so hot (they start singing and dancing)!*

Character 1: *(Not noticing Ty's gone yet) Then again I do have pilates 'till eight on Friday night... But I suppose that we could go for a late dinner...*

Or how about - PERFECT! A midnight movie! So, what do you think, Ty... Ty?

Sharpie realizes that the other two are dancing

Character 1: What? That mysterious new Spanish girl? That is so cliché... (pause) Where's my dog!

Sharpie storms away, but then trips "accidentally".

Character 1: Owwww.

Once again, the third character breaks character and runs over to Character 1 to calm her down.

Writer: Excuse me, but WHAT do you think you're doing?

Character 3: Sorry, you know how characters can write themselves sometimes...

Writer: Well get back here! The chapter isn't finished yet.

Character 3: I really don't think you should have her wearing heels, she's too young for it. It was just an accident waiting to happen.

Writer: Just get back here.

Character 3: But she's hurt -

Writer: NOW!

(Pause) The third character reluctantly goes back to the stage to continue the chapter. Sharpie is still fallen on the ground where she tripped.

Character 1: Ouch!

Characters 2 and 3: Hahahaha.

Character 1: Please, help me up?

Character 2: That's so funny that you ever thought you'd be a match for me. I AM Spanish you know. WAY better looking than you.

Character 1: But I-

Character 3: Yeah, why would you even think you had a chance with me?

Character 2: You lose.

Character 3: Look, Gabby. I have to go to political science, but let's kiss on the cheek after school, okay?

Character 2: You're crazy, Wild Dog. *(Character 2 begins to exit, until...)*

Character 3: *(walks past crying Sharpie, and helps her up, telling her that she'll be okay, in a friendly way.)*

Character 2: Ty! I don't believe you! How could I have been so stupid?

Character 3: But, what? No! I was only helping her up -

Character 2: I don't want to hear it.

Character 3: Where are you going?

Character 2: I've gotta go my own way *(runs offstage)*.

Character 3: But - but no... You're Spanish!

Writer: NO NO NO NO NO!

Character 2: ...Chill out. Deep breaths.

Writer: Don't you calm me down, missy.

Character 2: Missy? You sound like our mother.

Writer: STOP changing the story up.

Character 2: Don't look at us. We're partly you!

Writer: Are you trying to ruin me?

Character 2: No, I'm trying to make your book interesting.

Writer: Well don't! Geez, okay, let's just try something more romantic this time.. Those sell.

Character 1: Ewww kissy kissy.

Writer: Oh, grow up (*starts to type*).

Character 2: Why don't you try something based on your personal experiences this time? You know, write what you know.

Writer: I'VE HAD ROMANTIC EXPERIENCES.

Character 2: I know you have. I never said you haven't.

Writer: Well you implied it.

Character 2: Sor-RY. Just type, will you?

Writer: Don't RUSH me (*thinking*).

Character 2: Okay! I've got an idea... But you can't mess it up this time or else -

Character 2: Okay!

Spotlight on the Writer, characters change blocks to fit the next scene.

Writer: Now, this is a forbidden love story between two forbidden families in a forbidden setting at a forbidden time. Under FORBIDDEN circumstances.

Spotlight lifts.

Character 3: Oh, Rosalie! I love you sooo much.

Character 1: Oh, I love YOU so much!

Character 3: I love you more.

Character 1: No, way, Robby, I love YOU more.

Character 3: No (*Character 2 walks onstage*) I love
(*drops Character 1*) -

Character 1: OW!

Character 3: ...HER more.

Character 1: Robby! What are you doing?

Character 3: My name is Robby (*kisses Character 2's
hand*).

Character 2: Hey, Rob. I'm Jules.

Character 3: Look, I hope I'm not being too forward.
I don't mean to come on too strong or
anything.

Character 2: Uh-huhhh.

Character 3: But... (*Gets down on one knee*) Jules,
will you marry me?

Character 2: Okay!

Character 1: You have GOT to be kidding me.

Character 3: Oh, I'm so happy.

Character 2: Oh no.

Character 3: What is it, my darling?

Character 2: Your last name - What is your last
name.

Character 3: Tapulet. What is yours?

Character 2: (*gasps*) OH NO! Mine is Montagoo!

C1: (*Gets up and walks past the new couple*)
Well, you kids have fun with that.

C3: (*gasps*) Oh no! (*pause*) Are you sure?

Character 2: What do you mean am I sure. It's my
name, after all!

Character 3: Oh no. What should we do?

Character 2: We could... Poison ourselves?

Character 3: Yeah, yeah we could..

Character 2: Or we could just run off together.

Character 3: Yeah okay. La la la (*They join hands and skip off happily*).

Writer: Get back here.

Character 2: Yes?

Writer: What was that?

Character 2: You wanted to end the story happily, so I went along.

Writer: Yes, well. That was TOO happy. It was supposed to be a tragic, steamy love story.

Character 2: Oh, come off it - that story wasn't even original in 1589!

Writer: What are you talking about?

Character 2: Romeo and - Oh, never mind.

Writer: Look, the more you screw my stories up, the more time this is going to take. If you could just stop wrecking everything -

Character 2: I don't believe you!

Character 3: Now, now. Let's just try to get along, here. Will you behave yourself (to Character 2)?

Character 2: (*No answer, looks away.*)

Character 3: What about you, then?

Writer: I will if she will.

Character 3: So...

Character 2: Forget it.

Writer: Could you act your age for once, please?

Character 2: Hello, I AM acting my age, I'm a teenager!

Character 1: Typewriter pretty.

Character 3: Shh shh, quiet now.

Writer: Well, in that case... Let's stick to teenagers! People LOVE the youth, don't they?

Character 2: *(under breath)* You're sarcasm is so amusing.

Writer: What was that?

Character 2: Nothing, nothing at all.

Character 1: I want to dance now *(little one begins dancing)*.

Writer: Hey, that's not a bad idea, there! I wish you two could be as useful *(to Characters 2 and 3)*.

Character 3: We're doing our best.

Writer: Well. Do better.

Spotlight on the Writer once again, and the rest of the Characters switch up the blocks to create another scene.

Writer: Cady has made friends with the popular girls at her school, and is about to participate in the winter talent show with them... Will she mess it up? Or save the performance? Will being popular go to her head, or will she remain the

down-to-earth spirit that moved from
Africa? Will she be accepted -

Character 2: Ah-HEM.

Writer: Um...Read on to find out.

Spotlight lifts. Blue wash of lights.

Character 2: Okay, Fatty.

Character 1: It's Cady.

Character 2: No, I like Fatty. You are the newest
girl to our Jingle Bell Rock Group, and
we just want you to do your best.
We'll still love you and let you wear
our clothes, even if you screw it up
completely, okay?

Character 1: ...Thanks.

Character 3: But - Don't screw it up.

Character 2: Right.

Character 3: Regina will be very angry if you do.

Character 1: Okay.

Character 2: Okay. Go!

They run "onstage" and Jingle Bell Rock plays. Blue wash (lights). The girls dance the song, in a provocative way, and then suddenly the recording breaks down and there's no music playing anymore. Knowing what to do, Character 1 starts singing the lyrics, and the other girls join in quickly. They run offstage with smiles on their faces, but it's a different story when they're "offstage."

Character 2: WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU?!

Character 1: W - what?

Character 3: You RUINED our precious routine!

Character 1: What? No, I SAVED it.

Character 2: Oh my God. I can't even look at you right now.

Character 3: Regina can't even look at you right now!

Character 1: I'm, sorry? I mean, what was I supposed to -

Character 2: Enough. Karry? Get the Burn Book.

Character 3: Uh, Regina...

Character 2: Hand it to me.

Character 3: I can't.

Character 2: Why not?

Character 3: Because we burned it last time.

Remember?

Character 2: ...Oh yeah. Let's go. *(They start to leave)* Oh, by the way? We hate you now *(they leave again)*.

Writer: You know? You're REALLY starting to annoy me.

Character 2: Oh, what now?

Writer: You need to get it through your head that I control you, okay? I control everything! You're all in my head! You're just in my head, so you need to do as you're written now, and SHUT UP.

Character 2: Fine, then.

Writer: I mean it, don't even try pulling anything, or I could just -

Character 2: How could I? I'm just in your head,
remember *(they stare at each other for
a long moment)*?

Writer: Right. Let's continue.

Spotlight on the Writer again.

Writer: Gretta has just moved to Spoons, to
live with her father for a while and
find herself. The kids at school have
taken a liking to her right away,
except for that mysterious, crazy kid
in her science class, Edmund. Finally,
he gets her alone.

Spotlight lifts.

Character 1: I know what you are.

Character 3: Say it.

Character 1: You're a -

Character 3: A what.

Character 1: A - A - Vegetarian!

Character 3: And are you afraid?

Character 1: No, I trust you.

Character 3: Wait, wait. Did you just say I was a
vegetarian?

Character 1: Yes. But you know what, Edmund? I don't
care what you are. Just as long as we
can be together.

Character 3: No! No, I'm not a vegetarian, I'm not
even close.

Character 1: Oh... You're not?
Character 3: No.
Character 1: A vegan then?
Character 3: No.
Character 1: Veterinarian?
Character 3: No.
Character 1: Vending machine operator?
Character 3: Huh?
Character 1: Ooh! Ventriloquist?
Character 3: No, no! You don't understand. I'm not like other guys around here. I'm not normal. I'm really... a freak.
Character 1: Oh! Oh, Edmund, Edmund, Edmund.
Character 3: What?
Character: I think I know what's going on here.
Character 3: You do?
Character 1: Yes.
Character 3: And, you're okay with it?
Character 1: Of course! But you need to realize that this is a very common problem for a lot of boys your age! You're not a freak, I promise.
Character 3: Wait - what? Ew! No, not that. Don't you get it, yet? Giant fangs, pale skin, super-strength?
Character 1: No.
Character 3: I'm a VAMPIRE!
Character 1: Oh! A vampire.
Character 3: Exactly.
Character 1: Wait, Wait!. You mean you're one of those blood-sucker things?
Character 3: Yeah, like the taxman.

Character 1: (SCREAM! Runs offstage)

Writer: *(Getting up for the first time to retrieve character 1) Great, you scared her away!*

Character 2: Soooo, what... I'm just edited out now completely? (Character 2 sits in her chair)

Writer: Is that a problem?

Character 2: No, but -

Writer: But what?

Character 2: It's just -

Writer: No, you know what? You blew it with your unwanted plot twisting. Go away. Leave me alone.

Character 2: No.

Writer: Fine *(kicks her off the chair, and brings the chair back to the desk back)*. I'll just write you out forever then.

Character 2: You can't do that!

Writer: Watch me.

Character 2: Um... I wouldn't do that if I were you. And I am you, so... I wouldn't do that.

Writer: *(Confused)* And why not?

Character 2: I'm the only part of you that understands reality. Without me, you'd be lost forever.

Writer: You're insane *(begins to type again)*.

Character 2: *(Pushes chair across the stage with the writer in it, the writer becoming furious)*.

Writer: I don't believe it!

Character 2: Believe it, baby (*stands at the desk but doesn't begin typing yet, thinking. Her thoughts are interrupted when the writer speaks*).

Writer: Why couldn't you just go along with what I wrote, like everybody else?

Character 2: Because, they obviously don't have enough courage to fix your stories.

Character 3: Now, now there's no need to fight.

Writer: My stories don't need ANY fixing, thanks.

Character 2: Oh, please.

Writer: Oh, please what? (*Creeps up toward the desk, to makes a snatch for the typewriter, but Character 2 notices*).

Character 2: Ha! NO WAY. (*Types*) The writer suddenly felt a strong urge to do the splits!

The writer does the splits, or close to it.

Writer: Owww, I think I pulled something.

Character 2: Good.

The writer pulls herself closer to the typewriter in the split position.

Character 2: You just don't know when to give up, do you?

Character 3: Please stop this.

Writer: At least I try before giving up.

Character 2: Oh, have it your way then. (*Types*)

Character 1: Typewriter pretty. Can I play next?
I've been waiting for my turn.

Character 2: Wait, I'm not finished yet. Suddenly,
the writer began to tickle herself!

The writer begins tickling herself, laughing and crying out.

Writer: Stop! Please make her stop!

Character 2: *(Types)* Then the writer stopped tickling
herself, but she had to listen to her
character.

Writer: *(Tickling stops)* I'm listening.

Character 2: If you admit that you can't write on
your own, I will give you your precious
typewriter back.

Writer: What?

Character 2: NONE of your ideas are original since
you started writing this new book of
yours. They're just takeoffs of
everything else popular right now. You
used to care about your writing, and
now you should be ashamed of yourself.
I'm the only true reason for your
success, and I want you to admit it.

Writer: How dare you!

Character 2: Life doesn't actually end up like you
want it to, don't you see? There's no
such thing as the prince and the
princess running off together into the

sunset. There's no heroes, no soul mates or lollipop-land.

Character 1: Mmm, lollipops!

Character 2: There's just disappointment. So, don't bother trying to write anything happy, because you'll just be let down. Your writing fails because on some level, you know I'm right (*long pause, Character 2 folds her arms*).

Character 3: That's not true - there always can be a happy ending... I'm going to find my soul mate one day.

Character 2: Keep dreaming, honey. You'll never get out of here at this rate.

Writer: I just need to sell some books here! I need to pay for my house and my car and my lattes, okay?

Character 2: Oh, right, your lattes. That's what's important here.

Character 1: Lalala (*sings and dances around and then falls down*)...

Character 3: God forbid that we ever get a latte break.

Writer: Quiet! I just need to think for a second, here.

Character 2: Oh, why do I even bother? You've lost your touch... You're a pathetic excuse for a writer.

Character 3: (*Quietly*) Oh no... Take it back, take it back.

Writer: You shouldn't have said that!

the ground. Character 3 takes back the chair and begins typing quickly.

Character 3: (Typing aloud) Then the writer stopped sneezing, and the character stopped slapping!

Writer: Oh, thank you!

Character 2: Yeah, thanks.

Writer: I'll just sit back down, now. I can take it from here.

Character 3: OH no, no, no. I'll only give this back - if you two will be civil.

Character 2: I'm tired of her.

Writer: Yeah.

Character 3: Fine, then I will have to simply write you both out of the story.

Writer: Huh, right.

Character 2: Of course you will (winks mockingly)!

Character 3: Don't think I won't.

Writer: Huh, okay! I'm really scared.

Character 3: Oh, wait, I thought of something even better. (Types) Then the writer and the character hugged!

Character 2 and the Writer are glued in a hug against their wills.

Writer and Character 2: HEY (struggle to be free)!

Character 3: Awh. That's nice.

Writer: Okay, you've had your fun. Give me back my typewriter now, please.

Character 3: NO.

Writer: Come on!

Character 3: NO.

Character 2: Why?

Character 3: Why? WHY?! *(Character 3 rises from her seat and begins walking slowly toward the Writer and Character 2. As she speaks she takes steps towards them, forcing them to the other side of the stage.)* Because I am so SICK and tired of you two! You don't give me enough lines, and YOU always leave me to look after the little one!

Character 1: *(Picks up a tiara found at the edge of the stage)* Oh, pretty!

Character 3: Do you think my life is easy? You're always working lately and it feels like you completely take for granted all the little things I do for you and I just feel so - so -

Writer and Character 2: Unappreciated?

Character 1 creeps over to the desk, without being noticed.

Character 3: Yes! I just feel like this is such a one-sided relationship here! It's always about you and not enough about me, and you never put

the toilet seat down, and I always
am left to make all the decisions
alone and -

Writer:-

*(The writer notices that Character 1
is now sitting at the desk with the
typewriter in her grasp, because she
is stuck in a hug, though, she is
unable to point it out) Uh, you
guys?*

Character 3:

Oh, and you're STILL not
listening.

Character 2:

What is it?

Character 1 smiles and begins to type.

Writer:

The little character, she's -

Character 3:

Look me in the EYE when I'm
speaking to you!

Character 2:

I can't see. Mother here is in
the way.

Character 3:

Do you know what I'm saying? Can
you understand?

Character 2:

(Realizes what's happening) Oh no!

Writer:

Please, you've got to look! She's-

Character 3:

You're still not listening

*(Character 3 jumps at the hugging
writer and character 2 and they
begin shoving each other around.*

*Character 3 is going on and on about
how she is never listened to. In
the midst of all this, the Writer*

*and Character 2 are trying to let
Character 3 know what's going on)?!*

Writer:

No, you don't get it! She's over
there, in complete control!

Character 2:

She doesn't know what she's doing,
you have to stop her!

Character 3:

I only wanted one latte, and -
Wait, what?

Writer and Character 2:

She's got the typewriter! She'll
write us out forever!

Character 3:

(Turns around) Rats.

Spotlight on Character 1 at the typewriter.

Character 1:

All the mean monsters went away.
*(Character 2, 3 and the Writer walk
offstage silently)* And the princess
lived happily ever after. The End.

By Rosie Fairweather



Moonlight Is Waiting

By

Hanna Harper

Caution: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that "Moonlight Is Waiting" by Hannah Harper is subject to royalty. It is protected under Copyright Law. Inquiries regarding performance rights and royalties should be directed to Hannah Harper at Box 2404 Vanderhoof B.C. V0J 3A0. The fee for a single production of this play will cost \$35.00.

Moonlight Is Waiting.

By
Hannah Harper

Cast: 4 Males (# 1,5,4 and 8)
4 Females (# 2-3, and 6-7)

Props: 8, dark, preferably black, cloaks.
8 signs with symbols on them. Need to be able to be ripped off the chest.

Setting: Dark stage. No set.

Author's Note:

There are no set characters in this play. Men and women are interchangeable, just as race religion and sexuality are interchangeable between the members of the Chorus.

(Enter on to an empty stage. Characters should be staggered, clumped in an orderly fashion. Feel free to direct their movements, but, any movement should be quick, sharp, and in robotic fashion. No set. Light play is very important for setting both mood and situation.)

(As the first 7 lines are spoken, a machine should be created. Each time a person says their line, a motion should accompany it. When Person 8 tells it to, the machine stops, before beginning again, feverishly, one person at a time, as they, again, speak their line.)

Person 1: Discrimination.

Person 2: Racial Subjection.

Person 3: Segregation.

Person 4: Religious Persecution.

Person 5: Injustice,

Person 6: and genocide.

Person 7: Terrorism.

Person 8: Stop.

ALL: Stop.

Person 8: Stop. At times, the world may seem a terrible place, full of

Person 2 & 8: horror

Person 6: Shattered dreams

Person 4: Destruction,

Person 7: and terror,

Person 1: and isolation.

Person 3 & 5: At times, the world is a grove of

Person 3: deception, covered

Person 5: by shadows, tainted with fear

Person 3 & 5: of the unknown.

Person 8: At times, the world is a pit of snakes, who could rear up to bite

ALL: At any moment.

Person 8: Stop. More often, it dances with

Person 8 & 4: light, with

Person 8,4, & 2: beauty

Person 1: Hope and faith.

Person 3: A world of hidden joys

Person 6: and pleasures.

Person 7: It's a word of blessings, and

Person 5: Forbidden love.

Person 1: Love

Person 2: Love

Person 3: Love

Person 4: Love

Person 5: Love

Person 6: Love

Person 7: Love

Person 8: Love... love. It's a word, when spoken correctly, evokes power without intention. It's a feeling, a feeling that all in this world have longed for.

Person 2 & 3: Some have thought of.

Person 1, 4, 5, 6, 7: Most have hoped for.

Person 8: *(Looks directly at the audience)* All. *(Looks sharply to L and R at 2 and 3)*

ALL: All have wished for.

Person 8: Which brings us full circle. Discrimination, injustice, persecution, subjection, and love. Everyday, everywhere

Person 6: Discrimination occurs because of who it is a single person loves.

Person 4: Persecution occurs because of who someone says God is.

Person 6: Subjection occurs because of the colour of someone's face.

Person 8: Everyday, the world is ripped apart, slowly but surely. Everyday, the world comes apart, just

ALL: A little bit more.

Person 3: As people protest the election of a black president.

Person 4: Protest the thought of Jews and Muslims defying their so-called

ALL: Inferiority.

(7 desks are pulled on stage. Person 6 takes the place at the front of the "classroom", and Person 8 walks on, before taking his place in a corner desperately wanting to be hidden. He should be dressed in traditional Islamic clothing)

Person 6 (Teacher): Now, class. Who can tell me where the Christian homeland is?

(General scrabble to answer the question.)

Person 1 (Student 1): It's in the Middle East!

Person 3 (Student 2): No, silly, it's in Israel!

Person 6 (Teacher): You're both right, children. Now, who can tell me what's special about Israel?

Person 8: *(Quietly)* It's not just the Christian homeland.

Person 6 (Teacher): *(doesn't realize what the young man has said)* Yes, exactly, now....what?

Person 8: *(Stands up straight, and speaks clearly)* Israel is not just the homeland of Christ. I, too, call it home.

Person 6 (Teacher): How can you? You're a dirty little Muslim. You have no idea what you're talking about.

Person 8: I do. I know that our cultures have worshipped Israel as a sanctuary and a paradise for centuries. I know that Christians were not the first in that land, and will not be the last. I know that wars have been lost and won over a single piece of land, simply because of who chooses to claim it!

Person 6 (Teacher): *(Screaming)* No! You have no concept of what you are saying.

Person 8: I know that the world has been destroyed because of people like you, telling the world that there are some meant not to be in it!

Person 6 (Teacher): No! *(Turns on the rest of the class)* Get out! All of you! I need to speak to this young man alone.

(The "class" gives her dull looks, not understanding.)

Person 6 (Teacher): Now!

(Chaos as the desks are dragged off stage with the students as they go. Person 8 and Teacher are left on stage alone.)

Person 6 (Teacher): How dare you. How dare you poison the minds of our young, how dare you try to defy your superior...

Person 8: *(Interrupting)* I am not inferior to you. In no way am I less than any of the others who sit in this room every day.

(The rest of the lights dim and a single spotlight rests on Person 8. Throughout his brief speech, the rest of the cast should be making their way back on stage, in a semicircle. Teacher will back up and join them.)

Person: I stand here, in front of all of you, a man, and a Muslim. I should be recognized for neither. I should stand before you merely a person who has yet to discover his true potential in life. My heart is still whole, and yet it is still weak. My eyes have not seen true horrors, but my soul has felt those of my ancestors. My history has shaped who I am today, but it will not define who I become. When those who believe themselves superior try to diminish who I am choosing to become, I lose faith. Without faith of any kind, the faith deemed proper by society, or the faith I have the learnt from my family, I, along with the rest of the world, will slowly sink into despair.

(Spotlight off. Person 8 backs up to join the semicircle.)

Person 5: The world slowly spins into madness as men and women are forbidden the love

ALL: Of those of the same gender.

Person 8: But, why?

Person 1: Why? *(Shrugs off the heavy black cloak to reveal a pentagram)*

Person 2: Why? *(Removes cloak and reveals a Fleur-de-lis)*

Person 3: Why? *(Removes cloak and reveals an endless knot)*

Person 4: Why? *(Removes cloak and reveals a Christian cross)*

Person 5: Why? *(Removes cloak and reveals a khanda)*

Person 6: Why? *(Removes cloak and reveals a mandala)*

Person 7: Why? *(Removes cloak and reveals a star and crescent)*

Person 8: Why? *(Removes cloak and reveals a Star Of David)* Why hide from those that are our world? Why destroy the cultures and ways that have cultivated

ALL: Who we are.

(The following lines, 1 through to 7 are shot out rapidly, like gunshots, until 8 stops the tirade with his/her line)

Person 1: Who

Person 3: We

Person 5: Are

Person 7: Defines

Person 2: The world

Person 4: Just as

Person 6: it

Person 8: Defines us. Perhaps the world is full of destruction and growth, loss and faith, hurt and love. But,

Person 2: If the world is

Person 4: Then so are we.

Person 8: We complain as the world

ALL: Disintegrates.

Person 8: We whine as our world

ALL: comes apart at the seams.

Person 8: We object as our lives, and our world comes to resemble something

Person 6: Indistinguishable,

Person 5: and unfair.

Person 1: We protest as the world that we strived to make a better place becomes the very thing that we were fighting against,

ALL: The very monster we feared.

(General outbreak of terror, symbols ripped off each other's chests, etc.)

Person 8: Stop!

(All freeze in their positions and look sharply at 8)

Person 8: Stop.

(All drop tableau, and go back to their original places. There should be obvious chaos around them as they are perfectly still. All heads but 8's are bent to their chests)

ALL: *(quickly snap heads up to look at audience)* Stop.

(Say the next lines looking around at each other fearfully, as though trying to convince the world of something they can't quite believe)

Person 1: Stop.

Person 2: Stop.

Person 3: Stop.

Person 4: Stop.

Person 5: Stop.

Person 6: Stop.

Person 7: No.

(Everyone is quite surprised. There is a slight hullabaloo, muttering about a traitor, not willing to stop the chaos that a moment ago they all had been creating.)

Person 8: And, why not, little one? Why not stop the hurt the world causes each and every one of us. We must

Person 1: Stop it.

Person 2: Stop it.

Person 6: Stop it.

Person 4: Stop it.

Person 7: Stop it! No! No, we mustn't stop it, what's more, we can't. The world has become something that we can't control! All we can do is go with it and flow with the tide that has overwhelmed us. All we can do is

Person 5: Change it.

(7 falls as though exhausted from his/her speech. The rest of the chorus comes forward and raises them up, shunning them to the back of the huddle.)

Person 5: If we can't stop it, we must change it. *(comes forward to take the spot that 8 has been holding. 8 steps back gracefully.)* We must change the destruction of our world into the ability to grow into a new one, the sorrow of our daily lives to joy. We must encourage love, not hatred.

ALL: Not hatred.

Person 5: We must teach the world to accept what we are, who we have become.

(The following positions are subject to change)

Person 1: I'm male. *(Throws arms out behind them)*

Person 2: I'm female. *(Cradles a baby)*

Person 4: Yeah, and look at where it got you.

(Attention on Person 4)

ALL: *(Sharply. They haven't joined his side yet.)* What?

Person 4: Look at where it got you. You are nothing. You are capable of nothing.

(Dark lighting, cast most people in shadow. They form a line, circling around Person 2, until they come to a halt behind Person 4. As they circle, mutters of how insignificant women are should be heard. Person 4 should be standing SC, looking out at the audience, Person 2 to his right, looking horrified.)

Person 4: How could you be? You're a weak,

ALL: Weak.

Person 4: a conniving,

ALL: Conniving.

Person 4: a hardly significant creature.

(Sharply yanks her up from the floor, drawing her hand behind her back, and grabbing her throat. Person 2 struggles in vain, and as she does so, Person 4 laughs, burying his face in her hair, appearing to over power her. As she attempts to escape his clutches, he is pulling her back into the circle that the Chorus has become. As he draws her near the centre, the circle closes around them. For a moment, there is silence. Then:)

Person 2: Stop! *(Long, agonizing cry)*

(Brief struggle on stage, that results in Person 2 emerging from the cluster, looking slightly worse for wear)

ALL: Why would we stop darling? You are nothing but a woman. We can easily overpower you.

Person 2: *(Furiously)* Yes! I am a woman. A smart, beautiful, independent woman. We run the world, did you know that?

(All laugh)

Person 2: *(shrilly):* Stop that! All of you! You know better. I'm just a person. I have feelings, and thoughts, just like your mothers, and sisters do. Just like you do. *(appealing to the women in the group)* Why do you let them dictate you? Conquer you? Why do you give in?

Person 3, 6, 7: We have given up.

Person 2: Why? Why have you given up? This isn't a man's world anymore, we have a voice.

Person 4: One that needs silencing.

(Steps forward to do so.)

Person 3, 6, 7: No!

(Run forward to stop him, grabbing on to various body parts. There is a struggle.)

Person 4: You may have stopped me, but you can't stop man. We are superior, and we will silence you.

Person 2: You think you can silence me? You can't. You haven't a right to, and, despite what your egotistical self may think, you were never given that right. We are human beings, just as you are. And unlike men, *(moves near to Person 4)* we don't go out of our way to destroy everything we touch. *(Spits in Person 4's face).* Beauty is found in the families we nurture, in the life

we create. *(Turns to the women still holding Person 4 back as he attempts to break free).* Come with me, ladies. Stand up for your freedom, and take control. If we have to prove to the world that we are worthy, then so be it. We will.

(Person 3, 6, 7 throw Person 4 behind them. Then, hesitantly, they stand to join hands with Person 2)

Person 2: We are humans. We are women. We are people. Stop treating us like we're less than that. Stop believing that we are incapable merely because of our gender. How dare you assume that we are less intelligent because we raise children, instead of raising money. We are capable,

(Looks at other women, indicating for them to join her in speaking.)

Person 2, 3, 6, 7: we are intelligent. Stop insisting otherwise.

Person 6: Stop.

Person 3: Stop.

Person 7: Stop.

Person 2, 3, 6, 7: Stop!

Person 2: Let us find a place in the world that is not dictated by men's actions. You must give us the opportunity to discover our strengths and weaknesses. But, to do so, we must fight the society who still has the notion that they control us. They must stop holding us back. You must stop

ALL: holding us back.

Person 5: We must

Person 8: let go of an ideal that no longer exists.

Person 2: Let go of a dream

Person 1: that has evolved into a better reality.

Person 5: If we cannot stop the hatred of the world, we must change it

ALL: To love.

Person 5: The world must change, learn to love the majority, instead of destroying it. The majority is us.

ALL: We are the majority. Now, let's try this again, shall we?

Person 1: I'm male *(Throws arms out)*

Person 2: I'm female *(Cradles a baby)*

Person 3: I'm Jewish. *(Rabbi blessing over invisible heads)*

Person 4: I'm bisexual. *(Both hands under chin, palms up, thumbs in, fingers out)*

Person 5: I'm Christian. *(Holds hands in prayer position)*

Person 6: I'm black. *(Right knee over left, hand under chin in said hip-hop position)*

Person 8: I'm gay. *(Blow the audience a kiss)*

(Drop positions suddenly, sharply, and with intention)

ALL: *(Loudly, and with varying levels of indignity)* So, what? I'm me.

Person 5: Let go of

Person 1: Discrimination.

Person 2: Racial subjection.

Person 3: Segregation.

Person 4: Religious Persecution.

Person 8: Injustice.

Person 6: Genocide and terrorism.

Person 5: Embrace love and understanding, faith and beauty. Let go of the horror the world might contain. Accept people for who they are,

Person 2: not for their face,

Person 4: But for what they bring to the world.

Person 8: Accept them not for the way they worship God,

Person 6: but for the goodness it allows them to contain.

Person 1: Choose to love the person, not their

Person 2, 3, & 4: gender, race, or beliefs.

ALL: Love the person, not the ideal.

Person 5: We are human beings. We,

ALL: Together,

Person 5: Are the world. We breathe, we love, we feel.

ALL: We are people.

Person 8: Together,

ALL: We are one. Let go of hate, let it evolve into love.

Person 5: We can only be ourselves. People cannot change themselves to suit the world's purpose. We have to change the world to suit ours. Let

Person 1: Love,

Person 2: Beauty,

Person 3: Hope,

Person 4: and, Faith,

Person 6: Desire,

Person 8: and Passion,

Person 5: Become

ALL: The Majority

Person 5: of the world. Create a place where the good things

ALL: out-number the bad.

Person 5: Where people

Person 2: are accepted as people.

Person 5: Where humans

Person 6: are defined for their actions,

Person 3: not the colour of their skin.

Person 8: Change the world to a place loved by all, where people are who they are

ALL: No matter how large or how small.

Person 4: No matter the faith they follow, or who they love.

Person 1: Where the world is a sanctuary, not a prison.

Person 5: Where people are who they choose to be, and aren't penalized for it.

Person 1: I'm Jewish. My children will have my beliefs. But, I will not be destroyed for passing on my history.

Person 2: I'm bisexual. My ex-boyfriend is my best friend, and my girlfriend runs the local community theatre.

Person 3: I'm black. I graduated from Juilliard last month, and I am currently the lead in a musical on Broadway.

Person 4: I'm Christian. I just celebrated my 16th birthday. Surely you remember yours?

Person 5: I'm gay. I recently married, and I run a party business with my husband in downtown Toronto.

Person 6: I'm male. I'm a fashion designer.

Person 8: I'm female. I get up everyday to go to work at the mill. I'm a girl. So, what?

ALL: I'm myself.

Person 8: If that's not good enough for the world,

Person 5: then there is no world. If the world cannot become a place that all human beings, all men, women, and children, can embrace as a haven, then the world does not exist. How can it, when we shun our kin?

Person 2, 4, & 6: Love the world.

Person 1, 3, & 8: Love yourselves.

Person 5: Love the people around you, no matter their difference from you.

ALL: I am the world, and the world is me.



Venting
By
Riley Harvey

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Venting

Riley Harvey

Setting

Venting takes place in a shabby apartment downtown Vancouver, present day.

Characters

JESSE - Jesse is in his early 20's. He is a writer and a struggling actor. He focuses mostly on his writing as his acting career fails to succeed. Jesse is usually personable when it comes to meeting new people. Although he may come off as bothersome, he is of good nature and admirable. Jesse enjoys where he is at in life. He doesn't make a lot of money but came across money his grandparents left him when they passed. He lives with only the bare necessities and remains comfortable.

RAE - Rae is in her early 20's. She is studying to become an architect. In the meantime she designs windows for a small company. Rae just got out of a long relationship and wanted a new start to her life. Rae is strong willed yet shy when it comes to meeting new people face to face. Rae can get frustrated easily and think the worst in situations but always remains hopeful.

Venting

Lights come up down stage. Jesse is standing waiting for the elevator. It dings and the elevator doors open (imaginary). Rae is running up the stairs holding a box. Jesse sees her and holds the door open. She smiles as she enters the elevator. There is awkwardness between both of them. They both look in different directions and at one point look at each other briefly and look away. The elevator stops and a bell rings. The doors open and both Jesse and Rae go to step out. They do a back and forth dance until Jesse steps completely out of the way. He gestures her to go ahead. She politely smiles and walks out. They both leave in opposite directions.

Lights come up. Both enter their apartments.

Rae's apartment has some boxes lying around. She is carrying the last of the boxes she needs to fully move in. Rae lets out a big sigh and looks around. She feels proud of herself. She sits down on her couch which is wrapped up. Rae's cell phone rings. She answers.

Jesse's apartment is not very polished. It has the bare necessities. He walks in and takes off his jacket and puts his keys on the table. Jesse sits down at his table where a typewriter sits with paper ready. He sits there pondering for a moment.

RAE Hey Emily, yeah I just got the last of my boxes up. Thanks for all your help yesterday packing. Oh no, don't worry about it I didn't have that much stuff anyways I should be fine putting it away. Yeah, I'll call Mom later. I don't want to bother her and Dad while they're away.

Jesse coughs. Rae is caught off guard and stops talking. She looks around.

RAE Hey sorry. Oh nothing I think I'm just tired from the move today. Yes. Thanks again Emily. Talk to you soon.

Rae moves about her apartment putting things away on shelves. Jesse starts typing. Rae hears the distinct sound and doesn't know where it is coming from.

RAE Hello?

The typing stops and Jesse goes to get a bag of chips. Rae removes the odd sounds from her mind and begins to sing a tune as she is putting away her things. Jesse comes back and starts typing again.

RAE *(stops singing and speaks louder than the first time)* Hello?

JESSE *(in completely aware mocking way)* Hello?

RAE *(confused)* Hello?

JESSE Hello.

RAE Is someone there?

JESSE Can you hear me?

RAE Well, yes I can. *(looks around apartment)*

Jesse is still typing at his typewriter.

JESSE Then just follow my voice and you can guess where I am.

Rae looks around her apartment in obvious areas where he would not be hiding.

JESSE You're getting warmer. I can feel it. *(sarcastically)*

Jesse's tone shows that he has done this more than once, most likely with the previous neighbors. Rae moves in closer to where the vent is.

JESSE Cold cold cold.

Rae realizes that the sound is coming from the vent. She is very sure of herself. Rae begins to get a little frustrated.

Jesse continues typing, chuckling to himself.

Rae grabs a chair and stands on it to look through the vent. She can't see anything.

JESSE You should just give up n...

RAE Oh shut up I found you. You're through the vent.

JESSE *(finishing his last sentence)*... now. Welcome to the building.

RAE Thanks for the housewarming gift but does this actually mean you'll be able to hear everything from my apartment?

JESSE Yeah but I wouldn't worry about it. *(gets up and walks around keeping his attention on the conversation)* I'm rarely ever here.

RAE No way, I'm getting this fixed as soon as possible.

JESSE You'll hardly notice me.

RAE I don't get that feeling at all. I'm calling the building manager first thing tomorrow morning.

JESSE That's pointless. It's been that way for two other tenants since I've moved in.

RAE And?

JESSE You mean you don't know the ending?

RAE *(sigh of frustration)* Listen, I just had a long day moving and I'd appreciate it if you could just not talk so I can get things done without interruptions.

JESSE Sure yeah, no problem.

Rae begins to put her stuff away again. Jesse starts typing his play. There are moments where Jesse stops to ponder about what to write. Rae is putting her books away humming a tune to herself. Jesse leans back in his chair. He looks over in the direction of Rae's apartment. Jesse gets up and walks over to a music player in the corner. He turns up the music. Rae gets frustrated.

RAE Do you mind?

JESSE Hey, you got your space, and I've got mine. Cool it. I'm writing, and music is inspirational. I notice you like to sing. Why don't you just sing along with it? Then we both win.

RAE No, then you win. *(agitated)* I am never going to get used to this.

JESSE *(mumbles)* Yeah probably not.

RAE Pardon me?

Jesse falls silent ignoring Rae.

RAE *(Rae is frustrated at not getting a direct response)* Look, I have no idea who you are not to mention you are extremely disrespectful and rude...

JESSE I'm going to pretend I didn't hear that, that is very insulting. *(sarcastic tone)*

RAE This vent problem will be dealt with soon.

Rae exits stage toward what is assumed to be where her bedroom would be.

JESSE Welcome home neighbor.

Jesse walks off stage leaving his type writer on the table.

Lights go to a dim lighting across the stage signaling night.

Lights come up on stage. It is morning.

Rae is standing in her living room with unfinished boxes. She is reading a number off a card and dialing on the phone. She calls the building manager.

RAE Hi, yes I seem to be having a problem with one of my vents. It's connected to my neighbor's apartment. Well, I can hear everything he's saying! *(angry)* What do you mean you can't fix it? Listen... *(looks down at card)* Tony, I pay rent. If you don... hello? HELLO? *(frustrated, snuffs him off)*

Jessie stumbles in on stage in his pj's. His hair is messy and he has a cup of coffee in his hand.

JESSE What's with all the racket?

RAE *(turns towards Jesse's apartment)* Oh shut it.

JESSE *(too pleasant)* Well, Good Morning!

Rae tries to ignore Jesse.

JESSE So what's the verdict on the whole vent situation we got here?

RAE *(mocking)* You mean you don't know the ending?

JESSE *(smiling)* I told you didn't I? What are you going to do then?

RAE I'm reading the paper for new apartments as we speak. *(opens the newspaper sitting nearby)*

JESSE Oh come on! You haven't even given this whole experience a chance.

RAE I don't need this experience trust me. I am going to find a new place as soon as I can.

JESSE How long did it take you to find this place?

RAE Not very long.

Jesse's about to respond but thinks better of it. He goes to his desk and sits down and begins madly typing on his typewriter. Rae continues to read the classifieds in the newspaper. After several moments...

JESSE You know, I never got your name..

RAE Yeah, I know.

JESSE Aren't you going to introduce yourself? I mean, we're closer than most neighbors, don't you think we should at least know each other's names?

RAE I don't think that's necessary.

JESSE *(sincerely)* Well, to be honest I'd really just like to know your name.

Rae is taken off guard by the kindness he put into his words.

RAE I don't think it would matter.

JESSE Why not?

RAE I'll be moving out soon.

JESSE What, you found an apartment already? That was fast.

RAE Yeah, I'm decisive. *(crumples up newspaper and throws it away in one of the boxes)*

JESSE I still don't understand why you just won't tell me your name?

RAE Maybe I don't like my name and I'd rather not tell anyone for that matter.

JESSE That's interesting. Well look at it this way, you'll never have to see me.

RAE *(laughs)* We live in the same apartment building.

JESSE I am very good at avoiding people.

Rae gives out a big laugh.

RAE Really? Why don't you show me?

JESSE What?

RAE See if you can avoid me until I move out.

JESSE Wow, you take things so seriously.

RAE Don't judge me. You can't stand on the other side of that vent and make assumptions on who I am and what I'm like.

JESSE Well, it's pretty obv (*doesn't finish sentence*) you know what? I'm sorry.

Long awkward silence between them

RAE Rae.

JESSE What?

RAE My name, it's Rae.

JESSE Well it's nice to finally meet you Rae. I'm your neighbor Jesse. Is Rae short for anything?

RAE Just get back to your typing or whatever it is you're doing.

JESSE (*stops typing*) So I guess I should get used to you being this cranky in the morning.

Rae displays a tiny silent frustration in her living room. She walks off stage. Meanwhile Jesse gets up to stretch. He walks over to his CD player to put on some music. Rae's phone rings. Rae runs onto stage and searches for it, finds it and answers it.

RAE Hello? Hi Emily! No, not completely done yet. (*looks around in disappointment*) Yeah I'd love to have you over...

Jesse has turned up the volume up on his CD player after hearing the volume Rae speaks at on the phone. Rae is cut off.

RAE Could you hold on a second? (*walks over to the vent and yells through it*)
COULD YOU TURN THAT DOWN?

Jesse mimics Rae and eventually goes over to turn it down enough to hear Rae.

RAE Sorry Emily. Oh, that wasn't anything, just getting used to the building. (*hesitant*) As I was saying, I don't (*boldly*) think it would be a good idea for you to come over. It's chaotic in here and I think maybe when I'm organized it would be a better time. Okay well thanks anyway, goodbye.

Rae hangs up the phone quickly and leans on the couch. She looks towards Jesse's apartment marching to the vent.

RAE Look, if we're going to be neighbors until I move out, we have to lay out some ground rules about who can make noise when.

JESSE Should I map out this situation for you? You moved in. I already lived here.

RAE Right. (*rolls eyes in frustration*)

Rae continues to unpack her belongings. Jesse's phone rings.

JESSE What do ya got for me Laurence? What?! (*extremely excited*)

Rae is startled by Jesse's volume.

JESSE Oh man, I could kiss you right now! Thank you thank you! Tomorrow? Perfect. Yes, I'll be there. Goodbye.

RAE What was that about?

JESSE Wouldn't you like to know.

RAE Are you moving!?

JESSE No, I'm not. (*smiling*)

RAE Oh, I see.

JESSE It's my job.

RAE Job? So you actually leave this crap hole of a place?

JESSE This building happens to be the best place I've ever lived in. And yes, perhaps less often than I'd like, I do leave this place.

RAE What do you do?

JESSE I'm a playwright.

- RAE** Oh, that makes sense, with the place and all.
- JESSE** *(standing in the middle of his apartment)* Trying to make a crack at writers? I happen to be a brilliant writer. People just don't appreciate my work. And it's not just about the money. I love what I do, and I like to think I'm good at doing it.
- RAE** You told me you were good at avoiding people too.
- Jesse laughs it off.*
- JESSE** Well I'm stuck in my apartment most days just writing. Sometimes for inspiration I need a distraction.
- RAE** Inspiration? This situation, which I find extremely ridiculous, is inspirational to you?
- JESSE** Yeah, it has it's moments.
- RAE** I see. But you mentioned you were actually leaving the house? Did someone "appreciate" your work?
- JESSE** It's an audition.
- RAE** An audition? What, are you going to tell me that you're an actor now?
(Laughs)
- JESSE** *(ignoring the rude laughter from Rae)* Only once in a while, when I can. And it so happens that tomorrow I have a big audition.
- RAE** *(little caught off guard but remains in control of situation)* Okay "Oscar".
- RAE** Have I seen you in anything?
- JESSE** Well, I don...I'm not sur....yeah, maybe. *(doesn't want to admit he is a failing actor)*
- RAE** Well? Which is it? What's the part?
- JESSE** I'll find out when I get the script.
- RAE** You don't know?
- JESSE** No. I like it to be an element of surprise.
- RAE** You forgot to ask him didn't you?

JESSE Hey, *(a little annoyed)* it's the fact that my lazy bum of an agent is even getting me anything, so I happen to be very excited. So I don't think of everything.

RAE *(subtly laughing)* I guess I found a weak spot.

Jesse snuffs off Rae and continues writing.

JESSE So Rae, what is it you're proud of as a workingwoman? I assume you're working?

RAE Yes of course I am.

JESSE And does this include you leaving the apartment?

RAE *(Rae makes a squished face clenching her fists with her shoulders to her ears, takes a moment, then releases)* Nope, not very often.

JESSE Oh. Well that's good news.

RAE If that's what you want to call it.

JESSE I really enjoy the company you know.

They both stop what they are doing for a moment. Jesse is looking for a response, as Rae is trying to figure out what to say. Rae changes the subject.

RAE I design windows. *(quickly after)* But it's only temporary! I'm studying to be an architect.

JESSE Hey, that's kinda cool.

RAE Thanks.

Jesse walks over to his window upstage. He looks outside. Rae gradually makes her way to her window as well.

RAE It's going to take some getting used to this traffic noise at night.

JESSE Where did you live before this? The country?

RAE No, still in the city, just in a basement suit. It was a quiet street.

JESSE So, were you living alone in the basement suit? Did you have someone living with you?

RAE Look, I don't want to talk about it okay? *(tense)*

JESSE Okay.

RAE Okay.

Beat.

JESSE So what are your plans for today?

RAE I don't really understand why it's any of your business what I do during my day. I mean, I don't even know you. I've never seen you. The only thing that has us talking to each other is the stupid vent.

JESSE Oh sorry, I was just making conversation.

RAE *(calming down)* Well, it's not really any of your concern what I do with my day. But if you'd like to know, I'll be here working away on pointless drawings I can never seem to get right.

JESSE Your window drawings?

RAE Yeah.

JESSE You know, I'll just be writing all day and waiting for my script to be delivered. Would you like to come over on this side of the wall? I can help you with your drawings when I get writers block.

RAE Oh, uhm I really don't think that'll be necessary. But I appreciate the offer.

JESSE Yeah, well... anytime. *(let down)*

There is a silence among the two of them. They carry on to do what they had planned. Jesse is writing his script. Rae goes off stage and comes back on fully dressed into clothes. Jesse walks off stage humming to himself.

RAE I'm going to go out and get some groceries. *(waiting for a response. Shrugs)* Ok, see ya.

Rae grabs her coat and her "green" grocery bags. She opens the door and shuts it. As she is closing it, Jesse comes on stage. Jesse hears the door shut. Rae is waiting for the elevator.

JESSE Rae...Rae?

Jesse realizes she is not there. He quickly fixes his hair and runs out the apartment door. The door to the elevator is closing as he gets there. They both miss each other by less than a second. Disappointed, Jesse returns to his apartment. Rae gets out of the elevator realizing she has forgotten something from the apartment. Jesse's phone rings.

JESSE Hello? Hey Greg. Yeah, not really anything. Just writing. Well I really need to get this done. I got an audition for a show coming to the city. I don't know what part, but I was thinking about giving my work to one of the people working there. Didn't think you were interested. *(always happens with Greg)* Yeah, someone did move in. No, she's not like the other neighbors. I don't know, I haven't seen her. Is that the only thing you care about? I mean seriously Greg. You wonder why you never get women.

Rae goes back to the elevator. She gets in and as she reaches her floor, she gets off and enters her apartment. She leaves the door open slightly open as she walks to get her wallet. She can hear Jesse talking but Jesse didn't hear her come in.

JESSE *(con't)* I kind of like this girl man. I haven't known her long, but she's neat in a weird way.

Rae is over hearing this conversation. She doesn't really know what to do. She puts down her bags.

JESSE Yes I have. But she didn't want to. She has a beast of a personality.

In order for Rae not to make this situation any more awkward than it already is for her she goes over to her door and closes it. Jesse is startled and caught off guard.

JESSE *(laughs, trying to cover up his conversation)* Yeah, those guys really played hard last night at the game eh? Well I've got to get going, I have more writing to do. I'll talk to you later. *(hangs up the phone)*

RAE You watched the hockey game last night?

JESSE Uh, Yeah.

Both stand there still. Jesse is cringing his face as Rae is staring through the wall.

RAE Hmm, you don't seem the type.

JESSE Okay now who's judging who? What type do you think I am?

RAE Well you're an actor and a writer. You just don't strike me as one to be into sports.

JESSE Well I am. See, it's easy to misjudge someone when you don't really know them.

There is awkwardness between them.

RAE Has your script come in the mail yet?

JESSE No, I don't think so.

RAE What about your own script?

JESSE It's getting hard to write.

RAE Oh. Well can I help you with it?

JESSE Well you could, but it's alright. I'm doing fine as it is.

RAE Oh come on let me help.

JESSE Maybe.

RAE What's it about anyways? You haven't talked about it.

JESSE You've never asked. *(trying to hide his story)*

RAE What is it about?

JESSE It's about the ridiculous relationship between two people.

RAE Hah!

JESSE *(upset)* Yeah. *(laughs but doesn't mean it)* You could come over and help me if you'd like.

RAE *(caught off guard)* Um, I'm actually going to make something to eat for myself. Then I should really get working on my drawings.

JESSE Okay *(giving his hopes up as he is hitting his hand against his head mouthing "stupid, stupid, stupid")* That's great!

RAE So how many characters are in your play?

JESSE There are many. But my two main characters are a guy and a girl.

RAE *(suddenly becoming awkward)* What does this boy look like?

JESSE Well, *(pausing, looking at himself)* he's tall with long dark hair and blue eyes. He has an irresistible smile and cunning charm. *(explaining the way he wishes he could look)*

RAE *(smiling)* And the girl?

JESSE I haven't quite figured her out yet.

RAE How about blonde hair, green eyes and a freckle beside her nose? *(doing the same thing Jesse is doing)*

JESSE *(smiling)* That's perfect.

Rae and Jesse are both smiling at this moment but both realize their self conscious perception of themselves. Neither of them know that the other is lying.

RAE *(changing subject quickly)* Well there is one perk about being in this building.

JESSE What's that?

RAE You walk four steps and you're at a grocery store.

JESSE Yeah, it's convenient.

RAE *(breaking silence)* I'll be back. I'm just going to go to the store. I'll be back.

JESSE Oh, okay.

Rae casually leaves. Jesse gets up and looks at himself in the reflection of a spoon he has left around his apartment. Rae enters the elevator and the doors close. Jesse exits his apartment and walks to the elevator. Rae exits the elevator and walks down the stairs to the mailboxes. Jesse is still waiting, patting down his hair and fixing his clothes. The elevator opens and Jesse gets in. Meanwhile Rae leaves the building. Jesse runs after her but sees the door closing. He opens it only to look out onto the busy streets of the city. City noise is heard faintly. Jesse gives up and checks his mail. He finds his script that was sent to him. He grabs the script and reads the title. Jesse lets out a heavy sigh. He takes out his cell phone and phones his agent.

JESSE *“Lust In Your Eyes”* Seriously Laurence? Do you know how much this will kill my career? Well maybe I would have one if you weren’t such a lazy agent! *(getting angry)* But....Lau.....n...f.... *(continuously getting interrupted by his agent)* Fine, I’ll go. But you owe me big time. Remember...you get paid for how well I do. Yeah, yeah goodbye.

Jesse is distraught. He flips through the pages quickly. He folds it up as Rae walks in. They look at each other briefly. Jesse makes his way to the elevator as Rae picks up a newspaper. Rae looks through the newspaper before walking to the elevator. Jesse gets on the elevator. Rae is following behind but misses the elevator. Rae waits patiently reading her paper as Jesse is unimpressed with his script. Jesse exits elevator and enters his apartment. Rae waits a few more beats and enters the elevator. She gets off and makes her way to the elevator.

Jesse sits down at his desk flipping through the script some more. Rae sits down on her couch and reads more of the newspaper.

RAE Hey.

Jesse is startled by her voice.

JESSE Oh, you’re back?

RAE Yeah.

JESSE I got my script. *(disappointed)*

RAE And how is it?

JESSE I’m turning the first page now.

RAE What’s it called?

JESSE *(quickly thinking)* It doesn’t have a title yet...

RAE That’s strange. Every story has a title.

JESSE It’s confidential. I’m not allowed to tell you anyways.

RAE Oh come on! Who’ve I got to tell?

JESSE Yeah, I guess you’re right.

RAE Ah hah! So it does have a title.

JESSE Seriously? Are you going to bug me about this?

RAE Stop being secretive and tell me this Oscar winning role you're taking on.

JESSE "*Lust In Your Eyes*" (*cringing as he is saying these words*)

RAE I beg your pardon?

JESSE That's what it's called. You asked for the title, so there you have it.

RAE (*trying to hold back laughter*) I see.

JESSE Don't you have drawings to do or something?

RAE Come on, you aren't upset are you?

JESSE (*snappy*) No.

RAE You have to admit, it is pretty cheesy.

Jesse relaxes into his chair. Although he is embarrassed, he is happy that Rae agrees with him about the script.

JESSE (*breaking into a subtle laugh*) Yeah you're right.

RAE (*smiling*) Well I hope your audition goes well for you.

JESSE Thanks but I don't think this is really worth my time. I really need to get my script done and I don't want to hand it in to the producers who have done this crap. (*holds up "Lust In Your Eyes"*)

RAE But maybe you'll get enough money out of it to fix this vent situation?

JESSE You're the one with the steady job!

RAE I'm just kidding Jesse. I'm kind of enjoying the company.

JESSE You can't be serious?

RAE No, seriously!

JESSE I like the company too. (*smiling*) It's way better than the old folks who've been living beside me. All day, everyday I could only hear the toilet flushing.

Jesse and Rae share a laugh.

JESSE Does this mean you're staying?

RAE Well, I'll have to sleep on it. Goodnight Jesse. I'll talk to you tomorrow.

JESSE Oh, okay. Goodnight Rae. Have good dreams.

RAE You too.

Rae exits off stage. Jesse sits at his typewriter thinking. He has a smile on his face. He begins to madly write. The lights go down yet one low light stays on him madly typing. His hair is getting messier and messier from him trying to keep awake by shaking his head with his hands. His typing gets slower and slower. He finally decides to go to bed. Jesse walks off stage. (Three beats)

Rae runs in excitedly talking on the phone.

RAE Are you serious Emily? Oh my gosh, thank you, thank you, thank you! Yes, I'm already ready! I'll be there as soon as I can. Okay bye!

Rae gathers her things and puts on her shoes. She is humming a happy tune. She grabs her drawings and heads out, slamming the door behind her. Rae enters the elevator. Jesse stumbles on stage with bagged eyes and extremely messy hair. Rae exits the elevator and runs outside.. Jesse is stretching and yawning, walking around his apartment doing miscellaneous things. He puts on some music hoping Rae will eventually hear. He sits down and reads over the last few things he had written the night before. He remembers where the story was leading and begins to write more. Jesse is singing along to the music. He gets a phone call from his agent.

JESSE I haven't memorized it yet. *(in panic)* No, I know it's today. I've been totally sidetracked. What time? At four? Okay, I'll be there!

In panic, Jesse finds the script and begins to read over it. He describes the story out loud.

JESSE "Eric is a regular guy looking to win the one girl he's been in love with since 10th grade. Tables take a turn when the girl he is after moves to another continent to get away from the life she wants to forget. This tale takes audiences on a journey of lost love and romance is recovered by the courage in the one guy who follows nothing else, but her heart in his eyes." *(stops for a moment to take a breath)* Okay... this could be interesting.

Jesse begins to speak the dialogue out loud. His voice becomes cheesy and fails to flow in the context.

JESSE *"It's a cold winter's night with the wind gusting and the moon in full light..." (Jesse trails on mumbling. He stops and stares at the script) What a waste of time. Hey Rae, are you listening to this? Can you believe this is the movie I'm auditioning for? I know I said I didn't want to, but I have to make rent somehow (nervous laugh). It just boggles my mind that something this crappy can actually be produced. I only read the first sentences and... Rae?*

There is no reply from Rae. Jesse is embarrassed that he has been talking to himself.

JESSE *Oh, I guess you're not there. (stops and thinks) Why am I still talking to you then?*

Jesse shakes off his silly embarrassment and tosses the script to begin typing his own. He grabs his phone and dials.

JESSE *Hey Laurence, I don't think it's a good idea for me to audition for this film. Well, it's just not my thing.*

Rae enters talking on her cell phone and waits at the elevator doors. Jesse remains on the phone but mouths words silently.

RAE *Yeah, I got there and they said they just hired the assistant and that they were sorry. No, don't worry about it Emily, it didn't look like the best workplace for my anyways. It would be a huge jump from window designing to corporate architecture anyways. I just haven't prepared myself enough. If there are any other job listings that you find, just let me know.*

Rae has already entered the elevator and made her way up. She exits the elevator to her place.

RAE *Okay talk to you soon, bye Emily.*

Rae takes a big sigh as she closes the door to her apartment. Jesse is still talking on the phone and doesn't hear Rae come in.

JESSE *Listen to this, "Julie, I cannot go on without you. You're the only one in my dreams. You help me through every struggle my life cannot defend..."*

Rae overhears and gets upset, she thinks there is girl Jesse is involved with. Although Rae has never made the effort to see Jesse, she feels a connection between both of them as individuals.

JESSE “...my heart will beat, but never go on unless you’re by my side to hold my hand. I’m in lov...”

Rae tries to block out a sneeze but fails. She has a loud sneeze which cuts off Jesse.

JESSE Oh uh, I have to go. I’ll call you back. *(hangs up)* Rae?

RAE *(Cringes face)* Good afternoon.

JESSE I noticed you weren’t here before. When did you get back?

RAE About a minute ago, I think.

JESSE Where did you go? I ended up talking to myself for a few moments thinking you were around. *(laughs embarrassingly)*

RAE Oh, well I had an interview today. My sister called me this morning. She has a friend who works for a big architectural company. They were looking for an intern but as soon as I got there, the spot was already filled.

JESSE I’m sorry to hear that Rae. I’m sure there will be other opportunities.

RAE I haven’t given my hopes up yet. I just hope I won’t have to move again. It really is a pain.

JESSE So you’ve decided?

RAE Yeah I’m kind of getting used to my new roommate.

JESSE Yeah, me too.

Jesse realizes what he has said and both become awkward. Rae breaks the silence.

RAE So, things not easy with your girlfriend?

JESSE What?

RAE I walked in and I overheard you talking on the phone. *(begins to speak quickly)* I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to eavesdrop, well... I kind of could help it. It’s probably none of my business anyways.

JESSE Rae, it's not wh... *(cuts off by Rae)*

RAE You know what? Forget I asked, it's okay.

JESSE Rae?

RAE Yes?

JESSE I was just talking to my agent.

RAE What?

JESSE Yeah, I was reading the script he sent me.

RAE Oh, well that's sure embarrassing.

JESSE I don't have a girlfriend. If I did well... you'd know. *(laughs)*

RAE *(laughs along with Jesse in an awkward way)* So, what's wrong with the script?

JESSE It's the biggest waste of time. It's nearly painful to read.

RAE Really? What's it about?

JESSE Are you looking to run away and hide and wish you never wasted your time on such nonsense?

RAE I guess I'm pretty content where I am right now.

JESSE Good choice.

RAE So I assume you're not going to the audition?

JESSE No, I won't be. I really need to get this script I'm writing done.

RAE Is there a "due date" on it or something?

JESSE No, I'd just really like to give it to someone to read. I think this is my best work so far and I can't waste any more time on things that don't interest me.

RAE Yeah, I better get to my drawings. I can't keep slacking like I am.

JESSE You better not be pointing fingers!

RAE No, of course not. (*sarcasm*) I'm going to work on them in bed before I sleep. I'll talk to you tomorrow again. Let me know how that script is coming along. I'd like to know where you've gone with it.

JESSE If you're lucky.

RAE I consider myself to be a pretty lucky girl, if I may say so.

Jesse and Rae both smile.

JESSE Goodnight Rae.

RAE Goodnight Jesse.

Rae exits off stage. The lights dim except for the low light on Jesse. Jesse continues writing madly on his typewriter. He is down to the last page to finish his script. "The End" He says out loud. He takes a look at it and puts all the pages together. He walks off stage with it in his hands and a smile on his face. The lights go down.

The lights come up and Rae stumbles onto stage looking happy and excited to start a new day. She walks past her door and stops. She notices something underneath her door and turns around to look at it. There is a large envelope with her name on it. She opens it and pulls out a script. The exact script Jesse wrote. She is confused and sits down to read it. She reads a bit of it and realizes it is about her and Jesse. She exits stage with script in hand still reading.

Jesse stumbles on stage with cereal. As he is eating his cereal, he grabs another piece of paper. Jesse begins a new play.

Rae comes back on stage cutely dressed. She has script in hand. She walks out her door. She looks down the non-visible hallway in all directions. She walks towards Jesse's door.

Jesse is still eating cereal not thinking much about the morning. Only hoping Rae will find his script soon and talk to him.

Rae knocks on Jesse's door.

Jesse pats his bed head hair down and fixes his clothes to look decently presentable in the best way possible wearing his pj's. Jesse begins to walk towards the door.

Rae is unsure if someone is home.

RAE *(calling through door) Jesse?*

Jesse stops in his tracks. He can recognize the voice.

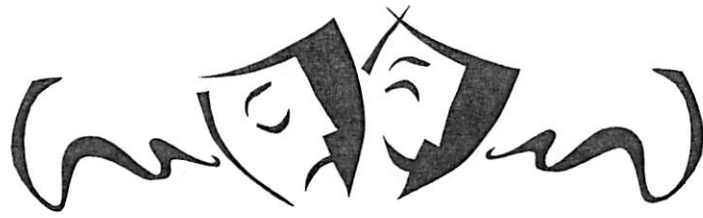
JESSE Rae?

Rae and Jesse both stand there for two beats staring through the door, recognizing each other's voice, preparing to meet each other face to face.

The lights go out. Ending music comes on.

Curtain call.

THE END



Writer's Block

By

Jessica Feser

Caution: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that "Writer's Block" by Jessica Feser is subject to royalty. It is protected under Copyright Law. Inquiries regarding performance rights and royalties should be directed to Jessica Feser at P.O. Box 204 Port Edward B.C. V0V 1G0. The fee for a single production of this play will cost \$30.00

Cast of Characters:

Marnie.....a writer with a bad case of writer’s block

Terry.....her best friend

Antonio.....a prince on a quest to find true love

Sidekick.....a young man out for revenge, sidekick to Antonio

Sophie.....a beautiful barmaid who defies the stereotypical “damsel-in-distress”

Villain.....the villain of the kingdom

Sensei.....a revered ex-warrior-turned-hermit

Two Henchmen.....Villain’s henchmen

*Note: Sensei and Villain may be played by the same actor.

Scene I

(Lights up on SR only. A dorm room. There is a bed facing the audience in the UR "corner" of the room, with a shelf of movies to its right. There is a computer desk and chair in the DL "corner" of the room, with a laptop sitting on the desk. MARNIE, a girl in her late teens, sits at the desk. As the scene begins, she is typing fiercely, then backspacing just as violently. TERRY, MARNIE's friend, enters SR, beginning the scene.)

TERRY: Hey, Marnie. *(MARNIE does not respond.)* Marnie? What are you doing?

MARNIE: *(sighs, stops typing.)* Oh, hey, Terry.

TERRY: *(mock offended.)* Glad to see you too.

MARNIE: Sorry, Terry. It's just... I'm a little stressed out right now.

TERRY: Hey, no worries. What's up?

MARNIE: *(referring to the laptop.)* This. It's my final project for my Creative Writing Class. I have to write a story, with a twist at the end. And I'm stuck.

TERRY: Huh. Well, how long do you have to write it?

MARNIE: The professor gave us two months.

TERRY: Well, don't worry about it then. You have plenty of time to write it.

MARNIE: *(uneasily.)* Well... she didn't exactly assign it today.

TERRY: Okay. When *did* she assign it?

MARNIE: *(glumly.)* Two months ago.

TERRY: And how much did you write in that time?

MARNIE: Well...

TERRY: You didn't write anything, did you?

MARNIE: Well, I *tried* working on it, but I was never really inspired.

TERRY: Has the fact that you have zero time left to do it "inspired" you?

MARNIE: *(matter of factly.)* Oh, I have time.

TERRY: Oh, really? How long?

MARNIE: *(consulting her watch.)* Twelve hours.

TERRY: *(pauses.)* Well, I'm not sticking around to distract you. I've got better things to do than watch you crash and burn. *(begins to leave.)*

MARNIE: *(standing up quickly.)* No, please, stay! You could help me!

TERRY: No way, Marnie. Not gonna happen.

(MARNIE launches herself at TERRY, grabbing her leg so that TERRY cannot walk away easily. As the next few lines are spoken, TERRY tries unsuccessfully to shake MARNIE off, while MARNIE clings even tighter.)

MARNIE: Please Terry! You've got to help me!

TERRY: No! Get off of me!

MARNIE: *(dramatically.)* You're my only hope! You're my lifeline! I need your wisdom to guide me!

TERRY: Will you get off? Seriously, Marnie, get the hell off of me!

MARNIE: *(still clinging on, she looks imploringly up at TERRY.)* Terry, you're so smart, and beautiful, and I need you! You could be my muse! My inspiration! I'll base a character off of you! You'll be immortalized forever in a great piece of literature!

TERRY: Not a chance! Now get... off... of... ME!! *(she tries to kick MARNIE off, but is thrown off balance and tumbles over. MARNIE quickly pins her.)*

MARNIE: *(victoriously.)* Ha! I win! Now you've got to help me!

TERRY: *(whining.)* Marnie... get off! Please!

MARNIE: *(sing-songy)* Only if you'll help me write my story...

TERRY: Fine! Just get off!

MARNIE: I knew I could count on you! *(she stands up and helps TERRY to her feet. TERRY, who is rather put out, sulks over to the bed and sits.)*

TERRY: You'd better keep your promise about writing a character after me.

MARNIE: Scout's honour. Now, let's get started. *(she drags the desk chair and the laptop so that she is sitting across from TERRY.)* Okay. Now, where do we begin?

TERRY: *(shrugging.)* I don't know. You're the writer.

MARNIE: Yes, and I have writer's block. So you, the muse, have to help me.

TERRY: Well... what do you want to write about?

MARNIE: Oh, it's a love story, of course. It's an Epic Tale of Romance-

TERRY: You're not going to call it "The Ruthless Pirate's Inexperienced Spanish Princess", are you?

MARNIE: No! It's not Harlequin romance! It's a pure, innocent story of true love! With passion! And intrigue... and a bit of danger, some sword fighting, magic, comedy, tragedy, and... a twist at the end, I guess.

TERRY: How on earth did you come up with all of that?

MARNIE: What? Oh, from these. (*Gestures to the movies.*) I spent the last two months watching all these movies, trying to find something that I liked. I've been through all my DVDs, plus about two thirds of Movie Gallery. But I can't just write a story based on a movie. So I just started compiling a bunch of ideas.

TERRY: And that's what you came up with?

MARNIE: Pretty much.

TERRY: Well, who's the main character?

MARNIE: Well, I don't really know... I have so many ideas, but it's just so hard to pick and choose...

TERRY: Just choose!

MARNIE: Fine! But you shouldn't rush the process! (*she thinks for a minute.*) Well, let's see... I see... a boy... No, wait! A man...

Scene II

(The scene flows through. The lights slowly dim on SR, while coming up slowly on SL. A MAN enters from SL. He is finely dressed in a princely garb, complete with sword, feathered hat, and cape. He smiles gamely and, for the first little bit, does everything that MARNIE is narrating. MARNIE and TERRY continue speaking in the darkness, as though narrating the story. After awhile, the story will take a life of its own.)

MARNIE: This man is the hero of our story. His name is... Antonio!

TERRY: Antonio?

MARNIE: *(a little defensively.)* Yes. It sounds like a name for a hero, doesn't it?

TERRY: It's your story.

MARNIE: Anyways... Once upon a time, there was a prince named Antonio. Antonio had travelled far from his kingdom on an epic journey... a quest! He was in search of true love.

ANTONIO: *(in an overly aristocratic voice)* Ah, a new land! I have travelled far from home, on a quest to find true love!

TERRY: This guy sounds like a douche.

MARNIE: Shush! I'm writing...

ANTONIO: I have gone many days without sleep. I must see if there is a nearby inn, where I might rest awhile.

(ANTONIO begins walking towards CS. Lights up at C as he walks to where a cutaway set of a tavern is set. The door faces SL. Sitting near the door on the outside is SIDEKICK, who is extremely dirty and rough looking. As ANTONIO approaches the inn, SIDEKICK looks up and smiles secretly to himself. ANTONIO addresses the him.)

ANTONIO: Tell me, my good man, might this be a tavern?

YOUNG MAN: *(in a very rough, common accent.)* Oh yeah. It's the best place for a bite in this dump of a kingdom.

ANTONIO: Excellent! I have been travelling many days without the comfort of good food! I shall be glad to eat well!

YOUNG MAN: *(standing up, producing a small knife.)* Too bad you won't get over the threshold. *(he brandishes the knife.)* Hand over your gold, or I'll slice your courtly neck with one stroke.

ANTONIO: *(draws his sword and swats the knife out of the YOUNG MAN's hand with the flat side of its blade. He points the sword at the YOUNG MAN's throat.)* And now whose neck shall be sliced, ruffian?

YOUNG MAN: *(eying the knife with some concern.)* Easy there. I wouldn't of killed you, mate. Just needed the money, y'know. Can't get money in this dump of a kingdom, no jobs or nothing. People do what they gotta do to survive!

ANTONIO: (*Sarcastically.*) What? Too poor to live honestly?

YOUNG MAN: It's not my fault, y'see. My dad, he was the greatest man that ever lived. Protector of the kingdom, back in his day. But after the ruler of our kingdom was killed by an evil warlord- Villain, they call him- he set out to fight him. My dad was the greatest warrior in the history of this kingdom, but Villain killed him. I loved my dad very much, and after he died, I made an oath that when I meet this Villain someday, I can kill him, and avenge my dad. Course, that doesn't make you too popular with the guards. I can't get a job, no one will hire me, in case I bring Villain's henchmen knocking. So don't take offence from a poor guy with a sad history.

ANTONIO: (*sympathizing*) I see. Well, who am I to punish one who has gone through so much pain already? I'll offer you a bargain... if you will swear your loyalty to me, I shall help you track down the monster who murdered your father.

YOUNG MAN: Whaddya mean, "swear my loyalty to you"?

ANTONIO: I am in need of a "sidekick", if you'll forgive the vulgar term. Someone to assist me on my travels and fight by my side in battle. In return, I shall never cease to rest until I have found this Villain and slain him myself.

YOUNG MAN: Uh, well, I'll only say yes if y'swear that when the time comes, I can do the actual killin'. You know, revenge and all. I'd kinda like to do it myself.

ANTONIO: Say no more. I will allow you the honour of dispatching your foe. What is your name, man? (*SIDEKICK starts to answer, but ANTONIO cuts him off immediately*). Never mind! From this day forward, you shall be called "Sidekick".

SIDEKICK: I thought you said that was a "vulgar" word!

ANTONIO: (*ignoring him.*) Come, Sidekick! Let us eat!

(They enter the tavern. It is a small building with a bar upstage. A small table is close to the bar, in the SL "corner" of the tavern. Two more tables are arranged downstage of the bar. A man, who is VILLAIN in disguise, sits at the upstage table, dressed in a cloak and not drawing attention to himself. SOPHIE, a beautiful barmaid, is cleaning the table closest to SR. ANTONIO and SIDEKICK enter and sit at the nearest table to SL. SIDEKICK faces SL, and ANTONIO faces SR.)

ANTONIO: Sidekick, get us some food! (*He takes some coins out of his pocket and hands them to SIDEKICK.*)

SIDEKICK: (*looking at the money.*) Oi! What are you, a prince or something? No one in this dump of a country's got money like this! (*He walks up to the counter and pantomimes ordering food. As he walks away, he appears to unblock ANTONIO's view of SOPHIE, who is still cleaning the other table.*)

ANTONIO: (*to himself.*) Do my eyes deceive me? A fairer maid I've never seen! I believe that this is what I have been searching for... I think I've just fallen in love!

SIDEKICK: (*returns and sits down abruptly.*) Well, food's coming. (*ANTONIO is staring over SIDEKICK's shoulder. SIDEKICK notices that ANTONIO is not listening to him.*) Something the matter?

ANTONIO: Sidekick, that girl... I believe she is the very thing I've been searching for my entire life...

SIDEKICK: (*glancing over at SOPHIE.*) Good service?

ANTONIO: No, fool! Love! She is the one I am going to marry!

SIDEKICK: Really? Because she hasn't even looked at you yet. How d'you know she'll even like you?

ANTONIO: (*not listening to him.*) I must find out who she is!

SIDEKICK: I could tell you. That's Sophie. She comes from the same village as I do. Her family's all dead, but she's about the nicest and prettiest girl to come out of that place.

ANTONIO: Sophie... what a beautiful name. I must be acquainted with her. My good man, I require a proper introduction!

SIDEKICK: Well, I can't do that for you. See, I may know who she is, but I don't actually know her personally. Sorry.

ANTONIO: Then I shall have to do it myself. Excuse me, Sidekick. (*He stands and walks to where SOPHIE is cleaning the table.*) Pardon me, miss, but I could not help noticing you from across the room. I felt the urge to introduce myself. I am Antonio, the Prince from the next kingdom over.

SOPHIE: (*Politely.*) Pleased to meet you, Your Highness. How may I be of service?

ANTONIO: (*taking her hands in his.*) There is a service that I must ask you to do for me. I am trying to think of a proper way to put this-

(*SIDEKICK pops up behind him.*)

SIDEKICK: He's wonderin' if you'll marry him. He's absolutely head over heels for you, y'know. He's been staring at you ever since we got in here.

ANTONIO: (*pushing SIDEKICK away.*) Thank you, Sidekick, for your rather blunt way of putting that.

SOPHIE: Is that true?

ANTONIO: (*rather embarrassed.*) Well, yes.

SOPHIE: (*A little stunned.*) Well, that's very... romantic of you, Antonio. But, I only just met you. Doesn't that seem rather... I don't know... forward?

SIDEKICK: (*Butting in again.*) Well, you could look at it this way. Remember Cinderella? She met a prince, and married him right away.

SOPHIE: Yes, but-

SIDEKICK: And Snow White... only she had to do that whole apple business first.

SOPHIE: That's not the point-

SIDEKICK: Or what about Sleeping Beauty? The Little Mermaid? They all met princes and married them right away.

SOPHIE: Actually, the Little Mermaid died in the original story.

SIDEKICK: (*Looking crushed.*) What??

ANTONIO: My sidekick makes an excellent point, however. We are destined to be together, my dear Sophie. I am a brave, handsome, intelligent, generous, rich, and loving prince- and you are a beautiful maiden.

SIDEKICK: (*to himself.*) Seems a little bit uneven...

SOPHIE: (*Oblivious to SIDEKICK's remark.*) Well, I suppose so...

ANTONIO: Is that a yes?

SOPHIE: Well... yes. I suppose it is a yes.

ANTONIO: Sophie, you have made me the happiest man in the world. *(He pulls her close, then dips her back. He goes in for that perfect "movie" kiss, when suddenly VILLAIN reveals his identity. He stands up from the table quickly and draws a sword.)*

VILLAIN: Hold everything! *(to Antonio.)* So. You think that you can just flounce in here and steal my girl? I'll have your head for this treachery, *Highness.*

SOPHIE: Oh no! It's Villain! He's been pursuing me for ages! I forgot all about him!

ANTONIO: *(withdrawing his own sword.)* *En garde*, you revolting pig!

(ANTONIO and VILLAIN fight. ANTONIO is quickly defeated- VILLAIN disarms him and pushes him into a table, knocking him cold. SIDEKICK withdraws his knife, and rushes at VILLAIN, who also disarms him and knocks him out with the handle of his sword. VILLAIN then turns to SOPHIE.)

VILLAIN: You shall suffer greatly for this betrayal, my dear. *(snatches her and spirits her out of the tavern, SL.)*

ANTONIO: *(coming to.)* What... what happened... *(sees SOPHIE is gone.)* Sophie! Quickly, Sidekick, the rogue has taken her!

SIDEKICK: *(sitting up, rather groggily.)* Five more minutes, Dad... *(ANTONIO helps him to his feet. They rush out after VILLAIN, limping slightly from their wounds.)*

Scene III

(The scene reverts back to MARNIE and TERRY in the dorm room. TERRY is sprawled on the bed, staring at the ceiling, while MARNIE sits in the chair with the laptop, tapping her fingers. Both girls are deep in thought.)

TERRY: *(after some time.)* Well, any ideas?

MARNIE: I don't know. I mean, if you were an evil villain, where would you take the damsel in distress?

TERRY: *(shrugging.)* I thought you were the writer. *(She sits up.)* Well, think about it. Most villains have some sort of hideout. We just need to decide on where it is.

MARNIE: Darth Vader's lair was the Death Star.

TERRY: We can't use that! It's copyrighted!

MARNIE: Okay... well, what about a castle... you know, complete with turrets and moats and flying monkeys-

TERRY: Again, it's been done. And the Wicked Witch of the West was a woman. I don't think this guy is gonna be caught dead with a bunch of flying monkeys.

MARNIE: Well, if you're going to just shoot everything down, I'm not even going to give him a lair.

TERRY: But then where is he keeping Sophie?

MARNIE: *(thinks for a moment, and then begins typing.)* He's going to keep her locked away in a tower-

TERRY: Gee, that's original...

(Lights fade on SR as lights come up on SL. A tower is set up just beyond the wings. There is a large window. SOPHIE sits at the window. She is obviously bored. There is a large wooden crate at the foot of the tower. ANTONIO and SIDEKICK come limping on.)

ANTONIO: *(stops running when he sees SOPHIE. He throws an arm out to stop SIDEKICK, who is nearly knocked over.)* Look, Sidekick! It is my dear Sophie, locked away in a tower!

SIDEKICK: *(rubbing his chest where ANTONIO hit him.)* Well, whoop-de-do. Let's just find that Villain so that I can cut him up.

ANTONIO: *(ignoring him, running to the foot of the tower.)* Sophie! Sophie, are you hurt?

SOPHIE: *(Upon hearing him.)* Shh! Villain has henchmen crawling all over the place. If they hear you, you're both going to get killed!

ANTONIO: Don't worry about that! Quick, come down and we'll all escape.

SOPHIE: I can't come down. There aren't any stairs.

SIDEKICK: *(examining the base of the tower.)* There aren't any stairs here either, Tony.

ANTONIO: *(slightly annoyed.)* Don't call me Tony. My name is Antonio.

SIDEKICK: Well, my name is-

ANTONIO: (*interrupting him, to SOPHIE.*) Can you jump down? My sidekick will catch you.

SOPHIE: It's too high, and your sidekick might not be strong enough to catch me.

SIDEKICK: Hey!

ANTONIO: But then what are we to do? How will you survive up there, without food or water?

SOPHIE: Oh, I've got all that. Villain left me a lifetime supply of food and water. He said I'd be up here for a while. See, it's all in that crate beside your sidekick.

SIDEKICK: (*assessing the crate.*) God, that's a lot of food. You must eat like a pig.

SOPHIE: (*offended.*) I most certainly do not! Do you not understand the words "lifetime supply"?

SIDEKICK: Sure, I understand it. Doesn't necessarily mean that it'll last a lifetime, though.

SOPHIE: How rude! (*She turns away from the window.*)

(*ANTONIO gives SIDEKICK a dirty look.*)

SIDEKICK: What? I'm just saying.....

ANTONIO: Enough, Sidekick. You are offending my dearest love. (*To Sophie.*) Come, jump down, and I'll catch you.

SOPHIE: I'm not going to jump down and spend any time with that boy.

ANTONIO: Sophie...

SOPHIE: Besides, what then? Villain will just hunt us down again, and neither of you can defeat him. I'll just end back up in here again, and this time, he'll probably kill you. You have to defeat him first.

ANTONIO: I'm sorry to say it, but I am afraid that his skill surpasses even mine in the art of swordplay. And unfortunately, my fencing instructor is back in my country. I have no way of expanding my skill.

(*All are quiet, contemplating a solution.*)

SOPHIE and SIDEKICK: *(together.)* Sensei.

ANTONIO: Pardon?

SIDEKICK: Sensei. He was a revered warrior years ago. He trained my father. He trained all the best swordsmen in this kingdom, before Villain came and took over.

SOPHIE: Villain tried to kill Sensei, but he got away. He's been living deep in the forest ever since, as a hermit. No one's seen him in years, so there isn't even a guarantee that he's still alive. Still, he's your best shot at improving your skills.

ANTONIO: Then we must find him and ask for his wisdom. After we have trained, we shall come back and battle this Villain, and then we shall be free to return to my country.

SOPHIE: We?

ANTONIO: Yes, Sidekick and I will go and avail ourselves of Sensei's skill.

SOPHIE: I already told you that I will not come down if your sidekick is still around.

ANTONIO: But... I can't venture alone in this kingdom. He knows the land better than I do. And I shall need someone to take care of these henchmen that you mentioned, when the time comes.

SOPHIE: Then I shall not come down. Not unless I get an apology.

ANTONIO: *(turning to SIDEKICK.)* My good man, please apologize to my lady, and then we can venture off and find Sensei.

SIDEKICK: I'm not apologizing until she's apologized to me!

ANTONIO: *(warningly.)* Sidekick.

SIDEKICK: Fine. *(To SOPHIE, very reluctantly.)* Sorry.

SOPHIE: Apology *not* accepted. You don't even mean it.

SIDEKICK: Bloody hell! *(To ANTONIO.)* What am I supposed to do? Bake her cookies? Stand on my head? Sing?

(ANTONIO is silent. It is blatantly obvious what SIDEKICK has just walked into.)

SIDEKICK: Unbelievable.

(SOPHIE still has her back to him. As he begins his song, she slowly looks over her shoulder. SIDEKICK begins a rendition of "Can't Take My Eyes Off of You", ala Heath Ledger. At the beginning of the chorus, two of VILLAIN's HENCHMEN enter from SL and join the song, as back up dancers.)

**SIDEKICK: You're just too good to be true
Can't take my eyes off of you
You'd be like heaven to touch
I wanna hold you so much.
At long last love has arrived
And I thank God I'm alive
You're just too good to be true
Can't take my eyes off of you.**

(HENCHMEN enter and begin a dance with ANTONIO and SIDEKICK. The dance should be reminiscent of Fred Astaire.)

**I love you baby
And if it's quite alright
I need you baby
To warm a lonely night
I love you baby
Trust in me when I say
Oh pretty baby
Don't bring me down I pray
Oh pretty baby
Now that I've found you, stay!
I want to love you baby
Let me love you!**

(As the music continues, ANTONIO and SIDEKICK realize that the HENCHMEN are there, and are chased offstage. They leave SOPHIE smiling a little dreamily in her tower..)

Scene IV

(Lights up on SR. MARNIE is happily typing on her laptop. TERRY is still reclining on the bed.)

MARNIE: *(as she finishes typing.)* Okay. Now onto Sensei.

TERRY: *(sarcastically.)* I can't wait to hear this.

MARNIE: Shh. Okay. Sensei... well, of course he lives in a forest... and he's a hermit...

TERRY: This situation sounds slightly familiar to me...

MARNIE: Shh! I'm thinking. *(She pauses, and then begins typing. Narrating as she types.)* "Antonio and his sidekick rushed through the woods, travelling deeper and deeper into a dangerous territory..."

(SR lights dim as SL lights, now dimmer and a little creepy, come up. ANTONIO and SIDEKICK walk on from SL, looking around them as though weary of their whereabouts.)

SIDEKICK: *(a little worried.)* Are- are you sure this is the right way to go?

ANTONIO: Of course I'm not sure! I've never been to this kingdom before, let alone this swamp.

SIDEKICK: It's not really a swamp, per say, Tony. More of a bog in the middle of a dark forest.

ANTONIO: That still sounds like a swamp to me, Sidekick. And don't call me Tony!

SIDEKICK: Well, then, don't call me "Sidekick"! I have a name, and it happens to be-

(Sensei's voice echoes through the woods. He is off-stage, but his voice seems to be coming from all around.)

SENSEI: *(thundering.)* Who dares to enter my forest?

(SIDEKICK and ANTONIO begin to shake with fear.)

SIDEKICK: Did- did you hear that?

ANTONIO: *(trying to sound braver than he actually is.)* It must have been the wind... a very, very strong wind.

SENSEI: If you do not leave this instant, I shall smite you to the seventh circle of Hades!

SIDEKICK: That doesn't sound like the wind to me.

SENSEI: Get out!

(A clash of thunder is heard. ANTONIO and SIDEKICK jump and hug each other. They look over at each other, realize what they are doing, and spring apart. SENSEI, and old man wearing a brown robe and carrying a walking stick, comes up behind them from SL. He stands behind them for a few seconds, in full view of the audience. ANTONIO and SIDEKICK sense his presence, and slowly look over their shoulders. They stare at him in fear.)

SENSEI: Boo.

(ANTONIO screams and jumps into SIDEKICK's arms.)

SENSEI: I told you to leave this place. Why do you stay?

SIDEKICK: *(dumping ANTONIO on the ground.)* Are you Sensei?

SENSEI: Sensei. Now that is a name I haven't heard in a long time...

ANTONIO: How long?

SENSEI: *(continuing, ignoring him.)* A very long time. Yes, I am Sensei... or was, before Villain took over these lands.

SIDEKICK: Sensei, do you remember me? You trained my dad, a long time ago.

SENSEI: *(regarding SIDEKICK.)* Yes. Yes, I do remember you. However, I've forgotten your name.

SIDEKICK: Oh, I'm-

ANTONIO: *(interrupting him.)* You two know each other?

SENSEI: I trained his father, many years ago. He was one of the last students I have had. He was probably the best, as well. I was sorry to hear that he had died.

SIDEKICK: Well, now we need your help. See, Villain's up to his old tricks again. He's kidnapped Tony's girlfriend, Sophie, and is holding her hostage. She says that the only way we can save her is if we defeat Villain first. And since it's my life's ambition to take revenge on Villain for my dad's death, I'd appreciate it if you would take us on as apprentices.

SENSEI: I see. *(He regards them for a moment, and then turns away.)* I cannot help you.

ANTONIO: Surely you jest, good sir.

SENSEI: I am Sensei. I do not jest.

SIDEKICK: Well, why not? We've gone through all this trouble just to get here, and now you're just going to turn us down? I need to defeat Villain, and help Tony get his girlfriend back!

SENSEI: (*calmly.*) Ever since I began sharing my knowledge of swordplay, I have trained two kinds of men: men who turned out to be evil, and men who turned out to be pansies. And I can tell by the looks of him (*gesturing to ANTONIO*) that he is the latter.

ANTONIO: I'm not a ladder!

SIDEKICK: (*ignoring ANTONIO.*) What about me, Sensei? Do I look like an evil-doer or a pansy?

SENSEI: You are different, to be sure. However, you are too old, and there is not enough time to prepare you for the final battle between yourself and Villain. I am sorry, but there is nothing to be done about it.

ANTONIO: So... you are not going to assist us on our quest?

SENSEI: I am afraid not.

ANTONIO: Nothing will sway your stance?

SENSEI: Nothing.

(*A pause. Then suddenly, ANTONIO launches himself at SENSEI and grabs onto his legs. This should mirror the earlier scene between TERRY and MARNIE.*)

ANTONIO: Please Sensei! You've got to help us!

SENSEI: Get off of me!

ANTONIO: You're my only hope! You're my lifeline! I need your guidance!

SENSEI: Get the hell off of me!

ANTONIO: Please please please???

TERRY: Hold it!

(Scene shifts back to the dorm. MARNIE looks up from the computer. TERRY is standing up, looking furious.)

TERRY: You're basing Sensei off of me?

MARNIE: Now, where ever did you get that idea?

TERRY: I promise to help you write your story, and in return, you make me an *old man*?

MARNIE: I think you're judging a little too hastily, Terry. I haven't even gotten to the end of the chapter yet.

TERRY: Well, I suggest you write it quickly, before I take that laptop and break it in half.

(MARNIE looks stunned for a moment, then begins typing quickly. TERRY settles back on the bed for a moment, then looks suddenly smug.)

TERRY: So does this mean that you based Antonio after yourself?

(The scene shifts back to the story, where ANTONIO is still clinging to SENSEI's leg. SIDEKICK looks horrified, and SENSEI is down to his last nerve.)

SENSEI: For the last time, get... off... of... ME! *(He kicks at ANTONIO, sending him flying away. He then does some crazy karate moves and pins ANTONIO, who looks stunned.)*

ANTONIO: Owwww...

SIDEKICK: Whoa.

SENSEI: *(getting up and brushing himself off.)* I think you'd better leave now, boys. I suggest you leave this kingdom and find adventure elsewhere. *(He turns to leave.)*

SIDEKICK: Sensei! *(SENSEI stops.)* Please. I know there's not much time, but we can do it! We'll take anything you throw at us, and more. By the time we leave here, we'll be better than all your other apprentices put together.

SENSEI: *(turning slowly.)* You think you can handle it?

SIDEKICK: *(determined.)* I know we can.

SENSEI: *(after a pause.)* Very well. We'll begin now.

(What follows is a montage of the most intense, ridiculous, and brutal training sessions known to man. SENSEI puts SIDEKICK and ANTONIO through numerous work-outs. On one side, SIDEKICK is being trained to fight with a sword. He is put through ridiculous balancing tests, sparring, and agility. He should do all of it blindfolded while piggy-backing SENSEI. After a few minutes, SENSEI trains ANTONIO in arm-to-arm combat. He tests ANTONIO's strength, balance, and fighting style. ANTONIO should be forced to do push ups with SENSEI sitting on his back, do karate moves reminiscent of the Karate Kid, amongst other things. All this should be done to the song "I'll Make a Man Out of You." It should also be in pantomime. When the montage is finished, ANTONIO and SIDEKICK collapse in a heap. SENSEI stands calmly before them.)

SENSEI: You have done well, my young apprentices.

SIDEKICK: *(gasping.)* Really? I wouldn't know... I can't feel my body.

ANTONIO: *(moans.)*

SENSEI: You are now impervious to pain. You are stronger and faster... and, may I say, you may have dropped a few sizes in clothing.

ANTONIO: But are we now able to defeat the atrocious Villain?

SENSEI: Yes. I believe you are.

SIDEKICK: We can't thank you enough, Sensei.

SENSEI: I know. Now go. *(He drifts away, exiting.)*

ANTONIO: Well, Sidekick. Are you prepared to risk your life in battle for my Sophie and me?

SIDEKICK: I said at the beginning... as long as I get to finish Villain off, I'm with you to the end. *(They nod to one another, then exit the way they came.)*

Scene V

(The tower. SOPHIE sits at the window, looking bored. Below her, the TWO HENCHMEN are standing guard. They are dressed in black suits and sunglasses, with large clubs in their hands. SOPHIE, in her boredom, glances down. She appears to have a sudden idea. She removes her shoes and drops one on each HENCHMAN's head. They are instantly rendered unconscious. After a moment, SOPHIE throws a rope made of bed sheets out the window and climbs down. She reaches the ground just as ANTONIO and SIDEKICK run on and reach the tower.)

ANTONIO: Sophie! *(he sweeps her up into his arms and twirls around. SOPHIE looks a little motion sick, but he doesn't notice.)* Oh, thank goodness you're still alright! I'm deeply sorry that we took so long! *(he sets her down. She sways, a little dizzy.)* But now that you're free, we can all escape to my kingdom, where we can be married within the week!

SIDEKICK: What about Villain?

SOPHIE: Yes. Like I said before, he's sure to come back looking for us. And he'll find us... he always finds his prey.

ANTONIO: Yes... I suppose you are both right. Has he come back since we left?

SOPHIE: Yes... he just left, actually. He left his henchmen in charge, but they're rather prone to sleeping on the job.

ANTONIO: Just left! Well, I shall go and defeat him this very instant! *(he starts off, but SIDEKICK grabs his arm.)*

SIDEKICK: Remember the part where you said I could kill him?

ANTONIO: Oh... yes... of course. What I meant was, I'll go after him, catch him, and bring him back here, for you to take care of. You, meanwhile, shall guard Sophie, and make sure that these henchmen don't wake up anytime soon.

SIDEKICK: *(a little reluctantly.)* Well... I guess...

ANTONIO: Wonderful! I'll be back momentarily. *(he takes SOPHIE's hand.)* Farewell, my love... for the present. *(A pause, then he sweeps SOPHIE towards him and briefly kisses her.)* In case we don't meet again. *(He turns and exits.)*

SIDEKICK: *(a little awkwardly.)* Well... that was... interesting...

SOPHIE: *(dazed, but not necessarily pleased.)* Yes... I suppose it was quite romantic.

SIDEKICK: Suppose? What, aren't you in love with the guy?

SOPHIE: Oh, I never said that. I just said I would marry him.

SIDEKICK: Oh. You're one of *those* girls.

SOPHIE: *(offended.)* Are you suggesting that I'm only interested in Antonio because he's a prince?

SIDEKICK: Well, since you said that you're going to marry him, even though he's not your *true love (cynically)* or whatever, I'd have to say, yeah, I am.

SOPHIE: Of course *you'd* think that. I'd say you're hardly better. You're obviously a man who can get around by himself. Why are you acting like his second banana?

SIDEKICK: I'd hardly say being a sidekick is worse than being a gold-digger.

SOPHIE: I'm not interested in his money! Antonio is the first man who ever showed interest in me... other than Villain, but he's just creepy. Anyways, Antonio has offered to get me out of this dump of a kingdom, and I intend on taking it... even if it does mean giving up "true love". I don't want to be a barmaid for the rest of my life. And if Antonio hadn't come along, Villain would have just forced me to marry him anyways. (*regarding SIDEKICK.*) But what about you? Like I said. You are clearly an able-bodied man. Why are you agreeing to be his sidekick anyways?

SIDEKICK: My dad was killed a long time ago by Villain. It's my life's goal to avenge his death- Tony is an ideal guy to make that happen. I learned how to fight; I know the secret to defeating Villain; and at this moment, Villain is being brought back here so that I can finally take my revenge. All I have to do is lead Tony around this dump of a kingdom. It seems like a fair trade off to me.

SOPHIE: Well, I think you could have done all of that by yourself. You knew where Sensei was the whole time. You could have gone to him and learned how to fight. You're just using Antonio!

SIDEKICK: And you could have run away and lived in another kingdom! You don't need Tony's help either! You're the one using him!

(They both fall silent, and turn away from each other.)

SOPHIE: (*Quietly.*) I suppose we're both using him.

SIDEKICK: (*Uncomfortably.*) Yeah. Two of a kind, we are.

(They look at each other, and a moment passes. Then suddenly, the TWO HENCHMEN stir and begin to sit up. SOPHIE and SIDEKICK do not notice right away. The HENCHMEN begin to sneak up on SIDEKICK.)

SOPHIE: (*Noticing the HENCHMEN.*) Sidekick, look out!

(SIDEKICK looks over his shoulder in time to see one of the HENCHMEN about to clock him on the head. He begins fighting with him. SIDEKICK does not fight in the karate

style that SENSEI has taught ANTONIO- he should use boxing techniques. Meanwhile, the SECOND HENCHMAN advances on SOPHIE. She also engages in a fight, quickly beating the tar out of him. Within a few seconds, both HENCHMEN are both on the ground, unconscious.)

SIDEKICK: *(Regarding the HENCHMAN that SOPHIE beat up.)* Wow. You sure know how to use your fists.

SOPHIE: What, did you think I was some damsel in distress?

SIDEKICK: Well... yeah. I mean, you *were* sort of kidnapped by Villain.

SOPHIE: Well, no one can defeat Villain in a fist fight. Don't think I didn't try. But honestly, these pathetic losers? Too easy.

SIDEKICK: Impressive. *(He grins at SOPHIE.)*

SOPHIE: Thanks Sidekick. *(A moment passes.)* Sidekick... what's your real name?

SIDEKICK: *(A little sheepishly.)* Uh... it's Garret.

SOPHIE: Garret. It's nice.

SIDEKICK: Yeah, well... *(He clears his throat.)* It's alright.

SOPHIE: I guess I was a little hard on you earlier. I'm sorry.

SIDEKICK: Yeah, well, I wasn't exactly a gentleman either. So... sorry.

SOPHIE: Shall we shake hands and start over?

SIDEKICK: Uh... yeah. Why not? *(They both come forward and shake hands, but don't let go right away.)*

SIDEKICK: Uh... Sophie?

SOPHIE: Garret? *(They lean forward, as if to kiss. ANTONIO and VILLAIN enter, in the middle of a sword fight. SOPHIE and SIDEKICK spring apart.)*

ANTONIO: Quick Sidekick! I need your assistance!

SIDEKICK: *(Muttering.)* Always interrupting me.

Scene VI:

(Focus switches back to the dorm room. TERRY is lying on the bed, completely absorbed in the story. MARNIE is typing feverishly.)

MARNIE: Right. How much time have I got?

TERRY: *(Glancing at her watch.)* Uh... three hours. Wow, we've been up all night! I didn't realize how much time had passed!

MARNIE: Well, I think I have my twist. No one would have expected Sidekick-

TERRY: Garret!

MARNIE: Right. *Garret* and Sophie to have a romantic attachment! I adore love triangles!

TERRY: Yeah, but do you think it's going to be good enough? I mean, a love triangle isn't exactly the most original twist I've ever heard. And besides, you've barely gotten to the middle. You still have to write the ending.

MARNIE: I guess. I'll just have to think of something even more shocking...

TERRY: Think about it while you write. We're almost done!

MARNIE: I know. Now, for the climax of our story... *(She thinks for a moment, then continues typing.)* "The final battle began. Villain and Antonio were locked in a ferocious duel... a duel that would change the course of history... a duel between good and evil..."

(Scene switches to SL. ANTONIO and VILLAIN are sparring with each other. VILLAIN is obviously stronger, but ANTONIO is extremely determined, and manages to keep the playing field even. MEANWHILE, two more HENCHMEN have arrived, but are obviously better fighters than the last two (NOTE: it should be the same actors dressed in fancier suits.) SOPHIE and SIDEKICK are fighting them. This fighting sequence lasts for a few moments. Suddenly, VILLAIN gains the upper hand and disarms ANTONIO. He slashes him across the chest, injuring him. ANTONIO falls. SIDEKICK quickly defeats the HENCHMAN he's fighting, then goes to ANTONIO's aid.)

SIDEKICK: Tony! Are you hurt?

ANTONIO: (*In pain.*) I'm afraid so. Sidekick, you must fight this battle for me. You are the stronger swordsman. Here. (*He hands SIDEKICK his sword.*) Run him through. (*He faints.*)

SIDEKICK: I'll tear him to pieces. (*He stands, faces VILLAIN.*)

VILLAIN: (*Laughing.*) Well, here's something I never expected to see. The hero giving way to the sidekick. How unexpected! But I shall have just as much fun taking your head off, before I do the same to your friend.

SIDEKICK: You don't know me, do you? My name is Garret.

VILLAIN: Garret, eh? You're name sounds familiar. Have we met, young Garret?

SIDEKICK: Ten years ago, you killed someone very dear to me. I'm here to take my revenge.

VILLAIN: (*Still amused.*) Really. And who did I kill?

SIDEKICK: You killed my father. Prepare to die! (*He lunges at VILLAIN. They begin dueling.*)

VILLAIN: Your father, eh? And what was his crime?

SIDEKICK: He defended his kingdom! You killed him for your own enjoyment. And now, I'm going to do the same thing.

VILLAIN: (*Laughing.*) Such a misguided boy. I've never committed any crime against you!

SIDEKICK: (*yelling.*) You killed my father! (*He attacks furiously, seeming to gain the upper hand. VILLAIN suddenly disarms him as well and holds his sword to his throat.*)

VILLAIN: No, Garret! I am your father!

(*Absolute silence and shock follows this statement. SIDEKICK stares at VILLAIN disbelievingly. Then slowly, walks forward and looks very closely at VILLAIN's face.*)

SIDEKICK: D-Dad?

VILLAIN: (*nods.*)

(A pause. Then, suddenly, SIDEKICK throws his arms around VILLAIN's neck and hugs him. VILLAIN is stunned, but returns the hug. It is a very happy reunion.)

SIDEKICK: But why did you turn evil and fake your own death?

VILLAIN: Well, son... remember after your mother died, and all the two of us did was sit around and play Solitaire?

SIDEKICK: Yeah...

VILLAIN: You were never motivated to do anything. You quit your swordfighting lessons, didn't get a job... just sat around like a lump. And I began to worry that you weren't going to do anything with your life... so, I faked my death, got myself an alter ego, and started ruling the land under the guise of an evil warlord. And, just as I hoped, you took the bait and started doing something with your life... even if it was just getting revenge. But look at you! You've grown up! You've gone and done something with yourself. I couldn't be prouder.

SIDEKICK: So are you still going to rule as an evil warlord?

VILLAIN: Nope. I'm going to spread the word- in disguise, of course- of your victory over the evil Villain, and have you crowned as the king of this kingdom. That way, we're not without a ruler, and you can start fixing up this place as you see fit. I often recalled you calling this place a "dump of a kingdom".

SIDEKICK: Well, yeah, I mean... look at the place.

VILLAIN: And as king, you can make it better. *(Turning to SOPHIE, who is standing off to one side.)* And Miss Sophie, I'm so sorry for kidnapping you. But you see, I had to give this son of mine some motivation.

SOPHIE: Motivation?

VILLAIN: Well, of course. Saving the girl he loves, and all that.

SIDEKICK: *(Rather embarrassed.)* Uh, actually, Dad, Sophie is going to marry Antonio.

SOPHIE: *(Also embarrassed.)* Yes. That's right. Antonio. Not Garret.

VILLAIN: Well, I think you two are just being silly. Come on now, before this dope *(referring to ANTONIO)* and I interrupted, you were both thinking very different thoughts.

SOPHIE: Ridiculous.

SIDEKICK: Yeah. Me and Sophie. That's a laugh. *(He glances at SOPHIE, obviously thinking the exact opposite.)* But it was nice to get to know you better, I guess.

SOPHIE: Yeah. And um... well, no one's ever serenaded me like that before. It was kinda nice. Thanks.

SIDEKICK: And I've never seen a girl kick someone's ass like that before. I've gotta say, you're pretty decent when it comes to fighting.

SOPHIE: Well, you're pretty decent.

SIDEKICK: So, should we shake hands or something?

SOPHIE: Yes... we shall part as friends. *(They shake hands. A pause. SIDEKICK suddenly pulls SOPHIE towards him and kisses her passionately.)*

VILLAIN: I thought so.

ANTONIO: *(Coming to.)* What happened? I feel awful. I- *(He sees SOPHIE and SIDEKICK kissing.)* S-Sophie? What are you doing kissing Sidekick?

VILLAIN: Sorry buddy, but I think your girlfriend has another love interest. Better luck next time.

ANTONIO: But this happened to me in the last kingdom, too! Am I ever going to find true love?

VILLAIN: Oh, I think you found it... it's just not yours.

ANTONIO: Well... who am I to destroy their happiness? I shall venture forwards, searching once more for true love. *(One of the HENCHMEN stirs and sits up.)* You, sir! You are currently unemployed, I think. How would you like to be my sidekick?

HENCHMAN: Does it pay well?

ANTONIO: But of course. You see, my good man, I am on a quest to find true love... *(ANTONIO and HENCHMEN exit. SOPHIE AND SIDEKICK leave arm in arm, with VILLAIN close behind. Lights fade as the scene shifts back to the dorm room.)*

Scene VII

(A few days later. MARNIE is sitting at her desk, on the computer. TERRY enters.)

TERRY: Hey Marnie. *(MARNIE does not reply.)* Marnie? What's up?

MARNIE: Oh, hey Terry.

TERRY: *(mock offended.)* Glad to see you too.

MARNIE: Sorry. It's just... this...*(She gestures to the computer.)*

TERRY: Oh no. Not another one!

MARNIE: Oh, no, nothing like that. No, I keep losing at Solitaire.

TERRY: Oh, well, in that case... *(She sits on the bed.)* So, how did your professor like the story?

MARNIE: Hm? Oh, she was a little disappointed.

TERRY: Really? Why?

MARNIE: Well, when I told her that I'd written a romance novel, she thought I meant something like "The Ruthless Pirate's Inexperienced Spanish Princess", or something like that. But either way... I got an A.

TERRY: Really? That's great!

MARNIE: Yeah. It's made me think that maybe I should actually be a writer. You know, get published and stuff.

TERRY: Yeah! Do you have any ideas?

MARNIE: Tons! I'm thinking of writing a western novel!

TERRY: *(deadpans.)* A what?

MARNIE: A western! You know, not a Louis L'Amour type book, but still... however, I don't know much about the Wild West. I'm thinking we should have a John Wayne movie night, just to get some ideas.

TERRY: Bye, Marnie. (*She exits.*)

MARNIE: What? No, wait! I need you! You have to help me! Who will stay up all night and watch them with me? Terry? Terry! (*She runs after TERRY. Lights down.*)

THE END