

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

Rabi / Erickson – The Pool Boy

Miller / Tyler – The Social Network

Atkinson / Hammack – The Replacements

Kyles / Durham – We're On A Mission

Kipnis / Falaschi / Nielsen – After the Nightmare

Hollenbeck / B. Anderson – Man in the Moon

Farley / Taylor – Popular

Uboldi / Mickelsen – Kiss and Tell

Santiago / Ramirez – Ferris Bueller's Day Off

McKee / Irvin – For Sandwich Lover's Only

Morgan / Hatch – Dear Chuck

Seward / Tyler – Clarissa and Rose

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

THE POOL BOY – From “Saturday Night Live” – 1 Male, 1 Female *Comedy*

An adulterous housewife is trying to end her relationship with the pool boy

MRS. HANDLER: Chad! Chad!

CHAD: Oh, What Up MRS. HANDLER?

MRS. HANDLER: Oh, My God. Chad -- No, Chad, We Can't Do This Any More.

CHAD: Oh, Okay.

MRS. HANDLER: Wait, I Couldn't Sleep Last Night.

CHAD: I Hate That.

MRS. HANDLER: What Am I Doing? Am I Some Bored Housewife Who's Having An Affair With Her 23-Year-Old Pool Boy? I Mean, What Is This?

CHAD: Your Kitchen.

MRS. HANDLER: No, I Mean Us. I Hope You Understand, But We Have To End This.

CHAD: Okay.

MRS. HANDLER: I Had No Idea It Would Be This Hard, It's Just When At First ... Chad!

CHAD: What Up?

MRS. HANDLER: You Deserve An Explanation.

CHAD: Oh, Okay, Cool.

MRS. HANDLER: Look, You've Done Nothing Wrong, Okay? I Should Have Known Better, But I Don't Know, It Was Just -- It Was Fun. It Was New.

CHAD: Okay.

MRS. HANDLER: But My God, I'm A Married Woman With Three Kids. My Husband's On The City Council. I'm The PTA President At Melanie's School.

CHAD: Who's Melanie?

MRS. HANDLER: My Daughter.

CHAD: Okay.

MRS. HANDLER: If This Got Out, It Would Ruin My Life, Our Family's Lives.

CHAD: My Bad.

MRS. HANDLER: All I Want To Do Is Have You Clear The Bags Off This Table And Take Me Right Now.

CHAD: Okay.

MRS. HANDLER: But You Cant.

CHAD: Oh, Okay.

MRS. HANDLER: Because I Learned That Sometimes Getting What You Want Means Losing What You Already Have.

MRS. HANDLER: Look, I Wrote This For You Last Night.

CHAD: Oh, Okay.

MRS. HANDLER: Oh, My God, I'm Blushing, I Just Want You To Know I'm Not A Very Good Writer, Okay? And It's Not Sophisticated, But It's How I Feel. I Just -- I Mean Every Word Of What I Wrote.

CHAD: Whoa! I Found A Dead Squirrel In Your Pool.

MRS. HANDLER: Bye Chad.

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

THE POOL BOY – From “Saturday Night Live” – 1 Male, 1 Female *Comedy*

An adulterous housewife is trying to end her relationship with the pool boy

MRS. HANDLER: Chad! Chad!

CHAD: Oh, What Up MRS. HANDLER?

MRS. HANDLER: Oh, My God. Chad -- No, Chad, We Can't Do This Any More.

CHAD: Oh, Okay.

MRS. HANDLER: Wait, I Couldn't Sleep Last Night.

CHAD: I Hate That.

MRS. HANDLER: What Am I Doing? Am I Some Bored Housewife Who's Having An Affair With Her 23-Year-Old Pool Boy? I Mean, What Is This?

CHAD: Your Kitchen.

MRS. HANDLER: No, I Mean Us. I Hope You Understand, But We Have To End This.

CHAD: Okay.

MRS. HANDLER: I Had No Idea It Would Be This Hard, It's Just When At First ... Chad!

CHAD: What Up?

MRS. HANDLER: You Deserve An Explanation.

CHAD: Oh, Okay, Cool.

MRS. HANDLER: Look, You've Done Nothing Wrong, Okay? I Should Have Known Better, But I Don't Know, It Was Just -- It Was Fun. It Was New.

CHAD: Okay.

MRS. HANDLER: But My God, I'm A Married Woman With Three Kids. My Husband's On The City Council. I'm The PTA President At Melanie's School.

CHAD: Who's Melanie?

MRS. HANDLER: My Daughter.

CHAD: Okay.

MRS. HANDLER: If This Got Out, It Would Ruin My Life, Our Family's Lives.

CHAD: My Bad.

MRS. HANDLER: All I Want To Do Is Have You Clear The Bags Off This Table And Take Me Right Now.

CHAD: Okay.

MRS. HANDLER: But You Cant.

CHAD: Oh, Okay.

MRS. HANDLER: Because I Learned That Sometimes Getting What You Want Means Losing What You Already Have.

MRS. HANDLER: Look, I Wrote This For You Last Night.

CHAD: Oh, Okay.

MRS. HANDLER: Oh, My God, I'm Blushing, I Just Want You To Know I'm Not A Very Good Writer, Okay? And It's Not Sophisticated, But It's How I Feel. I Just -- I Mean Every Word Of What I Wrote.

CHAD: Whoa! I Found A Dead Squirrel In Your Pool.

MRS. HANDLER: Bye Chad.

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

THE SOCIAL NETWORK – From “Dear Chuck” – 2 People (any gender) *Dramedy*

A Clipboard-Carrying Teen sits across from a Teen clutching an application. It appears to be a job interview in progress.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: So tell me about your experience.

APPLICANT TEEN: Well, I worked at Cream 'n Stuff for like a year.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: That's...

APPLICANT TEEN: Ice cream. And stuff.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: Stuff like...?

APPLICANT TEEN: We "stuff" your ice cream with anything you want. Chocolate chips, marshmallows, nuts...more ice cream...

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: Ah. I get it. *(Beat.)* But you left.

APPLICANT TEEN: My parents—and me—I—we believe that school comes first. After the summer, I left *(As if trying to remember something that's been memorized:)* to focus on my academics. But now that we're past New Year's and I've got school under control, I feel like I'm ready for a job. Baby needs a new pair of shoes, right?

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: Baby what?

APPLICANT TEEN: Sorry. Just makin' a joke.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: Don't make jokes.

APPLICANT TEEN: Sorry.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: *(Beat.)* So why Cup 'a Joe?

APPLICANT TEEN: 'Cause after you eat some ice cream, what's better than coffee?

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: Didn't I just say no jokes? Otherwise I'm just gonna leave.

APPLICANT TEEN: No—sorry. *(Beat.)* I feel like I can take the same skills I learned at Cream 'n Stuff and use them for this job. Customer service skills, I mean. Not the ice cream scooping.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: *(Making notes on the clipboard:)* Great.

APPLICANT TEEN: Are you really writing notes? *(Beat.)* Sorry.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: So tell me about Facebook [or the social media network of the moment].

APPLICANT TEEN: What?

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: The Facebook photo. Or was it Instagram? *(Checking something on the clipboard:)* I think it was both.

APPLICANT TEEN: What are you talking about?

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: Anytime somebody applies for a job, we check all their profiles.

APPLICANT TEEN: *(Beat.)* I got hacked.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: It's your photo.

APPLICANT TEEN: Yeah, but nobody was supposed to post it. *(Breaking "character":)* What are you doing?

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: That's not the kind of conduct we expect from an employee of Cup 'o Joe.

APPLICANT TEEN: Stop for a second.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: We can't hire someone who—

APPLICANT TEEN: Stop!

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: *(Beat.)* They're gonna check.

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

APPLICANT TEEN: I took it down.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: It might still be archived.

APPLICANT TEEN: You're supposed to be helping me, not...this.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: I *am* helping.

APPLICANT TEEN: (*Beat.*) What am I supposed to do?

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: Hope nobody finds it. And don't let anybody take any more pictures of you doin' dumb stuff.

APPLICANT TEEN: Or not do the dumb stuff in the first place.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: Now you're thinkin'.

APPLICANT TEEN: Now I'm boring. Pretty soon I'll be my parents.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: Least they have jobs.

APPLICANT TEEN: Truth.

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

THE SOCIAL NETWORK – From “Dear Chuck” – 2 People (any gender) *Dramedy*

A Clipboard-Carrying Teen sits across from a Teen clutching an application. It appears to be a job interview in progress.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: So tell me about your experience.

APPLICANT TEEN: Well, I worked at Cream 'n Stuff for like a year.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: That's...

APPLICANT TEEN: Ice cream. And stuff.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: Stuff like...?

APPLICANT TEEN: We "stuff" your ice cream with anything you want. Chocolate chips, marshmallows, nuts...more ice cream...

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: Ah. I get it. *(Beat.)* But you left.

APPLICANT TEEN: My parents—and me—I—we believe that school comes first. After the summer, I left *(As if trying to remember something that's been memorized:)* to focus on my academics. But now that we're past New Year's and I've got school under control, I feel like I'm ready for a job. Baby needs a new pair of shoes, right?

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: Baby what?

APPLICANT TEEN: Sorry. Just makin' a joke.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: Don't make jokes.

APPLICANT TEEN: Sorry.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: *(Beat.)* So why Cup 'a Joe?

APPLICANT TEEN: 'Cause after you eat some ice cream, what's better than coffee?

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: Didn't I just say no jokes? Otherwise I'm just gonna leave.

APPLICANT TEEN: No—sorry. *(Beat.)* I feel like I can take the same skills I learned at Cream 'n Stuff and use them for this job. Customer service skills, I mean. Not the ice cream scooping.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: *(Making notes on the clipboard:)* Great.

APPLICANT TEEN: Are you really writing notes? *(Beat.)* Sorry.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: So tell me about Facebook [or the social media network of the moment].

APPLICANT TEEN: What?

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: The Facebook photo. Or was it Instagram? *(Checking something on the clipboard:)* I think it was both.

APPLICANT TEEN: What are you talking about?

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: Anytime somebody applies for a job, we check all their profiles.

APPLICANT TEEN: *(Beat.)* I got hacked.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: It's your photo.

APPLICANT TEEN: Yeah, but nobody was supposed to post it. *(Breaking "character":)* What are you doing?

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: That's not the kind of conduct we expect from an employee of Cup 'o Joe.

APPLICANT TEEN: Stop for a second.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: We can't hire someone who—

APPLICANT TEEN: Stop!

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: *(Beat.)* They're gonna check.

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

APPLICANT TEEN: I took it down.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: It might still be archived.

APPLICANT TEEN: You're supposed to be helping me, not...this.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: I *am* helping.

APPLICANT TEEN: (*Beat.*) What am I supposed to do?

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: Hope nobody finds it. And don't let anybody take any more pictures of you doin' dumb stuff.

APPLICANT TEEN: Or not do the dumb stuff in the first place.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: Now you're thinkin'.

APPLICANT TEEN: Now I'm boring. Pretty soon I'll be my parents.

CLIPBOARD-CARRYING TEEN: Least they have jobs.

APPLICANT TEEN: Truth.

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

MCGINTY AND SHANE – From “The Replacements” – 2 Males *Dramedy*

Coach is trying to convince Shane to come out of retirement and play on his team.

Shane flops onto the deck of his boat, exhausted, when...

McGINTY: (coming on stage) You look like a swordfish I caught once.

Shane jumps. McGinty is sitting on Shane's old chair on the stern of the boat.

McGINTY: He hit the deck just like that.

Shane studies his visitor for a beat before taking a beer out of a cooler and cracking it open.

McGINTY: You know who I am?

SHANE: (nodding) We met right before the Sugar Bowl.

McGINTY: Hell of a game, that Sugar Bowl. What'd you lose it by? Forty points?

SHANE: Forty-five.

McGINTY: Jesus. Sometimes a game can stick with you so that you can never shake it off.

SHANE: So it seems.

McGINTY: You had a lot of tools. Fast. Quick release. Great downfield vision. You just never had good protection.

SHANE: I've got three concussions to prove it.

McGINTY: That's why girls don't play the game.

Shane gives him a look as McGinty grins.

SHANE: What do you want, Coach?

McGINTY: I'm back with the Sentinels. And I want you to quarterback 'em.

Shane just looks at him. Waiting for the punchline.

McGINTY: A scrambling quarterback is gonna do real well in this replacement environment. I've found the best guards available to protect you. And a wide receiver that even you can't overthrow.

SHANE: I'm retired.

McGINTY: Yeah. And it looks like things have gone real well for you since.

SHANE: I got no complaints. It's quiet here. Nobody bothers me.

McGINTY: That's the great thing about plankton. Pretty much keeps to itself.

He grins as Shane slips off his dive booties.

McGINTY: You know what separates the winners from the losers, kid?

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

SHANE: The score?

McGINTY: Getting back on the horse after you've been kicked in the teeth. *(a beat)*
I've watched film on your games since the Sugar Bowl. I saw you get thrown to the
wolves in Seattle. You're supposed to be carrying a clipboard your first year -- not a
whole team. *(as Shane looks up)* Your team leaned on you and you crumbled. Is that
how you want to be remembered?

Shane shrugs and stares out to the water.

SHANE: I don't wanna be remembered at all.

*He pulls a ratty old sweatshirt over his head and walks over to the door to his tiny cabin as McGinty
stands up.*

McGINTY: You're still young. You still got bags of talent. If you do well, who knows what will happen
when the strike ends?

Shane looks up...

McGINTY: I can't make you any promises, Shane.

McGinty points to the boats in the harbor.

McGINTY: But wouldn't you rather take a chance than scrape shit off of other guys' toys?

McGinty nods as he looks him in the eye.

McGINTY: Think it over.

He turns and walks off the boat as Shane watches him go...

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

MCGINTY AND SHANE – From “The Replacements” – 2 Males *Dramedy*

Coach is trying to convince Shane to come out of retirement and play on his team.

Shane flops onto the deck of his boat, exhausted, when...

McGINTY: (coming on stage) You look like a swordfish I caught once.

Shane jumps. McGinty is sitting on Shane's old chair on the stern of the boat.

McGINTY: He hit the deck just like that.

Shane studies his visitor for a beat before taking a beer out of a cooler and cracking it open.

McGINTY: You know who I am?

SHANE: (nodding) We met right before the Sugar Bowl.

McGINTY: Hell of a game, that Sugar Bowl. What'd you lose it by? Forty points?

SHANE: Forty-five.

McGINTY: Jesus. Sometimes a game can stick with you so that you can never shake it off.

SHANE: So it seems.

McGINTY: You had a lot of tools. Fast. Quick release. Great downfield vision. You just never had good protection.

SHANE: I've got three concussions to prove it.

McGINTY: That's why girls don't play the game.

Shane gives him a look as McGinty grins.

SHANE: What do you want, Coach?

McGINTY: I'm back with the Sentinels. And I want you to quarterback 'em.

Shane just looks at him. Waiting for the punchline.

McGINTY: A scrambling quarterback is gonna do real well in this replacement environment. I've found the best guards available to protect you. And a wide receiver that even you can't overthrow.

SHANE: I'm retired.

McGINTY: Yeah. And it looks like things have gone real well for you since.

SHANE: I got no complaints. It's quiet here. Nobody bothers me.

McGINTY: That's the great thing about plankton. Pretty much keeps to itself.

He grins as Shane slips off his dive booties.

McGINTY: You know what separates the winners from the losers, kid?

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

SHANE: The score?

McGINTY: Getting back on the horse after you've been kicked in the teeth. *(a beat)*
I've watched film on your games since the Sugar Bowl. I saw you get thrown to the
wolves in Seattle. You're supposed to be carrying a clipboard your first year -- not a
whole team. *(as Shane looks up)* Your team leaned on you and you crumbled. Is that
how you want to be remembered?

Shane shrugs and stares out to the water.

SHANE: I don't wanna be remembered at all.

*He pulls a ratty old sweatshirt over his head and walks over to the door to his tiny cabin as McGinty
stands up.*

McGINTY: You're still young. You still got bags of talent. If you do well, who knows what will happen
when the strike ends?

Shane looks up...

McGINTY: I can't make you any promises, Shane.

McGinty points to the boats in the harbor.

McGINTY: But wouldn't you rather take a chance than scrape shit off of other guys' toys?

McGinty nods as he looks him in the eye.

McGINTY: Think it over.

He turns and walks off the boat as Shane watches him go...

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

WE'RE ON A MISSION – From “Me, My Selfie & I” – 2 People (any gender) Comedy

Two Teens on a mission to photograph their favorite music star instead become unwilling heroes.
(Two TEENS at an upscale restaurant, crawling on the ground.)

FIRST TEEN: Just a little closer.

SECOND TEEN: This is so wrong on so many levels.

FIRST TEEN: People do it all the time.

SECOND TEEN: Really? Who?

FIRST TEEN: Just a few more steps.

SECOND TEEN: We're crawling. On the ground. How has nobody said anything?

FIRST TEEN: We're blending. People are too busy enjoying their lobster crusted steak or whatever. That and I slipped the waiter a Lincoln.

SECOND TEEN: A five?

FIRST TEEN: It's all I had. He said he was gonna be making a tableside Caesar for four minutes and fifteen seconds, but after that, if he looked down and saw us, he was gonna have us thrown in the dumpster.

SECOND TEEN: The— Thrown in the—

FIRST TEEN: Oh. I think he also said he was gonna call the police.

SECOND TEEN: Not the dumpster then.

FIRST TEEN: After the dumpster. We *are* kinda stalking.

SECOND TEEN: Why did I let you talk—

FIRST TEEN: Because you know that [pick a current music star] is my life. And being my best friend—

SECOND TEEN: I'm your best friend?!

FIRST TEEN: Who else would—

SECOND TEEN: Amber [Artie].

FIRST TEEN: Is Amber [Artie] getting rug burns on her [his] knees, helping me achieve that one moment of total bliss that will come from a selfie with [first name of star]? Heck no.

SECOND TEEN: So we have four minutes and fifteen seconds before the waiter—

FIRST TEEN: I heard someone call him Robert.

SECOND TEEN: Before Robert has us thrown in the dumpster and calls the cops.

FIRST TEEN: More like three now. Or two and a half. Oh no—they just brought back his [her] credit card.

SECOND TEEN: He's [She's] signing.

FIRST TEEN: His [her] friend is getting up.

SECOND TEEN: It's OK. We'll cut them off. There's only one route from his [her] table to the door.

FIRST TEEN: Twenty feet. We can totally crawl twenty feet. We can do this.
(*They crawl at a furious pace.*)

SECOND TEEN: Yes, we can. (*Beat.*) What's wrong with that woman?

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

FIRST TEEN: Which woman?

SECOND TEEN: The one who's all—
(The Second Teen makes snorting, coughing, choking sounds.)

FIRST TEEN: That seems kind of rude at a nice restaurant. Forty-five degree turn...

SECOND TEEN: *(Figuring it out:)* I think she's choking.

FIRST TEEN: Go. *(The First Teen alters trajectory.)* Wait—what?

SECOND TEEN: She's definitely choking. *(Beat.)* What do we do?

FIRST TEEN: That waiter in the corner will help her. He sees her.

SECOND TEEN: He's getting [star's first name]'s coat.

FIRST TEEN: No no no this can't be happening.

SECOND TEEN: I took that weekend course at the Y.

FIRST TEEN: How fast can you save her?
(They crawl toward a table just offstage and then stand.)

SECOND TEEN: *(Exiting toward the table:)* Ma'am, I know this looks weird, but I'm going to save you.
(The lights flicker. It's now shortly afterward. Both teens are back onstage and look stuffed with food.)

FIRST TEEN: His [Her] music changed my life. I'll probably never be that close again. I just wanted one picture.

SECOND TEEN: Lady's gonna live. It was nice of her to buy us dinner—

FIRST TEEN: I'm gonna die.

SECOND TEEN: —and selfie with us.

SECOND TEEN: *(Beat.)* No you won't. You still got the music, right?

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

WE'RE ON A MISSION – From “Me, My Selfie & I” – 2 People (any gender) Comedy

Two Teens on a mission to photograph their favorite music star instead become unwilling heroes.
(Two TEENS at an upscale restaurant, crawling on the ground.)

FIRST TEEN: Just a little closer.

SECOND TEEN: This is so wrong on so many levels.

FIRST TEEN: People do it all the time.

SECOND TEEN: Really? Who?

FIRST TEEN: Just a few more steps.

SECOND TEEN: We're crawling. On the ground. How has nobody said anything?

FIRST TEEN: We're blending. People are too busy enjoying their lobster crusted steak or whatever. That and I slipped the waiter a Lincoln.

SECOND TEEN: A five?

FIRST TEEN: It's all I had. He said he was gonna be making a tableside Caesar for four minutes and fifteen seconds, but after that, if he looked down and saw us, he was gonna have us thrown in the dumpster.

SECOND TEEN: The— Thrown in the—

FIRST TEEN: Oh. I think he also said he was gonna call the police.

SECOND TEEN: Not the dumpster then.

FIRST TEEN: After the dumpster. We *are* kinda stalking.

SECOND TEEN: Why did I let you talk—

FIRST TEEN: Because you know that [pick a current music star] is my life. And being my best friend—

SECOND TEEN: I'm your best friend?!

FIRST TEEN: Who else would—

SECOND TEEN: Amber [Artie].

FIRST TEEN: Is Amber [Artie] getting rug burns on her [his] knees, helping me achieve that one moment of total bliss that will come from a selfie with [first name of star]? Heck no.

SECOND TEEN: So we have four minutes and fifteen seconds before the waiter—

FIRST TEEN: I heard someone call him Robert.

SECOND TEEN: Before Robert has us thrown in the dumpster and calls the cops.

FIRST TEEN: More like three now. Or two and a half. Oh no—they just brought back his [her] credit card.

SECOND TEEN: He's [She's] signing.

FIRST TEEN: His [her] friend is getting up.

SECOND TEEN: It's OK. We'll cut them off. There's only one route from his [her] table to the door.

FIRST TEEN: Twenty feet. We can totally crawl twenty feet. We can do this.
(*They crawl at a furious pace.*)

SECOND TEEN: Yes, we can. (*Beat.*) What's wrong with that woman?

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

FIRST TEEN: Which woman?

SECOND TEEN: The one who's all—
(The Second Teen makes snorting, coughing, choking sounds.)

FIRST TEEN: That seems kind of rude at a nice restaurant. Forty-five degree turn...

SECOND TEEN: *(Figuring it out:)* I think she's choking.

FIRST TEEN: Go. *(The First Teen alters trajectory.)* Wait—what?

SECOND TEEN: She's definitely choking. *(Beat.)* What do we do?

FIRST TEEN: That waiter in the corner will help her. He sees her.

SECOND TEEN: He's getting [star's first name]'s coat.

FIRST TEEN: No no no this can't be happening.

SECOND TEEN: I took that weekend course at the Y.

FIRST TEEN: How fast can you save her?
(They crawl toward a table just offstage and then stand.)

SECOND TEEN: *(Exiting toward the table:)* Ma'am, I know this looks weird, but I'm going to save you.
(The lights flicker. It's now shortly afterward. Both teens are back onstage and look stuffed with food.)

FIRST TEEN: His [Her] music changed my life. I'll probably never be that close again. I just wanted one picture.

SECOND TEEN: Lady's gonna live. It was nice of her to buy us dinner—

FIRST TEEN: I'm gonna die.

SECOND TEEN: —and selfie with us.

SECOND TEEN: *(Beat.)* No you won't. You still got the music, right?

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

After the Nightmare– From “Rumors of Polar Bears” – 1 Male, 2 Females Drama

Three teens have camped in a deserted cabin for the night. ROMULUS, mid-teens, is in the middle of a nightmare. DEME, his older sister, and SCRUBS, younger and the Anybods of their little group, look on as he tosses and turns.

ROMULUS: *(In his sleep:)* Sorry. I'm sorry. Cassie, please... [etc.]

SCRUBS: You gonna shake him before the whole world hears?

DEME: Quiet as quiet can be out there.

SCRUBS: I can be quiet. Don't mean I ain't there.

(Beat. Deme nudges Romulus awake.)

DEME: You were dreamin' again.

SCRUBS: Screamin' more like it. Cassie, I'm sorry. Cassie, please.

DEME: You got anything like a heart in there?

SCRUBS: Ripped it out. Better that way.

ROMULUS: *(Beat.)* I always want to have one. If I don't, just as soon be dead.

SCRUBS: If ya do, gonna get you dead.

ROMULUS: *(Beat.)* You think they're out there?

DEME: Who?

ROMULUS: The people that live here.

SCRUBS: Well they ain't in here.

DEME: You mean are they still...

ROMULUS: Yeah.

DEME: Dunno. But when's the last time you saw somebody past 20?

ROMULUS: They gotta be out there. *(Beat.)* That man. The man from New San Francisco.

SCRUBS: Ghost man.

DEME: Over twelve had to fight.

SCRUBS: Twelve to fight to dead.

ROMULUS: I'm makin' it past twenty. *(Beat.)* To infinity and beyond! What's that from? I think it's something I heard when I was little. But I don't remember what it was.

(Romulus picks up a coloring book that's been partly colored in.)

They had kids. *(Beat.)* Didn't finish.

(Romulus puts down the book. Scrubs grabs it and looks. Beat.)

SCRUBS: Let's finish it!

ROMULUS: With what?

(Scrubs rummages and finds a trio of crayons.)

SCRUBS: Crayons! I love crayons!

DEME: When you seen a crayon?

SCRUBS: Back in the day. 64 colors Crayola. Built-in sharpener. *(Beat.)* We ain't all fancy pants like you with a TV and books. *(Beat as she starts to color:)* They only got yellow, blue and red.

ROMULUS: Stop.

SCRUBS: I'm just finishing it.

ROMULUS: Don't. *(Beat.)* Someday if they come back, maybe the first thing they'll wanna do is finish coloring, only they'll see it's colored in. And maybe that's all they been thinkin' about the whole time, and we took that away from them.

SCRUBS: Finders keepers.

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

ROMULUS: I know. But this is different.

(Beat. Scrubs puts down the coloring book. Beat.)

I miss my watch.

DEME: It didn't even work.

ROMULUS: I can still miss it.

SCRUBS: I miss the party pool...and getting in before you!

ROMULUS: Did not!

SCRUBS: Did always! *(Sort of singing)* Friday night is party night.

(She waits for someone to join in, but nobody does.)

Make the work week come out right. *(Beat.)* Reckon they got the spa? When they got New San Francisco, you think they killed the spa too?

DEME: Scrubs!

SCRUBS: Sorry. Adam said I was trouble with legs. *(Beat.)* Maybe if we don't think so much... *(Beat.)* Ain't nothin' tryin' to dead us this very sec. *(Encouraging)* Friday night is... Friday night is...

DEME: *(Sort of singing:)* Party night. Make the work week come out right. *(Not singing)* I can't sing.

SCRUBS: He can't neither.

ROMULUS: I can too. *(Singing)* Friday night—

ROMULUS, SCRUBS & DEME: is party night.

Make the work week come out right.

(The conversation stalls.)

SCRUBS: I thought I heard a bird. Day before yesterday.

ROMULUS: Me too.

SCRUBS: Hoot hoot hoot.

ROMULUS: It was caw caw caw.

SCRUBS: Hoot.

ROMULUS: Caw.

(They dance around each other, making rival "hoot" and "caw" sounds.)

DEME: Quiet down.

SCRUBS: Road is still.

ROMULUS: Still still.

DEME: Stop! *(Beat.)* Get some sleep. Gotta make the daylight count.

ROMULUS: You sleep. I had enough dreams tonight.

DEME: You see that dawn start to wake, you shake me.

(Scrubs and Deme settle in to sleep while Romulus watches. Long beat.)

SCRUBS: Maybe I got a little piece, a little piece of heart that I'm savin', hopin' I gotta use for it someday.

ROMULUS: Figured.

SCRUBS: Why ya say that?

ROMULUS: 'Cause you're smart like that.

SCRUBS: Whatever. *(Beat.)* 'Night.

ROMULUS: 'Night.

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

After the Nightmare– From “Rumors of Polar Bears” – 1 Male, 2 Females Drama

Three teens have camped in a deserted cabin for the night. ROMULUS, mid-teens, is in the middle of a nightmare. DEME, his older sister, and SCRUBS, younger and the Anybodys of their little group, look on as he tosses and turns.

ROMULUS: *(In his sleep:)* Sorry. I'm sorry. Cassie, please... [etc.]

SCRUBS: You gonna shake him before the whole world hears?

DEME: Quiet as quiet can be out there.

SCRUBS: I can be quiet. Don't mean I ain't there.

(Beat. Deme nudges Romulus awake.)

DEME: You were dreamin' again.

SCRUBS: Screamin' more like it. Cassie, I'm sorry. Cassie, please.

DEME: You got anything like a heart in there?

SCRUBS: Ripped it out. Better that way.

ROMULUS: *(Beat.)* I always want to have one. If I don't, just as soon be dead.

SCRUBS: If ya do, gonna get you dead.

ROMULUS: *(Beat.)* You think they're out there?

DEME: Who?

ROMULUS: The people that live here.

SCRUBS: Well they ain't in here.

DEME: You mean are they still...

ROMULUS: Yeah.

DEME: Dunno. But when's the last time you saw somebody past 20?

ROMULUS: They gotta be out there. *(Beat.)* That man. The man from New San Francisco.

SCRUBS: Ghost man.

DEME: Over twelve had to fight.

SCRUBS: Twelve to fight to dead.

ROMULUS: I'm makin' it past twenty. *(Beat.)* To infinity and beyond! What's that from? I think it's something I heard when I was little. But I don't remember what it was.

(Romulus picks up a coloring book that's been partly colored in.)

They had kids. *(Beat.)* Didn't finish.

(Romulus puts down the book. Scrubs grabs it and looks. Beat.)

SCRUBS: Let's finish it!

ROMULUS: With what?

(Scrubs rummages and finds a trio of crayons.)

SCRUBS: Crayons! I love crayons!

DEME: When you seen a crayon?

SCRUBS: Back in the day. 64 colors Crayola. Built-in sharpener. *(Beat.)* We ain't all fancy pants like you with a TV and books. *(Beat as she starts to color:)* They only got yellow, blue and red.

ROMULUS: Stop.

SCRUBS: I'm just finishing it.

ROMULUS: Don't. *(Beat.)* Someday if they come back, maybe the first thing they'll wanna do is finish coloring, only they'll see it's colored in. And maybe that's all they been thinkin' about the whole time, and we took that away from them.

SCRUBS: Finders keepers.

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

ROMULUS: I know. But this is different.

(Beat. Scrubs puts down the coloring book. Beat.)

I miss my watch.

DEME: It didn't even work.

ROMULUS: I can still miss it.

SCRUBS: I miss the party pool...and getting in before you!

ROMULUS: Did not!

SCRUBS: Did always! *(Sort of singing)* Friday night is party night.

(She waits for someone to join in, but nobody does.)

Make the work week come out right. *(Beat.)* Reckon they got the spa? When they got New San Francisco, you think they killed the spa too?

DEME: Scrubs!

SCRUBS: Sorry. Adam said I was trouble with legs. *(Beat.)* Maybe if we don't think so much... *(Beat.)* Ain't nothin' tryin' to dead us this very sec. *(Encouraging)* Friday night is... Friday night is...

DEME: *(Sort of singing:)* Party night. Make the work week come out right. *(Not singing)* I can't sing.

SCRUBS: He can't neither.

ROMULUS: I can too. *(Singing)* Friday night—

ROMULUS, SCRUBS & DEME: is party night.

Make the work week come out right.

(The conversation stalls.)

SCRUBS: I thought I heard a bird. Day before yesterday.

ROMULUS: Me too.

SCRUBS: Hoot hoot hoot.

ROMULUS: It was caw caw caw.

SCRUBS: Hoot.

ROMULUS: Caw.

(They dance around each other, making rival "hoot" and "caw" sounds.)

DEME: Quiet down.

SCRUBS: Road is still.

ROMULUS: Still still.

DEME: Stop! *(Beat.)* Get some sleep. Gotta make the daylight count.

ROMULUS: You sleep. I had enough dreams tonight.

DEME: You see that dawn start to wake, you shake me.

(Scrubs and Deme settle in to sleep while Romulus watches. Long beat.)

SCRUBS: Maybe I got a little piece, a little piece of heart that I'm savin', hopin' I gotta use for it someday.

ROMULUS: Figured.

SCRUBS: Why ya say that?

ROMULUS: 'Cause you're smart like that.

SCRUBS: Whatever. *(Beat.)* 'Night.

ROMULUS: 'Night.

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

After the Nightmare– From “Rumors of Polar Bears” – 1 Male, 2 Females Drama

Three teens have camped in a deserted cabin for the night. ROMULUS, mid-teens, is in the middle of a nightmare. DEME, his older sister, and SCRUBS, younger and the Anybodys of their little group, look on as he tosses and turns.

ROMULUS: *(In his sleep:)* Sorry. I'm sorry. Cassie, please... [etc.]

SCRUBS: You gonna shake him before the whole world hears?

DEME: Quiet as quiet can be out there.

SCRUBS: I can be quiet. Don't mean I ain't there.

(Beat. Deme nudges Romulus awake.)

DEME: You were dreamin' again.

SCRUBS: Screamin' more like it. Cassie, I'm sorry. Cassie, please.

DEME: You got anything like a heart in there?

SCRUBS: Ripped it out. Better that way.

ROMULUS: *(Beat.)* I always want to have one. If I don't, just as soon be dead.

SCRUBS: If ya do, gonna get you dead.

ROMULUS: *(Beat.)* You think they're out there?

DEME: Who?

ROMULUS: The people that live here.

SCRUBS: Well they ain't in here.

DEME: You mean are they still...

ROMULUS: Yeah.

DEME: Dunno. But when's the last time you saw somebody past 20?

ROMULUS: They gotta be out there. *(Beat.)* That man. The man from New San Francisco.

SCRUBS: Ghost man.

DEME: Over twelve had to fight.

SCRUBS: Twelve to fight to dead.

ROMULUS: I'm makin' it past twenty. *(Beat.)* To infinity and beyond! What's that from? I think it's something I heard when I was little. But I don't remember what it was.

(Romulus picks up a coloring book that's been partly colored in.)

They had kids. *(Beat.)* Didn't finish.

(Romulus puts down the book. Scrubs grabs it and looks. Beat.)

SCRUBS: Let's finish it!

ROMULUS: With what?

(Scrubs rummages and finds a trio of crayons.)

SCRUBS: Crayons! I love crayons!

DEME: When you seen a crayon?

SCRUBS: Back in the day. 64 colors Crayola. Built-in sharpener. *(Beat.)* We ain't all fancy pants like you with a TV and books. *(Beat as she starts to color:)* They only got yellow, blue and red.

ROMULUS: Stop.

SCRUBS: I'm just finishing it.

ROMULUS: Don't. *(Beat.)* Someday if they come back, maybe the first thing they'll wanna do is finish coloring, only they'll see it's colored in. And maybe that's all they been thinkin' about the whole time, and we took that away from them.

SCRUBS: Finders keepers.

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

ROMULUS: I know. But this is different.

(Beat. Scrubs puts down the coloring book. Beat.)

I miss my watch.

DEME: It didn't even work.

ROMULUS: I can still miss it.

SCRUBS: I miss the party pool...and getting in before you!

ROMULUS: Did not!

SCRUBS: Did always! *(Sort of singing)* Friday night is party night.

(She waits for someone to join in, but nobody does.)

Make the work week come out right. *(Beat.)* Reckon they got the spa? When they got New San Francisco, you think they killed the spa too?

DEME: Scrubs!

SCRUBS: Sorry. Adam said I was trouble with legs. *(Beat.)* Maybe if we don't think so much... *(Beat.)* Ain't nothin' tryin' to dead us this very sec. *(Encouraging)* Friday night is... Friday night is...

DEME: *(Sort of singing:)* Party night. Make the work week come out right. *(Not singing)* I can't sing.

SCRUBS: He can't neither.

ROMULUS: I can too. *(Singing)* Friday night—

ROMULUS, SCRUBS & DEME: is party night.

Make the work week come out right.

(The conversation stalls.)

SCRUBS: I thought I heard a bird. Day before yesterday.

ROMULUS: Me too.

SCRUBS: Hoot hoot hoot.

ROMULUS: It was caw caw caw.

SCRUBS: Hoot.

ROMULUS: Caw.

(They dance around each other, making rival "hoot" and "caw" sounds.)

DEME: Quiet down.

SCRUBS: Road is still.

ROMULUS: Still still.

DEME: Stop! *(Beat.)* Get some sleep. Gotta make the daylight count.

ROMULUS: You sleep. I had enough dreams tonight.

DEME: You see that dawn start to wake, you shake me.

(Scrubs and Deme settle in to sleep while Romulus watches. Long beat.)

SCRUBS: Maybe I got a little piece, a little piece of heart that I'm savin', hopin' I gotta use for it someday.

ROMULUS: Figured.

SCRUBS: Why ya say that?

ROMULUS: 'Cause you're smart like that.

SCRUBS: Whatever. *(Beat.)* 'Night.

ROMULUS: 'Night.

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

The New Fonzie – From “Man in the Moon” – 2 Males Comedy

George is Andy’s agent, and convincing him to do the television show “Taxi”

George jumps from his desk. Andy is walking in.

GEORGE: Andy, c'mon IN! Thanks for flyin' out here!!

ANDY: The stewardess let me keep my headphones.

GEORGE: That's... terrific! But I got something better. This is BIG... (giddy; milking the moment)
You are getting a once-in-a-lifetime, unbelievably lucrative opportunity to star on...
a **PRIMETIME NETWORK SITCOM!!!!**

Andy's smile drops. He freezes up.

ANDY: Sitcom...?

GEORGE: And this is a CLASS ACT! It's the guys who did the Mary Tyler Moore and Bob Newhart shows! It takes place in a taxi stand! And you're gonna be the Fonzie!

ANDY: (confused) I'm -- Fonzie?

GEORGE: NO! The Fonzie! The crazy breakout character! The guy that all the kids impersonate and put on their lunchboxes!

ANDY: (soft) George, I hate sitcoms.

GEORGE: HANG ON, you ain't heard the best part! ABC has seen your foreign man character, and they want to turn him into -- (he checks his notes) "Latka," a lovable, goofy mechanic!!!

Long pause. Then -- Andy responds.

ANDY: No.

GEORGE: "No"? "No" to which part??

ANDY: No to the whole thing. None of it sounds good.

George is flummoxed.

GEORGE: Andy... this is every comedian's dream.

ANDY: I told you, I'm not a comedian. And sitcoms are the lowest form of entertainment: Stupid jokes and canned laughter.

GEORGE: (shocked) B-but, this is classy... they did Bob Newha--

ANDY: I'm not interested. I want to create my own material.

Beat. George glares.

GEORGE: You have to do it.

ANDY: I refuse.

GEORGE: (he explodes) LISTEN, you arrogant putz! I've been in this business for twenty years! I know! If you walk away from this opportunity, you will never, NEVER see another one like it again!!!!

Long pause. Andy stares at George, amazed at this passion. Then Andy gets up and looks around the office. He stares at the awards... the gold records... emblems of success and experience. Andy thinks -- then nods.

ANDY: Okay. Fine, I'll do it. (beat) But I have a few terms.

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

GEORGE: *(relieved)* Of course! That's what negotiations are for.

Andy starts to write on a piece of paper

GEORGE: What are you doing?

ANDY: Writing down my terms.

George watches patiently. Andy clicks his pen, done. George smiles and takes the list. He scans it... then his face gets totally befuddled.

GEORGE: Are you makin' fun of me --? This is RIDICULOUS!

ANDY: *(blasé)* Those are my terms.

GEORGE: They're IMPOSSIBLE!! Jesus! *(he points at one item)* I mean -- "two guaranteed guest shots for Tony Clifton"?! Who is this TONY CLIFTON?!

ANDY: He's a Vegas entertainer. I used to do impressions of him. We sorta... got in a fight over that.

George gets a look.

GEORGE: This Clifton called me up. He's a loon! He HATES you!

ANDY: Nah, he just talks tough. But I owe him one.

Andy smiles ingenuously, then turns stern.

ANDY: If I'm the new Fonz... ABC's just gonna have to give me what I want. *(a sarcastic FONZIE IMPRESSION)* Heyyyyyy!

George winces. He stares at the list.

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

The New Fonzie – From “Man in the Moon” – 2 Males Comedy

George is Andy’s agent, and convincing him to do the television show “Taxi”

George jumps from his desk. Andy is walking in.

GEORGE: Andy, c'mon IN! Thanks for flyin' out here!!

ANDY: The stewardess let me keep my headphones.

GEORGE: That's... terrific! But I got something better. This is BIG... (giddy; milking the moment)
You are getting a once-in-a-lifetime, unbelievably lucrative opportunity to star on...
a **PRIMETIME NETWORK SITCOM!!!!**

Andy's smile drops. He freezes up.

ANDY: Sitcom...?

GEORGE: And this is a CLASS ACT! It's the guys who did the Mary Tyler Moore and Bob Newhart shows! It takes place in a taxi stand! And you're gonna be the Fonzie!

ANDY: (confused) I'm -- Fonzie?

GEORGE: NO! The Fonzie! The crazy breakout character! The guy that all the kids impersonate and put on their lunchboxes!

ANDY: (soft) George, I hate sitcoms.

GEORGE: HANG ON, you ain't heard the best part! ABC has seen your foreign man character, and they want to turn him into -- (he checks his notes) "Latka," a lovable, goofy mechanic!!!

Long pause. Then -- Andy responds.

ANDY: No.

GEORGE: "No"? "No" to which part??

ANDY: No to the whole thing. None of it sounds good.

George is flummoxed.

GEORGE: Andy... this is every comedian's dream.

ANDY: I told you, I'm not a comedian. And sitcoms are the lowest form of entertainment: Stupid jokes and canned laughter.

GEORGE: (shocked) B-but, this is classy... they did Bob Newha--

ANDY: I'm not interested. I want to create my own material.

Beat. George glares.

GEORGE: You have to do it.

ANDY: I refuse.

GEORGE: (he explodes) LISTEN, you arrogant putz! I've been in this business for twenty years! I know! If you walk away from this opportunity, you will never, NEVER see another one like it again!!!!

Long pause. Andy stares at George, amazed at this passion. Then Andy gets up and looks around the office. He stares at the awards... the gold records... emblems of success and experience. Andy thinks -- then nods.

ANDY: Okay. Fine, I'll do it. (beat) But I have a few terms.

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

GEORGE: *(relieved)* Of course! That's what negotiations are for.

Andy starts to write on a piece of paper

GEORGE: What are you doing?

ANDY: Writing down my terms.

George watches patiently. Andy clicks his pen, done. George smiles and takes the list. He scans it... then his face gets totally befuddled.

GEORGE: Are you makin' fun of me --? This is RIDICULOUS!

ANDY: *(blasé)* Those are my terms.

GEORGE: They're IMPOSSIBLE!! Jesus! *(he points at one item)* I mean -- "two guaranteed guest shots for Tony Clifton"?! Who is this TONY CLIFTON?!

ANDY: He's a Vegas entertainer. I used to do impressions of him. We sorta... got in a fight over that.

George gets a look.

GEORGE: This Clifton called me up. He's a loon! He HATES you!

ANDY: Nah, he just talks tough. But I owe him one.

Andy smiles ingenuously, then turns stern.

ANDY: If I'm the new Fonz... ABC's just gonna have to give me what I want. *(a sarcastic FONZIE IMPRESSION)* Heyyyyyy!

George winces. He stares at the list.

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

POPULAR – From “Know Your Role” – 2 Females *Dramedy*

Teenager Alex recounts how she feels about her mother making her compete in beauty pageants.

ALEX: Mom signed me up for a beauty pageant right at the height of my eighth grade awkward phase. She said that it would help me...

(ALEX’S MOM enters. She carries the pink box, it contains assorted beauty products.)

MOM: *(Handing Alex the box:)* Discover your feminine side.

ALEX: And...

MOM: Feel more confident about yourself.

ALEX: I didn't know I had a problem with confidence until she told me that I did. I tried to argue, but she insisted.

MOM: Think of it like a game. You'll practice, compete, and win.

ALEX: How do you win at looking beautiful?

MOM: Pageants aren't all about looks, they're also about your personality and leadership skills.

ALEX: Then why are they called "Beauty Pageants"? Why not "Personality Pageants"?

MOM: Try it just this once and if you don't like it, you'll never have to do it again. I realize I'm asking you to step outside of your comfort zone, but I know this will be good for you.

ALEX: I don't want to.

MOM: Please? For me? It would make me so proud.

ALEX: *(Sighs heavily.)* Fine... For the next few months, Mom was in nonstop pageant prep mode; she loved it. The best part was how much time she wanted to spend with me. We did everything together. Practicing my walk:

(Alex attempts a runway walk.)

MOM: You know, I think we can go with even higher heels.

ALEX: Playing with makeup:

MOM: *(Applying blush:)* This might seem like a lot, but stage lights are brutal.

ALEX: New hairstyles:

MOM: *(Piling Alex's hair on her head)* This does wonders for your jawline!

ALEX: Picking out outfits:

MOM: *(Holding several sequined choices up to Alex:)* Hmmmm, I'm trying to decide which of these Wild West looks will best compliment your skin tone.

ALEX: Practicing my interview skills:

MOM: *(Reading a notecard:)* If you were given the chance to change something from the past, what would it be?

ALEX: *(Thinks.)* I guess I wouldn't have given my baby cousin her first haircut. Aunt Cary cried...a lot.

MOM: *(Impatient:)* No, no, no!

ALEX: But that's what I would change.

MOM: That's not what the judges will want to hear. Try this "If I were given the chance to change something from the past, I would change the time World War II happened because Anne Frank is my hero and—"

(Doorbell rings.)

Oh, your choreographer is here to work on the talent portion.

ALEX: *(sarcastically)* Yay! *(Mom exits)* It was in no way my idea to perform a modern jazz routine to "Popular," but mom has never been able to cope with the fact that she birthed an Elphaba, not a Glinda...Galinda...whatever. It's been years since the pageant and I still have nightmares that I'm stomping across a stage in six-inch heels, trying desperately to see through my glued-on eyelashes with that song on repeat. *(Sung:)* "Popular, you're gonna be popular." *(Laughs.)* It was a nice try, mom.

(Alex exits.)

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

POPULAR – From “Know Your Role” – 2 Females *Dramedy*

Teenager Alex recounts how she feels about her mother making her compete in beauty pageants.

ALEX: Mom signed me up for a beauty pageant right at the height of my eighth grade awkward phase. She said that it would help me...

(ALEX'S MOM enters. She carries the pink box, it contains assorted beauty products.)

MOM: *(Handing Alex the box:)* Discover your feminine side.

ALEX: And...

MOM: Feel more confident about yourself.

ALEX: I didn't know I had a problem with confidence until she told me that I did. I tried to argue, but she insisted.

MOM: Think of it like a game. You'll practice, compete, and win.

ALEX: How do you win at looking beautiful?

MOM: Pageants aren't all about looks, they're also about your personality and leadership skills.

ALEX: Then why are they called "Beauty Pageants"? Why not "Personality Pageants"?

MOM: Try it just this once and if you don't like it, you'll never have to do it again. I realize I'm asking you to step outside of your comfort zone, but I know this will be good for you.

ALEX: I don't want to.

MOM: Please? For me? It would make me so proud.

ALEX: *(Sighs heavily.)* Fine... For the next few months, Mom was in nonstop pageant prep mode; she loved it. The best part was how much time she wanted to spend with me. We did everything together. Practicing my walk:

(Alex attempts a runway walk.)

MOM: You know, I think we can go with even higher heels.

ALEX: Playing with makeup:

MOM: *(Applying blush:)* This might seem like a lot, but stage lights are brutal.

ALEX: New hairstyles:

MOM: *(Piling Alex's hair on her head)* This does wonders for your jawline!

ALEX: Picking out outfits:

MOM: *(Holding several sequined choices up to Alex:)* Hmmmm, I'm trying to decide which of these Wild West looks will best compliment your skin tone.

ALEX: Practicing my interview skills:

MOM: *(Reading a notecard:)* If you were given the chance to change something from the past, what would it be?

ALEX: *(Thinks.)* I guess I wouldn't have given my baby cousin her first haircut. Aunt Cary cried...a lot.

MOM: *(Impatient:)* No, no, no!

ALEX: But that's what I would change.

MOM: That's not what the judges will want to hear. Try this "If I were given the chance to change something from the past, I would change the time World War II happened because Anne Frank is my hero and—"

(Doorbell rings.)

Oh, your choreographer is here to work on the talent portion.

ALEX: *(sarcastically)* Yay! *(Mom exits)* It was in no way my idea to perform a modern jazz routine to "Popular," but mom has never been able to cope with the fact that she birthed an Elphaba, not a Glinda...Galinda...whatever. It's been years since the pageant and I still have nightmares that I'm stomping across a stage in six-inch heels, trying desperately to see through my glued-on eyelashes with that song on repeat. *(Sung:)* "Popular, you're gonna be popular." *(Laughs.)* It was a nice try, mom.

(Alex exits.)

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

KISS AND TELL – From “The Adventures of Rocky & Skye” – 2 Males *Dramedy*

Tween Jason is determined to verify the rumor that fellow tween Skylar kissed a girl at the parade.

(Two females: Skylar is on stage as Jason, who secretly has a crush on Jennifer, approaches.)

JASON: Jennifer's mad about the rumor going around you know.

SKYLAR: What rumor?

JASON: Kim said you kissed her.

SKYLAR: When?

JASON: At the baseball parade.

SKYLAR: You shouldn't believe everything you hear.

JASON: Jennifer says if you did she's breaking up with you.

SKYLAR: Kim's just trying to make her jealous!

JASON: So, you didn't kiss her?

SKYLAR: Why would I kiss Kim?

JASON: She's so cute! I'd kiss Kim if she asked me.

SKYLAR: She wouldn't. You're not her type.

JASON: Yeah, I'm more Jennifer's type.

SKYLAR: Too bad she's already taken.

JASON: Yeah, too bad. Unless you kissed Kim—

SKYLAR: If anybody kissed Kim at the parade it wasn't me.

JASON: Actually, it was me.

SKYLAR: What? Where?

JASON: Behind the dugout.

SKYLAR: I mean cheek or lips?

JASON: Lips.

SKYLAR: You're making that up!

JASON: Why would I?

SKYLAR: I can't believe she kissed you too!

JASON: So you did kiss Kim at the parade!

SKYLAR: Not during—after. And I wouldn't have if I knew she kissed you!

JASON: She actually didn't.

SKYLAR: Then why'd you say she did?

JASON: I promised Jennifer I'd get the truth. See ya!

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

KISS AND TELL – From “The Adventures of Rocky & Skye” – 2 Males *Dramedy*

Tween Jason is determined to verify the rumor that fellow tween Skylar kissed a girl at the parade.

(Two females: Skylar is on stage as Jason, who secretly has a crush on Jennifer, approaches.)

JASON: Jennifer's mad about the rumor going around you know.

SKYLAR: What rumor?

JASON: Kim said you kissed her.

SKYLAR: When?

JASON: At the baseball parade.

SKYLAR: You shouldn't believe everything you hear.

JASON: Jennifer says if you did she's breaking up with you.

SKYLAR: Kim's just trying to make her jealous!

JASON: So, you didn't kiss her?

SKYLAR: Why would I kiss Kim?

JASON: She's so cute! I'd kiss Kim if she asked me.

SKYLAR: She wouldn't. You're not her type.

JASON: Yeah, I'm more Jennifer's type.

SKYLAR: Too bad she's already taken.

JASON: Yeah, too bad. Unless you kissed Kim—

SKYLAR: If anybody kissed Kim at the parade it wasn't me.

JASON: Actually, it was me.

SKYLAR: What? Where?

JASON: Behind the dugout.

SKYLAR: I mean cheek or lips?

JASON: Lips.

SKYLAR: You're making that up!

JASON: Why would I?

SKYLAR: I can't believe she kissed you too!

JASON: So you did kiss Kim at the parade!

SKYLAR: Not during—after. And I wouldn't have if I knew she kissed you!

JASON: She actually didn't.

SKYLAR: Then why'd you say she did?

JASON: I promised Jennifer I'd get the truth. See ya!

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

FERRIS AND CAMERON – From “Ferris Bueller’s Day Off” – 2 Males Comedy

Ferris is trying to convince his best friend Cameron to skip school with him.

CAMERON: (weakly answering phone) Hello?

FERRIS: Cameron, babe! What's happening?

CAMERON: Very little.

FERRIS: How do you feel?

CAMERON: Shredded.

FERRIS: Is your mother in your room?

CAMERON: She's in Boca Raton. Unfortunately she's not staying. Where are you?

FERRIS: I'm taking the day off. Now get dressed and come on over.

CAMERON: I can't, stupid. I'm sick.

FERRIS: That's all in your head. Come on over.

CAMERON: I feel like complete crap, Ferris. I can't go anywhere.

FERRIS: I'm sorry to hear that. Now, come on over and pick me up. (*Hangs up*)

CAMERON: I'm dying.

FERRIS: (*Calls back*) You're not dying. You just can't think of anything good to do. (*Hangs up*) (*beat. To audience*)
If anybody needs a day off, it's Cameron. He has a lot of things to sort out before he graduates. He can't be wound up this tight and go to college. His roommate'll kill him.

CAMERON: (singing or moaning, etc.)

FERRIS: Pardon my French, but Cameron is so tight that if you stuck a lump of coal up his ass, in two weeks you'd have a diamond.

FERRIS: (*calling again*) I'm serious, man. This is bull, making me wait around the house for you.

CAMERON: Why can't you let me rot in peace?

FERRIS: Cameron, this is my ninth sick day. If I get caught, I won't graduate. I'm not doing this for me. I'm doing it for you.

CAMERON: Do you know what my diastolic is?

FERRIS: Be a man. Take some Pepto Bismol and get dressed. You're boring me with this stuff. Wait a sec. I got another call. (*looking at Caller ID*) It's my Dad. If you're not over here in fifteen minutes, you can find a new best friend.

CAMERON: Oh, you've been saying that since the fifth grade. (*Hangs up*)

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

FERRIS: I'm so disappointed in Cameron. Twenty bucks says he's sitting in his car debating about whether or not he should go out.

CAMERON: He'll keep calling me. He'll keep calling me. He'll keep calling until I come over...He'll make me feel guilty. This is ridiculous! I'll go. I'll go. I'll go. Forget it! That's it!

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

FERRIS AND CAMERON – From “Ferris Bueller’s Day Off” – 2 Males Comedy

Ferris is trying to convince his best friend Cameron to skip school with him.

CAMERON: (weakly answering phone) Hello?

FERRIS: Cameron, babe! What's happening?

CAMERON: Very little.

FERRIS: How do you feel?

CAMERON: Shredded.

FERRIS: Is your mother in your room?

CAMERON: She's in Boca Raton. Unfortunately she's not staying. Where are you?

FERRIS: I'm taking the day off. Now get dressed and come on over.

CAMERON: I can't, stupid. I'm sick.

FERRIS: That's all in your head. Come on over.

CAMERON: I feel like complete crap, Ferris. I can't go anywhere.

FERRIS: I'm sorry to hear that. Now, come on over and pick me up. (*Hangs up*)

CAMERON: I'm dying.

FERRIS: (*Calls back*) You're not dying. You just can't think of anything good to do. (*Hangs up*) (*beat. To audience*)
If anybody needs a day off, it's Cameron. He has a lot of things to sort out before he graduates. He can't be wound up this tight and go to college. His roommate'll kill him.

CAMERON: (singing or moaning, etc.)

FERRIS: Pardon my French, but Cameron is so tight that if you stuck a lump of coal up his ass, in two weeks you'd have a diamond.

FERRIS: (*calling again*) I'm serious, man. This is bull, making me wait around the house for you.

CAMERON: Why can't you let me rot in peace?

FERRIS: Cameron, this is my ninth sick day. If I get caught, I won't graduate. I'm not doing this for me. I'm doing it for you.

CAMERON: Do you know what my diastolic is?

FERRIS: Be a man. Take some Pepto Bismol and get dressed. You're boring me with this stuff. Wait a sec. I got another call. (*looking at Caller ID*) It's my Dad. If you're not over here in fifteen minutes, you can find a new best friend.

CAMERON: Oh, you've been saying that since the fifth grade. (*Hangs up*)

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

FERRIS:

I'm so disappointed in Cameron. Twenty bucks says he's sitting in his car debating about whether or not he should go out.

CAMERON:

He'll keep calling me. He'll keep calling me. He'll keep calling until I come over...He'll make me feel guilty. This is ridiculous! I'll go. I'll go. I'll go. Forget it! That's it!

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

IAN AND TANNER – From “For (Sandwich) Lovers Only” – 2 Males Comedy

Teenager Ian has a date, which is not a usual occurrence for him. His best friend Tanner is helping him get ready.

TANNER: Okay. Here we go. This is it man. Jeez, why am I nervous? It's not like I'm on a fast moving train, with no brakes, heading for a nuclear power plant. I wish you could've gotten this out of the way a few years ago like a normal person. Here, brush your teeth.

(He hands Ian a toothbrush, and Ian begins brushing.)

Now spit.

(Ian spits in the sink.)

Okay, what else? Hair, teeth...pits! Gotta remember the pits.

(He pulls out spray deodorant and sprays an excessive amount under Ian's arms. As Ian inhales the fumes, he starts coughing.)

IAN: Dude, can you stop this? No matter how much you do to make me look good, she's still not gonna be glad to see me.

TANNER: Would you shut up? Do you know how often I hear you complain about not having a girlfriend and not being good enough? Well this is your chance. You've gotta stop doubting yourself. This girl definitely doesn't want you thinking you're not good enough. She's let you advance this far: that means she likes you. Now if you can just shut up tonight, you'll be fine.

IAN: (Picks his tie off the counter:) What could she possibly want with me? She's pretty, she's smart, she's cool. I mean the only reason she agreed to this date was because she was having family problems or something.

TANNER: Either way dude, you've gotten this far.

(Ian puts the tie around his neck and starts fidgeting with it.)

You've got a date. She at least has some interest in you—now you just gotta build on that.

IAN: How do I do that?

TANNER: (Takes over with the tie:) I know this sounds like a stupid concept, or something your mom would say. But you gotta be yourself. You've seen those romantic comedies where the guy tries to be all cool to impress the girl? She pulls into the gas station he works at. He tricks her into believing he doesn't work there, that he's super rich and actually owns the BMW he's working on.

IAN: ...And the only reason he has grease on him is because he just got done saving a family and their dog from a burning vehicle?

TANNER: Yeah, all he has to do is say, "sorry, there must be some misunderstanding" but no, he lets her believe it. And then halfway through the film the girl finds out who this guy actually is and she gets all mad at him for lying to her and she says that he should've just been honest in the first place. It happens every single time! I mean haven't the characters in romantic comedies ever actually seen a romantic comedy? I say you skip all of those stupid antics and just be yourself. Learn from all of those dumb movies.

IAN: Come on man, we both know that she's way out of my league.

TANNER: Ian, there are no leagues! The idea of leagues is just a lie designed by muscle-headed jocks to oppress guys like us. They put us in a category, a lowly, awkward, unattractive category, and then we stay there believing that that's all we're worth. If you believe that she is out of your league, then she is. She is way out of your league. But if you stop thinking about all of that, you can get this girl. You can be her man. Now come on, you're gonna be late.

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

IAN AND TANNER – From “For (Sandwich) Lovers Only” – 2 Males Comedy

Teenager Ian has a date, which is not a usual occurrence for him. His best friend Tanner is helping him get ready.

TANNER: Okay. Here we go. This is it man. Jeez, why am I nervous? It's not like I'm on a fast moving train, with no brakes, heading for a nuclear power plant. I wish you could've gotten this out of the way a few years ago like a normal person. Here, brush your teeth.

(He hands Ian a toothbrush, and Ian begins brushing.)

Now spit.

(Ian spits in the sink.)

Okay, what else? Hair, teeth...pits! Gotta remember the pits.

(He pulls out spray deodorant and sprays an excessive amount under Ian's arms. As Ian inhales the fumes, he starts coughing.)

IAN: Dude, can you stop this? No matter how much you do to make me look good, she's still not gonna be glad to see me.

TANNER: Would you shut up? Do you know how often I hear you complain about not having a girlfriend and not being good enough? Well this is your chance. You've gotta stop doubting yourself. This girl definitely doesn't want you thinking you're not good enough. She's let you advance this far: that means she likes you. Now if you can just shut up tonight, you'll be fine.

IAN: (Picks his tie off the counter:) What could she possibly want with me? She's pretty, she's smart, she's cool. I mean the only reason she agreed to this date was because she was having family problems or something.

TANNER: Either way dude, you've gotten this far.

(Ian puts the tie around his neck and starts fidgeting with it.)

You've got a date. She at least has some interest in you—now you just gotta build on that.

IAN: How do I do that?

TANNER: (Takes over with the tie:) I know this sounds like a stupid concept, or something your mom would say. But you gotta be yourself. You've seen those romantic comedies where the guy tries to be all cool to impress the girl? She pulls into the gas station he works at. He tricks her into believing he doesn't work there, that he's super rich and actually owns the BMW he's working on.

IAN: ...And the only reason he has grease on him is because he just got done saving a family and their dog from a burning vehicle?

TANNER: Yeah, all he has to do is say, "sorry, there must be some misunderstanding" but no, he lets her believe it. And then halfway through the film the girl finds out who this guy actually is and she gets all mad at him for lying to her and she says that he should've just been honest in the first place. It happens every single time! I mean haven't the characters in romantic comedies ever actually seen a romantic comedy? I say you skip all of those stupid antics and just be yourself. Learn from all of those dumb movies.

IAN: Come on man, we both know that she's way out of my league.

TANNER: Ian, there are no leagues! The idea of leagues is just a lie designed by muscle-headed jocks to oppress guys like us. They put us in a category, a lowly, awkward, unattractive category, and then we stay there believing that that's all we're worth. If you believe that she is out of your league, then she is. She is way out of your league. But if you stop thinking about all of that, you can get this girl. You can be her man. Now come on, you're gonna be late.

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

ROOTS – From “Dear Chuck” – 2 People (any gender) *Dramedy*

Two Teens bond over a potted plant.

(A classroom. Two teens. The FIRST TEEN waters a plant as the SECOND TEEN watches.)

SECOND TEEN: You're overwatering it.

FIRST TEEN: I'm what?

SECOND TEEN: It's like you're drowning it.

FIRST TEEN: But it's not underwater.

SECOND TEEN: No—more like you're waterboarding it.

FIRST TEEN: But I love this plant. And considering the pet situation—

SECOND TEEN: She still won't budge?

FIRST TEEN: I don't want to push it.

SECOND TEEN: Probably a good call.

FIRST TEEN: Yeah. *(Beat.)* So this plant is like the closest I can get to a golden 'til college.

SECOND TEEN: Well, you're waterboarding your golden.

(The First Teen stops watering the plant.)

SECOND TEEN: Just do it once a week. 'Til it starts running out a little at the bottom. *(Beat.)* Why don't you let Mrs. Cole water it with the rest of the plants?

FIRST TEEN: Because it's mine. Because if I can't take care of a plant... *(Beat.)* I should bring it home, so she can see me not killing it. *(Beat.)* I can still talk to it every day, right? I read it's good if you talk to it. The CO2. *(To the plant:)* Hello, Inger. *(To the other student:)* You're not going to say talking is bad too, are you? *(Beat.)* What?

SECOND TEEN: Nothing.

FIRST TEEN: You should talk to her.

SECOND TEEN: What?

FIRST TEEN: Just say stuff.

SECOND TEEN: I really don't— How do you even know it's a her?

FIRST TEEN: Come on. Please?

SECOND TEEN: *(Beat.)* Inger?

(The First Teen nods.)

SECOND TEEN: Hi, Inger.

FIRST TEEN: Try to breathe heavier. More CO2. *(To the plant, accenting each breath:)* Hello, Inger. How's my favorite little ficus today?

SECOND TEEN: I'm not doing that.

FIRST TEEN: You talk to Sydney.

SECOND TEEN: He's not a plant.

FIRST TEEN: He's a stuffed animal.

SECOND TEEN: Koala.

FIRST TEEN: He's stuffed. How many [Second Teen actor's age]-year olds have stuffed animals?

SECOND TEEN: And this is why you're not invited to my house anymore.

FIRST TEEN: I'm... No, I— What...?

SECOND TEEN: When's the last time you've been over since...?

FIRST TEEN: I've been— I have most definitely been...

(The Second Teen shakes his head. Beat.)

SECOND TEEN: You rearranged our entire dish cabinet.

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

FIRST TEEN: I cleaned it.

SECOND TEEN: (*Shaking head:*) And the living room table? I had to beg my mom not to send you to a homeless shelter.

FIRST TEEN: I was just trying to help pick up.

SECOND TEEN: Not everybody is a picker-upper-er. She was late to a meeting with her boss 'cause she couldn't find her drawings.

FIRST TEEN: I just wanted to earn my keep. Say thank you for letting me stay.

SECOND TEEN: So say "thank you."

FIRST TEEN: (*Beat.*) Like I really can't come back? Not ever? (*Beat.*) Wow. I'm like a vampire. I've been uninvited.

SECOND TEEN: Don't say stuff like that.

FIRST TEEN: So even if my house burned down I still can't come over? Or what if there's an earthquake in my house? Or a flood?

SECOND TEEN: Keep watering your plant like that and there might be.

FIRST TEEN: I'm serious.

SECOND TEEN: Me too. (*Beat.*) You just can't try to control every little thing.

FIRST TEEN: What if little things are all you've got?

SECOND TEEN: Don't you think everybody feels that way sometimes?

FIRST TEEN: Do you?

SECOND TEEN: I'm part of everybody.

FIRST TEEN: Sometimes I just lose it. I don't want to. It just happens.

SECOND TEEN: Maybe if you feel it, go talk to Inger.

FIRST TEEN: I don't want to yell at Inger.

SECOND TEEN: I know. But you could breathe. Like really hard until you feel it slowing down.

FIRST TEEN: I don't want Inger to get a lot of negative energy. She's just a plant.

SECOND TEEN: I think she'd understand.

FIRST TEEN: (*Beat.*) So if a zombie was about to splatter my brains all over your window.

SECOND TEEN: There are no zombie—

FIRST TEEN: If a zombie was about to—

SECOND TEEN: You're not gonna get kicked out again.

FIRST TEEN: I'm just asking. Hungry zombie. My brains. And I'm screaming, "[Second Teen's Name], help me!"

SECOND TEEN: (*Beat.*) Maybe if we tied your hands so you couldn't touch anything.

(Is the Second Teen serious? No one is quite sure.)

FIRST TEEN: I could work with that.

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

ROOTS – From “Dear Chuck” – 2 People (any gender) *Dramedy*

Two Teens bond over a potted plant.

(A classroom. Two teens. The FIRST TEEN waters a plant as the SECOND TEEN watches.)

SECOND TEEN: You're overwatering it.

FIRST TEEN: I'm what?

SECOND TEEN: It's like you're drowning it.

FIRST TEEN: But it's not underwater.

SECOND TEEN: No—more like you're waterboarding it.

FIRST TEEN: But I love this plant. And considering the pet situation—

SECOND TEEN: She still won't budge?

FIRST TEEN: I don't want to push it.

SECOND TEEN: Probably a good call.

FIRST TEEN: Yeah. *(Beat.)* So this plant is like the closest I can get to a golden 'til college.

SECOND TEEN: Well, you're waterboarding your golden.

(The First Teen stops watering the plant.)

SECOND TEEN: Just do it once a week. 'Til it starts running out a little at the bottom. *(Beat.)* Why don't you let Mrs. Cole water it with the rest of the plants?

FIRST TEEN: Because it's mine. Because if I can't take care of a plant... *(Beat.)* I should bring it home, so she can see me not killing it. *(Beat.)* I can still talk to it every day, right? I read it's good if you talk to it. The CO2. *(To the plant:)* Hello, Inger. *(To the other student:)* You're not going to say talking is bad too, are you? *(Beat.)* What?

SECOND TEEN: Nothing.

FIRST TEEN: You should talk to her.

SECOND TEEN: What?

FIRST TEEN: Just say stuff.

SECOND TEEN: I really don't— How do you even know it's a her?

FIRST TEEN: Come on. Please?

SECOND TEEN: *(Beat.)* Inger?

(The First Teen nods.)

SECOND TEEN: Hi, Inger.

FIRST TEEN: Try to breathe heavier. More CO2. *(To the plant, accenting each breath:)* Hello, Inger. How's my favorite little ficus today?

SECOND TEEN: I'm not doing that.

FIRST TEEN: You talk to Sydney.

SECOND TEEN: He's not a plant.

FIRST TEEN: He's a stuffed animal.

SECOND TEEN: Koala.

FIRST TEEN: He's stuffed. How many [Second Teen actor's age]-year olds have stuffed animals?

SECOND TEEN: And this is why you're not invited to my house anymore.

FIRST TEEN: I'm... No, I— What...?

SECOND TEEN: When's the last time you've been over since...?

FIRST TEEN: I've been— I have most definitely been...

(The Second Teen shakes his head. Beat.)

SECOND TEEN: You rearranged our entire dish cabinet.

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

FIRST TEEN: I cleaned it.

SECOND TEEN: (*Shaking head:*) And the living room table? I had to beg my mom not to send you to a homeless shelter.

FIRST TEEN: I was just trying to help pick up.

SECOND TEEN: Not everybody is a picker-upper-er. She was late to a meeting with her boss 'cause she couldn't find her drawings.

FIRST TEEN: I just wanted to earn my keep. Say thank you for letting me stay.

SECOND TEEN: So say "thank you."

FIRST TEEN: (*Beat.*) Like I really can't come back? Not ever? (*Beat.*) Wow. I'm like a vampire. I've been uninvited.

SECOND TEEN: Don't say stuff like that.

FIRST TEEN: So even if my house burned down I still can't come over? Or what if there's an earthquake in my house? Or a flood?

SECOND TEEN: Keep watering your plant like that and there might be.

FIRST TEEN: I'm serious.

SECOND TEEN: Me too. (*Beat.*) You just can't try to control every little thing.

FIRST TEEN: What if little things are all you've got?

SECOND TEEN: Don't you think everybody feels that way sometimes?

FIRST TEEN: Do you?

SECOND TEEN: I'm part of everybody.

FIRST TEEN: Sometimes I just lose it. I don't want to. It just happens.

SECOND TEEN: Maybe if you feel it, go talk to Inger.

FIRST TEEN: I don't want to yell at Inger.

SECOND TEEN: I know. But you could breathe. Like really hard until you feel it slowing down.

FIRST TEEN: I don't want Inger to get a lot of negative energy. She's just a plant.

SECOND TEEN: I think she'd understand.

FIRST TEEN: (*Beat.*) So if a zombie was about to splatter my brains all over your window.

SECOND TEEN: There are no zombie—

FIRST TEEN: If a zombie was about to—

SECOND TEEN: You're not gonna get kicked out again.

FIRST TEEN: I'm just asking. Hungry zombie. My brains. And I'm screaming, "[Second Teen's Name], help me!"

SECOND TEEN: (*Beat.*) Maybe if we tied your hands so you couldn't touch anything.

(Is the Second Teen serious? No one is quite sure.)

FIRST TEEN: I could work with that.

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

CLARISSA AND ROSE – From “Herby Alice Counts Down to Yesterday” – 2 Females *Dramedy*

Young teen Rose longs to make good as a reporter on the school paper, but if her editor, Clarissa, has her way, it will mean destroying her good friend Herby.

CLARISSA: You two used to be friends, didn't you?

ROSE: No! Well, when we were little kids.

CLARISSA: Weren't you friends, like, last year?

ROSE: Um...uh...

CLARISSA: This is perfect. JUST the angle I need.

ROSE: What? What do you mean?

CLARISSA: He respects you. Likes you, even. I can tell these things. I'm a scholar of human behavior.

ROSE: I don't understand.

CLARISSA: YOU can get me the interview I need.

ROSE: I don't think so, Clarissa—

CLARISSA: Alright. Fine. *(This is painful:)* I'll let you give the interview.

ROSE: You mean—you'll let me try again? On camera?

CLARISSA: But not live. And if you mess up, I'll edit you out. *(Beat.)* This is your chance.

ROSE: *(Takes a deep breath:)* Ok.

CLARISSA: You'll do it?

ROSE: Yes.

CLARISSA: Let's shake on it.

(They shake hands.)

But Rose, one thing?

ROSE: Yes?

CLARISSA: *(To Camera Guy:)* Get this on camera, please. I want a witness.

(Camera Guy rolls.)

I'm not going to have the Times Daily look like a bunch of yahoos.

ROSE: Um...okay?

CLARISSA: The media makes the story, Rose. Just like the historian writes the history. *(Beat.)* And let me be frank with you: the viewers make the ratings.

ROSE: Ratings? I thought only students and teachers watched our program.

CLARISSA: Today the school, tomorrow the world. *(Beat.)* Besides, we have to please The higher-ups. I promised. And I don't break my promises. *(Beat.)* Do you?

ROSE: No!

CLARISSA: Good. Now about the interview. Have you been reading the blogs?

ROSE: Of course! I've been editing them.

CLARISSA: Right. And you've been counting the votes?

ROSE: Yes.

CLARISSA: So you know that our viewers have certain expectations.

ROSE: They expect Herby to fail. Boy, are they going to be surprised when—

CLARISSA: Rose. Disappointing our viewers equals bad. Happy viewers equals good. Laughing at others makes the viewers feel better about themselves, and gives them a united purpose...thus bringing the community together and equaling happy viewers. Happy viewers equal happy executives. Happy executives mean happy Clarissa. Which means Rose gets to be somebody. And isn't that what you want? What you've been working toward?

ROSE: Yes...

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

CLARISSA: Then what am I asking from you?

ROSE: *(Beat.)* You want me to make Herby look like an idiot.

CLARISSA: Those are not my words, sweetie. The Times Daily would never say such a thing. It is our goal to deliver the news in the most impartial manner possible. *(To Camera Guy:)* Cut! *(She hands Rose the microphone.)* Go get me that interview. And it better be splashy.

ROSE: But—what if he doesn't fail? What if he succeeds?

CLARISSA: *(Beat.)* Well, we just need to make sure that doesn't happen, don't we? I'll leave that to you.

(Clarissa exits. Rose walks to mirror. She considers her outfit, her image. Unbeknownst to her, Camera Guy is still present. He starts rolling.)

ROSE: So tired of being invisible...*(To self:)* This could be your only chance, Rose. *(Notices Camera Guy:)* Hey! Stop the tape! Please – you have to edit that out.

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

CLARISSA AND ROSE – From “Herby Alice Counts Down to Yesterday” – 2 Females *Dramedy*

Young teen Rose longs to make good as a reporter on the school paper, but if her editor, Clarissa, has her way, it will mean destroying her good friend Herby.

CLARISSA: You two used to be friends, didn't you?

ROSE: No! Well, when we were little kids.

CLARISSA: Weren't you friends, like, last year?

ROSE: Um...uh...

CLARISSA: This is perfect. JUST the angle I need.

ROSE: What? What do you mean?

CLARISSA: He respects you. Likes you, even. I can tell these things. I'm a scholar of human behavior.

ROSE: I don't understand.

CLARISSA: YOU can get me the interview I need.

ROSE: I don't think so, Clarissa—

CLARISSA: Alright. Fine. *(This is painful:)* I'll let you give the interview.

ROSE: You mean—you'll let me try again? On camera?

CLARISSA: But not live. And if you mess up, I'll edit you out. *(Beat.)* This is your chance.

ROSE: *(Takes a deep breath:)* Ok.

CLARISSA: You'll do it?

ROSE: Yes.

CLARISSA: Let's shake on it.

(They shake hands.)

But Rose, one thing?

ROSE: Yes?

CLARISSA: *(To Camera Guy:)* Get this on camera, please. I want a witness.

(Camera Guy rolls.)

I'm not going to have the Times Daily look like a bunch of yahoos.

ROSE: Um...okay?

CLARISSA: The media makes the story, Rose. Just like the historian writes the history. *(Beat.)* And let me be frank with you: the viewers make the ratings.

ROSE: Ratings? I thought only students and teachers watched our program.

CLARISSA: Today the school, tomorrow the world. *(Beat.)* Besides, we have to please The higher-ups. I promised. And I don't break my promises. *(Beat.)* Do you?

ROSE: No!

CLARISSA: Good. Now about the interview. Have you been reading the blogs?

ROSE: Of course! I've been editing them.

CLARISSA: Right. And you've been counting the votes?

ROSE: Yes.

CLARISSA: So you know that our viewers have certain expectations.

ROSE: They expect Herby to fail. Boy, are they going to be surprised when—

CLARISSA: Rose. Disappointing our viewers equals bad. Happy viewers equals good. Laughing at others makes the viewers feel better about themselves, and gives them a united purpose...thus bringing the community together and equaling happy viewers. Happy viewers equal happy executives. Happy executives mean happy Clarissa. Which means Rose gets to be somebody. And isn't that what you want? What you've been working toward?

ROSE: Yes...

GROUP SCENES – FALL 2018

CLARISSA: Then what am I asking from you?

ROSE: *(Beat.)* You want me to make Herby look like an idiot.

CLARISSA: Those are not my words, sweetie. The Times Daily would never say such a thing. It is our goal to deliver the news in the most impartial manner possible. *(To Camera Guy:)* Cut! *(She hands Rose the microphone.)* Go get me that interview. And it better be splashy.

ROSE: But—what if he doesn't fail? What if he succeeds?

CLARISSA: *(Beat.)* Well, we just need to make sure that doesn't happen, don't we? I'll leave that to you.

(Clarissa exits. Rose walks to mirror. She considers her outfit, her image. Unbeknownst to her, Camera Guy is still present. He starts rolling.)

ROSE: So tired of being invisible...*(To self:)* This could be your only chance, Rose. *(Notices Camera Guy:)* Hey! Stop the tape! Please – you have to edit that out.