

Excerpt terms and conditions



This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

You may view, print and download any of our excerpts for perusal purposes.

Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest reading the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity.

Dramatic Publishing

THE BULLY PLAYS

24 Short Plays by

Sandra Fenichel Asher

Cherie Bennett

Max Bush

José Casas

Gloria Bond Clunie

Eric Coble

Doug Cooney

Linda Daugherty

Lisa Dillman

Richard Dresser

José Cruz González

Stephen Gregg

D.W. Gregory

Brian Guehring

Dwayne Hartford

Barry Kornhauser

Trish Lindberg

Brett Neveu

Ernie Nolan

R.N. Sandberg

Geraldine Ann Snyder

Werner Trieschmann

Elizabeth Wong

Y York

Compiled and Edited by Linda Habjan
Foreword by Susan Sugerman, MD, MPH



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

*** NOTICE ***

The amateur and stock acting rights to this work are controlled exclusively by THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be given. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. Current royalty rates, applications and restrictions may be found at our website: www.dramaticpublishing.com, or we may be contacted by mail at: DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, 311 Washington St., Woodstock IL 60098.

COPYRIGHT LAW GIVES THE AUTHOR OR THE AUTHOR'S AGENT THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO MAKE COPIES. This law provides authors with a fair return for their creative efforts. Authors earn their living from the royalties they receive from book sales and from the performance of their work. Conscientious observance of copyright law is not only ethical, it encourages authors to continue their creative work. This work is fully protected by copyright. No alterations, deletions or substitutions may be made in the work without the prior written consent of the publisher. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, videotape, film, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. It may not be performed either by professionals or amateurs without payment of royalty. All rights, including, but not limited to, the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, foreign language, tabloid, recitation, lecturing, publication and reading, are reserved.

For performance of any songs, music and recordings mentioned in this play which are in copyright, the permission of the copyright owners must be obtained or other songs and recordings in the public domain substituted.

©MMXI by
DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

Printed in the United States of America
All Rights Reserved
(THE BULLY PLAYS)

ISBN: 978-1-58342-723-1

What Goes Around

By D.W. Gregory

CHARACTERS

BOSS (EVERETT BLEDSOE)..... a sales director for
a beauty products supply company
SMEDLEYan ineffective salesman for the same company
JUNIOR..... Smedley's son, 12
DARLASmedley's daughter, 14
MARCIE a girl on the school bus
GANG as much a mentality as a group,
to be performed by one to three or more actors
MRS. NICKLES..... a school administrator
ANNOUNCER
DRIVER

NOTE: The play is expandable and playable with a single table, which doubles as a desk, dining table, bus, etc., and several chairs. The Gang's lines may be divided among the actors assigned to the role according to the needs of the production. The play could also be performed by four adult actors, doubling as follows:

BOSS/ANNOUNCER/MARCIE
SMEDLEY/GANG

JUNIOR/DRIVER
DARLA/NICKLES

These would be two different experiences, no doubt, but the point should be the same.

SETTING AND TIME: Bare stage with props. The present.

(An office, represented by a table that stands in for a desk, and two chairs. Behind the table stands the BOSS, with a folder. SMEDLEY sits in a chair opposite, sinking further and further into his own misery.)

BOSS. Results, Smedley.

SMEDLEY. Uh—

BOSS. Results!

SMEDLEY. I—

BOSS. Down fifteen percent over the fourth quarter—
fifteen percent—what do you call that, Smedley?

SMEDLEY. The economy—

BOSS *(cutting him off)*. Disaster. That's what you call it.
When your numbers fall off a cliff!

SMEDLEY. It's not that bad really, considering—

BOSS *(cutting him off, not letting him get in a word)*.
Smedley! Put a couple brain cells together, if you can.
Your numbers are going down. That's not the right
direction, is it? Because we want them to go UP! Now,
why do you suppose that is, Smedley? Do you have a
clue? I'll tell you! Because we're in business to make
money, you see, and when sales go down—WE DON'T
MAKE MONEY!

(A beat. SMEDLEY clears his throat.)

SMEDLEY *(a deep breath)*. Mr. Bledsoe. I really think the
situation in Seattle—

BOSS. Seattle? That's your explanation? A tiny little earth-
quake on the West Coast—and you can't make your sales
quota?

SMEDLEY. It was seven-point-six on the Richter scale.

BOSS. Yesterday's news!

SMEDLEY. Half of our West Coast business is in Seattle.

BOSS. What's your point?

SMEDLEY. There's just not much demand for nail polish after an earthquake.

BOSS (*after a beat*). I would think if a woman's house had been leveled flat—she'd take some comfort in being well-groomed.

SMEDLEY (*eagerly*). Well, you would think! (*More somber.*) Except—the nail parlors have been leveled along with the houses. So when you think about it, a fifteen percent drop is actually—holding our own. It's actually—surprisingly good. Considering...

(A longer beat. The BOSS thinks about this argument. Then, calmly...)

BOSS. Smedley. What you're giving me...is not an explanation.

SMEDLEY. But—

BOSS. It's an excuse. And you know who makes excuses? Losers.

SMEDLEY. But the—

BOSS. Losers make excuses, Smedley. Losers. The guys in the back row. The ones who trip over their own shoelaces. Who can't even tie their shoes! They're back there, on the ground, whining—while the first guy is already over the finish line. Because he is not blaming an earthquake for his poor performance!

SMEDLEY. I— (*A beat.*) Okay. I see your point...

BOSS. And Smedley? I don't work with losers.

SMEDLEY (*after a beat*). Are you saying? What is it you're saying, exactly, Mr. Bledsoe?

BOSS. I. Don't. Work. With. Losers.

SMEDLEY (*with sinking hopes*). So this isn't a friendly warning then? (*BOSS points violently towards the exit.*)