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Dramatic Publishing

Ten 10-Minute

Scenes for Teens



By
Jennifer Kirkeby

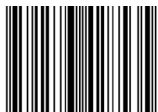
“Jennifer Kirkeby’s ability to write for youth is crystal clear. She has a pitch-perfect sense for authentic dialogue and subject matter.” —Adam Hegg, Stages Theatre Company

Ten 10-Minute Scenes for Teens

Comedy/Drama. By Jennifer Kirkeby. Characters laugh, cry, fume, love, hate, plead and question life and death, good and bad in this collection of plays woven with humor and heart. The comedies: **The Elevator** (3m., 4w.). A girl tries to overcome her fear of elevators by riding one for the first time in public. **Ghost Trackers** (2m., 3w.). Four high-school students visit a haunted house in the hopes of catching paranormal activity for a school project. **Prom Royalty** (2m., 2w.). What begins as a wonderful parade ride for high-school royalty dissolves into a hilarious disaster. **Subtext** (2m., 2w.). Boy and Girl are on a first date. Their inner thoughts (Sub and Text) follow them around saying what Boy and Girl are really thinking. **Time Warp** (2m., 2w.). A present-day teenage boy and a fairy tale princess discover that their lives have magically intersected. The dramas: **Barbie Girl** (2w.). A girl surrounds herself with Barbie dolls in her attempt to hide a painful secret. **Danny** (3w.). Three sisters visit their brother Danny’s gravesite on the one-year anniversary of his death. **I’ll Be Seeing You** (2m. or 2w.). Two friends are reunited briefly a week after one of them committed suicide. **Late** (2w.). Alison meets with her longtime girlfriend, Ryan, at a park and eventually shares the fact that she might be pregnant. **Principal** (2m., 3w., 2 either gender). Two parents have been summoned to bring their kids to the principal’s office without knowing why. *These plays may be performed individually or in any combination, in which case royalties may be adjusted upon application. Flexible staging. Approximate running time if all are performed: 120 minutes. Code: TT3.*

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By
JENNIFER KIRKEBY



Dramatic Publishing

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THE COMEDIES

The Elevator

A girl tries to overcome her fear of elevators by riding one for the first time in public.

CHARACTERS:

EMMA Terrified of elevators.

JEREMY WALLACE . . Emma's psychiatrist who secretly rides the elevator with her for support.

DARREN . Full of himself. Flirt. In a hurry to get to work.

BRITNEY Dancer. Friend of Sheila.

SHEILA Dancer. Friend of Britney.

MARION ALICE MILLER An old lady who uses a walker. Hard of hearing.

JIM Overly friendly inspirational speaker.
Wears cowboy hat. Has loud southern drawl.

* * * *

SETTING: *“Out of Order” sign is next to the “elevator.”
Cheesy elevator music optional.*

AT RISE: *JEREMY enters and walks center stage to elevator. He presses outside button, gets in, holds door open and looks around.*

DARREN (*enters and walks quickly to elevator*). Hold the elevator!

JEREMY. Got it!

DARREN (*gets in elevator*). Thanks, man. I'm going to eleven.

JEREMY. Okay. (*Presses button, but continues holding door open. Looks out.*) I'm holding the door though. I see a few more people coming.

DARREN. Fine. As long as I'm not late to work.

(SHEILA and BRITNEY rush on talking. They are wearing leotards and sweats and carry large bags.)

SHEILA. Hold, please!

DARREN (*sees GIRLS*). You got it! (*To JEREMY.*) Now they're worth waiting for.

BRITNEY (*gets into elevator*). Thanks! The other elevator's out of order.

SHEILA. Can you believe it?

DARREN (*flirting lamely*). No, but my name's Darren, and you can believe that.

BRITNEY & SHEILA (*look at each other and laugh. To JEREMY*). Nine please.

JEREMY. Nine it is! (*Presses button, but continues holding door open.*)

BRITNEY. Thanks. (*She smiles at JEREMY.*)

JEREMY (*looks out*). Here come two more.

DARREN (*to GIRLS*). I'm guessing you're dancers.

BRITNEY & SHEILA. Yeah.

DARREN. Nice.

(EMMA walks nervously toward elevator.)

EMMA. PLEASE HOLD THE ELEVATOR DOORS
OPEN!

JEREMY. Holding!

(During the following, EMMA continues walking toward elevator. She breathes deeply, turns away then turns back, tries yoga—whatever it takes for her to get to the elevator. Others [except JEREMY] don't notice her until she is about to enter the elevator.)

DARREN *(to GIRLS)*. So, what kind of dancers?

SHEILA. Modern.

DARREN. Cool. I love dancers. Modern or old. I mean style-wise. Not old dancers.

(BRITNEY and SHEILA giggle. JEREMY rolls his eyes.)

DARREN *(cont'd., takes photo of GIRLS with his phone)*.
Now if I could have your numbers to go with this picture...

SHEILA *(takes his phone, deletes photo)*. You know, Darren. Your pick-up skills leave a lot to be desired.
(She hands phone back to him.)

DARREN. Well, I've got nine more floors to work on some new ones. *(He winks at GIRLS.)*

BRITNEY. Oh, please.

(MARION enters using a walker. She moves toward elevator. EMMA tries to get into elevator. She puts one foot in, takes it out, etc. Everyone is now watching her. She covers her eyes and tries to back into the elevator, but she can't.)

DARREN *(watching EMMA)*. What is she—?

SHEILA *(to EMMA)*. Are you okay?

EMMA *(still covering her eyes)*. I'm scared to ride elevators. Dr. Wallace said that I'm ready to try, though. I want to go all the way to the top, but I just can't seem to...

DARREN. Here. I'll help. *(He picks EMMA up from behind, and then carries her into elevator.)*

EMMA. Hey! Wait!

(Ad libs as DARREN carries her into elevator. Quick and staggered:)

JEREMY. Don't do that!

SHEILA. Leave her alone!

BRITNEY. Put her down!

DARREN *(puts EMMA down in elevator)*. There you go! Easy!

(EMMA stands stunned for a moment. Takes a paper bag out of her purse and begins to breathe into it.)

JEREMY *(still holding door open. To EMMA)*. Are you all right? *(EMMA nods.)*

SHEILA *(to DARREN)*. You could have given her a heart attack!

Ghost Trackers

Four high school students visit a haunted house in the hopes of catching paranormal activity for a school project.

CHARACTERS:

SABRINA Directs the film.
She takes the project very seriously.

MATT. Co-host of the project.
His acting skills leave much to be desired.

VINNIE. Cameraman and class clown.

AMBER Co-host of the project. Very good at what she does. She gets frustrated with Matt.

GHOST OF MRS. PEABODY A woman who died in the house 50 years ago. She wears a long black dress.
There is a rope around her neck.

* * * *

AT RISE: *VINNIE runs onstage wearing a backpack. He opens “front door” and enters house.*

VINNIE. This is so awesome, you guys! A real haunted house! Hurry up! You've got to see this!

(SABRINA enters carrying a bag. She looks around. AMBER enters with her.)

SABRINA. Wow! It's perfect!

AMBER. No kidding! *(Looking behind her, she calls out.)* Matt, where are you?

VINNIE. Shhh. I'm going to scare him. *(He exits to hide.)*

(Loud thumping offstage.)

MATT. Owwww! *(He calls out.)* I tripped on the front step!

SABRINA *(to MATT)*. Are you all right?

MATT. Yeah. *(He enters adjusting his bag. He looks around room.)* Whoa, this is cool!

SABRINA. Close the door, Matt. *(He does.)* Let's put our bags over here. *(They do.)*

AMBER. We're so lucky to get to use this house for the night.

MATT. Where's Vinnie?

AMBER. He's—

(VINNIE enters with his arms straight out. He's zipped up his jacket with his head hidden inside.)

VINNIE. Ooooo! Someone cut off my head, and you're next, Matt! *(He walks toward MATT.)*

MATT. Seriously, Vinnie?

VINNIE (*as a ghost*). I'm not Vinnie. I'm the ghost of Mrs. Peabody! I have come back to reclaim my house! Ooooo!

SABRINA. That's enough, Vinnie. We've got a lot to do. (*She opens her bag and takes out her iPod and portable speaker deck.*)

VINNIE (*unzips his jacket*). Fine. You have to admit you were a little scared though. Right, Matt?

MATT (*sarcastically*). Terrified.

VINNIE (*gets his video camera from backpack*). It's not a coincidence that Vincent van Gogh and I share the same name. He wasn't appreciated in his lifetime either.

AMBER. Vinnie, you're only seventeen. There's still hope.

SABRINA. Can we please run through the opening?

MATT. Sure.

AMBER. Who's got the microphones?

VINNIE. I do. (*He gets two wireless microphones and hands them to AMBER and MATT.*)

SABRINA (*looks around room*). Let's start with Amber and Matt standing by the entrance. What do you think, Vinnie?

VINNIE. Works for me! (*To AMBER and MATT.*) You guys ready?

AMBER & MATT. Ready!

SABRINA. Great. All right, everyone. From the intro. (*She stands near VINNIE, holds up five fingers and counts them down:*) Five, four, three, two, one, (*points at AMBER and MATT*) action!

AMBER. Amber Danielle here with Matt Jackson, and we are...

AMBER & MATT. The Ghost Trackers!

AMBER. Tonight we are inside Mrs. Peabody's mansion.

There have been numerous documented ghost sightings in this house. Tonight we will try to find out if the stories are true—that Mrs. Peabody still haunts her house fifty years after she hung herself in this very room.

MATT (*painfully overacted*). That's right, Amber! After discovering her husband and their longtime housekeeper were having an affair, Mrs. Peabody called them into this room on that fateful night and hung herself before their very eyes!

SABRINA. Cut!

MATT. Bad lighting?

VINNIE. The lighting isn't what's bad, dude.

SABRINA. Vinnie, I'm the director. Uh, Matt?

MATT. Yeah?

SABRINA. Can you make your delivery a little more... natural?

MATT. Natural?

SABRINA. Yeah, you know—like you're just talking to a friend. Not selling an energy drink.

MATT. I was just trying to be enthusiastic.

SABRINA. Enthusiasm is great, Matt. Just keep it real.

MATT. Got it.

SABRINA. Thanks. Oh, and can you both walk across the room during the intro? I'd like to capture more of the space. Let's take it from your section, Matt. Here we go! (*She holds up five fingers and counts them down:*) Five, four, three, two, one, (*points at MATT*) action!

Prom Royalty was first produced by FAIR School Downtown. It premiered January 12, 2012, at the New Century Theatre City Center in Minneapolis, Minn., with the following:

CAST

CLAIRE Megan Johnson
SHANIA Alexa Pearson
JEFF Forest Rys-Fitch
VINCENT Max Singer

PRODUCTION STAFF & CREW

Artistic Director Sandy Boren-Barrett
Director Adam Hegg
Set/Props Designer Jim Hibbeler
Lighting/Technical Director Gretchen Katt
Costume Designer Shannon O'Black
Stage Manager Jenny Moeller
Assistant Stage Manager/Production Manager Melanie
Salmon-Peterson

Prom Royalty

What begins as a wonderful parade ride for high-school royalty dissolves into disaster. Music and SFX optional.

CHARACTERS:

CLAIRE . . Senior prom queen. This is the most important day of her life. She wants everything to be perfect. Self-absorbed. Bubbly and upbeat—at first.

SHANIA. Junior prom princess. Gets tired of Claire’s selfishness. Sarcastic.

JEFF Senior prom king. Claire’s boyfriend. Feels torn between Claire’s expectations and wanting to have fun.

VINCENT Junior prom prince. Shania’s boyfriend. Class clown and proud of it.

* * * *

AT RISE: *CLAIRE, SHANIA, JEFF and VINCENT are sitting in chairs, possibly on some sort of platform that is the “float.” Two could sit in chairs and two behind could sit on higher stools. During the scene they are*

smiling and waving at the “people” they are passing. They occasionally throw “candy” at the crowd.

They continue to smile and wave for a while in silence. Eventually, CLAIRE can no longer contain herself.)

CLAIRE. This is the best day of my life! I have dreamt of being prom queen forever! Look at all these people staring at us! Shania, is my hair holding curl?

SHANIA. Yes, Claire. It looks great. What about mine?

CLAIRE. What about your what?

SHANIA. My hair, Claire. How’s my hair?

CLAIRE (*glances at SHANIA’s hair*). It looks fine. Is my crown straight? Jeff, smile!

JEFF. I am smiling. It’s not easy to smile this long.

CLAIRE. We’ve only gone four blocks!

JEFF. You’re kidding.

CLAIRE. I would never kid about our responsibilities as royals.

VINCENT. Royal pains in the a—

(BOYS laugh.)

SHANIA (*interrupts*). Vincent! You promised to take this seriously! After all, the school voted us prom princess and prince.

CLAIRE. Junior.

SHANIA. Excuse me?

CLAIRE. They voted you junior prom princess and prince.

SHANIA. Well, yeah. That’s because we’re juniors.

CLAIRE. Right. And Jeff and I are senior prom queen and king.

SHANIA. Right. Because you're seniors.

CLAIRE. Exactly! Shania?

SHANIA. What?

CLAIRE. My crown?

SHANIA. What about it?

CLAIRE. Is it straight?

SHANIA. Yes, Claire. Your crown is straight. Trust me, with all the hair spray you used, you'll need a chisel to get it off your head.

CLAIRE (*ignores remark*). We'll need to keep checking each other to be sure we look our best. _____ (*Insert popular local TV station.*) is going to be here! _____ (*Insert popular woman anchor.*) is my idol! I want to be just like her when I get old!

(VINCENT has taken out his cell phone and is texting with one hand and waving with the other. JEFF takes out his phone and begins texting VINCENT. He also continues waving.)

SHANIA. She's not old.

CLAIRE. Well, she is compared to us. (*She looks to stage right.*) Awww. Look at those cute kids! Boys! Stage right! Candy toss! (*VINCENT and JEFF throw "candy" left but continue looking at their phones.*) You guys! That was stage left!

VINCENT. What are you talking about?

SHANIA (*a bit sarcastically*). Don't you remember, Vincent? Claire gave us stage directions so we'd know which side of the street to look, where to throw candy, and where the news cameras are.

CLAIRE. Those kids didn't get any candy! (*Notices BOYS are texting. She gasps.*) You've got to be kidding me! You're texting? On the most important day of our lives?!

VINCENT. The most important day of your life...

CLAIRE. No way! Give me those phones.

JEFF. We'll put them away. (*He puts phone in his pocket.*)

CLAIRE (*tries to get JEFF's phone while continuing to wave and smile*). Give me, give me, give me!

JEFF. Chill, Claire!

VINCENT (*puts phone in pocket*). It was an emergency.

CLAIRE. Oh, really? What emergency could possibly take precedence over your royal responsibilities?

VINCENT. It's uh...my grandmother.

JEFF. Yeah, my grandmother. I mean, Vincent's grandmother.

CLAIRE. Is she sick?

VINCENT.

No.

Yes.

JEFF.

Yes.

No.

SHANIA. Wow. How original.

CLAIRE. Give me a break, you guys! How would you feel if your grandmother really was—

SHANIA. Stage left! Candy toss!

(BOYS throw candy to their right.)

CLAIRE. Seriously? That was stage right! You need to pay attention. Jeff! What kind of a senior prom king are you being? You missed the kids again!

Subtext

BOY and GIRL on a first date. Their inner thoughts (SUB and TEXT) follow them around and make judgmental comments. BOY and GIRL don't hear SUB and TEXT at first. Eventually, they do.

CHARACTERS:

BOY. . . Boy on a first date. Kind, thoughtful and nervous.

GIRL Girl on a first date. Insecure and nervous
but a nice girl.

SUB (w) Girl's inner thoughts.

TEXT (m). Boy's inner thoughts.

* * * *

SETTING: *Onstage there are two chairs. Offstage is a pre-set table for the restaurant.*

AT RISE: *GIRL is getting ready for a date. She is looking in a "mirror" and fixing her hair. She is nervous but tries to pump herself up. SUB is onstage watching GIRL.*

GIRL. Okay, okay. I look pretty good. Better than most.
(She tries a few poses. With a sexy voice she says:) Hi there. Like what you see?

SUB. Uh, maybe before you turn into Narcissus you should take a closer look into the “mirror mirror on the wall.”

GIRL *(moves closer to “mirror” and gasps)*. Oh my god! I have a zit! When did that happen? NO! He’ll be here in five minutes. Cover-up! Where’s my cover-up? *(She looks around frantically. She can’t find it.)* Did I leave it in my car? *(She runs off.)*

(SUB follows GIRL offstage shaking her head. BOY enters holding flowers. TEXT follows BOY.)

BOY *(to himself)*. I hope she likes daisies. Shoot. What if she likes roses better? But roses are for when you’re in love, right? This is just a first date. I mean, I like her and everything, but I don’t love her. *(Smiles.)* Of course that could change by the end of tonight.

TEXT. Right. She’s going to fall in love with you. Over daisies. Please. You have this tiny window of opportunity to show her that you’re a classy guy. And you bring her daisies. Fork over the dough, cheapskate, and show the lady that you care.

BOY *(looks at his watch)*. I still have time to get her roses.
(He runs off.)

(TEXT follows BOY offstage shaking his head. GIRL runs onstage to mirror with cover-up and Kleenex. SUB follows GIRL and watches her.)

GIRL (*looking in mirror*). Okay. Don't panic. This stuff works great. He'll never notice.

SUB. Right. He'll never notice that you have a zit the size of Rhode Island right in the middle of your nose. If you're lucky he'll be farsighted and will forget his glasses.

GIRL. Ugh! Who am I kidding! This thing is HUGE! Why couldn't we get zits on the bottoms of our feet, or somewhere nobody looks? Life is so unfair! (*Tries to apply cover-up. She is shaking badly and puts too much on her face.*) NO! It's everywhere BUT the zit!

SUB. Girl, this is not your night.

GIRL. He'll be here any second! (*She wipes off the cover-up and looks in mirror.*) Breathe. It will be all right. Stop being so emotional and get ready!

(BOY enters holding roses and a box of chocolate. TEXT enters behind BOY.)

BOY. I can't believe how much roses cost! And these chocolates! Man! I'll be lucky if I can still pay for dinner! Hopefully she'll offer to pay half. (*He walks toward GIRL's house. He takes out his phone and double checks the address.*) It's showtime!

GIRL (*checks herself*). Okay. That's better. Just need lipstick. (*She begins to put it on. BOY knocks on door or rings doorbell. The noise scares her and she smears lipstick.*) NO!

BOY. That doesn't sound good...

GIRL (*rushes over to door. Looks through peephole*). Awww. He brought roses!

SUB (*behind GIRL*). You know what that means. He expects more than good conversation.

BOY. I wonder what's up? (*Looks through peephole from other side.*)

TEXT (*behind BOY*). What's up is she's probably looking at you through the peephole trying to decide whether or not to open the door. Now step back and try to look cool for a change. (*BOY does.*)

GIRL. He is so cool!

SUB. You can tell that from looking through the peephole?

GIRL (*opens door*). Hi!

BOY. Hi!

(They stand and smile at each other awkwardly.)

TEXT. Dude! Say something! She's obviously nervous. I mean, look at her lipstick! (*He laughs.*)

BOY. I brought you roses. (*He hands them to her.*)

GIRL. My favorite! Thanks so much! (*She takes roses.*)

(They stand and smile at each other awkwardly.)

SUB. Are you going to ask him in, or are you going to stand here like an idiot all night?

GIRL. Come in! I was just finishing up.

BOY. Thanks. (*He enters.*) Oh, I brought you these too. (*Hands her chocolates.*)

SUB. Looks like he's expecting a lot tonight!

GIRL. How sweet! (*Indicating chair.*) Here, have a seat. I'll just be a second.

BOY. Okay. (*He sits in chair.*)

Time Warp

A present-day teenage boy and a fairy-tale princess discover that their lives have magically intersected.

CHARACTERS:

NATHAN Teenage boy.

BETHANY A high-maintenance mean girl.
Nathan's girlfriend.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH . . . A real princess whose castle
and village were just burned down by the dragon.

DRAGON A dragon who is out to get
Princess Elizabeth.

* * * *

AT RISE: *Lights up on NATHAN who is listening to his iPod with headphones and playing air guitar. His eyes are closed. He is in his own world.*

PRINCESS (*runs onstage*). Help me! Please, help me!

(NATHAN continues playing air guitar. He doesn't see or hear PRINCESS.)

PRINCESS (*cont'd.*, *sees NATHAN*). Oh, thank heavens! (*She runs to him.*) Won't you help me, kind sir? A dragon has burned down my castle and now he is after me!

(NATHAN begins "playing" a complicated riff. Still with his eyes closed, he moves around and begins to sing the notes loudly.)

PRINCESS (*cont'd.*). Oh dear. It appears that the only survivor besides me is the village idiot. Whatever shall I do? (*She looks offstage.*) The dragon! Someone help me! (*She runs offstage in the other direction.*)

(NATHAN comes downstage as the rock star he imagines himself to be. He sits down, still "playing" and scoots himself backward.)

Meanwhile, PRINCESS runs back on and almost trips over NATHAN.)

NATHAN (*sees PRINCESS and jumps up*). Whoa!

PRINCESS. So now you see me?

NATHAN (*shocked and somewhat embarrassed. He takes off headphones*). I'm sorry?

PRINCESS. And well you should be ignoring a damsel in distress as you did earlier.

NATHAN. A damsel in...? I didn't ignore you. I thought I was alone. (*Looks around.*) Where did you come from anyway?

PRINCESS. My castle! Or I should say, what used to be my castle. The dragon destroyed it and is now after me. Can you please help me?

NATHAN (*smiles*). Wait a second. I think I know what's going on here! Did Bethany put you up to this? (*He looks around.*)

PRINCESS. I'm sorry. But I really have no idea what you're talking about. There is no one named Bethany in my village. Please understand, time is of the essence. If we don't act soon, we are both going to be dragon food!

NATHAN. Dragon food. (*He laughs.*) You're good! Hey, weren't you in *Guys and Dolls* last fall? Bethany played Adelaide. I really liked that song, oh, what's it called? Oh yeah, "Take Back Your Mink." The girls took off their—

PRINCESS. You are certainly trying my patience.

NATHAN You totally had me fooled! You could be a princess, you know it? Hmmm. Now I've got to think of some way to trick Bethany.

PRINCESS. I was right. You are the village idiot.

NATHAN (*laughs*). The village idiot! That's a good one! (*Continues laughing.*)

PRINCESS (*looks offstage and is terrified. She moves behind NATHAN and covers herself with her cape*). I beg of you, don't tell him where I am!

NATHAN. Who?

PRINCESS. The dragon!

NATHAN. Oh yeah, right. The dragon! (*He laughs.*)

PRINCESS. Don't move!

NATHAN (*amused*). Okay, I won't!

(*DRAGON flies onstage. He roars loudly. Shocked, NATHAN freezes.*)

THE DRAMAS

Barbie Girl

A girl surrounds herself with Barbie dolls in her attempt to hide a painful secret.

CHARACTERS:

JILL. Innocent and childlike. Very sincere.
She has a terrible secret that she is dealing with
in the only way she knows how.

BRIDGET. Good sense of humor. A bit sarcastic.
She is visiting Jill's house for the first time.
She quickly realizes something is very wrong with Jill,
but decides to stay anyway.

* * * *

AT RISE: *JILL is surrounded by eighteen Barbie dolls.
She hums a song while brushing a doll's hair.*

JILL (*to her dolls*). We're having company today. I made a friend at school and she should be here soon. Now, I expect you to all be on your best behavior. Clarissa and McKenzie, you look beautiful today! Barbie, are you warm enough? (*She listens to Barbie.*) Oh, good. (*Listens.*) Thank you, Barbie. I'm glad you like it. I wanted to look nice for my new friend, Bridget. (*Notices.*) Midge! Why are you over there? I specifically told you

to stay beside Barbie in case— *(She looks around.)*
Well, you know why. You can never be too careful, and I can't watch her every second. *(She moves Midge.)*
There. Keep an eye out. *(She looks around.)* Oh no! I forgot the car! Be right back! *(She runs offstage.)*

(BRIDGET enters. She walks up to "door" and calls out.)

BRIDGET. Hello!

JILL *(from offstage)*. Bridget?

BRIDGET. Yeah. Jill? The door's open so I just...

JILL. Come on in! I'll be right there!

BRIDGET. Okay! *(She enters house and looks around.)*
Nice house!

(JILL enters holding a Barbie car.)

JILL. Thanks!

BRIDGET *(looks at toy car)*. Does your car get good gas mileage?

JILL. What? No, this isn't my...I mean, it's Barbie's car.

BRIDGET. Uh-huh... So, does she get good gas mileage?

JILL *(confused)*. I don't—

BRIDGET. I'm joking, Jill!

JILL. Oh. Oh! Of course! *(She laughs.)*

BRIDGET. Are you babysitting your little sister or something?

JILL. I don't have a little sister. *(Beat.)* Why?

BRIDGET *(looks around at the dolls)*. Uh, well, let's see. There are about a hundred Barbie dolls lying around. I just thought you must be...

JILL. Eighteen.

BRIDGET. Excuse me?

JILL. You said a hundred. There are only eighteen. Here, I mean. I have a lot more. Do you want to see them?

BRIDGET. Wait. These are yours?

JILL. Yes. Aren't they beautiful?

BRIDGET. Yeah, but, uh...

JILL. I've collected them for years.

BRIDGET (*relieved*). Oh, you collect them. Wow. For a second there I thought you...

JILL (*picks up doll*). My favorite is Birthday Barbie. Guess when I got her?

BRIDGET. Your birthday?

JILL. Right!

BRIDGET. Lucky guess...

JILL. Look at her dress.

BRIDGET. Yeah, it's uh, it's really poofy.

JILL. Poofy?

BRIDGET. Yeah, you know. Big.

JILL. But it's beautiful, isn't it?

BRIDGET. I guess. If you like poofy dresses.

JILL. I do! I hope that I can get a dress like this someday. She's a collectible.

BRIDGET. A what?

JILL. A collectible. She's worth a lot. I usually keep her in her box. But I decided today was a special day, so... here she is! Do you want to hold her?

BRIDGET. Uh...

JILL. You're the first person I've ever let hold her.

BRIDGET. Oh. Well...okay.

JILL. Be very careful. (*Demonstrating.*) You hold her under her dress.

Danny

Three sisters visit their brother's gravesite on the one-year anniversary of his death.

CHARACTERS:

JULIE . . . Oldest sister. Tries to stay strong for her younger siblings, especially Mel.

LAYLA Middle sister. Uses humor to cope with loss.

MEL Youngest sister. Danny's twin.
She is still devastated by her brother's death.

* * * *

AT RISE: *GIRLS enter. LAYLA is carrying a picnic basket and JULIE is carrying a blanket. MEL is trying not to cry. They glance at a few of the "gravestones."*

JULIE. He's over there.

LAYLA. I see him.

(They arrive at their brother's gravesite. They stand and look at it for a moment. MEL wipes her eyes. JULIE and LAYLA put their arms around her.)

JULIE. You okay, Mel?

MEL. Yeah. *(Shakes her head.)* No. *(She begins to cry.)*
(JULIE and LAYLA comfort MEL.)

LAYLA. It's all right.

JULIE. Here. *(She places blanket on ground.)* Do you want to sit?

MEL. In a minute. I'm sorry. I told myself I wasn't going to do this.

JULIE. Cry? We're all going to do that. Don't apologize.

(GIRLS look at the gravestone.)

MEL. Hi, Danny. I sure miss you.

LAYLA. Hey, Danny.

JULIE. Your sisters are all here.

LAYLA. I seriously can't believe it's been a year.

JULIE. Me either.

(MEL moves closer to gravestone and runs her fingers along the "inscription.")

MEL. I miss you every second. How many seconds are in a year? I miss you so much, Danny. You were the best brother we could have ever asked for. *(She sits on blanket. SISTERS follow. MEL smiles.)* Remember how Danny and I would always end up wearing the same color of clothes in the morning without planning it?

LAYLA. That was crazy. You actually had to plan what to wear the night before so you *didn't* match.

JULIE. I thought it was cute.

MEL. I did too. But I know Danny's friends gave him a hard time about it.

LAYLA. Anyone hungry?

(JULIE and MEL look at her strangely.)

JULIE. You've always had weird timing, Layla.

LAYLA. So I've heard. Pudding cup, Mel? It's butter-scotch. Danny's...and your favorite.

MEL. Maybe later. Do you remember when Danny was really into his magician phase?

JULIE. Oh, yeah.

LAYLA. I was mad at him 'cause he kept taking our stuff to try and make it disappear. The only place it disappeared from was our rooms.

MEL. But he got really good.

JULIE. He did.

MEL *(as if announcing him onstage)*. "The Great Danbeani!"

LAYLA. Not the best stage name. It always sounded like he was swearing.

JULIE. He was young. He got his n's and m's mixed up a lot.

MEL. My favorite was when we were five and the whole family was together. I think it was Thanksgiving. We sat down for dinner and Danny ran in wearing his magic hat and cape. Dad said, "Danny, please take off your costume for dinner." Then Danny announced, "The Great Dam-beani must be ready to perform at all times!" *(GIRLS laugh.)* And then he started pulling that scarf out of his sleeve...

LAYLA. It was like a mile long!

JULIE. Seriously, I never figured out how he stuffed that whole thing up his little sleeve!

I'll Be Seeing You (originally *Felo-De-Se*) was first produced by FAIR School Downtown. It premiered January 12, 2012, at the New Century Theatre City Center in Minneapolis, Minn., with the following:

CAST (Male)

STEVE Xavier Heim
JOSH Anthony Morantz

CAST (Female)

STEVIE Avery Ellis
JOSIE Lydia Sharpe

PRODUCTION STAFF & CREW

Artistic Director Sandy Boren-Barrett
Director Adam Hegg
Set/Props Designer Jim Hibbeler
Lighting/Technical Director Gretchen Katt
Costume Designer Shannon O'Black
Stage Manager Jenny Moeller
Assistant Stage Manager/Production Manager Melanie
Salmon-Peterson

I'll Be Seeing You

Two friends are reunited briefly a week after one of them committed suicide.

CHARACTERS:

NOTE: This play may be performed with 2 men or 2 women. Dialogue that has been changed for women is written in brackets after the men's line.

STEVE / RACHEL A popular and fun-loving boy/girl who killed himself/herself.

JOSH / AVERY His/Her best friend who is trying to understand how Steve/Avery could have done this.

* * * *

AT RISE: *STEVE (RACHEL) is onstage and looks around as if he's not sure where he is.*

JOSH (AVERY) walks onstage and sees STEVE.

JOSH. (*shocked*). Steve? [Rachel?]

STEVE (*glad to see JOSH*). Josh! [Avery!]

JOSH. What...what are you doing here?

STEVE. Not sure. I just kind of...you know.

JOSH. No, I really don't.

STEVE. Yeah. (*Awkward silence. Neither is sure what to say.*) How... How've you been?

JOSH (*still in shock*). Wait, what?

STEVE. I said, how've you been?

JOSH. Are you serious?

STEVE (*smiles*). Always.

JOSH (*sarcastically*). That's really funny, man. [That's really funny.]

STEVE. You know me. Life of the party.

JOSH. Yeah. I...uh...I'm in shock at the moment.

STEVE. Understandable. I kind of feel the same way.

JOSH. You do?

STEVE. Yeah.

JOSH. But how did you...

STEVE. Get here?

JOSH. Yeah.

STEVE. No idea. Things have been really strange lately.

JOSH. Yeah?

STEVE. Yeah.

(Silence as they consider what to say.)

JOSH. Why, Steve? [Why, Rachel?]

STEVE. Why what?

JOSH. Seriously? Why what? That's your response?

STEVE. It's as good as anything I can think of.

JOSH. I think you can do a lot better than that. You owe me that much.

STEVE. Sorry I didn't prepare a speech or anything. I didn't think I'd be in this position.

JOSH. Of course you didn't. You never did think things through. You always did whatever you felt like at the time.

STEVE. And your way is so much better? It takes you forever just to make a decision.

JOSH (*angry*). You were my best friend! Do you know how many years we've known each other? Did you even consider for one second how this would make me feel? Not just me, but everyone! Shit! (*or "Crap!"*) I'm so pissed at you! (*He tries to shove STEVE but is unable to actually touch him. It's as if there is an invisible wall between them. He tries again, but the same thing happens. JOSH is surprised by this. He looks at STEVE helplessly.*)

STEVE. I understand.

JOSH. Do you? Are you sure? Because I'm having a really hard time believing that.

STEVE. Look, I don't know what you want me to say.

JOSH. I want to know why.

STEVE. Why? Why. Everyone says that, don't they? Whenever we don't understand something, we say "why" like someone has the answers. Like someone or something actually gives a shit (*crap*)...

JOSH. Is that the reason? Because you don't think anyone cares about you? That you think there's no God?

STEVE. The truth is, sometimes there aren't any answers.

JOSH (*calmer*). All right. So I take it that you don't have a reason. That it was just something you felt you had to do. Like when you ran away from home. Or the night you climbed that water tower and couldn't get back down. Or when—

Late

ALISON meets with her longtime girlfriend, RYAN, at a park. She eventually shares the fact that she might be pregnant.

CHARACTERS:

ALISON A teenage girl who may be pregnant.

RYAN Her girlfriend who tries to be supportive.

AT RISE: *ALISON is sitting on a park bench under a tree. She watches “a little girl on a swing.” She smiles, and then wipes away tears.*

RYAN enters carrying a picnic basket. She looks around for ALISON.

* * * *

RYAN. There you are, Alison! Are you hiding under this tree?

ALISON. No. I just like the shade. How’s it going, Ryan?

RYAN. Great! I love this park.

ALISON. Nice, isn’t it?

RYAN. Yeah. This was a great idea! (*Smells the air.*)
Smell those flowers!

ALISON (*she does*). Lilac. My favorite.

RYAN (*sits next to ALISON. Holds up picnic basket*).

Brought some goodies!

ALISON. How sweet of you.

RYAN (*looks around*). Aww, look at that little girl on the swing. She's adorable!

ALISON. I know. I've been watching her.

RYAN. She reminds me of you when you were little. Remember how you always wore that little whale spout of a pony tail on the top of your head?

ALISON (*laughs*). That's probably why I get headaches now.

RYAN (*opens her picnic basket*). Grapes?

ALISON. No thanks.

(They watch a very good-looking "guy" walk by.)

RYAN. Nice tats. (*She begins eating grapes.*)

ALISON. That's not all that's nice. (*They watch him walk off.*) I like it when a guy that looks like that is walking a tiny dog, don't you?

RYAN. He was walking a dog? (*She looks offstage.*)

ALISON (*laughs*). You wouldn't be a good witness at a crime scene.

RYAN. So guess who finally called me?

ALISON. Bryce.

RYAN. How'd you know?

ALISON. You texted it to me last night!

RYAN. I did?

ALISON. Ryan!

RYAN. Oh yeah. I remember now. I was so excited that last night is kind of a blur.

ALISON. So?

RYAN. So what?

ALISON. What'd he say?

RYAN. He asked if he left his jacket in my car when I brought him home from school. *(Offers her a banana.)*
Banana?

ALISON. No thanks. *(Beat.)* There has to be more.

RYAN *(looking in basket)*. There is. I've got carrot sticks, apples, and your favorite! Oreos!

ALISON. I meant more to the phone call!

(RYAN smiles mischievously. She takes out a water and Coke and offers them to ALISON.)

ALISON *(cont'd., takes water)*. Thanks. I'm going to hurt you if you don't tell me what he said.

RYAN. Someone isn't very grateful for the feast I packed...

ALISON. I said thanks! Now tell me! *(She has opened her water and holds it over RYAN's head.)*

RYAN. Okay, okay! I told him yes, he did leave his coat in my car.

ALISON. And...?

RYAN. And...he asked me out!

(They scream.)

ALISON. I'm so happy for you! Details!

RYAN. Well, nothing's planned yet, and I'll have to drive because he's in trouble and can't use his dad's car for two weeks, but hopefully we'll go to a movie or something soon.

ALISON. Oh.

Principal

Two parents have been summoned to bring their kids to PRINCIPAL's office without knowing why.

CHARACTERS:

PRINCIPAL (w) High school principal.

ADAM QUINN Father of Cody. Impatient.
Used to being in charge.

CODY QUINN Son of Adam. Basically a good kid,
but has made some bad choices.

EMMA RICHARDSON Mother of Twilight.
Protective of her daughter.

TWILIGHT RICHARDSON Daughter of Emma.
Has been bullying a girl who she thinks has been
hitting on her boyfriend.

2 GUARDS (m/w) Strong, intimidating.

* * * *

AT RISE: ADAM and CODY are sitting in an office. There are three other empty chairs and a small table which is PRINCIPAL's desk.

ADAM. The least you could do is give me some idea why we're here!

CODY. I told you, Dad, I don't know!

ADAM. Of course you know! Your teacher had to give you a reason for sending you to the principal's office!

CODY. Well, she didn't.

ADAM. This is just great. I'm going to feel like an idiot. What's the new principal's name again?

CODY. Just Principal.

ADAM. Cody! What is wrong with you? Her name can't possibly be "Principal"!

(EMMA and TWILIGHT enter.)

EMMA *(to TWILIGHT)*. Is this Principal's office?

TWILIGHT. Yeah.

EMMA *(to ADAM)*. Hi. Are you here for the meeting?

ADAM. Unfortunately.

EMMA. So are we. *(They sit down. There is an uncomfortable silence. To ADAM.)* I'm Emma. And this is my daughter, Twilight.

ADAM. You're kidding.

EMMA. About what?

ADAM. Your daughter's name is Twilight like in the vampire books?

EMMA. Clearly we didn't name her after the books. She was born before they were written.

CODY. Hey, Twilight.

TWILIGHT. Hey, Cody.

ADAM. Sorry. Cute name. So, do you have any idea why we're here?

EMMA. Obviously our kids are in some kind of trouble.

ADAM. Obviously. *(To EMMA.)* Do you know what they did?

EMMA. No, do you?

ADAM. No. My son won't tell me.

EMMA. Twilight won't tell me either.

(PRINCIPAL enters smiling.)

PRINCIPAL. Sorry I'm late. Thank you for coming on such short notice. I'm Principal. *(She puts a file folder on table.)*

ADAM. Principal...?

PRINCIPAL. Correct. You must be Cody's dad.

ADAM. Yes. Adam Quinn. *(They shake hands.)*

EMMA. I'm Emma. Emma Richardson.

PRINCIPAL. Twilight's mom, I presume? *(She shakes EMMA's hand.)*

EMMA. Yes.

PRINCIPAL. Nice to meet you both. Hello, Twilight.

TWILIGHT. Hello, Principal.

PRINCIPAL. Cody.

CODY. Hi, Principal.

PRINCIPAL *(to KIDS)*. Any idea why you're here?

TWILIGHT / CODY. No. / Nope.

PRINCIPAL. I thought as much. *(Looks at PARENTS.)* Do you?

PARENTS. No.

PRINCIPAL. Well, at least you're all on the same page! *(She laughs and sits in the remaining chair.)*

ADAM. Can you tell me how long this is going to be? I have a session with my personal trainer in an hour.

PRINCIPAL. I would strongly advise you to cancel your personal training session, Mr. Quinn. This is a rather urgent meeting regarding your child.

ADAM. I guess I can reschedule. *(He takes out his phone and texts.)*

PRINCIPAL. That would be best. *(She stares at ADAM as he texts.)*

ADAM. Done.

PRINCIPAL. Fantastic. Now, let's begin. Cody. Tell us why you think you're here.

CODY. Is it because of the eggs?

PRINCIPAL. Eggs?

ADAM. What eggs?

CODY. Oh, shoot.

TWILIGHT *(laughs)*. Way to go, Cody. They didn't even know until you told them.

CODY. Wait! I just wondered if you thought maybe the eggs that got thrown in the cafeteria were mine. Which they weren't, by the way. I don't even like eggs.

ADAM. I wondered what happened to our eggs. Why would you do something so stupid, Cody?

PRINCIPAL. That's what we need to ask ourselves, now isn't it? *(To CODY.)* I mean, what did you really gain, Cody? A momentary thrill? Adulation from a few friends who don't have the guts to throw their own eggs at the cafeteria wall? *(TWILIGHT laughs.)* Do you find this amusing, Twilight?

TWILIGHT. No.

PRINCIPAL. I should think not. *(Looks at CODY.)* Tell me, Cody. Do you really think your actions will stop here?