

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

Colorized covers are for web display only. Most covers are printed in black and white.

AT THE FROG FOUNTAIN

ONE-ACT COMEDY BY WERNER TRIESCHMANN

AT THE FROG FOUNTAIN

Comedy. By **Werner Trieschmann.** *Cast: 3m., 4w., 8 to 20 either gender.* A bustling college campus has impressive classrooms and other attractive features, but the Frog Fountain, which hasn't seen a live frog in ages, isn't one of them. There is a rumor the college is going to tear it down, and a certain fraternity hasn't been too kind to the fountain to say the least. Yet this fountain is the place where scenes of love—and romantic breakup—take place. For freshman Mary, the Frog Fountain is where she falls in love for the first time with Craig, a freshman who happens to be crazy about cheese sticks. It's where a mysterious but fun-loving character named Yoyo, who does nothing but fiddle with his yo-yo, overhears the anguish of Nina, who finds incriminating evidence against her boyfriend on her phone. Then there's Romeo and Juliet, young actors closer to star-crossed enemies than lovers. Finally, the Frog Fountain is the meeting place for the young band The Screaming Bleeders as they try to navigate the rough world of rock bands that don't happen to be talented. What will the band do to land their first gig? By the play's end, the Frog Fountain gurgles on, and Mary, who has lost her first love, even finds an elusive frog. *Area staging. Approximate running time: 40 minutes. Code: AF4.*

Cover design: Jeanette Alig-Sergel

ISBN-10 1-58342-726-0

ISBN-13 978-1-58342-726-2



9 781583 427262



Dramatic Publishing

311 Washington St.

Woodstock, IL 60098

ph: 800-448-7469



Printed on recycled paper

AT THE FROG FOUNTAIN

By

WERNER TRIESCHMANN



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

© The Dramatic Publishing Company

*** 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
WERNER TRIESCHMANN
Printed in the United States of America
All Rights Reserved
(AT THE FROG FOUNTAIN)

ISBN: 978-1-58342-726-2

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

All producers of the play *must* give credit to the author of the play in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the play and in all instances in which the title of the play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the play and/or a production. The name of the author *must* also appear on a separate line, on which no other name appears, immediately following the title, and *must* appear in size of type not less than fifty percent (50%) the size of the title type. Biographical information on the author, if included in the playbook, may be used in all programs. *In all programs this notice must appear:*

“Produced by special arrangement with
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY of Woodstock, Illinois”

AT THE FROG FOUNTAIN

CHARACTERS:

MARY freshman female
CRAIG freshman male
YOYO student male
NINA student female
LOLA student female
PARENT #1 either
PARENT #2 either
PARENT #3 either
STUDENT #1 either
STUDENT #2 either
JULIET student female
ROMEO student male
SINGER student either
GUITARIST student either
BASS PLAYER student either
DRUMMER student either

PLACE: The Frog Fountain at a sizeable college campus.

TIME: Now.

SETTING: A green space with some worn benches. There is, perhaps, one part of the fountain visible. The fountain is probably best represented by the sound of water. Otherwise, the space should be more or less empty.

AT THE FROG FOUNTAIN

SCENE: *In the dark we hear the fountain water gurgling and splashing and the sound of frogs.*

AT RISE: *Lights come up slowly on the Frog Fountain. MARY and CRAIG, two freshman college students, are standing together, holding hands.*

MARY. I can't believe it.

CRAIG. *I can't believe it.*

MARY. But that's not right.

CRAIG. That's not right?

MARY. Because it is believable and so we can't say really that we can't believe it.

CRAIG. But I can't believe it.

MARY. I can't either!

CRAIG. Love.

MARY. Love!

(MARY and CRAIG sigh together. They smile at this.)

CRAIG. Wonder why they call this the Frog Fountain?

MARY. Three weeks at college and I can't believe it.

CRAIG. I suppose they will tell us. Because I don't see any frogs.

MARY. Craig!

CRAIG. Yes, Mary.

MARY. Can you believe it?!

CRAIG. You know, I gotta tell you that at the cafeteria just a few moments ago—just the way you didn't order the fish—and insisting that serving fish is cruel because of their eyes and all of that—

MARY. Yes?

CRAIG. —it was really something and just so...something.

MARY. OH I HAVE TO TELL YOU SOMETHING!

CRAIG. What?

MARY. I will never call you by a pet name. As long as this relationship is a relationship—

CRAIG. Which will be a long time.

MARY. I know! Can you believe it?! Anyway, I will never call you...

CRAIG. Uh. Sweet'ums?

MARY. Yes, oh my God, never that.

CRAIG. What about cupcake?

MARY. Gag.

CRAIG. Or Puddin'?

MARY. Puddin'?! Super extra gag. No. I like your name. It's a solid name. Craig.

CRAIG. And yours. Mary.

MARY. Craig. Craig. Craig. *(There is a pause.)*

CRAIG. I gotta go to class.

MARY. Biology?

CRAIG. Yeah.

MARY. Will you think of me?

CRAIG. I will be thinking of biology. Unfortunately.

MARY. I love this fountain. This will be our fountain, won't it? I like that it's run-down and in this part of the

campus that hardly anybody goes to. This is where we sighed together. This is ours.

CRAIG (*walking away*). Maybe we could find a frog and keep it.

MARY. Yes! We could call him Puddin'!

CRAIG. Cafeteria. Dinner. Later.

(CRAIG is gone. YOYO, a young man who is constantly flipping down a yo-yo, walks in. YOYO is wearing brightly colored clothes. He doesn't look like a clown but he looks like somebody you would notice in a crowded room.)

MARY (*looking down on the ground*). Oh Puddin'. Puddin'! (*She walks out without noticing YOYO.*)

(NINA walks in. She has been crying. She is holding her cell phone and keeps looking down at it to check the messages and then looks back up. She is so absorbed in her drama that she doesn't notice YOYO, who is staring at her.)

NINA (*talking to her phone as if it was a person*). YOU STUPID LITTLE...BUG! That's what you are. Yes, THAT is exactly what you are. A bug. The kind of dumb blind beetle you find crawling on a leaf oblivious—OBLIVIOUS—to the large creature above that's about to pluck you up and stick a straight pin through you for a class assignment. What were you thinking?! You weren't thinking, your brain hasn't developed beyond fifth grade. You haven't grown from the time you ate all that paste. But you think that I couldn't put it all

together. Oh I can put it all together, boyfriend. I am a chemistry major, remember? I can add it all up. I can run mental rings around you, you RECREATION ARTS MAJOR! Telling me you're going out to run at eleven at night and you think that I'd just accept that, that, sure, everybody is out running for exercise at that time of night. Well, OK, I did accept it but I knew, I knew somewhere in the back of my mind that something wasn't right and then I get this...photo. *(She stops and looks down again at her phone.)* Here's something, boyfriend, you might not have covered in your class on the history of volleyball. An equation only works when everything is equal. Both sides have to balance. So here I am sending out your photo with you...kissing that idiot down the hall. The one with the nose like a pig. Oh yes, before I send it, I am writing "stupid bug" on it and now it goes out to my entire list. So now everybody knows what a DUMB, IDIOT WORTHLESS BUG you are! And here is a photo of me—smart, beautiful, strong ME—at the Frog Fountain. What used to be our Frog Fountain.

(NINA holds out her phone and takes a picture. YOYO is standing behind NINA and, when the camera clicks, YOYO smiles. NINA looks down at her phone to see the photo. When she does, she sees YOYO in the picture. She quickly spins around.)

NINA *(cont'd)*. Hey! *(YOYO smiles at NINA.)* Hey! You're in my picture! You can't be in my picture! It's supposed to be me and the fountain!

(YOYO smiles at NINA and continues to work his yo-yo.)

NINA *(cont'd)*. Did you hear me...hear all that I said just now? Did you? Aren't you going to say something? Well? That is rude. You are rude. And you and your, your toy can't be in my picture! *(She storms off.)*

YOYO *(looks at the audience)*. Ribbit.

(Lights down. Sounds of the fountain, frogs fill the space.)

Lights up on as LOLA, a supremely confident tour guide, enters leading a group taking a campus tour. The GROUP should have at least four or five people in it [though it can be larger if desired]. The group is made up of potential students and their parents. Perhaps one of the parents could be dressed in scrubs and another might have on a uniform that indicates an occupation.)

LOLA. OK, groupies. This way! That's it. Lola is here, let's all get close to Lola! *(She steps up on the bench.)* So, my groupies, we have arrived at the first official stop of your way-unorthodox college tour. Just to be sure you are all awake on this crisp fall morning, who is the greatest leader ever of the official way-unorthodox college tour?

GROUP *(weakly and not at the same time)*. Lola.

LOLA. Groupies!

GROUP *(a little stronger but not much)*. Lola.

LOLA. That's right. Lola! And I have already demonstrated how I am different than the other guides by leading the tour walking *forward*. Yuh-huh. *Forward!* Every

other tour guide will walk backwards so you can see them but did this get them on the front page of the local paper?! No, it did not. But was walking forward Lola—leader of the fabulous, famous way-unorthodox campus tour—on the front page of the local paper? Hmm?

GROUP (*weakly*). Yes.

LOLA. And now we are at a place on campus that every other tour guide avoids because the administration tells them to avoid it. But will Lola avoid it? Nuh-uh. This is the Frog Fountain.

(The GROUP turns around and looks at the Frog Fountain. The GROUP turns back and looks at LOLA.)

LOLA (*cont'd*). You're welcome!

PARENT #1. Are you going to show us the science building?

LOLA. You might ask what's the big deal with this fountain, Lola and—yuh-huh—that'd be the right question to ask.

PARENT #1 (*pointing*). It's right over there, right? We will tour it, won't we?

LOLA. Yes, I will because I have to, but it's boring.

PARENT #1. I'm only spending my life savings to send my kid here. I'd like to see the science lab.

LOLA. Well, take it from your guide, Lola, in that your little trust fund will be spending more time making out here than studying in the lab and so you might want to be familiar with it.

PARENT #1. See, that's where you're...go on.

LOLA. So, groupies, back to the Frog Fountain. Yuh-huh. Pretty obvious. The Frog Fountain used to be something

back before Lola came to the campus. It was newer then and like the grounds crew actually paid attention to the shrubs and stuff. There's rumors going around that the administration wants to bulldoze it and put up a new gym or something. I can't keep track. My personal opinion is that this place is so out that it's in. Anyway, a lot of the freshers come here 'cause they think it's special and don't know any better and all of the pledges of a certain notorious fraternity come out at like midnight and use the fountain and by "use" I think you know what I mean.

(STUDENT #1 raises his hand.)

LOLA *(to STUDENT #1)*. Yes?

STUDENT #1. What do you mean?

LOLA *(stares at STUDENT)*. Aaaaannnnnyyyway. Before we move on, any questions?

PARENT #2. When was the fountain built?

LOLA. Don't know.

STUDENT #1 *(raises hand again)*. Seriously. What do you mean?

PARENT #3. When are they going to tear it down?

LOLA. I don't really know.

PARENT #3. Can we see the registrar's office next?

LOLA. The registrar's office? Oh no, next we're going to tour the Frisbee golf course.

(The PARENTS groan a little.)

PARENT #1. How did you get this guide job again?

LOLA. Because I am the best. I was on the front page of the paper! I walk *forward!* OK, groupies, let's be sure to follow Lola... (*She walks out.*)

STUDENT #1 (*to one of the GROUP*). Will somebody please tell me what she meant?

(*Now the GROUP reluctantly follows behind her.*)

YOYO, *still throwing down his yo-yo, walks in. This time he has a sandwich in his other hand. He eats his sandwich, stares at the audience and throws down his yo-yo. He does this for a good, long moment.*)

YOYO. Ribbit. (*He smiles at the audience.*)

(*Lights down. Sounds of the fountain up.*)

Lights up on JULIET, carrying an acting copy of Romeo and Juliet, walks in. ROMEO, also carrying an acting copy of Romeo and Juliet, walks in behind her.)

ROMEO. Here?

JULIET. Yes.

ROMEO (*looking around*). OK, I guess. OK.

JULIET. I want to practice the death scene first.

ROMEO. Really?

JULIET. Do you have a problem with this?

ROMEO. Well, first, we could practice in the lobby of the theatre, you know, indoors.

JULIET. Natural light was good enough for Richard Burbage and the chamberlain's men of Shakespeare's day. I would think it would be good enough for you.

ROMEO. Well, OK, I suppose...

JULIET. And?

ROMEO. And?

JULIET. You said “first” and so I assume that like most normal people that use normal English construction you will have a “second” that follows.

ROMEO. OK. Yeah. Second, the death scene first?

JULIET. Yes, I want to do the death scene now.

ROMEO. Our last scene first. That’s what you want to do first. Why?

JULIET. I am going to enjoy watching you die.

ROMEO. Wow. Why don’t you practice these scenes with a friend or your roommate or a random stranger. I’m sure I’ll see you enough in rehearsal. (*He turns to leave. JULIET stands on the bench.*)

JULIET. O Romeo, Romeo, whyfore art thou running away like a chicken?

ROMEO (*stops and turns back to JULIET*). Say what?

JULIET. I say, sir, thou art poultry. A fraidy cat yard bird that runneth away at the slightest provocation.

ROMEO. Samantha—

JULIET. Juliet.

ROMEO. Uh. OK. Juliet, you might be the east and the sun in Shakespeare’s world but right here at the Frog Fountain you are seriously freakin’ me out. See ya.

JULIET. Romeo, I calleth thou a Cassanova.

ROMEO. You know, I heard you were a big method actress and really took it to the extreme and all but until we actually start rehearsing you can call me Ethan. OK?

JULIET. Last year you played with the emotions of fair Nancy and while ’tis true she’s not a friend of mine I know her and that wasn’t right.

ROMEO. Oh.

JULIET. Yes. Oh.

ROMEO. All I can say is that you don't have the first idea of what you are talking about.

JULIET. Is that what you think?

ROMEO. Nancy. That's incredible what you just said about Nancy. Like Nancy is a model of behavior... OK, you are as crazy as I was warned about. But the chance to play Romeo, I couldn't turn down a part like that.

JULIET. You should have. You should have turned it down. You were miscast.

ROMEO. What?

JULIET. You aren't attractive enough to play Romeo.

ROMEO. Really?

JULIET. You aren't passionate enough to play Romeo.

ROMEO. OK.

JULIET. And you constantly say "OK" in the most drab manner possible.

ROMEO. Oh. Really? OK!

JULIET. We are going to be speaking the language of Shakespeare.

"Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun."

ROMEO. OK, funny the verse you remember already is about Romeo dying.

JULIET. I adore that part of the speech.

ROMEO. Sure you do.

JULIET. Should we start?

ROMEO. Start? Start what?