

BRIDGET: A DAY IN THE LIFE

By Jerry Rabushka

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CHARACTERS

(1 Male, 5 Females, 15 Either; flexible, approx. 16-22)

BRIDGET SPOILS (f)	A teen megastar featured on the celebrity reality show <i>A Day in the Life</i> .
FLYNNE (f)	Her Mother
ZOE (f)	A clerk at WackyBurger
LINDA (f)	A clerk at Old Crow Creamery
AMY FLYNNE (f)	Bridget's sister
AIDEN (m)	A clerk at WackyBurger
SKYY MARTIN (m or f)	Host of <i>A Day in the Life</i> .
CAMERA OPERATOR (m or f)	Assistant to Skyy
HAIR STYLIST (m or f)	A \$1000 an hour stylist to the stars
PHOTOGRAPHER (m or f)	A well-paid celebrity photographer
COSTUMER (m or f)	
MANAGER (m or f)	Also her cousin
PAPARAZZI 1 (m or f)	
PAPARAZZI 2 (m or f)	
PAPARAZZI 3 (m or f)	
PAPARAZZI 4 (m or f)	
PAPARAZZI 5 (m or f)	
CUSTOMER #1 (m or f)	At Wackyburger
CUSTOMER #2 (m or f)	At Wackyburger
CUSTOMER #3 (m or f)	At Wackyburger
CUSTOMER #4 (m or f)	At Wackyburger

MARTI/MARTY (m or f)

A clerk at Old Crow Creamery

**Optional silent roles, can be played by cast members not already in the scenes, or others, at director's discretion:

ASSISTANTS at the photo shoot (scene one)

CUSTOMERS at WackyBurger (scene three)

CUSTOMERS at Old Crow Creamery (scene six)

DOUBLING POSSIBILITIES (Feel free to consider other options:)

Zoe/Amy

Wackyburger Customer/Marti

Wackyburger Customer/Linda

Wackyburger Customer/Costumer

Wackyburger Customer/Paparazzo (this will take a quick costume change)

Number of paparazzi can be reduced by, for example, redistributing the lines of Paparazzo #5 among four other players.

DIRECTOR'S NOTES

To make a really standout "Bridget," play up the tabloid aspect of this play . . . the fact that the whole world cares so much about the little things in her life, how the other characters in the play try to play up their own importance by having the audience see how close they are to Bridget and her entourage.

One thing that's on your side in this play is the familiarity most of your cast and audience will have with this kind of reality show as well as these kinds of people, i.e. the paparazzi, the reality show host . . . it can't hurt to refer to videos of these kinds of people and use them as models for these characters, then take some of their characteristics and play them up a little more . . . bigger hair, more outrageous costume, etc.

There's also a chance to get creative with set design, your artistic students might want to make posters of ice cream for the ice cream parlor, or posters of hamburgers for the burger joint, or some "CD covers" of Bridget's albums.

Bridget herself has two sides. There's the shallow side that the media sees, but also how when she discusses her opus, however silly it may seem, she gets very thoughtful and serious about "Baby Baby" vs. "Baby Baby Baby." Have fun with that. Note how many of the characters will do anything they can to keep their position with Bridget, even though, behind her back, they're anything but nice about it.

Mostly, keep up the energy. The characters in this play have a lot of energy and power, or they're around people like that, and they all want to be part of it. People who "get to the top" exert a certain amount of energy and aggression to get there. Also, remember that even though Bridget is the title character, there's plenty of places for ensemble acting and for all the cast to shine.

SET

A studio where BRIDGET is about to have a photo shoot. There should be an area ready where she will be photographed, which has a bench and fake backdrop, and in another part of the stage an area for her to have her makeup, hair, etc.

With a little bit of redecoration, the sets for WackyBurger and Old Crow Creamery can be the same. Photos or drawings of menu items or "specials" will add a nice touch to the set; as well as some uniforms for the staff.

Some outdoor scenes can be on a bare stage or in front of the curtain, in any case no special scenery is necessary.

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SCENE 1

As the scene opens, BRIDGET is seated and reading a magazine and is getting readied for her photo shoot. Some people are fixing her makeup or nails while a STYLIST is fussing with her hair. Someone else holds a mirror up to her (the STYLIST can also hold up the mirror if no one else is available.) BRIDGET looks into the mirror with a “whatever” attitude. Meanwhile, the PHOTOGRAPHER is getting things set up for a shoot on another part of the stage.

BRIDGET: I don't think so.

(BRIDGET goes back to her magazine and THEY continue working; an ASSISTANT holds the mirror up again.)

Still don't think so.

(BRIDGET goes back to her magazine, and THEY do a bit more work.)

STYLIST: How about now?

BRIDGET: *(looks up, happier)* I think so.

MOTHER: *(walks over and looks over BRIDGET's shoulder, in the mirror rather than at BRIDGET)* I don't think so.

BRIDGET: Mom, I think so.

MOTHER: I'm your mother, Bridget, and I don't think so.

BRIDGET: All right. So you don't think so. So?

STYLIST: So. Do you think so, or not?

MANAGER: *(comes over to the group to examine)* I'm her manager.

And her second cousin. Neither of them think so. And if they don't think so, I don't think so.

MOTHER: *(snatches the magazine)* I don't want you reading that trash!

BRIDGET: *(protesting)* But it's about me!

MOTHER: Trash!

BRIDGET: On the cover! Oh, and it says you're a domineering stage mom with dragon's breath who holds my career in an apron.

MOTHER: *(tosses the magazine away, or drops it in a nearby trash can)*
I don't think so.

STYLIST: *(knows better)* Oh, I think so.

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(SKYY comes in, with a CAMERA OPERATOR following.)

SKYY: I'm Skyy Martin, and you're watching another edition of *A Day in the Life!* where we profile a celebrity's every waking moment from the time she gets up . . . to the time she goes to sleep. Today (*points out to the crowd*) you are going to spend the day with pop music diva Bridget Spoils, who went from being a performing arts high school dropout to an international celebrity—practically overnight—with her breakout album *Baby Baby Oh Oh Baby!* Let's pay her a visit!

(HE goes over to BRIDGET, CAMERA follows the action.)

Bridget, you've done some amazing work! You've had fifteen number one hit singles. You've sold more records than any other female recording artist, ever. You've packed stadiums the world over.

BRIDGET: Used to it.

SKYY: It must be wonderful to know you've reached out to fans all over the globe!

BRIDGET: I like the stadium gigs. You just lip sync to pre-recorded music. People pay two hundred dollars and up to see you and you're so far away they watch you on a TV screen. You're attending a live event, but you can't see it. *I wouldn't do it, but whatever.*

SKYY: So, you're saying they might as well stay home?

BRIDGET: I would, but . . . (*laughs*) it's my show.

SKYY: So tell us about your newest hit, "Baby Baby Baby."

BRIDGET: (*correcting, this is important!*) Oh no, that's "Baby Baby."

SKYY: (*feeling a bit embarrassed*) I thought it was "Baby Baby Baby."

BRIDGET: (*sigh*) Let me go through this again. My last hit was "Baby Baby Baby." My hit before that was "Oh, Baby Baby Baby." But this is just "Baby Baby." I'm learning to say more, with less.

SKYY: So . . . tell us about it.

BRIDGET: Simple. After I wrote the lyrics to "Baby Baby Baby," I realized that there were things I hadn't yet said to fully flesh out the topic. So I addressed those issues more succinctly in "Baby Baby."

SKYY: What issues?

BRIDGET: In "Baby Baby," I talk about how "you drive me wild" where as in "Baby Baby Baby" the modus operandi was "you drive me crazy!" In my opinion, a boy can drive you crazy without necessarily driving you wild. And vice versa. So I needed a song to explore both permutations of love.

SKYY: Do you have a boyfriend?

BRIDGET: Are you kidding? Boys drive me bonkers. (*to the STYLIST*) Let me see.

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(THEY hold a mirror up to her.)

I don't think so. That's too much "Baby Baby Baby," and not enough "Baby Baby."

STYLIST: *(moving her hair over just a bit)* How is that?

BRIDGET: That's like "Oh, Baby Baby Baby." I need to show a progression.

(BRIDGET looks in the mirror, loses her cool and messes her hair up. EVERYONE around jumps back, a bit shaken up. BRIDGET then stands up excitedly, dancing around a bit, practically pushing people out of the way, knocking over CAMERA, etc . . . but too self-absorbed to notice. HER mood changes to really upbeat.)

I know! Let's do something entirely new! This is a very important shoot!

STYLIST: What did you have in mind?

BRIDGET: Surprise me!

STYLIST: Well, ok. Surprise.

(Takes a wig off BRIDGET and carries it off stage. The wig should be a surprise to the audience, but not to the characters.)

MOTHER: *(barging in to come up to BRIDGET)* Bridget! There's nothing wrong with your hair as it is.

BRIDGET: Mom, there's everything wrong with it. If you'd try to understand my music and the message I am trying to deliver to teens everywhere, you'd understand that my hair is a very important part of sending the message.

MOTHER: I hate that kind of music. *(to SKYY, with a laugh)* I like that kind of money, but give me a good Aerosmith album any day.

SKYY: *(joining in)* Aerosmith, Styx, Lynyrd Skynyrd.

MOTHER: Joni Mitchell! Woodstock!

SKYY: Sinatra!

MOTHER: Dean Martin!

SKYY: *(gossipy)* You and I need to talk.

BRIDGET: *(getting between them and pushing them apart)* Excuse me, but am I or am I not the focus of this documentary?

MOTHER: Whatever.

BRIDGET: I asked you a question. Am I or am I not the focus?

MOTHER: And I gave you an answer. What-ever. *(to SKYY, referring to BRIDGET)* Give 'em a quarter billion dollars and they rot faster than fried chicken in the sun. *(to BRIDGET)* All right. But there was nothing wrong with your hair.

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PHOTOGRAPHER: *(setting up lighting equipment on another side of the stage)* I'm shooting Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie's children this afternoon, so can we hurry it up? Oh, and get that wig back, your real hair is a disaster.

(BRIDGET puts her hands to her head, realizes that SHE's got "bad hair" and tries to move away from the CAMERAMAN, who, to her dismay, follows her around.)

BRIDGET: No one can see me like this!

CAMERA: *(getting closer up to BRIDGET, who tries to push CAMERA away)* Now, everyone can!

SKYY: Too late for that . . . all in "A Day in the Life of Bridget Spoils!"

BRIDGET: I said no!

(SHE grabs the camera and tries to destroy it, and THEY struggle to get it out of her hands.)

MOTHER: *(ad libbing with other characters trying to calm her down)*
Give me that!

SKYY: Bridget!

MANAGER: Bridget, we've told you about behaving like that in public!

BRIDGET: *(holds camera up over her head)* This thing does not look at my hair!

CAMERA: Nooooo that's state of the art!

BRIDGET: *(as THEY struggle)* I . . . don't . . . think . . . so!

(THEY get the camera back to the CAMERA OPERATOR, and BRIDGET says happily to CAMERA . . .)

Cool fight! Did you get the part where I said-

MOTHER: *(quieting BRIDGET down)* Oh, what she puts me through!
Why can't you at least sing music that I like!

BRIDGET: Because, Mother, teens today don't like music you like.

Teens today barely remember last year, let alone the last 40. There's nothing wrong with "Baby Baby." I worked for three weeks on it.

MOTHER: I liked "Baby Baby Baby" better.

PHOTOGRAPHER: "Oh Baby Baby" wasn't bad at all. *(starts to sing and move to the beat)* Oh, baby baby baby love me baby baby baby . . ." Now *that's* music!

SKYY: "Baby Baby oh oh Baby" was a pretty good song too. Bridget, we've got to hand it to you, you are the spokeswoman to the babies of your generation. Anything you'd like to add to what you've said so well in song?

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BRIDGET: I want a burger!

MOTHER: It's 9 in the morning.

BRIDGET: So what? It's 1 PM in Nova Scotia.

MOTHER: We're not in Nova Scotia.

BRIDGET: But someone in Nova Scotia is undoubtedly listening to "Baby Baby" or "Oh Baby Baby." *That* Bridget wants a burger. See, *(to SKYY)* I believe that I need to stay in time with all my fans. So while they're listening to me at lunch time, I should eat lunch.

MANAGER: Send out for a burger!

BRIDGET: I want to get it myself. *(self pitying)* Just for 15 minutes I want to be a normal girl getting a normal burger at a normal McRestaurant. What's so wrong with that?

MANAGER: Nothing, but it's impossible.

STYLIST: *(enters with the wig)* What about this?

BRIDGET: *(studies it carefully)* It's great. Let's go.

STYLIST: *(aside to ASSISTANTS, or to SKYY)* I didn't do anything to it!

SKYY: *(to the CAMERA, as well as the audience)* Join us on our trip to fast food, where . . . "Bridget Gets a Burger."

BRIDGET: Are you coming too?

SKYY: It's a day in the life. A whole day.

MANAGER: Bridget, we'll never get this shoot started if you leave to get a burger.

SKYY: Will Bridget get her burger, or will her manager stand in the way?

MANAGER: *(standing in the way)* You tell me.

BRIDGET: *(moves past MANAGER)* I refuse to let the fact that I'm the most recognizable face on the planet of popular music stop me from having a normal life.

MOTHER: Well, I'll go too.

BRIDGET: Mother! It's time I do things on my own.

MOTHER: *(sharply)* Bridget!

BRIDGET: *(just as sharply)* Mother!

MOTHER: *(as THEY stare each other down)* I'll pay.

BRIDGET: Oh, okay.

MOTHER: *(ever the bargain hunter!)* I have a coupon! *(to HOST)* Gotta save money, you know. *(laughs hysterically)* No I don't, but one day she's going to crash and burn and we'll be living in a cardboard box on Venice Beach, or we'll be singing "Oh Baby Baby" for dimes and quarters in the New York Subway. So I'm preparing her for that eventuality. Till then, I'm havin' a ball!

SKYY: *(starts by addressing the TV audience, into the camera)* Let's talk to Bridget's mom, Flynn Spoils. Now Mrs. Spoils, a lot of Bridget's fans think that you're too domineering. That you rule her career with an iron fist. That you don't let Bridget have any freedom. Do you think you're a bit too "stage mom-ish?"

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MOTHER: And be glad I am! My daughter is lazy and unmotivated. She could have had 20 number one hits by now if she'd just get off her butt and work. It's not like you can really tell one song from the other. I'm so disappointed in her.

BRIDGET: Mom! Like you can sing!

MOTHER: Like *you* can!

MANAGER: Like any of you can! (to SKYY) Without studio enhancement she'd be back in glee club.

MOTHER: Stop fighting, we're on TV!

BRIDGET: You started it. All I wanted was a hamburger, and it turned into front page news.

MANAGER: Pretty much.

SKYY: (*inviting the TV audience along*) Come with us, and get a burger . . . with Bridget!

SCENE 2

Outside of the Wackyburger. This can be done on a bare stage or "in front of the curtain" should you have one. Five paparazzi harass BRIDGET trying to take photos, getting in the way of her entourage as well. Along with BRIDGET are MOTHER and MANAGER, plus SKYY and CAMERA reporting. An ASSISTANT or the MANAGER can be carrying her disguise costume in a tote bag.

PAPARAZZI: (*The PAPARAZZI are calling to her ad lib and jostling each other to take the best photos.*) Bridget! Bridget! Bridget! This way Bridget! Over here Bridget!

MOTHER: (*staunchly*) Leave Bridget alone!

PAP 1: Move out of the way, old lady.

(*HE pushes her, SHE pushes back; the OTHERS continue to crowd BRIDGET.*)

I'll sue!

MOTHER: You'll what?

PAP 1: I'll sue!

MOTHER: Sue? There's no one here by that name.

PAP 1: (*trying to explain above the general commotion*) I'll sue you!

MOTHER: I'm not Sue. I'm Flynne.

PAP 1: I'll sue you, Flynne.

MOTHER: Me Tarzan, you Jane. You're not making sense.

PAP 1: Never mind. (*moves her again*) Just get out of my way!

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PAP 2: Bridget! Is it true that “Baby Baby” is autobiographical? Are you seeing anyone?

PAP 3: Are you calling anyone Baby these days?

BRIDGET: I’m too busy to date.

SKYY: *(to the viewers)* Now you see what she goes through just to get something to eat. Bridget!

BRIDGET: Shut up!

SKYY: It’s me, Bridget.

BRIDGET: Oh, never mind. *(to someone else)* Ok, I’m going to adjust my blouse. Ready? Here we go.

(ALL the PAPARAZZI get into position to take a picture. SHE does a short pull and THEY all snap.)

PAP 4: Bridget wears clothes that don’t fit.

PAP 5: She’s getting fat.

PAP 3: I remember when that blouse hung on you like a tent.

BRIDGET: I just got it. I never wear the same clothes twice.

MOTHER: *(snooty)* We don’t have to.

PAP 1: *(trying to get closer to BRIDGET)* Are you really getting a hamburger?

PAP 2: *(moves PAP 1 out of the way)* Is it true you eat hamburgers every morning?

BRIDGET: How could that possibly interest you?

PAP 2: *(offended)* Answer the question, please.

BRIDGET: It’s a stupid question. And you’re stupid.

PAP 2: *(threatening)* I’ll sue.

PAP 4: *(noticing SKYY)* Hey! Hey these are the guys from *A Day in the Life!* *(pushy)* How about a day in the life of a celebrity photographer? What about that?

SKYY: You’re not that interesting!

CAMERA: What would I do, take a picture of you taking a picture?

PAP 4: We have stories you wouldn’t believe! Hunting them down.

PAP 3: Scoping them out.

PAP 4: Intruding on dates, dinners, showers, yoga.

PAP 5: They say they eat yogurt, but we catch ‘em with a Danish.

PAP 1: They say they like Madonna, but we catch ‘em with Beethoven.

PAP 3: It’s not easy being this intrusive.

PAP 2: They say they hate us, but they love our pictures.

PAP 4: Bridget loves the attention. She’s addicted to it! She can’t function without us. Watch.

(THEY stay back and BRIDGET, MANAGER and MOM go ahead alone.)

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CAMERA: This doesn't feel right.

BRIDGET: (*stops, panicking*) Where'd everybody go?

MOTHER: I don't know. Have you lost relevance?

BRIDGET: It can't be. Something's wrong. Hey! What's going on?

PAP 2: Sorry. Someone dropped a quarter.

BRIDGET: What's a quarter?

MOTHER: Quarter million, that's more like it!

SKYY: So you can say that the paparazzi are really a part of your everyday life.

BRIDGET: My every-minute life! Like barnacles on a boat. If I move without them I don't have any ballast. It's the same with my mother.

MOTHER: You need me to guide you through this.

BRIDGET: (*sarcastically cheerful*) And the fact that you constantly refer to me as an underachiever keeps me motivated to produce yet more hit singles.

MANAGER: Bridget Spoils isn't a single individual. It's a corporation.

BRIDGET: Look, we're here! Wackyburger!

PAP 3: Bridget is about to enter the Wackyburger!

SKYY: Yes, Bridget is about to enter the Wackyburger. Let's see what happens, as we continue with *A Day in the Life*.

MOTHER: How long does this last?

SKYY: (*duh!*) A day. That's why it's called *A Day in the Life*. Not an hour and a half in the life.

CAMERA: I wish it was, we could go home early.

MOTHER: It should be. I'm tired of you.

SKYY: We're all tired of you, Flynne Spoils. America, in its entirety, is tired of you. But that will make for a much more interesting program!

MOTHER: I know everyone thinks I'm domineering and money grubbing and don't care about my daughter's welfare. But that's simply not true. (*domineering*) Bridget, we have a half hour and back to the shoot. I don't care if you eat or not! We're on a budget. (*to SKYY*) But the truth of the matter is, I have a lot more money than you, you're following me and I'm not following you, and I'm at a point in my life where I just don't have to be nice. So, eat that one for lunch.

SKYY: I don't think it's on the menu.

BRIDGET: (*SHE summons whoever has the tote and reaches in to get her disguise. SHE puts on a wig that's a different color from her normal hair, a scarf, and sunglasses.*) Now, no one will know it's me! (*to CAMERA*) I can be a regular girl just like you!

CAMERA: I don't want to be a regular girl.

BRIDGET: (*happily upbeat*) But, neither of us have a choice. (*to CAMERA*) Let's go.

SKYY: (*into the CAMERA*) See what happens next as (*making a big deal about it*) Bridget places her order.

SCENE 3

At the Wackyburger . . . it's the front counter area. Two employees, AIDEN and ZOE, are working behind the counter, there are customers in line too, shortly after the lights go up, BRIDGET and her entourage come in.

BRIDGET: *(looking around, excited)* Oh, this is so cool! I can't wait till it's my turn.

AIDEN: *(calling out as if they're cattle)* For here in this line, to go in that line!

ZOE: Fries with that in this line, fries without that in that line!

AIDEN: Unhealthy food in this line, unhealthy food in that line!

CUSTOMER #1: I want healthy!

ZOE: Sorry, health is not an option at Wackyburger.

CUSTOMER #1: Well, I'd like a . . . wait a minute, let me check the menu.

CUSTOMER #2: *(behind CUSTOMER #1, annoyed)* Come on, there's only three things on it, how hard can it be?

CUSTOMER #1: Just for that I'm going to special order!

ZOE: *(slowly realizes BRIDGET is in the room)* Hey . . . is that . . . is that . . . it's . . . it's . . . oh, my gosh . . . It's Bridget Spoils!

CUSTOMER #3: Oh, my gosh . . . it is! Bridget!

(EVERYONE starts screaming Bridget! Then just about the whole place [not CUSTOMER #4] sings "Baby Baby Baby Baby Love me Baby Baby Baby" and cheers.)

ZOE: I can't believe she's in our store!!

BRIDGET: How did everyone know it was me? *(whiny)* I can't go anywhere.

MOTHER: *(pointing everything out)* Well maybe it's because you've come in followed by a group of paparazzi, a TV show entourage, and you always wear the same disguise whenever you go out. *(full of herself)* Oh, and maybe because they recognize me, your mother, Flynne Spoils.

BRIDGET: All I wanted to do was order a fast food lunch just like a regular girl.

ZOE: You just come right up here and order. Fries with that, for here, to go, whatever line you like! They call me Zoe. But I call myself Zoe 101. Isn't that funny?

BRIDGET: Ha. I'm laughing hysterically.

(EVERYONE moves out of the way but CUSTOMER #4.)

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CUSTOMER #4: Sorry, but . . . I haven't heard of you and I'm not giving up my place in line!

CUSTOMER #3: You haven't heard of Bridget Spoils?

CUSTOMER #4: (*very business-like*) Do I LOOK like I've heard of Bridget Spoils?

BRIDGET: Wait a minute wait a minute wait a minute . . .

(*SHE takes off her scarf, her wig, her glasses, slowly, and EVERYONE is silent.*)

Are you saying you haven't heard of me?

CUSTOMER #4: Yes . . .

(*EVERYONE gets real quiet and scared and gives her a lot of space, and SHE takes control. SHE addresses her MOTHER*)

BRIDGET: What is this? What's going on here? (*to MANAGER*) Have you dropped the ball on publicity? How is it that someone less than a mile from where we live (*shouts in MANAGER's face*) has no idea who I am?

MANAGER: Bridget, some people . . . some (*digging at CUSTOMER #4*) older people, just aren't interested in "Baby Baby" or "Baby Baby Baby."

BRIDGET: (*still defiant*) What about "Oh, Baby Baby?" What about that?

MANAGER: That either.

BRIDGET: Someone needs to be fired.

CUSTOMER #4: Give me Sinatra. Give me the Beatles. But none of this teenage girl drivel.

MOTHER: (*chumming up with CUSTOMER #4*) Me too! I hate that stuff but . . . it's a living. We barely make ends meet.

CUSTOMER #4: (*pushing up to the counter, if BRIDGET is in HIS way, pushes HER out of the way to EVERYONE's shock and dismay.*) Be that as it may, it's my turn in line.

BRIDGET: It's okay. I just want to order my lunch, just like everybody else does.

MANAGER: (*pulling CUSTOMER #4 away from the counter but talking to BRIDGET*) We don't have time for you to order your lunch just like everybody else does. (*to the CLERKS*) Lunch! To go!

ZOE: Excuse me. I think Bridget can speak for herself. That's what she taught me with her lyrics, "If you love me baby baby, tell me that you love me baby baby baby." See, it's telling young women that people should speak for themselves. That's what we got out of it in our discussion group.

BRIDGET: Tell you what! We'll get lunch for everyone!

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MOTHER: (*doesn't want to spend the money*) What?

BRIDGET: It's not like we don't have the money!

MOTHER: Then it's coming out of your allowance!

PAP 1: Everyone? Even us?

BRIDGET: Even you. It'll keep your greasy hands off those cameras for awhile.

SKYY: An unprecedented show of generosity by one of America's greatest international stars! Bridget, you never cease to amaze us.

BRIDGET: Oh, and I want him (*points to AIDEN*) to come be part of our photo shoot.

AIDEN: Me?

MOTHER: Him?

MANAGER: Him?

BRIDGET: Don't you think? Just me and a regular guy. I think it says a lot about who I am.

MANAGER: That you'll date the burger boy? I don't think we want to say that about you. You need a Jonas Brother or something comparable.

AIDEN: I'm not "burger boy." My name is Aiden Arthur.

BRIDGET: By the time we're done with him . . . he'll be more than just a burger boy. (*jumps behind the counter [if possible] and stands next to him.*) He'll be a burger baby!

AIDEN: I'm not sure I want to be a burger baby.

BRIDGET: Ten grand?

MOTHER: Bridget!

BRIDGET: Mother! You really need to stop this depression-era accounting. I'm 16 years old! I should be able to meet boys if I want to. And . . . I really like him.

MOTHER: You don't even know him!

BRIDGET: Motherrrrrr!

PAP 2: (*snaps a camera*) Great shot! I'll sell this baby to the Enquirer for a million.

MOTHER: (*getting in front of BRIDGET and AIDEN*) Don't you dare!

PAP 3: (*snaps a really ugly picture of them*) Better shot.

PAP 5: Mrs. Spoils, isn't it true you micro-manage every minute of your daughter's life?

MOTHER: (*consulting a date-book*) No it's not. Bridget, we have to be back in the photo studio in four and a half minutes.

BRIDGET: Oh, I guess I better get this to go.

SKYY: (*to the viewers*) Come back with us to the photo studio, where Bridget will get her picture taken.

ZOE: Of course she'll get her picture taken. What else will you do at a photo studio? Hey do you want fries with that picture? You better get in the right line!

AIDEN: I hope it's more than just taking pictures!

(MOTHER stares him down.)

Uh . . . taking pictures, of course.

MOTHER: *(snaps her fingers)* Let's go!

BRIDGET: But I didn't get to order!

MANAGER: If you'd spend more time being an everyday girl and less time being everyday famous, maybe this wouldn't have happened.

And if you're going to eat in front of paparazzi, it needs to be salad.

AIDEN: I'll bring some take out.

(The ENTOURAGE leaves, and EVERYONE else starts to sing "Baby baby baby love me baby baby baby," BRIDGET starts to dance to it on the way out.)

ZOE: Wait a minute! *(it's too late, ZOE is disappointed)* She didn't say if she wanted fries with that.

SCENE 4

BRIDGET is getting ready for HER photo shoot as AIDEN is in the makeup booth.

MOTHER: Do something to him. He's totally inappropriate. His clothes are average. His hair? I'd never even let him on the family cruise ship!

BRIDGET: Mom, that's what I want. A regular guy.

STYLIST: How's this? *(holds the wig in front of BRIDGET)*

BRIDGET: It'll do.

MOTHER: No, it won't.

BRIDGET: *(harsh and insistent)* Yes, it will.

MOTHER: *(even more harsh)* No, it won't!

STYLIST: If I have to redo it, I'm going to charge extra.

MOTHER: Ok, it's fine.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Are we going to do this or not? I have to photograph Justin Timberlake at 4, Brad Pitt at 6, and Hanna Montana at 8.

That's way past her bedtime!

AIDEN: Can I go to that one? I love Hanna Montana!

BRIDGET: Excuse me? I made you, and I can break you!

SKYY: As we can see, there's tension here at the photo shoot between Bridget and Aiden, the burger brat.

(AIDEN reacts but the PHOTOGRAPHER holds him back.)

BRIDGET: A DAY IN THE LIFE – Page 17

Will Bridget be able to smile when the button clicks?

BRIDGET: (*smiling*) Of course I can. I'm pushed to the edge of insanity by my mother every day of my life, yet I continue to smile. Because I know that one day I'm going to be free of her. That's pretty much what keeps me going.

MOTHER: I'd like to see you manage on your own, for just one day, Bridget!

BRIDGET: I'd like to see that too, but you make it impossible.

SKYY: As we said, behind the scenes. Where it all happens. Sometimes being a megastar isn't all it's cracked up to be.

BRIDGET: I wouldn't go that far. I live a lifestyle that's the envy of billions. But due to my nonstop work schedule and domineering mother, I never have any time to enjoy it. That's why I wanted to hang out with a guy from the Wackyburger. Speaking of which, did you bring my lunch?

AIDEN: I couldn't. If you don't specify fries with that, or fries without that, I can't fill the order.

BRIDGET: I want lunch! It's been three days!

PHOTOGRAPHER: We don't have time for lunch.

BRIDGET: Justin Timberlake can wait! Who is he, anyway? Old news, that's what he is. Old old old. He's at least 20 . . . 25? Whatever.

MANAGER: Now, (*to PHOTO*) we want to show that Bridget has changed from "Baby Baby Baby" to "Baby Baby." It's up to you to capture that metamorphosis on film.

PHOTOGRAPHER: No one uses film anymore. It's digital.

MANAGER: It's just a saying.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Well stop it. It's demeaning to the photographic profession.

BRIDGET: I'm hungry!

PHOTOGRAPHER: Bridget, sit down.

MANAGER: Yes, Bridget. Stop whining.

STYLIST: (*hands BRIDGET a wig, disinterested*) Here's your hair.

MANAGER: (*Setting her up on the bench*) Here's your position.

MOTHER: And here's your attitude!

(*MOTHER strikes a pose, which BRIDGET tries to copy.*)

SKYY: If you've never been in on a celebrity photo shoot before . . .

BRIDGET: I *am* a celebrity! Of course I have!

SKYY: I'm talking to your audience here.

BRIDGET: Oh. Never mind.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Smile!

BRIDGET: Not until I get my lunch!

MANAGER: Smile! Now!

BRIDGET: A DAY IN THE LIFE – Page 18

BRIDGET: I want my lunch!

MOTHER: Now, Bridget.

BRIDGET: Oh, all right. (to CAMERA OPERATOR) Do you know how I keep this figure? I haven't been able to eat in days. (snippy, to PHOTO) Okay, let's do it.

(PHOTO snaps some photos while BRIDGET sits in several positions on the bench. Someone hands HER a teddy bear and SHE sits in a few more. During one of these the STYLIST breaks in.)

STYLIST: Hold it! This is horrible. You can't use any of these photos. (moves one small hair about a quarter inch) That's better.

MOTHER: That's the same thing.

STYLIST: (threatening) Don't belittle my work!

(PHOTO snaps more pictures.)

SKYY: The many faces of Bridget!
(BRIDGET sticks out her tongue, PHOTO snaps.)

PHOTO: I like that!

(EVERYONE goes to look at the digital image on the camera.)

MOTHER: Me too!

MANAGER: You've really captured her personality!

BRIDGET: I don't want them to capture my personality, I want to look pretty!

(EVERYONE starts singing "Baby baby, oh baby baby. You drive me crazy baby baby baby.")

BRIDGET: Stop it! I hate that song! I only wrote it to make money.

STYLIST: (about AIDEN) What do you want me to do with the burger boy?

MANAGER: There's not much we CAN do.

STYLIST: We can cut his hair. Off!

AIDEN: No!

STYLIST: We can burn these clothes. You smell like a hamburger. And mustard. And extra cheese. That pretty much sums you up. I'm hungry, suddenly.

SKYY: Are we going to see a makeover?

MANAGER: Bring in the costume coordinator!

STYLIST: Do we have a costume coordinator?

BRIDGET: A DAY IN THE LIFE – Page 19

MANAGER: Do you think Bridget picks her own clothes?

BRIDGET: I never get to do anything on my own!

MOTHER: There's a reason for that. (*snaps her fingers*) Costumer!

COSTUMER: (*enters, MOTHER points to AIDEN, directing COSTUMER to check HIM out*) Well . . . let's see . . . in order for him to fit in with the vapid and shallow lifestyle encouraged by "Baby Baby."

MOTHER: No one should live that lifestyle.

COSTUMER: Yet girls all across America live that lifestyle. If Bridget wears it, they wear it. If Bridget takes it off, they take it off. If Bridget sings it, they believe it.

MOTHER: What a sorry lot of girls.

SKYY: Are you saying, Mrs. Spoils, that Bridget's fans are stupid?

MOTHER: You'd have to be. For me it's Skynyrd, Sinatra! The Beatles! That's where it's at.

SKYY: You have very eclectic taste.

MOTHER: I'm a very eclectic woman saddled with a monochromatic daughter that has very little, if any, musical taste or ability.

BRIDGET: (*getting up and joining the group, very assertive*) And this show isn't eclectic at all. It's singularly about me. So Mother, if I were you, I'd be very very quiet, ok? People don't want to tune in to find out about your musical taste. They want to find out about my magical life!

MOTHER: And deprive me of what little joy I have micro-managing your career.

SKYY: A look into the family life! Is it like this at home?

MOTHER: Every day.

BRIDGET: Every minute.

COSTUMER: Excuse me, but I have a clothing crisis on my hands! (*to AIDEN*) Who dresses you?

AIDEN: I do.

COSTUMER: It's like a cross between Old Navy and Banana Republic clearance. You're nothing but a Gap wannabe. And they were last stylish in 1983.

AIDEN: I make eight bucks an hour at a burger joint. What did you expect? Armani?

COSTUMER: T shirt. Jeans. There are a billion other young men just like you. Come with me! (*drags AIDEN off stage*)

PHOTOGRAPHER: Well, let's keep going. Give you your best "Baby Baby" look.

SKYY: Do you have trouble distinguishing between your "Baby Baby" look and your "Baby Baby Baby" look?

BRIDGET: A DAY IN THE LIFE – Page 20

BRIDGET: Well yes Skyy, sometimes I do. It's a very subtle difference. But my fans know what that difference is. And I want them to know that I'll be right with them to explain that difference, so they can understand me and understand all the permutations of love as discussed in "Baby Baby" as opposed to "Baby Baby Baby," Now . . . (to PHOTO) Let's do it.

(As SHE poses for various pix, AIDEN runs on stage followed by the COSTUMER. His original shirt is off, so he's just in a t-shirt or undershirt, and trying to escape the COSTUMER.)

AIDEN: What are you doing? Stop it! Give me that back.

COSTUMER: Hold . . . (grabs AIDEN)

AIDEN: Don't touch me.

COSTUMER: Still!

(COSTUMER drags AIDEN off stage, some humorous sound effects of a struggle, while BRIDGET is still posing for various pictures. SHE can smile and turn HER head this way and that while the sounds of the struggle are off stage.)

AIDEN: (off stage) What have you done to me? (enters) What have you done to me?

COSTUMER: Better!

MOTHER: (looking at HIM, not impressed) For children, maybe!

MANAGER: I love it!

BRIDGET: Me too!

SKYY: So, is that what you're looking for in a guy? I'm sure your fans would love to know that!

BRIDGET: He could lose that tie, but . . . yes!

SKYY: Do you think he'll be the lucky guy for you? And that you've found him on *A Day in the Life*! Who says this isn't a hard news show?

MOTHER: I do. I don't want you seeing him! (pulls AIDEN away)

BRIDGET: Motherrrrr!

SKYY: Will the domineering mother take Bridget's man away from him?

MOTHER: Will you stop that? All you do is ask leading questions.

SKYY: I have to. I never know when they're going to break for commercial. I pretty much have to say everything as if I'm heading to a station break.

MOTHER: Can't you do this in the editing room?

SKYY: Now look who's asking questions! It's addictive, isn't it?

BRIDGET: I want Aiden in the picture.

MOTHER: Fine! What's a mother for, but to be abused?

BRIDGET: A DAY IN THE LIFE – Page 21

BRIDGET: Weren't you making seven dollars an hour at a Taco Bell before I got my career, Mother? Were we not living in a trailer on the other side of the tracks in Oxphalia, Mississippi?

MOTHER: That's because of your father's bail.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Okay, now . . . Aiden, sit next to her, and Bridget, you look at him like . . . like you're interested in him.

MANAGER: (*trying to have a say where no say is needed*) Shouldn't he be interested in her? She's the star. He's nobody.

AIDEN: I liked that. It was much easier.

BRIDGET: I should look at him. I need to look at a man in a way that's commensurate with my appraisal of love as discussed and defined in "Baby Baby."

MANAGER: (*thrown off*) What?

BRIDGET: In other words . . . I like really hot guys. I mean, that's pretty much what the song says. That love is only worthwhile if the guy is good looking, well dressed, has a nice car, and is perfect in every way.

MOTHER: That's a horrible assessment.

BRIDGET: It's what sells records. And it makes boys as maladjusted as girls when it comes to body image.

MOTHER: Is that the theme of "Baby Baby?" Only pretty people deserve love?

BRIDGET: Do you not listen to my work? Is that what I'm hearing here?

MOTHER: I can't stand your work.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Ditto. Once you hit about 22, her work becomes meaningless. Juvenile. Now, let's do it. Bridget. You look at him like you're interested, and you young man, you look at her like you're unworthy and have no idea how to respond.

(THEY shoot several photos like that, changing facial expressions and positions. Some can be really silly.)

SKYY: (*to MANAGER, for the benefit of the viewers*) So, as her manager, what do you plan to do with all these photos?

MANAGER: Just about everything. T-shirts, lunch boxes, coffee mugs, album covers, posters, carpets, furniture, wallpaper . . . we plan to saturate the market with Bridget, Bridget, Bridget!

AIDEN: Uh . . . can I go now? I'm pretty saturated already.

BRIDGET: We're going for an ice cream!

MOTHER: That's saturated fat! Is that all you do is eat?

BRIDGET: No. I *can't* eat. No one lets me eat. That's why I want an ice cream. I need calories. Fast.

(SHE faints into AIDEN's arms . . . PHOTOGRAPHER snaps a picture.)
PHOTOGRAPHER: (HE's got the scoop!) Now we're talking!!!

SCENE 5

BRIDGET, SKYY, CAMERA OPERATOR, MOTHER, MANAGER, AIDEN, STYLIST . . . this is an informal studio setting where the characters are being interviewed away from the action of the day. The players can be seated in chairs, or around a table, or posed in various parts of the stage. BRIDGET is the least formal of the group, while the OTHERS try to look more professional.

MANAGER: (talking to SKYY on camera, as if this is a revealing interview) A typical day in the life of Bridget. Well, there is no typical day in the life of Bridget. It's all . . . well . . . the poor girl hasn't eaten in days because she can't go anywhere without people following her around. You've seen the photos online. Bridget gets a burger.

Bridget gets a cup of coffee. All she wants is some privacy. Just a couple minutes of privacy a day. Is that too much to ask?

BRIDGET: Privacy? I just want to go somewhere without my mother watching. Without everyone telling me what to do. *Don't do that, Bridget, it's bad for your career . . .* do this, do that.

SKYY: (goes over to BRIDGET, who looks out to the audience rather than at anyone in particular) How do you want history to see you?

BRIDGET: I want history . . . what is history anyway?

SKYY: You don't really mean that . . .

BRIDGET: I do, in a philosophical sense. How important am I? I want to be the young woman who defines love for my generation. Where when people think of the word "baby," when they say "baby," when they sing "baby," that they think of Bridget. That I've reached out to so many people . . .

MOTHER: Baby! (exhausted by the very thought of the word) Baby baby baby. I'd tell her to stop, but it sells records.

SKYY: (goes to MOTHER) It sounds like you don't respect your daughter's opus.

MOTHER: No matter how famous she becomes, she's always my baby. And more and more difficult. (whispers) She's at that age.

BRIDGET: I love my mom . . . but leave me alone already!

SKYY: Your mother says she doesn't really like your music all that much.

BRIDGET: Well . . . that's my inspiration. I figure if I sing enough songs that irritate her, she'll give me a minute to myself.

BRIDGET: A DAY IN THE LIFE – Page 23

SKYY: How do you write? How do you come up with song after song that captures America's heart?

BRIDGET: It's simple. I study demographics and popular trends, and then I try to write something that's both from the heart and that appeals to what's happening in popular culture today. I like to draw in the hip hop audience, the easy listening audience, and the pop music audience, so they can all get something out of it. And I want each and every listener to feel as if I'm singing only to them.

SKYY: So what does that all add up to?

BRIDGET: To capture such a significant segment of society, you're pretty much left with "Baby Baby Baby." Using the word baby in a variety of combinations is a sure fire hit. And I figure, why tamper with success?

MOTHER: Can't she change it? Honey, or something. Lovey-dovey. Anything but baby.

STYLIST: *(for no reason in particular, but hoping to get some publicity)* If you like her hair, my number is 555-4765.

SKYY: So?

STYLIST: I only charge \$1,000 an hour, but the initial consultation is only half my hourly rate.

SKYY: How do you get inspired to do hair for the most famous face in America?

STYLIST: A thousand dollars an hour is pretty inspirational, don't you think? I don't get a lot of back talk at that price. *(studies SKYY)* You could use a little help too. *(moves one strand of SKYY's hair.)* See, that's . . . *(checks watch or a timepiece)* that's \$10 right there. So you can see where it adds up quickly.

BRIDGET: I want an ice cream!

SKYY: *(to audience)* Hungry?

BRIDGET: Yes! I haven't eaten since last Wednesday!

SKYY: Let's go!

BRIDGET: It's not as easy as all that. *(to AIDEN)* You're coming too, aren't you?

AIDEN: Me?

BRIDGET: Sure . . .

MOTHER: *(to AIDEN)* You'll pay your own way, won't you?

BRIDGET: Mother!

MOTHER: If this is a date, he should pay for yours as well.

BRIDGET: Mother!

MOTHER: I'm just saying . . .

SKYY: Since this is part of *A Day in the Life*, we'll put it on our tab.

CAMERA: Me too?

SKYY: You too.

CAMERA: Because I can make you all look really really ugly!

SCENE 6

Outside the ice cream store. If desired, put up a sign or banner saying “Old Crow Creamery” where the entrance to the store will be.

PAP 1: *(to OTHERS, showing them a newspaper)* Look at this!

PAP 2: It's an outrage!

PAP 3: Who took this?

PAP 4: Who scooped us?

PAP 5: Who is he? He's that guy at the hamburger stand!

PAP 2: We thought she was just getting a burger, but she had a secret boyfriend all along!

PAP 5: She's been seeing him behind our back!

PAP 3: How can she get away with it?

PAP 4: Is someone allowing her some privacy? This has to stop!

PAP 1: From now on, not one breath without us!

(BRIDGET and ENTOURAGE enter.)

PAP 2: Bridget!

PAP 3: Bridget!

PAP 4: Stop. We're not speaking to her. She's betrayed us!

AIDEN: I thought this was going to be just us.

BRIDGET: It is.

AIDEN: But your mom, your agent, this TV show . . .

BRIDGET: You have to get used to it. “Just us” means something entirely different when you're an international mega-star. *(SHE puts on the wig and sunglasses)* See? Now no one knows it's me. *(SHE hands HIM a wig and some sunglasses.)* Put this on. Then you're a secret.

AIDEN: Yuk!

BRIDGET: See? You don't understand what it's like to be famous, do you?

(PAP 1 shoves the paper in HIS face.)

AIDEN: *(looking it over, shocked)* Now I do.

BRIDGET: Oh, great.

MOTHER: Oh, great!

MANAGER: That photographer sold us out!

PAP 4: So that's how it happened!

PAP 1: Bridget, you've been having a secret life without us.

PAP 2: How long have you been seeing him?

BRIDGET: A DAY IN THE LIFE – Page 25

PAP 3: Is it true that your mother doesn't approve?

BRIDGET: My mother doesn't even know about it!

PAP 5: Then she doesn't approve.

BRIDGET: My mother doesn't approve of anything!

PAP 1: "Bridget and Mother at odds, will it end her career?"

MOTHER: (*threatening*) It might end yours.

PAP 1: We thought you loved us Bridget, but yet . . . you go cavorting all over town and you don't keep us in the loop!

PAP 4: Without us, you're nothing.

PAP 2: And without you, *we're* nothing.

SKYY: How do you feel about that?

BRIDGET: They're like mosquitoes. You can slap them, but they won't really go away. They just suck blood until you die. Speaking of which, can I get my ice cream? I haven't eaten in three days.

MOTHER: That's not true.

BRIDGET: Is too! Now, me and Aiden want our privacy.

MANAGER: Did you hear that! Leave Bridget alone. She wants her privacy!

PAP 4: Well, ok. I've always wanted to get a photo of Bridget in a private moment!

PAP 3: How long have you been dating this young man?

BRIDGET: We just met this afternoon!

PAP 3: So you go out with boys you hardly know!

PAP 1: "Bridget Spoils . . . dating the burger boy."

AIDEN: I'm not a burger boy.

PAP 1: You are now. You're "Burger Boy."

(THEY all crowd around HIM and start snapping pictures.)

BRIDGET: I'm going inside. For ice cream. Come on!

AIDEN: (*fending them off and trying to break free*) I thought we were going to have a private moment.

BRIDGET: Hey, (*puts up a hand and all the PAPARAZZI stop. Then addresses AIDEN*) Do you know who I am?

AIDEN: Everybody knows who you are.

BRIDGET: Exactly. And nobody knows who you are. So perhaps you should let me define what's private and what's not.

PAP 2: (*now surrounding them both*) What kind of ice cream this time?

PAP 3: What about your weight?

PAP 4: You're not switching to Rocky Road, are you? I hate rocky road!

(BRIDGET and AIDEN push THEIR way out and enter Old Crow.)

SKYY: (*comes up front*) So, will Bridget get Rocky Road? And how will this affect her career? More, when we come back, with *A Day in the Life!*

MANAGER: (*joins SKYY up front*) How do you do it?

SKYY: What?

MANAGER: You care about the trivial. You care so much about things that can't possibly interest anyone. Yet here you are, caring. How do you sleep at night?

SKYY: The same way you do. Exploiting the public's interest in people who aren't in the slightest bit interesting, except that they have a lot more money than their audience. To show that these people are better and more deserving than everyone else. To make people feel like their hopes and dreams, compared to Bridget getting ice cream, are insignificant. To prove that a mother trying to raise children on barely enough money to do a load of laundry pales in comparison to Bridget's choice of flavors. You have only yourself and your paycheck to blame.

MANAGER: (*thinks it over, seriously*) You want a sundae?

SKYY: Sure, let's go.

SCENE 7

The Old Crow Creamery. Two clerks, LINDA and MARTY, are behind the counter.

LINDA: Welcome to Old Crow Creamery, where we make it your way!

BRIDGET: Hi, I'd like to order a-

LINDA: Wait a minute, I haven't finished my welcome speech.

BRIDGET: I've heard it. I eat here all the time. Well, I try to.

LINDA: I'm new. I want to get it right, so cool your jets. (*starts over*)

Welcome to Old Crow Creamery, where we make it your way. You're welcome to sample any of our 35 flavors and our 27 toppings which you can mix together in practically an infinite number of combinations. Our special today is-

BRIDGET: Stop it!

LINDA: (*gives BRIDGET a withering look, then continues, happily*) Our special today is Exponential Chocolate, a cornucopia of cocoa that bursts in your mouth with flavors from 17 different countries, three of which are embroiled in civil war and another that uses illegal child labor. By eating here, you're not only getting great chocolate, you're learning about politics and geography plus contributing to the demise of society overseas! (*SHE's finished.*) Ok, now.

BRIDGET: A DAY IN THE LIFE – Page 27

BRIDGET: Well . . .

LINDA: (*slowly realizing*) Wait . . . wait . . . you're Bridget Spoils!

BRIDGET: (*mimicking LINDA*) No I'm not.

LINDA: Yes you are. I'd recognize your disguise anywhere.

BRIDGET: I don't know what you're talking about.

MARTY: Let's see . . . you've got photographers on your tail, your domineering mother is shadowing you like an ugly dark cloud . . .

MOTHER: I beg your pardon-

MARTY: Sorry. *Overbearing* domineering mother.

MOTHER: That's more like it.

MARTY: Your mousy cousin-manager.

MANAGER: (*mousy*) Don't call me that . . .

LINDA: The staff of *A Day in the Life* . . .

MARTY: . . . and burger boy!

AIDEN: I'm not burger boy!

MARTY: (*shows the newspaper, the CLERKS reach around and take off AIDEN's disguises.*) Burger boy

AIDEN: I feel naked!

MARTY: Sorry! No shirt, no shoes, noooo service! And Bridget? I don't really like your music. It sets a bad example for teen girls everywhere.

BRIDGET: What did you just say?

MARTY: I think you heard me.

BRIDGET: (*slow burn*) You . . . you . . .

(*The PAPARAZZI snap pix.*)

PAP 2: Bridget loses her temper!

PAP 3: Bridget is allergic to criticism!

MOTHER: She is not. I criticize her all the time! She hasn't sneezed once.

PAP 4: Will Burger Boy come to the rescue?

MOTHER: No, but mom will! (*starts to act, then changes her mind.*) Wait a minute, I don't like it either.

MARTY: Give me Skynyrd or Sinatra any day.

MOTHER: I'll say.

LINDA: But this baby baby baby stuff . . .

MOTHER: Back in the old days, it was much more sophisticated. It was bee bop a doo bop. Do bop a ree bop. Now *that* spoke to a generation!

SKYY: Don't you think "Baby Baby Baby" speaks to a generation?

MOTHER: A generation of babies! (*happily*) Who, by the way, are putting money in our pocket. Bridget, only one scoop! Your figure and my wallet can't afford it! (*to SKYY*) We're mortgage poor.

BRIDGET: A DAY IN THE LIFE – Page 28

LINDA: May I recommend the Vivacious Vanilla?

MARTY: The Babylicious Blueberry?

LINDA: The Cosmopolitan Cheesecake?

MARTY: The Ronkalicious Rocky Road?

BRIDGET: No, you may not recommend. You are to bring me what I order.

LINDA: Not with that attitude.

BRIDGET: I want an ice cream! I haven't eaten in three days and I don't want any more delay!

(SHE tries to jump over the counter. AIDEN and MOTHER try to hold her back, and the PAPARAZZI start snapping photos.)

PAP 4: This is great!

PAP 3: You tell 'em, Bridget!

(A loud scuffle that people can't see... behind the counter, and in the end, BRIDGET comes up in disarray, but with a scoop of ice cream in HER hand, smiling as one lone flash from a camera frames the moment.)

BRIDGET: Sometimes you have to just take what you want!

AIDEN: Where's mine?

BRIDGET: Get it yourself!

MANAGER: *(annoyed)* You are so on the evening news tonight young lady.

BRIDGET: *(that's the point!)* Exactly!

MOTHER: *(takes the ice cream)* Give me that!

BRIDGET: Mother!

MOTHER: Is that how I taught you to behave in public?

BRIDGET: When am I NOT in public? Even when I'm in private I'm in public.

AIDEN: I don't think we can date if this is how it's always gonna be.

PAP 3: Burger guy dumps Bridget!

PAP 5: Leaves her for double cheese.

PAP 4: *(crowding around BRIDGET)* Bridget, How do you feel about being single again?

PAP 1: Are you heartbroken?

PAP 2: Will it inspire a new song? Perhaps . . . "No way, baby baby!"

AIDEN: *(sings, sort of)* No way, baby baby no way baby. It's all the same song.

MANAGER: *(intrigued)* Do that again.

AIDEN: I'm afraid to.

MANAGER: No, sing it!

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AIDEN: (*sings it again*) No way, baby baby no way baby. Oh baby oh baby don't say no baby. No way no baby.

MANAGER: What have we here? What do you think? (*puts an arm around AIDEN and parades HIM around to SKYY*) What do you think? (*to CAMERA OPERATOR*) What do you think?

CAMERA: I don't think. I just film.

MANAGER: Can this guy sing or what?

BRIDGET: It's more . . . or what? This is how it would go. (*sings*) "No way baby baby, no way baby!"

MANAGER: Now you do it, Aiden

AIDEN: (*sings, without a lot of enthusiasm*) No way, baby baby no way baby.

MANAGER: *This* is a voice. *This* is singing. *This* is a star in the making!

MOTHER: Are you serious?

MANAGER: This is going to make your mortgage look like pocket change. (*to AIDEN*) Do you have representation?

AIDEN: No, I come from a single parent household.

MANAGER: Representation! Do you have any?

AIDEN: I just want a scoop of ice cream!

MANAGER: You can have so much more. You can BE so much more!

AIDEN: No way, baby.

MANAGER: No way baby is *your way* to being everybody's baby! We need a boy singer! Masculine, yet vulnerable. Talented, yet modest. Boyish, yet manly. Handsome, yet homely.

MOTHER: Sounds like he's a bottle of wine!

MANAGER: Wealthy, yet tolerable. Come with me!

AIDEN: Uh . . . okay. But I have to be back at work at 7. I'm doing a split shift.

MANAGER: Not. Any. More. (*to BRIDGET*) Oh, and good luck.

MOTHER: But . . . you're my cousin! You can't leave the family!

MANAGER: Oh please. Any excuse I can get.

AIDEN: I really can't sing!

MANAGER: So what? America doesn't want talent. America doesn't know what to do with talent. America wants celebrity. America wants . . . Aiden Arthur the Burger Boy! (*drags AIDEN off stage*)

AIDEN: Heellllp!

BRIDGET: (*shouting and singing after him,*) No way baby, come back baby baby baby! (*SHE breaks down, dramatically.*)

PAP 3: (*following her*) Bridget! How does it feel to get a new boyfriend and be dumped all in the same day?

PAP 2: Bridget, does this mean that boys drive you crazy? Or do they drive you mad?

PAP 5: Or do they drive you nuts?

BRIDGET: (*calming down and regaining her poise*) Boys don't drive me anywhere. I have a chauffeur. (*takes off her wig, still overdramatic*) Here. Somebody fix my hair.

SCENE 8

A room where SKYY, BRIDGET and MOTHER are having a "candid personal interview." Could be the same interview room as before.

SKYY: *A Day in the Life* has just learned that, as we're filming, as we're following Bridget Spoils from sunup to sundown . . .

BRIDGET: I can't wait for it to get dark.

SKYY: Exciting night life?

BRIDGET: No, you'll go away and stop exposing me.

SKYY: You agreed to this.

BRIDGET: My mother agreed to this. I don't agree to anything. If I had my way, I'd be playing clarinet in high school orchestra and no one would know who I am. I'd be playing Franz Lehar's "The Merry Widow" overture and no one would come see it.

SKYY: Be that as it may, Bridget, just like the sun, your star is setting. Your sales of "Baby Baby Baby" peaked at 14 million. Your sales of "Oh Baby Baby" dipped to 12 million. Your sales of "Baby Baby" are a paltry 10.5 million.

BRIDGET: And counting.

SKYY: And not counting. You're finished, You're through. You're a has been.

BRIDGET: Ten point five million people bought my record.

MOTHER: That's not good enough.

BRIDGET: It's not like we need the money.

MOTHER: With that attitude I'm cutting your allowance.

BRIDGET: As long as the paparazzi follow me everywhere I go, it really doesn't matter if I sell a record or not. Look how many stars maintain their celebrity long after they've ceased to be relevant. I've never been relevant, I've just been popular. So it's a non-issue.

SKYY: We hear your sister's TV series is really taking off.

BRIDGET: What sister's TV series?

SKYY: (*can't believe SHE doesn't know*) Your sister's TV series.

BRIDGET: Mother, why didn't you tell me?

MOTHER: We thought it better that you concentrate on your career.

SKYY: You didn't know about your sister's TV show?

BRIDGET: No, I didn't know about my sister!

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MOTHER: That's Amy Flynne Spoils. She went straight from the maternity ward into production. We never really told Bridget about her. So Bridget, if your income dries up, mommy's still well provided for thanks to Amy Flynne's success in *Chloe 202*. But I would suggest you get on the ball.

(Enter STYLIST and PHOTOGRAPHER, on cue.)

STYLIST: *(showing a wig)* Or I'm out of work.

BRIDGET: *(looks at the wig)* You should be.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Or I'm out of work.

BRIDGET: You made me look ugly.

PHOTOGRAPHER: That wasn't my doing.

BRIDGET: Where's my boyfriend?

MOTHER: You don't have a boyfriend. It was just some boy from the burger barn.

BRIDGET: *(shows a paper)* Looks like I have a boyfriend to me. I want a date. All I have to do is look at a boy and the whole nation speculates. I'm as big a commodity as foreign oil.

MOTHER: I don't want you to end up like those other girls. Washed up at 18. At least wait until you're 21. I want to milk this cash cow as long as I can. And that, my dear, involves you singing about boys but keeping away from them.

SKYY: Looks like we've hit an unusual day in your life, Bridget.

BRIDGET: Not really. This is pretty typical.

MOTHER: The bickering.

STYLIST: The hairdos.

PHOTOGRAPHER: The pictures.

PAPARAZZI 1: *(all five of them enter)* And all of us following her around everywhere she goes.

BRIDGET: And, I never get to eat. It's been about three years now. All I want is ice cream and a soda. Is that so hard?

SKYY: But you haven't answered my question, Bridget. How do you feel about your career going down the toilet?

BRIDGET: It gives me room for a comeback, duh. *(to STYLIST)* I need a new look. *(to PHOTO)* I need new photos. I need to show my sister . . . *(to MOTHER)* whoever she is . . . that I'm not going to roll over and play dead.

SKYY: How do you feel about your boyfriend embarking on a career to be America's next teen heartthrob? Every girl in America is going to be looking at him dreaming of his kisses, listening to his songs, writing in her diary about taking him to the prom. And you'll be like... "Bridget who? Bridget what? Oh, I took those songs off the playlist." Doesn't that make you feel uncomfortable?

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BRIDGET: What was his name again? (*stands up*) Look Skyy Martin, do you know who I am? (*silence, BRIDGET gets more assertive*) That is not a rhetorical question! Do you know who I am?

SKYY: Well . . . you're . . .

BRIDGET: How can you claim to be doing a serious documentary on my life if you don't even know who I am?

SKYY: This isn't serious. We don't care about the truth. We just want some ratings. We want to cash in on the Bridget budget while people still care. So I hope this show airs soon!

(As BRIDGET makes this speech, the OTHER players on stage get disinterested with HER and start to leave, but SHE is so wrapped up in herself SHE doesn't notice.)

BRIDGET: I am the most important woman in American and worldwide pop music today. I've taken the "Baby Baby Baby" concept out from the world of mindless lyrics and elevated it to a serious art form. People who know me, who have invited Bridget Spoils into their lives, know the difference between "Baby Baby" and "Baby Baby Baby." And "Oh Yeah Baby." Before me, they all pretty much meant the same thing. Now, it speaks on its own to every segment of society. I've revolutionized the baby, and you want to throw it out with the bathwater. I have left an indelible impression upon American society and I will not back down . . . I will not . . . (*SHE notices EVERYONE is gone.*) Where did everyone go?

CAMERA: I'm still here.

BRIDGET: Who cares about you?

CAMERA: Everyone. Because I can end your career . . . just . . . like . . . (*HE turns off the camera.*) that. (*As HE turns off the camera, the lights go out, BRIDGET screams!*)

BRIDGET: Noooooooooooo!

SCENE 9

This scene can take place in the same studio as Scene 8, or in the same setting as Scene 1. SKYY is interviewing the various support staff, all of whom are more interested in THEIR own issues than this interview. On stage are SKYY, CAMERA OPERATOR, MOTHER, STYLIST, PHOTOGRAPHER, COSTUMER, and BRIDGET, off in HER own world. SKYY goes from one to the next, with CAMERA following.)

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SKYY: Just talk about Bridget.

STYLIST: (*standing in a corner of the stage, brushing out a wig, very snooty, paying more attention to the wig than to SKYY*) How much are you going to pay me?

SKYY: We're not. It's for her fans. They want to know about the people close to her.

STYLIST: I'm not close to her. I do her hair. And if you want me to do *your* hair, call 555-HAIR for an appointment. Now, for an extra large tip, I'll talk about Bridget.

SKYY: And what will you say about her?

STYLIST: I'll say that Bridget is a boy crazy, ice cream munching, homework skipping, overdubbed, lip synched, studio processed no talent with a mother who is out of control.

SKYY: (*To PHOTO*) It's been said that Bridget is a boy crazy, ice cream munching, homework skipping, overdubbed, lip synched, studio processed no talent with a mother who is out of control. What do you think about that?

PHOTOGRAPHER: (*analyzing some photos, perhaps chewing gum, and not that interested in SKYY*) More or less, yes.

SKYY: More yes, or less yes?

PHOTOGRAPHER: More yes, and less yes. I find working with Bridget fascinating. The real girl, the educated girl, the girl who uses big words like serendipitous and pusillanimous, versus the girl who can't put two words together in a song other than "Baby Baby," yet speaks to a generation. A generation! Did you hear me? A generation!

SKYY: The Gerber Generation. Generation G!

MOTHER: (*counting money*) I know many people think I'm controlling, cheap, demanding, and don't appreciate the music that's made us the millions we currently possess. But that's not true. If you'll notice, Bridget's personal trailer is a double-wide.

COSTUMER: (*examining some clothing*) Fitting Bridget is easy. She's only allowed to eat every other Thursday.

SKYY: Doesn't that play havoc with her health?

COSTUMER: This isn't about health. It's about fitting her into a costume.

SKYY: Doesn't she get crabby?

COSTUMER: Only if we make her wear purple. She hates purple.

SKYY: Aren't you afraid she'll have an eating disorder when she gets older?

COSTUMER: (*finally putting the clothing down*) Betcha dollars to doughnuts! And doughnuts are a dollar these days, it's ridiculous!

SKYY: Bridget, it's been said that you're a boy crazy, ice cream munching, homework skipping, overdubbed, lip synched, studio processed no talent with a mother who is out of control. How do you feel about that?

BRIDGET: Well . . . let me think . . . (*SHE does*) no.

SKYY: That's it? Those are some pretty serious accusations!

BRIDGET: How many number one singles does the accuser currently possess?

SKYY: Well . . . none.

BRIDGET: Exactly.

SKYY: So you're saying if people don't have any number one singles, they're not fit to analyze your personality?

BRIDGET: Exactly.

SKYY: What if I told you that Justin Timberlake, Mandy Moore, Hillary Duff, and Alka Yagnik all agreed?

BRIDGET: Who's Alka Yagnik?

SKYY: She's pretty much the number one singer in India.

BRIDGET: And I'm the number one singer in America. Yet, she's heard of me, and I haven't heard of her. What does that tell you?

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from BRIDGET: A DAY IN THE LIFE by Jerry Rabushka. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

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