

# IN THE LIVING ROOM

## By Geff Moyer

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# IN THE LIVING ROOM

Twelve short comedies for high school and up,  
all set in the living room

by  
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**NOTE:** With proper costuming and make-up, all roles can be performed by actors aged from teen and up. Doubling is very feasible, and some tripling, if necessary. Script may be performed with as many as 16M, 23F, 2E or, with some under-dressing of costumes, as few as 5M, 6F, 2E. How you would establish your doubling and tripling of roles should be based on enough time for performers to make necessary costume changes, and your knowledge of a performer's ability to handle various characters. For example, the character of "Denise" in "THE RAIN FOREST" could be the same "Denise" in "MOOD HAIR." Running time for all twelve scenarios should be around 90 minutes. Suggested intermission time would be following "SIBS."

**TIME:** Varies per show

**PLACE:** A modest suburban living room

**SETTING:** SR is front door with a window on the DS side of it. A coat rack stands by the door. USR from front door is a staircase leading to bedrooms. UC is a sofa facing the audience. A coffee table rests in front of sofa. DLC is an easy chair with an accompanying small end table. SL is a modest dining room table with four chairs, possibly on a riser. ULC is an arched entrance to the kitchen. The décor may be as plain as you wish or, perhaps, subtle changes made between shows during black outs, i.e., slight repositioning of sofa and easy chair, maybe a few throws could be used to change the color of the sofa, possibly replace artwork and/or photos on walls, etc. Bridging the different shows with some "fun" music to fill the time for any subtle changes you'd wish to make is suggested. **Ideally, to keep the pacing and flow of your show moving at a consistent clip, the blackout time between each scenario should be the same, say, ten-to-fifteen seconds.**

**SYNOPSIS: IN THE LIVING ROOM** is a collection of quirky and fun slices of life all within the same living room setting. **METAL HEADS IN ROCK N' ROLL HEAVEN** features two long-haired metal heads discussing their twisted views of various conspiracies and trying to determine where dead rock stars go. In **THE RAIN FOREST**, at the advice of his doctor, a man takes up a hobby – painting – but he's terrible at it. Or is he? **BASIC CABLE** has two bored teen girls anguishing over the fact that one of their parents refuses to install cable TV, or even BASIC cable TV. In **SUPERHEROES CAN'T LIE** we find Superman, Batman, and Spiderman discovering if they lie, they lose all their powers. So why did one of them lie? **LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL** has three teen sisters, all cheerleaders, banned from the school dance by their principal for “over-the-top gyrations” at the pep rally, and plotting their revenge. **SIBS** features a goth teen boy frantically searching for his skull head belt buckle and confronting his sister as to its whereabouts. **MOOD HAIR** has dad returning from ten days at an experimental laboratory to earn some extra cash to pay for his daughter's braces. But what was the experiment? **INTERVENTION**, Mom, Dad, and nerdy brother decide to have an intervention with their daughter who'd rather study than date. In **WNRA** a slightly proper and conservative business woman meets with an equally proper and conservative business woman regarding the purchase of a handgun. Two teen boys are desperately trying to gather the necessary amount of funds to attend the premiere night of the movie **ZOMBIE CHEERLEADERS FROM HELL**. Dad's lost his job. Grandma needs an expensive, life-saving operation. To survive, Dad has come up with a bizarre scheme that'll only work with **TEAMWORK**. **THE SÉANCE** features a teen mourning the death of her pet guinea pig who died in the middle of the night, not giving her a chance to say goodbye. So she sets up a séance with a psychic straight out of the Yellow Pages.

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### METAL HEADS IN ROCK N' ROLL HEAVEN

**CHARACTERS: (2 Males)**

**ONE** ..... A teenage male metal head

**TWO** ..... A teenage male metal head

**PROPS: 2 cans of Red Bull**

*Lights come up on both FELLOWS slumped into the sofa, feet up on the coffee table. THEY have long hair and wear tee-shirts such as IRON MAIDEN or BLACK SABBETH, ETC. EACH is drinking a can of RED BULL, which is a contradiction to the nature of their demeanors.*

TWO: Did I tell ya I gotta get a physical?

ONE: No, dude! What's wrong with you? Nothin' catching, is it?

TWO: I gotta an F in gym, so my Mom wants me to get a physical. She thinks my muscles are goin' soft or something like that! She just doesn't understand that gym ain't my thing, man.

ONE: Gym is lame, dude!

TWO: I hear ya, dude! And it's so embarrassing 'cause she still takes me to my pediatrician, my baby doctor, man... and the music they play there would even make a dead Elvis throw the goat... at least I get a sucker.

ONE: Hey, dude, did you know that Michael Jackson and Elvis had the same doctor?

TWO: You're nuts, dude! Elvis died in the fifties, fighting over in Germany. Now I can see Jackson and Kurt Cobain having the same doctor, since they both over dosed.

ONE: Cobain didn't O.D., man.

TWO: He didn't?

ONE: The press said he shot himself. Not true! He drowned when he jumped off the London Bridge 'cause Courtney Love stopped spending time with him 'cause she was doing that TV show, FRIENDS.

TWO: But the London Bridge is in Arizona, man. There's no water in Arizona, just desert.

ONE: London Bridge is in London! Check your geometry book, man! It's the LONDON Bridge! If it was in Arizona it'd be called the Arizona bridge!

TWO: The state of Arizona bought the London Bridge, for tourism.

ONE: For real?

TWO: For real!

ONE: Epic! The London Bridge is here in America! (A moment) But how do the Londoner dudes get along without a bridge?

TWO: They built a new one.

ONE: So did Cobain jump off the old one or the new one?

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TWO: Had to be the old one, dude!

ONE: The one in Arizona, right?

TWO: Right! 'Cause we know he didn't die in London. But I still say there's no water in Arizona, how could he have drowned?

ONE: They must've made a fake river or something. They had to put the London Bridge over water or, legally, they couldn't call it a bridge anymore. It'd just be... London!

TWO: A man-made river! Of course, man!

ONE: And maybe Cobain hit a rock in the river, you know, and it bashed his head in.

TWO: And that's why the press thought he shot himself!

ONE: 'Cause the rock bashing looked like a bullet hole!

TWO: But we know he drowned under the London Bridge! Right on! Another dead rock star mystery solved!

*(THEY both make identical twanging sounds and "air guitar" moves.)*

ONE: There ARE a lot of dead rock stars, man.

TWO: Tell me about it, dude!

ONE: You think there's a rock n' roll heaven?

TWO: Got to be! People from, say, the medieval days who are already in heaven would never dig that music. All they ever heard was those long trumpets and mandarins.

ONE: Truism, man! Their brains couldn't handle it.

TWO: No way! I think Rock's gotta have its own heaven.

ONE: Far out! It's own heaven! Epic thought, man!

TWO: Can you imagine the light show it'd have? Brutal, dude!

ONE: Crashin' thunder, rollin' clouds, lightning bolts shootin' all over the place.

TWO: Hey, you know, that's how Ben Franklin died, man. He got struck by lightning while he was flying a kite with one of his illegitimate kids, dude. He had a bunch of them.

ONE: He did?

TWO: Oh yeah, bunches!

ONE: Before or after he was President?

TWO: All of the above, man, plus during! That's why his picture is on the hundred dollar bill, 'cause he had one hundred illegitimate kids.

ONE: Busy dude!

TWO: Yeah, I did a report on him in seventh grade and found out about all that stuff. He even had French babies. That's why they cut the head off that French queen – her husband the king found out she had a wild night with ol' Ben and he didn't care for that! Whack!!! Off with her head! There's supposed to be some secret code on his hundred dollar bill, too, that leads to some giant treasure.

ONE: We oughta try to figure it out.

TWO: You got a hundred dollar bill?

ONE: I don't think I've even ever seen one.

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TWO: Blows that!

ONE: Bummer!

TWO: (*A moment*) There's supposed to be a secret code in our sixth grade science book, too.

ONE: I don't have that either. I burned it the summer after sixth grade, on our camping trip, remember?

TWO: Yeah. I burned my English book. They made a nice fire.

ONE: Without a doubt, dude! (*A moment*) There wasn't any secret code in it, too, was there?

TWO: Naw! Just stupid English stuff. That code in the science book though is supposed to be the secret to immortality.

ONE: I thought it was about living forever.

TWO: That's what immortality is, doofus!

ONE: Oh. I thought immortality meant something about going to church. Hey, did you know there's never been a left-handed Pope? Because the left is the side of Satan.

TWO: I'm left-handed.

ONE: You're going to Hell.

TWO: I am not!

ONE: Are too!

TWO: Am not! Besides, I don't believe in Hell. It's not some hot place below the ground because the earth's hollow and there's a race of aliens living down there.

ONE: The earth, too!?

TWO: Yeah, some explorer found... what'd you mean "too?"

ONE: The moon's hollow, too, man!

TWO: No way!

ONE: Way! During one of those unmanned missions to the moon, you know, before we actually went to the moon, back in the nineties... well, it might've had a monkey in it, I don't know... anyway, one of the moon rocket things crashed on the moon, and it rang, man, like a bell.

TWO: Epic!

ONE: Yeah, dude, it rang for three days, cause it's hollow, too. And that crashed ship is still there, man! Gee, I hope a monkey wasn't in it.

TWO: Hey, hey, brutal thought, dude: what if the moon's a giant spaceship!

ONE: "That's no moon..."

BOTH: "That's a space station."

*(THEY both make identical twanging sounds and "air guitar" moves.)*

TWO: Yeah, and the aliens fly back and forth from the moon to a big hole at the top of the world.

ONE: There's a hole up there?

TWO: Straight, dude! Some Admiral followed this giant bird up to the North Pole and saw it fly into this humongous hole and went in after it and discovered this race of aliens living there and they don't like us setting off atomic bombs.

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ONE: Can't blame 'em! You know, I bet that's where all them UFO's come from!

TWO: Naw! They come from another dimension.

ONE: There's more than one?

TWO: I saw this science special on TV that said there are all sorts of dimensions. We're just now breaking through to the third one with those 3D movies, dude!

ONE: Maybe rock n' roll heaven is in another dimension, man. Then they could play the music as loud as they wanted and not bother anyone.

ONE: OR... what if each kind of music has its own dimension?

TWO: Even Country?

ONE: Yeah, but it's dimension is a long way away from the others.

TWO: The Twangy Dimension!

*(THEY laugh.)*

ONE: And Rap is in the Hood Dimension!

*(THEY laugh.)*

Do you think they all go there, or just the ones who O.D.?

TWO: Good question, dude! I guess... but, wait, surely the ones who were shot, or died in car crashes and plane crashes go there, too.

ONE: Only justified, man! Only justified.

TWO: The old time rockers, you know, like Bill Haley and Fats Domino, who just... just died, you know, of old age or cancer or something, they probably go to regular heaven.

ONE: Colossally heavy, dude! But if you're a musician and die before your time, you go to the true rock n' roll heaven in another dimension to play on!

TWO: Oh, bummer thought, man!

ONE: What?

TWO: That means we'll never see it.

ONE: That's right! I wish I'd learned to play the guitar.

TWO: Me, too, dude! Wait a minute! Hold the phone! Stop your horses! Won't they need an audience?

ONE: SOLUTION! We're there, man! It's so cool when you get logical!

*(THEY both make identical twanging sounds and "air guitar" moves.)*

TWO: Hey, man, you wanna crush an ice cream sandwich?

ONE: Hook me up, dude!

TWO: Last one to the fridge is Stephen Tyler!

*(THEY both leap up and rush into the kitchen.)*

**BLACK OUT**

**THE RAIN FOREST**

**CHARACTERS: (1 Male, 2 Females)**

**MAN..... The husband**

**WOMAN ..... The wife**

**DAUGHTER ..... A teenager**

**PROPS: large, hideous modern art painting; backpack**

***A MAN wearing an artist's smock and a beret is hanging a large painting on the wall behind the sofa. It is a hideous piece of work; a desperate and poorly executed attempt at a Jackson Pollack style of modern art. HE steps back to admire his work. Soon, his WIFE enters the front door, obviously coming home from work. SHE hangs her coat on the rack than sees her husband and the "painting."***

WOMAN: What is that?

MAN: I call it, "Chaos In The Rain Forest."

WOMAN: Well, I can see the "chaos" part.

MAN: Thank you.

WOMAN: Are you just testing to see how it looks on a wall, I hope?

MAN: This is one I am not going to sell.

WOMAN: You haven't sold any, Donald. The third bedroom is filled with your... your paintings.

MAN: Yeah, isn't it great? They're just pouring out of me. But this one... this one speaks to me.

WOMAN: In what language?

MAN: English, Doreen! What a silly question.

WOMAN: Does it use a lot of foul words when it speaks to you?

MAN: It says, "We're dying. They're cutting down our home and we're dying."

WOMAN: They're not the only ones, Donald. I'm doing all I can to keep from dying of laughter.

MAN: Oh, real nice, Doreen! Very supportive! It was your idea to go to counseling, and that counselor said I needed a hobby. I got one. I did what the counselor suggested to help my blood pressure, Doreen, and what do you do? Ridicule! Ridicule, ridicule, ridicule, ridicule, ridicule!

*(A moment.)*

WOMAN: Are you finished?

MAN: Ridicule! Now I'm finished. There are people who understand and appreciate art, Doreen, and then there are people who think art is a Campbell's Soup Can. You fall into the latter, Doreen. I must turn a deaf ear to you. *(HE makes a melodramatic turn)*

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WOMAN: It sucks!

MAN: I heard that!

WOMAN: Good! Take it down!

MAN: I will not!

WOMAN: Than hang it in the garage, by the trash can. It can speak to it.

MAN: You're stifling me, Doreen! You are stifling my creativity!

WOMAN: Donald, I appreciate you taking up a hobby, and it has helped your disposition and blood pressure, but shouldn't a hobby be something you're... oh, I don't know... good at?

MAN: I chose art to release my inner self.

WOMAN: If that's your inner self than get checked for stomach ulcers!

MAN: Doreen, it's time for you to get educated.

WOMAN: I have more degrees than you, Donald!

MAN: In the ways of abstract art, Doreen. No degree can teach you appreciation. Did you know that half the world's species of plants, animals and microorganisms live in the rainforests? And fifty thousand species of them are being killed off every year? It's the lungs of our planet, Doreen, and they're gasping for air and screaming for help. (*HE takes her by the shoulders and moves her in front of the painting, facing it*) Close your eyes, Doreen!

WOMAN: Will it be gone when I open them?

MAN: Just go with me on this, okay?

WOMAN: (*Sighs and closes her eyes*) Okay, all right!

MAN: Imagine that you are a Capybara and you live....

WOMAN: A what!?

MAN: A Capybara, the world's largest living rodent.

WOMAN: (*Opens her eyes*) Are you serious?

MAN: CLOSE YOUR EYES!

WOMAN: OKAY!

MAN: Now... you're a Capybara, living deep in the rain forest. Life is good. The anacondas are sleeping so they won't eat you, and you can safely graze on your favorite grasses. Thousands of kinds of birds are chirping and singing thousands of different songs.

WOMAN: (*Singing*) "Everybody's heard about the Bird! Do the bird, do the bird, the bird, bird..."

MAN: Stop it!

WOMAN: (*Chuckling*) Sorry.

MAN: It's a virtual paradise. An Eden, Doreen. Everything in harmony. Then, a strange noise drifts out of the distance. (*HE makes the sound of a very distant bull dozer*)

WOMAN: What's that noise?

MAN: Exactly! Exactly what the Capybara and the thousands of other animals and birds are thinking: "What's that noise?" Suddenly, crashing through the jungle comes a giant bull dozer, smashing and flattening trees, ripping up your grazing ground. Animals are running in panic, birds are flying, trees are crashing to the ground, rocks are being

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crushed into gravel, the noise is terrifying, it is utter chaos! Now... open your eyes.

WOMAN: (*SHE does, and stands staring at the painting. Finally*) I see it! The splattered green: the destroyed jungle....

MAN: Yes!

WOMAN: The brown dots all over the place: the animals running in terror!

MAN: Yes, yes...

WOMAN: The big yellow globs, the bull dozers...

MAN: The terror...! Yes, yes, yes...

WOMAN: Oh my gosh, Donald... it... it really does say that!

MAN: Thank you, thank you, thank you...

(*The front door opens and their teenage DAUGHTER enters from school.*)

DAUGHTER: I'M HOME! (*SHE tosses down her backpack, then sees the painting*) God, who barfed on our wall?

(*The MAN and WOMAN look at their DAUGHTER for a moment.*)

WOMAN: Denise, come over here.

(*DENISE crosses to them.*)

Close your eyes! Now imagine you're a Capybara.

**BLACK OUT**

Do Not Copy

**BASIC CABLE**

**CHARACTERS: (2 Females)**

**TWO** ..... A teenage girl

**ONE** ..... A teenage girl

**PROPS: TV remote**

***TWO TEENAGE GIRLS are slumped into the sofa, BOTH with their feet on the coffee table, and BOTH staring out straight ahead. The TV remote is on the coffee table. It is raining and we hear occasional booms of soft thunder. Several long moments pass***

TWO: So... what'd ya wanna do?

ONE: I'd turn on TV but it'd be wasted energy reaching for the remote.

TWO: I don't know how you live without cable.

ONE: (*Mockingly*) "Too much violence, too much sex!" Jeez, my folks!!

TWO: Do they mean Cable or school?

(*BOTH girls laugh.*)

***Basic*** Cable's okay. It's pretty safe.

ONE: Tell that to my folks!

TWO: At least that's one thing our parents don't agree on. Basic cable should be a food group, than everyone would HAVE to have it!

ONE: Or at the least a prerequisite to being a parent. (*A pause*) Did you ask about the piercing?

TWO: Yeah.

ONE: (*A moment*) And?

TWO: No.

ONE: Then I definitely can't! Sometimes I hate it that our parents are good friends.

TWO: I told them, just one little one, right here (*gestures to the side of her nose*)! My dad says, "One leads to ten and then when we go visit your grandma and grandpa I can't get you through the airport metal detector!"

ONE: Parents are such deterrents.

TWO: That's a good analogy.

ONE: Huh?

TWO: How they always want you to clean up your room, clean up your language, clean up your act! They ARE deterrents!

ONE: "Deterrents," not deterrents! You're playing your I-Pod too loud. It's affecting your hearing.

TWO: How else can I drown out the mediocrity of our educational system?

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ONE: Actually, I don't hate all of my classes this semester. Only Biology! I cannot stand the thought of being taught about the human reproductive system by that bald, chubby, bow-tie-wearing, wrinkled old man Wilkinson!

TWO: I heard he's never even been married. How can someone who's never been married teach you about reproduction and sex? That's like someone who can't balance a checkbook teaching math.

ONE: Wilkinson needs to be put out to pasture, one full of cows, and stay there and watch **them** reproduce.

TWO: MMOOOOOO!

ONE: BRING IN THE BULL!

*(THEY laugh. A long pause.)*

TWO: So... what'd ya wanna do?

ONE: Wanna go to the mall?

TWO: *(Glancing at window)* We'd have to walk.

*(Thunder booms)*

ONE: Oh yeah.

TWO: Even with umbrellas our feet would get soaked. I don't wanna go sloshing around the mall in wet tennis shoes. And they reek when they're wet! Nasty!

ONE: *(Wiggling her feet)* Thank god for flip-flops!

TWO: Well, enjoy them while you can.

ONE: What's that mean?

TWO: I heard they were going to ban them.

ONE: What!? Who!?

TWO: School! They were going to ban wearing flip-flops!

ONE: No way! It'd cause a riot!

TWO: Teachers say they're too noisy, all the flapping they do!

ONE: They're flip-flops! They're supposed to flip and flop and flap!

TWO: Don't shoot the messenger! I'm just telling you what I heard.

ONE: From whom?

TWO: Kiley... who heard it from Vicki... who heard it from Annie... who heard it from Kristal.

ONE: Kristal!? Kristal Ball!? What does she know? She's an Emo! Kristal's not even her real first name. She just made it up to go with her last name, to sound more... Emoie!

TWO: How do you know?

ONE: Where does my mom work?

TWO: Oh, yeah! Attendance!

ONE: Her real name's Kristie. With a last name like Ball, and wanting to change her first name, she should've picked something like... foot, or basket, or base... or... or...

TWO: Rubber!

ONE: Volley!

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TWO: Now if she were a guy...

ONE: Don't go there! It'll just remind me of Wilkinson and his reproduction lectures!

*(THEY laugh. A long pause.)*

TWO: So... wanna do homework?

ONE: Did it in study hall.

TWO: Me, too. Any games on your cell?

ONE: Dead! Up in my room charging. Where's yours?

TWO: In my backpack.

ONE: Get it!

TWO: Left it in my stepmom's car. When she starts on one of her Dennis Miller rants I have to promptly exit the vehicle.

*(A moment.)*

ONE: I suppose your laptop's in there, too!

TWO: You think your folks will ever get internet?

ONE: If they did, they'd just block everything good. *(A moment)* You know what my mom told me?

TWO: What?

ONE: When she was our age, she and her friends used to make prank phone calls. They'd call up random people and say things like... uh... "We're taking a survey, sir. Could you tell us if your refrigerator is running?" The guy would say, "Yes." Then my mom would say, "Well, you better go catch it." And hang up.

TWO: That's lame!

ONE: Of course it's lame! My mom did it! That's not my point! I'm talking about how technology has given us some fun things, but also taken some away. With caller I.D., you can't even make prank calls.

TWO: You could get one of those "Unknown" I.D.'s, like those sneaky telemarketers do.

ONE: I suppose... if you're in to making prank calls.

TWO: I'm not.

ONE: Me neither. *(Pause)* You know, when we were kids, we never had any trouble finding something to do.

TWO: We had dolls.

ONE: And playhouses.

TWO: And coloring books.

ONE: And Play Dough!

TWO: You used to eat the Play Dough.

ONE: I remember this one time, after I had eaten some Play Dough, I pooped blue! Scared me to death; went running down to my Mom screaming, "My poop's blue, my poop's blue." She asked me what I ate, and I told her Play Dough. She just started laughing and said, "Try eating a variety of colors and maybe you can poop out a rainbow."

*(THEY laugh; A moment.)*

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TWO: Did you?

ONE: Didn't work. No rainbow!

TWO: Bummer!

*(A moment.)*

ONE: We could cook something.

TWO: I'm not hungry.

ONE: Me neither.

*(A pause.)*

TWO: Tennis.

ONE: Huh?

TWO: Another name for Kristal.

ONE: Oh. *(A pause)* Wanna go up to my room?

TWO: And do what?

ONE: I don't know. Pick up all the clothes on my floor?

TWO: Tons of fun!

ONE: Tons of clothes!

*(A pause and ONE sighs and reaches for the remote, the first move either of them has made.)*

No Basic Cable is a parent's worst punishment!

**BLACK OUT**

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**SUPERHEROES CAN'T LIE**

**CHARACTERS: (3 Males)**

**SUPERMAN** ..... Yep, the one you know and love

**BATMAN** ..... The Dark Knight himself

**SPIDERMAN** ..... Him, too

**PROPS: bowl of chips; unopened jar of salsa**

*In darkness, a doorbell rings. Lights come up and SUPERMAN enters stage from kitchen. HE carries a bowl of tortilla chips and an unopened jar of salsa, which HE places on the coffee table in front of the sofa. HE crosses to front door and opens it.*

BATMAN: *(Entering)* THIS is a fortress of solitude?

SPIDERMAN: *(Entering)* I expected something a little more...techno, maybe.

SUPERMAN: This is Lois Lane's house. She's out of town for the weekend so I figured this would be a more convenient place to meet.

BATMAN: Does she know we're using it?

SUPERMAN: I felt it was best to not tell her.

SPIDERMAN: So you broke in? Cool!

SUPERMAN: I have a key.

BATMAN: Aha! The relationship has reached the point of a key!

SPIDERMAN: Guess it does pay to wear your underwear on the outside.

*(SPIDERMAN and BATMAN laugh, then knock fists, which sends them BOTH flying backwards and to the floor.)*

SUPERMAN: Hey, watch it! You damage something and she'll know we were here.

BATMAN: *(Rising)* Gotta remember to pull back on the strength when we do that.

SPIDERMAN: *(Rising)* Yeah, I keep forgetting too.

SUPERMAN: Lois did not give me a key. I had one made.

BATMAN: Without her permission?

SUPERMAN: Uh, well... yes.

SPIDERMAN: Pretty devious for Superman.

BATMAN: You're not sneaking in here in the middle of the night, or while she's in the shower, or anything like that, are you?

SPIDERMAN: Taking photos of her?

BATMAN: Puttin' together a little special Lois Lane photo album?

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(BATMAN and SPIDERMAN laugh.)

SUPERMAN: Stop it!? We have a serious problem to solve.

SPIDERMAN: What? Tell us!

BATMAN: (*Pointing at his head*) I'm all ears!

(BATMAN and SPIDERMAN laugh, knock fists again and go flying backwards again.)

Did it again!

SUPERMAN: Hey, Larry and Curly Joe, if you're finished with the jokes then sit down and give me your undivided attention!

(BATMAN and SPIDERMAN sit on the sofa. SUPERMAN paces the room.)

Too many movies, comic books, cartoon shows are being made about us.

SPIDERMAN: And with us seeing no residuals!

SUPERMAN: Too many people know our secret identities. Sooner or later an arch enemy is going to see one of those movies, or read one of those comic books, and find out who we disguise ourselves as! And when they confront us with that knowledge, we'll have to admit it, because Superheroes can't lie.

BATMAN: Huh!?

SPIDERMAN: Who says?

SUPERMAN: What?

SPIDERMAN: Who says we can't lie?

SUPERMAN: It's in the code.

BATMAN: What code?

SUPERMAN: The Superhero Code. You both signed contracts to become Superheroes, right?

BATMAN / SPIDERMAN: Yeah, of course!

SPIDERMAN: Everyone has to!

BATMAN: The Hulk didn't!

SPIDERMAN: He didn't?

BATMAN: Can't read.

SUPERMAN: At the end of that contract was the code. Didn't you read it?

SPIDERMAN: Was it in English?

SUPERMAN: Of course it was in English!

BATMAN: Was it in a very small typeface? I have trouble with small typefaces.

SUPERMAN: (*A moment*) Neither of you read it, did you?

BATMAN: I had Alfred read it.

SPIDERMAN: I had to pick up my laundry by five.

SUPERMAN: The code says a Superhero can never lie. (*To SPIDERMAN*)

So, if someone comes up to you while you're Spiderman and asks, "Are you Peter Parker?" You can't lie!

SPIDERMAN: Bummer!

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SUPERMAN: (To BATMAN) Or, if they come up to you while you're Bruce Wayne and ask if you are Batman, you can't lie!

SPIDERMAN: A little white lie doesn't do any harm.

SUPERMAN: Tell that to Nixon!

BATMAN: What if we did lie!

SUPERMAN: You'd lose your superpowers right then and there! The only way you could get them back is to immediately tell the truth, correct the lie.

SPIDERMAN: Bummer! Boy, I'm glad it hasn't happened yet! (Gesturing to BATMAN) What about him? He doesn't have any superpowers to lose!

SUPERMAN: He'd lose his entire fortune and could no longer make those nifty little gadgets.

BATMAN: Double bummer! So what'd we do?

SUPERMAN: We swap our public identities.

BATMAN / SPIDERMAN: What? Huh?

SUPERMAN: In public life, I become Peter Parker. (To SPIDERMAN) You become Bruce Wayne. (To BATMAN) And you become Clark Kent! Then, if I'm asked if I'm Spiderman, I'm telling the truth by saying, No, I'm not! (To BATMAN) And if you're asked if...

BATMAN: Whoa now, bub! You expect me to wear those geeky black rimmed glasses and J.C. Penny suits? No way! Only Armani touches Bruce Wayne's skin!

SPIDERMAN: If I were him, the other him, Bruce Wayne, does that mean I'd have access to his bank account?

BATMAN: Not on your life, pal!

SPIDERMAN: I'm willing to give it a try.

BATMAN: (To SPIDERMAN) Don't you see what he's doing!?

SPIDERMAN: Making me rich!

BATMAN: He wants to be Peter Parker because he's after Mary Jane!

SPIDERMAN: WHAT!?! (To SUPERMAN) Is that true?

SUPERMAN: That's absurd!

SPIDERMAN: But is it true?

SUPERMAN: Don't be ridiculous!

BATMAN: Answer yes or no, Superman! And remember "the code!"

SUPERMAN: (A moment) No.

(A suspicious pause.)

SPIDERMAN: (Picks up jar of salsa and hands it to SUPERMAN) Open this!

SUPERMAN: Why?

SPIDERMAN: Just do it!

(SUPERMAN tries to open jar, but cannot. BATMAN grabs jar and opens it.)

BATMAN: It's true! He lied and lost his powers.

SPIDERMAN: So, right now, I could beat the crap out of him for trying to steal my girlfriend!

SUPERMAN: OKAY! I LIED! I'm sorry.

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SPIDERMAN: (To BATMAN) He apologized! So he got his powers back, right?

BATMAN: According to the code.

SPIDERMAN: I was just kidding about beating the crap out of you.

SUPERMAN: Okay, I admit it! Yes, I wanted Mary Jane. I'm tired of dating women with the initials "L.L!" Lois Lane, Lana Lang, Lori Lemaris, Lena Luthor, Lyla Llerol...

BATMAN: WHOA! You dated your arch enemy's sister?

SPIDERMAN: Was she bald, too?

SUPERMAN: I wanted to try an "M. J.!"

SPIDERMAN: But why MY M.J?

SUPERMAN: Because I don't know any other! Look, you guys get around, in your public life, I mean. Peter, you shoot photos, date Mary Jane, get sodas and burgers and such... and you, Bruce, you're always at swanky parties, always with a hot society woman on your arm...

BATMAN: I do my best.

SUPERMAN: During the day, when I'm Clark Kent, I'm slaving away at a typewriter – same office, same boring people, everyday. Lois saying, "Clark, when you go to lunch bring me back a BLT." Or that little twerp Jimmy Olsen with his constant, "Gee whiz, Mr. Kent!" You don't know how many times I've wanted to just pop his head off his shoulders and bowl it down the hallway. Then, at night I'm flying around the city fighting crime. I never have the chance to meet anyone.

BATMAN: So... what you're saying is... you're lonely.

SUPERMAN: (*Sinking into easy chair*) Yes.

BATMAN: Look, with all the women in my life, I'm sure I could find an "M.J." for you.

SPIDERMAN: (*Dryly*) How about Mick Jagger?

BATMAN: Hey, come on, Pete! He's hurtin' right now.

SPIDERMAN: Michael Jordon, Magic Johnson...

BATMAN: Look at the poor guy!

SPIDERMAN: He tried to steal my girlfriend!!

BATMAN: He apologized. He owned up to it! I'll bet between the two of us we could come up with a suitable "M. J." for our buddy here.

SPIDERMAN: Oh, I suppose.

SUPERMAN: You guys would do that for me?

BATMAN: (*Pulls pad of paper and pen out of utility belt*) Let's start making a list of M.J.'s.

SPIDERMAN: Does Lois have anything to drink?

SUPERMAN: (*Excited*) I'll check the fridge! I really appreciate this, guys. I really do. (*HE exits to kitchen*)

SPIDERMAN: Jeez, you'd think if any of us superheroes could get a date, it'd be Superman.

BATMAN: Well, he is from out of town.

SPIDERMAN: Very.

(*THEY laugh and knock fists, again knocking each other to the floor.*)

BATMAN: We gotta remember that!

SPIDERMAN: No kidding!

**BLACK OUT**

**LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL**

**CHARACTERS: (1 Male, 3 Females)**

**ELLIE.....Seventeen year old cheerleader**

**LILA.....Ellie's sister and a sixteen year old cheerleader**

**ALEXIS .....Their fifteen year old sister and cheerleader**

**DAD .....The girl's father**

**PROPS: pom poms, laptop, three pairs of black panty hose**

***As lights come up, ELLIE is seated at dining room table, reading her laptop. LILA and ALEXIS enter the front door. ALL are wearing their cheerleader outfits.***

ALEXIS: It's not fair. (*SHE throws down her pom poms and plops down on the sofa*) This is abuse! We should report it to the school board.

LILA: I told you the butt wiggle would put it over the top!

ALEXIS: It needed some spicing up. The crowd cheered!

LILA: You mean the guys in the crowd cheered.

ALEXIS: (*Smiles*) That's okay with me.

LILA: "Inappropriate, suggestive, and promiscuous." That's what he called it.

ALEXIS: I don't understand that! I mean, inappropriate and suggestive, okay... but why would he mention some Greek God, too.

LILA: Banned from the Homecoming Dance!

ALEXIS: I liked him better when he was Vice Principal.

LILA: He was nicer then! Not so uptight.

ALEXIS: Well, you know what they say, "Power erupts."

LILA: (*Observing ELLIE at laptop*) Ellie, aren't you just a little bit peeved about this?

ELLIE: I'm beyond peeved. I'm at getting even.

LILA: (*Crossing to ELLIE*) What'd you mean?

ELLIE: Exactly what I said: Getting Even!!

LILA: He's the principal, Ellie! How can we get even with the principal?

ALEXIS: Yeah, that's like trying to get even with the President. (*Suddenly shocked*) You're not thinking about...!!!

ELLIE: No! Assassination's too good for him. Too quick. We need to strike back with something that will cause long-lasting, lingering turmoil. And I think I've got it. What is his most treasured thing?

LILA: His job?

ELLIE: No!

ALEXIS: His car?

ELLIE: No! His hair!

LILA: His hair!

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ALEXIS: His hair!

ELLIE: You know how he's constantly running a comb through that outdated Elvis pompadour! You know how much he values his hair.

ALEXIS: That's right.

LILA: I think he'd give up a finger before he'd give up his hair.

ELLIE: I say we take his hair!

*(A moment.)*

ALEXIS: Take it where?

LILA: And just how do you propose we do that? We can't just pin him down and shave his head.

ALEXIS: Oh, that kind of "take!"

ELLIE: A Voodoo curse!

*(A moment.)*

LILA: A what?

ELLIE: I've been online, studying about Voodoo curses, and they work! They really work! And they're supposed to be even stronger when sisters do it together. There's this famous Voodoo Priestess Abayami Oongowi, and she has these curses for all sorts of things. And there's one to make a man go bald!

LILA: You're kidding, right?

ELLIE: Lila, what'd we have to lose? If it doesn't work, it doesn't work. But we'll have the satisfaction of at least **trying** to get even.

*(A moment as ALEXIS and LILA look at each other.)*

ALEXIS: What'd we have to do?

ELLIE: We have to say a chant over a treasured object of his.

LILA: What treasured object?

ALEXIS: How do we get a treasured object?

ELLIE: *(Grins and holds up a comb)* I got it! I was walking behind him today, down the hallway, and he ran the comb through his hair, like always, but when he went to slip it back into his back pocket, he missed it. And I got it.

LILA: Well, that certainly is a treasured object.

ALEXIS: That's really his comb?

ELLIE: Come on, Alexis, you've seen enough times. You've seen him running it through that oily mess.

LILA: So we just say a chant over his comb and he'll go bald?

ELLIE: Well, I don't know if it'll happen overnight, but, yes, that's what it's supposed to do.

ALEXIS: What's the chant?

ELLIE: Laissez les bon temps roulet.

LILA: Huh?

ALEXIS: I don't speak Spanish.

ELLIE: It's simple! Listen! Lay zay lay bon tom roo lay.

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ALEXIS / LILA: Lazy bond tomb...

ELLIE: No, no! Take it a few steps at a time. Lay zay lay bon!

ALEXIS / LILA: Lay zay lay bon.

ELLIE: Tom roo lay.

ALEXIS / LILA: Tom roo lay.

ELLIE: Now all together. Lay zay lay bon tom roo lay.

ALEXIS / LILA: Lay zay lay bon tom roo lay. Lay zay lay bon tom roo lay.

ALL GIRLS: Lay zay lay bon tom roo lay. Lay zay lay bon tom roo lay.

Laissez les bon temps roulet, laissez les bon temps roulet, laissez les bon temps roulet.

ELLIE: (*As OTHER GIRLS still repeat it to themselves*) You got it! Now, we place the comb down on the table and hold hands. Alexis in the middle since she's the youngest. Lila, your other hand and my other hand must touch the comb.

(*THEY do the action.*)

Now we each have to spit on the treasured object in order of age, since we're sisters.

ALEXIS: Can we move our hands before we spit?

LILA: Yeah, I don't want spit all over my hands.

ELLIE: I guess so. The spit's supposed to be on the comb, so I guess we have to move our hands.

(*THEY remove their hands. ELLIE spits on it, then LILA, then ALEXIS.*)

Now the chant, five times.

ALL: LAISSEZ LES BON TEMPS ROULET! LAISSEZ LES BON TEMPS ROULET!

(*A moment.*)

LILA: What is it exactly that we were saying?

ELLIE: I have no idea. It's just the chant you say for a baldness curse.

ALEXIS: So we could've called up some hideous voodoo zombie monster that'll just rip all his hair out.

ELLIE: I doubt that! It'll probably just start to fall out. But we're not through.

LILA: What else?

ELLIE: The coup de grace! The action that seals the curse! We throw a cup of chicken blood on him.

LILA / ALEXIS: WHAT!?! YUK!?! YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!!

LILA: Why didn't you tell us that before we started all this?

ALEXIS: Yeah, you know how memorizing gives me a headache.

ELLIE: Excuse me! I thought you knew! Every voodoo curse involves chicken blood.

LILA: Oh gee, I guess I missed that when I was studying up on voodoo curses!

ALEXIS: Wait a minute! I think I can get that.

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LILA: Get what?

ALEXIS: Chicken blood. Jake works at KFC.

ELLIE: He'd do that for you?

ALEXIS: Jake would do anything for me.

ELLIE: You can't let him know what it's for.

ALEXIS: I'll tell him it's for a science project.

ELLIE: Excellent.

LILA: One question. How do we throw chicken blood on him without him knowing who we are?

ELLIE: Got that solved. *(SHE pulls three pairs of black party hose out of her backpack)* We wear these! And, obviously, clothing he won't recognize. He always leaves school late. We hide out by his car. When he gets to it, we run up and throw the chicken blood on him.

LILA: Can't just one of us do that? Like you!

ELLIE: The curse only works if all who have made it participate in all steps. That's what the Priestess Oongowi said on her website. *(SHE slips a party hose over her head)* Put 'em on! Look at each other! You'll see, he'll never know it was us.

*(THEY all put the party hose over their heads and look at each other. THEY can't keep from laughing.)*

ALEXIS: Look at us! He'll think some Oriental street gang did it!!

LILA: *(To ELLIE)* You look like a prune!!

ELLIE: You look like Aunt Sarah!!

*(As THEY sit there making faces and laughing at each other, their FATHER enters the front door and sees them. THEY freeze.)*

DAD: You three gonna rob a bank now? Do I need to call a therapist?  
Don't you think you've embarrassed me enough for one day?  
Remember, NO DANCE! *(HE stomps upstairs)*

*(A moment.)*

ALEXIS: I still liked him better when he was the Vice Principal.

**BLACK OUT**

**SIBS**

**CHARACTERS: (1 Male, 1 Female)**

**ARNIE**..... Teenage boy about fifteen

**LIZZIE**..... Teenage girl about seventeen

**PROPS:** school books; notebooks; pencil; black belt with no buckle;  
skull & crossbones belt buckle

*LIZZIE is seated at the dining room table, frustrated with her homework. SHE wears a robe, slippers, and has a towel around her wet hair. Her brother, ARNIE, descends the stairway with a belt in his hand. HE wears decorative boxer shorts, socks, and a black tee shirt. His hair is jet black and HE wears black fingernail polish and, possibly, a little black eyeliner.*

ARNIE: Have you seen my skull and crossbones belt buckle, Lizard?

LIZZIE: *(Without looking up from her homework)* That's not my name.

ARNIE: Have you seen my Skull and bones belt buckle, Elizabeth?

LIZZIE: That's not my name either.

ARNIE: LIZZIE, have you seen my...?

LIZZIE: Dad said he was thinking about melting it down for its silver content.

ARNIE: I need that buckle for my belt. It holds up my pants.

LIZZIE: The pants with all the stupid safety pins on them?

ARNIE: Yeah.

LIZZIE: The ones you wear every day, until they're stiff enough to stand up by themselves? Why don't you just use a couple of the safety pins to pin the pants to your waist? Aren't you into pain and that stuff?

ARNIE: That's an Emo, Lizard.

LIZZIE: Oh, that's right! You're a Goth, which rhymes with trough, which is what pigs eat out of.

ARNIE: Is that supposed to offend me?

LIZZIE: No, Arnie! You offend yourself everyday by looking like that.

ARNIE: Why are you so shallow?

LIZZIE: I'm not! I'm just disconcerted!

ARNIE: Unconcerned. There's no such word as disconcerted. And obviously you are concerned, or it wouldn't bother you how I look! Why are you so concerned?

LIZZIE: Oh, maybe because it just started this semester, out of the blue, and all my girlfriends keep asking, "What happened to your kid brother? He used to be so cute! Now he looks like Edgar Allen Poe!"

ARNIE: They said I was cute?

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LIZZIE: What happened, Arnie? Where'd my kid brother go? (*SHE raps on his forehead*) Hello? Are you in there, Arnie?

ARNIE: What are you working on?

LIZZIE: Algebra! Why?

ARNIE: That's why you're so testy!

LIZZIE: I have to work at this stuff just to keep ungroundable grades. You breeze through it! That's what I mean! You've got so much going for you and then you turn to the Dark Side. Why?

ARNIE: I want to date Becca Bukowski!

LIZZIE: (*A stunned moment*) You're doing this for a girl?

ARNIE: Not just "a girl!" Becca Bukowski!

LIZZIE: What? Does she only date guys who look like corpses?

ARNIE: Do you even know who she is?

LIZZIE: If she's one of those Goth girls, I couldn't possibly tell you which one because they all look alike – clown white make-up, black clothes, black eyes and nails. Their heads are always hanging down... how do **you** even know what she looks like? Did you have to stoop down in front of her and look up to see if she's hot?

ARNIE: She's the Queen!

LIZZIE: "Queen!?" Queen of what?

ARNIE: The Goths at school.

LIZZIE: They have royalty? Are you the Jester? (*Chuckles*)

ARNIE: She's the one all the others look up to.

LIZZIE: They don't look up, Arnie, remember?

ARNIE: You know what I mean! Like how the other cheerleaders look up to you! You know, your group looks just as lame to us – all the rah, rah, ziz-boom-bah crap!

LIZZIE: It didn't used to. I remember when you used to sneak up by my bedroom door to watch us practice in my room.

ARNIE: That's  $X$  equals two  $Y$  squared!

LIZZIE: What!?

ARNIE: The problem you just did; the answer is  $X$  equals two  $Y$  squared. You forgot the squared.

LIZZIE: See what I mean? I knock myself numb for twenty minutes trying to figure this crap out and you glance over my shoulder and get the answer just like that. It's not fair.

ARNIE: Most of us are good at math.

LIZZIE: "Us!?"

ARNIE: The other Goths I been hangin' with – we're all good at math. Don't know why, but I'm sure Freud would find something.

(*THEY laugh.*)

Even Taylor, that ex-jock you used to have the hots for, he's good at math.

LIZZIE: Taylor? Taylor Oberman? He's a... a Goth?

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ARNIE: Yeah! Well, kinda! He started hangin' with us a few weeks ago. He doesn't paint his nails black or wear the eye liner, but he digs the black clothes, and a lot of our music.

LIZZIE: Really!?

ARNIE: Really!

LIZZIE: And he's good at math?

ARNIE: Not as good as me, but pretty good... and he's always willing to help people with it.

*(A moment.)*

LIZZIE: You know, **Winnie** Bukowski is a freshman cheerleader this year.

ARNIE: Becca's sister?

LIZZIE: We might be able to work something out here.

ARNIE: I put in a word to Taylor for you, and...?

LIZZIE: I put in a word to Winnie about Becca for you.

ARNIE: Then we see where everything lands.

LIZZIE: Couldn't hurt.

ARNIE: Wouldn't even pinch! You want some help with that?

LIZZIE: Love it.

ARNIE: Soon as I find my belt buckle.

LIZZIE: You better check with Dad! I wasn't kidding about him melting it down for the silver content.

ARNIE: *(Rushing into kitchen)* DAD!!??

*(LIZZIE pulls a belt buckle out from under her pile of homework, then slips it back under some papers and returns to her homework.)*

**BLACK OUT**

**MOOD HAIR**

**CHARACTERS: (1 Male, 3 Females)**

**MORGAN** ..... A high strung teenage girl

**KAREN** ..... Her mother

**DAVE** ..... Her father

**DENISE** ..... Morgan's friend

**PROPS: small suitcase, bright blue wig; bright red wig**

***As lights come up, MOM is seated on sofa. MORGAN enters and tosses down her backpack.***

MORGAN: You beat me home? That's unusual.

MOM: We need to talk.

MORGAN: Oh, no! You lost your job! Oh, no! That's why you're home so early, isn't it? How will we eat?

MOM: Morgan, I didn't lose my job.

MORGAN: Then what? Why are you home so early?

MOM: Your father's coming home today and things might be... well, a little different.

MORGAN: I knew you were lying to me! I knew he didn't go on any business trip. Dad never goes on business trips.

MOM: No, it wasn't a business trip...

MORGAN: You're splitting up, aren't you? That's what this was, a separation. Has he been with another woman these past ten days? Is that it? I hate him!

MOM: Morgan, please, stop it! We're not splitting up.

MORGAN: You don't care if he's been with another woman!? I'm ashamed of you, Mother!

MOM: He has not been with another woman. He's been at a medical research facility.

MORGAN: Oh no! My father's dying! I'm going to lose my daddy...

MOM: STOP IT! He's not sick.

MORGAN: He's not?

MOM: It's a medical research facility that pays people to conduct experiments on them.

MORGAN: Oh no! He's going to come home with three arms, or some strange mutant growth in him with things bursting out of his...

MOM: STOP IT! He did it to get the money for your braces!

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*(A moment.)*

MORGAN: Oh. Oh.

MOM: He's being paid five thousand dollars to allow them to test some new drug on him.

MORGAN: A DRUG!? What kind of drug? It's not something that's going to screw with his DNA and change him into a woman, or a hamster, or something freaky, is it?

MOM: He couldn't tell me.

MORGAN: Oh god, he can't talk! They took away his ability to speak!

MOM: No, no, no! I mean, it was a secret experiment. He could not talk to anyone about it. I haven't even been able to contact him for the past ten days. He's been shut in their lab and can't even phone out to anyone.

MORGAN: This sounds like one of those weird government experiments. I'll bet they've been giving him LSD and all sorts of stuff. He probably won't even recognize us, Mom. What if he can't even find his way home? He'll be roaming all over forever...

MOM: He phoned me this morning and said he was coming home. One of their drivers is bringing him. He sounded fine, Morgan.

MORGAN: Oh my gosh, ten days, no contact! That means... he doesn't know about Randolph.

MOM: I'm afraid so. I'm afraid we'll have to tell him.

MORGAN: How are we going to tell him the dog he had for fifteen years in now buried in the backyard?

MOM: Sixteen...

MORGAN: He'll fall to pieces!

MOM: We did give Randolph a little marker, Morgan, so your father could see where he rests.

MORGAN: What if Dad wants a last look at him? What if he decides to dig him up? Randolph's been buried for six days, Mom. He'll be all stiff and rotting and wormy! That would be a terrible sight if Dad dug him up.

MOM: Well, we'll just have to keep him from doing that.

MORGAN: How!?

*(The front door flies open and DAD steps in, cheery, and carrying a small suitcase.)*

DAD: DO NOT FEAR, DADDY IS HERE! *(Laughing)* HUGS, PLEASE!

*(MOM and MORGAN run to DAD and THEY all hug.)*

Oh, I've missed you guys!

MOM: We missed you, too, Dave!

MORGAN: Are you okay, Daddy? What'd they do to you? Did they hurt you? Change you? Make you weird or...

DAD: I'll tell you all about it in a minute. *(Calling)* RANDOLPH! Here, boy! Come here, Randolph.

MOM: Dave...

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DAD: Is he outside? (*Starts to kitchen*) RANDOLPH? Where are you, ya old fart? RANDOLPH...?

MORGAN: Daddy, Randolph died.

(*A moment.*)

DAD: What!?

MOM: Dave, you know how old he was...

DAD: No, no... RANDOLPH!? RANDOLPH!?

MOM: Dave, no, he really is dead. We found him behind the sofa, just four days after you left.

MORGAN: He must've died during the night, Daddy. We found him in the morning.

DAD: (*Sits, stunned*) Dead. Randolph.

MOM: I'm sorry you had to come home to this, Dave, but we weren't allowed to contact you.

DAD: Sixteen years. I had Randolph longer than I had you, Morgan.

MORGAN: We buried him in the backyard.

MOM: We put up a little marker, so you'd know where he rests.

DAD: (*Rises and exits to kitchen*) I have to see it. (*HE is gone*)

MORGAN: Well, at least he doesn't have three arms, and he seemed okay. I wonder what they did?

MOM: He'll tell us in time. Right now, we have to let him mourn. Randolph was his buddy for a long time, Morgan.

MORGAN: What if he doesn't get over it? What if Daddy turns into a manic depressant? What if he sinks into some dark funk and never returns and...

MOM: Morgan, aren't you supposed to spend the night at Denise's?

MORGAN: Yeah, but...

MOM: Why don't you go on over there, Dear. If there is anything seriously wrong with your father, I'll call you.

MORGAN: You promise?

MOM: Promise.

MORGAN: Swear?

MOM: Swear.

MORGAN: I have my cell.

MOM: Good.

MORGAN: (*Crossing to her backpack*) You know my number, right?

MOM: You're my daughter, Morgan, I know your number.

MORGAN: Oh yeah, I forgot. Anything, Mom, if anything happens, you call me, okay.

MOM: (*Leading MORGAN to the door*) Yes dear, I will.

MORGAN: Promise?

MOM: Promise.

MORGAN: Swear?

MOM: Again! Swear!

MORGAN: I'll call you in a half hour.

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MOM: (*Helping MORGAN out the door*) Please don't. I'll call you.

(*MORGAN exits and MOM hesitates for a moment then starts to cross to kitchen.*)

MORGAN: (*Sticking her head back in the door*) Half an hour, Mom, I'll call you.

MOM: (*Struggling to maintain HER cool*) Fine, dear! You call!

MORGAN: I will, don't worry. (*SHE is finally gone*)

(*As MORGAN shuts the door, DAD enters from the kitchen. HE is quite sad and his hair is bright blue.*)

DAD: I think I want to make a nicer marker for him.

MOM: (*Shocked, staring at his hair*) Your... your hair...!

DAD: Maybe I'll carve something for him.

MOM: DAVE, YOUR HAIR!

DAD: What?

MOM: It's... it's blue.

DAD: Because I'm sad. (*HE sits in easy chair*) Are there any nice poems about dogs? You know, something I could carve on a slab of...

MOM: Why is your hair blue?

DAD: Huh? Oh! I told you, because I'm sad. That was the experiment.

MOM: Blue hair was the experiment?

DAD: No. Mood hair. My hair changes color with my mood. It'll wear off in a few days. At least he died peacefully in his sleep!

MOM: Yes! The blue will wear off?

DAD: No, the blue will change when I'm not sad. The experiment will wear off. He died just four days after I left? Poor guy.

MOM: (*Not being able to take her eyes off his hair, wanting to touch it*) Uh, yeah, yes. We found him behind the sofa that morning. It's a pretty shade of blue.

DAD: I wish you would've told me when it happened. I should've been here with him, those last minutes.

MOM: We weren't supposed to have any contact for ten days. You told me that! Can I touch it? Or will I catch it?

DAD: It's not contagious, Karen, for crying out loud! Surely they would have let you inform me of an emergency like that.

MOM: Doesn't feel any different.

DAD: It's a pretty important thing, when a man loses his best friend. Maybe I could put that on his marker: My Best Friend. Poor Randolph. He died alone. Poor ol' guy. You think he thought of me as he was dying?

MOM: I really can't say what a dog would think, Dave.

DAD: Because that's all he was to you: a dog!

MOM: That's not fair. You know I loved Randolph. Even these last six months when he had terrible gas.

DAD: You made him leave the room every time he passed it. Did you even **try** to contact me?

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MOM: You told me I couldn't.

DAD: (*Rises, growing more irritated*) That's never stopped you before. I'll bet if you had made the effort, and told them what had happened, they would've let you contact me. This wasn't some Nazi internment camp, Karen!

MOM: Dave, you've been gone for ten days. Can't we sort this out calmly?

DAD: I also noticed his leash is still hanging by the back door. It should be placed on his marker, Karen. It was his! Tell me, did you have a little coffin made for him? Is he comfortable?

MOM: Uh, well, we wrapped a bath towel around him and...

DAD: A BATH TOWEL!? That's it? A bath towel, so he can be eaten by worms?

MOM: I'm sorry, I didn't think it...

DAD: (*Crossing to kitchen*) You didn't think! No, you didn't! I'm putting his leash on his marker, Karen. (*HE exits, calling from kitchen*) Something you should've thought of!! A bath towel! (*Back door slams*)

(*The phone rings and KAREN crosses and answers it.*)

MOM: Hello. (*Pause*) Morgan, it hasn't been a half hour. (*Pause*) No, he hasn't freaked out on me. (*Pause*) No, he isn't digging up Randolph. Morgan, if anything strange happens I'll call you. (*Pause*) I don't know what "strange" means, Morgan. Morgan, Morgan, take a deep breath! Calm down and enjoy your evening with Denise. (*Pause*) Are you breathing? (*Pause*) I'll talk to you later. Goodbye.

DAD: (*We hear back door slam again*) A BATH TOWEL!? (*HE enters and his hair is now bright red*) I suppose it wasn't even one of our nicer bath towels, now was it, Karen?

MOM: That would've messed our sets. Your... your...

DAD: (*Angry*) So Randolph wasn't even worth losing a matched set of towels to you, was he?

MOM: Your hair is red!!!

DAD: And what does that tell you about my mood, Karen? What does that tell you about the inhumane way you handled Randolph's demise?

MOM: "Inhumane!?" He was a dog, Dave!

DAD: You're cold, Karen! You're so cold! When I die, are you gonna wrap me in a towel, too? If so, god forgive you should break up one of our matching sets. (*Grabs his suitcase and exits upstairs*)

MOM: (*At foot of stairs, calling up, almost in tears*) This is not fair, Dave! You're not being fair! You told me I couldn't contact you. Morgan and I have both been dreading having to tell you about Randolph. We know how much you loved him. Believe it or not, we loved him, too. For three days after he passed, not gas, I mean, died, I looked for him each morning to fix his food. And each morning, after I realized he was gone, I cried a little... not just for him... but for you, too. (*Sits on steps*) You're making this very hard, Dave.

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*(A pause as SHE buries her head in her hands. Soon, DAVE appears at the top of the stairs. His hair is back to its normal color.)*

DAD: I've never heard you speak like that about Randolph.

MOM: He was *your* dog, Dave. But what hurts you, hurts me.

DAD: *(Comes down stairs and sits beside her)* I'm sorry, Karen.

MOM: *(Leans her head on his shoulder)* Your hair is normal again. Are you?

DAD: I'm fine. It'll take some time... but... I'll be fine. *(A moment.)* Where's Morgan?

MOM: She's spending the night at Denise's.

DAD: You mean we're alone?

MOM: Yes.

DAD: After ten days apart?

MOM: *(Smiling)* Yes.

*(A moment.)*

DAD: *(Grinning)* What'd you say we go upstairs and see what color my hair turns.

MOM: I thought you'd never ask.

*(Excited, THEY start up the stairs hand in hand when the door flies open and it's MORGAN and DENISE.)*

MORGAN: We decided we wanted to stay over here tonight, just in case you needed us.

DENISE: Don't worry about anything, I'm a Candy Striper!

**BLACK OUT**

**INTERVENTION**

**CHARACTERS: (2 Males, 2 Females)**

**FATHER** ..... A middle aged man  
**JENNY** ..... His attractive teenage daughter  
**MOTHER** ..... A middle aged mother  
**BROTHER** ..... A “nerd”

**PROPS:** school books; notebooks; pencil; skimpy shorts; skimpy halter top; fish net hose; bag

***An attractive teenage girl, about seventeen, is seated at the dining room table, studying. SHE wears jeans and a sweatshirt. Her MOTHER, FATHER and older BROTHER enter and seat themselves on the sofa.***

FATHER: Jenny, would you come in here, please?

JENNY: *(Without looking away from her homework)* I'm right here, dad.

MOTHER: We need you in here, Jenny. Please?

JENNY: *(Reluctantly leaving her homework, SHE crosses and sits in the easy chair)* What's up?

FATHER: Jenny, this is an intersection.

MOTHER: Intervention.

FATHER: Same thing! Jenny, you're at a crossroads in your life, and we want to make sure you select the right path.

JENNY: The right path?

MOTHER: We're worried about you, dear.

JENNY: Why?

FATHER: You'll be seventeen next month and have never been on a date.

MOTHER: And you're a very attractive young lady.

BROTHER: All my friends think you're hot *(gives a snorting chuckle)*.

JENNY: *(Dryly)* That's reassuring.

FATHER: All you do is study.

JENNY: I like to study.

FATHER: *(To MOTHER)* You see? I told you! This is worst than we thought!

MOTHER: We'll get through it. Together.

JENNY: Get through what?

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FATHER: Your lack of social contact, Jenny. This is high school. By your age, your mother and I had already...

MOTHER: ...been dating for over a year!

JENNY: I haven't met anyone I'd really like to date. What's the big deal?

BROTHER: My friend Arnold thinks you're the prettiest girl in school.

JENNY: Your friend Arnold wears his pants up around his chest. *(Rising)*  
This is ridiculous. I've got homework...

FATHER: Sit back down, young lady. This intersection is not concluded.

MOTHER: Intervention. Tell me something, dear. You do like boys, don't you?

JENNY: Of course I do.

FATHER: That's a relief. I was afraid you wanted to be a nun. Talk about unflattering outfits!

MOTHER: *(To FATHER)* Dear, we're not catholic.

FATHER: Do you have to be catholic to be a nun?

MOTHER: I assume you do.

BROTHER: I think you have to become catholic first to actually become a nun.

FATHER: So it *is* possible for her to become...

JENNY: I DON'T WANT TO BE A NUN!

MOTHER: What *do* you want to be, Jenny, dear?

JENNY: A high school graduate to start with!

FATHER: That's a good start. A very good start. Now we're starting to intersect.

MOTHER: Intervene.

FATHER: And a large part of being a successful high school graduate is learning how to properly date.

JENNY: Why aren't you doing this for Trevor. He's older than me and has never been on a date.

FATHER: It's too late for Trevor.

BROTHER: *(With a snorting chuckle)* Yeah!

MOTHER: We gave up on him, when was it, dear?

FATHER: Two summers ago.

MOTHER: That's right, in August. I remember how hot that month was.

FATHER: A scorcher!

BROTHER: I got a first degree sunburn.

MOTHER: But it's not too late for you, dear.

FATHER: You have all the positives, Jenny. You're attractive, you dress well, you have a driver's license, and you bathe every day...

JENNY: Whoa! Whoa! Wait a minute! What does having a driver's license have to do with dating?

FATHER: So you can drive around and scout for potential dates, of course.

MOTHER: That's right, dear. They're not just going to come knocking on our front door. You may have to make the first move.

JENNY: What's the first move? Running them over with the car?

FATHER: It's a start.

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BROTHER: Arnold would probably let you do that, if you really wanted to.  
As a matter of fact, I'm sure he would, because he told me he'd fight a Piamat for you (*gives a snorting chuckle*).

JENNY: A what!?

MOTHER: A Piamat, dear. That's a very evil creature in Dungeons and Dragons.

FATHER: You see? Right there! Those are the kind of things you need to know to get a date.

JENNY: Do you all know how silly you sound?

FATHER: Now, see here, young lady, we're doing this for your benefit. Now here's the deal: Trevor's going to finish your homework. Here are the keys to the car. You're going out and round up a date.

JENNY: I'm what!???

MOTHER: But you need to wear something different, dear. So I got you these. (*SHE pulls out a very skimpy pair of short-shorts*)

JENNY: (*Mortified*) If I wear those half my butt cheeks will be hanging out!

MOTHER: That's the point, dear. (*SHE pulls out a short and revealing halter top*) And I got you this to go with them.

FATHER: That'll show off your tattoo.

JENNY: What tattoo!?

BROTHER: (*Snorting chuckle*) Arnold calls them a "tramp stamp."

MOTHER: A fake one would be okay, don't you think, dear?

FATHER: As long as it didn't wear off too soon.

MOTHER: And the piece de resistance... (*SHE unrolls a pair of fish net panty hose*)

JENNY: Oh no...

MOTHER: I got them at Wal-Mart.

JENNY: I'm not wearing those!

BROTHER: Arnold would like them.

JENNY: Arnold would probably wear them!!!

MOTHER: It's okay, Jenny. They were on sale.

FATHER: Young lady, you march upstairs and put those on or say goodbye to those books for a week!

(*Exasperated, JENNY grabs the clothing and stomps upstairs.*)

MOTHER: Make sure you wear comfortable shoes for driving, dear.

FATHER: (*To BROTHER*) Do you have your cell phone?

BROTHER: Yes.

FATHER: Call Arnold and get him over here. It might help if she gets an outside opinion on how she looks.

BROTHER: Good idea, Dad! (*snorting chuckle*)

MOTHER: (*Sniffing*) I just hate myself for being so strict with her.

FATHER: (*Puts his arm around MOTHER's shoulder*) It's a never ending job being a parent, darling. Never ending.

**BLACK OUT**

WNRA

**CHARACTERS: (2 Females, 2 Either)**

**SAMANTHA HARRINGTON ..... A business woman**

**MARIA VERDI ..... A business woman**

**#1 ..... Either gender**

**#2 ..... Either gender**

**PROPS: Purse; tea set; Sheet of paper; bowl of spaghetti; empty beer can; newspaper**

***A doorbell rings in the darkness. As lights come up SAMANTHA HARRINGTON is bringing a tea service from kitchen and placing it on coffee table. SHE hurries towards the front door, which SHE quickly opens.***

SAM: Hello!

MARIA: Mrs. Harrington?

SAM: Sam, please. Short for Samantha.

MARIA: Maria Verdi. I'm the representative from Sheppington Arms Company. *(SHE wears a conservative yet flattering business suit)*

SAM: Come in, come in, please. I've been so excited about this night. Please, sit at the sofa. I've made tea. I do hope you like tea.

MARIA: *(Crossing to sofa)* Yes, I do. Thank you.

SAM: It's Darjeeling, so it's not too strong.

MARIA: That's fine. You have a very lovely home, Sam.

SAM: Oh, thank you. *(Pouring tea)* Do you take sugar?

MARIA: Yes, please. One lump. Do you live here alone?

SAM: Yes.

*(THEY drink as THEY converse.)*

MARIA: What do you do for a living, Sam, if you don't mind me asking?

SAM: Not at all. I'm a manufacturer's rep for a line of women's sweaters.

MARIA: So you travel a lot.

SAM: Quite a bit, but I actually find it enjoyable. I like meeting people.

MARIA: It's always good to enjoy one's work.

SAM: I couldn't agree with you more.

MARIA: Well, shall we get to it?

SAM: Please. I'm excited.

*(MARIA pulls a paper from her purse.)*

MARIA: Now, as I informed you on the phone, the two weapons you were interested in seeing are two of our very best. Oh, did I tell you about the WNRA?

SAM: No. What's that?

MARIA: Well, several important women are trying to establish the Woman's National Rifle Association.

SAM: "WNRA!" I see.

MARIA: Yes. We feel it is a male dominated lobby, not always essential to the needs of women. It is entirely up to you if you wish to become a member. You don't have to decide tonight. Food for thought, as we say.

SAM: Then I shall chew on it.

*(THEY both giggle.)*

MARIA: *(Reading her paper)* Now, one of the weapons you inquired about is the Ruger MP9.

SAM: Yes.

MARIA: Why that particular weapon?

SAM: *(An embarrassed giggle)* To be honest, I was reading one of those mystery action novels and the hero carried one. He said the... *(giggles again)* "crackheads" call it the "spray and pray." Morbidly clever.

MARIA: *(Chuckles)* "Spray and pray." I'll have to remember that. Yes, the Ruger MP9 features a 32 round magazine and may be fired on automatic or semi-automatic. But when fired on automatic, it'll empty all 32 rounds in seconds.

SAM: Really!? In seconds!? I'll bet that's why the crackheads call it "spray and pray."

MARIA: Probably. It's a very effective weapon. *(Again glancing at her paper)* The other weapon you were interested in is the Magnum .357, correct?

SAM: The "Dirty Harry" one, correct?

MARIA: Correct.

SAM: "Go ahead, punk, make my day!"

*(THEY both giggle.)*

I just love that line. What does the .357 mean?

MARIA: That's the size of the bullet. It can punch a hole through a car.

SAM: Oh my! How exciting. Uh, do I get to see them, personally, I mean? Touch them? Hold them?

MARIA: Certainly. I have them out in my vehicle. It's just company policy to not carry them into a client's home until we have a verbal okay and a signed approval form.

SAM: You have my verbal okay.

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*(THEY both laugh.)*

MARIA: *(Removes a paper from her purse, along with a pen)* If you'll sign this form here...

*(SAM signs.)*

Wonderful. *(SHE places paper back in her purse)* Before I retrieve them, I need to go over a few points with you.

SAM: Alright. Please excuse my giddiness, but I've never held a fire arm.

MARIA: Perfectly normal, Sam. Now, our company will file a registration permit for you. As soon as it is approved, the weapon you select will be legally yours.

SAM: I see. How long does that take?

MARIA: Usually a few weeks.

SAM: So I can't buy it now and use it right away?

MARIA: No, I'm afraid not. The law doesn't allow that.

SAM: Even if I became a member of this WNRA?

MARIA: We abide by all the laws surrounding the ownership of fire arms, Sam. Can't get around them. Wouldn't want to.

SAM: How do the crackheads get them?

MARIA: Illegally, I assure you! You know, the law also requires you to attend gun safety classes. The WNRA offers them free with every purchase.

SAM: It does? How long are the classes?

MARIA: You can usually complete them in a week, sometimes less. Although we are full supporters of a citizen's right to bear arms, we are also sticklers to the letter of the law. I assume you're wanting to obtain a firearm for home protection and security?

SAM: No.

MARIA: No?

SAM: No.

MARIA: Uh, target practice, sport?

SAM: No.

MARIA: No?

SAM: No.

MARIA: Uh, may I ask what you intend to use the weapon for?

SAM: Squirrels.

MARIA: Squirrels?

SAM: Squirrels. We seem to say things three times. Have you noticed?

MARIA: Yes, and that was the third time we did it.

SAM: Interesting.

MARIA: Uh, Sam, as much as I'd love sell you one of our firearms, you really don't need that kind of fire power to solve a squirrel problem.

SAM: I don't?

MARIA: No pun intended, but it's overkill! A cheap pellet gun, purchased at K-Mart or Wal-Mart would do the job for you.

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SAM: It would?

*(A toilet flushes upstairs.)*

MARIA: And they're only around twenty dollars. Plus, you don't need to register them. You could purchase it today and have your squirrel problem solved by tonight.

*(A squirrel descends the stairs.)*

SQUIRREL 1: Hey, lady, your toilet's stopped up again. Thought you were going to spring for a plumber!

*(SQUIRREL crosses US of sofa and baps SAM on the back of the head, but SHE calmly sits with a strained, slight smile.)*

Cheapskate!

*(SQUIRREL exits into kitchen as a SECOND SQUIRREL enters from kitchen, carrying a large bowl of spaghetti.)*

SQUIRREL 2: *(To SAM)* Tell me why you'd have spaghetti but no spaghetti sauce! Huh! You're about the dumbest shopper I've ever seen! *(SQUIRREL throws a handful of spaghetti at SAM)* Where's the sports section? *(SQUIRREL grabs paper and sits in easy chair, slopping spaghetti all over)*

SQUIRREL 1: *(Returns from kitchen with empty beer can)* WHO DRANK THE LAST BEER? We need more beer, lady! Get on your horse! *(SQUIRREL throws empty beer can at SAM)* You ain't moving yet?

MARIA: Come to think of it, Sam, I have a sample of the top of our new line of shotguns in my trunk. There's no registration or wait required for a shotgun. Would you like to see it?

SAM: That would be nice.

SQUIRREL 2: Can you believe this broad!?! Spaghetti, but no sauce!

SQUIRREL 1: What a bimbo!

MARIA: I'll go get it.

SAM: And a WNRA application, if it's not too much trouble.

MARIA: No trouble at all.

SQUIRREL 1: *(Crossing to other SQUIRREL)* Gimme some of that!

SQUIRREL 2: Get yer own, jerk!

MARIA: *(Rises and crosses to door)* I'll be right back.

SAM: Shells, too, please.

MARIA: Of course. *(SHE exits)*

SQUIRREL 1: *(To SAM)* You deaf, lady? Didn't you hear me about the beer?

SQUIRREL 2: Some beer nuts would be nice, too!

SQUIRREL 1: Gimme some spaghetti!

*(As THEY struggle and argue over the spaghetti, spilling it, SAM just sits with a forced half smile, patiently awaiting her new shotgun.)*

**BLACK OUT**

**ZOMBIE CHEERLEADERS FROM HELL**

**CHARACTERS: (2 Males, 1 Female)**

**GREY**..... A teenage boy

**JAKE** ..... A teenage boy

**MRS. C** ..... Jake's mother

**PROPS:** newspaper; ceramic piggy bank; dinner knife; folded up note; coins under cushions

**As lights come up, JAKE is seated on sofa scanning the movie section of the newspaper. GREY is excitedly jumping about the room.**

GREY: I am psyched! I am psyched! I am psyched!

JAKE: Here it is! 7PM premiere! ***Zombie Cheerleaders From Hell***, rated R! You're sure Haskell's working box office tonight, dude!

GREY: No problemo! He told me today at school. He'll get us in! But... we have to pay adult prices. He said no passes or student prices are allowed for this baby.

JAKE: How much money do you have?

GREY: (*Checks pockets*) Seven bucks and, uh, eight-five cents.

JAKE: That'll get you in, but no soda or Skittles!

GREY: What've you got?

JAKE: One ten dollar bill.

GREY: Okay, two tickets at six bucks each, that's twelve. That leaves us... leaves us...

JAKE: Five eighty five! Not enough!

GREY: Damn! I need my Skittles, man!

JAKE: And I gotta have my buttered corn. A movie's not a movie without popcorn!

GREY: And you know we'll want drinks!

JAKE: For sure!

GREY: (*A moment*) Cushions!

JAKE: Huh?

GREY: (*HE pulls JAKE off the sofa*) Check under the cushions, dude! There's always change under cushions.

(*THEY pull the cushions off the sofa and chair.*)

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JAKE: Hey, hey, I got forty-seven more cents!

GREY: Three quarters! Jackpot! Seventy-five more. What've we got now, what've we got?

JAKE: Uh, seven-o-seven! Still short! Skittles, popcorn, two sodas, we still need another four or five bucks. Can we do without refreshments?

GREY: It's **Zombie Cheerleaders From Hell!** Blood, guts and boobs, man! We need to be munchin' and sippin' on something! Oh, oh, and guess what!

JAKE: What?

GREY: The entire cheerleading squad is coming to see it tonight, too.

JAKE: You're kidding!?

GREY: Straight on, man! Haskell told me Alexis asked him if he was working tonight, too.

JAKE: Alexis! She is sizzlin'!

GREY: She told him the whole squad's coming to the premiere tonight! We cannot miss this opportunity, dude! You know how chicks are when they get scared, what they need – someone to keep them snug and safe and warm, and that someone is going to be...

JAKE / GREY: *(Knocking fists)* US!

GREY: And they like nothing better than sharing your popcorn and Skittles. So, Jake ol' pal, ol' buddy, it looks like you gotta make the ultimate sacrifice here, my friend.

JAKE: What'd you mean?

GREY: Your piggy bank.

JAKE: The one my sister made for me? It doesn't open! It's a solid piece she made in her college ceramics class. I can't break that open!! It was a birthday present.

GREY: No problemo! We don't break it. We just slip a knife in the slit and slide out some moolah, right down the blade of the knife! Simple! I do it all the time to my little sister's piggy bank.

JAKE: Grey, you steal money from your little sister?

GREY: What's the big deal, man? She can't count. Go get your bank, I'll get a dinner knife from the kitchen.

*(JAKE runs upstairs, GREY hurries into the kitchen. Calling...)*

JAKE, WHICH DRAWER?

JAKE: *(Offstage)* SECOND ON THE LEFT OF THE SINK!

GREY: *(Offstage)* GOT IT!

*(THEY both return and sit on sofa.)*

JAKE: *(Hands bank to GREY)* Here! You're the experienced thief, but BE CAREFUL! My sister said she spent half a semester molding, firing and painting this for me. It won some kind of award for her.

GREY: These are the hands of a pro, my friend! Relax and get ready to catch the cash!

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*(HE pushes the knife into the slit, but pushes too far and the tip of the blade comes out the belly of pig, immediately cracking the bank in to two halves. It is a clean break. A folded piece of paper tumbles out.)*

Oh crap!

JAKE: *(Stunned)* My pig! You... you cut my pig in half!

GREY: I'm sorry, man. I... I misjudged, I guess... I jabbed it too... I'm sorry, dude! This has never happened before. Maybe we can glue it back together.

JAKE: GLUE IT!? It's a solid ceramic piece! You think my sister won't notice that it's been glued back together?

GREY: Maybe she won't.

JAKE: Every time she comes home she goes in my room and gives it this... this longing look, holds it, caresses it like it was her baby or something. I'm dead, man! She's gonna make my life miserable!

GREY: She's been doing that for years.

JAKE: MORE miserable! She'll get me again, like the time she put saran wrap under the toilet seat, or when she loosened all the bolts on my bicycle wheels and I had to have seven stitches in my forehead. And she always gets away with it! Mom and Dad believe everything she tells them.

GREY: **Zombie Cheerleaders From Hell**, dude!

JAKE: AND I GOT A SISTER FROM HELL, DUDE! "Hands of a pro..." *(Holding the two halves, trying to make a whole)* I'm so dead!

GREY: *(A moment)* I know this may be a callous question at this point in time... but how much money do we have now?

JAKE: *(Looking at bank, finally realizing)* Where's my money?

GREY: Huh?

JAKE: I had thirty, forty bucks in here, I know it!

GREY: *(Picks up folded paper)* This fell out!

JAKE: *(Takes paper, unfolds it and reads)* "Jake, took your money to pay for a speeding ticket. If you tell mom and dad I'll shave off your eyebrows while you're asleep. And since you're reading this, it means you've busted the gift I spent two months making for you. Jerk!"

GREY: That's pretty low – your sister stealing your cash! *(Plops down on sofa)*

JAKE: And we're still short! *(Plops down on sofa)*

GREY: *(Looking at the two halves)* No wonder it was such a clean break. She must've cut it in two, then glued it back together. She can't be too mad at you, it was prebroken!

JAKE: Guess it's a popcorn and Skittleless movie night. Like taking a bath with your clothes on.

GREY: Or a dump on saran wrap.

JAKE: Shuddup!

GREY: I need bait, dude! Skittles are my bait. How can I lure a chick over without Skittles? No sense even going.

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*(The front door opens and JAKE'S mother enters. SHE is coming home from work.)*

MOM: Hi, guys!

JAKE: *(Dejected)* Hi, Mom!

GREY: *(Doubly dejected)* Hi, Mrs. C!

MOM: *(Removing her coat)* I thought you guys were going to a movie tonight.

JAKE: We don't have enough money.

MOM: Oh, that reminds me. *(Digging into her purse)* I forgot to give you your allowance. *(Pulls out a ten dollar bill and hands it to JAKE)* Here you go! Does that help?

JAKE / GREY: *(High fiving)* BAIT!

JAKE: *(Heading for the door)* Thanks, Mom.

GREY: See ya, Mrs. C!

MOM: Be careful, guys!

*(THEY are gone. SHE notices the broken piggy bank, picks it up and examines it, then sees the note, picks it up and begins to read as lights fade to black.)*

**BLACK OUT**

Do Not Copy

**TEAMWORK**

**CHARACTERS: (2 Males, 2 Females)**

**CHARLIE** ..... The husband  
**BEVERLY** ..... The wife  
**MARIE** ..... The teenage daughter  
**CHUCKY** ..... Her younger brother

*Lights up on BEVERLY, MARIE, and CHUCKY seated at the dining room table. THEY wait patiently as CHARLIE slowly paces the room, gathering his thoughts, then finally.*

CHARLIE: Your grandmother has to have an operation that she can't afford, and she has to have it within six months or things will have progressed beyond the point of surgery. As her only child, I'm obligated to help her get the money for the operation – twenty thousand dollars. A lot of money. And there's also college education for the two of you – at least another fifty thousand dollars, if not more. The problem is... well, I lost my job yesterday, and at my age, finding another one will be very difficult, and with the bills we currently have, and the money we need now, and will need, I can't just settle for any old job. I have to find something with a salary at least close to what I was making, just to keep up with the payments we already have. Payments we cannot miss. Like our house payment! We miss enough house payments, the bank will repossess it. We'd be homeless. We miss our car payments, the bank will repossess it, too. We'll be homeless and with no method of transportation – at the mercy of the street and all that lives on it! Our closets would be grocery carts. We'd be eating out of dumpsters behind restaurants. You kids would probably have to quit school and get meaningless jobs. That means no college. We could starve, freeze... **but...** I believe I've come up with a solution. I took out a new life insurance policy for \$50,000 – that was all I could afford right now. Yes, yes, I know that's not enough for everything we need, but I had them add a very special clause. A clause that is going to take teamwork, and I seriously mean that: **TEAMWORK!** From all of us. But if we work

together and carry out what we need for that “special clause” to go into effect, my family – you guys – would receive **ten times** the amount I’m insured for. That’s **five hundred thousand dollars**, easily enough for grandma’s surgery, both of your college educations, paying off the house, the car, and extra for living expenses. What’s left, invested properly, should last you. All our little team – **all of us** - have to do is make sure that I’m trampled to death by a hippopotamus on Christmas Eve.

*(Pause)*

BEVERLY: Well, that certainly puts a whole new spin on that silly Christmas song, now doesn’t it!

MARIE: Why Christmas Eve? That’ll just bum out the rest of the holiday!

CHUCKY: Do we get to keep the hippo?

CHARLIE: *(To CHUCKY)* No! *(To MARIE)* I tried for Halloween, but the only thing they’d agree to was Christmas Eve.

BEVERLY: Charlie, what if the hippo only maims you?

CHARLIE: Beverly, how could a hippo stepping on me possibly only maim me?

BEVERLY: Well, will it be running at you?

CHARLIE: I suppose.

CHUCKY: Do hippos run?

BEVERLY: Well, then it could miss you, or just crush a leg or arm or something.

CHARLIE: So, what you’re saying is we may need more than one hippo.

BEVERLY: At least two, possibly three... to achieve the necessary end results.

CHARLIE: Good thinking, dear! You see, kids, how your mom and I worked out that little detail together? That’s teamwork!

CHUCKY: If there’s three then they’d better let us keep one.

MARIE: Dad, how will we get three hippos?

CHARLIE: That’s going to be your job, Marie.

MARIE: Me!?

CHARLIE: You’re going to get a job at the zoo.

MARIE: The zoo? I hate the zoo! It stinks!

BEVERLY: What did your father say, Marie, about teamwork?

CHARLIE: You’re part of a team, Marie. Each member having its own responsibility, and when each of those responsibilities are met and combined, my plan will function perfectly.

MARIE: Maybe I could work in the concession stand. They better not put me in the monkey house.

CHUCKY: I figured you feel at home there.

MARIE: Mom, Chucky just indirectly called me a monkey.

CHARLIE: Marie, obviously your job needs to allow you access to the hippopotamus.

BEVERLY: ...ese!

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CHARLIE: ...ese! Hippos spend the day in the water, but they come onto land at night to graze and feed. They eat grass and water plants. Marie gets us into the zoo at night – Christmas Eve, no one will be at the zoo. That's where I tricked the insurance guy. He forgot a zoo will be empty on Christmas Eve. Now, second step: I lay down right on the path where they leave the water, which will be easily recognizable because it'll be trampled down.

BEVERLY: Like your father will be when this is over.

CHARLIE: Exactly! Your mother will place grass and some tasty water plants all over my body to tempt the hippo to come to me.

BEVERLY: Hippos.

CHARLIE: Hippos.

MARIE: But if the grass and plants are **on** you, won't the hippo just stand...

BEVERLY: Hippos...

MARIE: ...**next** to you and eat them, not trampling you at all?

CHARLIE: Good thinking, Marie! That's teamwork! Beverly, you'll have to scatter the grass and plants all around me so the hippo – hippos – will be sure to trample me.

BEVERLY: You can count on me, Charlie.

CHARLIE: You see? We're beginning to function like a team all ready.

CHUCKY: What about me? What do I get to do?

CHARLIE: *(With a proud smile)* Stampede the hippo!

BEVERLY: Hippos.

CHARLIE: For real!? Cool!!!! *(To MARIE)* I got a better job than you!

MARIE: Mom, Chucky just indirectly called me a failure!

CHARLIE: Nobody is a failure! We're a team! An intricate, finely tuned team. Hold up your hand, Marie. *(SHE does)* There are four of us, right?

MARIE: Right.

CHARLIE: Imagine our team as your hand! Now imagine if four of your fingers were missing. You couldn't hold anything anymore, right?

MARIE: Right.

CHARLIE: That's what we are, Marie; a team of four fingers working together to accomplish a very important task.

CHUCKY: Who's the thumb?

CHARLIE: Grandma. Your college education. The house. Without the other four fingers to support that thumb, nothing works. That's teamwork! Got it?

MARIE / CHUCKY / BEVERLY: Got it!

CHARLIE: Great! Now... how about a family group hug? Come on, guys! Get over here!

*(THEY all rush over to CHARLIE and have a group hug.)*

Oh, squeeze harder, you pansies!

*(THEY chuckle and squeeze.)*

Now...who wants popcorn?

MARIE / CHUCKY / BEVERLY: I DO, I DO, I DO!!!

**BLACK OUT**

**THE SÉANCE**

**CHARACTERS: (1 Male, 4 Females, 1 Offstage Male Voice)**

**OLIVIA..... A teenage girl**

**KEVIN..... A teenage boy**

**LENA..... A teenage girl**

**MARLEY..... A teenage girl**

**LADY QUNTILLIOUS RAPTURE..... A spiritualist**

**OFFSTAGE MALE VOICE**

**PROPS: surgical mask and gloves; ear of corn; Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle action figure; leather bag; five pairs of mittens**

***Lights come up on THREE TEENAGERS. Two of the dining room chairs have been placed at each end of the coffee table. TWO GIRLS sit on sofa, a BOY sits in the easy chair. HE has an ear of corn and a Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle action figure on a string around his neck, and wears a surgeon's mask on his face and surgical gloves on his hands. THEY all seem a little anxious as THEY apparently await something. Finally...***

**OLIVIA: Do you know how ridiculous you look, Kevin?**

**KEVIN: I do not care.**

**LENA: What's with the corn and turtle, Kevin?**

**KEVIN: They are two of the three sacred symbols of my people. The corn symbolizes sustenance; the turtle symbolizes my people's home is where ever they wish it.**

**OLIVIA: That's a Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle, Kevin.**

**KEVIN: It is only turtle I had.**

***(A moment.)***

**LENA: So what's the third one?**

**KEVIN: The tubular pipe.**

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LENA: What's that?

KEVIN: I do not yet know. When find out, will acquire one.

OLIVIA: And probably get busted by the cops for hanging paraphernalia around your neck.

*(The GIRLS laugh.)*

KEVIN: Laugh if you must, white women! But when I find the third sacred sign, our time will come again.

OLIVIA: Your time!?

KEVIN: The time of my people. The Arapahoe! I wear this mask and gloves to fight the diseases of the white invaders, and I shall wear the symbols of my proud heritage until our land is restored to us.

OLIVIA: What land?

KEVIN: We were born of the earth you call Eastern Colorado.

LENA: Denver is in eastern Colorado.

KEVIN: That is correct.

OLIVIA: You notice how he's stopped using contractions? Is that an Indian thing?

LENA: It was in the movies. You expect the government to give you Denver?

KEVIN: Yes.

OLIVIA: Good luck.

*(MARLEY descends the staircase. SHE wears solid black, along with a black veil covering her face and long, lacy, black gloves.)*

MARLEY: *(Solemnly)* Thank you all for coming. It means a lot to me.

OLIVIA: Who died?

LENA: You sounded so dire on the phone. What's going on?

MARLEY: Herbert passed on last night.

*(A moment.)*

OLIVIA: Your guinea pig? That Herbert?

LENA: I'm sorry, Marley. You've had him since we were in seventh grade.

OLIVIA: I didn't know he was sick.

LENA: But don't you think the get-up is a bit much? For a guinea pig?

MARLEY: The bereaved is supposed to be easily recognizable during a séance.

OLIVIA: "A séance!?"

LENA: For real? We're really going to have a séance?

MARLEY: I need to say goodbye to Herbert, since he passed on while I was asleep. I woke up this morning and he was stiff as a board. His little legs sticking up in the air, his tongue hanging out... I tried to resuscitate him, but to no avail. I didn't get to tell him goodbye. Lady Rapture told me to have two of my best friends and a male companion present to balance the energy needed for...

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OLIVIA: Whoa, whoa! Who's "Lady Rapture?" And why **this** male companion? He's a nut job, Marley.

MARLEY: Lady Quintillious Rapture. She's a psychic. She should be arriving anytime. And the reason I wanted Kevin here is for his Native American connection. Indians are very spiritual.

OLIVIA: Kevin!? Spiritual!? Come on, Marley, if old man Wilkinson hadn't assigned that genealogy experiment, Kevin would never had known about his Indian blood. He'd still just be a germophobe. Now he's a Native American germaphobe.

LENA: Come to think of it, how can a Native American be a germophobe? They live outside, in tepees and things and drink from streams and don't wash after they kill buffalo.

KEVIN: YOUR people slaughter buffalo for tongues and furs. To my people, buffalo are life.

MARLEY: Kevin's great grandmother was one-quarter Arapahoe. That makes him...

OLIVIA: Still a geek! He could nick himself shaving and lose every drop of "Hoe" blood in him.

KEVIN: Arapahoes! Not Ho's!

LENA: Tell me about this Lady Rapture.

MARLEY: Rapture. Lady Quintillious Rapture.

LENA: She's a real psycho?

KEVIN: Psychic, ignorant white woman. Or Shaman, as my people call them.

LENA: Where'd you find her?

MARLEY: The Yellow Pages.

OLIVIA: You just picked her out of the Yellow Pages?

MARLEY: Yes.

OLIVIA: No one recommended her or anything, you just... just let your finger do the picking!?

MARLEY: She has a half-page ad in the Yellow Pages, and it said she specializes in contacting the spirits of deceased pets.

OLIVIA: Oh, well, gosh, that's different. I'm sold! This is a joke, right? We're not really here for this, right? Please say I'm right! Tell me we're here to sacrifice Chief Dunderhead here to the gods! Please!

KEVIN: Marley speaks with straight tongue.

OLIVIA: Oh, can the clichés, Kevin!

LENA: Olivia, stop being such a terd! I think this might be kinda fun.

OLIVIA: A séance to contact a dead guinea pig, with Geronimo here!?

KEVIN: Him Apache. Me Arapahoe.

OLIVIA: I'd rather throw myself down my basement stairs.

*(SHE rises as if to leave. The doorbell rings.)*

MARLEY: Please, Olivia, that's probably Lady Rapture. She was due here fifteen minutes ago. We have to have the right amount of people for this to work. She said something about a... a balance of souls. I don't know

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if it will really happen, if I'll really contact Herbert, but you know what he meant to me. I need to tell him goodbye.

LENA: You mean, she's late? If she's a psychic, wouldn't she have known she was going to be late and told you?

MARLEY: Pllllllleeeeeaaaaassssseeee!

*(A moment. Doorbell rings again.)*

OLIVIA: You owe me big time for this!

*(MARLEY crosses to door.)*

KEVIN: Find spiritual center, Olivia. It bring you peace.

OLIVIA: Shuddup, Sitting Bull!

KEVIN: Him Sioux. Me Arapahoe.

*(MARLEY opens the door.)*

MARLEY: Miss Rapture, I presume?

LADY RAPTURE: *(Entering and extending her hand)* Lady Rapture, dear. *(SHE is a small, soft-spoken, demure woman in a plain, inexpensive dress, possibly straight off a K-Mart rack. SHE carries a leather bag, and speaks with a slight, but proper British accent)* I'm so pleased to meet you, Marley.

LENA: *(Aside to OLIVIA)* She IS psychic. She knew that was Marley. Cool!

MARLEY: These are my good friends Lena and Olivia, and Kevin.

LADY RAPTURE: Pleased to meet you all. Are you ill, young man?

OLIVIA: He's a germophobe.

LENA: A Native American germophobe.

LADY RAPTURE: Really? What tribe?

KEVIN: Arapahoe.

LADY RAPTURE: Northern or Southern Arapahoe?

KEVIN: Huh?

LADY RAPTURE: There are two distinct Arapahoe Nations: Northern and Southern. They originated in Minnesota but eventually moved west and became associated with the Cheyenne. Are you of the Northern or Southern Nation?

KEVIN: I do not know.

OLIVIA: Which one didn't use contractions?

LADY RAPTURE: Well, I see you have the chairs positioned correctly. That's fine, very fine. I'll sit here. *(SHE sits in middle of sofa)* Marley on my right and Kevin on my left. The other two girls take the outside chairs.

*(THEY all sit.)*

Fine, very fine! Now, you notice that we have formed an upside down "U," or a horseshoe, leaving that area *(SHE points DS)* open for the spirit of Herbert to enter me.

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OLIVIA: The spirit of a guinea pig is going to “enter you?”

LADY RAPTURE: The spirit will speak through me.

LENA: Herbert could speak? I never heard him do that.

MARLEY: He whistles. He’d get excited and whistle whenever I came into the room.

OLIVIA: What’d he whistle? Dixie?

*(THEY all look at her as SHE laughs alone.)*

LADY RAPTURE: Marley, dear, did you explain to your friends that we must all take this event very seriously for it to be successful?

MARLEY: Olivia?

OLIVIA: I’ll behave.

LADY RAPTURE: Fine, very fine. Thank you, Olivia. *(SHE pulls several pairs of mittens out of her bag)* Each of you please put these on.

KEVIN: *(Holding up his gloved hands)* I am already protected from white man diseases.

LADY RAPTURE: These are not for protection, dear. We are attempting to enter the spiritual kingdom of household pets, which have paws. These mittens symbolize animal paws.

LENA: Makes sense.

KEVIN: Have they been cleaned since last person wore them?

OLIVIA: You’re wearing rubber gloves, Kevin!

LADY RAPTURE: Dry cleaned, yes, dear.

LENA: So what you’re saying is, Herbert will whistle through you?

LADY RAPTURE: Yes, dear.

OLIVIA: How will we know it’s really Herbert?

MARLEY: I know Herbert’s whistle, Olivia. I’ve listened to it for three years.

LADY RAPTURE: Before we begin, do any of you have any questions?

LENA: Why do they call you “Lady?”

LADY RAPTURE: I was a chambermaid to the Royal Family for several years. All attendees to British royalty are dubbed “Lady.” It is quite an honor. Similar to knighthood.

LENA: Cool!

OLIVIA: And Quintillious Rapture is your real name?

LADY RAPTURE: People call me Quinn, for short, and Rapture is an established name dating back through centuries of British history. One of my ancestors was actually a Knight of the Round Table. Sir Reginald Rapture. It was he who told Sir Percival the story of the Holy Grail and set him on his hopeless quest. Of course, Sir Reginald did have an ulterior motive. He and Percival were in love with the same maiden. So Reginald convinced Percival to set about on his search for the Holy Grail, telling him how famous he would be if he found it. Percival’s quest took him far and wide; he traveled for years, but to no avail. But, in the mean time, Reginald married the maiden. Thus, the Rapture family carried on.

LENA: Cool!

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OLIVIA: How'd you become a psychic? Do you go to school for it?

LADY RAPTURE: Oh, no, dear. It's a gift.

KEVIN: From The Great Spirit!

LADY RAPTURE: I discovered my abilities at a very young age. I was a mere child when my father's favorite St. Bernard died. One evening, for no apparent reason, I was sitting with Poppa – I called him Poppa – sitting by the fire and I suddenly stiffened and started barking. Poppa immediately recognized Charles' bark – the St. Bernard was named Charles, after the famous French King who vanquished the Moors from France. People call me a psychic and that is how I promote my services, but actually I am a channeler. The spirits of people's pets channel themselves through me. But enough about me. Is it possible to dim the lights in here, Marley?

MARLEY: Of course. *(SHE does and returns to sofa)*

LADY RAPTURE: Fine, very fine. When I go into a trance, and the spirit enters me, they channel their voices thru me. I have no recollection of it. I remain in that trance until the spirit departs. So you all must ask the questions. Do you all understand?

*(THEY all respond.)*

Now, we grasp hands.

KEVIN: *(Realizing HE must touch OLIVIA's hand, which is to his left, is reluctant)* Ugh!

OLIVIA: Oh, take my hand, Red Cloud!

KEVIN: Him Cheyenne. Me Arapahoe! *(HE takes her hand)*

OLIVIA: And me no wash hands after using bathroom at school!

*(KEVIN is horrified and jerks his hand away.)*

MARLEY: OLIVIA!!!

OLIVIA: Sorry.

LADY RAPTURE: Spirits do not come forth if there is tension in the room.

OLIVIA: *(To KEVIN, again grabbing his hand)* Relax, Cochise!

KEVIN: Him Apache. Me...

OLIVIA: You whacko!

MARLEY: OLIVIA!!

OLIVIA: Okay, I'm sorry, jeez!

*(THEY all calm and get serious.)*

LADY RAPTURE: Now, everyone close your eyes and concentrate on Herbert.

*(THEY do.)*

Picture his furry, cute little body, snuggling peacefully in your hands. Feel his little heart beating in your palms. He is warm, comfortable, content and safe, because he is near you, in your hands. *(SHE begins*

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*moving her head back and forth and chanting*) Oh, great spirits of the household pet realm, we call upon you for assistance. We seek communication with Herbert. Please, spirits of the household pet realm, with your great malevolence, allow Herbert to speak with us. Allow us one last opportunity to bid our good friend farewell. Oh, spirits of the household pet world, speak to us. Speak to us! **Speak to us!**

*(SHE suddenly stiffens and vibrates, sending a slight shock wave through ALL those holding hands. THEY all begin to vibrate.)*

Speak to us! Speak to us! *(SHE suddenly gasps deeply)*

*(The following MALE LINES are offstage, preferably through a microphone and with a slight reverb. As the offstage voice speaks, LADY RAPTURE must "mouth" the lines along with it.)*

VOICE: Hello.

*(There is a stunned pause. ALL but LADY RAPTURE open their eyes. THEY look at each other for a moment.)*

VOICE: Hello?

LENA: Herbert CAN talk! Cool!

VOICE: Who's calling for me?

MARLEY: It's me, Herbert, Marley. Your owner.

VOICE: "Owner!?" I have no owner. Who is this? What do you want?

MARLEY: I... I just wanted to say goodbye, since you died last night when we were both asleep.

VOICE: Young lady, I'm afraid there's been a mistake. I died in 1964.

*(Another stunned and confused silence.)*

OLIVIA: Uh, who are you?

VOICE: Herbert Hoover, thirty-first President of the United States.

KEVIN: Herbert Hoover!?!? Herbert Hoover!?!? Oh, Mr. Hoover, I'm so proud to speak with you.

VOICE: Well, thank you, young man. Are you a Republican?

KEVIN: I'm a teenager.

VOICE: Close enough.

MARLEY: I don't understand.....?

KEVIN: Herbert Hoover reorganized the Bureau of Indian Affairs so it had some clout. He supported the Indian Citizenship Act of 1924. His Vice President, Charles Curtis, was the first and only Native American to hold such a high office.

VOICE: You are very informed for a teenager.

KEVIN: I am also a Native American, Mr. Hoover... of the Arapahoe tribe.

VOICE: Really!? Which nation? Northern or Southern?

MARLEY: WHERE'S MY HERBERT? Where's my guinea pig? Where's his cute whistle? Oh, this is a disaster!

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VOICE: Uh, your voices are fading. It's growing difficult to hear you.

MARLEY: SEND ME MY HERBERT!

VOICE: I'm afraid I must go.

LENA: Wait! Did you really wear dresses?

VOICE: Wrong Hoover, dear.

*(The VOICE is gone and THEY all sit dumbfounded. Finally, LADY RAPTURE snaps out of her trance.)*

LADY RAPTURE: Ooooooh! Is it over?

OLIVIA: Yeah, it's over.

LADY RAPTURE: And how is little Herbert?

MARLEY: We didn't reach him.

LADY RAPTURE: But I was in a trance. I don't understand.

OLIVIA: We got Herbert Hoover.

KEVIN: Thirty-first President of the United States.

LADY RAPTURE: Oh dear, not another one!!

MARLEY: What'd you mean?

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