

ONE AND ALL

By Alan Haehnel

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MICAH

JONICA

JESSICA

CHRISTIAN BEAN (Also called "ACTOR")

VOICE OFFSTAGE

HORMY (Also called "VOICE IN THE BACK")

MA (Also called "WOMAN")

GIRLIE (Also called "WHINER")

RED CHARACTER

SOLDIER

FATHER

JANENE

JANITOR

THE DOOR

JOE

SHIRLEY

Do Not Copy

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SCENE 1

(The curtain is closed. MICAH, the assistant director, comes out and walks to center stage.)

MICAH: Good evening, everyone. I'm the assistant director, Micah Miller. On behalf of the cast and crew of our show, we'd like to welcome you and thank you for coming. I apologize for the director, who had intended to greet you all, but the last anyone heard he said he was going to lock himself in a closet until the whole thing was over with. Anyway, to add a little class to our production, we're happy to have a guest musician here tonight, who will provide a fanfare. **(to trumpet player)** Thank you, Jonica. I've said enough, I guess. On with the show! **(There is an elaborate trumpet fanfare and the curtain opens. No one is on stage. The curtain closes again. MICAH returns.)** Uh, no, that wasn't our play, ladies and gentlemen. We just need a minute more to... **(JESSICA peaks her head through the curtain, taps MICAH on the shoulder, and says they're ready.)** All set? Oh, good. Um, that was great, Jonica, but do you think you could play it again?

JONICA: Again?

MICAH: Please.

JONICA: Do you think this is easy?

MICAH: No, I just...

JONICA: And it's not like you're paying me, are you?

MICAH: I'm sorry...

JONICA: You said I'd be playing one fanfare. One.

MICAH: I know, but...

JONICA: Okay, I'll do it, but I'm not happy about it.

MICAH: Thank you. **(to the audience)** Enjoy, folks.

(Fanfare again, this time dying off miserably at the sight of CHRISTIAN on stage. JONICA walks off, mumbling)

JONICA: **(heading offstage)** One is all they wanted. This isn't like bargain-basement playing, a two-for-one deal or something.

(CHRISTIAN stands in the center of the stage, looking hardly anxious to be there. HE is wearing new blue jeans, a t-shirt, and a pasted-on, uncomfortable smile. HE looks out at the audience for several long seconds, and then clears his throat. HE opens his mouth to speak, but HE's already lost the line. From offstage a voice whispers the cue)

VOICE OFFSTAGE: ***(stage whisper)*** "Tonight, dear audience, you will have a rare opportunity."

ACTOR: ***(has been intently trying to hear, turns back to the audience and opens his mouth to deliver the line, but HE forgets again; HE faces offstage)*** What?

VOICE OFFSTAGE: ***(more urgently and no longer whispered)*** Tonight, dear audience....

ACTOR: Oh, yeah, yeah, I gotcha. ***(to the audience)*** Tonight, dear opportunity, we will have a rare audience.

VOICE OFFSTAGE: NO! NO! It's tonight, dear audience, we have a rare opportunity! Opportunity! Not a rare audience. We have a rare opportunity, dear audience.

ACTOR: ***(speaking to the unseen cuer)*** That's not the line.

VOICE OFFSTAGE: ***(screaming)*** Forget it, forget it! You're on your own. I'm done. I wash my hands. I'm going home. Just forget it.

(VOICE fades, and ACTOR is left alone, looking even less confident than before. HE seems ready to bolt off the stage, but then decides to stick it out.)

ACTOR: ***(confidentially)*** I don't need her. ***(trying for the line once more)*** Dear opportunity, we are tonight here to rare, I mean... ***(giving up and resorting to his own devices)*** Okay, look, I'm a guy. I mean, you can see that, but I'm a guy, a teenager, just like all of you. Except some of you are girls and some of you are older than teenagers, but what I mean is... and some of you are younger, too. I see that little kid over there. ***(closes his eyes in desperation and shouts out the long overdue line)*** Tonight, dear audience, you will have a rare opportunity! ***(opens his eyes, amazed)*** Yeah, you will. See, the story is, I'm just a normal guy, or person; it doesn't matter that I'm a guy or how old I am. But the thing is that we all have different parts of our personality inside of us, you know, like... like... well, I don't have to tell you because I can show you. That's the unique thing. That's the "rare opportunity" I was supposed to tell you about. We all have these, like, voices inside of us, from all sorts of places. I had this teacher who called it "the private audience;" like you can't do anything without this bunch of people in your head telling you you're right or wrong. And tonight, you get to see

my private audience! **(HE pauses, as if expecting something to happen after that line. Nothing does. HE shifts uncomfortably on the stage, glancing around. Maybe they didn't hear him; HE tries again.)** You get to see my private audience! **(back to the audience, after getting no response)** I'm not exactly sure how this is supposed to work. I thought that line might be a good **(yelling offstage)** time for somebody to enter! **(still nothing)** Guess not. Well, anyway, I'm just gonna get ready for a date right now, and I hope that something happens. **(takes out a comb)** 'Scuse my combing, but Janene's a real stickler about my hair.

VOICE IN BACK: **(from the back of the auditorium comes an obnoxious, very enthusiastic yell)** Janene! Yes, Yes, Yes! **(As HE enters and begins to walk/prance/dance down the aisle toward the stage, this very excitable character continues his lines. On stage, the boy is squinting to see who is causing the disturbance.)** Janene, my queen, my jellybean. Give me strength, give me the strength of the warrior, give me... Arnold! **(in an "Arnold Schwarzenegger" voice)** Arnold, I call to you, my brother. You must... **(pounds his chest)** Uh! Pump me up. **(HE is now onstage with the boy; while HE talks, the two do an elaborate handshaking, high-five ritual.)** Christian, my man, my pal, the dude whose brain I inhabit - Good to see you! We got a date with Janene, you said? Janene? I dream of this woman. She is my existence, my life and my soul. She is so... so... **(HE begins to pace/dance around, looking for the appropriate adjective. Meanwhile, CHRISTIAN turns back to the audience.)**

CHRISTIAN: This is the physical form of my hormones, which are sort of active right now. I call him Hormy, for short.

HORMY: **(breaking in, still looking for the word)** She is so... so....

CHRISTIAN: Hormy has been a pretty loud voice, lately.

HORMY: So... cute!! **(putting his arm around CHRISTIAN, confidentially)** Tonight, right? You know what I'm saying? Tonight is it, yes?

CHRISTIAN: **(squirming)** Well...

HORMY: Say yes! Say yes, Chris-babe. Say a big yes to... the kiss. The moon will be full, the time will be right, we're going... where?

CHRISTIAN: The drive-in.

HORMY: **(after letting out a long howl of delight)** The drive-in! The place made for the first kiss. Are you ready? Are you puckered? Say yes, Chrissy-man, Chrissy-babe. Say yes!

WOMAN: **(from offstage comes an answering howl, but one of ominous, shrill warning)** Say no, Christian Thomas Michael Bean!

HORMY: **(crouching down on the floor and covering his ears)** Oh, who invited her?

WOMAN: (*frumpy, in an apron and carrying a broom, storms in*) And just how many times have you gone out with this girl, what's-her-name?

CHRISTIAN: Janene. We've been out three times.

WOMAN: (*shrilly*) Three times! (*gestures threateningly so that CHRISTIAN backs up and sits on HORMY's upraised posterior*)

Three times, and you're thinking about, about....

HORMY: The word is "kiss," lady.

WOMAN: (*sharply*) You be quiet! (*to CHRIS*) Why do you hang around with that hooligan?

CHRISTIAN: (*half to the audience*) I don't really have a choice, do I?

WOMAN: Who are you talking to? (*turning to the audience and shielding her eyes*)

CHRISTIAN: (*standing*) Oh, those are just some people that... came here.

WOMAN: Well, mind your manners. Were you raised in a barn? Introduce me, why don't you?

CHRISTIAN: Ladies and gentleman, this is my mother figure, the reminder of all that's supposed to be proper and polite in life. I call her Ma, for short.

MA: Stand up straight.

CHRISTIAN: Yes, Ma.

HORMY: Hey, have we got a date or what? Let's just take off and leave the old bag here, what do you say?

MA: Not on your life, Mr. Troublemaker. If you think I'm going to step out of my Christian's brain and let you take over, you are sadly mistaken. Besides, Christian is not going on a date with anybody wearing just a t-shirt.

HORMY: (*standing back and looking at CHRIS*) Hey, now don't get the idea that I'm agreeing with Mrs. Hitler over there, but the shirt just ain't gonna cut it, Chris, old pal.

CHRISTIAN: I was planning on putting something over it.

MA: Good idea.

HORMY: Bad idea. The t-shirt has got to go.

MA: What?!

HORMY: Chrissy-kid, my man; were we counting chest hairs the other night, hm? Were we?

CHRISTIAN: Yeah, so?

MA: You were counting *what*?!

HORMY: Well, did we not anticipate the sprouting of one little bit of studliness approximately... (*points to CHRIS' chest, just where the third button of his shirt would be*) here? Am I right?

CHRISTIAN: I don't...

HORMY: Of course I'm right. Chest hairs, old friend of my consciousness, are a key element in s-e-x appeal, of which we are in immediate and desperate need. Take off the t-shirt (**HORMY starts to pull the shirt off CHRISTIAN's back. MA intercedes quickly, pulling it back down.**)

MA: Not on your life, buster; that's immoral!

HORMY: (**to MA**) Why don't you go clean a toilet or something? Take the shirt off, Chris-man? (**HE is wrestling with MA. SHE pulls the shirt down; HE pulls it up**)

MA: Stop it, you gangster! Stop it! (**overpowered for a moment, SHE steps back to deliver an ultimatum**) Christian Thomas Michael Peter Norman Bean...

CHRISTIAN: (**aside**) The madder she is, the more middle names I get.

MA: ...If you take off that t-shirt, I will leave forever! (**HORMY and CHRISTIAN pause for a moment.**)

HORMY: (**yanking the shirt up more**) Definitely take it off.

MA: (**attacking HORMY with her broom**) Get away from him, you delinquent, you home-wrecker, you slimy little sex fiend!

HORMY: (**dodging and still trying to get CHRIS's t-shirt off, says his line at the same time as MA's above scolding**) I knew it; I knew you wouldn't leave. Not the face, not the face; don't hit me in the face!

CHRISTIAN: (**feeling very stressed between these two extreme states of his mind**) HOLD IT! Look, let's be democratic about this. We'll vote. All those in favor of me wearing the t-shirt, raise their hands.

MA: (**raising her hand quickly**) Darn right.

CHRISTIAN: All those in favor of me not wearing a t-shirt?

HORMY: (**raising his hand also**) Bare as we dare, Babe. (**raising the other hand**) Two to one; I win!

MA: (**raising her other hand**) Late entry. It's a tie.

HORMY: Bogus, bogus! What now, Einstein?

(A high, whining voice is heard coming from the back of the auditorium. The body belonging to it walks with plodding, shy steps toward the stage. As SHE gets into the lights, we see that SHE is a very sickly looking character with slumped shoulders. SHE resembles a turtle in the way SHE holds her head, as if SHE might be able to pull it into her body should anything threatening come at her.)

WHINER: I think that maybe I should cast the deciding vote if nobody minds too much because I just recently read a sort of interesting article about how you can catch cold if you don't wear t-shirts under your regular shirts because of the way the prevailing winds can bring in a lot of very frightening sorts of germs if you keep the buttons unbuttoned

and I don't want us to catch cold because that always makes my slight case of asthma worse and I'm awfully embarrassed by the way I wheeze when I get an asthma attack although they're pretty slight. **(standing beside HORMY now, who still has his arms raised, and speaks into HORMY's armpit)** You use too much deodorant.

MA: Never mind that, honey, come on over here and vote so Christian won't take his t-shirt off. **(WHINER crosses over to MA.)** It's about time you got here. Raise your hand.

WHINER: **(raising her hand just to the level of her shoulder)** Nobody gave me any directions. I had planned to be here an hour early in case the time zones were different out here, but nobody seemed to be able to tell me how to get out of the cerebral cortex and onto the stage since there was that big road block where the neurons were trying to rebuild a sensory bridge after Christian took too much of that cough syrup which I suppose was my fault, sort of, because I thought the dose wouldn't be enough considering the nature of our illness but anyway I got stuck trying to get out and none of it would have ever happened if people would only give me directions...

CHRISTIAN: **(over the above speech)** When I was young I used to get sick a lot, and my voice didn't change for a long time. My hair was a little long, too, so somebody on the playground started calling me "Girlie." The nickname didn't stick for long, but, well, she **(pointing to GIRLIE who is still droning on)** is still very much with me.

GIRLIE: ...but nobody likes me anyway.

CHRISTIAN: Okay, vote's over. I wear the t-shirt.

HORMY: **(dropping his arms in disgust)** Oh, bad choice, dude. Disastrous... probability of successful first kiss just dropped twelve percentage points. Nice move, Girlie. **(points to an imaginary spot on her shirt)** What's that? **(SHE looks down and HORMY hits her in the nose with his finger.)** Sucker. **(Noticing that CHRIS is walking away from the group towards stage left, HORMY follows.)** Yo, Chrissy, don't take off without me.

CHRISTIAN: I'm just getting my shirt.

GIRLIE: **(holding the tip of her nose)** You could have driven my nose bone up into my brain, you know. I've heard of that happening in some cases. It's not unheard of, by any means.

MA: **(crossing over towards CHRIS and HORMY)** You're going to wear a tie, aren't you?

HORMY: A tie? Oh, no, no, no, Chris-man, Chris-babe, hot Crispy toast; I'm in charge now. The wardrobe from here on out is mine, right? They won with the t-shirt thing, but for the shirt, you gotta go with old Hormy, right?

CHRISTIAN: I...

MA: A white shirt and a tie are appropriate for any occasion, especially on a date.

GIRLIE: The weatherman is predicting temperatures in the low to mid sixties this evening and though that might seem warm at first there's always the chance of hypothermia if you are exposed to it for long periods of time and if you should happen to get wet.

HORMY: So what's he supposed to wear, a rain-coat?

GIRLIE: Wool has good insulating value and also can repel some water.

MA: A tie will never fail to impress, I always say.

HORMY: Look, Chris-dish, clear your mind of these two; they think you're going on a formal hike in the Adirondack rain forest. Listen to me, remember your goals. You're going to the drive-in on a summer night with Janene. You have all the elements together to make history, passionate history! But the shirt; you can't go wrong there. It's too crucial.

GIRLIE: In my opinion, you can't be too sure about the weather...

HORMY: **(warning)** Qui-et! He's mine. What's that? **(plays the same joke on GIRLIE again, then sticks his hand offstage and grabs a shirt)** Here it is. **(helps put the shirt on CHRIS)** It's snug, it's cool, it hides the t-shirt. Let's flex. **(CHRIS flexes, with HORMY hovering around like a coach)**

MA: You're not going to wear that, are you? What tie is going to go with that?

GIRLIE: It looks a little tight to me. Tight clothing has been shown to be a contributing factor in respiratory difficulties, of which I have several, especially if there should be any heavy breathing required.

HORMY: Sounds good to me!

MA: **(who has retrieved various loud and ugly ties and is now attempting to put them on CHRIS)** Christian, every etiquette book since 1909 stresses that a necktie is appropriate for almost every occasion, and especially one involving the opposite sex.

HORMY: I love that word. **(batting away a particularly hideous tie that MA is trying to hold up to CHRISTIAN)** Hey, hey, get that thing away - it might be contagious.

(The following lines begin to overlap and crescendo into a full-blown argument between HORMY, MA, and GIRLIE. CHRIS, in the middle, is being pushed around as the characters try to put a tie on or take it off.)

GIRLIE: **(reaching for the tie)** I should look at the label on that piece of material; certain synthetic fibers can clog the nasal passages if the proper conditions exist.

MA: **(to HORMY)** If you don't like this tie, than it's just the right one for my Christian to wear. **(to GIRLIE)** Keep your paws off.

HORMY: I can make a noose out of that tie guaranteed to fit you just perfectly.

GIRLIE: Let me smell it; I can tell if it's been dry-cleaned, and those chemicals can be very harsh.

MA: Violence, violence! That's all you resort to, isn't it, you criminal? Christian, put this tie on.

GIRLIE: I once heard of a person whose neck actually corroded from dry-cleaning chemical to the point that his Adam's apple fell out of his throat.

HORMY: I'm a lover, not a fighter, Mama, but I may make an exception this once.

GIRLIE: And that's a scientific fact, so please let me smell the tie, for the safety of all involved.

(By this time, the three are playing a three-way tug-of-war with the tie. CHRISTIAN steps away from the pandemonium and speaks to the audience.)

CHRISTIAN: This is very stressful. Sometimes, when they get going like this, if someone doesn't give in... **(pauses a moment to look back at the three still battling over the tie)**

MA: Stop it, stop it, you, you... **(to GIRLIE)** And get your nose away from my tie, pipsqueak.

HORMY: Me, me, what? Huh? What? Betcha can't come up with a good name, betcha can't, betcha can't.

GIRLIE: This tie has been dry-cleaned! I classify it as toxic waste!

CHRISTIAN: ...sometimes I just get to this point where I feel like I can't even stay in control.

(A new character enters, dressed in bright red, with a hard hat and carrying a flashlight in one hand, which HE flashes on and off, and a bullhorn in the other, through which HE makes the sound of an air-raid warning.)

RED CHARACTER: **(walking in quick circles around the stage)** Now hear this, now hear this: Warning, Warning, Reaching critical frustration level. All civilians and non-civilians advised to take cover! This is not a drill! **(HE exits as HE came on)**

(Everyone is silent for a moment after this interruption.)

GIRLIE: I think that this tie should be disposed of in a lead container.

MA: Who asked you, you little twerp? (**slaps GIRLIE with the broom**)

HORMY: Oh, so who's into violence now, huh?

MA: This is different. Here, Christian, put this on.

GIRLIE: I don't advise it!

HORMY: I'm telling you, get that tasteless thing away from my man
Chris. Women run screaming from things like that.

MA: Only women without any taste, and we don't want Christian
involved with anyone like that.

GIRLIE: I should go wash my hands.

HORMY: Did you hear that? She's insulting Janene.

CHRISTIAN: (**noticing another character crawling across the stage,
dressed in army fatigues, as if in the thick of front-line battle**) Uh-
oh.

(The other three also see the newcomer and huddle back in fear)

MA: Now look what you've done.

CHRISTIAN: This could get ugly, folks. You know, when things get to be
too much, it's like something snaps in the old brain and you want to go
a bit crazy....

**(By now, the "SOLDIER" has made his way to center stage and is
standing. At the word "crazy," HE makes a long whistling tone as if
watching an incoming bomb)**

SOLDIER: (**the "bomb" explodes, releasing frantic, insane energy
from him - HE falls, HE rolls, HE jumps back up - as if fighting a
surrounding force of thousands**) KA-BLOOIE-EEE! I'm hit, I'm hit!
He blew off my tie! We can't hold altitude; she's breaking up, she's
breaking up! IT'S THE BIG ONE! Janene, Janene, my jelly-bean... .the
mind is a terrible thing to waste. Yessir, that's my baby, no sir, I don't
mean... Yessir! Right away, sir! Don't fire till you see the whites of their
shorts. I am not a crook. God Bless America, land of the... Damn it,
Jim, I'm a doctor, not a magician! I'VE GOT A ZIT THE SIZE OF THE
TAJ MAHAL! Don't do it! You've got to take that tie make it into a t-shirt
to wear to the drive in if you think you want to kiss the... IT'S THE BIG
ONE - HE'S GOING DOWN FOR THE COUNT!! (**At this, the
SOLDIER stands ram-rod straight and drops to the ground like a
two-by-four balanced on end. HE lays silent, jerking slightly.
There is a long pause of amazement.**)

MA: So forget the tie. I think we can go without.

HORMY: Works for me.

GIRLIE: Ditto.

CHRISTIAN: I feel much better now. He only shows up when things are getting out of hand. Everyone is much calmer after that. Everybody ready? **(CHRIS begins to walk off; the others follow behind, avoiding the body of the panting SOLDIER.)**

HORMY: That dude could use a definite chill pill.

GIRLIE: High blood pressure kills.

CHRISTIAN: **(to the audience as they all exit)** See you in just a minute!

SOLDIER: **(crawls off the stage, exhausted and mumbling)** Gotta regroup... ambush... didn't see it coming... I dream of Janene... war is hell... good-bye, Mr. Chips...pinned me down, no ammunition... hope there's a good movie... **(HE's off and the lights dim for the change of scene)**

SCENE 2

(A DOOR enters - a character encased between two pieces of cardboard, with a face sticking out of a hole in the front)

DOOR: **(to audience)** Hello, I'll be your door for this scene. A little background on myself before I just sort of fade into the woodwork during the action. Get it? Woodwork, door...? Anyway, I'm a front door of sturdy construction, reinforced in all the crucial places, factory-finished, slightly dented and chipped from the 13,426 knockings, but still very functional. In short, I'm adorable. Get it... .a-door-able? I know, I know, I'm the funniest part of the show. You might be anxious to see more of me, but don't get unhinged over it. Ha! Well, they should be starting soon, knock on wood. **(knocks on her forehead)** Oops, the lights are dimming, which means I have to get into position. One last thing - I had an uncle who worked at a police station. He specialized in open-and-shut cases! Ha, ha! I am hilarious. They should cancel the show and just let me talk. Oh well. I'll be quiet now. Quiet as a dormouse. Ha! **(turns to the side and stands still, in a moment, the lights come back up for the next scene)**

(CHRIS and company reenter from the other side of the stage. HORMY is the first one in, walking backwards and talking as HE goes.)

HORMY: Ohmigosh, here we are. Okay, remember what I said: keep the voice low but sensitive; flex every chance you get; and get the kiss in early. Remember lip positioning is crucial.

GIRLIE: We drove a consistent five and a half miles over the speed limit almost the whole way here, which in itself you might not think is bad, but that can increase stopping distance up to twelve feet which can mean the difference between simply bumping another vehicle and smashing into it with enough force to shatter your spleen and split your skull.

CHRISTIAN: (*aside*) Janene's house. I'm hoping that she'll be ready so I don't have to come in and meet her parents.

MA: Don't ring the doorbell more than once - that is rude.

HORMY: Don't ring the doorbell at all, Chrissy-man! Real men knock: make it a very firm, masculine sound.

GIRLIE: Watch for splinters because they might be small but they open the door to infections which can lead...

(CHRIS is about to knock on the door when HORMY stops him.)

HORMY: Wait! What time is it? (*CHRIS checks his watch.*) 6:30? On the dot? This is bad; we're right on time; this is not cool. We gotta be late, Christianity. Make her wait.

MA: Oh, now that is ridiculous! Punctuality is a trait that everyone admires.

HORMY: No way! We can't look like we're anxious.

CHRISTIAN: (*mumbling*) But I *am* anxious.

GIRLIE: Nervousness can cause stomach pains which eventually may cause us to vomit. That would be embarrassing.

HORMY: Of course you're nervous, but it's like the commercial, dude - never let 'em see you sweat.

MA: Christian George Albert Peter...

GIRLIE: Vomiting is becoming a real possibility at this point in time...

MA: Just ring the doorbell!

HORMY: No, no! Knock! But wait just three more minutes, Chrissy. This is crucial; you don't want to blow it now.

(During this conversation, CHRIS has been approaching the door, backing away from it, and approaching again. JANENE's FATHER finally comes to the door and opens it.)

FATHER: Chris?

ALL FOUR: (*turning quickly*) Yeah?

GIRLIE: It's the father! Run!

MA: Mind your manners, Christian.

CHRISTIAN: Oh, Hi, Mr. Langlois.

FATHER: What are you doing out here?

CHRISTIAN: Oh, um...

MA: What a nice lawn they have.

CHRISTIAN: I was admiring your lawn, sir. Who cuts it?

FATHER: Actually, Janene does most of the time. Come in. **(They all walk into the "house" - everything is pantomimed.)** Of course, I'm sure she wouldn't mind if you volunteered to do it for her.

MA: That's a joke, Christian. Laugh. **(CHRIS forces a laugh.)**

HORMY: Think she'd kiss me if I mowed the lawn?

FATHER: Have a seat, Chris; Janene should be down in a couple minutes.

HORMY: **(falling on the floor, where CHRIS sits on him)** I knew it, I knew it! She's not ready yet, and we're here on time! This is a bad omen.

(All of the "furniture" is provided by the bodies of the unseen characters - FATHER may lean on someone as if leaning against the mantelpiece or sit down on a character's back.)

FATHER: So, how's school going?

GIRLIE: Horribly.

CHRISTIAN: Very well, sir.

FATHER: I don't think I've had anyone call me "sir" since I was in the Air Force, Chris.

MA: He's a military man, Christian, a brave hero of the fighting forces. Sit up straight.

CHRISTIAN: I'm sorry, sir... Mr. Langlois.

FATHER: **(laughing it off)** That's all right, Chris; you just don't need to be so formal. This is the hard part, isn't it?

CHRISTIAN: What do you mean?

FATHER: The part where you have to meet the dad. Don't you hate it?

GIRLIE: Yes, sir, I hate this part passionately and if you'd just sort of go away I think I would feel much less inclined to throw up on your lovely beige carpet.

CHRISTIAN: Oh, no, not at all, Mr. Langlois. I'm really glad to meet you.

MA: Very well said, Christian.

HORMY: And I'm going to kiss your daughter tonight, several times if possible.

FATHER: Well, then, you're a better man than I was at your age.

MA: Trick statement! Just nod your head vaguely and say you don't think so.

HORMY: And lower your voice - you sound like a wimp!

CHRISTIAN: **(in a lower tone)** Oh, I don't think so, sir. Mr. Langlois.

(There is an uncomfortable lull in the conversation. CHRIS smiles and shifts in his seat.)

MA: Well, it's your turn; start some conversation. You have a mind and a mouth, don't you?

GIRLIE: I am developing a large ulcer and it's threatening to consume my entire body unless I get some sort of release from the tension that is pervading...

HORMY: Where's my woman?!

CHRISTIAN: **(ready to try some conversation)** So, how long were you in the military, sir?

FATHER: **(interrupted by JANENE's entrance)** Oh, I... here she is! Did the blow-dryer malfunction, sweetie?

JANENE: **(good-naturedly)** Shut up, Daddy.

HORMY: **(leaping up after CHRIS stands at JANENE's entrance)** Yahoo! Janene, my sweet, object of my heart's hotness and the lust of my lips! Wow, wow, wow, wow!

JANENE: Hi, Chris.

MA: She told her father to shut up. Don't go out with this girl, Christian. I forbid it.

CHRISTIAN: Hi, Jan.

GIRLIE: Heart palpitations! I've long suspected a heart condition, and this could be the beginning of an irreversible irregularity.

HORMY: Tell her she looks radiantly bursting with beauty, like a summer's cool morning promising more delightful warmth with each passing minute that you bask in her presence!

CHRISTIAN: You look... really nice.

FATHER: Listen, you kids be careful and have a good time.

HORMY: **(face to face with FATHER)** Mr. Langlois, it is my duty to inform you that I am going to steal your daughter away from you this evening and we may not be back for several years.

FATHER: Not too late, okay?

JANENE: Okay, Dad. See you later.

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