

SASSY AND THE BOSS

By Deborah Karczewski

Copyright © 2002 by Deborah Karczewski, All rights reserved.

ISBN 1-931805-67-9

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

SASSY AND THE BOSS

by
Deborah Karczewski

CAST: one female

I feel like a world class hypocrite. I mean, *I'm* the one who's always grandstanding about people's rights, making noise about individuality. I'm practically the poster girl for self-advocacy...for being your own person...accepting everyone's differences... "to thine own self be true" and all that good stuff. But, I'm a fake. A giant, deluded fake.

Just two months ago life seemed perfect. I was doing well enough in school that my parents said I could take on an after-school job. I'm saving for my own car. A girl who spends as much time on "The Look" as I do can't go around driving her parents' Taurus station wagon for life, you know. Hey, I'm not kidding! Do you have a clue how long it takes me to look like this? (**FIONA turns 360° to display her unique style.**) I consider "The Look" more than just a fashion statement. It's the ultimate form of self-expression. It's practically an art form. Yeah! That's it! It's art! So anyway, it became imperative that I find a set of wheels that goes with "The Look." And you can't get that kind of vehicle cheaply these days, you know. It takes cash. And not the kind that you can save from a token allowance, either. It takes the kind of moolah (**meaning money**) that you can only make by working – working hard.

And you know what? It wasn't that hard, either! My dad told me that I'd have to get my working papers, fill out a bunch of applications, go on a mess of interviews, and if I was lucky, maybe I'd get a call or two in a few months. Well, before I even had a chance to read the "Want Ads," the gang and I decided to get a bite at the Fairview Diner.

So, there we are eating away, when Mr. Striker, the owner, walks over to our table. He always finds some excuse to talk to teenage girls. He seems to think he's a real stud, which is pretty funny since he's practically my dad's age. But it's worth flirting back because he's always giving us free food like French fries, mints....that sort of stuff. Well, Mr. Striker asked us if we knew anybody who was interested in waitressing part time during the after-

school rush. I, like, practically jumped out of the booth and said, "Omigosh Mr. Striker, I'm looking for a job as we speak!"

He looked me up and down – a bit *too* closely, now that I think about it. Then he asked, "Do you have any experience, sweetheart?"

I said, "Well, not really, but I'm a real fast learner, and I'm very motivated. I'm majorly responsible, and I'm willing to work super hard."

"What's your name, Babe?"

"Fiona Allister, Sir."

"OK Cutie Pie," he replied, "I'm gonna give you a try. But remember...you owe me one."

I was so excited that I nearly knocked over our glasses of cola. My mom and dad were thrilled, too. My mom told me that she had every confidence that I would make her proud. I was so touched that I wanted to give her a little kiss... but of course that wouldn't have been cool, so I just shrugged and said, "Thanks."

The next day I reported to work at 3:30 sharp. Mr. Striker gave me a great big, welcome hug. Then he told me that until I was used to the routine, I was supposed to "shadow" a more experienced waitress named Claire. That meant that I was to follow Claire wherever she went and memorize her every move.

I've got to admit that even though Claire wasn't Miss Personality, she was an awesome waitress, and she was only a little older than I was, too! She could carry dinner for four on a tray held way over her head! She could remember what to bring a party of eight without writing anything down! Claire was honestly amazing. But I could tell from the start that we didn't have anything in common. I thought that she dressed like someone from the Dark Ages. OK, maybe I'm exaggerating, but I really felt she looked weird. I mean, she wore floor-length skirts or baggy pants every day. And on top she'd wear enormous sweaters that swallowed up whatever figure she might have had under all that fabric. It's not like we had uniforms or a dress code, either. Mr. Striker specifically told me that he liked the way I dressed. He said that pretty girls who dress the way I do bring in the customers.

It wasn't her clothes that turned me off of Claire. I'm not *that* shallow. It's that I didn't appreciate her *attitude*. I mean, she acted like...I don't know...like she didn't approve of me. Of me! For

example, take the time Mr. Striker started calling me “Sassy.” It was just a harmless nickname. He’d say, “Hey Sassy, you have a customer at table three.” Claire gave me one of her you-are-so-disgusting looks. I couldn’t take it any more, so I said, “Oh Claire, lighten up.” She looked like I had cursed at her or something.

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from SASSY AND THE BOSS by Deborah Karczewski. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

**Brooklyn Publishers, LLC
P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406
Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011
www.brookpub.com**