

THE SWEET SMELL OF FAME

By Scott Haan

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THE SWEET SMELL OF FAME*A Ten Minute Comedic Duet***By Scott Haan**

SYNOPSIS: Who would have guessed that you could run into the world's most famous celebrity in a fast food joint! Riley's chance encounter with Cameron Colby made this dream a reality. Will Cameron live up to this super fan's celebrity ideals or will *The Sweet Smell Of Fame* just stink?

CAST OF CHARACTERS*(2 either; gender flexible)*

RILEY (m/f)..... Super Fan. (39 lines)

CAMERON (m/f) The world's most famous
celebrity. (38 lines)

TIME: Present day.

SETTING

A table inside a Mexican fast food restaurant. This show could be performed on a blank stage. Any signs or props to suggest the inside of a Mexican fast food restaurant would be helpful.

PROPS

- Table
- 2 Chairs
- Book or Magazine
- A Beverage in a Styrofoam Cup with a Straw
- Smartphone
- Sunglasses

PRODUCTION NOTES

The ages and genders of both characters are flexible. Riley is written here as female and Cameron as male, but either role could be played by the opposite gender with some slight dialog changes.

Riley should be hilariously enthusiastic, right on the border of totally freaking out, about meeting her idol. Cameron, by contrast, is trying his best to be civil and patient but has clearly done this a million times and would rather be anywhere else.

Sprinkled throughout the script, and noted with asterisks [*], are pop culture references...a popular late-night talk show, an absurd and yet somehow widely-viewed TV reality show, and so on. Feel free to update these titles to make them more current.

Do Not Copy

AT RISE: RILEY is seated at a lone table with a beverage and a book or magazine, people-watching. CAMERON enters from SR wearing sunglasses and walks across towards SL. As RILEY watches CAMERON walk, her expression changes from surprise to uncertainty to amusement. After CAMERON passes her, she finally speaks to him.

RILEY: Excuse me...

CAMERON stops, briefly winces in disappointment over what he knows is coming next, then turns back to face RILEY.

CAMERON: Me?

RILEY: Yes, I'm sorry, I'm sure you get this a lot, but did you know you look EXACTLY like Cameron Colby?

CAMERON: Huh. You're right, I DO get that a lot.

RILEY: *(Inhales sharply in surprise, jumping to her feet. Gasp!)* I'd recognize that voice anywhere! It IS you!

CAMERON: *(A pained smile as he takes a step towards her.)* Yep, it's me all right. *(Extending a hand.)* Nice to meet you, uh...

RILEY: *(While shaking hands with unrestrained enthusiasm.)* Riley. Riley Price. Omigod, I cannot BELIEVE I am actually talking to CAMERON COLBY!

CAMERON: *(Puts a quieting hand on her shoulder, then looks around to see if anyone else is looking.)* Ah, Riley, would you mind keeping it down? I could do without the usual mob scene.

RILEY: Sorry, I'm just excited. Seriously, I am your biggest fan. I listen to the CD of your Carnegie Hall concert EVERY DAY.

CAMERON: Oh, thanks. I'm proud of how that one turned out. The acoustics in there are unbelievable.

RILEY: I'm going broke just buying all of the magazines with your picture on the cover. This week alone you're on Us Weekly, Star, People, OK, Gossip Hound...

CAMERON: Ugh, don't even mention that last one. Terrible lighting.

RILEY: *(Looking at her trembling hand.)* Look at me, I'm shaking. You know, I've literally dreamed about what I would say to you if I ever got the chance. Where do I even start?! I guess the first thing I want to say is this: *(Very serious.)* You are probably the person I admire most on this planet.

CAMERON: Yeah?

RILEY: *(With great sincerity.)* Absolutely. Not to jump on my soapbox here, but I think the world is really backwards now, in terms of who is elevated to celebrity status. I mean, look at those Kardashian girls [*]. Why are THEY famous? What do they even DO?

CAMERON: I don't have the slightest clue, and I've MET them.

RILEY: Yeah, or ANY of those "Real Housewives" [*]. What's THEIR claim to fame...gossiping and getting into cat fights?

CAMERON: *(Nodding.)* I'm with you there.

RILEY: Right? I just think it's sad, what qualifies someone to be famous these days. But you...you are the real deal. You have TALENT, and you are famous for a REASON.

CAMERON: Well, thank you. That's very kind of you to say.

RILEY: Oh, I'm not just saying it. It's the truth. Mister Colby, you accomplished something no one else in history has EVER achieved. Honestly, for your first world record ALONE, you deserve immortality. I mean, that...that was really something. *(Beat.)* The world's longest continuous fart.

CAMERON: *(Nodding.)* Yep. Two minutes, thirty-four seconds.

RILEY: Astonishing. But you didn't stop there. You kept on perfecting your craft, and soon, you also broke the record for the LOUDEST recorded flatulence in history!

CAMERON: *(Proudly.)* Two people in that room suffered permanent hearing loss.

RILEY: Cool! Wow, just so many achievements. Ooh, AND you're a three-time champion on "Tooting with the Stars!" I think it's so bogus, that new rule saying winners can't compete again.

CAMERON: *(With a wink.)* I know. It really STINKS, right?

RILEY: Stinks! Ha! You're funny!

CAMERON: No, but seriously, I actually think it's a good rule. Give somebody else a chance to win the Golden Derriere for a change.

RILEY: Man. Talented, successful AND generous. You're just...you are the best.

CAMERON: Well, thank you, Riley. I would be nothing without the fans, so I appreciate it.

RILEY: What brings YOU to a place like Burrito Bullseye? *(Before CAMERON can respond.)* Actually, never mind. Stupid question. Fueling up, right?

CAMERON: Something like that.

RILEY: I'm surprised you can even walk around in public without being mobbed.

CAMERON: That's why I can get away with it. Most people who see me think the REAL Cameron Colby would NEVER walk around without an entourage, so they assume I'M just some look-alike. I think of it as "hiding in plain sight."

RILEY: Ah. Soooooo, any trade secrets you can share? Like, do you wear any special clothing, or...?

CAMERON: Well, it can't be anything too constrictive. Tight garments tend to smother the sound. And there ARE certain fabrics that help with echo, for a richer tone. You know, I try to wear things that really allow the sound to resonate.

RILEY: I'm jealous. You have such a mastery. Me, in that area...I am pathetic. Usually the most I can muster up is a "silent but deadly." No sound at all.

CAMERON: Don't feel bad, it's a specialized skill. We all have our talents. And what do YOU do for a living, Riley?

RILEY: *(Ashamed to admit this.)* Oh, nothing. Nothing special. I mean, I'm just a doctor. Oncologist. I discovered that, uh, that cure for cancer last week?

CAMERON: *(Pretending to be interested.)* Oh, yeah? I didn't hear about that.

RILEY: *(Realizes this is a dull topic.)* Well, yeah, see, it's a chewable pill, tastes like candy, FDA-approved, and it kills all existing cancer cells in your body and prevents any new ones from ever...

Senses that CAMERON, who is stifling a yawn, is bored.

Never mind. It's boring. I know it's not as cool as what YOU do.

CAMERON: Hey, but that's good, though. I mean, what you do is important too, right?

RILEY: *(Sadly.)* I guess...

CAMERON: Don't be so hard on yourself. We can't ALL be famous entertainers. The world needs people like you, too.

RILEY: Ya think?

CAMERON: *(A bad liar.)* Sure.

RILEY: Wow, you're so nice. Hey, listen, I know it's a long-shot, but my friends and I are going out tonight...you should TOTALLY come with us. We'll have a blast. And they would just DIE if I showed up with you!

CAMERON: (*Joking.*) And they could die for REAL if I don't dial it down a little! (*Serious.*) Listen, I'd like to, but I'm afraid I'm going to have to pass...

RILEY and CAMERON: (*Both in unison.*) GAS!!!

RILEY: Your catchphrase! I love it! Hey, that's okay. Didn't think it hurt to ask. (*Grabbing her smartphone.*) But is it cool if we take a picture? Nobody will believe me if I don't have proof.

CAMERON: Sure. (*Removes his sunglasses and sets them on the table.*)

RILEY: Awesome. (*Puts one arm around CAMERON, then holds the phone out at arm's length.*) Say "Who cut the CHEEEEESE?"

CAMERON: (*Through a forced smile.*) Yeah, I'm not saying that.

RILEY'S smile is big and goofy, CAMERON'S is forced. RILEY takes a pic, then glances at her phone.

RILEY: (*Happily.*) Oh, that's my new wallpaper. Wait, one more. (*Lets go of CAMERON, uses that arm to fan the air as if dispersing a bad odor. Grimaces in disgust as if there is an unbearable smell, then takes a second picture. She then looks at it on her phone.*) Sweet. (*Begins texting.*) Hey, I have to send this to my mom. She will FLIP...OUT. She's a big fan, too...we're both members of your official Fan Club, A Little Slice of Colby.

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