

A TEEN MELODRAMA...LIKE WHATEVER!

By Bob Wilkins

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ISBN: 1-60003-496-9

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CHARACTERS

(in order of appearance)

VANESSA GOODFAIR – New co-owner of Goodfair's Boarding School for Socially Challenged Girls. She is dressed in slacks and a blouse. She is not as polite and refined as her sister. (age 18)

OPERATOR - An off-stage voice.

VICTORIA GOODFAIR – Vanessa's twin sister. She wears a modest dress. She is very prim and proper at all times. She is the heroine. (age 18)

SAM – A janitor. (It is revealed that Sam is actually Samantha Goodfair, cousin of Victoria and Vanessa.) She is dressed in a plaid shirt, baggy overalls, and baseball cap. She wears a set of glasses with the nose and moustache attached or a fake moustache. As Sam the janitor she is very methodical in her speech and mannerisms. (age 20)

VINCENT VON PUTRID – Son of the owner of von Putrid's Bank. He is dressed in a dark suit, white shirt and dark tie. He is a villainous scoundrel. (age 30)

MISS DEE MEANER – von Putrid's cousin. She is dressed in black and has some modern Goth adornments. She shares her cousin's villainous personality. (age 19)

CHERRY ONDATOP - A student (age 15). She wears normal teen wear. She is obsessed with food.

MIA JOCKETTE - A student (age 15). She wears a sweat suit.

TIFFANY SILVERSPoon - A student (age 15) She wears designer clothes and is well groomed. She is very conscience of her appearance.

WILMA (OR WILBUR) DIPPENSTIK – The new owner of Dippenstik's Chocolate Factory and Quick Lube Emporium. She (he) is the ultimate nerd in dress, mannerisms, and voice. (age 18)

DYLAN EVEREDDY – Owner of Evereddy's Plumbing and Heating. He wears jeans and a white t-shirt. He is a former high school football player and often has trouble finding the right words. He is the hero. (age 19)

SETTINGS

Scenes 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 9 –

The Common Room of Goodfair's Finishing School for Socially Challenged Girls. There is a table and chairs at Down Left. There is a desk and chair at Down Right. There are several chairs at Up Center. There is a Front Entrance at Right that leads to the Foyer and a Hallway Entrance at Left that leads to other rooms of the school.

Scene 3 –

The office of von Putrid.

Scene 8 –

Behind the screen at the abandoned drive-in theatre.

PRODUCTION NOTES

SETTINGS:

There are three settings in the play. The primary setting is the Common Room. The description given in the setting description at the beginning of the script is a bare necessities set and does not require the construction of walls. The set can be furnished more elaborately than what is described. If walls are constructed, pictures, bulletin boards, student art, and other school type wall decorations can be placed. Other school type furnishing could also be placed throughout the set. The Front Entrance and Hallway Entrance are in the wings and do not require doors.

The Office of Vincent von Putrid is best performed on the apron (in front of a closed main drape) or on a satellite stage. No elaborate set construction is required especially if von Putrid talks on a cell phone.

The scene behind the drive-in movie screen can be performed on a satellite stage. A sheet of aged plywood could suffice as a backdrop. The scene could also be performed in front of the Common Room set with a partially opened main drape. In this case, a rough board backdrop could be mounted on a wagon that would mask the Common Room set.

LIGHTING:

The Common Room set can be lit with a wash. All the scenes in this set occur during the day except for Scene 7 which occurs at night. The lighting must reflect this time of day.

The other two sets must have area specific lighting. Again, the drive-in scene is in the late evening and the lighting must reflect that.

PROP LIST

SCENE 1

A cell phone
A file folder with papers
A pen

SCENE 2

3 books
A box of chocolates
A piece of paper

SCENE 8

A candlestick
A piece of rope
A container of honey

SCENE 9

Signs reading "School Dances are Totally Cool!"
"Girls Can be Hockey Goons, too."
"Onion Rings are a Basic Food Group"
A shoebox
A bag of popcorn, chips, or candy
A file folder with the words "EVIL PLAN" printed on the outside
Papers in the file folder
A pen
A broom
A container of bear spray

COSTUMES / MAKEUP

There is a brief description of the costumes for each character in the cast list. The costumes and makeup should give a strong indication of the nature of the character.

Vanessa and Victoria are contrasting characters. Victoria wears a light colored dress or blouse and skirt. Her makeup suggests her prim and innocent nature. Vanessa wears a blouse and slacks of dark colors but not black. Her makeup is more typical of a mature teen.

Sam is in an obvious disguise. A handyman look is essential – overalls, plaid shirt, work boots. The hair is tucked up into a baseball cap.

Vincent and Miss Dee are the villains. Their costumes and makeup should indicate their sinister nature. Vincent wears a black suit, white shirt, and black tie. Miss Dee's Goth costuming and makeup is noticeable but not extreme.

Cherry wears typical teen wear (T-shirt and jeans). Her makeup is that of a normal teen. Mia wears a light colored sweat suit and sneakers. Head and wrist bands can be used to emphasize that she is a jock. Her makeup is minimal. Tiffany stands in contrast to Cherry and Mia. She wears designer type clothing and her makeup and hair are typical of a fashion model.

Wilma (Wilbur) is the ultimate nerd and the costuming, hair style, makeup, and accessories indicate that.

Dylan wears jeans and a white t-shirt. His make-up indicates his heroic status.

PRODUCTIONS

March 26, 27, 28, 2007 by the Grand Trunk High School Drama Group,
Evansburg, Alberta

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SCENE 1

A summer morning in the Common Room. VANESSA works at the desk.

VANESSA: *(Picks up the phone to place a call. The telephone is dead.)*
What? Come on, not again! *(Takes a cell phone from the desk drawer and dials.)*

OPERATOR: Welcome to customer service. How may I help you?

VANESSA: I have a problem with my phone.

OPERATOR: Of course, you do. And what is the nature of your problem?

VANESSA: My phone is out.

OPERATOR: Do you know where it went?

VANESSA: What? No, I mean it's broke.

OPERATOR: Maybe you need to give it a bigger allowance.

VANESSA: No, I don't need ... Listen, what I mean is that my phone is toast.

OPERATOR: Oh my! Why are you putting your phone into the toaster?

VANESSA: I did not put it into the toaster! My telephone is dead!

OPERATOR: Well, of course it is. You would be too if you were stuffed into a toaster.

VANESSA: What I mean is that my telephone is out of order. It's in the tank, get it?

OPERATOR: You put your telephone in a fish tank?

VANESSA: No!

OPERATOR: Oh, my goodness gracious. You put it in your septic tank?

VANESSA: No, no, no! Look, all I want is to get my telephone fixed.

OPERATOR: Oh, well then, that is not a problem. Is your telephone a male or female?

VANESSA: How would I know that?

OPERATOR: Turn it upside down.

VANESSA: What are you talking about?

OPERATOR: You want your telephone fixed. I need to know if it needs to be spayed or neutered.

VANESSA: *(Hangs up the telephone.)* I give up!!

VICTORIA: *(Enters from the Front Entrance.)* What is wrong, Vanessa?

VANESSA: Our phone's dead again.

VICTORIA: Maybe we should buy a new one.

VANESSA: I don't know how. We don't have a lot of cash on hand. I don't know how much longer we can last, Vicky. Our income isn't covering our expenses.

VICTORIA: Do not get yourself all in a tizzy, Vanessa. You know that today is a start of a new era for Goodfair's Boarding School for Socially Challenged Girls. Today we become the sole owners of all of this.

VANESSA: Yeah, well, all of this isn't much.

VICTORIA: I know it does not look like much, but now that we are adults we get to make the important decisions. With your financial skills and my background in etiquette, we will return Goodfair's to its former glory, just like it was when Mommy and Daddy were in charge. All it takes is hard work and creativity.

VANESSA: And a whole truck load of good luck.

VICTORIA: Well, yes, but we have been lucky so far. Except for the time we volunteered to look after Cynthia's boa constrictor.

VANESSA: We did get rid of a lot of rats in the neighborhood.

VICTORIA: Plus a few cats and small dogs.

SAM: *(Enters from Hallway.)* Happy birthday, girls. I hope you have a good day.

VICTORIA: Why thank you, Sam. It is going to be a great day.

SAM: You know what I always say. If you're goin' to have a great day, you might as well have some cheese on hand.

VANESSA: The phone's fried again, Sam.

SAM: It's probably them loose wires. I'll go down and have a look.

VICTORIA: We are so fortunate to have you to watch out for us.

SAM: Well, you know what I always say. If you have someone to watch over you, you'll always know what time it is. *(Exits by the Hallway.)*

VINCENT: *(Enters from the Front Entrance followed by MISS MEANER. MISS MEANER carries a file folder.)* Good morning, ladies and happy birthday.

VICTORIA: Good morning, Mr. von Putrid

VINCENT: I'm sure you are anxious to get down to the business at hand. I know I have been waiting a long time to take control of your property, I mean, for you to take control of your property. Dee, the papers, please.

MISS MEANER: *(Removes papers from the file folder and hands them to VINCENT.)* My pleasure. Everything is in the proper order for their execution. *(Aside)* Oh, how I love executions.

VINCENT: As you know, since the unfortunate demise of your parents, this grand facility has been held in trust for the two of you. My father placed me in charge of your accounts. My cousin, Miss Dee Meaner, has been helping me ruin, I mean, run your business accounts. This arrangement was in place until you reach the age of

18, which, of course, is today. As of now, the responsibility for the financial affairs falls solely to you. *(Aside.)* A responsibility in which I am sure they will fail miserably.

VICTORIA: And we are very excited. Thank you for keeping us out of the black hole of debt.

MISS MEANER: *(Aside)* You have no idea what other new and exciting black hole you are about to enter.

VINCENT: For several years prior to their misfortune, your parents were having a difficult time. Despite their best efforts, it was a struggle to maintain a good cash flow. Miss Meaner and I have barely tried, I mean, tried in vain to turn this around. There are significant liens against the property that need to be paid off and now you must assume responsibility for those debts. They are all detailed in these papers.

VANESSA: We know all about our financial problems.

VINCENT: Good. Let's sign the papers.

MISS MEANER: *(Takes the papers from VINCENT and places them on the desk.)* Please sign here.

(A loud boom is heard off stage.)

VICTORIA: Oh dear! What was that?

VINCENT: Perhaps a batch of chicken balls exploding in the deep fryer at Yu Liki's restaurant. No doubt there will be another lunch special.

MISS MEANER: One last signature here. And today's date right here.

And the deed is done. Congratulations. You are the sole owners of Goodfair's Boarding School. *(Aside)* But not for long.

VINCENT: *(Snaps up the papers.)* And now we will leave you to destroy, I mean, deploy your business. Good day to you both. *(Exits by the Front Entrance.)*

MISS MEANER: Good luck. I'm sure you're going to need it. *(Exits by the Front Entrance.)*

VANESSA: Well, it's done. The school is now officially ours.

VICTORIA: This is such a happy day.

SAM: *(Enters from the Hallway. HE is disheveled.)* I've got some good news and some bad news. The good news is that the telephone is fixed. The bad news is that the air conditioner just blew up like a pizza-pop in a microwave. It looks like we're in for some hot times.

VICTORIA: We cannot possibly operate without air conditioning. Can you fix it?

SAM: Nope. The goll darn thing is far too complicated for me. You'll have to call a repairman.

VANESSA: We can't afford a repairman. Maybe keeping this place is not such a good idea after all.

VICTORIA: No! We have to make this work! Oh, there must be someone who can save us from this oven of doom.

SAM: I know this young guy who just took over his pa's heatin' and air conditionin' business. I'm sure he is lookin' for new customers. He might be able to give you a deal.

VICTORIA: Oh, thank you, Sam. You are truly our guardian angel.

SAM: I ain't done nothin' yet. I'll go call him. *(Exits by Front Entrance.)*

VANESSA: I've got a bad vibe about this, Victoria. We're already broke and it looks like we're going to go further in the tank.

VICTORIA: *(Crosses to VANESSA.)* Try to look on the bright side, Nessie. No matter what happens, the sun will come up tomorrow, the birds will sing, dinosaurs will be extinct, and rock and roll is here to stay. But, most importantly, we will always have each other.

(SHE hugs VANESSA. THEY are cheek to cheek with their faces towards the audience. VICTORIA smiles widely with her eyes closed. VANESSA frowns.)

(Blackout.)

SCENE 2

An hour later in the Common Room. VANESSA works at the desk. VICTORIA instructs CHERRY, MIA, and TIFFANY about good posture. THEY practice walking with books on their heads. THEY are not very good.

VICTORIA: Keep your backs straight. Do not look down. Do not walk too fast. Very good. And now, rest.

MIA: Man, this is worse than gym class. I'm sweating like a bucket full of pig slop.

VICTORIA: Now, now, Mia. Remember, ladies don't sweat. We perspire.

CHERRY: Is it me or is it hot in here?

TIFFANY: Could you turn up the AC, Miss Victoria. I think my make-up is starting to, like, bubble.

VICTORIA: I am so sorry. Our air conditioning is broken.

MIA: Whoa, I think I'm getting heat rash on my athlete's feet. This is a total bummer.

VICTORIA: We are expecting a repairman any time. Perhaps it would be best to avoid further physical exercise. You may go on the balcony out back to cool off.

CHERRY: Are you for real? The only way I'm going to cool down is, like, become a new flavor at Baskin Robbins.

TIFFANY: This is totally ridiculous. Like, my parents pay good money for me to be here. I am so going to tell them about these crappy conditions.

VICTORIA: I believe what you meant to say was intolerable conditions.

MIA: No, crappy pretty much nails it.

(The STUDENTS exit by the Hallway.)

WILMA: *(Enters by the Front Entrance. SHE carries a box of chocolates.)* Good morning, ladies.

VICTORIA: Wilma. What a pleasant surprise.

VANESSA: What are you doing here? Where's your know-it-all mother?

VICTORIA: What Vanessa means is that it is usually your mother who comes to visit.

WILMA: Mother is taking some time off. Actually, she is retiring.

VICTORIA: Good for her.

VANESSA: So, that means your doofus father is running the show.

WILMA: No, Father is retiring as well.

VANESSA: Who's in charge then?

WILMA: That would be me. Mother and Father always planned that I would take charge of the business when I became an adult. I was 18 last week. So now I run the business just like the two of you. Is that not special? Anyway, I brought some chocolates to help you celebrate this momentous day.

VICTORIA: That is very thoughtful, but we do not like to have high calorie temptations in the school.

VANESSA: Now that you are in charge of the Emporium, I don't suppose we will see a change in attitude towards our business?

WILMA: Don't be a silly goose! I think the same as Mother and Father. You are still a threat to my business and you must be annihilated from the face of the world!

VICTORIA: I don't see how teaching girls to be polite and refined individuals could possibly be a threat.

WILMA: You also teach them about good health and fitness. That means they will not want to eat chocolate. No, they won't, will they? And they will be walking more and driving less, so they will need fewer oil changes. That is not good. I must protect the future of Dippenstik's Chocolate Factory and Quick Lube Emporium.

VICTORIA: I am sure we can both survive.

WILMA: No!! One of us has to go, and I think we all know which one that will be. It is a matter of survival of the fittest and your school is at the bottom of the food chain. And I'm at the top where I belong. Yum, yum!

VICTORIA: How can you and your family be so mean?

WILMA: It's in the genes. And years of practice. Oh, and just so you know, I've recalculated the offer based on the present market conditions. *(Takes out a calculator.)* Let me show you. *(Punches in numbers.)* So, here is the original price ... and then the percent adjustment for land value ... times the prime mortgage rate ... plus the property taxes ... and then the adjustment for pork belly futures ... and the entertainment tax ... plus the gratuity for my graciousness. *(Shows calculator display to VANESSA and VICTORIA.)* And there you have it.

VANESSA: Get it through your head, Wilma. We are not interested in your offer, so waddle on back to your little store and jump into a vat of chocolate.

CHERRY: *(Enters from the Hallway.)* Do I smell dark chocolate with crushed almonds and, like, a hint of peppermint?

WILMA: It is only me.

CHERRY: Can I have some?

VICTORIA: I believe you mean "May I have some".

WILMA: Yes, you may and can. Here, take the whole box. And feel free to come next door anytime you have the urge for fine chocolate products. Good day to you all. *(Exits by the Front Entrance.)*

VICTORIA: *(Takes box of chocolates from CHERRY.)* Cherry, you know that sweets so early in the day are not part of our nutrition program.

CHERRY: But, I can't survive on healthy food. I need a balanced diet. I need sugar, salt, caffeine, and hamburgers and fries, and pizza! You're starving me! I hate it here! I am going to quit! *(Exits by the Hallway.)*

VANESSA: We can't afford to lose any students, you know.

VICTORIA: Let me go talk to her. *(Exits by the Hallway.)*

SAM: *(Enters by the Front Entrance followed by DYLAN)* Well, here we are.

VANESSA: *(Crosses to SAM and DYLAN)* That was quick.

SAM: Yep. He got here quicker than sweat on a gal in a black dress.

DYLAN: Well, that's my motto. "Ever ready even before you are."

SAM: Mr. Evereddy, this is Miss Vanessa Goodfair, one of the owners.

VANESSA: Nice to meet you, Mr. Evereddy.

DYLAN: Yes, it is. And please call me Dylan.

VANESSA: You look familiar. Did we go to school together?

DYLAN: I don't think so. I went to Dunhill High.

VANESSA: I went to Mayhem Central. You used to beat us all the time in sports.

DYLAN: I know. I was on the football team.

VANESSA: Really? I was a cheerleader.

DYLAN: I regret that you didn't have much to cheer about.

VICTORIA: *(Enters from the Hallway)* Sam. You have returned.
(DYLAN turns and looks at VICTORIA. VICTORIA stops in her tracks. When THEY realize that THEY are both staring at each other, THEY quickly look away.)

VANESSA: Victoria, this is the repairman, Dylan Evereddy. Dylan, this is my sister, Victoria.

(VICTORIA and DYLAN hesitantly cross to each other.)

VICTORIA: *(SHE extends her hand in a manner for it to be kissed on the back.)* I am so happy you are here, Mr. Evereddy.

DYLAN: *(Looks confused at VICTORIA's hand, then gives her hand a fist bump.)* I'm happy that you're happy, Miss Goodfair.

VICTORIA: Please, call me Victoria.

DYLAN: OK ... Victoria. And you can call me Mr. Evereddy.

(MIA, and TIFFANY enter from the Hallway. THEY stand and stare at DYLAN.)

SAM: Maybe we should go look at that air conditioner. It's down in the basement. We can go down this way.

DYLAN: It's been nice meeting you. Once I've checked out the system, I'll give you a report of my inquest.

VICTORIA: I look forward to that moment.

(DYLAN and SAM exit by the Front Entrance.)

TIFFANY: Whoa! Who's the hunk?!?

VANESSA: He's here to fix the air conditioning.

MIA: Like, could you fix him up with me for some one on one?

TIFFANY: No wonder you need air conditioning. He is, like, so totally hot! *(To MIA.)* Is my hair alright?

VICTORIA: Please remember your rules. Demonstrate decorum not desire. Be blushing not brash.

TIFFANY: But he's beautiful not bland.

MIA: He gives me shaky blood!

VICTORIA: Please, girls! It is clear that you have forgotten everything you learned about meeting boys.

TIFFANY: Those rules apply to boys not to hunks!

VICTORIA: That is quite enough! I want you all to go get your books for etiquette class.

MIA: Relax, Miss G. We're just messing around.

TIFFANY: Yeah, we were, like, having some girl fantasy fun, that's all.

MIA: Besides, we were only talking about him, not to him.

VICTORIA: Regardless, that sort of talk is not proper for a lady.

MIA: Like, who says we want to be ladies?

VICTORIA: Your parents. And they are paying the bill for your education, and I might add, providing an inheritance for some of you.

(Looks at TIFFANY.) Perhaps I should make a call to your homes.

TIFFANY: Oh, that won't be necessary. Come on, Mia, let's go get our books.

(TIFFANY and MIA exit by the Hallway.)

VANESSA: I don't know that there is much hope for those two, especially Mia.

VICTORIA: They are a challenge. But, I am certain we can turn them into real ladies.

VANESSA: It might be easier to turn Ozzie Osborne into the lead tenor of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

MIA: *(Enters from the Hallway.)* Yo, Miss Vicky. We don't got no idea what books we gotta bring.

(Blackout.)

SCENE 3

One hour later in VON PUTRID's office.

VINCENT: *(Talks on the telephone.)* I see. *(Pause.)* I didn't think the wench had the guts. *(Pause.)* Yes, we will certainly have to deal with it immediately. *(Pause.)* Don't do anything rash. I'll contact you when the time is right. *(Pause.)* This will soon be over. Do not despair. Good bye. *(Hangs up the telephone.)* Rats and more rats!!

MISS MEANER: *(Enters.)* A problem, cousin?

VINCENT: It seems that Miss Wilma Dippenstik is pursuing her parent's goal of taking over the Goodfair Finishing School.

MISS MEANER: But I thought it was agreed that once Wilma was in charge of the Emporium those plans would be dropped.

VINCENT: That was the agreement with her parents. It appears that Wilma is an ambitious and scurrilous young wench. I didn't think anyone could be a more malevolent witch than her mother.

MISS MEANER: Perhaps Wilma could have a mysterious accident. Oh please, let me arrange a mysterious accident.

VINCENT: No, we don't want to do anything that would raise suspicion. What we need to do is apply more pressure on the Goodfair twins.

MISS MEANER: I trust you have a dastardly plan up your sleeve or any other part of your clothing. Oh please, tell me you have a dastardly plan.

VINCENT: Indeed I do. When I'm through, Goodfair's Boarding School will be completely boarded up. (*Laughs villainously. MISS MEANER joins in the laughter.*)

(*Blackout.*)

SCENE 4

One hour later in the Common Room. CHERRY, MIA, and TIFFANY stand at Center.

MIA: I hate these etiquette classes. Why do we got to be so polite all the time?

TIFFANY: You know what we need at this school?

MIA: How's about a wicked hockey team.

CHERRY: And some decent food!

TIFFANY: We need to have a school dance.

CHERRY: Yeah, that, too.

TIFFANY: I mean, regular school's have dances, like, so why can't we?

MIA: Well, for one thing we don't got no guys. We need some guys, preferably jocks.

CHERRY: And pizza!

TIFFANY: We could invite the boys from Sludgebottom's Prep School.

MIA: Those guys are total losers. The only championship they've ever won was in team crocheting.

CHERRY: They're, like, all geeks there.

TIFFANY: Not all of them.

MIA: How do you know?

TIFFANY: I just know, OK?

MIA: You went out with one of those slugs, didn't you?

TIFFANY: So what if I did, which I didn't. I can decide who I date.

MIA: You're right. You can lower your standards anytime you want.

TIFFANY: At least I have standards.

CHERRY: It doesn't matter. We'll never be allowed to have a dance anyway.

TIFFANY: Maybe we will. We have to be convincing, that's all.

VICTORIA: (*Enters with VANESSA. VICTORIA crosses to the STUDENTS and VANESSA goes to work at her desk.*) Hello, girls. I have something special planned for today's etiquette class.

CHERRY: I hope it's restaurant etiquette.

VICTORIA: No, today we are going to learn proper etiquette at a dance.

TIFFANY: Excellent! This may be our big chance, girls.

VICTORIA: The first thing we must learn is how to meet a boy. Line up and we will begin. (*Crosses to MIA.*) Show me how you would greet me, Mia. Good evening. I am Mr. Smith.

MIA: (*Slaps VICTORIA on the shoulder.*) Yo, buddy. How's it goin'?

VICTORIA: I am afraid that is not the proper way to greet a stranger.

MIA: OK, how about this. Hey, dude, get outta my face!

(*VICTORIA reacts with disbelief.*)

What? You said he was a stranger.

VICTORIA: I see we have a lot of work to do. (*Crosses to TIFFANY*)

Let us try Tiffany. Good evening, Miss. Are you here alone?

TIFFANY: Heaven's no. A young lady dare not go out in public unescorted.

VICTORIA: Very good, Tiffany. Never give any indication that you may be vulnerable.

(*DYLAN enters from the Front Entrance and crosses to VANESSA.*)

VICTORIA does not see them but the STUDENTS do. THEY stare at DYLAN.)

VICTORIA: Of course, the important thing is to properly accept an invitation to dance from a gentleman. One must be accepting without appearing to be overly enthusiastic. Let us see how you do, Cherry. (*Crosses to CHERRY.*) Good evening. I wonder if I might have the honor of this dance? (*CHERRY does not respond.*) Excuse me. I said I wonder if you would honor me with the next dance?

CHERRY: Oh yeah! Let's shake our booties! (*Begins to dance wildly.*)

MIA: You go, girl! Shake what your Mama gave you!

VICTORIA: Cherry! What are you doing?

CHERRY: (*Stops dancing.*) Oh, wow! I don't know what came over me.

TIFFANY: Like, is my eye shadow OK?

VANESSA: Sam and Mr. Evereddy are back, Victoria.

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VICTORIA: Wonderful. We will take a short break, girls. I will return momentarily. (*Crosses to VANESSA*)

(*The STUDENTS stare intently at DYLAN.*)

VANESSA: So, what did you find?

DYLAN: Your condenser and fan have suffered career ending injuries. They'll have to be replaced.

VANESSA: That sounds expensive.

DYLAN: Yes, it is. But I'm going to do everything I can to keep your costs down.

VICTORIA: Thank you. We appreciate everything you can do for us.

DYLAN: I'm going to check out some suppliers right away. (*To VICTORIA.*) If all goes well, by tomorrow night cool air will be caressing your flawless skin.

VICTORIA: Oh, Mr. Evereddy. I do not know what we would do without you.

DYLAN: That is probably true. I hope to see you tomorrow. (*Exits by the Front Entrance.*)

VICTORIA: Perhaps we are saved, Nessie. He is such a gentleman.

VANESSA: Don't get all pumped up. We haven't seen the bill yet.

VICTORIA: I just know everything is going to work out wonderfully. (*Crossing to the STUDENTS.*) Now then, girls, where were we?

TIFFANY: You were teaching us how to meet guys, as if we don't already know.

CHERRY: Yeah, you said we should not be overly enthusiastic.

MIA: (*Mimics VICTORIA.*) "Oh, Mr. Evereddy, I do not know what we would do without you".

CHERRY: Yeah, something like that.

VICTORIA: Oh, no, girls. That was merely an expression of our appreciation for his efforts.

TIFFANY: Yeah, like whatever.

MIA: You know, what I think, Miss Vicki? I think you got the hots for the AC man.

VICTORIA: Why, Mia, how crude. I do not have any feelings towards Mr. Evereddy other than gratitude. (*Turns away from the STUDENTS and smiles slightly.*) And I most certainly do not have the hots for him.

(*Blackout.*)

SCENE 5

Early the next morning in the Common Room. VINCENT stands at Center with MISS MEANER, VICTORIA, and VANESSA.

VINCENT: Thank you for seeing us on such short notice. I regret to inform you that your financial situation is worse than ever. I have performed a thorough check of your accounts and have determined that my bank can no longer support your business. As a result, I must ask for full payment of all outstanding debts by noon tomorrow.

VANESSA: What!! That's less than 18 hours from now!

MISS MEANER: Actually it's sixteen hours and thirty six minutes.

(Aside.) And ticking like a time bomb.

VICTORIA: We are doomed!

VANESSA: We can't come up with that kind of money on such short notice, and you know it!

VICTORIA: We are ruined!

VINCENT: That may be, but that is not my problem. Our bank has supported you long enough. If I don't get the money, I will gladly, I mean, I will sadly have to take over the property.

MISS MEANER: Here are all the legal documents. You will find everything is in order.

VICTORIA: We are destroyed!

VANESSA: You are cold-hearted scumbag!

VINCENT: Perhaps, but I still want my money. You have until noon tomorrow to pay up or get out. Good day to you both. *(Laughs villainously and exits by the Front Entrance.)*

MISS MEANER: Good day, ladies. Although I would suppose this is not the best day you have had. *(Aside.)* This business is so much fun.

(Laughs villainously and exits by the Front Entrance.)

VICTORIA: We are reduced to rubble! What are we to do?

VANESSA: I don't know. I guess we're totally hooped.

VICTORIA: No! This cannot happen! We have worked too hard to give up now.

SAM: *(Enters from Front Entrance.)* Good mornin', ladies.

VICTORIA: Oh, Sam, if only it were.

SAM: Why, what's the matter. You look like you lost yer best dress to a hungry goat.

VANESSA: It's that dirt bag, von Putrid. He wants all of our debts paid off by noon tomorrow or else we lose everything.

SAM: That fella is lower than toe jam in a cesspool!

VICTORIA: It is all over for us, Sam.

SAM: I hate to see you two gals in such distress. Let me do some thinkin' on this. There's gotta be some way out of this mess. You know what I always say. Where there's a way, there's usually a scale.

VANESSA: I don't know, Sam. This is pretty serious. We don't have a lot of time.

SAM: Well, sometimes when time is runnin' out it's only because you don't have enough sand left in your hour glass. I'm goin' to go down in the basement and do some tinkerin'. I always do some of my best thinkin' when my hands are workin' and my mind ain't. *(Exits by the Front Entrance.)*

VICTORIA: He is such a caring man. We are lucky to have had him here the last two years.

VANESSA: Yeah, I guess. I have to go to the post office for some stamps. Do you want anything while I'm out?

VICTORIA: No thank you. I will stay here and wallow in my sorrow.

VANESSA: Try to stay cool. Somehow we'll survive this. I'll be right back. *(Exits by the Front Entrance.)*

VICTORIA: *(Paces.)* Oh, woe is me. How can this be happening? How I wish Mommy and Daddy were here right now. Fate can be so cruel. *(Sits in a chair and begins to sob.)* They would still be here if it was not for the freak accident. Oh, what strife we have suffered all because of the paparazzi and a turnip truck.

DYLAN: *(Enters from the Front Entrance.)* Excuse me, Miss Victoria. I'm looking for the air conditioning control. Are you alright?

VICTORIA: *(Composes herself.)* Yes, I am fine. Do come in.

DYLAN: You look like you just lost the game on a last minute field goal. Is the heat getting to you?

VICTORIA: No, it is not the heat. My sister and I have received the most horrid news. *(Begins to sob.)* We are about to lose our school.

DYLAN: Lose the school? How can that be? I mean, it's pretty big.

VICTORIA: We owe a great deal of money to the bank. Mr. von Putrid has demanded full payment of all our debts by noon tomorrow or else.

DYLAN: Or else what?

VICTORIA: Or else we will be out ... oh, I cannot say the words. *(Sobs.)*

DYLAN: Do you mean that von Putrid would assume ownership of the school and force you and Miss Vanessa to become bag ladies who wander the streets in search of discarded bottles and other paraphernalia that can be traded for meager sums of cash with which to sustain yourselves in a manner that is considerably less than that to which you have become customized?

VICTORIA: Yes, you are so perceptive.

DYLAN: That's terrible! You've got to do something.

VICTORIA: I am afraid there is not much that can be done. We simply do not have the resources. And I regret to inform you that you are soon to be added to our list of creditors.

DYLAN: (*Places his hand on VICTORIA's shoulder.*) Don't worry about my payment. I will not be a party to your impending fall down. I will do this job for nothing.

VICTORIA: (*Looks at DYLAN with admiration.*) You are truly a beacon of hope in my black sea of despair.

DYLAN: And I'll do whatever I can to save you from the gasp of that sea serpent von Putrid. (*Smiles heroically.*)

(*Blackout.*)

SCENE 6

One hour later in the Common Room. VICTORIA works at the desk.

VANESSA: (*Enters from the Front Entrance followed by WILMA.*) Look who's here, Victoria.

WILMA: Good morning, ladies

VICTORIA: Good morning. I am surprised to see you here again.

VANESSA: I thought we made it quite clear that we're not interested in anything you have to offer.

WILMA: Things have changed, have they not? Oh, yes they have.

VANESSA: What's that supposed to mean?

WILMA: Well, now you are under a bit more financial pressure, are you not? Tomorrow is coming fast.

VICTORIA: How do you know about that?

WILMA: I make it my business to know about your business.

VANESSA: This is still none of your business, Wilma. We're not selling to you.

VICTORIA: We still have time to come up with the money.

WILMA: Give it a break. There's no way you can raise that much cash in a year let alone by noon tomorrow. And the truth is that one way or another I'm going to own this property. Either I buy it from you or from the bank. It makes no never mind to me.

VANESSA: You know what? I just realized that there's something about you that I don't like.

WILMA: Really? And what is that?

VANESSA: Everything! So, take your chocolate inflated butt back to your cupcake shack and give yourself an oil change!

WILMA: Well then, you have seen the friendly face of this gift horse for the last time! (*Exits by the Front Entrance.*)

VANESSA: You got the horse thing right, but you've got the wrong end!

(Blackout.)

SCENE 7

Later that evening in the Common Room. VANESSA works at the desk. The Room is dimly lit except for the desk area.

VICTORIA: *(Enters from the Hallway.)* I am going upstairs to have some supper. Are you coming?

VANESSA: No, I'm still working on the books.

VICTORIA: You still think we can find a way to save the school?

VANESSA: No, but I have to keep trying until the very end.

VICTORIA: I understand. Mr. Evereddy is still working on the air conditioning. He should not be too much longer. I will leave your supper in the refrigerator. *(Exits by the Front Entrance.)*

VANESSA: OK.

(A few seconds later, VANESSA looks up from the books and looks around. SHE rises and checks the Front Entrance and the Hallway. SHE crosses to the desk, picks up the telephone receiver, and dials. As SHE begins to speak, DYLAN appears at the Hallway entrance. HE stops and listens to VANESSA's call. SHE never realizes HE is there.)

Hello, it's me, Vanessa. We need to talk. *(Pause.)* I don't want to say over the phone. *(Pause.)* No, I'm not over reacting. I've worked too hard to make this happen. I don't want to lose it now that we're so close. *(Pause.)* We need to talk tonight. *(Pause.)* Some place where no one will see us together. *(Pause.)* The old drive-in theatre is perfect. *(Pause.)* At eleven behind the screen. I'll be there. Make sure you come alone.

(SHE hangs up the receiver and looks around. DYLAN disappears into the Hallway before SHE sees him.)

(Blackout.)

SCENE 8

Eleven o'clock behind the screen of the old drive-in theatre.

VANESSA: (*Paces. Stops and looks off-stage.*) You're late.

VINCENT: (*Enters.*) I took an indirect route. I wanted to be sure I wasn't being followed. Now, exactly what is the problem?

VANESSA: I'm a little uptight about this whole thing.

VINCENT: Everything is going according to plan. We've taken all the appropriate steps. Have you doctored the books like I showed you?

VANESSA: Yes. I've funneled thousands of dollars into my special account. The real books show the school is in serious debt.

VINCENT: And I can confirm that. Your money is secure and we are close to realizing our goal. I hope you aren't having second thoughts about your sister.

VANESSA: There's no way that is going to happen. We might be twins but we are completely different people. Victoria doesn't pay much attention to money. Helping girls become ladies is her one and only passion.

VINCENT: That's good. She doesn't need a lot of money to be happy and you do. By this time tomorrow she won't have any money and you'll be off to start a life of luxury in some exotic land. And I'll have the property I want. So, you see, everybody will be happy. (*Laughs villainously.*)

VANESSA: I don't want any screw ups between now and then.

VINCENT: Nothing is going to go wrong.

VANESSA: I hope I can trust you.

VINCENT: But, of course you can, my dear.

DYLAN: (*Steps out from behind the screen.*) The way I see it, neither one of you can be trusted!

VINCENT: What! Where did you come from?

DYLAN: Well, my mother says I was found under a cabbage leaf, but my father says the stork brought me, so I'm not exactly sure. But, what I do know is that for the past few minutes I have been in the bushes listening to you.

VANESSA: He heard everything we said!

DYLAN: That would be precisely exact.

VANESSA: (*To VON PUTRID.*) What are we going to do?

DYLAN: I cannot let you mistreat poor Miss Victoria in such a foul and delicious manner, and so I am going to dispose you to the proper authorities who will no doubt arrest you, try you, and then put you away in a dark and dusty jail cell where you will spend many years deflecting on the lowdown and nasty things you have done to Miss Victoria.

VINCENT: I think you misunderstood the nature of our conversation. I was merely assisting Miss Goodfair with some financial matters relevant to her investments and savings. Until this moment I had no knowledge about her relationship with her sister.

DYLAN: I may be a simple air conditioning repairman, but I know when someone's blowing hot air. Now if you will excuse me, I am off to find the Sheriff.

VINCENT: I'm afraid we can't let you do that.

DYLAN: You have no choice. Nothing can stop me from exposing the both of you as masters of conceit and conception.

MISS MEANER: *(Enters and crosses to behind DYLAN. SHE carries a candlestick and puts an end in DYLAN's back.)* Don't move or I'm going to turn you into a donut.

VANESSA: I thought I told you to come alone.

MISS MEANER: He did come alone, but I followed him. Just like you taught me, Vinnie.

VINCENT: Rule eleven. You're such a good student.

MISS MEANER: Yes, I know. Here, Vanessa, I brought some rope. Tie him up.

(VANESSA ties up DYLAN's hands.)

VINCENT: She always comes prepared.

DYLAN: I'm not going to let you get away with this.

MISS MEANER: You're not going to be in a position to do anything. Quick, let's tie him to the screen.

(MISS MEANER and VANESSA move DYLAN to the screen and tie him up.)

DYLAN: Hey, that's not a gun! It's a candlestick.

MISS MEANER: That's right. I got it from the bank's library.

DYLAN: I didn't have a clue.

VINCENT: Make sure the knots are good and tight. I don't want him to escape and foil my plans to become filthy rich.

MISS MEANER: *(Pulls a jar of honey from her jacket.)* Don't worry. I brought some insurance. This will sweeten him up for the kill.

VANESSA: You're going to feed him!

MISS MEANER: *(Applies honey to DYLAN.)* Don't be silly. I'm going to cover him in honey. There are lots of bears out here. They love honey coated treats. Once they're done their snack, I don't think we will hear from our repairman ever again. *(Laughs villainously.)* I only wish I could be here to witness the gore.

VINCENT: You are the most treacherous and vicious cousin I could ever wish for.

MISS MEANER: I owe it all to you, Vinnie.

VANESSA: Perhaps we could forget the love-in right now and get out of here.

VINCENT: Good idea. We'll see each other at noon tomorrow when our dastardly plan will come to completion. *(Laughs villainously along with MISS MEANER. Exits followed by MISS MEANER.)*

VANESSA: *(Takes a few steps to exit then turns back to DYLAN.)* I'm sorry things turned out this way. You should have just fixed the air conditioning rather than trying to take the air out of my sails. *(Exits.)*

DYLAN: *(Struggles to get free from the rope.)* Drat, these knots are tight! Those girls must have been in the sea cadets. *(Stops struggling.)* Well, I guess I have come to the end of my rope. For myself I have no regrets, but the pain of knowing that Miss Victoria will be tossed into the gutter like used chewing gum and then flushed away to be rendered into sludge in some lonely sewage plant is too much to bear. *(A rustling is heard of stage.)* Speaking of bears, I believe I am about to be sacked for the last time. *(More rustling is heard off stage.)* Come on, you hairy beast. Let the deed be done. *(Closes his eyes.)*

SAM: *(Enters and crosses to DYLAN.)* You alright, Mr. Evereddy?

DYLAN: *(Opens his eyes.)* You're not a bear.

SAM: No siree, I ain't. I got all my clothes on. Let's get you untied. Hey, you smell real sweet.

DYLAN: Thanks. What are you doing here?

SAM: Well, I was cleanin' the air vent that goes up to the Common Room earlier this evenin' and I heard Miss Vanessa make a phone call. I figured something fishy was goin' on, so I decided to come here and see if I could catch me a sucker. I've been hidin' in the bushes over there the whole time.

DYLAN: *(Rises.)* It's a good thing you did or I would be just a memory by now.

SAM: Well, you know what I always say. When your memory goes, you can forget it.

DYLAN: Now that we both know what is really going on, we have to do something to save Miss Victoria.

SAM: I've been doin' a lot of thinkin' about this. If we play our cards right, I think we can win the pot tomorrow.

DYLAN: I'll do anything to help Miss Victoria. I hope you have a brilliant game plan.

SAM: Well, you know what I always say. If your plan ain't brilliant, its lights out for you.

(Blackout.)

SCENE 9

The Common Room just before noon the next day. CHERRY, MIA, and TIFFANY stand at Center.

CHERRY: I really don't understand how this is going to make them give us what we want.

MIA: Cherry's right. Why don't we just beat the snot out of them until they give in?

TIFFANY: I told you already. It's called a sit-in. I researched it on the Internet. They used to do this all the time in the 60's.

MIA: We ain't in the 60's no more.

CHERRY: And you said they used to arrest people who did this. I can't go to jail. Like, the food there is totally disgusting!

TIFFANY: We're not going to jail, OK?

CHERRY: But, what if sit here and they still don't give us what we want?

TIFFANY: Then we'll quit and go somewhere way better.

MIA: Yeah, right, like you'd give up your inheritance.

TIFFANY: Well, I might. Let's just try it, OK. I mean, like, what have we got to lose?

MIA: *(Sits along with TIFFANY and CHERRY.)* Alright, but this better work.

(TIFFANY raises a sign reading "School Dances are Totally Cool!", MIA raises a sign reading "Girls Can be Hockey Goons, too.", and CHERRY raises a sign reading "Onion Rings are a Basic Food Group". The GIRLS sit for a few moments.)

MIA: You know, this might work way better if someone actually, like, saw us.

TIFFANY: Well, they used to, like, shout stuff, too.

MIA: Man, this is getting way too complicated.

CHERRY: Is anybody getting hungry?

VICTORIA: *(Enters and crosses to the STUDENTS.)* I have some very distressing news to tell you.

CHERRY: *(Rises.)* Oprah's been cancelled!

VICTORIA: No, but it appears that we are.

CHERRY: You've got a TV reality show?

TIFFANY: *(Rises. Looks around and primps her hair.)* Like, have we been on a hidden camera the whole time?

VICTORIA: What I mean is that the school is going to close.

CHERRY: What?

MIA: *(Rises.)* When?

TIFFANY: Why?

VICTORIA: In less than half an hour. We have had some financial problems. The bank is going to take over the school because we cannot pay our debts

MIA: So, the bankers will be running the school?

VICTORIA: I do not think so. I suspect they will close the school and use the property for a more profitable purpose.

CHERRY: That means we'll have to go to, like, a regular school! I mean their cafeterias are awesome and everything, but I can't fit in with the masses!

TIFFANY: Me either! I'm almost a lady, and the girls in public school are, like, so totally immature.

VICTORIA: You will be fine. You will be ladies where ever you go.

MIA: But, we ain't in game shape! You still got to teach us some more stuff. We can't do it without your coaching.

VICTORIA: *(Becomes tearful.)* That is so sweet. I wish I could be there for you but things are out of my hands. I want you to go to your rooms and pack up all of your personal possessions. I will miss all of you. Now go and get ready.

STUDENTS: *(Exit by the Hallway.)* Yes, ma'am.

VANESSA: *(Enters from the Front Entrance. SHE carries a shoebox and places it on the desk.)* Are you alright, Victoria?

VICTORIA: Yes. I just informed the girls of our situation. It was very emotional.

VANESSA: It'll all be over soon, and we can get on with the next phase of our lives, whatever that might be. I've packed up all of our personal papers in this box.

VICTORIA: How pathetic. Our life here has been reduced to the contents of a shoebox. And it's only a size six.

WILMA: *(Enters by the Front Entrance.)* Good morning, ladies.

VANESSA: Why are you here? I think we made our position on your offer very clear yesterday.

WILMA: Oh, I'm not here to make an offer. Oh, no. I'm here to watch the show. It will be good to see an obstacle blown away like a booger in a sneeze.

VINCENT: *(Enters from the Front Entrance followed by MISS MEANER. SHE carries a file folder with the words "Evil Plan" printed on the outside in large letters.)* Good morning everyone.

WILMA: *(Crossing to a chair and sits.)* I'll just take a front row seat over here.

VINCENT: Come to watch the gore, Wilma?

WILMA: *(Takes out a bag of popcorn, chips or candy from her bag.)* I wouldn't miss this for all the Botox in Hollywood.

VINCENT: I must say I admire your impropriety. Let's get down to business, shall we? Do you have my money?

VANESSA: Of course, we don't have the money!

VINCENT: Then all I need is a couple of signatures and you can be on your way out. Dee, bring out the papers.

MISS MEANER: *(Takes papers from the file folder.)* With pleasure. All we need is for both of you to sign on the last page right here and your journey into disgrace will begin. *(Aside.)* Disgrace is such a magical word.

(VANESSA signs quickly. VICTORIA moves hesitantly to sign. As SHE is about to sign DYLAN and SAM enter from the Front Entrance. SAM carries a broom as a weapon.)

DYLAN: Feast and resist!! Do not sign those papers, Miss Victoria!

VANESSA: Mr. Evereddy?

MISS MEANER: I thought you were ... that is to say ...

DYLAN: You thought I was dead?

VICTORIA: Why would you be dead?

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