

GHOST LIGHT III: A TIMELESS CURTAIN CALL

By Greg Cummings

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GHOST LIGHT III: A TIMELESS CURTAIN CALL

By Greg Cummings

SYNOPSIS: It's here! The third in the *Ghost Light* series, ten more short plays about high school theatre life. Perfect for beginners and veteran theatre students alike. A bare stage and minimal props and costumes are all that are needed to present these very short, sometimes absurdist, sometimes bittersweet plays: Two techies find love in a high-tech sci-fi play. A sympathetic big sister helps her brother audition for the role of Snoopy. A first-time playwright realizes that art can be interpreted in many ways. A shy actor "lives the pause" to attract the playwright. A class clown and the class bookworm join forces to forge new identities. A playwright re-connects with his girlfriend after he re-writes their lives. A character observation goes awry when a wrestler "becomes" his best friend's ex-girlfriend. A playwright and two actors fully embrace the everyday, but is it theatre? A basketball team warms up with the cast of *Footloose*. And time literally stands still for two seniors taking their last high school curtain call.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4-11 females, 3-9 males, 0-3 either gender)

CAST NOTE: All characters are in their teens. Many roles can be cross-gender cast.

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN. YOU'RE A GOOD BIG SISTER, JOANNE.

KEN (m)

JOANNE (f)

THE PAUSE

ZACH (m)

MADDIE (f)

VANESSA (f)

BARLIE AND BANASTASIA

CHARLIE (m)
ANASTASIA (f)
ELLEN (f)
STAN (m)

**THEY MAY OBLITERATE OUR WORLD, BUT THEY'LL NEVER
OBLITERATE OUR LOVE.**

LAURA (f)
MALCOLM (m)

GOTTA DANCE!

DARCY (f)
TAYLOR (m)
JOE (m)

CLASS CLOWN HITS BOTTOM

BEN (m)
TANYA (f)

THE GREAT GLOBE ITSELF, A FOOTBALL, AND A POP TART

JAKE (m/f)
KYLE (m/f)

WRESTLING WITH A CHARACTER OBSERVATION

SCOTT (m)
“PETE” (f)

BUT THE ENDING NEEDS MORE... SOMETHING

DONNA (f)
KIRK (m)
LEE (m/f)

A TIMELESS CURTAIN CALL

NATHAN (m)
KIM (f)
FULL CAST (m/f)

DEDICATION

For the Fall 2021 Cast at Dwight-Englewood School:
Minka Brainin, Hannah Carroll, Julien Ishigahara
Charupakorn, Lauren Chu, Colin Ference, Lauryn
Henry, Luke Hilfers, Tessa Lee, Joseph Murphy, Red
Nochomovitz, Anne Nodelman, Lilly Trentacosta,
Arsh Vohra, Jayla Willis. And Stage Manager Ruth
Myint. And their Director, Robert K. Murphy.

**YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN.
YOU'RE A GOOD BIG SISTER, JOANNE.**

by Greg Cummings

SYNOPSIS: A sympathetic big sister helps her little brother audition for the role of Snoopy in *You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown*.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 1 male)

KEN (m)..... Needy little brother. *(17 lines)*

JOANNE (f)..... Sympathetic big sister. *(21 lines)*

TIME: Present.

SETTING: A pet shop.

AT START: KEN, 14, enters left, drops his backpack, crosses to center, drops to his knees, stares straight ahead, then barks like a dog. He stops, thinks, looks straight ahead, then barks again. JOANNE, 17, also carrying a backpack, enters left, unnoticed. She crosses right. KEN, still looking straight ahead, barks like a dog again. JOANNE stops and, worried, looks at KEN.

JOANNE: Um. Ken?

KEN: Joanne.

JOANNE: Yeah. Um. What are you doing?

KEN: Audition prep.

JOANNE: Audition prep?

KEN: *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown?* It's the high school musical this year.

JOANNE: Yeah, I heard.

KEN: Auditions are next week.

JOANNE: Right. And you're auditioning?

KEN: Yep.

JOANNE: And this is your... "audition prep"?

KEN: Yep. I'm auditioning for the role of Snoopy. He's a dog. (*Barks like a dog.*)

JOANNE: Got it. And this is normal how?

KEN: OK. I've been reading all about it. Actors call it "Developing Characters from Animal Images". Jim Carrey looked at pigeons to get his character for *Ace Ventura Pet Detective*. And drama students in London observe animals at The London Zoo.

JOANNE: OK... (*Crosses to him and kneels.*) Ken. You do know that right now you're staring at the puppies in our father's pet shop, right?

KEN: Our town doesn't have a zoo, Joanne!

JOANNE: Right. So (*Stands.*) I'll just bring your backpack upstairs for you. (*Stands and picks up KEN'S backpack. With both backpacks, she crosses to stage right, then turns to face him.*) You know, I didn't know you were into acting.

KEN: I didn't either. (*Barks like a dog.*) I just figured I might need something.

JOANNE: For?

KEN: Joanne. You're a senior. I'm a freshman. Next year you'll be gone, and I can't be "Joanne's little brother" anymore. I'll need to have an identity of my own. So I thought I'd give acting a try.

JOANNE: Oh.

KEN: And I thought I'd use this year to prepare.

KEN barks like a dog, then stops. He mopes. JOANNE, sympathetic, crosses to him and kneels down.

JOANNE: What is it?

KEN: This is dumb.

JOANNE: What?

KEN: "Acting from animal images". I feel dumb.

JOANNE: Well, you don't look dumb.

KEN: You're just saying that.

JOANNE: No, really, Ken. That's a great dog imitation you got going there.

KEN: You really think so?

JOANNE: Yeah. And you know what? I think you'll do great at auditions next week.

KEN: Yeah?

JOANNE: Are you kidding me? Snoopy is yours to lose!

KEN barks gleefully.

JOANNE: See?

KEN barks more gleefully. JOANNE applauds.

JOANNE: And you know, (*Scratches the back of his neck, like a puppy.*) when you do shows next year, buddy, you know I'll come back from college to see them!

KEN: You will?

JOANNE: Of course! What are big sisters for?

KEN, very gleeful now, howls again. JOANNE plays along and scratches the back of his neck.

JOANNE: That's it! Good boy. Good boy!

KEN smiles and whimpers. JOANNE smiles the smile of a big sister who just did a good deed. Fade to black.

END OF PLAY

THE PAUSE

by Greg Cummings

SYNOPSIS: A shy actor “lives the pause” to attract the playwright.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 females, 1 male)

ZACH (m)..... The actor. (*Non-Speaking.*)

MADDIE (f)..... The playwright Zach crushes on.
(16 lines)

VANESSA (f) A novice actress. Freaking out.
(12 lines)

SETTING: A bare stage.

TIME: The present.

AT START: ZACH sits on a bench upstage center. He looks at the floor. VANESSA, downstage left, holds a script and regards him. VANESSA is freaking out.

MADDIE: *(From the auditorium.)* Vanessa?

VANESSA: Maddie!

MADDIE enters from the auditorium and stops downstage right.

MADDIE: Hi Zach! (*Beat.*) Hi Zach. (*Beat.*) Zach?

MADDIE crosses to VANESSA.

MADDIE: So, I got your text. So, what's up with Zach?

VANESSA: I have no clue!

MADDIE: What do you mean?

VANESSA: OK! So! We were rehearsing your play, right? Cool play by the way, as always, you're the best—

MADDIE: Thanks.

VANESSA: But when we got to this part...

VANESSA shows MADDIE the script.

MADDIE: (Reads.) "He pauses". OK. What's the problem?

VANESSA: He's been pausing for the past ten minutes!

MADDIE: Ten minutes?!

VANESSA: Ten minutes! He won't move! He won't talk! We can't shake him out of it!

MADDIE: OK. Where *is* the student director?

VANESSA: Paula? She's at the vending machines. She says Kit Kat Bars help her think. See ya!

MADDIE: Wait. Where are you going?

VANESSA: The vending machines. Who knows? She might be right.

MADDIE: But what am I supposed to do?

VANESSA: I don't know! You're the veteran playwright! I'm a first-time actress! Talk to him!

MADDIE: But I'm a playwright! I create characters! I don't talk to people!

VANESSA: Oh, come on! Maddie, you're the best playwright in the school! And Zach's the best actor! Aren't all you artistic types supposed to be on the same "artistic wavelength"?

MADDIE: "The same artistic wavelength"?

VANESSA: You know, communicating on a deeper level than us mere mortals?

MADDIE: What are you even talking about?

VANESSA: I don't know! I'll bring you back a Kit Kat Bar!

VANESSA hurriedly exits into the auditorium.

MADDIE: (To herself.) The same artistic wavelength?

Pause. MADDIE crosses to ZACH and sits. Pause.

MADDIE: Zach?

ZACH, for the first time, raises his head and looks at her. They lock eyes and don't waver from this position.

MADDIE: *(Stunned.)* Oh my God. Vanessa was right. I see it in your eyes. We *are* on the same wavelength! We *do* communicate on a deeper level than mere mortals! Zach, I can read your mind. What's that? *(Stunned, she slowly and accurately reads his mind.)* You held the pause this long for a reason? You knew that Paula would leave to get a Kit Kat Bar, because that's her go-to when she's confused? And you knew that Vanessa would text me? And you hoped that I'd come to you? And that Vanessa would leave us? And that we would be left here, alone? Alone, together. Just the two of us? And... what's that, Zach? *(She smiles.)* I can't hear you. Speak up.

She leans to him. He leans to her. Fade to black.

END OF PLAY

BARLIE AND BANASTASIA**By Greg Cummings**

SYNOPSIS: A playwright re-connects with his girlfriend after he re-writes their lives.

CAST OF CHARACTERS*(2 females, 2 males)*

CHARLIE (m) A playwright. *(18 lines)*

ANASTASIA (f) His girlfriend. *(26 lines)*

ELLEN (f) An actress. *(11 lines)*

STAN (m) An actor. *(9 lines)*

SETTING: A bare stage.

TIME: The present.

AT START: ELLEN and STAN enter stage right, arguing.

ELLEN: Oh, I don't know! I just don't know!

STAN: Please, don't throw away what we have! Not now!

ELLEN: I'm sorry! I just don't know how I feel about it anymore!

STAN: "It"? What do you mean by "it"?

ELLEN: I mean you! I mean you! I don't know how I feel about you!

STAN: Do you mean... about us? How you feel about us?

ELLEN: Yes. Us. I don't know how I feel about... us.

STAN: Nooooo!

ANASTASIA: *(Off left.)* Charlie?

ELLEN and STAN take scripts from their back pockets and study them.

It turns out that ELLEN and STAN were rehearsing a play.

ANASTASIA enters, stage left.

ANASTASIA: *(Entering.)* Charlie? Why are you repeating the conversation we had last night? Wait. You're not Charlie.

STAN: Oh, hi Anastasia.

ANASTASIA: Hi Stan.

ELLEN: Hi Anastasia.

ANASTASIA: Hi Ellen. Um, what are you guys doing? It sounded oddly familiar.

ELLEN: Rehearsing.

ANASTASIA: Rehearsing? Rehearsing what?

ELLEN hands ANASTASIA her script.

ANASTASIA: Wait. Charlie wrote a play?

ELLEN: We all did. We had to. For English.

STAN: (*Quoting the assignment.*) "Write a one page play, drawn from a recent incident in your life"

ELLEN: Yeah, something about "art mirroring life", I don't know.

ANASTASIA: May I?

ELLEN: Sure.

ANASTASIA exits left engrossed in reading the script.

CHARLIE: (*From the auditorium.*) Stan? Ellen?

STAN and ELLEN: Charlie? We're up here.

CHARLIE: Sorry I'm late! How's it going?

CHARLIE runs on stage.

ANASTASIA: (*Off left.*) How's it going?

CHARLIE: (*Gulp.*) Anastasia?

ANASTASIA enters, angry.

ANASTASIA: (*Brandishing the script.*) How's it going?!

CHARLIE: Oh, hi Anastasia.

ANASTASIA: "Oh hi, Anastasia"? Charlie? You wrote a play!

CHARLIE: Well...

ANASTASIA: About us!

CHARLIE: Well....

ANASTASIA: About the conversation we had last night!

CHARLIE: Well, more like “drawn from”, “inspired by” the conversation we had last night.

ANASTASIA: The title of your play is “The Conversation We Had Last Night”

CHARLIE: Yeah, but...

ANASTASIA: And this is what we said!

STAN: Well, not word for word.

ANASTASIA: (*Showing him the script.*) Yes, word for word! Word for word, Charlie! At least from what I’ve read so far!

CHARLIE: But nobody will know it’s us, Anastasia! I changed the names!

ANASTASIA: You changed Charlie to Barlie and Anastasia to Banastasia!

CHARLIE: Yeah, I hear it now.

STAN: (*Laughing.*) Barlie!

ELLEN: (*Laughing.*) Banastasia!

ANASTASIA: (*To STAN and ELLEN.*) Get out!

STAN and ELLEN start to exit right.

ANASTASIA: Leave the script!

STAN hurries back, gives ANASTASIA his script, then exits with ELLEN.

ANASTASIA: Oh, Charlie! How could you?

ANASTASIA, upset, flips to the next page in the script and continues reading the script as...

CHARLIE: Listen, Anastasia! I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to. I just, our conversation last night lasted so late, and I was so confused by the end of it, and I got like zero sleep last night and then when I got up this morning I remembered I hadn’t done my play for English so, I don’t know, I must have just dashed it off this morning without really thinking or something, and then when I got to class she split us up and made us rehearse each other’s plays and honestly, I can’t even

remember what I even said to you last night, or what you said to me, or what I wrote, or, oh, it's all just a blur, I...

ANASTASIA: *(Holding the script to her, in love.)* Oh, Charlie!

CHARLIE: Anastasia? What is it?

ANASTASIA: I just finished your play! You didn't just copy our conversation from last night!

CHARLIE: I didn't?

ANASTASIA: No! You re-wrote the ending!

CHARLIE: I did?

ANASTASIA: You wrote how we *should* have ended our conversation last night!

CHARLIE: I did?

ANASTASIA: You did! Read it with me! *(Passing him one of the scripts.)*

CHARLIE: OK... *(Nervously takes the script and flips to the last page.)*

ANASTASIA: *(Reads.)* "Kiss me, Barlie!"

CHARLIE: What?

ANASTASIA: Read your line! *(Closes her eyes.)* Read it now!

CHARLIE: *(Reads, very nervously.)* "Kiss me, Banastasia"?

ANASTASIA, eyes still closed, leans in for a kiss. CHARLIE, incredibly nervous, opens his eyes wide and just looks at her. Fade to black.

END OF PLAY

THEY MAY OBLITERATE OUR WORLD! BUT THEY'LL NEVER OBLITERATE OUR LOVE!

By Greg Cummings

SYNOPSIS: Two techies find love in a high-tech sci-fi play.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 1 male)

LAURA (f)..... Nervous techie. (28 lines)

MALCOLM (m) Nervous techie. (26 lines)

SETTING: A bare stage

TIME: The present.

♦ ♦ ♦

AT START: MALCOLM, wearing all black, sits reading his “You Can Obliterate My World, But You Can’t Obliterate My Heart” script. The script is all marked up with his notes and post-its. MALCOLM reads the first line of the script, and gives acting a shot.

MALCOLM: “Come on! This may be our only chance! We have to escape our village before the Interstellar Galactic force obliterates it!”

LAURA: (From the auditorium.) Malcolm?

LAURA, also wearing all black, enters from the auditorium, carrying her “You Can Obliterate My World, But You Can’t Obliterate My Heart” script, which is also marked up with post-its.

LAURA: “You Can Obliterate My World, But You Can’t Obliterate My Heart”?

MALCOLM: (Agreeing.) “You Can Obliterate My World, But You Can’t Obliterate My Heart”.

She sits next to him.

LAURA: (*Reading the title page.*) A “sci-fi operetta set in a not-too-distant dystopian future”. All ready for our first production meeting?

MALCOLM: (*Disappointed.*) Yeah, I guess.

LAURA: Aw, come on! We’re the senior techies!

MALCOLM: I know.

LAURA: Think of the sound design! The lighting design! The special effects we can create!

MALCOLM: I suppose.

LAURA: Malcolm. What’s wrong?

MALCOLM: Nothing.

LAURA: Malcolm, we’ve known each other for four years. You can tell me anything.

MALCOLM: Promise not to laugh?

LAURA: Promise.

MALCOLM: Do you ever think what it would be like to be *in* a show, instead of teching it?

LAURA: What, you mean you and me... act?

MALCOLM: Yeah. You know, we’re always in the booth or up on the catwalk looking down at everybody. Don’t you sometimes just want to get down there with them and give acting a shot?

LAURA: I don’t know. I kind of like being up there on the catwalk.

MALCOLM: Where nobody can see us?

LAURA: Yeah, but where we can see everything and everybody.

MALCOLM: Yeah, you know, you might be right.

LAURA: Yeah! Think about all the hours you and I have spent up there over the years!

MALCOLM: Hours? More like days!

LAURA: Or weeks!

MALCOLM: Add it all up, over four years, maybe months!

LAURA: Yeah. You can really get to know somebody on a catwalk.

MALCOLM: Yeah.

LAURA: Yeah.

They regard each other, but it gets too intense, so they giggle their way out of it.

LAURA: But you know what?

MALCOLM: What?

LAURA: You're right, too!

MALCOLM: What do you mean?

LAURA: We *could* leave the booth and get down off the catwalk and act in plays!

MALCOLM: You think so?

LAURA: Sure, if we wanted to!

MALCOLM: We've certainly *seen* enough acting over the years!

LAURA: Exactly! How tough could it be?

She stands, he follows her lead. They read the script. As they do they become more and more excited.

LAURA and MALCOLM: "You Can Obliterate My World, But You Can't Obliterate My Heart!"

MALCOLM: "A sci-fi, operetta..."

LAURA: "set in a not-too-distant dystopian future". (*Beat.*) Act one,

MALCOLM: Scene one.

LAURA: Page one!

They flip to page one. They read the stage directions as they "act them out". Their excitement grows.

LAURA: "Two desperate villagers stumble up a dirt road!"

MALCOLM: "They look into each other's eyes, for answers!"

They read dialogue. Their excitement grows.

MALCOLM: "Come on, Agent Seven! This may be our only chance! We have to escape the city before the Interstellar Galactic force obliterates it!"

LAURA: "No, Agent Eight! We need to stay! Right here! And fight for our village."

MALCOLM: "I see what you mean! You're right, Agent Seven! We need to fight—for what we believe in! We need to fight..."

LAURA and MALCOLM: "...for us!"

LAURA: "They may obliterate our world!"

MALCOLM: "But they'll never obliterate..."

LAURA and MALCOLM: *(Excited, they turn the page.)* “they’ll never obliterate... our love!”

At “love”, they stop, regard each other and smile shyly. Blackout.

END OF PLAY

DO NOT COPY

GOTTA DANCE

By Greg Cummings

SYNOPSIS: The basketball team warms up with the cast of “Footloose”.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 2 males)

DARCY (f)..... The “Footloose” dance Captain.
Perky. *(4 lines)*

TAYLOR (m)..... Basketball team captain. Sour.
(18 lines)

JOE (m)..... Basketball player. Energetic.
(18 lines)

SETTING: A bare stage.

TIME: The present.

AT START: A bare stage.

DARCY: *(Off stage left.)* OK! That’s it! Take five, everybody!

DARCY, TAYLOR, and JOE enter stage left. DARCY wears dance warm up clothes. TAYLOR and JOE wear basketball practice clothes. In some measure of physical pain, JOE and TAYLOR stagger to center stage and collapse. JOE smiles, TAYLOR doesn’t.

JOE: Wow, hunh!

TAYLOR: “Take five”? I need to take five *hours*!

DARCY: *(Perky, but concerned.)* Oh come on, Taylor, work with me here! Please? See you in five? That’s five *minutes*!

JOE: We’ll be there, Darcy!

DARCY exits left.

TAYLOR: (*Mocking.*) “We’ll be there, Darcy!”

JOE: Oh, come on, this is fun!

TAYLOR: Fun? Doing a dance warm-up with the dancers from *Footloose* before we go to basketball practice?

JOE: Yeah! (*Re: off left.*) Look: the guys are having a good time!

TAYLOR: Well, I’m not! (*Stands and starts to exit stage right.*)

JOE: Hey, where you going?

TAYLOR: Basketball practice.

JOE: But the dance warm-up part isn’t over yet!

TAYLOR: It is for me! Listen, tell Darcy, our (*Sarcastically.*) “dance captain”, that I’ll probably be back tomorrow—no promises, though.

JOE: Come on, Taylor!

TAYLOR: Joe! What difference does it make?

JOE: What do you mean?

TAYLOR: Athletes warming up with dancers? (*Continues his exit.*) This is just some dumb joke Coach dreamed up!

JOE: No, it isn’t! I did my own research! Dance warmups can help with focus, coordination, and teamwork!

TAYLOR: Wait. Really?

JOE: Really!

TAYLOR: I dunno. I guess we could use something, last year was kinda disastrous for us.

JOE: *Kinda* disastrous? We were last in the division!

TAYLOR: Right. And, I guess (*Looks off left.*) some of the guys do look like they’re kinda getting into it...

JOE and TAYLOR work themselves into a frenzy.

JOE: Right!

TAYLOR: I guess we could use more focus.

JOE: There you go!

TAYLOR: More coordination.

JOE: That’s the spirit! And who’s the team captain?

TAYLOR: *I’m* team captain!

JOE: Who’s the team captain?

TAYLOR: *I’m* the team captain!

JOE: And who’s gonna lead the team to total victory this year?

TAYLOR: *I’m* gonna lead the team to total victory this year!

JOE: And how're you gonna do it?

TAYLOR: I'll *tell* you how I'm gonna do it! I'll tell ya how I'm gonna do it!

DARCY enters left.

DARCY: Come on, guys, break's over, time to....

TAYLOR: (*Frenzied.*) I'm gonna dance, dance, dance!

JOE: (*Frenzied.*) That's it! Let's go!

JOE and TAYLOR exit left, screaming and dancing (leaping, spinning, whatever). Pause.

DARCY: (*To herself.*) That was easy. (*Exits left.*)

Blackout.

END OF PLAY

CLASS CLOWN HITS BOTTOM

by Greg Cummings

SYNOPSIS: The class clown and the class bookworm join forces to forge new identities.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 1 male)

ROY (m) The class clown. (29 lines)

TANYA (f)..... The class bookworm.

SETTING: A bare stage.

TIME: The present.



AT START: *TANYA enters left. She wears a cape of sorts, and carries a brown shopping bag and copy of A Midsummer Night's Dream. She reads a text on her phone.*

TANYA: *(Disappointed, sarcastically.)* Great! Just great!

ROY: *(From the auditorium.)* Tanya!

TANYA: *(Sarcastically.)* Great. Roy. The class clown.

ROY enters from the auditorium. He also carries a copy of A Midsummer Night's Dream.

TANYA: Not now, Roy.

ROY: But, Tanya...

TANYA: I'm working!

ROY: I know!

TANYA: Oh, do you?

ROY: You're doing the extra credit for English, right?

TANYA: Right.

ROY: Acting out Act Three Scene One from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. *(Holds up his copy of the play.)*

TANYA: Right.

ROY: Except Ben, who was going to be your acting scene partner, just texted you and quit.

TANYA: Right. Wait. How do you know all that?

ROY: He just told me!

TANYA: (*Sarcastically.*) Great! There goes my perfect four point oh G.P.A.! Well, let's get it over with.

ROY: Get what over with?

TANYA: You know, the jabs, the barbs, the zingers, the witty comments. Come on, come on!

ROY: What are you talking about?

TANYA: Roy, you're the class clown!

ROY: Hey! Not always!

TANYA: Yes, always! It's sad! You can't stop yourself! Pointing and laughing is your stock in trade! It's what you do! Half the time I bet you don't even know you're doing it! So, make fun of me! Tanya, the girl who couldn't find a scene partner, so she didn't get the extra credit, which made her lose her perfect high school G.P.A., preventing her from getting into a spectacular college, so she spent a miserable life alone, I don't know, binging old seasons of *Friends*.

ROY: (*Singing the Friends theme.*) I'll be there for you!

TANYA: (*Sarcastically.*) You are so funny! (*Turns to go.*)

ROY: Wait! No, really: I'll be there for you!

TANYA: (*Facing him.*) What are you talking about?

ROY: Ben gave me his book. (*Holding up his copy of A Midsummer Night's Dream.*) I'll do it with you!

TANYA: You'll do what?

ROY: The scene! The Shakespeare thingy! Act Three Scene One!

TANYA: You've got to be kidding!

ROY: Why?

TANYA: You don't want to act in a "Shakespeare thingy"!

ROY: Of course not! But I do need to find some extra credit somewhere or my mom will make me quit Improv Club!

TANYA: You know, you wouldn't need extra credit if you ever actually studied for good grades on a regular basis, like a decent student!

ROY: (*Sarcastically.*) Studying? What's that?

TANYA: Jerk. (*Turns to exit.*)

ROY: Oh, come on! Please? It'll keep your G.P.A. in the stratosphere!

TANYA stops.

ROY: And I don't know the play, but Ben said I'm a natural for this role!

TANYA: *(Facing him.)* He's right. Your character is kind of goofy.

ROY: See? I promise I'll take it seriously! Please! I really need this!

TANYA: OK! Fine!

ROY: Yes! Thank you, thank you, thank you!

TANYA: Don't thank me yet! I'll evaluate after we rehearse!

ROY: Trust me! You won't be sorry!

TANYA: So... *(Opening her script.)* Act three, Scene One. Here!
(Reaches into her bag, pulls out a red baseball cap with donkey ears affixed, and hands it to him.)

ROY: *(Taking the cap.)* What's this?

TANYA: It's your costume. For your character. I made it for Ben, but now it's yours. Put it on.

ROY: *(Smiling.)* OK. Who's my character?

TANYA: If you'd read the play, you'd know! Bottom!

ROY: *(Smiling.)* Excuse me?

ROY turns away from her so she can't see him stifling his growing laughter. She grows increasingly frustrated with him.

TANYA: Your character's name is Bottom! He gets magically transformed into a donkey!

ROY: Wait. Let me get this straight. There's a guy in this play, named "Bottom", who gets turned into a donkey?

TANYA: Yes!

ROY: Wait. So, in other words, "Bottom" gets turned into... an "ass"?

TANYA: Yes!

ROY: So you'll be my *(Referring to his script.)* "Titania", *(Baiting her.)* and I'll be your...

TANYA: ...you'll be my Bottom!

ROY bursts out laughing.

TANYA: What?

ROY: (*Mimicking her.*) "You'll be my bottom!" (*Puts on the cap and rolls on the floor, braying like a donkey.*)

She rolls her eyes in disgust and exits left. Blackout.

END OF PLAY

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:

***GHOST LIGHT III:
A TIMELESS CURTAIN CALL***
By Greg Cummings

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