

GHOST LIGHT IV: FADE TO BLACK

By Greg Cummings

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GHOST LIGHT IV: FADE TO BLACK

By Greg Cummings

SYNOPSIS: Ghost Light IV! Sixteen more very short plays about high school theatre life: An actress playing Wednesday Addams in a production of “The Addams Family” is too scared to make her entrance, for good reason! A playwright finds her muse in an actor playing Frankenstein’s monster! An actress brings stage combat training to a rehearsal of “My Fair Lady”! Two actors prepare to rehearse “Waiting for Godot”, without realizing that the play bears a striking resemblance to their own lives! An actress tries to decipher what she thinks is an avant-garde play, but it’s really some Algebra homework and a burrito splotch. Plus: twelve more challenging comedies and dramas for both beginning and advanced students. Perfect for both scene study and performance.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4-24 females, 3-15 males)

CAST NOTE: All onstage characters are in their teens. Many roles can be cast as gender flexible.

I FEEL...PRETTY?

RANDY (m)

DONNA (f)

DR. FRANKENSTEIN HAS WRITER’S BLOCK

NANCY (f)

BILL (m)

WILL THE REAL WEDNESDAY ADDAMS PLEASE STAND UP?

MARY (f)

GEORGIE (f)

DALE (f)

SARA (f) (offstage voice)

OH, SO THAT'S MY MOTIVATION

FRANK (m)

MARY ELLEN (f)

THE ABSURDIST BURRITO

CHELSEA (f)

ANN(f)

JUDY (f)

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES AND THE TRULY ROTTEN AUDITION

GARY (m)

JANICE (f)

MR. NETTLES (m) (offstage voice)

TEXTING JULIET

LINDA (f)

CHERYL (f)

WAITING FOR GODOT (OR GARY) A TRAGI-COMEDY

KEVIN(m)

KURT (m)

JEFF (m)

CATCH ME IF YOU CAN, TOM SAWYER

EDWARD (m)

RALPH (m)

MIA (f)

THE MIME VENDING MACHINE

EILEEN (f)

CHRIS (m)

QUICK CHANGE

GERRI (f)

ROBERTA (f)

YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT

DAVID (m)

CAROL (f)

ROLE IDENTITY V. ROLE CONFUSION

HEIDI (f)

JEAN (f)

REFLECTION

CLARENCE (m)

BRIDGET (f)

ANTIGONE TODAY

MARSHA (f)

KATHLEEN (f)

RICHARD (m)

FADE TO BLACK

WAYNE (m)

JOANIE (f)

COMPANY

DO NOT COPY

I FEEL...PRETTY?

By Greg Cummings

SYNOPSIS: An actress decides to inject some of her recent stage combat training into a rehearsal of “My Fair Lady”.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 1 male)

RANDY (m).....Beleaguered. (10 lines)

DONNA (f).....Active. Watches a lot of YouTube. (9 lines)

SETTING: The stage right wings.

TIME: After school rehearsal for “My Fair Lady”.

AT START: A bare stage.

RANDY: (Offstage left.) Ow!

DONNA: (Offstage left.) Sorry!

RANDY: (Entering, limping, stage left.) What was that?

DONNA: (Entering stage left.) Stage combat.

RANDY: What?

DONNA: Stage combat. You know how the director told us to bring our outside interests to rehearsals, that it would “enhance the work”? Well, YouTube has these great stage combat videos...

RANDY: Stage combat? We’re rehearsing “My Fair Lady”! Ow!

DONNA: I know!

RANDY: Your Eliza Doolittle just threw my Henry Higgins on the floor!
Ow!

DONNA: I said I was sorry!

RANDY: Ow! (Falls to the floor in a ball.)

DONNA: Wait! (Listens off left.) That’s our cue!

RANDY: Ow! Our cue? I can’t move!

DONNA: I've got it!

RANDY: Ow! What?

DONNA: YouTube also has these great "How to Be a Great Professional Bowler" videos.

RANDY: What? (*Scared.*) "Professional Bowler"?

DONNA: Now, how did that go? Oh, right! (*Treating him like a bowling ball, she rolls him offstage left.*)

RANDY: (*Being rolled.*) Ow! Ow! Ow!

Fade to Black.

END OF PLAY

DO NOT COPY

DR. FRANKENSTEIN HAS WRITER'S BLOCK**By Greg Cummings**

SYNOPSIS: A playwright finds her muse in an actor playing Frankenstein's monster.

CAST OF CHARACTERS*(1 female, 1 male)*

NANCY (f)A playwright trying to emulate Mary Shelley. *(24 lines)*

BILL (m).....An actor trying to play Frankenstein's monster. *(24 lines)*

SETTING: A bare stage.

TIME: The present.

AT START: *Downstage right, a gym bag. Center, a chair. BILL, dressed as a modern-day Frankenstein monster, holds a two-page script and paces like the monster. He reads page one and growls. He flips to page two, reads it, and growls. He flips to page three but finds that there is no page three. He flips out and howls loudly, in monstrous agony.*

BILL: Nancy!

NANCY rushes in stage left.

NANCY: Bill! I am so sorry!

BILL: Where is the last page?

NANCY: I know! I'm sorry! I don't have it!

BILL: But this is our Advanced Acting project!

NANCY: I know!

BILL: It's due tomorrow!

NANCY: I know!

BILL: I'm the actor! You're the playwright!

NANCY: I know!

BILL: We both need this to pass! I need your page three of "A Monologue Inspired by Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*"!

NANCY: I know!

BILL: You've left the monster hanging! What do I do next?

NANCY: I don't know! It's just: the first two pages came so easily! I felt like Mary Shelley herself when she wrote the original! I wrote them two nights ago, in a fit of creativity, with all the lightning and thunder and rain! But since then, it's been so clear and sunny!

BILL: Are you telling me that you can't finish the monologue without lightning and thunder and rain?

NANCY: Yes!

BILL: *(Checks his watch, then points to the chair.)* Sit!

NANCY: What?

BILL: I've got this! Sit!

As NANCY sits, BILL crosses to his backpack and then back to the chair as...

BILL: You need to be Mary Shelley? You need lightning and thunder and rain? *I'll give you lightning, thunder, and rain!*

NANCY: Bill, what are you doing?

BILL takes a flashlight from his backpack and shines it in her eyes, momentarily blinding her.

BILL: Lightning!

NANCY: Ow.

NANCY, disoriented, rubs her eyes. BILL shakes her chair.

BILL: Thunder!

NANCY: *(Feeling seasick.)* Whoa. I feel sick!

BILL takes a small squirt gun from his backpack and squirts her.

BILL: And rain!

NANCY: Hey! (*Doused, upset.*) Wait. You carry a squirt gun?

BILL: Focus!

As BILL flashes his flashlight at her, shakes her chair, and squirts her; NANCY is blinded, seasick, and doused...

BOTH: Lightning! Thunder! Rain! Lightning! Thunder! Rain!

BILL: That's it! (*He stops.*) I'm done! I guess we both failed! (*Turns to go.*)

NANCY: No! Wait! Bill! (*Brainstorm.*) It worked!

BILL: What?

NANCY: It worked!

BILL: What worked?

NANCY: (*Takes a pen from her pocket.*) Give me that script!

BILL hands her his script, NANCY prepares to write on the back of page two.

NANCY: Again!

BILL: What?

NANCY: Hurry!

BILL flashes the light, shakes the chair, and squirts her, as NANCY writes with increasing frenzy.

BOTH: Lightning! Thunder! Rain! Lightning! Thunder! Rain!

NANCY: (*Frenzied, writing.*) That's it! That's it! That's it! (*Exhausted, she finishes writing.*) Done! (*She thrusts the script at BILL.*) Well, what do you think?

BILL reads, then howls joyously and monstrously to the sky.

BILL: Rahhhr!

NANCY: Yes! (*Loudly, like Dr. Frankenstein from the 1934 movie.*)
It's alive!

BILL: Rahhhr!

NANCY: It's alive!

BILL: Rahhhr!

NANCY: It's alive, it's alive, it's alive! (*Blackout.*)

END OF PLAY

DO NOT COPY

By Greg Cummings

SYNOPSIS: The actress playing Wednesday Addams in a production of “The Addams Family” has become too frightened to make her Act II entrance. Luckily, and spookily, a suitable substitute volunteers.

(4 females)

MARY (f).....Stage Manager. Uptight. (*16 lines*)
GEORGIE (f)Backstage girl. Frightened. (*9 lines*)
DALE (f).....Lighting crew. More than a little spooky.
A real-life Wednesday Addams. (*9 lines*)
SARA (f).....Actress. Scared. (Off stage scream.)

TIME: Intermission of the school musical.

AT START: Off downstage right, SARA screams. Pause. GEORGIE enters downstage right, stunned. MARY, on headset, enters downstage left.

MARY: Georgie!

GEORGIE: Mary...

MARY: What the heck was that?

GEORGIE: *(Re: off downstage right.)* It's...it's...Sara.

MARY: Our Wednesday Addams? What about her?

Off downstage right, SARA screams.

GEORGIE: She won't go on!

MARY: She won't go on?

GEORGIE: Something spooked her! She won't come out of her dressing room for Act Two!

MARY: But she has to! "The Addams Family" is our school's first big musical in two years! And Intermission's almost over!

Off downstage right, SARA screams. Unnoticed, DALE enters upstage right. She is dressed as Wednesday Addams.

MARY: This is nuts! She'll listen to me! *(Exits downstage right.)*

Off downstage right, SARA screams. Pause. MARY, also stunned, returns.

MARY: You're right. She won't come out of her dressing room.

GEORGIE: I told you. Something spooked her.

MARY: What?

GEORGIE: I don't know. What do we do?

MARY: I don't know. *(Into her headset.)* I need to talk to the director! Now!

DALE: *(Soft but spooky.)* Maybe I can help.

Startled, MARY and GEORGIE scream! They slowly recover but they remain scared. DALE remains spooky.

MARY: Dale?

GEORGIE: Lighting Crew Dale?

DALE: I can do it.

GEORGIE: You... can do what?

DALE: I can be her. I can be Wednesday Addams. In Act II.

MARY: But...

DALE: I watched every rehearsal. From my secluded perch on the catwalk.

MARY: But...

DALE: And I can sing. You've heard me sing. I sing in the halls all the time.

MARY: But...

DALE: And look. *(Turning slowly and spookily around.)* Sara's costume fits me perfectly.

MARY: But...

DALE: *(With a scary, spooky focus.)* Listen. Mary. You need. To let me do this.

Spooked, MARY pulls GEORGIE, also spooked, to the side.

GEORGIE: *(Whispers.)* What choice do you have?

MARY: I c...c...could....

Off downstage right, SARA screams.

DALE: Well?

MARY: F...f...f...fine. You can be Wednesday Addams.

DALE: Thanks. *(Starts to exit downstage left, then turns back to MARY and GEORGIE.)* I hope Sara feels better. Please give her my best. I wonder what could have spooked her so badly.

DALE exits, grinning evilly, as GEORGIE and MARY huddle in fear. Fade to Black.

END OF PLAY

OH, SO THAT'S MY MOTIVATION

By Greg Cummings

SYNOPSIS: A novice actor with a walk-on role in “Julius Caesar” finds his “motivation”.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 1 male)

FRANK (m) Novice but very self-important actor.
 Condensing. (11 lines)

MARY ELLEN (f).....A very practical Stage Manager. (10
lines)

SETTING: Backstage at a production of “Julius Caesar”.

TIME: Five minutes before curtain.

AT START: FRANK is center, wearing a sheet as a toga. His eyes are closed. HE hums. MARY ELLEN, on headset and focusing on her clipboard, enters stage right.

MARY ELLEN: Places. (She crosses stage left, stops, turns and faces FRANK.) Places. (She crosses to FRANK.) Places. Frank?

FRANK: *(Eyes still closed.)* Almost there...

MARY ELLEN: Almost there? Almost where?

FRANK: *(Opens his eyes and speaks condescendingly.)* Oh, Mary Ellen.

MARY ELLEN: Frank! Places!

FRANK: Oh, Little Miss Stage Manager. I forgot. I shouldn't expect you to know.

MARY ELLEN: Know what?

FRANK: The actor's process.

MARY ELLEN: The what?

FRANK: Shakespeare wrote “Julius Caesar”. Shakespeare was a genius. Our current production of “Julius Caesar” will also be a work of genius.

MARY ELLEN: What are you talking about?!

FRANK: Genius must be met with genius. The genius of (*Re: himself.*) “The Actor”.

MARY ELLEN: “The Actor?” Frank! You’re a spear carrier! That’s it! You’re in one crowd scene! You enter, you stand there, and then you exit, along with the rest of the crowd. You have no lines!

FRANK hasn’t been listening.

FRANK: The Actor must call to his command his training, his experience, his motivation... (*Hums.*)

MARY ELLEN texts, then receives a response.

MARY ELLEN: It’s for you.

FRANK: I’m busy. Take a message.

MARY ELLEN: It’s the director. Who’s also your swim coach.

FRANK: Oh.

FRANK takes her phone and reads the message.

FRANK: (*Reading.*) “Places now, Frank, or I’ll have you swim till you grow fins.”

MARY ELLEN: How’s that for motivation?

FRANK: (*Humbled.*) Works for me.

MARY ELLEN shakes her head in disbelief as she exits right, followed by FRANK. Fade to Black.

END OF PLAY

THE ABSURDIST BURRITO

by Greg Cummings

SYNOPSIS: An artist learns to fit in at her new school by abandoning the avant-garde.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 females)

CHELSEA (f).....Artist. Avant-garde. Only morose on the surface. (20 lines)
 ANN (f).....Actress. Always Cheerful. (24 lines)
 JUDY (f)Artist. Avant-garde. Mean through and through.

SETTING: A bare stage.

TIME: Present.

AT START: CHELSEA sits center stage, totally engrossed in analyzing a script. She is dressed in a cube. ANN, a bubbly actress dressed in the latest spring fashion, including a school jacket, enters upstage left. CHELSEA ignores her.

ANN: Hey! Whatcha doin? (She crosses to CHELSEA.) Hi, I'm Ann, but I like to be called Annie! Or (Giggles.) Annie-Bananie! Get it! Annie? Bananie? It rhymes!

CHELSEA: (Deadpan, without looking at her.) My name is Chelsea. But today my name is Cloud Formation.

ANN: "Cloud formation"? Cool! Hi, Cloud Formation. (Sits next to her.) Hey, you're one of those kids who transferred from School of the Avant-Garde Arts, right? It closed, right?

CHELSEA: (Deadpan, without looking at her.) School of the Avant-Garde Arts ran afoul of community standards. We protested, we dressed as broken pencils dripping with Ranch dressing, to signify our disdain, all to no avail. "Community standards", hah!

ANN: Cool! So! Whatcha doin'?

CHELSEA: (*Deadpan, without looking at her.*) A friend wants to see if I can correctly analyze her new avant-garde play.

ANN: Analyze an avant-garde play? Cool! What's the title?

CHELSEA: Life has no titles. Like life, therefore, plays have no titles.

ANN: Cool! I never thought about it like that! Who wrote it?

CHELSEA: (*Deadpan, without looking at her.*) Another transfer from SOTAGA.

ANN: SOTAGA?

CHELSEA: School of the Avant-Garde Arts.

ANN: Right! Cool! (*Reading the name on the paper.*) So, her name is "Microwave"?

CHELSEA: That is the name she gave herself. The name her parents gave her is "Judy". Parents are so bourgeois. Microwave is the best. I admire her.

ANN: Hey! I'm an actress! Maybe I can help you analyze!

CHELSEA: (*Deadpan, without looking at her.*) No.

ANN: Oh, come on, Chelsea, I mean Cloud Formation!

CHELSEA: (*Deadpan, without looking at her.*) No.

ANN: Hey, I know! I can help you produce it here, at your new school!

CHELSEA: (*Deadpan, without looking at her.*) A production. Hm. Microwave might enjoy that.

ANN: Great! And maybe later we can all hang out at the mall together!

CHELSEA: (*Deadpan, without looking at her.*) No.

ANN: OK! Maybe tomorrow! (*Re: the play.*) So: let's analyze!

CHELSEA: Beware. Microwave's plays can be challenging and disturbing.

ANN: Great! I love a challenge! (*Glances at play.*) Ooh. Looks very avant-garde all right! Which makes sense! School of the Avant-Garde Arts, right? What have you got so far?

CHELSEA: OK. I believe that the X's and O's might be character names! And the dripping clocks could be an homage to Salvador Dali.

ANN: Dali? Fun! Sounds great! And that chunky, three dimensional mess there?

CHELSEA: Conflict, I think.

ANN: A chunky, three-dimensional mess is "conflict"! I love it!

CHELSEA: (*Suddenly quiet.*) I just hope Microwave does.

ANN: Oh, I'm sure she will!

CHELSEA: (*Quietly confessing.*) I need to fit in here.

ANN: Oh! Hey! You're doing great so far!

CHELSEA: Thanks. That means a lot. (*Looking offstage right.*) Here she comes!

Enter JUDY, stage right. She is dressed in a triangle. CHELSEA stands to attention, ANN follows her.

CHELSEA: Microwave.

JUDY: Cloud Formation.

ANN: (*Beaming.*) Hi, I'm Annie-Bananie! It rhymes!

ANN giggles. CHELSEA smiles. JUDY is emotionless.

JUDY: Well?

CHELSEA: OK. I think I got it! (*Picks up the play and rushes to her.*)

The X's and O's are character names! And the dripping clocks are an homage to Salvador Dali! And this, chunky mess, this is conflict!

ANN: Pretty great analysis, hunh!

JUDY: No!

ANN: But...

JUDY: It's wrong! All wrong! And stupid! Look at it! That is not my play!

That is not any play! That, cretins, is my algebra homework! Which I gave you by mistake! Those X's and O's are not character names, dope, they are algebraic equations! The dripping clocks are not an homage to Salvador Dali, moron, they are an homage to ME! And that chunky mess? Is burrito!

ANN: Burrito?

JUDY: I did my algebra during lunch! Is that OK with you, "Annie-Bananie"?

ANN: Sure, I was just...

JUDY: (*Mocking her.*) "Sure, I was just..." (*Tossing some papers on the floor to CHELSEA.*) There's my latest avant-garde play, jerk! Try to analyze that! And good luck! You'll need it! (*Exiting stage right.*) Thinking algebra homework is a play! What an idiot!

Pause.

ANN: Um. (*Upset but always hopeful.*) Wanna go to the mall?

CHELSEA: (*Trying to recover.*) Can I wear your coat?

ANN: (*Smiles.*) Sure!

ANN takes off her school jacket and hands it to CHELSEA. CHELSEA puts it on, clearly to cover up her cube outfit. They exit together, smiling. Fade to black.

END OF PLAY

DO NOT COPY

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES AND THE TRULY ROTTEN AUDITION

By Greg Cummings

SYNOPSIS: A pompous actor auditions for a children's theatre company.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 2 males)

GARY (m)A pompous actor. Feels everything and everyone is beneath him. (12 lines)

JANICE: (f).....Matter-of-fact Stage Manager. (9 lines)

MR. NETTLES (m)Theatre director. (Voice from auditorium.) (1 line)

SETTING: A bare stage.

TIME: After school audition.

AT START: GARY, pompous, dressed in actor black, enters stage left, carrying a sheet of paper. He stops center stage and addresses Mr. Nettle in the auditorium.

GARY: My name is Gary. Oh, Mr. Nettles, you know me. Do I even need to audition for this thing? (*Winks.*) Whatever, here goes. My name is Gary and I will be performing (*Refers to the sheet of paper.*) "The Fable of the Fox and the Grapes".

GARY bows his head. He raises his head and, reading from the paper, performs the fable in "story theatre" style, acting as both Narrator and all the characters. It's clear that he's not a good actor but thinks that he's a genius. He raises his head and reads/acts.

GARY: (*Reads.*) "One fine day a fox was walking about" (*Walks about, as fox.*) "when all of a sudden he saw a grape tree." (*As the grape tree.*) "Grapes! Lovely grapes! Delicious grapes! Come and get 'em! Grapes!" (*As the fox.*) "I want them! Grapes! Grapes are beautiful! Grapes taste delicious! I love those grapes! I need those grapes!" (*As Narrator.*) "So the fox jumped! And jumped! And jumped!" (*Jumps and jumps and jumps, as fox, becoming more tired with each jump.*) "Until he was too tired to jump anymore. So, what did he do? He walked away! The fox just gave up and said..." (*As fox.*) "Fine! I don't care! Grapes? Grapes are ugly! Grapes taste horrible! I hate those grapes! I don't need grapes and I never have! So there!" (*As Narrator.*) "And the moral of the story is..."

JANICE: (*From the auditorium.*) Thank you!

GARY: What?

JANICE enters from the auditorium. She carries a clipboard.

GARY: Janice?

JANICE: (*Reading from the clipboard.*) "No."

GARY: Excuse me?

JANICE: (*Referring to the clipboard.*) You have failed the audition to be in Mr. Nettles' Children's Theatre Company.

GARY: But everybody in Advanced Acting is already in the company!

JANICE: (*Referring to the clipboard.*) Not you.

GARY: Hey! You're just his Stage Manager! I want to hear it from him!

MR. NETTLES: (*From the auditorium.*) Gary! You failed the audition! Get off the stage!

GARY: (*Addressing JANICE and MR. NETTLES.*) Fine! I don't care! Children's theatre? Children are ugly! Children are horrible! I hate children's theatre! I don't need children's theatre and I never have! So there!" (*He crumples the paper, tosses it to the floor and turns to exit stage right.*)

JANICE: Uh, Gary?

GARY: (*Turning to her.*) What?

JANICE: You forgot something.

GARY: What?

JANICE: The moral of the story. (*She picks up the crumpled paper and smooths it out.*)

GARY: The moral of the...?

JANICE: *(Reads from the paper.)* "Only the truly pompous pretend to not want what they can't have."

GARY: *(Angry.)* And, you know what else? I hate morals! *(Storms off right.)* Morals are ugly! Morals are horrible! I hate morals! I don't need morals and I never have!

JANICE: *(Refers to her clipboard, smiles then calls into auditorium.)*
Next!

JANICE smiles and exits into auditorium. Fade to Black.

END OF PLAY

DO NOT COPY

TEXTING JULIET

By Greg Cummings

SYNOPSIS: A novice actress seeks help with a monologue from her older sister, an emotional actress.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 females)

LINDA (f).....A mercurial actress. (6 lines)

CHERYL (f).....Her little sister. (2 lines)

SETTING: A bare stage.

TIME: The present.

AT START: *CHERYL enters from auditorium, alternately talking on her phone and calling for her sister. She carries a copy of "Romeo and Juliet".*

CHERYL: *(Calling all about.)* Linda? Linda? *(To her phone.)* No, seriously, Linda's going to help me! Oh, I know my big sister's usually too self-involved with her latest real-life drama to know the rest of the world even exists, but she said she'd help me, so I'm going to hold her to it! *(Calling all about.)* Linda! *(To her phone.)* And, since she's also the best actress in the school, with her help, I'll nail that Juliet monologue for English for sure! But first, I've got to find her! Gotta go! Later! *(Calling all about.)* Linda? *(She exits stage left.)*

LINDA: *(Offstage right.)* George? George? Where are you? Pick up! Pick up, pick up, pick up! *(She enters stage right looking at her phone.)* Fine! *(She leaves a voice message.)* George! I have left you ten other voice messages, now eleven voice messages, twenty-one texts, and fourteen emails in the last ten minutes, mister! Where are you? What's going on? Are you all right? You need to tell me! I need to know! I deserve to know! After all, we've been a couple

since last Tuesday! (*She looks at her phone.*) No bars? No bars! (*Desperate.*) George! (*She exits stage right.*) George!

Pause.

CHERYL: (*Offstage left.*) Linda? Linda? (*She enters stage left.*) Linda, you can't hide from me! I heard you! I know you're here! I really need help with this, and you're my big sister, and you owe me! Shakespeare? I don't even know how to start!

LINDA screams off stage right.

CHERYL: (*Frustrated.*) There you are! What was that, a vocal warm-up? Fine, I'll start with a vocal warm-up? How's that go again?

LINDA screams off stage right. CHERYL mimics LINDA'S scream.

CHERYL: Done! Now come out here and help me with this monologue!

LINDA enters, stunned, focused on her phone. CHERYL doesn't notice that LINDA is focused on her phone.

CHERYL: Finally! Great! Whew! Listen! OK, I'm sure you know the monologue! You're the actress! So: Romeo and Juliet, Act Two, Scene five. I just need some help with the emotion behind this part: "The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse; In half an hour she promised to return. Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so!" (*Beat.*) I don't get it. What's the emotion? How does Juliet feel in this moment?

LINDA screams, runs in a large circle, stops, runs in another large circle in the opposite direction, stops, raises her hands to the heavens, stops, screams, stops, falls to her knees, jumps up and exits into auditorium.

LINDA: (*Screams from the auditorium.*) George!

Pause.

CHERYL: *(Not quite sure.)* Ok... *(Copies everything LINDA just did as she reads/acts.)*

"The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promised to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so!" *(Screams from the auditorium.)* George! *(Blackout.)*

END OF PLAY

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