

GHOST LIGHT VI: THE REAL MEANING OF THEATRE

By Greg Cummings

Copyright © MMXXV by Greg Cummings, All rights reserved.
ISBN: 978-1-61588-597-8

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

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

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

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

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

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Heuer Publishing LLC.***

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

**HEUER PUBLISHING LLC
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011**

GHOST LIGHT VI: THE REAL MEANING OF THEATRE

By Greg Cummings

SYNOPSIS: *Ghost Light VI!* Sixteen more very short plays about high school theatre life. A seemingly unsolvable House Management problem is solved by a Greek foreign exchange student on a catwalk. Two choreographers come to realize that the best dancers for a concert version of *South Pacific* might just be the school's football team. A novice Shakespearean actor uses magic to enact revenge on his elementary school bullies. Plus: thirteen more comedies and dramas for both beginning and advanced acting students. Perfect for both scene study and performance.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(5-28 females, 5-28 males)

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

THE LANGUAGE OF TRUE LOVE IS, WELL, GIBBERISH:

ARIANNA (f)

GEMMA (f)

BLOSSOM (f)

AARON (m)

DEUS EX BAKLAVA:

DAPHNE (f)

ATHENA (f)

ZEUS (m)

THE MATH GENIUS AND THE ITSY BITSY SPIDER:

CAYLEY (f)

CONNIE (f)

LORI (f)

JOEL (m)

GIVE ME YOUR HANDS IF WE BE FRIENDS:

LIONEL (m)

RUFUS (m)

SIMON (m)

LEROY (m)

FOOTBALL IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC:

HARLEY (f)

ALLEGRA (f)

DALTON (m)

EMERY (m)

LYLE (m)

HOWIE (m)

JAWBREAKER, HEARTBREAKER:

LANCE (m)

GILLIAN (f)

FISHER (m)

ALL POLITICS IS THEATRE:

FRANCES (f)

SYBIL (f)

ORSON (m)

HELLO, DOLLY! AND DYLAN!:

DYLAN (m)

NAOMI (f)

SONYA (f)

MAKE 'EM LAUGH, WINGMAN!:

NATE (m)

KENNETH (m)

JANELLE (f)

LET'S TAKE IT FROM THE TOP:

HOLLY (f)
SIENNA (f)
LAWSON (m)
REGGIE (m)

ALWAYS MEET YOUR HEROES:

RAYMOND (m)
MIMI (f)

CHECKMATE:

BENTLEY (m)
CORRINNE (f)

BATTER UP!:

VINCENT (m)
MAVIS (f)

HAMLET:

ALANA (f)
NOELLE (f)
MR.TOFF (m)

OFF BOOK:

CECILIA (f)
MARYLIN (f)
BENTON (m)

THE REAL MEANING OF THEATRE:

GISELLE (f)
LENA (f)
RITA (f)
JULIAN (m)
FREDERICK (m)
STEVIE (m)
PHILLIP (m)

DEDICATION

For the Chino High Theatre students 2025-2026 and their directors: Frank Smouse, Katarina Smouse, Costume and Make up designer Coleen Smouse and Tech Director Ryan Davis.

GEMMA enters from the auditorium.

GEMMA: What happened?

ARIANNA: *(Pointing off stage left.)* Drama class! Gibberish!

GEMMA: Drama Class Gibberish?

ARIANNA: *(Listens to her phone, but talks to GEMMA.)* No! Drama Class! Gibberish! It's a Drama class exercise! You have to make yourself understood, but you can't use actual words! You can only talk in gibberish! *(Re: her phone.)* Still busy! The school nurse is never busy! Damn! *(Hangs up, dials again. As she listens on her phone, she talks to GEMMA.)*

GEMMA: So somebody died speaking gibberish?

ARIANNA: No! Nobody died speaking gibberish! It's just that Aaron and Blossom...

GEMMA: Whoa! Wait! Aaron and Blossom?

ARIANNA: Yes!

GEMMA: Aaron? And Blossom? *That* Aaron and Blossom? The couple that's been a couple all during *both* middle school *and* high school?!

ARIANNA: Yes!

GEMMA: Aaron and Blossom? The couple with the most disgusting displays of PDA the school has ever seen?

ARIANNA: Yes! Yes!

GEMMA: The couple whose pet names for each other make me vomit every time I hear them?

ARIANNA: Yes! Yes! Yes! We all vomit when we hear them coo their pet names for each other! Now: shush! *(Re: her phone.)* Still busy! *(Hangs up, dials again. Listens on her phone as she talks to GEMMA.)* Listen: Aaron and Blossom were doing the gibberish exercise! Communicating in gibberish! They both slipped on some banana peels leftover from our "physical comedy" unit last week! And they both hit their heads on the floor! At the same time! They're in there, right now, on the floor! Out cold! That's why I'm calling the nurse! *(Re: her phone.)* Busy! That's it! *(Hangs up her phone, then to GEMMA.)* I'm going to get the nurse! *(She starts to exit into the auditorium.)* You stay here, in case they wake up!

AARON and BLOSSOM, offstage left, groan.

ARIANNA: Wait! That's them! (*Calling off stage left.*) Aaron! Blossom!

ARIANNA exits stage left.

ARIANNA: (*Off stage left.*) Oh! My! God!

GEMMA: Arianna?

ARIANNA enters, holding her stomach, stunned.

GEMMA: Arianna, what is it?

ARIANNA: It's horrible! Horrible!

GEMMA: What happened?

ARIANNA: I don't know! I guess... Aaron and Blossom... when they were speaking gibberish... and hit their heads... at the same time... they must've gotten stuck... in gibberish mode.

GEMMA: Aaron and Blossom are stuck in gibberish mode? You mean...?

ARIANNA: Yes! Now they're calling each other pet names, but all the pet names... are in..

GEMMA: Gibberish?

ARIANNA: Gibberish! (*Re: offstage left.*) Here they come! Don't look! Don't look!

GEMMA: I have to! I can't look away!

AARON and BLOSSOM enter stage left. Eyes locked on each other, they hold hands and move as one. ARIANNA was right-their speaking in gibberish has now made their "love" even more disgusting. ARIANNA and GEMMA are too horrified to look away.

AARON: Ohhh. I wuv you so much, my little Braca rhum, squortum zeed! (*Feel free to ad lib. as needed.*)

BLOSSOM: And I wuv you my Jojojojo! Oh, my rumvew, nuto, Oh, my runvew nuto! (*Feel free to ad lib. as needed.*)

ARIANNA and GEMMA stifle vomits. Blackout.

END OF PLAY

DEUS EX BAKLAVA!

By Greg Cummings

SYNOPSIS: A seemingly unsolvable House Management problem is solved by a Greek foreign exchange student on a catwalk.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 females, 1 male)

DAPHNE (f) A desperate House Manager.
Melodramatic. (15 lines)
ATHENA (f) The other desperate House
Manager. Melodramatic.
(15 lines)
ZEUS (m)..... A foreign exchange student
from Greece. Melodramatic.
(10 lines)

SETTING: A high school stage. A podium or music stand downstage center.

TIME: A lecture on “Deus ex Machina in Greek Theatre.”

AT START: A bare stage. Enter ATHENA, stage left, wearing a toga. She walks about, calmly and proudly. She carries a program.

ATHENA: Ah. (Surveys the stage.) Perfect. (Checks the time.) Right on time. Perfect. Everything's ready, everything's perfect for Dr. Brown's lecture on ancient Greek Theatre. (Reads the title of the program.) “Deus ex Machina: Solving an Unsolvable Problem by Having Some Random Character Come From Out of Nowhere to Solve It.” Perfect! (Checks the time again.) But where's my other House Manager? (Calling.) Daphne? Daphne?

DAPHNE: (In the auditorium.) Noooooo!

ATHENA: Daphne?

DAPHNE: Athena!

DAPHNE enters from the auditorium, wearing a toga, reading a text on her phone.

ATHENA: Daphne! What's wrong?

DAPHNE: It's the vendor!

ATHENA: The one supplying the concessions for tonight's lecture?

DAPHNE: *(Shows ATHENA the text.)* The vendor's truck broke down!

ATHENA: The vendor's truck broke down? But that means no concessions! No Twix!

DAPHNE: No gum!

DAPHNE and ATHENA: And no Skittles! Oh my God, no Skittles! We're the House Managers! Dr. Brown will blame us! We'll never House Manage again! *(DAPHNE and ATHENA fall to their knees.)* Oh woe is us! Nothing to be done! Woe! Woe! Are you gnashing your teeth? I'm gnashing my teeth!

ZEUS: *(Off stage right.)* Daphne? Athena?

DAPHNE and ATHENA: *(To the ceiling.)* Who's there?

ZEUS: *(Off stage right.)* It is !! Zeus!

DAPHNE and ATHENA: *(To the ceiling.)* Zeus? The Greek god?

ZEUS: *(Off stage right.)* No. Zeus, the new foreign exchange student, from Greece.

DAPHNE and ATHENA: *(To the ceiling.)* Right.

ZEUS: *(Off stage right.)* I was napping up here on the catwalk. I overheard your problem. I have the solution. I'll be right down.

DAPHNE and ATHENA: *(Acting like they see ZEUS walk across the catwalk above their heads and climb down the offstage right ladder...)* Solution? There is no solution! We have no Twix! We have no gum! We have no Skittles! Gnash! Gnash! Gnash!

ZEUS: *(Off stage right.)* Perhaps not, Daphne and Athena! But you do have... *(ZEUS enters stage right, also wearing a toga. He holds aloft a slice of baklava, as if it has magic powers.)* Baklava!

DAPHNE and ATHENA slowly rise, slowly falling under the magic power of the baklava.

DAPHNE and ATHENA: Baklava...?

ZEUS: Baklava! From my home country! Of Greece! It is this baklava that will feed your audience tonight!

DAPHNE and ATHENA: But Zeus, one slice of baklava cannot feed the entire audience tonight!

ZEUS: No! But sixty-five airtight containers of baklava can!

DAPHNE and ATHENA: Sixty-five airtight containers of baklava?

ZEUS: Sixty-five airtight containers of baklava! You see, driven by my intense loneliness for my Grecian homeland, I've been baking baklava nonstop since I arrived in America, many weeks ago! I stored them all in sixty-five airtight containers! I just texted my American host family! They will be here in five minutes! And, packed in their van? Those sixty-five airtight containers of my homemade baklava!

ATHENA: Sixty-five airtight containers of homemade baklava?

DAPHNE: That's more than enough baklava to feed the entire audience tonight!

ZEUS: Yes! I, Zeus, have randomly come from out of nowhere to unexpectedly solve your problem!

DAPHNE and ATHENA: Thank you, Zeus!

ZEUS: You're welcome Daphne and Athena! But let's not forget (*Holds the baklava over his head.*) The baklava! All hail baklava!

ALL: All hail baklava!

Blackout.

END OF PLAY

THE MATH GENIUS AND THE ITSY BITSY SPIDER

By Greg Cummings

SYNOPSIS: A confused Mathlete crushes so hard for a musician that she doesn't realize that his music is both childish and frightening.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 females, 1 male)

CAYLEY (f) Mathlete. Briefly crushes on Joel. *(7 lines)*
 CONNIE (f) Mathlete. Cayley's best friend. *(12 lines)*
 LORI (f) Mathlete. Cayley's other best friend. *(9 lines)*
 JOEL (m) "Composes" scores for musical theatre. The object of Cayley's crush. *(1 line)*

SETTING: A bare stage.

TIME: The present.

AT START: *A bare stage.*

CONNIE: *(In auditorium.)* Lori! Come on!

LORI: *(In auditorium.)* Connie! Slow down! I've got to catch my breath!

CONNIE and LORI run on from auditorium. On stage, an exhausted LORI stops and flops on the floor. CONNIE keels to her.

LORI: This is crazy!

CONNIE: Crazy but true! The International Math Olympiad is next month! And Cayley, as Math Club president, is just feeling too much pressure!

LORI: So she just skips Math practice to run to *(Points off stage left.)* the Music Room? Why?

CONNIE: Rejuvenation!

LORI: Rejuvenation?

CONNIE: When Cayley is stressed, she needs to get her “math muscles” back!

LORI: And she does that how?

CONNIE: By speed-crushing on a Musical Theatre student!

LORI: Speed-crushing?

CONNIE: And she always, always chooses the wrong one!

LORI: The “wrong” Musical Theatre student? What’s a “wrong” Musical Theatre student?

CAYLEY: *(Off stage left.)* Connie! Lori! Look who I met!

CONNIE: That’s Cayley. I think we’re about to find out.

CAYLEY enters stage left, dragging JOEL, who carries some bongo drums and some sheet music. He wears all black and seems to be in a trance of sorts. CAYLEY is in a state of severe crushing on him.

CAYLEY: Look, Connie! Look, Lori! It’s my new guy, Joel! Joel was under a piano in the Music Room, weeping! But when he saw me weeping he got inspired! He started to write an original musical theatre piece—about me! Can you believe it! It’s still in its early stages, but it’s so beautiful! You’ve got to hear this! Hit it, Joel!

CONNIE: *(To LORI.)* Prepare yourself.

CAYLEY positions JOEL center stage, then drags LORI and CONNIE downstage left. JOEL sits and places his sheet music in front of him. Pause. Suddenly, he starts beating the bongos and scream-singing a song. The words are his, but the tune is very clearly the children’s song, “The Itsy Bitsy Spider”. As he scream-sings, CAYLEY stands and swoons; LORI and CONNIE stand and hold her so she doesn’t fall...

JOEL: *(Scream-singing)*

“Oh, the itsy bitsy Mathlete
came in the Music Room!
In came the teacher
and kicked the Mathlete out! Boom!

The Mathlete is here now,
in the auditorium..."

(Stops.) Auditorium, auditorium... what rhymes with auditorium...?

Agh! (Closes his eyes.)

CAYLEY: *(Shocked back to reality.)* Oh, my God. Oh my God.

(Whispers to CONNIE and LORI.) That was... horrible, wasn't it?

CONNIE: Yes, Cayley, yes it was.

CAYLEY: I've... I've done it again, haven't I?

CONNIE: Yes, Cayley, yes you have.

CAYLEY: *(Still recovering.)* Can we go back... to the Math Lab now?

CONNIE: Of course we can, Cayley, of course we can.

LORI: Lean on us. We've got you.

CAYLEY covers her ears, holds her head and continues to recover from her "speed-crash". CONNIE and LORI comfort her as they guide her into the auditorium.

CAYLEY: Am I crazy, or was that tune he played... that was just "The Itsy Bitsy Spider", right?

CONNIE: *(Nodding.)* Itsy Bitsy Spider.

LORI: *(Nodding.)* Itsy Bitsy Spider.

CAYLEY: Hold me.

CONNIE and LORI gently guide CAYLEY through the auditorium. JOEL sits, eyes closed, still musing. Fade to black.

END OF PLAY

GIVE ME YOUR HANDS IF WE BE FRIENDS

By Greg Cummings

SYNOPSIS: A novice Shakespearean actor uses magic to enact revenge on his elementary school bullies.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4 males)

LIONEL (m) Shy actor. Magic. (3 lines)
 RUFUS (m)..... Bully. (19 lines)
 SIMON (m)..... Bully. (18 lines)
 LEROY (m) Bully. (17 lines)

SETTING: A bare stage.

TIME: The present.

AT START: *LIONEL enters stage left. He wears a cape and holds a piece of paper. He crosses to center. He puts the paper behind him and tries to recite the monologue.*

LIONEL: If we shadows have offended,
 Think but this, and all is mended,
 That you have but slumber'd here
 While these visions did appear.

RUFUS: (*In auditorium.*) Hey look, guys! Look! It's Lionel!

LIONEL freezes.

SIMON: (*In auditorium.*) You're right! (*Calling.*) Hey, Lionel!

LIONEL takes a step to the left.

LEROY: (*In auditorium.*) Oh no you don't! Don't move, Lionel! We'll be right there!

RUFUS, SIMON, and LEROY enter from the auditorium and surround LIONEL. They taunt, laugh, and scoff at him.

RUFUS: Whoa! Lionel! Is that a cape? Are you wearing a cape?

SIMON: Hey! Didn't you used to wear a cape, back in the third grade?

LEROY: Yeah! You used to do all those stupid magic shows for "Show and Tell"!

RUFUS: And we always used to toss paper airplanes at you!

SIMON: That's right! We got so many time outs for that!

LEROY: Third grade! Paper airplanes! Time outs! Good times!

RUFUS: Wait! Guys! This cape isn't the same cape he wore in elementary school! This cape is brand new! Lionel bought himself a brand-new cape! (*Mocking.*) Lionel's a big boy grown-up magician now!

SIMON: Hey, Lionel, amaze us with some of your new tricks! (*Laughs.*)

LEROY: Yeah! Make us all disappear! (*Laughs.*)

RUFUS: Come on, guys, this is stupid, let's go!

SIMON: Yeah.

RUFUS, SIMON, and LEROY start to exit into the auditorium, bumping LIONEL as they do.

RUFUS: Wait a minute. Watcha hiding there, Lionel? (*Grabs the paper which LIONEL has kept behind his back and reads it.*) "Shakespeare Monologue"? "Due Memorized Tomorrow"? "Puck's Epilogue from "A Midsummer Night's Dream"? "By William Shakespeare"?

SIMON: Shakespeare? Wait. Don't tell me. Is our Little Lionel taking an acting class?

LEROY: Oh my God! Guys! Lionel's taking an acting class!!

RUFUS: (*Mocking.*) Aw, trying to build up your confidence there, buddy?

RUFUS, SIMON, and LEROY laugh. LIONEL reaches for the monologue; RUFUS, SIMON, and LIONEL make him play "Monkey in the Middle" with it.

SIMON: Whoa! Steady there, Lionel!

LEROY: Yeah, steady there, "Puck"!

RUFUS, LEROY, and SIMON: Puck! Puck! Puck!

RUFUS: Hey guys! I've got an idea! He's supposed to have this memorized by tomorrow, right? Let's test him!

LEROY and SIMON: Good idea!

As RUFUS, SIMON, and LEROY begin to exit into auditorium, taunting LIONEL with the paper...

SIMON: Hey! What if he's not word perfect?

RUFUS: Are you kidding? If he's not word perfect, we just give him back his little monologue! As a paper airplane!

LEROY: High school! More paper airplanes! Good times!

RUFUS, LEROY, and SIMON laugh as they make their way into the auditorium. Pause.

RUFUS: *(From the rear of the auditorium.)* We're ready! Hit it, Lionel!

SIMON: *(From the rear of the auditorium.)* This better be good!

LEROY: *(From the rear of the auditorium.)* Yeah, no pressure, though!

RUFUS, SIMON, and LEROY laugh. LIONEL lowers his head and centers himself. LIONEL raises his head and begins the monologue. As he delivers the monologue (he's a good actor), the others taunt him from the audience. As the monologue progresses, their taunts become louder and more frequent. And LIONEL'S quiet rage and sense of vengeance grows.

LIONEL: If we shadows have offended,

Think but this, and all is mended,

That you have but slumber'd here

While these visions did appear.

And this weak and idle theme,

No more yielding but a dream,

Gentles, do not reprehend:

if you pardon, we will mend:

And, as I am an honest Puck,

If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;

The taunts of RUFUS, SIMON, and LEROY are quite loud by now.

LIONEL:

Else the Puck a liar call;
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
(*Raises his arms.*)
And Robin... shall restore amends!

RUFUS: (*Laughing in auditorium.*) Sorry, buddy! You got all the lines right!

SIMON: (*Laughing in auditorium.*) But that stunk!

LEROY: (*Laughing in auditorium.*) Yeah! Better luck next time!

RUFUS: Better duck! Here comes your airplane!

RUFUS, SIMON, and LEROY: Puck! Puck! Puck! Puck! Duck! Duck!
Duck! Duck!

Vengeful, LIONEL continues to raise his arms. As a result, RUFUS, SIMON, and LEROY wail, increasingly scared, from the auditorium.

RUFUS: Hey! What's going on?

SIMON: What's happening to us?

LEROY: I'm floating! I'm floating above my seat!

RUFUS: Me, too!

SIMON: Me three! Whoa! I must be ten feet off the ground!

LEROY: Look at Lionel! He's doing this to us! He's making us float!

RUFUS: How?

SIMON: I don't know how! But he is! Look at him! Lionel! Put us down!
Now!

LEROY: Can't... talk... anymore. Losing... my voice.

RUFUS: Me, too.

SIMON: Me three.

LEROY: Lionel?

SIMON, LEROY, and RUFUS: (*Calling, their voices fading.*) Lionel?
Lionel?

LIONEL, his arms fully raised, smiles as he watches the boys slowly float on the ceiling. Vengeance, at long last, is finally his. Fade to black.

END OF PLAY

DO NOT COPY

FOOTBALL IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC

By Greg Cummings

SYNOPSIS: Two choreographers come to realize that the best dancers for a concert version of *South Pacific* might just be the school’s football team.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 females, 4+ males)

HARLEY (f)	Co-choreographer.	Nervous.
	(12 lines)	
ALLEGRA (f)	Co-choreographer.	Self-assured.
	(11 lines)	
DALTON (m)	Fun-loving football player.	
	(1 line)	
EMERY (m)	Fun-loving football player.	
	(1 line)	
LYLE (m)	Fun-loving football player.	
	(1 line)	
HOWIE (m)	Fun-loving football player.	
	(1 line)	

SETTING: A bare stage.

TIME: Rehearsal for a concert version of the musical *South Pacific*.



AT START: HARLEY and ALLEGRA enter stage left. They each carry an assignment sheet.

HARLEY: No!

ALLEGRA: Oh, come on.

HARLEY: We can’t do it!

ALLEGRA: Oh, sure we can!

HARLEY: You and me, choreographing the musical, *South Pacific*?

ALLEGRA: Hey, it's not the whole musical. It's a concert version of *South Pacific*. You know: no sets, no costumes. Just the songs and some simple blocking. Mr. Blackler just wants to help the school celebrate Veteran's Day.

HARLEY: And that's a great thing! But Blackler told us to choreograph the football team into it! Can you imagine? Forcing choreography onto the football team?

ALLEGRA: But we don't have to force them!

HARLEY: What do you mean?

ALLEGRA: They volunteered!

HARLEY: The football team wants to be in a concert version of *South Pacific*? Why?

ALLEGRA: Remember Keith?

HARLEY: Their team captain last year?

ALLEGRA: Yeah! He's in the Navy now. Deployed overseas.

HARLEY: I didn't know.

ALLEGRA: Yeah, and they thought this would be a great way to honor his service.

HARLEY: Wow.

ALLEGRA: Yeah. I talked to them, and they like the whole setup. You know, young men of today playing young men from World War II? Today's young men honoring the young men of yesterday?

HARLEY: I love their sincerity, but...

ALLEGRA: Listen. All Mr. Blackler wants us to do is choreograph a "comic male bonding entrance" for the football team, as the band plays "There is Nothin' Like a Dame", right?

HARLEY: Right! But oh my God! Allegra! A "comic male bonding entrance"? What the heck would that even look like?

FOOTBALL TEAM: (*From auditorium.*) Hey!

As the FOOTBALL TEAM (DALTON, EMERY, LYLE, HOWIE) enters from the auditorium, laughing.

DALTON: Hey! There they are!

EMERY: Hey *South Pacific* choreographers!

LYLE: Yeah, let's get this show on the road!

HOWIE: Hey, who shoved me? Did you shove me? Hold me back, team! Hold me back.

On stage, FOOTBALL TEAM dives and rolls like WWE wrestlers. They are clearly exhibiting “comic male bonding”. The form of their “wrestling” actually looks dance-like. As FOOTBALL TEAM continues, HARLEY and ALLEGRA smile knowingly.

ALLEGRA: *(Smiling, to HARLEY.)* “Comic male bonding”?

HARLEY: *(Smiling.)* “Comic male bonding.”

ALLEGRA and HARLEY smile as the FOOTBALL TEAM continues its comic bonding “dance”. Fade to Black

END OF PLAY

DO NOT COPY

JAWBREAKER, HEARTBREAKER

By Greg Cummings

SYNOPSIS: A novice actor discovers that his physical pain can be perceived as theatrical pain by the director he has a crush on.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 2 males)

LANCE (m) A novice actor crushing on Gillian. (24 lines)
 GILLIAN (f) A high-strung and mean student director. (13 lines)
 FISHER (m) Lance's friend. Well meaning. Easily confused. (21 lines)

SETTING: A bare stage. Offstage left, a rehearsal room.

TIME: The present.

AT START: A bare stage.

GILLIAN: (Off stage left.) Lance! On stage! Now!

GILLIAN enters stage left, followed by LANCE. Each carries a script.

LANCE: Gillian, please, give me one more chance!

GILLIAN: No! Wait! Fine! Go!

LANCE: Go? What? Now?

GILLIAN: Yes! Right now! Last chance! Your part in the play is simple!

All you have to do is: (*Re: the script.*) drop to your knees, put your hands to your face, cry, and say, "This really hurts". And make me believe it!

LANCE: Ok, Ok, Ok! Here I go!

LANCE drops to his knees, puts his hands to his face, and tries to cry. He's a bad actor.

LANCE: "This really hurts".

GILLIAN: Pa. The. Tic.

LANCE: What?

GILLIAN: Pathetic! That was pathetic! You call that emotional pain? You call that sadness?! I didn't believe one second of it!!

LANCE: But...

GILLIAN: No buts! That was not emotional pain! That was not sadness! You are totally unbelievable! Lance, face it! You have neither the heart nor the soul of an actor!

LANCE: Please! Give me one more chance!

GILLIAN: No! Too late! You're fired!

LANCE: Fired? We're in high school.

GILLIAN: Fine! Then: you're out of my play! Forever! Do not return to rehearsal! Ever!

GILLIAN storms off, stage left.

LANCE: Damn.

FISHER: *(In auditorium.)* Hey! Hey, Lance buddy! What are you doing on the stage?

FISHER enters and sits next to LANCE.

FISHER: What's wrong?

LANCE: Gillian dumped me.

FISHER: Gillian dumped you? Um. Lance, you weren't dating Gillian. You've never dated anybody.

LANCE: I was just about to ask her out—

FISHER: Excuse me?

LANCE: —but she kicked me out of her play.

FISHER: Wait. You were in Gillian's play?

LANCE: All because she said I can't express emotional pain. You know, sadness.

FISHER: She's right. You can't. I know you. You're a monotone kinda guy.

LANCE: And that I “have neither the heart nor the soul of an actor”!

FISHER: Again, she’s right. You “have neither the heart nor the soul of an actor”. Whatever that means. Lance, face it: you can’t act. You never could. Not one little bit. I’m surprised Gillian put you in her play in the first place.

LANCE: But I love her, Fisher! I love her! What am I gonna do?

FISHER: Hey, I know (*Removes two jawbreakers from his pocket. He keeps one and tosses LANCE the other.*) Catch!

LANCE: I recognize these.

FISHER: Yeah! They’re Jawbreakers. We ate them all the time when we little kids

LANCE: Right. Aren’t these kinda dusty, though?

FISHER: Probably. They’re leftover from last Halloween. Come on, time to forget Gillian! And time to re-live some of those wonderful childhood memories! With me!

LANCE: I can’t forget Gillian! I can’t! I can’t!

FISHER: Your choice, my friend. But don’t mind me. (*Pops his jawbreaker into his mouth.*) Mmmm: childhood. (*Closes his eyes and smiles.*) Nothing like a Jawbreaker to bring back some delicious childhood memories.

LANCE: (*Smiles.*) Maybe you’re right. What could it hurt?

FISHER: That’s the spirit!

LANCE pops the jawbreaker in his mouth.

BOTH: Mmmm. Jawbreakers...

LANCE cracks a tooth on the Jawbreaker and immediately experiences a lot of pain.

LANCE: Ow!

FISHER: What is it?

LANCE: (*Garbled.*) I chipped a tooth!

FISHER: You tipped a goose?

LANCE: (*Garbled.*) I chipped a tooth!

FISHER: You sniffed a boot?

LANCE: !! Chipped! A! Tooth!

FISHER: Oh! You chipped a tooth! You know what? I bet it was that Jawbreaker!

LANCE howls in pain.

GILLIAN: *(Off stage left.)* Lance?

FISHER: Gillian?

LANCE weeps, howls and drops to his knees. GILLIAN enters stage left.

GILLIAN: Lance! Oh my God!

LANCE weeps, howls and puts his hands to his mouth.

GILLIAN: *(Overjoyed.)* Oh my God! I was wrong!

FISHER: Wrong?

LANCE howls and writhes on the floor.

GILLIAN: So wrong! Oh, Lance! You *can* express emotional pain! You *can* express sadness!

FISHER: *(To himself.)* Sadness?

LANCE howls and writhes on the floor. GILLIAN rushes to him and kneels to him.

GILLIAN: And I can feel it! I can feel your sadness! Oh, Lance, it's now clear to me: you *do* have the heart and soul of an actor!

FISHER: *(To himself.)* The heart and soul of an actor?

LANCE manages a smile, but, overcome with pain, collapses in GILLIAN'S arms. Blackout.

END OF PLAY

ALL POLITICS IS THEATRE

By Greg Cummings

SYNOPSIS: A nervous candidate for Class President gets a massive theatrical makeover right before a big speech.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 females, 1 male)

FRANCES (f)..... No nonsense. Nervous. Running for Student Government President. (25 lines)

SYBIL (f)..... Confident. FRANCES'S "Campaign Manager". (5 lines)

ORSON (m)..... President of Drama Club. Overly theatrical. Sarcastic. Self-centered. (20 lines)

SETTING: A bare stage, except for a music stand or podium downstage center.

TIME: Five minutes before candidates for class president give their speeches.

AT START: SYBIL and FRANCES enter from the auditorium. SYBIL carries a shoebox of buttons. FRANCES carries a folder. They cross to the podium.

FRANCES: I really appreciate this, Sybil.

SYBIL: Nonsense, Frances! Or should I say Madam Soon-to-be-Class President! Hey, after all, who's your best friend slash Campaign Manager? You want time to feel more comfortable on stage? You want time to skim your candidate speech? I can give you that. (*Re: the shoebox.*) I'll keep your voters busy in the hall with these new campaign buttons, while you center yourself and review your speech.

FRANCES: New campaign buttons? (*Reads a button.*) "Vote Frances. The No Nonsense Choice." I like it.

SYBIL: You like it because you *are* it: No Nonsense! Solid! The practical choice!

FRANCES: I don't know... I'm nervous. Me and public speaking...

SYBIL: You'll be great! Trust me! You've got a great speech there! Just let the words do the talking!

FRANCES: Maybe you're right.

SYBIL: I *am* right! You center yourself, I'll button the crowd, I'll see you in five minutes!

FRANCES: Ok. Um... thanks.

SYBIL, with the shoebox, exits into the auditorium. Nervous, FRANCES opens her folder and scans her speech.

ORSON: (*Off stage right.*) No!

FRANCES: Excuse me?

ORSON enters stage right and looks directly at FRANCES.

ORSON: Oh, no! It's worse than I thought! Look at you!

FRANCES: Who are you?

ORSON: (*Deeply offended.*) I am Orson! The new president of The Drama Club! Duh! Now, hurry! We have work to do!

FRANCES: Work?

ORSON: Work! Oh my God! Are you Frances?

FRANCES: Um... yes.

ORSON: Are you running for Class President?

FRANCES: Yes...

ORSON: Are you the only candidate with a clear platform to support the arts? Are you here trying to feel better about your big speech today?

FRANCES: Yes....

ORSON: Then we have work to do! Frances, you're on a stage! And do we know what that means? It means: we need to be more theatrical!

FRANCES: More theatrical?

ORSON: Oh my God! Is this your speech? (*Takes the folder from the podium and skims it.*)

FRANCES: Um... yes?

ORSON: Um.... no! (*He rips it up and pockets it.*) Here! (*He hands her a speech from his back pocket.*)

Oddly, as FRANCES follows ORSON'S directions, she actually gains confidence...

FRANCES: (*Reading.*) "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears"? (*Beat.*) Isn't this Shakespeare?

ORSON: Of course it's Shakespeare! You can't get more theatrical than Shakespeare! It's exactly what you need! Louder!

FRANCES: "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears"?

ORSON: Yes! Good! More! Feel it!

FRANCES: "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears"?

ORSON: There you go! Now flap your arms!

FRANCES: Flap my arms?

ORSON: Your speech needs to soar like a bird! Like this! (*Flaps his arms.*) Again!

FRANCES: (*Flaps her arms.*) "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears"!

ORSON: I like what I'm seeing, Frances! I like what I'm seeing! Now: Dance!

FRANCES: Dance?

ORSON: You need to fill the space! Like this! (*Dances about the stage.*) Again!

FRANCES: (*Flaps her arms and dances about the stage...*) "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears"!

ORSON: Yes! Now: Sing!

FRANCES: Sing?

ORSON: Make the words sing! Sing, Frances, sing!

FRANCES: (*Joyously dancing about the stage, flapping her arms, and singing.*) "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears"!

ORSON: Perfect! Again!

FRANCES: (*Joyously, dancing, flapping her arms, and singing*) "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears"!

ORSON: Perfect! Again!

FRANCES: *(Joyously, dancing, flapping her arms, and singing.)*
“Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears”!

ORSON: Perfect! Again! *(Looking into the auditorium.)* No! Wait! Look! Frances! Your audience arrives! Time to make your entrance! An entrance to beat all entrances! Come with me!

FRANCES follows ORSON as they exit stage right. Pause. SYBIL enters from auditorium, steps to the podium, and addresses the audience.

SYBIL: Welcome everyone. Please settle down. We only have fifteen minutes to hear speeches for Class President. It is my pleasure to introduce you to the first candidate. *(Holds up a button.)* Our “No Nonsense Choice”! The No Nonsense, solid, practical choice! My friend and yours... *(Calls off stage right.)* Frances!

SYBIL steps to the left of the podium and leads applause for FRANCES. FRANCES, ecstatic, bursting, enters stage right, wearing a feather boa. She dances, flaps her arms, and sings.

FRANCES: “Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears”!

ORSON enters, playing a tambourine. He plays the tambourine as FRANCES joyously dances and flaps about the stage. SYBIL, stunned, looks sheepishly to the audience. Blackout.

END OF PLAY

HELLO, DOLLY! AND DYLAN!

By Greg Cummings

SYNOPSIS: A very shy non-actor decides to audition for a school production of *Hello, Dolly* in order to keep his family together.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 females, 1 male)

DYLAN (m)..... Shy. Kind. (2 lines)

NAOMI (f)..... Dylan's friend. (19 lines)

SONYA (f)..... Dylan's friend. (17 lines)

SETTING: A bare stage.

TIME: After school.

AT START: NAOMI paces. SONYA enters stage right.

NAOMI: Sonya! I got your text!

SONYA: It's Dylan!

NAOMI: Oh no. What is it this time?

SONYA: Dylan. Is going to audition. For *Hello, Dolly* next week.

NAOMI: Ok. Odd, but only because Dylan is clinically shy and has never auditioned for anything, ever, so...

SONYA: Naomi. It's more than that.

NAOMI: You're scaring me. What is it?

SONYA: Dylan. Is going to audition. For the lead role.

NAOMI: Wait. Dylan? Our Dylan? Our Dylan is going to audition? For the lead role of Dolly? In *Hello, Dolly*? Why?

SONYA: Dylan's new stepmom did *Hello, Dolly* when she was in high school.

NAOMI: And so Dylan wants to play Dolly Levi now... why?

SONYA: Things have been tense around their house. Dylan thinks it will help them all "bond"!

NAOMI: Wow.

SONYA: Yeah. It's a last ditch effort.

NAOMI: And so... we're here to... support Dylan... auditioning for...
Dolly Levi?

SONYA: We have to.

NAOMI: Got it!

SONYA: Good!

NAOMI: Hey! Of course! What are best friends for?!

SONYA: Right! (*Looking off stage right.*) Sh. Here comes Dylan!

SONYA and NAOMI look off stage right and whisper to each other.

NAOMI: Um... why the dress?

SONYA: It's the stepmom's.

NAOMI: Dylan's stepmom kept the dress from her *Hello Dolly* production? From when she was in high school?

SONYA: Yes! Dylan's going to wear it to the audition next week, and needs our approval.

NAOMI: Got it.

SONYA: Dylan is so desperate to make the new family dynamic work.

NAOMI: Guess so. Poor Dylan. (*Sympathetically, supportively to DYLAN, off stage right.*) Hey, Dylan!

SONYA: (*Calling.*) Yeah, hey there!

NAOMI: (*Calling.*) How ya doin'?

SONYA: (*Calling.*) Come on out, Dylan.

NAOMI: (*Calling.*) Yeah, let us take a good look at you. It's all right.
You can do it.

DYLAN enters stage right, wearing a "Hello Dolly" dress. It doesn't fit. At all. Plus, DYLAN is clearly male. (A bit of a beard or mustache would be nice.) NAOMI and SONYA are sincerely impressed.

NAOMI: You know what, Dylan? I like it.

DYLAN: Really?

NAOMI: Really.

SONYA: No lie, Dylan. It really brings out the color in your eyes.

DYLAN: (*Sad smile.*) Thanks. Thanks so much. You're such good friends. I'm so confused.

SONYA and NAOMI: Aw. We know. Come here, buddy...

SONYA and NAOMI cross to DYLAN. All hug. (Blackout.)

END OF PLAY

DO NOT COPY

MAKE 'EM LAUGH, WINGMAN!

By Greg Cummings

SYNOPSIS: A student embraces his role as wingman for his childhood friend.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 females, 2 males)

NATE (m)..... Nervous. Crushing on Janelle.
(25 lines)
 KENNETH (m)..... Nate's best friend/wingman.
 Wildly altruistic. Not a good
 actor. *(30 lines)*
 JANELLE (f) A kind but confused actress.
(4 lines)

SETTING: A bare stage.

TIME: The present.

AT START: NATE, confident, and KENNETH, nervous, enter from the auditorium. They sit downstage center and whisper, as they look over their shoulders to upstage left.

KENNETH: I don't know about this, Nate!

NATE: Well, I do! Trust me! Kenneth, I've done my research: Girls don't want athletes! Or smart guys! Or hard-working guys! Or guys who study! Or guys who have good after-school jobs! Or guys who bathe regularly!

KENNETH: They don't?

NATE: Heck no! Girls want funny guys! And my plan will make you a funny guy! Trust me! Let's review: Janelle's Acting class ends any minute now. You tell her the joke I wrote for you! She'll think you're a funny guy! And voila!

KENNETH: Voila?

NATE: Voila means you two walk off into the sunset with each other!

KENNETH: We walk off into the sunset with each other. Me and Janelle. Nice! (*Glances the palm of his hand.*) Oh no! I can't tell that joke!

NATE: Why not? It's perfect!

KENNETH: It's not that! I kept forgetting the joke so I wrote it on my hand! And I sweated it off! Look! (*Shows his hand to NATE*) The joke's a sweaty blotch! We need to go! Now!

NATE: No! We need to stay! And go right to Plan B! (*He doesn't have a Plan B.*)

KENNETH: Plan B?

NATE: Plan B, Plan B... (*Brainstorming.*) I've got it! Um... what did you have for lunch yesterday?

KENNETH: What did I have for lunch yesterday?

NATE: Yeah, yeah, yeah! What did you have for lunch yesterday? Describe it to me!

KENNETH: I dunno... the pizza bagels... were half mushy and half concrete.

NATE: (*Acting.*) What? "The pizza bagels were half mushy and half concrete"? Ha! (*Bursts into fake laughter and throws himself on the floor, then stands.*) Well?

KENNETH: I don't get it.

NATE: Listen! You don't need an entire joke! When Janelle gets here, all you have to do is say, "The pizza bagels were half mushy and half concrete"! I'll laugh like it's the funniest punch line to the funniest joke in the world! Janelle will still think you're a funny guy! And: Voila!

KENNETH: "We walk off into the sunset with each other"?

NATE: You walk off into the sunset with each other!

KENNETH: Sounds fantastic, but I don't know...

NATE: I do! Trust me!

KENNETH: Nate, Janelle's an actress! She'll see right through your little act!

NATE: I don't care!

KENNETH: She'll laugh at you!

NATE: I don't care!

KENNETH: She'll make you the laughingstock of the entire school!

NATE: I don't care! I don't care, I tell you!

KENNETH: But why, Nate, why?!

NATE: Because, Kenneth... because... Kenneth, I am your wingman!

KENNETH: My wingman? I don't need a wingman!

NATE: Kenneth! In our four years of high school, have you ever talked to a girl?

KENNETH: No...

NATE: Has a girl ever talked to you?

KENNETH: No...

NATE: That's why you need a wingman, Kenneth! That's why you need me! Let me be the Robin to your Batman! The Goose to your Top Gun Maverick! The Chewbacca to your Han Solo! (*Howls like Chewbacca, then...*) Please!

KENNETH: I don't know. What about you? You don't talk to girls, either.

NATE: I know! But: you first, Kenneth.

KENNETH: Me first?

NATE: You first. Then me. It's what wingmen do, Kenneth. It's what wingmen do!

KENNETH: You're the best friend in the world, Nate!

NATE: I know that! Come here, you!

They hug, then break.

KENNETH: Can we... rehearse it... one more time?

NATE: You bet! Lemme hear that funny, funny punch line!

KENNETH: (*Smiles.*) "Well, the pizza bagels were half mushy and half concrete"?

NATE: Ha! (*Bursts into fake laughter and starts to throw himself on the floor, but stops, stands and looks upstage left.*) Hey! It's Janelle! Trust me, buddy. You've got this!

NATE and KENNETH give each other a "thumbs up". JANELLE enters upstage left. KENNETH and NATE pretend not to notice her; instead, they act out NATE'S plan.

NATE: And then? And then? What happened next, Kenneth?

KENNETH: What happened next? What happened next? I'll tell you what happened next, Nate! The funny, funny punch line is: "The pizza bagels were half mushy! And half concrete!"

NATE: What? The pizza bagels were half mushy? *And* half concrete?

KENNETH: That's right! Half mushy! *And* half concrete!

NATE bursts into fake laughter again and throws himself on the floor. He laughs quite a while on the floor. Soon, exhausted by his efforts, he stops laughing, and lies motionless, on his back, panting heavily. JANELLE laughs, just a bit; KENNETH notices her.

KENNETH: *(To himself.)* She laughed. Janelle laughed. *(Realization.)*
Nate was right: She thinks I'm a funny guy!

JANELLE crosses to KENNETH, who acts surprised to see her.

JANELLE: Hey, Kenneth.

KENNETH: *(To himself.)* And girls like funny guys... *(To JANELLE.)*
What? Oh, hi Janelle! I didn't see you there!

JANELLE: I'm going to Study Hall. Do you want to walk with me?

KENNETH: *(Beaming.)* Do I? Do I want to walk off? Into the sunset?
With you?

JANELLE: *(Confused.)* What?

KENNETH: Voila!

JANELLE: *(Confused, increasingly nervous.)* "Voila"?

KENNETH: You bet I do! Come on, Janelle! *(To the motionless NATE.)*
Thanks, wingman!

KENNETH escorts a very confused JANELLE into the auditorium. NATE lies on the floor. Blackout.

END OF PLAY

LET'S TAKE IT FROM THE TOP

By Greg Cummings

SYNOPSIS: Two actresses learn why playwrights aren't allowed at dress rehearsals.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4 either)

HOLLY (m/f)..... Actress. (18 lines)
 SIENNA (m/f)..... Actress. (20 lines)
 LAWSON (m/f) Director. (14 lines)
 REGGIE (m/f)..... Playwright. Intrusive. (3 lines)

SETTING: A bare stage.

TIME: Rehearsal for Reggie's new play.

AT START: Two backpacks downstage right. We don't know it right away, but HOLLY and SIENNA, in costume, are rehearsing a scene from a play. They're such good actresses that the scene looks like real life. HOLLY sits center reading a book. SIENNA enters upstage left.

SIENNA: Hey!

HOLLY: Hey!

SIENNA: Um. You ready?

HOLLY: (Closes the book and stands.) Ready when you are, sis!

SIENNA: "Sis"? I like the sound of that!

HOLLY: Me, too.

SIENNA: Then let's go!

HOLLY: Together?

SIENNA: Together. Together, always.

HOLLY crosses to SIENNA. They exit upstage left together.

LAWSON: (In auditorium.) And... curtain!

LAWSON applauds and enters from the auditorium. He refers to his script. HOLLY and SIENNA enter, as themselves now, upstage left. The rehearsal over, ALL refer to their scripts.

LAWSON: I like it!

HOLLY: Me, too!

LAWSON: Good!

SIENNA: Really? Even when I paused right after the second “Together”, and right before “Always”?

HOLLY: Yeah!

LAWSON: Yeah. It works.

SIENNA: My character isn’t being too, I don’t know, overly sentimental?

LAWSON: No, not at all. It’s the end of the play. They’re sisters. As your director, I feel that, as actors, you both *earned* that pause.

SIENNA: Thanks!

LAWSON: May I ask... who came up with that idea?

HOLLY: Well...

SIENNA: It was both of us!

HOLLY: She’s right! We left rehearsal yesterday just thinking... that final moment, between the sisters, it needs *something*.

SIENNA: So we worked it out at lunch today.

HOLLY: Wanna see it again?

LAWSON: No.

SIENNA: No?

LAWSON: No. It was perfect. This was a perfect dress rehearsal. Let’s keep it fresh for tomorrow’s opening? Is that OK?

SIENNA: That sounds like a plan. What do you think?

HOLLY: Lawson’s right! Let’s not overthink it! Plus (*Checks the time.*) rehearsal’s over, anyway.

HOLLY and SIENNA cross to their backpacks and put their scripts away.

SIENNA: Thanks, Lawson.

HOLLY: Yeah.

LAWSON: For what?

SIENNA: Oh, it's just...

HOLLY: You're the first student in Mr. Clark's new Student Director program,...

SIENNA: ...and we just didn't know what to expect.

HOLLY: It's just... you're really good at this directing thing.

LAWSON: Wow. Thanks, but all props to Mr. Clark. The first thing he said at our first meeting of Student Directors was, "In bringing a play to life, the director has to set the direction, establish a challenging, nurturing environment, and then just trust your actors. Work with them."

SIENNA: And, you did!

HOLLY: Yeah. A lesson well learned! Congratulations!

REGGIE, In the auditorium, blows a whistle.

REGGIE: *(In auditorium.)* Eureka! I've got it!

LAWSON: Reggie?

HOLLY: Reggie?

SIENNA: Reggie? The playwright? Of our play?

REGGIE: *(In auditorium.)* I've seen the light!

SIENNA: Why's he here?

HOLLY: *(To LAWSON.)* Did you invite him?

LAWSON: No. Mr. Clark said never invite a playwright to a dress rehearsal.

SIENNA: I wonder why?

HOLLY: Yeah...

LAWSON: Oh, Mr. Clark said...

REGGIE charges onto the stage.

REGGIE: I see it now! Don't you see? My play is a metaphor for my life! *(To HOLLY.)* The book symbolizes my childhood! So, when you hold it, act like this! *(Takes the book from her holds it above his head and screams. Gives the book back to HOLLY.)* Got it? *(To SIENNA.)* And your entrance symbolizes my horrible middle school years! So, when you walk about, act like this: *(Walks about screaming.)* Got it? Good! Let's take it from the top! *(Exits into auditorium.)*

LAWSON: That's why Mr. Clark said not to invite playwrights to a dress rehearsal.

HOLLY and SIENNA: Got it. (*Blackout.*)

END OF PLAY

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:

GHOST LIGHT VI: THE REAL MEANING OF THEATRE

By Greg Cummings

For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please
contact us at:

Heuer Publishing LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-800-950-7529 • Fax (319) 368-8011

WWW.HEUERPUB.COM