

SHENANIGANS

By Flip Kobler and Cindy Marcus

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ISBN: 978-1-61588-338-7

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SYNOPSIS: The high school experience is so much more than geometry, homecoming and Vixen's shenanigans. No, not really! Vixen's mostly innocent, somewhat self-destructive love affair with trouble is why the football team steals their rival's mascot and the mascot (a manky goat) destroys their manicured football field and Vixen is charged for the damage. Ahhh, high school. When friends are in trouble, Vixen is the one that manipulates the system, the alumni, and pretty much everybody else to even scores and score friendships. This time, it's up to Vixen to beg, borrow, nab, and wangle her way out of a school suspension, repay the school and help her friends find their way. This high-octane comic romp based loosely on Moliere's *The Impostures of Scapin* starts at 90mph and never lets up...and this is why high school happens only once in a lifetime!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 females, 2 males, 10 either; gender flexible)

VIXEN/SIMON (f/m)	Scampish, rogue-ish and a loveable conniver. <i>(403 lines)</i>
OCTAVIA (f)	In love with Godfry. An artist who has trouble thinking for herself. <i>(123 lines)</i>
GODFRY (m)	Octavia's love. Good guy who tends to panic. <i>(90 lines)</i>
ARIANA (f/m)	Octavia's older sibling. Sorority or fraternity member with big plans and an iron fist. <i>(163 lines)</i>
SILVIE (f/m)	Octavia's younger sibling. A little doomy and gloomy but interprets for Octavia. <i>(60 lines)</i>
TRISTAN (f/m)	Leo's older sibling and devoted to the army. A drill sergeant in training. <i>(177 lines)</i>

LEO (m)	Tristan's brother and madly in love with Zoe. All daisies, peace and love. <i>(83 lines)</i>
ZOE (f).....	Leo's love. A good innocent girl with a temper. <i>(76 lines)</i>
CARLOS (f/m).....	A low-level scam artist looking for a buck. <i>(49 lines)</i>
PIPA (f/m).....	SAL. Student Administrative Liaison. Always follows the rules. Isn't that super? <i>(48 lines)</i>

THE TROUBADOURS:

AUGUST (f/m)	Student actor desperate to be relevant. Sucks at improv. <i>(64 lines)</i>
JULY (f/m).....	Student director who wants to do something the drama club can afford. <i>(67 lines)</i>
APRIL (f)	Student actor with a great business sense. <i>(65 lines)</i>
RIVET (f/m).....	Stage techie. <i>(26 lines)</i>
SCRIM (f/m)	Stage manager. <i>(23 lines)</i>

ALL LINE COUNTS ARE APPROXIMATE

DURATION: 60 minutes

SETTING: The quad of a high school. A few benches.

PACING

In the original production, the running time was 60 minutes. Be obsessive about pacing. There's nothing worse than a slow show: Line, pause, line, pause. Part of the reason this show looks like it runs longer is the quick banter. Please keep a killer pace. There is an optional intermission noted in the script.

SET REQUIREMENTS

The set is as minimal or complex as you like, but it's fun to homage the whole harlequin feel. You know, the diamond patterns of commedia dell'arte.

PROPS

- ☐ Bag
- ☐ Broom
- ☐ Dustpan
- ☐ Shrub cutters
- ☐ Shoeshine rag
- ☐ Headset
- ☐ Chocolate bar
- ☐ Hat
- ☐ Sunglasses
- ☐ 2 Purses (Ariana/April)
- ☐ 2 Pens (Vixen/Zoe)
- ☐ Stacks of money
- ☐ Envelope
- ☐ Scroll
- ☐ Metal trash can
- ☐ 2 Sheets of paper (Tristan/Vixen)
- ☐ Sorority pin (Ariana)
- ☐ Confetti
- ☐ Red ball on a stick
- ☐ Dress/wig (Tristan)
- ☐ Artist sketchpad
- ☐ Trenchcoat (Vixen)

COSTUMES

For the main cast, we recommend using the *comedia dell'arte* look. Lots of bold colors and diamond patterns. We advocate for big, bright and bold.

Another technique we use is to put members of certain groups in similar colors or patterns so the audience can easily identify who belongs in which group. Put a bunch of teens on stage and they tend to blur together, but by costuming them differently, you know who “belongs” where. For instance, the Troubadours could wear primary colors; Leo and Zoe wear variations of pink (and the audience will know instantly that they are a couple); Godfrey, Octavia and Silvie wear grey argyle.

For the Troubadours as PBS executives, or the Peace Corp spy, or the military representatives, remember that in the reality of *Shenanigans*, these actors have raided the drama department’s costume shop so these costumes don’t need to be official uniforms. It’s whatever a school costume shop might have available.

MUSIC

(ALL MUSIC AND SOUND EFFECTS ARE OPTIONAL)

- A mock-Italian accordion piece
- Musical ding
- Evil musical sting
- Melodrama sting
- A cheesy Italian accordion piece

PRODUCTION HISTORY

Shenanigans had its world premiere as part of the Showdown Theater Camp in Jefferson City, June of 2015. Costumes by Aimee Brigance. Lighting and sets by Ken Hugo. Produced by Cindy Marcus. Music by Dennis Poore. Directed by Flip Kobler. The original cast was as follows:

SIMON	Finn Kobler
OCTAVIA	Megan Barnes
GODFRY	Ian Freeland
ARIANA	Sarena Washington
SILVIE	Haley Hawkins
TRISTAN	Joshua Arnold
LEO	Chance Shepard
ZOE	Hannah Sullivan
CARLOS	Mel Vincent
PIPA	Sophie Marreel
AUGUST	Aidan McGinty
JULY	Fabio Luebbering
APRIL	Molly Rhodes
RIVET	Tanner Brigance
SCRIM	Mathew LeCure
AIDAN'S MOM	Aidan's Mom

SETTING: *The quad of a high school.*

AT RISE: *Music starts, a mock-Italian accordion piece. When the lights come up, CARLOS enters with a broom and a bag. He sweeps the stage, humming in mock Italian, then scoops it all into a dustpan. Pleased with himself he talks to someone in the first row of the audience.*

CARLOS: *Perfecto, eh? Whatchu think? Nice'a anna clean. (He holds out a hand for a tip from the audience guy. Coughs.) Come onna. Twenty-five bucks. I cleana the stage justta for you. (When the audience guy doesn't pay, CARLOS dumps the dustpan over his shoulder, re-littering the stage. He moves on to another audience member.) What about you? I shine your shoes. (He drops in front of somebody wearing sneakers.) Heeeeey, whatsa this? You don't need a shine. (To a young beauty in the audience.) Heeeeey, there you are senorita. How about you? I give you a nice haircut, eh? (He pulls a pair of shrub cutters from a bag.)*

PIPA: *(Entering.)* Carlos! What are you doing?

CARLOS: What?

PIPA: *(To the audience.)* I am so sorry. *(To CARLOS.)* You little scamp. You are not allowed a capitalistic venture on school grounds. You know that the school district charter chapter seventeen—

CARLOS and PIPA: —paragraph four clearly states—

PIPA: You can't exchange money—

CARLOS: Yeah, yeah. I wassa just leaving. *(To the audience beauty.)* Call me.

CARLOS jams the cutters, shoeshine box, broom and dustpan into PIPA's arms before he exits. PIPA looks to the crowd.

PIPA: I am so sorry. We have rules you know. Enjoy the show, it's gonna be super fun. I saw rehearsals and I was like, "Yeeea, go actors" and everything. *(Claps.)* Really. Carlos. Carlos! Have you seen Vixen? I'm looking for Vixen! *(She exits.)*

The TROUBADOURS enter.

AUGUST: You're the head of the drama club, right?

JULY: Yes.

AUGUST: So why do we have to do Moliere for our school play this year?

JULY: Moliere was one of the greatest playwrights in history.

RIVET: He's dead. *(To SCRIM.)* He's dead, right?

SCRIM: Checking. *(Listening to the headset he always wears.)*
Confirmed. Dead.

JULY: His plays have been translated into a hundred languages.

RIVET: He was French. *(To SCRIM.)* He was French?

SCRIM: Affirmative. Go for French.

JULY: He was a comic genius.

RIVET: He's dead.

SCRIM: And French.

AUGUST: He's dead. He's a dead French dead guy who's dead. Why can't we do [Insert name of current hit Broadway play]?

APRIL: Ooooh. Oooh-oooh. *(Raising her hand like she'll bust.)*

AUGUST and JULY: Yes April.

APRIL: We can't afford it.

JULY: Exactamundo.

AUGUST: What is that, French? Nobody knows what that means.

APRIL: We're doing Moliere because he's public domain.

JULY: Yes, thank you. You see—

APRIL: Oooh. Oooh-oooh.

AUGUST and JULY: Yes April.

APRIL: —public domain means we can perform his plays for free—

JULY: Thanks April—

APRIL: Without the usual licensing fees.

JULY: We got it.

APRIL: Since the schoolboard cut all the funding to the drama department—

PIPA: *(Crossing stage without breaking stride.)* It wasn't just the drama department, it was all the arts. Gosh darn budget cuts. Grrr, huh? You can learn more on the schoolboard website. Has anybody seen Vixen?

APRIL: We don't have the money to do a good show.

JULY: Moliere is good!

RIVET: Dead.

SCRIM: And French.

AUGUST: And still dead.

JULY: Fine. I guess we could do Shakespeare.

AUGUST: Also dead.

RIVET: And expensive. Costumes alone—

SCRIM: Confirmed. Cost prohibitive.

AUGUST: Stop thinking about dead guys. I want to do something hip, and fun, and relevant.

JULY: Moliere is relevant.

RIVET: Dead!

SCRIM: What part is he not understanding?

JULY: Look, if you know how to raise... ummm.

APRIL: Oooh. Ooh-oh!

AUGUST and JULY: Yes April.

APRIL: *(Checking her clipboard notes.)* Five hundred dollars.

JULY: If you can raise five hundred dollars we can do a different show.

AUGUST: Something relevant?

JULY: Absatively.

AUGUST: Is that French? You're trying to sneak in French again.

The TROUBADOURS exit as LEO and ZOE enter, practically joined at the hip. They're both in love with daisies in their hair.

LEO: I love you.

ZOE: I love you more.

LEO: I love you most.

ZOE: I love you to the moon.

LEO: I love you to mars.

ZOE: I love you to Tau Ceti E, a possibly inhabitable planet located eleven point nine light years away.

LEO: I love you to infinity.

ZOE: Ooooh, plus one.

LEO: I love you so much it hurts.

ZOE: I love you so much I can't breathe.

LEO: I love you so much I would die without you. I would literally travel back in time and wave my hands in front of a Tyrannosaurus Rex so he'd eat me if I could not be with you. If I don't marry you someday I will just die.

VIXEN: *(At the back of the audience.)* Okay, we get it, you're in love. *(Coming forward, talking to the audience.)* You get it, right? They're in love? They have to get married. Tell me you get it, cause if you don't, they'll just keep going. Do you get they're in love? *(Hopefully the audience responds with a "yes.")* Good news, they get it.

LEO: Hi Vixen.

ZOE: Hi Vixen.

VIXEN: Hi guys. They get that you're in love. I mean this whole thing is about love.

LEO: Awww.

ZOE: Awww.

VIXEN: It's a love story.

AUGUST enters with RIVET and SCRIM.

AUGUST: Shouldn't be a love story. Should be a comedy.

SCRIM: Confirmed. Comedy is where it's at.

AUGUST: Can we do a comedy?

VIXEN: Yeah, we can do a comedy. *(To the audience.)* We're gonna do a comedy. You alright with that?

RIVET: But not by a dead guy.

VIXEN: No.

RIVET: No dead guy comedies.

ZOE: With romance.

LEO: Awwww.

ZOE: Awwww.

LEO/ZOE: Awwww.

VIXEN: Yes. It'll be a romantic comedy.

AUGUST: But mostly comedy.

VIXEN: I'll see what I can do.

AUGUST: This is gonna be good.

VIXEN: No, this is gonna be great.

VIXEN ushers the others offstage but PIPA enters and stops her before she can exit.

PIPA: Vixen! There you are. I've been looking everywhere for you.

VIXEN: You shoulda looked here.

PIPA: I did look here earlier.

VIXEN: Oh, well I wasn't here earlier.

PIPA: I know that, silly. Which is why I've been looking everywhere.

VIXEN: Well I wasn't everywhere either. I was just somewhere else.

Did you look somewhere else?

PIPA: I know what you're doing. You're doing your "Look at me, I'm so super clever, everybody love me – yea Vixen, I'm so awesome – cause I'm up to shenanigans."

VIXEN: Shenanigans. Good word. What's it mean?

PIPA: You know what it means.

VIXEN: I do? *(To the audience.)* I'm smarter than I thought.

PIPA: You're always pulling some kind of prank, or scheme, or monkeyshines or—

VIXEN: Tomfoolery?

PIPA: Yes, so you know what I'm talking about.

VIXEN: I do. Absolutely. *(To the audience.)* What are we talking about?

PIPA: The mascot thing.

VIXEN: I didn't steal the other school's mascot. I just suggested to our football team that it might demoralize the other team if we got their goat.

PIPA: And they stole it.

VIXEN: I didn't know the goat would eat the grass in our stadium.

PIPA: *(Handing over a piece of paper.)* We had to pay to have it resodded. Here's your share of the bill.

VIXEN: A thousand dollars? I have to pay a thousand dollars?

PIPA: No. Of course you don't *have-to* silly. Gosh, no, that'd be super hard. It'd be grrrr and arrrghh. *(Turning to ice.)* It's just if you don't, you'll be expelled.

VIXEN: What? They can't do that.

PIPA: *(Pulling up a huge stack of papers in a manila folder.)* Have you seen your file, Vixen? The principal is super-fed-up with your monkeyshines.

VIXEN: Where does he stand on tomfoolery?

PIPA: You have until the weekend.

VIXEN: How'm I supposed to get a thousand dollars?

PIPA: I don't know. But I do know this. I am SAL. Student administrative liaison. Which means I am the eyes and ears of the principal. And if I catch you doing any shenanigans, of any kind, you won't make it to the weekend. There are rules Vixen! And they're super important.

PIPA spins haughtily and marches offstage. VIXEN turns to the audience.

VIXEN: Well this sucks. This ever happen to you? This is like an average Tuesday for me. *(She heads into the audience.)* Scooch over. Watch, things are gonna get worse.

She shares a seat with somebody in the audience as OCTAVIA, GODFRY and SILVIE enter.

OCTAVIA: Oh this is bad. This is so bad. This is a disaster. Total disaster. This is like the... ah... what's the ship thingy?

SILVIE: Titanic?

OCTAVIA: Yes, the Titanic. Or the big floaty one—

SILVIE: Hindenburg.

OCTAVIA: Disaster. This is the kind of thing where people say... you know... what do they say?

SILVIE: Oh the humanity.

OCTAVIA: Right. And... um... you know.

SILVIE: Woe is me.

OCTAVIA: Woe is right. And me. Right and me are both woe'd.

GODFRY: *(Taking OCTAVIA's hands.)* Babe. Relax. It's not that bad.

SILVIE: *(Hopeful.)* Really?

OCTAVIA: No, it is that bad.

SILVIE: *(Crushed.)* That's what I thought.

OCTAVIA: Maybe you haven't been paying attention.

GODFRY: Your sister is coming back.

OCTAVIA: *(Pointing between herself and SILVIE.)* Our sister is coming back.

GODFRY: Her flight got in this morning.

OCTAVIA: She flew in this morning.

SILVIE: This very morning.

GODFRY: And she's coming here.

OCTAVIA: She's coming here.

SILVIE: Can you believe it?

GODFRY: Why is this bad? I can't wait to meet her.

OCTAVIA: (*Awwww...*) Oh babe, that's because you haven't yet.

GODFRY: I'll bet she's nice.

SILVIE: I'll bet you five hundred million dollars.

GODFRY: If she's you guys' sister, she'll be awesome.

OCTAVIA: Oooooohhhhh. See, that is what I love about you. You are so... What's the word?

GODFRY: Supportive?

OCTAVIA: No.

SILVIE: Gullible?

OCTAVIA: Yeah, gullible. (*Touching GODFRY'S cheek longingly.*)
You're so gullible. You don't know my sister. She's a little ahh...

GODFRY: Overprotective?

SILVIE: Ha.

GODFRY: Stern?

OCTAVIA: Stern?

SILVIE: She is stern.

OCTAVIA: Yeah, but so much more.

GODFRY: Bossy?

OCTAVIA: Closer.

GODFRY: Domineering?

OCTAVIA: Yeah but keep going. She's ah... What is she?

SILVIE: Tyrannical?

OCTAVIA: Yes. That's it. She's—

OCTAVIA and SILVIE: Tyrannical.

GODFRY: Oh she can't be that bad.

SILVIE: She is.

OCTAVIA: Bad and tyrannical. She's both.

GODFRY: Oh come on guys.

SILVIE: When our parents died, Ariana basically raised us.

OCTAVIA: She was not only our sister, but like mom and dad.

SILVIE: If your mom and dad were iron-fisted despots.

OCTAVIA: She had our whole lives planned out. And when she hears about this... What's the word?

SILVIE: Debacle?

OCTAVIA: Yes, debacle. She'll kill me.

SILVIE: Oh she won't kill you.

GODFRY: See, you're overreacting.

SILVIE: She'll just maim you. She'll kill Godfry.

GODFRY: What?!

OCTAVIA: *(To GODFRY, so sincerely.)* I am so sorry. How are we going to get out of this—

GODFRY: Debacle?

OCTAVIA: No we used that one.

SILVIE: Calamity?

OCTAVIA: Yes, thank you. Calamity.

VIXEN: *(Joining them on stage.)* Urrrgh, this is so hard to watch.

She walks to the group, snatching the hat off GODFRY's head and putting it on her own.

OCTAVIA: Hi Vixen.

SILVIE: Hey Vixen.

GODFRY: Vix.

VIXEN: What's up my peeps?

OCTAVIA: Not much. I'm just like the unhappiest person in... what am I trying to say?

GODFRY: School?

OCTAVIA: No.

GODFRY: Town?

OCTAVIA: No.

SILVIE: History.

OCTAVIA: Yes, history. Thank you.

VIXEN: Wow, historically bad. How come?

OCTAVIA: Haven't you heard?

GODFREY: Their sister is coming back.

OCTAVIA and SILVIE: I know!

VIXEN: *(Horror of horrors!)* No! Oh my—No. Nooooo! *(Thinking.)* Why is that bad?

OCTAVIA: She's coming back! Vixen, you gotta help me.

VIXEN: Well...

SILVIE: Yeah Vixen, you're a genius when it comes to this stuff.

VIXEN: (*Oh go on.*) Genius. Pft.

OCTAVIA: But you are. You have a... ah, what's the word?

GODFRY: Gift?

OCTAVIA: No.

SILVIE: Talent?

OCTAVIA: Yes. Talent is what you got. You know how to handle tricky situations. Like when you got Bobby's mom to let him out of the house again.

VIXEN: She just didn't think it through. Grounding a kid for life wasn't a sustainable plan.

SILVIE: Or when you got the school board to change their mind about Mister Scapino.

VIXEN: You shouldn't fire a teacher for teaching kids to think.

OCTAVIA: So you gotta help me.

VIXEN: Yeah, wish I could. Can't.

OCTAVIA: Please.

SILVIE: Vixen.

GODFRY: Come on.

OCTAVIA: I'm begging you.

VIXEN: Not that I don't want to. I want to. I'm always willing to help. I just had a little run-in with the principal. And I have been banned from any shenanigans. So I can't help, wish I could, can't, but I'm always willing to listen.

OCTAVIA: Well, our sister is coming back.

VIXEN: AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! (*Beat.*) Too much?

GODFRY: Evidently not.

OCTAVIA: See, she goes to Dale University.

VIXEN: Good school.

OCTAVIA: Yeah. And she's a bigwig in a... What'dya call it?

GODFRY: Campus?

OCTAVIA: No.

SILVIE: Sorority.

OCTAVIA: Right. Sorority. And she pulled a bunch of strings and worked really hard to get me in too.

VIXEN: Congrats.

SILVIE: She doesn't want to go.

VIXEN: What?

OCTAVIA: See, I'm in love with Godfry.

VIXEN: In a funny way? (*Gesturing to the audience.*) I promised them a romantic comedy. Could one of you have amnesia? That's always good for a laugh.

GODFRY: No, I am seriously in love with Octavia. She's a great artist.

OCTAVIA: Godfry. He's a fan.

GODFRY: It's true. You should see her paintings and sculptures, even her graphic art. She's got a gift.

OCTAVIA: Godfry submitted my work to the Vandenberg Art Academy.

GODFRY: And she got in!

VIXEN: Wow. Good for you.

GODFRY: It's a great opportunity. Could change her life.

VIXEN: None of this is funny you guys, you're throwing off the pacing.

OCTAVIA: The problem is they need a thousand dollars by tomorrow.

VIXEN: Ah, that could work. Didn't your parents leave you some money?

OCTAVIA: It's in a... what's the word?

GODFRY: Bank?

OCTAVIA: No.

VIXEN: Haunted house? Those are funny.

OCTAVIA: No.

SILVIE: Trust fund.

OCTAVIA: Right. Thank you. And my sister has the power of attorney.

SILVIE: We can't touch any of that money until we're 21. Unless Ariana gives it to us.

OCTAVIA: And she won't. She wants me to go to *her* college, join *her* sorority.

VIXEN: That's it? You need your sister to give you a thousand dollars to get into art school? Seriously you guys, I don't see what the problem is. This is nothing. This is a no brainer. This is a zombie problem because it doesn't need brains. I cleared up problems a thousand times more complicated while I was still in diapers.

SILVIE: I wet the bed till I was seven. (*Off their stunned looks.*) I thought this was a sharing moment.

VIXEN: This is such an easy fix. It's too bad I swore off shenanigans.

OCTAVIA: Please, Vixen. Please, shenani-go for me.

VIXEN: I can't.

SILVIE: Godfry could pay you.

GODFRY: What?!

VIXEN: Not enough.

OCTAVIA: Will you do it for a friend?

VIXEN: As a friend, do you want me expelled?

OCTAVIA: No. Well - no.

GODFRY: (*Putting his arms around OCTAVIA.*) How about love? Will you do it for true love?

VIXEN: (*Thinking.*) Darn you cupid. I'm a sucker for true love. (*To the audience.*) See what I'm up against? It's always for a good cause. (*To OCTAVIA.*) Alright.

OCTAVIA: Oh thank you thank you thank you. You are life saver.

VIXEN: Okay, but you gotta do exactly what I say.

OCTAVIA: Sure, yeah, of course. Whatever it is, I'll do it. Name it, it's done.

VIXEN: You just have to stand up to your sister.

OCTAVIA: Yeah, I'm not doing that.

OCTAVIA tries to leave but VIXEN grabs an elbow and swings her back into the scene.

VIXEN: Okay, stand tall. Back straight. Eyes firm. Upper lip stiff.

OCTAVIA tries to pose with all those things. Looks totally stupid.

VIXEN: We'll work on that. We just need a little rehearsal.

OCTAVIA: No.

VIXEN: Sure. We've got the audience and everything. (*To the audience.*) You guys don't mind, do ya? Now just pretend I'm your sister and answer me firm and strong. (*Now impersonating ARIANA, big and over the top.*) Of all the stupid things she could do. I'm gonna kill that girl!

SILVIE and OCTAVIA cower and whimper. OCTAVIA hides behind GODFRY.

VIXEN: *(Continued.)* She's not gonna get away with this. She thinks she's gonna do this behind my back?

Now VIXEN is right at OCTAVIA who hides behind GODFRY. VIXEN tries to move around but poor GODFRY just spins like a light house, OCTAVIA using him as cover.

VIXEN: There you are little sister. You little sneak! What did you think you were doing?

OCTAVIA: W-w-w-w-well—

VIXEN: Answer me—

OCTAVIA: I just—

VIXEN: Give me one good reason not to kill you! *(Long pause. As herself.)* This is the part where you answer.

OCTAVIA: I can't. You sound exactly like her.

VIXEN: Good. That's why you can't act like an idiot.

OCTAVIA: I'll do better this time.

VIXEN: Really?

OCTAVIA: I'll be strong.

VIXEN: Strong.

SILVIE: Strong.

GODFRY: Strong.

OCTAVIA: Good and strong. I got this.

VIXEN: Good. *(Looking off stage.)* Cause I think that's her getting out of a cab.

OCTAVIA and SILVIE go running into the wings, screaming in fear.

GODFRY: Octavia! Wait.

VIXEN: You better go find her.

GODFRY: Okay. Can I have my hat back?

VIXEN: Your hat? This is my hat. My mother gave me this hat just before she died. It's all I have to remember her by.

GODFRY: It's got my name inside.

VIXEN: *(Taking off the hat and reading.)* So it does. My bad.

She gives GODFRY the hat. He puts it on.

VIXEN: (*Continued.*) Looks better on you anyway.

GODFRY: Really?

VIXEN: Oh yeah, you're dashing. Very handsome. Wish I had a mirror.
Oh here, look.

She takes the sunglasses from GODFRY'S shirt pocket and holds them up so he can see himself in their mirror reflection.

VIXEN: See? No wonder she's in love with you.

GODFRY: Thanks.

VIXEN: Sure.

VIXEN puts on the shades as she and GODFRY hide upstage. ARIANA enters mumbling angrily to herself.

ARIANA: Of all the stupid things she could do. She's not gonna get away with this.

GODFRY and VIXEN exchange looks. Impressed by VIXEN'S imitation of ARIANA.

She thinks she's gonna do this behind my back?

VIXEN: I think she's heard the news already.

GODFRY: She seems pretty mad.

VIXEN: Oh she's not mad yet.

ARIANA: I'm gonna kill that girl!

VIXEN: She's just warming up.

ARIANA: I want to know what they're gonna say about this.

GODFRY: What are you going to say?

VIXEN: I'm thinking about it.

ARIANA: Are they gonna deny it?

GODFRY: Are we gonna deny it?

ARIANA: They better not.

VIXEN: We better not.

ARIANA: Will they try and make excuses?

GODFRY: We could do that.

VIXEN: Possibly. Or I might just make something up.

ARIANA: They better not make up some stupid story.

GODFRY: Don't make up a stupid story.

VIXEN: My stories aren't stupid.

ARIANA: I won't believe some ridiculous lie.

GODFRY: She won't fall for a lie.

VIXEN: Are you kidding? That's exactly what people fall for. The bigger the lie the more people eat it up.

GODFRY: I don't think—

VIXEN: We just have to lie big. (*Coming out of hiding.*) Ariana? Ariana, is that you?

ARIANA: Who's that?

VIXEN: It's me, girlfriend. How you been?

ARIANA: Oh, it's Vixen right? I remember you.

VIXEN: Yeah. How's college life?

ARIANA: Fabulous and perfect and none of your business.

VIXEN: Okay then.

ARIANA: You're my sister's friend, right?

VIXEN: Since second grade.

ARIANA: Good, then can you tell me when she LOST HER MIND?!

VIXEN: Tuesday. Fourth period, just before lunch.

ARIANA: Is that a joke?

VIXEN: Evidently not.

ARIANA: Cause I am not kidding around.

VIXEN: You should be, we're doing a comedy. (*To the audience.*) Didn't we agree on a comedy? (*To ARIANA.*) They wanted a comedy, we're kinda committed—

ARIANA: Shut up!

VIXEN: Okay.

ARIANA: Where's my sister? (*Beat.*) Answer me!

VIXEN: Little confused on the whole shut-up/answer-me thing.

ARIANA: Where's my sister?

VIXEN: I dunno. Why?

ARIANA: Cause I want to meet this "boyfriend" of hers.

GODFRY comes forward, smiling, hand outstretched.

So I can kill him.

GODFRY turns silently and goes back into hiding.

VIXEN: You're kidding.

ARIANA: I don't have a sense of humor.

VIXEN: You can't kill him.

ARIANA: *(In VIXEN'S face.)* You don't think I can kill him?

VIXEN: Pretty sure you can, not sure you would. You're too nice!

ARIANA: *(Stomping on VIXEN's foot.)* I am not nice!

VIXEN: *(To the audience.)* She's right. She's gonna punch this guy in the stomach in just a little while. She's scary good.

ARIANA: I want to see the face of the boy that is destroying all my plans, ruining my family, and spitting on the dreams of my parents. And choke the life out of him.

VIXEN: What did he do that's so bad?

ARIANA: He's trying to convince my sister not to go to my college. MY COLLEGE. He's filled her head with these stupid dreams about being an artist.

GODFRY: *(Rushing forward to OCTAVIA'S defense.)* But she's really good!

ARIANA: *(In his face. Scary!)* WHAT?!!

GODFRY: Erp!

ARIANA: Who are you?!

GODFRY: *(Terrified.)* Pickle.

ARIANA: Pickle?

VIXEN: Pickle? Seriously?

GODFRY: *(Sotto to VIXEN.)* I panicked.

VIXEN: *(Thinking fast.)* This is Pickle. He's a foreign exchange student. He doesn't speak any English. Do you Pickle?

GODFRY: *(In a bad Italian accent, making it up as he goes.)* Minestrone macaroni.

ARIANA: But he just said "she's really good."

VIXEN: That's all he knows how to say. Right Pickle?

GODFRY: Boyardee, she's a really good.

ARIANA: Now my sister wants money.

VIXEN: No.

ARIANA: Probably for her stupid art.

VIXEN: No.

ARIANA: Do you have any idea how much she wants?

VIXEN: Two thousand dollars.

GODFRY: NO!

ARIANA/VIXEN: What?

GODFRY: Mama Mia.

ARIANA: Two thousand dollars?

GODFRY: (*Pulling VIXEN aside and whispering.*) She only needs a thousand.

VIXEN: (*To the audience.*) Yeah, she needs a thousand for art school, but remember the thousand I need to re-sod the stadium. Try and keep track. Good luck, it gets complicated.

GODFRY: But—

VIXEN: Will you trust me and let me work?

GODFRY: Ziti alfredo!

ARIANA: I am not paying two thousand dollars for her to go to art school.

VIXEN: It's not for art school. You would never pay for that. (*To the audience.*) Just to be clear, she would NEVER pay for art school. Right?

ARIANA: Right.

VIXEN: That's what I thought. No, no. No. She made a... a pledge to... (*Thinking on her feet.*) PBS.

ARIANA: PBS?

VIXEN: (*Getting into the lie now, making it a huge whopper of a lie.*) Yes. PBS. Those dirty dogs.

ARIANA: The public broadcasting system?

VIXEN: Yes. She was binge-watching "Downton Abbey" [*Or current PBS show*] and got caught up in it. They were having a pledge drive, and you know your sister has a huge heart and she loves the arts, so she pledged a thousand dollars.

GODFRY: (*To himself, admiring VIXEN's moxie.*) Fettuccini, she's a really good.

ARIANA: She didn't have a thousand to pledge.

VIXEN: I know. And she marched right over to the PBS office and told them that. Said it was just a mistake and she couldn't pay.

ARIANA: Good.

VIXEN: No, not good. They said she had to pay. If she didn't pay the money, plus interest, they would... break her legs.

ARIANA: The public broadcasting system is going to break my sister's legs?

VIXEN: Can you believe it?

GODFRY: Bastardos.

ARIANA: Well we are not paying. I'll go talk to them.

VIXEN: They won't listen.

ARIANA: Oh, they'll listen to me. Or I will snap their little spines like toothpicks. How could she be so stupid?

GODFRY: She's not— (*VIXEN whacks him to shut him up.*) Notta mozzarella.

VIXEN: Yeah. Yeah, us teens are stupid. Not smart like you college guys.

ARIANA: Are you mocking me?

VIXEN: No. I'm just saying that teens can do stupid things for love. Hey, remember Tristan Geronte? He was in your class.

ARIANA: Didn't he join the army?

VIXEN: Yeah, well his brother is so in love he "has to get married" or die. I mean, that's way stupider than your sister, right?

ARIANA: You are so odd.

She turns to leave and comes face-to-face with CARLOS.

CARLOS: Buongiorno. You want some tickets to [*Insert name of popular band*].

ARIANA punches him in the stomach and marches out. VIXEN turns to the audience and points to CARLOS.

VIXEN: Huh? What did I say? She's scary good. (*To GODFRY.*) Find Octavia. Tell her what's going on. Keep her away from Ariana till I can fix this.

GODFRY: Bueno. Ciao.

VIXEN: (*To CARLOS.*) You, go find the Troubadours.

CARLOS crosses his arms and won't move.

I'll give you ten bucks to bring me the Troubadours.

CARLOS holds out his hand for the money.

VIXEN: *(Continued.)* I don't have it now, I'll pay you when I get the money.

CARLOS: Nice sunglasses.

VIXEN: I can't give you these. These belonged to my mother. They were the last thing she gave me before she died—

CARLOS: Your mother was a cop?

VIXEN: —In the line of duty. It's a bad memory. Here.

VIXEN hands over the sunglasses. CARLOS puts them on.

Get the Troubadours.

PIPA: *(Entering.)* What are you doing? Are you up to shenanigans?

VIXEN: No. You can ask them. *(To the audience.)* Tell her "no," or it's gonna be a really short show.

PIPA: *(To the audience.)* Is she up to something?

Hopefully the audience says "no." PIPA turns to CARLOS, unaware that VIXEN exits.

What about you? Is she up to something?

CARLOS holds out a hand to be paid. PIPA misunderstands and gives him a low five. CARLOS harrumphs and marches offstage just as TRISTAN comes marching up through the audience. He's dressed in army fatigues with a corporal insignia on his sleeve.

TRISTAN: I don't know but I submit, I don't know but I submit, my brother is an id-i-ot. I don't know but you can bet, I don't know but you can bet, I'm gonna have some one-on-one time with that little weasel and make sure he grows a backbone.

PIPA: *(Entering.)* Hi, mister army guy. Welcome to Naples High. I'm a SAL.

TRISTAN: Hello Sal.

PIPA: Oh, no, my name is Pipa. I am a SAL. Student Administrative Liaison.

TRISTAN: A what?

PIPA: Oh, I just make sure that everybody is following the rules so that school is super fun and super safe for everybody.

TRISTAN: You're a hall monitor.

PIPA: No. I am a Student Administrative Liaison. And I need you to march your little tuckus over to the office and get a name tag.

TRISTAN: (*Pointing to his insignia.*) I have my name right here.

PIPA: And it is super awesome. But you need to sign in at the office. Rules are rules.

TRISTAN: I'm looking for my brother, Leo Geronte.

PIPA: And I will be ultra-happy to help you find him, as soon as you get a name tag.

TRISTAN: (*Bellowing to the whole school.*) Leo! Leo Geronte get your butt out here.

PIPA: Okay, you're causing a disturbance—

TRISTAN: On the double, mister!

PIPA: Fine. Now I'm going to have to file an incident report which is just super annoying and time consuming. Nobody ever says, "Thanks PIPA, you're doing an uber-great job keeping us safe and happy." (*She exits.*)

TRISTAN: LEO GERONTE! Where are you?

He exits as THE TROUBADOURS and CARLOS enter stage left.

CARLOS: This way. Come on, follow me.

AUGUST: I don't understand. You wanna tell us why you brought us here?

CARLOS: Oh sure. (*He holds out a hand to be paid.*)

AUGUST: So?

CARLOS: So what?

JULY: Are you going to tell us why you brought us here?

CARLOS: You bet.

CARLOS holds out his hand again. Pay me! AUGUST misunderstands and goes to give him a low five, but CARLOS pulls his hand free.

AUGUST: Do you understand what's happening here?

SCRIM: (*Off the headset.*) Negatory.

AUGUST: Stop speaking French!

APRIL: Oooh. Ooh oh.

AUGUST and JULY: Yes April.

APRIL: I think he wants to be paid.

CARLOS: I'll tell you everything I know, ten bucks.

JULY: I'm not paying you ten bucks.

CARLOS: I'll tell you some of what I know, five bucks.

AUGUST: Not paying five.

CARLOS: I'll tell you a little for a buck.

RIVET: (*Patting his pockets.*) I have a screwdriver, a nine volt battery and chocolate. (*He holds up a chocolate bar as evidence.*)

CARLOS: Pffftt. (*Turns to leave.*)

JULY: I don't have any. April?

APRIL digs in her purse, comes up with a dollar which she hands to JULY who gives it to AUGUST who hands it to CARLOS.

CARLOS: Graci. Okay. Vixen asked me to get you guys.

AUGUST: Yes?

CARLOS gestures for more money. So APRIL gives another dollar to JULY who hands it to AUGUST who gives it to CARLOS.

CARLOS: And bring you here.

JULY: We know that. What else?

Again CARLOS gestures and APRIL pays JULY who gives it to AUGUST who gives it to CARLOS.

CARLOS: She said it was important.

AUGUST: But what's it all about?

CARLOS: Yeah, I have no idea.

AUGUST rips the money from CARLOS. He hands it to JULY who hands it to APRIL. But by now CARLOS has joined the end of the line and APRIL hands all three dollars to CARLOS who smiles and pockets them. That's when VIXEN enters.

VIXEN: Hey you guys, thanks for coming.

AUGUST: What's this all about?

JULY: Why are we here?

APRIL: What's going on?

VIXEN: I have an acting job for you guys.

AUGUST: Whoo hoo.

RIVET: And nothing for stage crew.

SCRIM: Again.

JULY: What kind of acting job?

VIXEN: I need you guys to play some real heavy-weight bad guys.
Come on, I'll tell you all about it.

VIXEN starts to lead them offstage, but APRIL doesn't move.

APRIL: Oooh-ooh oh.

AUGUST, JULY, VIXEN, and CARLOS: Yes April.

APRIL: How much does the job pay?

VIXEN: I dunno. How much do you want?

APRIL: Five hundred dollars.

VIXEN: Wow. That's a little above scale.

AUGUST: April, what are you doing? This is an acting gig.

APRIL: With five hundred dollars we can afford to do a real show.

AUGUST: Whoo hoo.

JULY: Perfecto.

AUGUST: Stop speaking French.

JULY, AUGUST, and APRIL: We need five hundred dollars.

VIXEN: Where'm I gonna get five hundred dollars?

CARLOS: Maybe we ask them.

CARLOS takes off his hat and starts panhandling the audience for money, "Come on, give it up, it's a good cause," etc.

VIXEN: Carlos, leave them alone. They already paid to get in.

CARLOS: *(To an audience member.)* You did? Wow, you must know somebody in the cast.

RIVET: Or crew. We work hard.

VIXEN: Alright, alright. If I can get you five hundred dollars, you'll play some bad guys?

AUGUST: What kind of bad guys?

VIXEN: Well that's up to you.

AUGUST: Wait? Is this an improv scene? I suck at improv.

JULY and APRIL: He does.

RIVET: We'll get costumes.

SCRIM: And props.

AUGUST: Oooh! Can I wear a mustache?

VIXEN: We don't have time for all that.

AUGUST: I can't play a bad guy without costumes and props and stuff.

VIXEN: Sure you can. You're a natural. A born actor. *(She takes the sunglasses off CARLOS' head and puts them on AUGUST.)* See, look there, you're a bad guy.

AUGUST: I am? I feel bad. Do I look bad?

SCRIM and RIVET: Yes.

CARLOS: Those are my glasses.

VIXEN holds up the chocolate bar she just took from RIVET.

CARLOS: *(Happily taking the chocolate.)* Ooooh.

VIXEN: Now, here's what we need. You guys work for PBS.

APRIL: Oooh. Ooh ooh.

AUGUST, JULY, VIXEN, CARLOS, RIVIT, and SCRIM: Yes April.

APRIL: The public broadcasting system.

VIXEN: Exactly. And here's what we need to happen...

She leads them all offstage, whispering her plan. That's when TRISTAN re-enters.

TRISTAN: LEO! LEO GERONTE, WHERE ARE YOU! LEO! ON THE LINE AND STANDING TALL.

ARIANA: Hey, will you stop shouting? They have this thing called a cell phone. Use it. Oh my gosh, Tristan?

TRISTAN: Ariana?

ARIANA: I haven't seen you since graduation. What are you doing here?

TRISTAN: I'm here to see my brother.

ARIANA: Me too. Not your brother, but I'm here to see my sister.

TRISTAN: That's right. You're their legal guardian.

ARIANA: Yes.

TRISTAN: I'm Leo's legal guardian. Wow, that's weird.

ARIANA: Totally strange.

TRISTAN: I mean, what are the odds?

ARIANA: Astronomical.

TRISTAN: It's gotta be a billion to one.

ARIANA: Or more.

TRISTAN: It's unbelievable.

ARIANA: Implausible.

TRISTAN: It's just so far-fetched.

VIXEN: *(Entering.)* Will you stop making a big deal about this? We're doing a comedy. They'll make the buy. *(To the audience.)* You guys will make the buy that they're both legal guardians, right? Okay, it's a stretch, but just tell 'em you'll believe it or they'll just drag this scene out. *(To TRISTAN and ARIANA.)* Hey, they believe you? *(To the audience.)* Right? Okay, movin' on. *(Exiting.)*

ARIANA: So Tristan. You became a little army man. How cute.

TRISTAN: I am not an army man. I am an elite fighting machine. Tip of the spear, edge of the knife.

ARIANA: Oh yes, you're so edgy.

TRISTAN: At least I'm not some spoiled sorority girl with a trust fund.

ARIANA: I am not a spoiled sorority girl. I am a spoiled sorority president. Not some lowly private.

TRISTAN: I am corporal. *(Pointing to his sleeve.)* What do you think a chevron means?

ARIANA: Gas prices are too high?

TRISTAN: I work for a living. You wouldn't know anything about that. You're all a bunch of princesses. I heard your sister wants to be an "artist."

ARIANA: *(Like "artist" is a dirty word. Gasps.)* Who told you "that"?

TRISTAN: I heard the "rumors."

ARIANA: Well I heard "rumors" too. Like your brother "has" to get married.

TRISTAN: *(News to him.)* What?!

ARIANA: Ooooh, guess you don't know everything.

TRISTAN: Who told you that?

ARIANA: Vixen.

TRISTAN: Vixen?

PIPA: *(Entering.)* Vixen? Did I hear something about Vixen? I'm like super interested in anything about Vixen.

PIPA follows ARIANA offstage while TRISTAN fumes. That's when LEO and ZOE enter.

ZOE: I love you more than chocolate.

LEO: I love you more than my cardio-vascular system.

ZOE: I love you more than gravitational stability.

TRISTAN: Leo!

LEO: Tristan! Hey bro!

LEO runs to hug his brother, TRISTAN, who blocks him with a stiff arm. LEO keeps trying to hug and TRISTAN keeps him at arm's length as they move stupidly across the floor.

When did you get back? Are you on leave? How long can you stay? Why won't you let me hug you?

TRISTAN: You know why.

LEO: Don't know why.

TRISTAN: Yes you do.

LEO: Pretty sure I don't.

TRISTAN: Don't play stupid.

LEO: I am not playing.

ZOE: He's really not.

TRISTAN: Is this her?

LEO: Oh yeah. Tristan, this is Zoe. Zoe, my brother Tristan.

ZOE: Hi, it's so nice to meet you. Leo talks about you all the time—

She tries to shake TRISTAN's hand but he grabs his brother and pulls him aside.

TRISTAN: What were you thinking?

LEO: About what?

TRISTAN: Stop playing stupid.

LEO: I am not playing.

ZOE: *(Trying to join the conversation.)* He's really not.

TRISTAN pulls LEO farther away.

TRISTAN: How could you dishonor our family like this?

LEO: Dude, what are you talking about?

TRISTAN: Your little situation. Vixen's been telling everybody you "had" to get married.

ZOE: What?!

LEO: What?

ZOE: WHAT!!!!?

TRISTAN: You and I are going to have a conversation about this. But this is not the place. Our house. Eighteen hundred.

LEO: Eighteen hundred what?

TRISTAN: Eighteen hundred hours. Be there. *(He starts typing in his cellphone as he exits.)*

LEO: *(Calling after him.)* I have no idea what time that is!

ZOE: *(Stunned and angry.)* Vixen? Vixen said that? But I've never—
We've never.

LEO: No.

ZOE: Not ever. Ever!

VIXEN: *(Entering)* Of course not. *(To the audience.)* It's a G rated show. They never.

ZOE: I am going to kill you!

ZOE attacks. VIXEN screams and runs. Now there's a mad chase across stage.

ZOE: Stand still.

VIXEN: Why?

ZOE: So I can scratch your eyes out.

VIXEN: Not a big motivator.

ZOE: I'm gonna rip your hair out.

VIXEN: Not an improvement. Why? Why? What have I done?

ZOE: You know what you've done.

VIXEN: I do? *(Running to someone in the audience.)* What did I do?

ZOE: Don't tell her! *(More chasing.)* Just admit what you did, you jerk.

VIXEN: *(Freezing, hands up in surrender.)* Okay. I admit it. I was the one that drank your Red Bull on Friday.

ZOE: What?

VIXEN: I drank it, then put a hole in the can and poured water on the floor to make it look like it leaked.

ZOE: You drank my Red Bull?

VIXEN: I am so sorry and—crap, that's not what you meant was it?

ZOE: No! Arrrrgh! (*More chasing.*)

VIXEN: (*Stopping again.*) Okay – okay. Remember when you leant me a copy of “The Breakfast Club” and I said it got stolen out of my car?

ZOE: Yeah.

VIXEN: I just really like that movie.

ZOE: You kept my Breakfast Club?

VIXEN: I'll get it back to you.

ZOE: ARRRRRGH! (*More chasing through the audience.*)

VIXEN: She must really love that movie.

The chase ends back on stage where VIXEN hides behind LEO.

VIXEN: I'm sorry. Whatever it is, I'm sorry. (*To LEO.*) What is it?

LEO: It's what you told my brother.

VIXEN: Your brother? What did I tell your brother?

LEO: You know.

VIXEN: I truly don't.

ZOE: You just told him like five minutes ago.

VIXEN: Your brother's here? I haven't seen him.

ZOE: Liar!

VIXEN: Whoa-whoa little missy. Ask them. (*To the audience.*) I wasn't even there for that scene. What did he say I said?

LEO: He said that you said that I said I “had” to get married.

VIXEN: That IS what you said.

LEO: Yes. But I meant like (*Hands to his heart in a gesture of love.*) I have to get married. Not (*On his knees, finger to his temple like a shotgun marriage.*) I have to get married.

VIXEN: I swear Zoe, I would never say anything like that about you. I think you are a woman of great virtue and strength. And generous to a fault. You just give and give and give—

ZOE: I still want my Breakfast Club back.

VIXEN: Okay fine. Just please, please say you'll forgive me.

PIPA: (*Entering.*) Leo. Leo Geronte. This just arrived in the school office for you. Hey, you know what'd be super great? If you could NOT have your personal mail sent to the school. That'd be awesome-ness, yea Leo, not your personal mailman. (*She hands over an envelope and exits, saying to VIXEN as she leaves...*) I'm watching you.

VIXEN: Love you!

LEO: Oh my gosh. Oh no. It's from Dunlop University. I can't open. You open.

ZOE: (*Opening the envelope and reading.*) Dear Mr. Geronte, blah blah blah, we're pleased to tell you you've been accepted— Oh. You got in!

LEO: I got in?

ZOE: You got in.

LEO: I got in. I got in! We can go to college together!

He starts leaping. ZOE joins him. Soon VIXEN is jumping with them, all overly excited and screaming—

ZOE, LEO, and VIXEN: I got in. I got in. I got in.

LEO: (*Stopping dead.*) Uh-oh. (*He hands the page to ZOE.*)

ZOE and VIXEN: I got in. I got in. I got in.

ZOE: (*Stopping dead.*) Oh no.

VIXEN: I got in. I got in. (*Now stopping.*) What?

LEO: This is bad.

ZOE: Very bad.

VIXEN: You got accepted to a college.

LEO: Not just any college.

ZOE: My college.

VIXEN: Yippee.

LEO: No. Not yippee. The opposite of yippee.

VIXEN: Boo-hoo?

LEO: You don't understand. I love Zoe and I want to go to school with her.

VIXEN: Cool.

LEO: No, not cool. The opposite of cool.

VIXEN: Hot?

LEO: It says here I need the signature of my parents or legal guardian.

VIXEN: So?

LEO: So, Tristan IS my legal guardian.

VIXEN: (*Gesturing to the audience.*) Yeah-yeah, they were there for this.

LEO: He'll never sign it. Never. He wants me to join the army.

ZOE: Oh Leo. There has to be a way.

LEO: No. He'll never sign that paper. Not ever. It would take a miracle.

ZOE: There has to be some way to change his mind.

LEO: How? It would take a genius.

Now both LEO and ZOE look to VIXEN. There might even be a little musical ding.

ZOE: Vixen. Hey there girlfriend.

VIXEN: Girlfriend? I'm your girlfriend now?

ZOE: You can help.

VIXEN: No I can't.

ZOE: You can. You do this kinda stuff. I'll forgive you for everything if you'll help us.

VIXEN: No, don't forgive me. You were right. I'm selfish. I should be punished for my wicked ways. (*Walking right up to ZOE.*) Go ahead. Scratch my eyes out. I deserve it.

ZOE: No, I wouldn't do that to a friend.

VIXEN: I don't deserve a friend like you.

ZOE: Sure you do.

VIXEN: Would a friend drink your Red Bull?

ZOE: If she needed it, I wouldn't mind. Friends help each other.

VIXEN: Would a friend sell your copy of "Breakfast Club" on E-bay?

ZOE: You did?!

VIXEN: (*Dropping to her knees.*) Go ahead, rip my hair out.

ZOE: No. I couldn't.

VIXEN: (*Falling to the floor.*) Just do it quickly.

LEO: Please Vixen, you've got to help.

VIXEN: (*Flipping onto her back.*) I can't. I'm a jerky liar.

LEO: (*Pulling VIXEN to her feet.*) Please don't say that.

ZOE: I didn't mean it.

VIXEN: Words can hurt you know.

ZOE: I know, I am so sorry.

LEO: She is. I am.

ZOE: We're both really sorry.

VIXEN: I wish I could believe it.

ZOE: You can.

VIXEN: No. We jerky liars are slow to trust.

Now both ZOE and LEO drop to their knees in front of VIXEN.

LEO: Please. Please we beg of you. Help.

ZOE: I'll give you my copies of "Pitch Perfect" and "Perks of Being a Wallflower." *[Or insert favorite movie titles.]*

VIXEN: DVD or Blu-ray?

ZOE: Blu-ray.

VIXEN: Well... perhaps I could take the high road and—no. No I can't.

LEO: Please.

ZOE: We need you.

VIXEN: I can't. I'm already on thin ice. See, I got in trouble with the principal and— *(Gesturing to the audience.)* Never mind, they've already heard it.

ZOE: Will you do it for old time's sake?

VIXEN: I've never really liked old time.

LEO: I could pay you.

VIXEN: Really? How much—no. No. I can't take your money. Good luck. *(Starts to exit through the audience.)* Thanks for not ripping out my hair.

ZOE: Oh Leo, what are we going to do?

LEO: I don't know.

ZOE: I know that I love you.

LEO: I love you more.

ZOE: I love you most.

LEO: I love you infinity—

VIXEN: *(Stopping.)* Stop! Please, just stop. *(Sitting on an audience member's lap.)* See, this is my problem. True love. I'm a sucker for true love. It's my kryptonite. *(Ouch.)* Do you keep your keys in your pocket? Ow. *(She stands, rubbing her rump.)* Alright. I'll help. *(Returning to stage.)*

ZOE and LEO: Oh thank you. Thank you.

VIXEN: What do you need?

LEO: Tristan's signature on this piece of paper.

VIXEN: That's it?

LEO: He won't do it. He's made up his mind that I should join the military.

VIXEN: Let me see what I can do.

ZOE: Oh thank you.

LEO: You're a true friend.

ZOE: A good friend.

LEO: The best friend.

ZOE: Oh yeah, best friend I ever had.

LEO: Best friend I could ever have.

VIXEN: (*Ushering them offstage.*) Yeah, yeah, friend-friend, love-love, mwah-mwah. (*Once they're gone, she turns to the audience.*) High school, huh? Is this how you remember it? Cause this is exactly what it's like, I kid you not.

Now OCTAVIA, SILVIE and GODFRY rush on.

OCTAVIA: Vixen. There you are.

VIXEN: (*Looking around.*) Where?

OCTAVIA: What did you tell her?

VIXEN: Who?

OCTAVIA: Ariana.

SILVIE: Our sister.

VIXEN: Why?

SILVIE: Because we had the same parents, so we're related by blood—

VIXEN: Not why is she your sister, why are you asking?

OCTAVIA: Cause she's acting strange. She's um... what is she?

SILVIE: Mad.

OCTAVIA: Yeah, even more than that. More than mad, worse than mad, I can't think of the word.

SILVIE: Really?

OCTAVIA: That's it, really mad.

VIXEN: You talked to her?

OCTAVIA: No, we've been... What've we been doing?

GODFRY: Running?

OCTAVIA: No.

GODFRY: Dodging?

OCTAVIA: No.

SILVIE: Hiding.

OCTAVIA: Yes, thank you. We've been hiding from her all day.

GODFRY: We didn't want to talk to her cause we didn't know what kind of scheme you were hatching.

VIXEN: I don't like the word "scheme," it makes me sound like a villain in a melodrama.

RIVET: (*Poking his head out.*) Melodrama?

SCRIM: (*Poking his head out.*) We are not doing a melodrama.

VIXEN: No, no, it's a romantic comedy, we're committed. (*To GODFRY.*) I don't do schemes.

GODFRY: Shenanigans?

VIXEN: Shhhh! Pipa's got ears like a hawk.

PIPA: (*Entering.*) What did you say?

VIXEN: Nothing.

PIPA: (*Exiting.*) I'm watching you.

VIXEN: Love the outfit. (*Now to OCTAVIA.*) Okay guys, I don't have to time to explain the minutia of my plans. We don't want it to get complicated.

OCTAVIA, SILVIE, and GODFRY: Too late.

VIXEN: Just avoid your sister until I get your money. You can't see her.

ARIANA: (*Offstage.*) I can't believe I have to do this.

VIXEN: Go. Go, go, go. Trust me, I'm on this.

So OCTAVIA and SILVIE run offstage. GODFRY asks VIXEN—

GODFRY: Have you seen my sunglasses?

VIXEN: No. No I haven't.

GODFRY: Darn. They were a gift from my sick grandmother.

VIXEN: Ha! Yeah, right. (*Off his expression.*) Oh man, seriously?

GODFRY: Let me know if you see 'em.

He exits, nearly running into ARIANA entering.

ARIANA: Hello?! Do you not see me walking here?!

GODFRY: (*Yelps.*) Tiramisu. Al Pacino.

ARIANA: That guy is an idiot.

VIXEN: Pickle? He's a great guy. You'd like him.

ARIANA: No I wouldn't. Nobody in my family could ever like an idiot like that.

VIXEN: Well, if you got to know him—

ARIANA: No. If anybody in my family was even remotely fond of him I'd hire somebody to remove their pancreas.

VIXEN: *(To the audience.)* Wow. Just scary good.

ARIANA: By the way, I just talked to the lawyer that runs our trust fund. And I am not going to settle with PBS. I'll take them to court.

VIXEN: No. No, no. You don't want to do that. It gets complicated and expensive. So very expensive.

ARIANA: It's the principle.

VIXEN: *(Looking around.)* Where?

ARIANA: The principle of the thing. We won't be bullied by a bunch of blue bloods.

VIXEN: These aren't just blue bloods. They're blue-blood thirsty. They are roughnecks. They are sneaky, scary bad guys who visit people who renege on their pledges and punch 'em in the nose. Cut 'em up and feed 'em to the fishes. They slice their throats and bake 'em into meat pies.

RIVET: *(Popping his head out.)* We are not doing *Sweeny Todd*.

VIXEN: Nope, still a comedy.

SCRIM: *(Popping his head out.)* And there are no dead guys involved?

VIXEN: Not yet.

SCRIM: Good to know.

VIXEN: Check back in a little while. *(RIVET and SCRIM vanish.)* And I beg of you, don't get yourself, or your sisters killed over a mere twenty-five hundred dollars.

ARIANA: Twenty-five hundred? I thought it was two thousand.

VIXEN: *(To the audience.)* I didn't think I'd have to work this hard.

ARIANA: I am not paying it and that's final. If the execs at PBS want to talk to me about it, they can see my lawyer.

VIXEN: I don't think they'll send the executives. *(Looking offstage.)* Oh no.

ARIANA: What?

VIXEN: Here they come now?

ARIANA: Who?

VIXEN: The evil representatives of PBS.

Evil music sting as the TROUBADOURS enter. SCRIM and RIVET bring out a metal trash can to set the scene. The others are dressed like real bad guys. Except that AUGUST is dressed like a Mexican bandito, leather jacket, bandana, and GODFRY'S sunglasses. JULY looks like he just stepped out of a melodrama, complete with black cape, top hat and Snidely Whiplash mustache. APRIL is dressed like a high-powered executive in a power suit with briefcase.

AUGUST: Buenos dias amigo.

JULY: Muh-ha-ha-ha.

APRIL: We are here from PBS.

VIXEN: AHHHHH! (*She screams, then looks to ARIANA who isn't the least bit scared. So VIXEN screams louder.*) AHHHHHHHHHHHHH! (*ARIANA is unafraid.*) Ahhh. PBS hooligans.

ARIANA still doesn't seem afraid. VIXEN crosses to the TROUBADOURS and speaks sotto.

VIXEN: What are you guys doing?

AUGUST: You said we were supposed to be bad guys.

VIXEN: I said you were supposed to look like you came from the Public Broadcasting System.

JULY: You said "bad guys." And these were the only "bad guy" costumes we have.

RIVET: Budget cuts.

VIXEN: Alright alright. Just make it good.

AUGUST: (*Big and over the top for ARIANA's sake.*) I am Pistola Rodriguez from accounting.

JULY: And I am Snark McDastardly muh-ha-ha, from Human Resources.

APRIL: And I am regional vice president in charge of programming Dickerson. And together we are from—

THE TROUBADOURS: The Public Broadcasting System.

Optional melodramatic "dum-dum-dummmm" musical sting.

AUGUST: Now, can you tell me where we can find Ariana Argante?

ARIANA: Well, I am—

VIXEN: No. Why?

JULY: Her sister owes us two thousand—

VIXEN: Twenty-five hundred—

JULY: —dollars. We heard she's in charge of the family trust fund and refuses to give us our money. Muh-ha-ha.

AUGUST: Si. What does she think that Masterpiece Theater just pays for itself? Those costumes and production values are expensive. Not to mention the consultants to make sure we get all the historical details just right.

VIXEN: (*Aside to AUGUST.*) Little too much.

AUGUST: I suck at improv, I told you that.

APRIL: He does.

JULY: Do you know what we do to people who don't pay their pledges? Mu-ha-ha.

ARIANA: What, do you take the deed to their ranch? Or gold mine, or lumber mill, or railroad, or ice cream parlor?

JULY: (*Flustered.*) Maybe. Muh-ha.

APRIL: Oooh. Ooh oh.

JULY and AUGUST: Yes regional vice president in charge of programming Dickerson.

APRIL: We cut off her sorority's charter.

ARIANA: (*Now truly scared for the first time.*) What?!

VIXEN: (*To APRIL.*) Nice.

APRIL: Oh yes, we sponsor a lot of sororities. And if we don't get our money, we'll shut down Alpha Delta Pi.

ARIANA: That's my sorority.

AUGUST: Don't mess with the PBS.

APRIL: We'll close down the sorority house.

ARIANA: No.

APRIL: No more social mixers.

ARIANA: No.

APRIL: She'll have to sleep in a dorm.

ARIANA: No.

APRIL: Eat cafeteria food.

ARIANA: Stop it. Stop it, in the name of all that's holy, just stop it.

JULY: Say, you're not Ariana are you? Muh-ha.

ARIANA: Me?

JULY: Yes. You look a lot like her. Muh-ha.

VIXEN: No. No, this isn't her.

AUGUST: You look a lot like her, amiga.

VIXEN: No.

ARIANA: No.

VIXEN: No. She's not Ariana. She's Ariana's worst enemy.

ARIANA: I am?

VIXEN: She hates Ariana.

ARIANA: I do?

VIXEN: Everybody hates Ariana.

ARIANA: They do?

AUGUST: (*Walking around ARIANA, sizing her up.*) Are you sure this isn't Ariana?

APRIL: Is that an Alpha Delta Pi pledge pin?

ARIANA: (*Covering up her pin.*) NO!

AUGUST: Bueno. It's good to meet somebody who hates the Argante family as much as we do. (*Spits in his hand.*) Shake.

And ARIANA shakes all over like a leaf in a high wind.

AUGUST: If you see any of those no-good dirty pledge-breaking Argantes, you let us know, eh?

ARIANA: Yes.

VIXEN: Sure, of course. Right away.

AUGUST: Cause if we don't get our money, I'm going to cut off their heads and give their bodies to the science department.

ARIANA gulps.

VIXEN: Good to know. I think they might be over by the gymnasium.

AUGUST: Andale, andale, arriba amigos. Let's go find those rotten Argante sisters.

VIXEN: The gymnasium is just over there. Good hunting.

She gestures for the TROUBADOURS to exit, which they do. But the trash can is left behind. And JULY pauses just before exiting—

JULY: Muh-ha-ha. Muh-ha-ha. Muh-ha-ha-ha-ha—

AUGUST reaches out from the wings, puts a hand over JULY's mouth and drags him offstage.

ARIANA: (Truly terrified.) Vix—Vix—Vix – Vix—Vix—

VIXEN: (Coming back to her.) –en. –En. –En. Vix-en.

ARIANA: Vixen.

VIXEN: Hi.

ARIANA: I've changed my mind. I'll give them the two thousand—

VIXEN: Twenty-five hundred—

ARIANA: Dollars.

VIXEN: That's great.

ARIANA: It'll be cheaper than a lawsuit anyway.

VIXEN: Absolutely. You're making the right choice. Those guys looked like some bad hombres.

ARIANA: Let's go find 'em. I've got the money with me. (She pulls a stack of bills out of her purse.)

VIXEN: That's great. Give it here.

ARIANA: I'm not giving the money to you.

VIXEN: You don't trust me?

ARIANA: No.

VIXEN: Fine. Go give it to them.

ARIANA starts to exit.

What do you think they'll do when they find out you pretended to be somebody else?

ARIANA freezes.

They don't look like the kind that likes to be tricked. Do you think they'll ask for more money, or just close down your sorority out of spite?

ARIANA: You're right. You take it.

VIXEN: No, I don't want to get mixed up in all this.

ARIANA: Please, Vixen.

VIXEN: I know you're not comfortable giving me the money.

ARIANA: I am. I'm very comfortable.

VIXEN: I know you don't trust me.

ARIANA: I do. I trust you with my life.

VIXEN: I'd feel horrible if something went wrong.

ARIANA: What could go wrong?

VIXEN: I could run off with your money, or use it for something—

ARIANA: (*On her knees.*) Please, Vixen, I am begging you. Take the money.

VIXEN: Welllllllllllllllllllll...

ARIANA: Please-oh-please.

VIXEN: Alright. (*Batting eyes at the audience. Then back to ARIANA.*)

But I'm only doing this as a favor to you.

ARIANA: Bless you Vixen. Call me when it's all settled, okay? Great. Bye.

ARAINA exits speedily. CARLOS enters and crosses to VIXEN as she counts the money...

VIXEN: Okay, a thousand to Octavia for art school. (*She takes that money and absent-mindedly slaps it into CARLOS' hand.*) Five hundred to the Troubadours for the school play. (*Again, it goes into CARLOS' outstretched hand.*) And a thousand to re-sod the stadium and keep me from getting expelled. (*Also into CARLOS' hand.*) Oh, look. I came out ten bucks ahead.

CARLOS: Compliment!!

VIXEN holds out her hand for the money back. CARLOS sighs, puts the money in her right hand, takes the extra ten bucks out of her left hand. He smiles at the audience, snaps the bill a few times when VIXEN snatches that back too.

CARLOS: Drazil!

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