

AUDIENCE ROULETTE

by Ken Bradbury
and Robert L. Crowe



GREEN ROOM PRESS

greenroompress.com

Copyright Notice

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 Green Room Press. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Green Room Press. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Green Room Press. 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 Green Room Press.

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 Green Room Press.*

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 Green Room Press.

Audience Roulette
by Ken Bradbury and Robert L. Crowe

Audience Roulette

by Ken Bradbury and Robert L. Crowe

ACT ONE

HOST: In case you didn't recognize me, I am a dark and mysterious stranger. I have the power to cloud men's minds. I've been working on a system for women but haven't quite got it down yet. I shall try to convince *all* of you that you are not here tonight but mentally flying with me to different setting all over America. Couldn't these scenes be located in other countries, too, you ask? Well, when you put it that way, I guess they could. At any rate, we'll be flying all over and you can imagine where we are. Our first scene takes place in a desert. You decide where. We join a pair of old miners, Gabby and Jake, crawl into the scene. They have been crawling across the desert for weeks and are about to expire.

IT'S IN YOUR MIND, PARTNER

CHARACTERS

Gabby
Jake

JAKE: (*crawling in on his belly with Gabby*) I can't take it any more, Gabby! I'm just gonna die right here.

GABBY: Don't die on me, Jake boy! I know we can find water somewhere!

JAKE: Two months! Two months we been lost out on this desert without food or water! I read where a fella could only go three days without water and it's been two months.

GABBY: That's what keeps me alive, Jake.

JAKE: What's that?

GABBY: I can't read.

JAKE: I sure wish we had our horses, back.

GABBY: Me too. They wasn't even that good.

JAKE: I told you they needed salt. You can't just eat a horse plain.

GABBY: Hey! What's that up ahead?

JAKE: (*looks, then*) Same as it's been for two months. More sand.

GABBY: No! No! Lookee there in the distance! Jake, we're saved! We're saved! It's a saloon!

JAKE: I don't see nothin'. It's one of them there marriages.

GABBY: Mirage. It ain't no mirage, Jake! It's a real live saloon! (*pulling Jake to his feet*) Come on, boy! Get up! Get up!

JAKE: You're crazy, Gabby!

GABBY: Who cares? Long as they got somethin' to drink! (*The two hobble toward the "saloon," desperately leaning on each other.*) You see! It's gettin' closer! It's gettin' closer! Can't you hear the piano?

JAKE: I don't hear nothin'. I just hope they got water.

GABBY: (*entering what seems to him to be the swinging doors of the saloon*) Woowee! Just look at this place! Hey, bartender! Gimme a sarsaparilla! Make it two! Heck, make it a dozen!

JAKE: You really seein' all this, Gabby?

GABBY: 'Course I'm seein' it. Wow! Would you get a load of her! What a doll! That's Miss Kitty! (*hands Jake his drink then begins to chug his own*)

JAKE: (*looking at what seems to be an empty hand*) Huh?

GABBY: Oh, ain't that good, Jake? Ain't that just about the best sas-a-parilla you ever had in your life.

JAKE: (*holds out the imaginary bottle and dries to drip something on his outstretched tongue*) Tastes sorta dry.

GABBY: Why sure, Miss Kitty! Jake would love to dance with ya!

JAKE: Where is she?

GABBY: Ain't you something'? She's right there! Hey, she's got her arms around you! You are one lucky partner, partner!

JAKE: Is she dancin'?

GABBY: Of course she's dancin'! (*Jake begins to dance with Kitty although he doesn't see her.*) Shake a leg, buddy! Shake a leg! I think I'll have me another sarsaparilla. (*begins to turn then sees something*) Oh, no! Jake, you see who's comin'?

JAKE: You kiddin'? I still ain't seen the saloon yet. I think you're out of your mind, Gabby!

GABBY: It's Black Bart the gunslinger! The baddest man in Dead Gulch!

JAKE: We're in Dead Gulch?!

GABBY: And you're in big trouble! Miss Kitty's his woman, Jake, and he's lookin' right at you.

JAKE: He is?

GABBY: Better drop her quick, Jake! Black Bart's got that look in his eye.

JAKE: (*genuinely beginning to panic now although he has no idea what's happening. He still hasn't seen any of this*) What look!?

GABBY: That look that says "I'm about to kill the dusty cowpoke who's got his hands on my woman!" Drop her, Jake! Drop her! (*Jake lets go of the "woman."*) Oh, my gosh, you just dropped her!

JAKE: You said to drop her!

GABBY: I said to drop her! I didn't mean "drop her!" He's drawin' his gun, Jake! Black Bart's drawin' a bead on ya.

JAKE: (*turning quickly and frantically*) Where? Where is he? Where?

GABBY: Right there! (*points, Jake turns, but sees nothing*) Not there! There! (*Jake turns again*) He's gonna shoot you, Jake! He's gonna ya kill deader 'n a toad! Draw your gun, partner! Draw your gun!

JAKE: What gun??!!

GABBY: Right there in your holster! (*Jakes draws his imaginary gun from his imaginary holster*) That ain't

your gun, Jake! That's your belt! Ah dern it, Jake! Your pants just fell off!

JAKE: They did!?!?

GABBY: A man can't die with his pants off!

JAKE: I'm gonna die???!?!!

GABBY: He's pullin' the trigger! Oh, buddy, you're a dead man!

JAKE: But I can't be

GABBY: He shot you, Jake! Right in the gut! (*Jake screams, grabs his stomach, and falls to the floor*) Oh, buddy, it's the end of the trail for you! The last round up! (*Gabby also falls to his face on the ground as Jake continues to moan in pain*) Boy that sun's hot. What's a matter with you, Jake? You got a gut ache?

JAKE: I been shot, Gabby! Black Bart killed me!

GABBY: (*crawling a bit ... he's back on the desert now*) Jake, I think your mind's been playin' tricks. We ain't seen nobody for two months. Wish I'd saved some of that horse for later. Least his tail.

JAKE: I ain't dead?

GABBY: No, you're crazy. We gotta find us some water before you go plumb loco on me.

JAKE: But you just ...

GABBY: Well, lick my bootstrap! Lookee there!

JAKE: Where?

GABBY: Just over that ridge, Jake! You see what I see?

JAKE: No.

GABBY: You blamed fool! It's right there! Palm trees! Waterfalls! And mountains with snow on the tops! We're saved, Jake! We're saved! (*grabs Jake's arm and begins pulling him toward the "oasis."*)

JAKE: I don't see nothin'!

GABBY: I told you you've lost your mind, partner! Heck, you thought you was shot! Just follow me! Follow me! (*they stop running*) Wow! Can you believe this place, Jake?

JAKE: Believe it? I don't even see it!

GABBY: Too much sun, boy. Just follow me! Look at that! A whole stream full of sarsaparilla! (*going to his knees and scooping up the water with his hand*) Drink up, boy! Drink up!

JAKE: (*tries it then spits it out violently*) Sand! That's nothin' but sand!

GABBY: 'Course it is, you derved fool! (*pointing to another spot*) This is the sarsaparilla! (*Jake tries it again and again spits.*) And would you lookee there! Coconut trees and peach trees and pickle trees and ... (*seeing something*) Jake! Don't move!

JAKE: (*wide-eyed*) Why not!

GABBY: It's a tiger, Jake! It's the biggest tiger I ever seen and he's standin' right behind you! (*Jake starts to turn around*) Don't turn around! He's lookin' at you, Jake! And he's smackin' his lips! Jake, I think he's gonna eat you if you don't do somethin' real quick.

JAKE: What??!!

GABBY: Don't move!

JAKE: How can I do somethin' if I don't move??!!

GABBY: You got me on that, Jake. Looks like this could be the end. Any last words?

JAKE: Yeh! There can't be a tiger in the middle of a desert!

GABBY: Shhh! Shhh! Don't make him mad, Jake! Jake, this don't look good ... he just picked up a fork.

JAKE: A fork!

GABBY: And a napkin. He's a neat one, Jake. You gotta give him that.

JAKE: Oh, good grief!

GABBY: Look, you keep his attention while I run away.

JAKE: What?!

GABBY: That's mighty good of you, Jake ... sacrificin' yourself for your old friend Gabby.

JAKE: Is there really a tiger sittin' behind me?

GABBY: No.

JAKE: Good.

GABBY: He just stood up. My, he is a big'un. Oh no! This is it, Jake! He's puttin' his paws around your neck! He's gettin' out his fork! I wouldn't be jokin' if I was you.

JAKE: (*in a panic*) Who's jokin'? I ain't jokin'! Help me, Gabby!

GABBY: Wish I could, Jake. I truly wish I could. But shoot, I don't know nothin' about tigers....'cept what they eat. Seems to be you, Jake.

JAKE: Don't let 'im eat me, Gabby! Do somethin'!

GABBY: If there's anything left, I'll give it a proper buryin'. Boy, I do hope one thing.

JAKE: What's that?

GABBY: That you fill him up. Don't leave him hungry, would you, Jake? Well, it's been great, partner. Here comes his jaws. (*Jake grabs at his neck and goes writhing onto the ground as Gabby also falls onto the floor of the desert*) (*after a bit of watching Jake tussle*) What the heck are you doin', boy? Got a tarantula down your pants?

JAKE: The tiger! He's eatin' me alive!

GABBY: Land's sakes, you really are crazy. We ain't seen a tiger in two months. Come to think of it, I don't reckon we ever seen one.

JAKE: (*suddenly stops his rolling around*) There ain't no tiger?

GABBY: Jake, if you had a tiger on your back I'd tell ya. I'm your friend, remember?

JAKE: But you just now let that tiger ...

GABBY: Jake, Jake, Jake. If we ever make it out of this desert we'll get you some help. There's a therapist over in Dodge City that's had some good success with cases of heat loco. (*sees something*) Well, glory be! Would you look at that!

JAKE: Look at what!

GABBY: We're saved, Jake! It's a stage coach comin' right at us.

JAKE: Stage coach?

GABBY: Who'd believe such a thing as that? I guess we been livin' right, partner. And it's gonna stop for us. (*helping Jake up*) Come on, old buddy. We've sure got us a tale to tell, don't we? (*beginning to help Jake into the stagecoach*) You're sickern' me. You hop up first.

JAKE: (*begins to climb aboard then stops*) Hold it. Wait just a dog-goned minute. I ain't gettin' on that stage.

GABBY: You really are loco! This is our chance to get outta here alive! Now get up there, Jake!

JAKE: No way! Soon as I get on there I'll get shot by Indians or attacked by snakes or the whole stagecoach is gonna ride over a cliff. I know what's goin' on!

GABBY: The heck you say.

JAKE: You first, Gabby. For just once let's you make the first move.

GABBY: Whatever you say. (*And he climbs onto the stage ... then, looking down at Jake*) You sure you want to end it this way, Jake? Seems mighty crazy to me.

JAKE: Yeh. Yeh, I'm crazy. I'll be I'm crazy. Just go ahead and ride off in that stage and see what happens.

GABBY: Name your own poison, boy. Don't say I didn't warn ya.

JAKE: (*laughing with delirium*) Yeh ... yeh, we'll see who gets it. Go on! Get outta here now!

GABBY: So long, cowpoke! (*and Gabby rides off into the sunset*)

JAKE: (*watching the stage go*) Now ... now's when it's gonna happen. The whole stage'll blow up. (*nothing ... he watches, a bit disappointed*) It'll be hit by lightning. Watch the whole thing go up in puff of smoke. (*he watches ... nothing*) (*as he becomes more and more dejected*) Flash flood. (*nothing*) Earthquake. (*nothing*) Giant desert rats with bad breath. (*a very long beat, then*) Gabby? (*nothing*) Gabby, you out there? (*nothing, then sadly and quietly*) Gabby, don't leave me. (*closes his eyes, straining hard*) Sarsaparilla! I'll imagine a whole geyser of sarsaparilla! (*he opens his eyes ...*

nothing ... closes them again) The cavalry! Six hundred men on horseback and a pretty girl leadin' the charge! (*opens his eyes ... nothing ... then closes them, but this time his effort is weak and half-hearted*) A two-foot cactus for shade? (*opens them ... nothing*) (*weakly*) Gabby? (*a beat, then*) Gabby? (*gets down on his hands and knees and begins to crawl*) It's all in my mind, partner. It's all in my mind. (*light fades*)

THE END

HOST: (*enters*) Ah, poor Jake. He took his mother's advice. She said, "Don't believe everything you see." We have another group have the same problem. The question is whether to believe what you see. You see, this family is driving across country and ...

THE PHANTOM HITCHHIKER

CHARACTERS

Dad
 Mom
 Sarah
 Charlie
 Hitchhiker

(The setting is the interior of a car. Mom and Dad are in the front seat; Charlie and Sarah are in the rear.)

DAD: (*as the kids bicker*) Miriam, you've got to quiet those kids down. We've still got two days driving 'til we to California and I think I may not make it to Nevada with a brain left.

MOM: That's strange, Ralph. I distinctly remember packing one. Look, it's a long drive for two children. If you'd stop more often ...

DAD: Don't have time. Don't have time. We've only got a week's vacation and I'm not going to waste it in some motel on the Interstate. (*shouting*) Would you kids be quiet!

SARAH: He's on my side of the seat, Dad!

CHARLIE: It's my side!

SARAH: Is not!

CHARLIE: Is too!

DAD: If you don't' stop whining I'll give you something to whine about. (*they quiet momentarily*) There you go,

Miriam. All you need is a little firmness. I wish you could learn that.

SARAH: Daddy he's breathing my air!

CHARLIE: It's my air!

SARAH: I breathed it first!

CHARLIE: Did not!

MOM: Anything else you want to teach me, Ralph?

SARAH: Are we about there, Daddy?

DAD: Yeah. California's just around the next corner.

CHARLIE: I can't hold it that long!

MOM: Your breath?

CHARLIE: No! Somethin' else!

MOM: Stop the car, Ralph!

SARAH: Daddy, Charlie's under pressure!

DAD: He's always under pressure. Charlie, I'd love to stop but this is the part of Colorado where they keep seeing the Phantom Hitchhiker! *(a sudden stillness smooths the noise...all look wide-eyed at Dad with Miriam's wonder quickly turning to skepticism)*

CHARLIE: The what?

DAD: The Phantom Hitchhiker! You mean you kids haven't heard of that? Heck, it was in all the national news reports.

CHARLIE: You pullin' my leg, Dad?

DAD: Wish I was, Charlie. The Phantom Hitchhiker is famous in this part of the state. Everybody knows about him. *(then a long silence as Charlie and Sarah look at each other wide-eyed)*

SARAH: *(finally)* I don't.

DAD: Oooooo. Too bad. Too bad, Sarah. You're the kind of traveler that usually runs into him ... the one's that don't know a thing about him.

MOM: *(under her breath)* Ralph?

DAD: *(whispering to her)* Quiet, Miriam. It's working. It's working. *(to the kids)* It's a pretty gruesome story, kids. They said he came this way during the California gold rush. Wandered off from his family one night and they

never found him. His dad told him they didn't have time to stop the wagon but he insisted and that's the last they heard of him. Raised by coyotes, I hear. Got wild as jackrabbit! The buffalo used him for a plaything, kicking him back and forth ... then the wolves ... but I can't tell you that part.

SARAH: (*completely into this*) Tell us, Daddy! Tell us!

DAD: Well, the wolves captured him as their slave. They gnawed on his ears and chewed on his toes ... every year the toes would grow back and they'd chew 'em off again. They say he still roams these hills looking for the family that left him. He's looking for revenge.

MOM: (*whispering*) Ralph, please.

CHARLIE: (*not completely buying all this but curious*) You aren't makin' this up?

DAD: Why Charlie! If you don't ...

MOM: Look out, Ralph! There's a man beside the road.

DAD: Hey! Let's pick him up!

SARAH: No, Daddy!

MOM: Ralph, are you out of your mind?

DAD: (*aside, to her*) Oh, he looks safe enough.

MOM: Ralph this is crazy.

DAD: Hey! We're on vacation! (*pulling the car over*)

MOM: Ralph!

DAD: He's just a harmless little old man, Marian. His car probably broke down. (*out his window to the Hitchhiker*) Need a ride, mister?

HITCHHIKER: (*nods*)

DAD: Then hop in! Hop in! (*The Hitchhiker slowly moves to the passenger side of the car.*)

SARAH: Daddy, he's going to kill us!

MOM: Ralph, you've completely lost your mind. (*The hitchhiker grabs for the door handle.*) (*to Dad*) I'm not sitting in the middle. I want to be where I can jump out. (*she gets out and the Hitchhiker gets into the middle front seat ... Sarah and Charlie are absolutely terrified. Mom gets in and shuts the door.*)

DAD: Howdy stranger! (*the stranger slowly turns to look at him, then nods*) Kids, say hi to our new friend! (*Charlie and Sarah are numbed with terror by now ... they can only nod their heads and mutter*)

SARAH & CHARLIE: Hi.

MOM: (*extremely nervous herself, trying anything to break the tension*) So ... are you from around here? (*the Hitchhiker slowly turns to her and shakes his head yes*)

DAD: We're headed for California! You? (*The Hitchhiker sighs and shrugs*) Tired I'll bet. All that walking. Kids, he must be too tired to talk. (*a very long and very uncomfortable pause as the Hitchhiker stares blankly forward and the family sits terrified*) (*finally*) You too tired to talk?

CHARLIE: (*another long pause, then*) You got ears, Mister?

MOM: Charlie!

CHARLIE: Toes?

MOM: Charlie, stop that! (*And the Hitchhiker nods off, his head falls to his chest and he begins to snore*) (*in a desperate whisper*) He's asleep. Ralph, he's asleep! Pull over! Pull over! We'll throw him out of the car.

CHARLIE: Don't, Dad! This is cool!

DAD: What?

CHARLIE: We got a real killer right here in the car! Wait'll the guys at home hear about this!

DAD: He's not a murderer!

MOM: Look at his clothing, Ralph. He's a mess. And that smell ...

SARAH: That's Charlie. He's got his shoes off.

DAD: He's just a poor helpless man walking along the road! Look! I'll bet he hasn't slept in days!

SARAH: It's the buffalo! They've been kicking him back and forth and back and forth and ...

MOM: Sarah, stop it!

CHARLIE: Face it, Pop. You just picked up the Phantom Hitchhiker.

MOM: Ralph, think about the children.

DAD: I am. I think I'll put him in the back seat.

SARAH: Daddy!

DAD: Kidding! Geesh! What're we gonna do with this guy?

CHARLIE: Let's take him to California, Pop! We'll set up a tent and charge people money to come in and look at the Phantom Hitchhiker! For another buck they'll watch him chew on Sarah's eyeballs!

SARAH: Stop it!

CHARLIE: You're over my side of the line again!

SARAH: Am not!

CHARLIE: Are too!

DAD: (*screaming*) Stop it! (*this awakens the Hitchhiker ... he grunts, snorts and his eyes open*) Oh ... sorry, fella. We were just uh ... we were just talking about what we'd do when we got to California. (*The Hitchhiker makes an unintelligible grunt*) Huh? (*The Hitchhiker grunts again.*) You ... uh ... you tryin' to say something?

HITCHHIKER: Hun—gry.

MOM: Hungry. He said "hungry," Ralph. I just heard him say "hungry."

DAD: I know what he said, Miriam. (*to the Hitchhiker*) Gosh, I don't think we've got anything in the car. Any Fritos left back there?

CHARLIE: Sarah sat on 'em.

DAD: Sorry. I guess we could ... Hey! Yeh! That's a plan! There's an exit up here! Maybe we could stop and let you out and ...

HITCHHIKER: Go on.

DAD: What's that?

HITCHHIKER: Go on. Me okay.

MOM: He said he was okay, Ralph. I heard him say he was ...

DAD: I heard him too, Miriam! For gosh sakes, I've got ears! (*turning to the Hitchhiker, embarrassed*) No offense. (*Hitchhiker looks at him quizzically*)

SARAH: I'm going to pass out, Daddy. I swear I'm going to pass out.

DAD: We can only hope. Look fella, is there anything you want? (*The Hitchhiker slowly nods his head and smiles*) Really? Hey kids, there's something he wants! So ... like ... what is it? (*The Hitchhiker slowly turns around and smiles at Sarah.*)

SARAH: (*screams, then*) Daddy! He's looking right at me! Daddy, make him stop! Make him stop!

MOM: Ralph, I hate to ruin your trip but I think we have a situation here. The man you just picked up is about to eat your daughter.

CHARLIE: Go for it, man! Go for it! (*The Hitchhiker turns his head to look at Charlie.*) Hey! Hey, man, I'm kiddin'! I'm just kiddin'! Dad, you gotta do somethin'! He's lookin' right at me, Dad!

DAD: Uh ... something ... you know ... bothering you, mister?

HITCHHIKER: No like noisy children.

DAD: Me either. Uh ... kids ... your noise is bothering him. (*The Hitchhiker wiggles around and gets to a sitting position facing backwards. He then crawls into the back seat of the car and sits between Charlie and Sarah. The two children are horrified and sit there staring straight forward, lips trembling and eyes bulging.*)

MOM: Ralph! Ralph, I think you need to deal with this!

SARAH: Do something, Charlie! Do something!

CHARLIE: (*his eyes closed, practically screaming*) Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord ...

SARAH: No, stupid!

CHARLIE: God is great and God is good. Now we thank him for our food!

SARAH: Bad idea!

HITCHHIKER: Hey! (*they all quiet*) You be quiet. Me be nice. Okay? (*Sarah and Charlie both look at him and slowly nod their heads.*) Good. Real good. (*to Dad*) Pull over here. Me get out now.

MOM: Pull over, Ralph! He said to ...

DAD: I heard him, Miriam. (*he pulls the car over and the Hitchhiker crawls over one of the kids to get out on Dad's side of the car*) Gee, it's been nice talking to you, fella! (*Dad reaches into his pocket without the kids noticing, and gives something to the Hitchhiker. The Hitchhiker turns his back to them and leaves.*)

MOM: Thank goodness he's gone! (*aside to Dad as the kids sit stock-still upright in the back seat, still too terrified to speak*) What'd you give him, Ralph? Ralph, did you give him money?

DAD: (*aside to Mom*) It's a new service of the Colorado Tourism Office. (*He looks into the back seat then motions to Mom*) Look. It works.

MOM: Ralph! You...! You mean you?

DAD: I always say, "Call Ahead!" if you want service.

MOM: Ralph!

DAD: (*singing as he bounces happily along*) California here I come! Right back where I started from.....!

THE END

HOST: Merrily we are rolling right along. Ah, parents are always trying to find ways to quiet the kids. Too bad that parents can't find a way to make kids more mature. You know, keep them from being like kids. I know of a spot where a couple of girls are trying to do just that ... find a way to make themselves more mature. Come on in.

OH GROW UP!

CHARACTERS

Jackie

Gretchen

(Gretchen paces impatiently ... after a bit, Jackie enters)

JACKIE: There you are. Gretchen, is this gonna take long?
I've got cheerleader practice in ...

GRETCHEN: Sit down, Jackie.

JACKIE: What for?

GRETCHEN: Just sit down.

JACKIE: But I don't have time to ...

GRETCHEN: Sit, Jackie! Sit! *(Jackie sits, crosses her arms, a bit miffed but curious)* I've wanted to have this talk for a long time.

JACKIE: What talk? We aren't talking, you're talking, and if I'm not at cheer practice in ten minutes they have to find a new bottom for their pyramid.

GRETCHEN: Oh thou of small thoughts and childish concerns.

JACKIE: Are you sick? You didn't eat the tuna today, did you? *(standing)* Gretchen, you should never, never eat the school tuna.

GRETCHEN: Sit, Jackie! *(she does)* Tuna fish is not my problem, my friend. It's you! And me!

JACKIE: I had the cheeseburger. I didn't touch the tuna.

GRETCHEN: Could you possibly manage to just stop talking for one moment and listen to me?

JACKIE: Eight minutes. I now have only eight minutes.

GRETCHEN: Good. Then listen for two. Jackie, it's time we both grew up. (*a silence. Gretchen looks off into the distance as if she's just come down with this from Mt. Sinai. Jackie just stares.*) (*finally*) Well?

JACKIE: Well, what?

GRETCHEN: Well, you do agree or not?

JACKIE: How should I know? I don't even know what you're talking about!

GRETCHEN: We've got to grow up!

JACKIE: You just said that. I heard what you what you said, I just have no idea what in the heck you mean!

GRETCHEN: You see this? You see what we're doing? We're arguing! There! A perfect example of what I'm talking about.

JACKIE: (*rises to leave*) I've got to go.

GRETCHEN: Don't move from that chair! This is serious, Jackie! This could change our lives forever!

JACKIE: You've lost your mind, haven't you? You've taken something or swallowed something or something came to you in a dream or your hormones are out of balance but something's made you completely nuts.

GRETCHEN: (*going to her, desperate*) Jackie, this is no joke. I'm not crazy. I was walking down the hall yesterday when the most amazing revelation just came to me! And I had to share it with you, my best friend in the world!

JACKIE: You're flunking math? Gretchen, I've told you that I can help you with that if you ...

GRETCHEN: I am not flunking math! This is bigger than math! It's as big as life itself! We ... you and I ... have got to grow up. (*putting her back into her chair*) Look, work with me on this ... try to follow me. Everywhere we go, people tell us to grow up. You ask your mom if you can have a certain CD or outfit or concert tickets and she looks and what does she say?

JACKIE: “Oh grow up.”

GRETCHEN: Right! Yes! Yes! We get caught passing notes in English or we forget to bring our shorts to P.E. or we make too much noise in the lunch line and somebody always turns to us and says ...

JACKIE: “I wish you girls would just grow up!” But Gretchen, that’s normal! We’re still kids!

GRETCHEN: Then! Then it happened! ... I mean the thing that just slammed me on the head as I walked down the hallway.

JACKIE: You got slammed on the head? No wonder you’re acting so ...

GRETCHEN: The idea, Jackie! The idea! It hit me just after I’d talked to Blake about the dance this weekend. I told him that I’d be there and you’d be there and if he and Charlie wanted someone to hang around with...

JACKIE: You didn’t tell him that!

GRETCHEN: I did! I told him! Live with it, Jackie! You know what he said to me? Do you know what he said to me, Jackie?

JACKIE & GRETCHEN: “Oh grow up(?)!”

JACKIE: I can’t believe you’d just come out and ask him, Gretchen!

GRETCHEN: I had to, Jackie! Sarah Boren was heading right toward him and Charlie. I had to do something.

JACKIE: I can never show my face again.

GRETCHEN: That’s not the point, Jackie! That’s the way a girl would handle the problem!

JACKIE: I am a girl!

GRETCHEN: It’s bigger than that! We’ve got to learn and grow from our mistakes! Jackie! We’ve got to grow up! *(a big silence as Gretchen stands there in complete consternation and Jackie mulls this over) (finally...)* So. You ready?

JACKIE: To choke you?

GRETCHEN: To grow up, Jackie. Are you ready to grow up?

JACKIE: I'm ready to throw up. This whole thing makes me sick at my stomach.

GRETCHEN: Typically girl.

JACKIE: I am a typical girl, Gretchen! I can't do things that aren't typically girl because I am typically a girl!

GRETCHEN: Right now. Yes. But let's think about tomorrow. Tomorrow ... when we walk into this school as mature young women, wise to the ways of the world, refined in our actions, our moods totally controlled, and living examples of womanhood.

JACKIE: *(a long pause, then)* By tomorrow?

GRETCHEN: Tonight if we hurry.

JACKIE: This is crazy.

GRETCHEN: Yes! It's so crazy it'll take the world by storm, Jackie! Our friends won't know what hit them! The boys will be overwhelmed now that they have two mature young women in their class! No more giggly scatterbrains! No more gossipy airheads!

JACKIE: No more fun.

GRETCHEN: It'll be a new kind of fun, Jackie. It'll be the joy of knowing that we stand head and shoulders above the crowd!

JACKIE: So ... like ... how do we do it?

GRETCHEN: *(pulling out an imaginary piece of paper)* I made a list.

JACKIE: List? You made a list of ways to grow up?

GRETCHEN: This is not a book report, Jackie. This is important.

JACKIE: So what's on your list, Miss Gretchen?

GRETCHEN: No more gummy bears.

JACKIE: Don't mess with my gummy bears!

GRETCHEN: Throw them into the dark caverns of your childhood, Jackie. Boys don't go for girls with yellow jelly on their teeth. *(reading)* No more teen magazines, no more plastic jewelry, chewing gum, loud socks, hair gel, notebooks with pictures of movie stars, or pens that write in designer colors.

JACKIE: I love my pink pen.

GRETCHEN: You once loved your Teddy Bear and your pacifier but things change.

JACKIE: I still love my Teddy Bear.

GRETCHEN: Look, do you want to grow up or not? This isn't just getting a new color of nail polish! This is devotion to a whole new way of life!

JACKIE: What else?

GRETCHEN: Well, if you're really serious about this growing up stuff, we're going to have to be more quiet.

JACKIE: Not talk?

GRETCHEN: Not as much. Grown women talk less.

JACKIE: That's just because they get married.

GRETCHEN: Jackie, we've got to get serious about this.

JACKIE: I am. I'm seriously wondering if I want to grow up.

GRETCHEN: We can do it, Jackie. It's our fate! The world is calling us to go forward bravely into that world that we knoweth not of!

JACKIE: (*a beat*) I think you've lost your mind.

GRETCHEN: Are you ready? We can do this together, Jackie. In a moment we're going to walk out that door arm in arm as totally new women.

JACKIE: What if we look like idiots?

GRETCHEN: So what's new?

JACKIE: You're right.

GRETCHEN: You ready?

JACKIE: I'm scared.

GRETCHEN: Take my hand, my friend. (*she extends her hand and Jackie takes it*) Together ... together we can do this. (*the two square themselves bravely, take a deep breath, then take their first step out into the "new world"*)

JACKIE: (*stopping*) Wait a minute. Your pin.

GRETCHEN: What pin?

JACKIE: You're still wearing your Mickey Mouse pin on your shirt.

GRETCHEN: That's a keepsake.

JACKIE: A what?

GRETCHEN: My dad bought it for my in Disney World. It has nothing to do with growing up.

JACKIE: It has everything to do with growing up, Gretchen! You can't become the first female President of the United States with Mickey Mouse on your shirt!

GRETCHEN: Of course I can. Don't be silly. (*grabs her hand and again begins to walk out*)

JACKIE: (*stopping her*) No way! Are we honest about this or not?

GRETCHEN: This is not a major thing, Jackie! It's just a pin with Mickey waving. People wave!

JACKIE: Mice do not wave, Gretchen. Cartoon mice do not cling to shirts with a stupid smile on their face and wave at people. That is ... that is childish!

GRETCHEN: (*aghast*) Oh! How could you say such a thing? (*to her pin*) She didn't mean it, Mickey. She's talking crazy. Please don't cry.

JACKIE: You're talking to your shirt. I'm ready to walk out into the world as a changed woman and you are talking to your shirt.

GRETCHEN: Please! Please let me keep Mickey! I never go anywhere without Mickey!

JACKIE: I do.

GRETCHEN: Where?

JACKIE: Cheerleading practice. (*begins to leave*)

GRETCHEN: But Jackie!

JACKIE: Face it, Gretchen, we're girls. Girls. And there's nothing wrong with that. Let's just give it time, okay?

GRETCHEN: (*a pause, then*) Maybe next year?

JACKIE: Yeh. Or the year after. (*taking Gretchen's hands*) But we'll get there, okay? (*taking something from her pocket*) Gummy Bear?

GRETCHEN: (*takes it*) Thanks. (*pops it into her mouth, chews a moment then*) I like the red ones better.

JACKIE: Oh, grow up.

THE END

HOST: I'm glad they decided to be them selves. I just hate it when people pretend to be someone lese. Like in the is show, for instance. I'm surprised that the two girls got off their cell phones long enough to talk to each other about anything. Do you see what's happened to our society since the introduction of the cell phone? A lot of changes in a hurry. Do you ever wonder what things might be like if Adam and Eve had some of these modern devices? Let me show you:

WIRED FROM THE BEGINNING

CHARACTERS

Adam

Eve

(Eve is reclining on the ground. Adam sleeps behind her.)

EVE: *(still lying down)* Adam? *(no response)* Adam, it's your cell phone.

ADAM: *(groggy)* Huh?

EVE: Your cell phone is ringing.

ADAM: *(sitting up and patting himself)* Where'd I put it?

EVE: It shouldn't be hard. You don't exactly have pockets.

ADAM: *(seeing it)* There it is. *(grabs it)* Hello? Garden of Eden.

EVE: I think He knows that.

ADAM: *(covering the phone)* It's the Boss.

EVE: Only three people in the world. Who else would it be?

ADAM: *(into the phone)* Yeh. Yeh, Boss. I know. Great day. I mean, they're all great when you're in charge.

EVE: What a schmoozer.

ADAM: *(shushing Eve, then)* All of 'em? You mean every one? Yeh ... yeh, boss, I'll get right on it. Yep. You have a nice day, too. *(clicks off the phone)* You won't believe this one.

EVE: He's coming for a visit?

ADAM: Later. But today he wants me to name all the animals.

EVE: All of them? In a day?

ADAM: He can make the day as long as he wants, Eve. It'll be a snap. (*reaching for computer*) I've got 'em all listed here on my laptop. (*puts the laptop on his lap*) Whoa! That is cold!

EVE: The Boss should have created pants before the laptop.

ADAM: (*searching*) Animals ... animals ... I think I filed 'em under "Things that creep and crawl and make funny noises."

EVE: Sounds like you in your sleep.

ADAM: Here they are. Wow. That's some list.

EVE: You named them already?

ADAM: No. But I've got their digital pictures.

EVE: You know, Adam, I think the thrill is gone.

ADAM: I'm not treating you well?

EVE: Oh, you're fine. It's all this ... this other stuff.

ADAM: Eve, we've been all through this.

EVE: But I still don't like it. The Boss gave us this beautiful Garden of Eden. I mean look. It's perfect! Food and scenery and a bed ...

ADAM: The bed's lumpy.

EVE: Okay, He could have improved on the grass and the dead leaves but just take a look at this place! It was so ... you know ... natural. It was paradise! Then you had to go and ...

ADAM: Eve, I need these things.

EVE: You mean you want them.

ADAM: I need them. Honest. You got any idea of what I do in a day?

EVE: Yeh. You spend the whole day staring at that laptop instead of enjoying Creation.

ADAM: Eve, it's my laptop that keeps Creation going. (*showing her something on the screen*) Look, I've got a digital map of the entire garden. You can take a virtual tour of ...

EVE: I don't want a virtual tour! Good grief, Adam! I've got the real thing right in front of me! Why would I want virtual?

ADAM: It's planning, Eve. Organization. Systems management.

EVE: I can't believe He let you have all this stuff.

ADAM: It wasn't His idea, believe me. It was a hard sell. Then one day I sat him down over by the hippos. (*struck with an idea*) Whoa! Hippos! Let me get that down! What a cool name! (*tapping away on the laptop*)

EVE: Would you stop that?

ADAM: You see! See what you're doing? If you get an idea it's gone by tomorrow but I've got it on CD disc. I told Him, I said, "Boss. This is a big place and big job. And you're gonna create all this technology anyway some day. How about skippin' over a few million years and wiring up the Garden of Eden early? Just bypass the printing press and the telegraph, the steam locomotive and the Spanish Inquisition and put your technology where it'll do some good ... right here at the Beginning."

EVE: He laughed.

ADAM: At first. Just at first. Then He saw my point.

EVE: You whined until you got it.

ADAM: Okay, I whined. But it was good whining, Eve. I whined for both of us.

EVE: You're still a little boy, Adam. Little boys like to touch things and keep their hands busy and when they grow up they just get bigger toys.

ADAM: Eve! How can you say that? This is Creation! This is the Garden of Eden! This is important!

EVE: Your cell phone again.

ADAM: (*searches a bit in the leaves*) Where'd it go this time?

EVE: I'm telling you, pockets would have been a good idea.

ADAM: (*into the phone*) Hello? Garden of Eden.

EVE: Where else would He call?

ADAM: Uh ... Yeh, I'm ... no, I haven't got any named yet. Wait! The hippo! I named that big fat thing the hippo! (*listening, then*) No, I didn't ask the hippo about it. I don't think it's such a bad name. Yes, Boss, I know they are very sensitive. I'm slow with the naming project? Well, Eve and I have been arguing a little about the technology that You ... sorry ... that *I* wanted. I know you told me it would just be trouble but I can make this work, Boss. Trust me. Yeh. Have a nice day.

EVE: He still doesn't like it, does He?

ADAM: (*scurrying around, preparing his digital camera*) I've got to get to work, Eve. Hey listen, I've got to take a few more shots. Would you go stand next to that thing? I need some perspective.

EVE: What thing?

ADAM: The thing with eight hairy legs.

EVE: Are you crazy? That's a spider!

ADAM: How do you know it's a spider?

EVE: Because it looks like a spider! Good grief! Does it look like a hummingbird?

ADAM: What's a hummingbird?

EVE: Do you realize I could have everything in the Garden named by the time you got your files opened?

ADAM: You're really good at this.

EVE: Good? I'm great! Watch this! (*and she begins to move quickly around the area, pointing out this creature and that*) Ostrich! Badger! Koala Bear! Pygmy Sloth!

ADAM: (*trying desperately to catch up with her, carrying his laptop and typing madly*) Slow down! Slow down!

EVE: Saber Toothed Tiger! Mastodon! Put those two down quick. I don't think they're gonna last. Ocelot! Emu! Long-necked-spotted-leafgrabber!

ADAM: How do you spell that?

EVE: Oh, just call it a giraffe. Adam, this isn't hard. We can name these creatures just by looking at them! By enjoying them! Stop analyzing and cataloging everything!

ADAM: Okay, maybe you're right. Look, I promise to ease up on all this technology stuff.

EVE: You promise?

ADAM: I promise. (*hearing something*) Hold on. That's my pager!

EVE: Adam!

ADAM: Just this once, Eve. It might be important. (*checking his message*) It's the Hippo. I'll bet she doesn't like her name.

EVE: I can't believe you.

ADAM: Eve, just let me get things started here in the Garden. Just a few more days, then I promise I'll take my computer and go cold turkey. Turkey! What a great name! (*looking around*) See one anywhere?

EVE: (*smiles and slowly turns to look at Adam*)

ADAM: Very funny.

EVE: Throw away the computer, Adam.

ADAM: Eve!

EVE: And the pager and the cell phone and ...

ADAM: The cell phone! What if the Boss wants to get in touch with me?

EVE: Do you really think He needs a phone to do that? Remember when He used to stop by every evening, Adam? We'd sit under that tree down by the lake. The swans would be ...

ADAM: Swans! (*reaching for his computer*) Great name!

EVE: Don't touch that computer! (*he doesn't*) We used to talk, Adam! Just talk! We looked at each other's face, we held each other's hand, and we just talked. You didn't have to fax Him or send Him email. It was personal, Adam! It was real and it was human and it was ... it was beautiful.

ADAM: (*a long pause ... Adam is thinking*) (*then*) Does Swan have one "n" or two?

EVE: Adam!

ADAM: Kidding! I'm kidding, Eve! Look, I'm so used to all this stuff ... I don't know if I can get along without it.

EVE: You think the Boss would give you a job you couldn't do without batteries?

ADAM: But honey, just look at everything I can do with it! I can do a cost analysis of the animals' feed, I can track migration patterns of the birds, I can calculate the growing season for the petunias ...

EVE: ... and you can manage to take the beauty of the Boss's Creation and turn it into a flow sheet.

DAM: But just think, Eve! If I give up these things now then generations and generations of our descendents will have to suffer through wars and plagues and burnt dinners and planters warts and ...

EVE: Hey Bubba! That's life! And I do mean that's really life! Everything was perfect before you started bringing on the gadgets. Hey, just for my curiosity, where'd you get the idea? I mean face it ... you may be cute but the Boss gave me the brains. Where'd you come up with the idea for all your little high-tech toys?

ADAM: Oh I don't know. I was just thinking one day.

EVE: You? Thinking? That's a part of Creation I must have missed. Come on, Adam. Spill it. Who told you?

ADAM: (*a beat, then*) Well, I don't really know his name ... I mean he didn't even have a name yet.

EVE: The warthog?

ADAM: What's that?

EVE: (*pointing*) That thing right there.

ADAM: (*seeing it*) Ooo. Ug-ly!

EVE: What'd he look like? Gimme a hint. How many legs did he have?

ADAM: Well, he didn't actually have any legs. He just sort of slithered.

EVE: The Boss hasn't invented Tele-marketers yet. It must have been the snake.

ADAM: (*going for his laptop*) How do you spell that?

EVE: Don't touch the laptop, Adam. It was the snake. Figures.

ADAM: I've got a call. (*picks up phone*)

EVE: Are you hearing any of this?

ADAM: It's the Boss.

EVE: Invite Him over for supper.

ADAM: Uh ... Boss? Yeh, I've got a lot of them named. Eve's helping. She's really good at this. *(to Eve)* He said you were the one with the brains. *(into the phone)* Hey ... wanna drop over tonight once you get done with the solar system? Great. What time? *(looks)* I don't have a watch. Whenever you get hungry. Yeh ... you have a nice day, too. *(hangs up)* He said He'd love to. Said He was tired of emails. He said it'd be nice to just ... you know ...

EVE: Talk?

ADAM: Yeh. *(a pause, then)* You're pretty smart, Eve.

EVE: And you're pretty cute.

ADAM: Yeh. Yeh, I am.

EVE: So what do you want for supper? Pizza?

ADAM: Sounds great. You know, you spend too much time cooking. I had this great idea for a thing called the microwave oven. You just ...

EVE: Adam, I like to cook.

ADAM: It'd have this little bell that goes "Ding! Ding! Ding!" when the food's done ...

EVE: Adam!

ADAM: But you couldn't use aluminum pans or the sparks ...

EVE: Adam, stop it! You're cuckoo!

ADAM: *(a pause, then)* How do you spell that?

EVE: Adam! *(she stops ... he stops ... he smiles ... she smiles back at him ... they hug)*

THE END

HOST: Yep, I think we're all better off without an early electronic start. Good thing we ran them off stage or they might have boarded a jet plane for trip around the garden. Speaking of trips ... did you ever have a plane ride when the people around you almost drove you nuts? Well, don't feel lonesome. I happens all the time. Somehow it usually involves a kid ...

UP, UP, AND AWAY!

CHARACTERS

Dora

Seymour

Harry

Flora

Goody

(The interior of a jumbo jet. Four chairs face the audience, positioned in pairs with the aisle of the airplane between them.)

DORA: *(entering, dragging a precocious Seymour behind her (in a nasal whine)* Seymour, stop lagging, sweetheart. Mommy sees our seats right up here.

SEYMOUR: We gonna crash, Mom? We gonna crash and burn?

DORA: *(showing complete disinterest ... she never seems to understand anything Seymour says or perhaps she's just stopped listening)* We can't. Your Uncle Freeman is picking us up in Las Vegas at five.

SEYMOUR: Man, if we got a hole in this thing the pressure would suck in so fast our eyeballs'd pop out, then "Bam!" We'd go shootin' right out through the side the plane.

DORA: Just don't spill your drink, honey. *(as they plop down into the seat, Seymour in the seat nearest the window)*

SEYMOUR: Cool! You can see Texas from here!

DORA: That's the luggage truck, sweetheart. Have you seen my earplugs?

HARRY: (*entering, being dragged by his equally frightened but more determined wife*) I can't do it! I'm tellin' ya I can't do it, Flora!

FLORA: Don't be silly, Harry. It's just an airplane! You've seen pictures of 'em.

HARRY: But I ain't never been on one! Flora, we can walk to Las Vegas. It's only a few hundred miles. I feel great. Really!

FLORA: You told me back there that you couldn't take another step.

HARRY: I got my second wind. Honest. Let's just get off this plane. Please, Flora!

FLORA: I've paid for two tickets to Vegas and we're gonna go in style. (*reading the labels above the seats*) "R 9 and 10." This is it. Have a plop-down, Harry.

HARRY: (*looking at the seat, desperately*) The seat's too small. We'll go down and I won't be able to jump out.

FLORA: Harry, if this thing goes down I'll jump out and take you with me.

HARRY: I'm glad you love me, Flora.

FLORA: Got no choice. You've got the hotel tickets. (*they plop into their seats*)

GOODY: (*a flight attendant, a vision of smiles and hospitality ... if a bit overdone*) Good morning, everybody! Are we finding everything okay?

HARRY: No.

FLORA: Fine. Thanks. How soon before we take off?

GOODY: It won't be long now.

FLORA: (*to Harry*) Was that an answer?

SEYMOUR: (*shouting*) You got root beer?

GOODY: Is the little cowboy thirsty?

SEYMOUR: Gimme a root beer!

GOODY: Can we say please?

DORA: I doubt it. He never has. Seymour, just play with something 'til the lady gets time. And take the barf bag off your head.

HARRY: Are were there yet, Flora? Are we there yet?

FLORA: Open your eyes, Harry. We're still on the ground.

HARRY: I can feel the plane movin', Flora! I swear I can feel it movin'!

FLORA: Your sitting on your seatbelt, Harry.

GOODY: *(to Harry and Flora)* You folks all comfy?

HARRY: No. Can I get off? I left something in the terminal.

GOODY: What's that?

FLORA: His nerve. No, we're fine, thanks. When are we taking off?

GOODY: It won't be long now.

FLORA: I had a feeling you'd say that.

DORA: Seymour, why are you kicking the man in front of you?

SEYMOUR: Because I can't reach the guy behind me.

HARRY: Flora, my life is flashing before my eyes.

FLORA: That must be one dull show.

HARRY: My will. I forgot to update my will.

FLORA: Harry, we'll be there in two hours. Your estate won't change before you get to Las Vegas.

GOODY: *(on a microphone)* May I have your attention please?

HARRY: This is it! We're going down!

FLORA: We're not even up yet, Harry.

GOODY: Would all flight attendants please prepare for departure.

HARRY: This is it! The time has come! Flora, we've had a good life. You've always been a good woman and I'm sorry for anything I've done to hurt you.

FLORA: Then get your foot off mine! You can't stomp on the brake back here, Harry.

GOODY: Please put your seats in an upright position, lock your trays into place and make sure that all overhead compartments are secured.

HARRY: The final instructions before death. Flora, that's exactly what they said at Uncle Martin's funeral.

GOODY: They told your dead Uncle Martin to put his seat in an upright position?

SEYMOUR: We're movin', Mom! We're movin'!

DORA: That's nice, sweetheart. Now get the seatbelt out of your mouth and buckle up.

SEYMOUR: I wonder how long it takes us to drop out of the air at 20,000 feet?

HARRY: What'd he say?

FLORA: He's just a child, Harry.

HARRY: From the mouths of babes, Flora. From the mouths of babes. I'm tellin' you it's a sign!

FLORA: It's a sign that he's an idiot. Just close your eyes and go to sleep, Harry.

GOODY: It looks like we're first in line for take-off this morning.

HARRY: Another sign! You can't come down unless you take off!

FLORA: Brilliant, Harry. Really brilliant.

GOODY: We'd like to thank you all for flying East-West Airlines this morning. The captain says that the weather's going to be good for our entire trip.

HARRY: Bad sign. Bad sign.

FLORA: Good weather is a bad sign?

HARRY: It's too easy. The pilot will fall asleep.

GOODY: And we're off to Vegas!

SEYMOUR: I want my root beer!

DORA: Not now, Seymour. Wait until we get into the air.

HARRY: The kid wants a root beer! Stop the plane! Stop the plane!

FLORA: Here we go! We're off the ground!

SEYMOUR: I can see the ocean, Mom!

DORA: I don't think they have oceans in St. Louis, Seymour. Maybe your window's dirty.

HARRY: My heart just stopped, Flora.

FLORA: That's impossible, Harry. You're still talking to me.

HARRY: That's my soul. My body's dead and my soul is talking to you.

FLORA: Then tell your soul to be quiet. I'm going to get a nap.

GOODY: Good morning! My name is Miss Goody, and I'd like to point out the plane's safety features. In case of an emergency ...

SEYMOUR: Cool!

HARRY: I knew it! I knew it!

GOODY: In case of an emergency, the exits are located (*pointing in the official airline manner*) at the rear of the plane, the front, and on the sides.

HARRY: Forget that. I'll make my own exit.

GOODY: In the event that we should lose cabin pressure ...

HARRY: Why? Why would we lose cabin pressure, Flora?

GOODY: ... emergency oxygen masks will drop from the overhead compartments. Please assist any children with theirs before putting yours on.

SEYMOUR: Sweet!

HARRY: No way! The kid can fend for himself!

GOODY: Your seat cushions can also be used as flotation devices.

SEYMOUR: See Mom? I told you there was an ocean.

HARRY: I can't swim, Flora!

FLORA: There aren't many oceans between St. Louis and Las Vegas, Harry. We'd have to hit a farm pond.

GOODY: We hope you enjoy your flight with East-West airlines.

HARRY: After that? After you tell me how to die, you tell me to have a nice flight?

SEYMOUR: (*shouting across the aisle to Harry*) Hey mister, wanna play some cards?

HARRY: He's talking to me, Flora. Tell him not to talk to me while I'm dying.

GOODY: The captain has just turned off the seatbelt sign. If you need to move around the cabin you may do so at this time.

SEYMOUR: (*crawling over Dora*) Cool.

DORA: Where are you going, honey?

SEYMOUR: I'm gonna run amuck, irritate the passengers and wreak havoc on the crew.

DORA: That's fine. Just don't get into trouble. (*she dozes*)

SEYMOUR: (*to Harry and Flora*) You guys ever flown before?

FLORA: No, this is our first time.

SEYMOUR: You scared?

HARRY: Hit him, Flora. Jab him a quick one then look the other way.

FLORA: Harry!

SEYMOUR: Mom! The man's being mean to me!

DORA: (*still in half-slumber*) That's nice, dear. Drink your milk.

SEYMOUR: (*to the couple*) You ever see a plane go down?

HARRY: Hit him hard, Flora. Make it painful.

SEYMOUR: First it sort of rolls, then it takes a nosedive straight down and you see the ground coming toward you at about a thousand miles an hour ...

HARRY: One shot to the kneecaps. I can't reach him. Use something heavy.

GOODY: (*to Seymour*) Could I help you, cowboy?

SEYMOUR: Yeh, this guy's chicken to fly.

DORA: (*waking momentarily*) Chicken? Are you out of beef already?

SEYMOUR: Go back to sleep, Mom.

GOODY: (*to Harry*) Could I get you something?

HARRY: Air. I need air.

FLORA: He's joking. Harry's fine.

HARRY: Look at this face. I am not fine. This is not a fine face.

SEYMOUR: (*to Goody*) Got any root beer?

GOODY: I'll go check.

HARRY: Gee Flora, I'm sure glad I brought my root beer with me!

FLORA: What?

SEYMOUR: You got root beer?

HARRY: Always carry it with me. Special brand. Can you read?

SEYMOUR: Not too much.

HARRY: Good. Here. (*hands him a bottle*)

FLORA: Harry, what are you doing? That's your Ben Gay back ointment.

HARRY: Oh. (*smiling*) Must have read it wrong.

FLORA: Son, Harry's just ...

SEYMOUR: Never seen a bottle like this.

HARRY: It's brand new ... Super Root Beer!

FLORA: Harry, what if he ...

HARRY: I hope he does ...

SEYMOUR: You mean I'm the first to try it? Cool! (*unscrews the cap and takes a large swig ... then comes an amazing transformation from an obnoxious young boy to an obnoxious young boy whose insides have just been set aflame ... he grabs for his throat, his eyes bulge, he emits a sound much like those which preceded the eruption of Mt. Saint Helen's, then final eeks out a...*)
Ma ... Ma! ...

DORA: (*half-asleep*) Tell your Aunt Mildred I'll call her back.

SEYMOUR: Ma ... Ma!

FLORA: Harry, he's choking!

HARRY: Ain't it grand? Ain't it grand?

GOODY: (*hurrying in and grabbing the microphone*) The captain says we're approaching some turbulence.

HARRY: Tell me about it.

GOODY: He asks that you all please return to your seat.

SEYMOUR: Acck! Gaaack! Ma!

DORA: (*in snooze land*) Tell your father to get his feet off the coffee table.

GOODY: (*to Seymour*) Are you alright?

HARRY: He wanted to show me his Godzilla imitation.

GOODY: We really don't have time for this. Please sit down, son.

SEYMOUR: Argh!!! Gaaack! ...

HARRY: Now do the part where he climbs Mount Fuji!

FLORA: Harry!

GOODY: (*grabbing Seymour and forcibly moving him to his seat*) I'm sorry, but you're going to have to sit down!

SEYMOUR: Ma!!!!!! Gaaack!

HARRY: (*as Seymour continues to choke and sputter, Miss Goody tries to keep him seated, Dora continues to sleep and Flora sits wide-eyed at it all.*) You know, Flora, we should fly more often. (*as he closes his eyes and sits back in his seat, singing*) "Up, up and away ... in my beautiful balloon!"

THE END

HOST: Ya got to watch out for those older folks. They're pretty wily. There's something smiley about poetic justice. *(pause)* I was talking with a young boy not long ago. A boy who had never been on an airplane, never been on a vacation ... never been out of his neighborhood. He's was telling me about a life-changing experience. It was when ... well, let him tell you himself: *(lights down, then up on boy as he enters)*

THE PECKING ORDER

CHARACTERS

Boy

When I was in elementary school, our class went on a field trip to a farm. As we stood around the cage that enclosed a bunch of chickens, the teacher was telling us about the little building where the chickens roosted.

“Hey! What’s the matter with that one?” I asked, pointing to a small chicken that was missing most of its feathers.

The teacher explained to me that the chicken was at the bottom of the pecking order. You see, chickens establish an order of importance for themselves. Not one pecks the leader but the leader pecks any one it wants. Then, each chicken pecks on another chicken that is weaker. The weakest animal is fair game for all of the others. The chicken I was watching was pecked-at and picked-on by all the others. It was the weakest ... the bottom of the pecking order.

I stared at the scrawny chicken for some time. Even though it was a warm day, a chill came over me. You know what I thought? That chicken was me! I looked down at my own clothes with holes and stains that looked like torn or missing feathers. As I watched the ragged little chick I wanted so much to take it home and care for it.

As I sat alone on the bus ride back to school, I couldn't get the thought of that chicken out of my mind. Until I saw that

chicken it never occurred to me ... but it did make sense. There was a *people* pecking order.

I began to notice at school that the other kids always seemed to be talking about when they went to a ball game or on a vacation. I just laughed hard when they told funny stories about playing at the beach or hiking in the mountains and almost seeing a real bear.

I don't remember that I ever got to go anyplace. Mostly I stayed in the apartment and helped mom. Oh, I got to go outside when it was nice but there really wasn't any place to go. We never had the money to go to movies or vacations or like that. And I really didn't want to go anyway.

Then one day this older guy came to where we lived. I don't much remember what he looked like except he was tall and his pants had patches in them so that's what I called him ... "Patches." I don't know where he came from. One day he was just there.

The first time he came for me we didn't go anyplace special, just out in the woods. We sat very still on a hillside and watched the squirrels work and play in the trees. Patches took a rumpled paper sack from his back pocket and we picked up hickory nuts. I guess the most exciting part was when he showed me some poison ivy. I told the kids at school they'd better not go in those woods without me or they might get poison!

One time he took my hand and we walked down an old dirt road out of town and sat right down in a field of weeds. He dug up some dirt and I watched a whole bunch of little bugs going everywhere. I saw my first red-wing blackbird that day. It was a really hot day 'cause I still remember that water from the farmers well was the coldest drink I've ever had ... froze my throat. And I got a sunflower to take to school.

Patches took me to a park and we had real meat sandwiches for a picnic and he bought me some colored ice in a paper cup. I got to climb an old cannon and saw a real parade with bands and everything. We asked mom to come but she had to work. But I told her all about it.

Sometimes Patches and I would sit on the front steps and he'd tell stories about things he'd read. He sure musta read a lot because he knew almost everything. One story was about explorers and Indians, and the next would be about finding a pot of gold at the end of a rainbow. I told Patches that I was going to read all those books when I got older.

He came to see me in the winter, too. We built a snowman together, right over a parking meter. Mom said we shouldn't have but the snow melted over night. Once we took two old brooms and a tin can and played hockey on an ice patch. We pretended we had skates on and I was pretty good.

Sometimes we just watched birds ... and sunsets ... and people. Some of the people were really funny. We'd give them names by the way they walked and looked: Mr. Grump, Loverboy, Little Miss Sunshine, but my favorite was the one Patches called "Stock Market Charlie" He was an old guy who studied the paper in the same spot every nice day. Patches said Charlie was going to make some big money deal and we'd never see him again ... but we always did.

I always wondered why Patches wore those same pants all the time. Guess he liked them and they were O.K. by me, 'cause he was the bestest friend I ever, ever had.

I guess one of the saddest days I had was when Patches told me that he was going away. He had a real job in another town but said he would write.

The next morning, in front of my door, I found a cage with a ragged little chicken inside and a note from Patches: "Take care of this one. It needs a friend."

I don't know where Patches went. He was just gone and he never came back. I missed him a lot. But mom said not to be sad 'cause it was better than never having a friend.

I never knew his real name but if it happens to be you ... thank you ... very much.

THE END

HOST: Yes, remember to pass it on. I don't mean to correct the lad but we should thank him for reminding us how important it is to enter the world of young people and make them part of our world ... in person. (*pause*) I don't how many of you, if any, believe in genies that come out of bottles. I surely hope a few of you do or this next scene will fall flat. Or, to be more correct ... it won't be as funny. Or should I more correctly say No, let them say it.

THE GREAT CORRECTOR

CHARACTERS

Freddy

Mustafa

Gidget

FREDDY: (*storming in*) Man, I blew it again! Every time! Every stinkin' time! (*sits, disgusted*) I guess I'll just give up. I'm a loser. (*sulks a moment then sees something laying on the floor. He looks around to make sure no one's watching then picks it up.*) At least you still like me. (*looks around again then hugs the bear*) I know it's stupid a guy my age to have a Teddy Bear but sometimes a guy's just gotta ...

MUSTAFA: (*appearing, coughing*)

FREDDY: Holy smokes! Who're you?

MUSTAFA: (*speaks with a mysterious accent*) Do you ever wash that thing?

FREDDY: Wash a Teddy Bear? And who are you?

MUSTAFA: Seven years! Seven years since you hugged that bear! You know what it's like to be cooped up inside a stuffed bear for seven years?

FREDDY: You've been inside my bear?

MUSTAFA: (*moving to Freddy, holding his nose*) I think I've got a lint ball up my nose. Would you mind ...?

FREDDY: (*backing away*) Get away from me!

MUSTAFA: This is the thanks I get? This is what I get for living inside that bear all these years just in case you needed me?

FREDDY: I don't need you! I don't even know you!

MUSTAFA: Oh, thou most confused and angry.

FREDDY: You talk funny.

MUSTAFA: Do I make fun of you? You stand there with lousy taste in clothing, a haircut that shouldn't be allowed out in public, and such a remarkably stupid look on your face that I have to force myself to keep from laughing ... and you say I'm strange?

FREDDY: Tell me who you are or I'm gonna call the cops.

MUSTAFA: I know the police personally. Several of them have Teddy Bears of their own. Look poobah, I've been around since the day you were born.

FREDDY: That's nuts. How come I haven't seen you?

MUSTAFA: I only show up when you need me. (*looking him over*) And believe me, poobah, now is the time. Look kid, on the day you were born your grandmother screamed "Oh heaven help us!" and here I am.

FREDDY: You're an angel?

MUSTAFA: Well, I have my moments. But no, not technically an angel. Do you see wings? For what they pay me I'm lucky to have shoes. No, I'm sort of your protector ... or more correctly, your corrector.

FREDDY: I have no idea what you're talking about.

MUSTAFA: I don't blame you. I'm mysterious. I'm omnipotent. I'm mystifying, baffling, inexplicable and several other things I can't spell.

FREDDY: But what are you doing here!

MUSTAFA: I'm here to correct you!

FREDDY: What? I don't need correcting.

MUSTAFA: (*claps his hands*)

FREDDY: Yes, I do. (*stops ...huh?*) What was that?

MUSTAFA: I just corrected you.

FREDDY: No, you didn't. You just clapped your hands and I stopped ... (*Mustafa claps*) I started ... (*claps*) ... said something else. How are you doing that?

MUSTAFA: Easy. You say something you shouldn't, I clap my hands and poof, you immediately say something else.

FREDDY: That's ridiculous! ... (*Mustafa claps*) ... That's really cool!

MUSTAFA: Personally, I just love it. And it's very entertaining. What's your name?

FREDDY: Freddy ... (*Mustafa claps*) ... Roy ... (*clap*) Egbert. Stop that!

MUSTAFA: Just playing with you. You need to know the power I hold in my ... uh ... clap. So ... tell me about Gidget.

FREDDY: How'd you know about Gidget?

MUSTAFA: Just because I've been stuck in a moth-eaten bear all your life, that doesn't mean I'm blind and deaf. I hear what you say when you talk to your Teddy.

FREDDY: She's my girlfriend. At least she was. Back before I started saying all those stupid things.

MUSTAFA: Stupid things?

FREDDY: Every time I open my mouth. It's like I get all tongue-tied when I'm around her. I mean, I really like her. I really, really do. But I'm such an idiot when I try to talk to her.

MUSTAFA: Sounds like a job for the Great Corrector!

FREDDY: That's you?

MUSTAFA: Do you see the Easter Bunny? Of course it's me. Let's try it out.

FREDDY: I can't. I just blew it down at the soccer game. She'll never want to talk to me again.

MUSTAFA: That's strange. She's about to knock on your door.

FREDDY: You can see the future!?

MUSTAFA: Well ... sort of. I can see through that window. (*there's a knock*) Bingo!

FREDDY: Oh, no! I can't talk to her now!

MUSTAFA: Don't worry! You've got the Great Corrector behind you now!

FREDDY: Can she see you?

MUSTAFA: You went (12) years without noticing me. She'll never even know I'm here.

FREDDY: I can't do it! (*another knock*)

MUSTAFA: Good. Very good. Just sit in your room like an idiot and don't answer the door. That'll really cement your relationship.

FREDDY: I'm scared!

MUSTAFA: I don't blame you. Now answer the door. It's easy!

FREDDY: (*looks at him*)

MUSTAFA: Okay, I lied. It's not easy. But it's possible. Open the stupid door! (*Freddy timidly goes to the door, looks back to Mustafa for a bit of reassurance, then opens it. Gidget stands there.*)

GIDGET: (*after an awkward silence*) Freddy?

FREDDY: Hi, Gidge.

GIDGET: Wanna talk?

FREDDY: No. (*Mustafa claps*) Yes. I really wanna talk. (*shoots an angry and frightened glance at Mustafa who simply smiles at him*)

GIDGET: Look, I'm sorry about the fight we had.

FREDDY: Me too. (*clap*) No, I'm really not. (*to Mustafa*) What are you doing?

GIDGET: Huh?

FREDDY: (*clap*) I think it's healthy to get things out in the open Gidget, if we're going make this relationship work.

GIDGET: I've never heard you talk like this, Freddy.

FREDDY: Me either. (*clap*) Actually, I think about these things quite often. I just don't express them freely unless I'm with someone who means a great deal to me.

GIDGET: That is so sweet.

FREDDY: I sound like an idiot. (*clap*) There's more to me than you know, Gidget. I'm actually a young man with very profound thoughts and a deep-seeded sensitivity.

GIDGET: I ... I don't know what to say. I mean, I thought you were just like all the other guys ... sort of goofy and immature.

FREDDY: I am. (*clap*) I most certainly am not. I find those childish traits quite damaging to my growth and my future.

GIDGET: How long have you felt like this?

FREDDY: About two minutes. (*clap*) All my life actually. I just seldom express them.

GIDGET: Wow.

FREDDY: You're tellin' me. (*clap*) Thank you.

GIDGET: So ... maybe we could go somewhere tomorrow?

FREDDY: I'm broke. (*clap*) Have you seen the new exhibit on Egyptian hieroglyphics at the museum?

GIDGET: No, but I'd love to.

FREDDY: Boring paintings. (*clap*) They're fascinating. I'm glad we share an interest in ancient cultures, Gidget.

GIDGET: Maybe we could eat somewhere afterwards?

FREDDY: McDonalds? (*clap*) Have you ever eaten sushi?

GIDGET: Sounds exciting!

FREDDY: It's yucky raw fish. (*clap*) It's an acquired taste. I'm sure that in time you'll grow to love it as I have.

GIDGET: Freddy, I've misunderstood you all these years. I'm really sorry.

FREDDY: You should be. (*clap*) Please don't be. This is the first time I've truly shown you how I felt. This is the first time you've seen the real ... (*hits a thoughtful pose*) ... Freddy.

GIDGET: Can I call you tonight?

FREDDY: I'm grounded from the phone. (*clap*) Oh the phone is so impersonal. I'll come over to your place later and we'll talk.

GIDGET: I'd love that.

FREDDY: I'll bring my Nintendo. (*clap*) My collection of Italian Renaissance poetry. We'll read it together.

GIDGET: Wow. I've never done anything like before.

FREDDY: Me either. (*clap*) It's a way of life for me.

GIDGET: (*begins to go, then*) I'm really glad we had this talk, Freddy.

FREDDY: Me too. (*clap*) It was nothing. (*angrily to Mustafa*) I meant that!

MUSTAFA: Very well. (*claps*)

FREDDY: (*to Gidget*) Me too. I'll see you tonight, Gidget.

GIDGET: (*a long look at him, gives him a small hug, then*) Bye.

FREDDY: (*watching her go*) Bye. (*clap*) Hello. (*to Mustafa*) Huh?

MUSTAFA: Kidding! (*clap*)

FREDDY: Bye, Gidget. (*she is gone*) (*to Mustafa*) That was really ... weird.

MUSTAFA: But you liked it. Admit it, you liked it!

FREDDY: Well ... yeh, I liked it. But what if she finds out ...?

MUSTAFA: What you're really like?

FREDDY: Me? Egyptian hieroglyphics? Italian poetry?

MUSTAFA: Okay, so I stretched things a little. But don't worry; she won't remember any of that stuff. All she can think about is how grown up and mature you've become. You'll do fine.

FREDDY: You mean you're not coming with me?

MUSTAFA: I'm just here to get you going, Freddy ... sort of a kick start.

FREDDY: Hey, I can't do this without you! That wasn't me talking! That was ... that was your hands! You can't set me up then just leave me like this!

MUSTAFA: (*solemnly*) I'm stuck inside the bear. Sorry.

FREDDY: So if I take the Teddy Bear ...

MUSTAFA: You call it a Teddy Bear ... I call it home.

FREDDY: So if I take the bear ... Wait a minute! I can't go to Gidget's house carrying a stupid Teddy Bear!

MUSTAFA: Life's full of dilemmas, isn't it?

FREDDY: (*slumping into the chair*) Oh, great. I can look like a fool and go on my own or I can look like a bigger fool and carry a Teddy Bear on a date.

MUSTAFA: Life's eternal questions! The mysteries of existence! The mind games of the universe! Gosh, I love my job!

FREDDY: You're a creep!

MUSTAFA: (*claps*) Stop that!

FREDDY: You know, I'm getting to like you. Wait a minute! What am I saying! You've totally fouled up my life! (*Mustafa claps*) You've made a new man out of me. No, you haven't! (*grabbing him*) I oughta punch you out right now! (*hugs him*) You mean so much to me! (*moving away*) Stop it! Stop it! Stop it! You're driving me crazy! You know what? I'm goin' over to Gidget's house and I'm just gonna be me! Plain old stupid clumsy me! And if she doesn't like it then ...

MUSTAFA: Bravo! Bravissimo! Ole! Guacamole! Toyota! (*running around the room*) You've done it! You've come through! You're king of the world! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!

FREDDY: (*grabbing Mustafa and holding him still*) What're you talking about?

MUSTAFA: At the risk of this sounding like a Disney movie or a really bad version of Mr. Rogers Neighborhood, congratulations, neighbor! You've found the secret!

FREDDY: What?

MUSTAFA: Be yourself, poobah!

FREDDY: (*letting Mustafa go*) I'm going now. Wish me luck.

MUSTAFA: I am so proud of you. (*grabbing the bear*) And Teddy is nearly in tears.

FREDDY: (*turning to face the door*) Here goes nothing. (*Mustafa claps*) Something. (*to Mustafa*) Leave me alone. (*a clap*) Thanks. (*he exits*)

MUSTAFA: (*to the bear*) Are we proud of our little boy or what?

FREDDY: (*offstage*) I think I'll take my bike! I can ride this thing like the wind.

MUSTAFA: Wonderful! (*he **claps** and we hear a painful crash then an exclamation of agony from Freddy offstage*)
Oops.

THE END

HOST: Woops. That's what we often say when unexpected things happen to us. The next experience in our travels is about a chap who could woops all day, or all night, if he did so because of the unexpected. It was a very strange experience that began when he lost his car keys

THE WISHER

CHARACTERS

Ely
Wisher

ELY: (*"climbing" down into the area*) It's gotta be down here somewhere! I saw it drop! (*"lands" in the area and squints ... it's obviously dark and dank*) Oh man ... how am I gonna find a set of keys in this mess? (*searches a bit more through the wet grass*) I can't believe I was stupid enough to drop them off the bridge.

WISHER: You're tellin' me.

ELY: (*a terrified silence, then*) Is somebody here?

WISHER: Well, there's you and then there's me. One of us has gotta be somebody.

ELY: Where are you? It's dark down here. I can't see ... (*and WisHER turns to be seen*) ... there you are! You a mugger? You gonna mug me?

WISHER: Why do I have always have to be the mugger? Look, you be the mugger today and I'll play dead, then the cops will come and ...

ELY: You're crazy!

WISHER: Thirty seconds. We've talked for thirty seconds and you've already labeled me.

ELY: Are you crazy?

WISHER: How should I know? If a person was crazy he wouldn't know it, would he? I mean, that'd just be crazy!

ELY: Where's my keys?

WISHER: You think I've been sitting down here all day waiting for some idiot to drop his keys so I can catch them? How should I know where your stupid keys are?!

ELY: You're violent, right? You're one of those crazy, violent type people.

WISHER: First I'm crazy because you lost you dropped your keys and I didn't catch them and now I'm violent? There's a spider crawling up your leg.

ELY: (*yells, jumps, sees the spider, kicks it loose and stomps on it*)

WISHER: And you call me violent?

ELY: That was a spider!

WISHER: I know. I'm the one who told you. Remember me? The crazy, violent mugger?

ELY: I gotta get out of here. (*begins to exit*)

WISHER: Be my guest.

ELY: (*stopping, repulsed*) It's all ... slick and slimy. I can't crawl up the bank ... (*turning to Wisher*) You can't keep me here! I've got my rights!

WISHER: Have I done anything ... I mean, one single thing to keep you here? Did I invite you in? Did you bring an invitation?

ELY: But this place ... I mean, it's so weird. What kind of nut lives under a dark, wet bridge?

WISHER: Has it occurred to you that you've done nothing but insult me ever since you slid into this place? Have I threatened you? Have I hurt you or shouted or done anything that the least bit anti-social?

ELY: You live under a bridge! You gotta admit it, fella. That's not normal.

WISHER: How many bridges have you been under?

ELY: What? That's crazy! I've never been under a bridge in my life!

WISHER: Then how do you know there's not someone like me under every one of them?

ELY: But I mean ... what do you do? Just sitting here under a bridge ... you gotta admit, that's not normal. Why are you here?

WISHER: I lost my keys.

ELY: What?

WISHER: Kidding. You really want to know?

ELY: Yeh. I really want to know.

WISHER: You'll laugh. They always do.

ELY: I won't laugh. Just tell me what you're doing here. You're giving me the creeps.

WISHER: I wish.

ELY: You what?

WISHER: I wish. I sit under this bridge and I wish.

ELY: That's nuts.

WISHER: Thanks for your confidence.

ELY: I'm sorry. But I mean ... nobody does that.

WISHER: I do. ... I did. ... I will.

ELY: Wish for what?

WISHER: Whatever I want.

ELY: I'm confused.

WISHER: I wish you weren't.

ELY: Maybe I'm not.

WISHER: See? It works.

ELY: Now wait a minute!

WISHER: Don't you ever wish?

ELY: Well ... yes, I mean sometimes. But it doesn't do any good.

WISHER: I'll ignore that remark for the moment. What do you wish for?

ELY: It's none of your business what I wish for.

WISHER: That's not good. You should share your wishes with the world. Silent wishers are so ... well ... silent.

ELY: What business is it of yours what I wish for?

WISHER: I could wish with you.

ELY: I don't want you wishing with me.

WISHER: Scared?

ELY: Scared of what?

WISHER: That your wish might not come true then you'd be embarrassed that you wished it.

ELY: Well ... yeh. I guess that's it.

WISHER: How can you be embarrassed? You don't even know me. Once you crawl up onto the highway you probably won't ever see me again ... unless you drop your keys.

ELY: Okay! Okay, I've had enough of this. If you're so smart, then where are my keys?

WISHER: Do you wish you could find them?

ELY: Of course I wish I could find them! That's the whole point of climbing down here!

WISHER: You're standing on them.

ELY: I ... what? (*looks down*) There they are! (*picks up keys and puts in pocket*)

WISHER: Amazing.

ELY: How'd you know that?

WISHER: I didn't really. I just wished with you.

ELY: But I wished the same thing I couldn't find them.

WISHER: No you didn't.

ELY: I didn't?

WISHER: No, you dropped your keys then you jumped right down that grassy bank. You didn't spend a single moment doing some really good wishing.

ELY: I didn't?

WISHER: Nope. Just drop and jump. I suspect you do that a lot.

ELY: (*thinks about it*) I guess I do.

WISHER: Oh, don't worry. It's a common response. No one takes the time to wish these days. It's the age of fast food and instantly getting what you want. It wasn't always that way, you know. The Plains Indians used to sit out here and wish all the time. They wished for rain, good crops, a teepee that'd keep the snow off their papooses. Columbus? One day he said, "Gosh, I wish I could cross that ocean." He didn't just hop in a boat and



GREEN ROOM PRESS

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:

AUDIENCE ROULETTE

by Ken Bradbury and Robert L. Crowe.

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

GREEN ROOM PRESS, INC.
customerservice@greenroompress.com
www.greenroompress.com