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**101 BREAKUPS**  
by Jason Pizzarello

**1m, 1f**  
**Comedy/Drama**

*(A park. A man JACK and a woman JILL, tumble on to the stage, presumably down from a hill and through a patch of bushes. They fall on the ground over each other and lay there laughing. JACK is wearing a best man's wedding suit, and JILL is dressed in an awful fluffy bridesmaid's dress.)*

**JILL:** That. Was. Epic.

**JACK:** A masterful escape out of the worst wedding I've ever been to.

**JILL:** It was nice though.

**JACK:** Absolutely. It was beautiful.

*(They laugh.)*

**JILL:** The shrimp things were good.

**JACK:** I didn't see the shrimp.

**JILL:** Your loss. There were tiny baby shrimp on top of larger shrimp. It was kinda disturbing actually but delicious.

**JACK:** I'm sorry I missed it. But glad I found you.

**JILL:** What are we doing, Jack?

**JACK:** We're hiding, Jill.

**JILL:** Hide and seek. Without the seek part hopefully.

**JACK:** We took quite a tumble.

**JILL:** We must've bumped our crowns.

**JACK:** Let me see.

*(JACK examines her head.)*

**JILL:** Find anything?

**JACK:** A big crack. Runs all the way down your face. Right. To. Here.

*(He touches her lips. [He kisses her].)*

**JILL:** Are we playing doctor?

**JACK:** Right. Without the doctor part.

*(They [almost] kiss again.)*

**JILL:** This is. What is this?

**JACK:** This is something.

*(They stare each other. They get shivers and shake them off.)*

**JACK:** Wow.

**JILL:** Creepy.

**JACK:** I think I have very very strong feelings for you.

**JILL:** Those feelings are...mutual.

**JACK:** I think...I love you.

**JILL:** Uh huh. Yup. I love you.

**JACK:** Yes. Oh. You do? That was a leap of faith. Am I breathing? Am I breathing again?

*(JILL pretends not to be able to breathe. JACK performs mouth to mouth. JILL coughs and they laugh and giggle.)*

**JACK:** We can't do this. I can't do this.

**JILL:** Huh?

**JACK:** I can't. Sorry.

*(JILL punches him and laughs. JACK doesn't.)*

**JACK:** We have to break up.

**JILL:** But...what?

**JACK:** Sorry.

**JILL:** But we're not even together.

**JACK:** I know but I see where this is going.

**JILL:** We just said we love each other!

**JACK:** I know. It was beautiful. I meant it. I do. And I think we'll date very briefly before we get engaged. I don't have any doubt about that. And we won't wait long because we won't be able to. We'll have the most beautiful wedding. Not in this park. But near a waterfall. We'll barely be able to hear our vows over the rushing water. And we won't wait long either before having a little bird in the nest. A girl. And then another. A boy. And then another. A girl. And as we raise our three amazing children—oops we had one more—four. Our four amazing children we struggle and fight and make up and challenge ourselves again and again and fall more and more in love. Before we know it our children have children of their own. Except for that last one, he's in the peace corp. Anyway, life doesn't pass us by. We absorb it. And we grow old with grace and ease and still after all those years, are madly in love. And at the end of our lives we can't imagine it going any other way or ever being apart. The thought of being apart even in death, breaks me. I can't. I can't handle the loss of you. The pain of losing you is worse than never having you in the first place. And so I think it's better if we just...don't.

*(Pause.)*

**JILL:** You know what? I think I must have hit my head after all, Jack.

**JACK:** I'm sorry, Jill.

*(JILL heads back up the hill.*

*JACK rubs his head.)*

**End of Scene.**

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## **THE GRADUATION PROJECT**

**by M.G. Davidson and Jason Pizzarello**

**1 f, 1m**  
**Comedy/Drama**

*(Maya, an overachieving high school senior, is tasked with helping her fellow students in order to graduate. Ben is sent to see her for assistance, but doesn't know why. He looks like your friendly run-of-the-mill student. A little disheveled, he carries a backpack and a basketball.)*

**BEN:** Hello? I'm Ben Ortiz. I'm supposed to meet about graduation requirements or—

**MAYA:** Ah, Ben. Hi.

*(Maya finds Ben's folder.)*

**BEN:** I'm actually not really sure why I had to come here. I'm getting o.k. grades in all my classes.

**MAYA:** I see.

**BEN:** Maybe there's been a mix-up.

**MAYA:** Let me take a look.

*(She looks through his folder.)*

**BEN:** Do you have to do this as some sorta punishment?

**MAYA:** No, I'm doing it for extra credit.

**BEN:** What *are* you doing exactly?

**MAYA:** Helping other students graduate, ideally.

**BEN:** So you have all the answers?

**MAYA:** Ha—no. More in a mentorship-type role.

**BEN:** So what does the folder say?

**MAYA:** It says...you do fine in all of your classes.

**BEN:** See? Is that it?

**MAYA:** I guess so. Yeah actually you have great grades.

**BEN:** See that, Spalding? We're at the top of our class.

**MAYA:** I'm sorry?

**BEN:** Don't be sorry. We can't all be at the top.

**MAYA:** Did you call me Spalding?

**BEN:** Why would I call you Spalding?

**MAYA:** I don't know. That's why I'm asking.

**BEN:** I called Spalding, Spalding.

*(Maya realizes something is very off.)*

**MAYA:** Who is Spalding?

**BEN:** I'd introduce you but Spalding says you've already met. Actually he's offended you don't remember him.

**MAYA:** Spalding...remembers me?

**BEN:** He does. He remembers it quite vividly. Sophomore year. Junior Varsity. It was a home game.

**MAYA:** Huh.

**BEN:** Still don't remember?

**MAYA:** Can't say that I do.

**BEN:** It was the fourth quarter. Two minutes left. You were called off the bench. For the first time all season, but that's beside the point. You catch a pass from center, you dribble once, poorly, and you shoot. And as if it was some sort of slow action shot in an underdog sports movie, you make the shot to win the game.

**MAYA:** That was a great game. And the last time I played. You were there?

**BEN:** No, Spalding was. Remember him now?

*(Ben holds out the basketball. "SPALDING" [the brand] is written across it.)*

**MAYA:** Spalding is your basketball.

**BEN:** Spalding is a basketball. He doesn't belong to me any more than I belong to him. Or you. Don't you think you owe him an apology?

**MAYA:** For what?

**BEN:** For forgetting him.

**MAYA:** I didn't. I haven't forgotten him. I just didn't...recognize him.

**BEN:** Everyone just wants a little recognition, that's all. Something the school administration fails to comprehend. If Spalding hadn't helped me this whole time I certainly wouldn't be graduating. I don't think it's too much to ask to have his name announced during the ceremony.

**MAYA:** During the graduation ceremony?

**BEN:** This is his graduation as much as it is mine. Or yours. If he doesn't graduate, I don't.

**MAYA:** But—

**BEN:** What?

**MAYA:** I don't know. I just think maybe you shouldn't let that prevent you from graduating.

**BEN:** Sometimes you have to stand up what you believe in. Even if that's something no one else can understand. Well, anyway. We ought to be going. We have a physics exam tomorrow to study for.

**MAYA:** You're in Physics? I'm in—

**BEN:** Spalding took AP Physics last semester and ace-d it. He's brilliant. He's helping me.

**MAYA:** He did, huh. Do you think maybe I could study with you guys?

**BEN:** Um, I don't think that's a great idea. It's kind of a private—

*(Ben stops. Listens to Spalding.)*

**BEN:** Oh. Well, Spalding says it'd be an honor.

**MAYA:** Great.

**BEN:** Great.

**MAYA:** Where do you wanna meet?

**BEN:** We always meet in the same place. The gym closet. Four P.M.

**MAYA:** I see. Gym closet it is. See you there.

*(Ben smiles and walks out. He drops Spalding on the way and Spalding rolls/ bounces away.)*

**BEN:** Oops. Sorry. Hey come back. Hey!

***End of Scene.***

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## **SUPERHERO ISSUES** **by A.M. Dittman**

**2 either**  
**Comedy**

*(Desembler, a superhero, is being treated for his problems by Dr. Doomsafternoon, a villain of sorts. They are seated, mid-therapy.)*

**DESEMBLER:** And your mother. How do you feel about that?

**DOCTOR DOOMSAFTERNOON:** Oh, you know.

**DESEMBLER:** I don't. That's why I asked.

**DOCTOR DOOMSAFTERNOON:** Pretty normal stuff. I had a pretty normal evil childhood.

**DESEMBLER:** And how is your relationship now?

**DOCTOR DOOMSAFTERNOON:** We have brunch a lot.

**DESEMBLER:** Oh, that's— Okay. How are you dealing with your feelings?

**DOCTOR DOOMSAFTERNOON:** Feelings?

**DESEMBLER:** You do a lot of...misdeeds.

**DOCTOR DOOMSAFTERNOON:** I wouldn't say a lot.

**DESEMBLER:** How are you dealing with the guilt?

**DOCTOR DOOMSAFTERNOON:** Right. The guilt. Maybe you can help me with that.

**DESEMBLER:** I'd be glad to.

**DOCTOR DOOMSAFTERNOON:** Sometimes after a caper, I let myself have these emotions. I try not to but it happens.

**DESEMBLER:** That's normal.

**DOCTOR DOOMSAFTERNOON:** (*Loud yelling:*) I DON'T WANT TO BE NORMAL!!

**DESEMBLER:** Poor choice of words. I mean that's expected?

**DOCTOR DOOMSAFTERNOON:** Okay.

**DESEMBLER:** Tell me more.

**DOCTOR DOOMSAFTERNOON:** I have this guilt. And I don't know what to do with it.

**DESEMBLER:** Because of the people you hurt?

**DOCTOR DOOMSAFTERNOON:** The what? No. I feel terrible that I'm not being evil enough.

**DESEMBLER:** What?

**DOCTOR DOOMSAFTERNOON:** I could be eviler. I could always do more. It keeps me up nights.

**DESEMBLER:** Okay.

**DOCTOR DOOMSAFTERNOON:** So, can you help me with that?

**DESEMBLER:** You want me to—

**DOCTOR DOOMSAFTERNOON:** Yeah, just kind of dig around in my brain there and fix it.

**DESEMBLER:** Tell your mind that you're evil enough.

**DOCTOR DOOMSAFTERNOON:** Just a push. I know I'm evil. It's just the nagging feeling that I could be more evil.

**DESEMBLER:** Okay. Stay still.

*(DESEMBLER waves hand over DOCTOR DOOMSAFTERNOON's head.)*

**DESEMBLER:** Okay. I made you forget.

**DOCTOR DOOMSAFTERNOON:** Forget what?

**DESEMBLER:** Your doubts.

**DOCTOR DOOMSAFTERNOON:** What doubts?

**DESEMBLER:** See, it's working.

**DOCTOR DOOMSAFTERNOON:** I don't have doubts.

**DESEMBLER:** That's because it's working.

**DOCTOR DOOMSAFTERNOON:** I don't think you're helping me.

**DESEMBLER:** I can put them back.

**DOCTOR DOOMSAFTERNOON:** Put what back?

**DESEMBLER:** Your bad childhood memories. Your bad adult memories. Your self-loathing. Your fears. Your intense love of hand sanitizer. And now your doubts.

**DOCTOR DOOMSAFTERNOON:** I don't know what you're talking about.

**DESEMBLER:** That's because I made you forget.

**DOCTOR DOOMSAFTERNOON:** I don't remember that.

**DESEMBLER:** Exactly.

**DOCTOR DOOMSAFTERNOON:** Are you messing with me?

**DESEMBLER:** I would never do that. Same time next week?

**DOCTOR DOOMSAFTERNOON:** Yeah, okay.

*End of Scene.*

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