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15 MINUTES OF YOUTUBE FAME by Ian McWethy

1 male, 2 either
Comedy

(Dillon, as high school student, has accidentally become an internet sensation for making a slightly inappropriate and silly video. The Principal's assistant, Pembelton, approaches Dillon.)

PEMBELTON: Dillon Spree, please make your way to the Principal's office. Immediately. Mr. Dillon Spree.

DILLON: I've never gone to the principal's office. I'm a straight-A geek. I'm on the chess club. I—
I—

PEMBELTON: Mr. Spree, we really need you in the Principal's office! Now!

(Principal Smock is waiting for Dillon. Dillon walks in. Pembelton leaves.)

DILLON: Uh, you wanted to see me Principal—

PRINCIPAL SMOCK: Yes, yes, yes. Sit down, Dillon.

(Dillon sits down.)

PRINCIPAL SMOCK: Dillon, a couple of things. I like a good gag video as much as the next person, but this is still a public school. And you can't use that language. You just can't.

DILLON: Principal smock I had nothing to do... Wait, what language?

PRINCIPAL SMOCK: Butt.

DILLON: Butt's a bad word.

PRINCIPAL SMOCK: Butt's a bad word. Now if we were talking about the conjunctive but, with one t, as in "I would go with you to the movies *but*, I don't have any money." That's fine. You can say the conjunctive but.

DILLON: Are you sure it's a bad word. Butt with two t's?

PRINCIPAL SMOCK: Look, I didn't think it was either. But I've been flooded with emails from parents freaking out that their kids are watching a video with the word "butt" in it. So just don't say it anymore. And change the name of the video.

DILLON: But I didn't post the video!

PRINCIPAL SMOCK: You didn't? Weird. Well then tell whoever posted it to not use the word butt. Use uh, shoot what's the word...Pembelton!

(Pembelton walks back on stage.)

PEMBELTON: Yes, Sir?

PRINCIPAL SMOCK: What are we supposed to say now instead of butt? Tuchus?

PEMBELTON: No, that's too ethnic.

PRINCIPAL SMOCK: Rump?

PEMBELTON: That's too insinuating.

PRINCIPAL SMOCK: Of what?

PEMBELTON: Pork.

PRINCIPAL SMOCK: Right. Well what is it? What do they want us to say?

PEMBELTON: The acceptable terminology that the PTA came up with was... "Flesh-mound."

PRINCIPAL SMOCK: It is? That sounds even more inappropriate.

PEMBELTON: I agree sir.

PRINCIPAL SMOCK: I mean I know it's not a bad word but it's just...gross sounding? "Flesh-mound." Bleh.

PEMBELTON: That's what they want students to use from now on.

PRINCIPAL SMOCK: All right. Whatever. Flesh-mound. Refer to your back area as a flesh-mound.

DILLON: Okay. Fine, but I—

PRINCIPAL SMOCK: But that's not even why I called you in here. Do you know why I called you in here?

DILLON: It wasn't because I said "butt"?

PRINCIPAL SMOCK: *(Stern, a warning:)* Dillon.

DILLON: I mean, flesh-mound.

PRINCIPAL SMOCK: No. Look, despite the school's objection to the word butt we would love for you to do some events for us. A couple fund-raisers, stuff like that.

DILLON: I'm sorry, you want me to—

PRINCIPAL SMOCK: I've never had a celebrity student at this school Dillon. Back in 2005 there was a chance that Zac Efron was going to join our student body. Which would've been amazing, I mean my God the amount of press and unsolicited funds a school can get if a celebrity joins your school...oh man...it's mouthwatering. But then he decided to do a movie instead. Also he's illiterate so we really would've had to fudge his test scores. Which I was willing to do. Man was I willing...but uh...

DILLON: Sir.

PRINCIPAL SMOCK: Point is now I have one now. You! The "Ow I hurt my flesh-mound" kid. I mean your video has already amassed over half-a-million views.

DILLON: It has?!

PRINCIPAL SMOCK: So what do you say, would you be willing to do a few events for us. You know pep rallies, news interviews, maybe a fundraiser, all for the sake of your school?

End of Scene.

THE GRADUATION PROJECT by M.G. Davidson and Jason Pizzarello

3 f
Comedy

(Amy and MAY, overachieving high school seniors, are tasked with helping their fellow students in order to graduate. They meet their first student, Suzie.)

(Amy and Maya are in a classroom now. They're rifling through the different files.)

AMY: Who are we seeing first?

MAYA: *(Consulting a list:)* Suzie—

(Suddenly, a bubbly girl, SUZIE, bursts into the room and walks right up to them.)

SUZIE: Hi! I'm Suzie McKenzie. You must be Maya and Amy.

MAYA: We are!

SUZIE: My guidance counsellor sent me over. Thanks for helping me with the final push towards graduation. I really want to put in the work to get it done.

MAYA: That's a great attitude. We're happy to help.

AMY: Let me just find your folder here.

(She looks for it.)

MAYA: You said your last name was McKenzie, right?

(Suzie seems to be distracted, off.)

SUZIE: My last name?

AMY: Yeah, I just need to find your folder. I'm a bit of an organization freak, so...

SUZIE: Oh. Uh. Why do you need to know my name?

AMY: To find your folder.

MAYA: McKenzie, right?

SUZIE: Is that what I said?

MAYA: I think so.

SUZIE: That must be it, then. Haha.

MAYA: Right.

AMY: *(Pulling the folder:)* Ah, here we go. *(She flips through it.)*

SUZIE: What does it say?

AMY: Well, uh. It says you have trouble with memorization, remembering details, that sort of thing.

SUZIE: I'm not sure. Who'd you say you were again?

AMY: I'm Amy.

MAYA: And I'm Maya.

SUZIE: Of course Mamy and Aya. Sorry, I...

(She seems distracted again. And then snapping out of it, almost like a reset button.)

SUZIE: Hi! I'm Suzie.

(Suzie puts out her hand. MAYA and AMY share a concerned look. MAYA shakes her hand.)

MAYA: Nice to meet you Suzie.

AMY: Do you know why you're here?

(She looks around.)

SUZIE: I go to school here?

AMY: Yes. That's true. But I mean in this room specifically with me.

SUZIE: You're a student. I'm a student. Students are in school.

AMY: Right. Are you excited about graduation?

SUZIE: I always like graduation. Everyone's so happy to get out of here. I go every year.

MAYA: But this year's different. Since you are the one graduating, right?

SUZIE: Me? No I'm only a Junior.

(Amy consults her file.)

AMY: Your files says you're a Senior.

SUZIE: My file?

(Amy hands her the file. Suzie reads it.)

SUZIE: That's strange, I...

(She gets "distracted" again. She looks up from the folder, reset.)

SUZIE: Hi!

MAYA: Hi Suzie.

SUZIE: How do you know my name?

MAYA: I'm Aya and this is Mamy. I mean Maya and Amy. We're here to help you graduate. Since you're a Senior. Like it says in your folder.

SUZIE: My folder? *(She looks down. Oh.)* Right. Graduation.

AMY: Do you have more tests to take?

SUZIE: I think I might possibly have two English papers due.

AMY: Did you write them?

SUZIE: Write what?

AMY: Your English papers.

SUZIE: On what?

MAYA: Can I see your backpack?

(Suzie takes off her backpack and gives it to Maya. While Maya is going through it, Suzie gets another reset.)

SUZIE: Hi! Can I help you with something?

(Maya pulls out the two English papers from her backpack.)

AMY: I'm Amy. We're going to help you graduate.

SUZIE: But—

AMY: Yes, you're a Senior. These are your English papers. I'm putting them in your folder with a note that says "Important: for Graduation."

(Amy hastily writes a note and gives Suzie the folder.)

MAYA: Now we want you to give this to your guidance counselor. Get there at fast as you can.

SUZIE: Nice to meet you, Mamy.

AMY: Go! Now! Run!

(Amy hurries Suzie out with the folder.)

AMY: Go! And from now on write everything down!

(Suzie runs out.)

AMY: That was a close one.

(From off:)

SUZIE: Hi! I'm Suzie!

(Amy takes a deep breath. MAYA helps her.)

End of Scene.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND
adapted by Jason Pizzarello

1f, 2 either
Comedy

(Two fat little school boys appear, standing under a tree, each with an arm round the other's neck. One of them has "DUM" embroidered on his shirt, and the other "DEE.")

ALICE wanders away from the Flower Garden and approaches them slowly and they remain still.)

TWEEDLEDUM: *(Suddenly:)* If you think we're wax figures, you ought to pay, you know. Wax figures weren't made to be looked at for nothing, nohow!

TWEEDLEDEE: Contrariwise if you think we're alive, you ought to speak.

ALICE: I'm very sorry. It's just that, I've never seen—

TWEEDLEDUM: I know what you're thinking about, but it isn't so, nohow.

TWEEDLEDEE: Contrariwise, if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't, it ain't. That's logic.

ALICE: I was thinking, which is the best way out of these woods? Would you tell me, please?

TWEEDLEDUM: You've been wrong! The first thing in a visit is to say "How d'ye do?" and shake hands!

(TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE each hold out a hand to shake with her. For fear of hurting the other one's feelings ALICE takes hold of both hands at once.)

ALICE: It would never do to say "How d'ye do?" now: we seem to have got beyond that, somehow!

TWEEDLEDUM: Nohow. And thank you very much for asking.

(We hear something that sounds like a wild beast coming from the woods near them.)

ALICE: Are there any lions or tigers about here?

TWEEDLEDEE: It's only the White Knight snoring.

TWEEDLEDEE and TWEEDLEDUM: Come and look at him!

(They each take one of ALICE's hands, and lead her up to where the a White Knight [can be suggested] is still sleeping. He now has a tall red night-cap on, with a tassel, and he is lying crumpled up into a sort of untidy heap, and snoring loudly.)

TWEEDLEDUM: Isn't he a lovely sight? Fit to snore his head off!

TWEEDLEDEE: He's dreaming now, and what do you think he's dreaming about?

ALICE: Nobody can guess that.

TWEEDLEDEE: Why, he's dreaming about you! And if he stopped dreaming about you, where do you suppose you'd be?

ALICE: Where I am now, of course.

TWEEDLEDEE: You'd be nowhere! Why, you only exist in his dream!

TWEEDLEDUM: If that there Knight was to wake up, you'd go out—bang!—just like a candle!

ALICE: I shouldn't! Besides, if *I* only exist in his dream, what are *you*, I should like to know?

TWEEDLEDUM: Ditto.

TWEEDLEDEE: Ditto, ditto!

ALICE: Hush! You'll be waking him, I'm afraid, if you make so much noise.

TWEEDLEDUM: Well, it's no use you're talking about waking him, when you're only one of the things in his dream. You know very well you're not real.

ALICE: *(Beginning to cry:)* But I *am* real!

TWEEDLEDEE: You won't make yourself any bit real-er by crying. There's nothing to cry about.

ALICE: If I wasn't real, I shouldn't be able to cry.

TWEEDLEDUM: I hope you don't suppose those are real tears?

ALICE: I know you're talking nonsense, and it's silly to cry about it. I really better be getting out of the woods, for it's growing rather dark. Do you think it's going to rain?

TWEEDLEDUM: No, I don't think it is, at least—*(pulling out a large umbrella)*—not under *here*. Nohow.

(They both go under the umbrella.)

ALICE: But it may rain *outside*?

TWEEDLEDEE: It may—if it chooses, we've no objection. Contrariwise.

(TWEEDLEDUM springs out from under the umbrella and seizes ALICE by the wrist.)

TWEEDLEDUM: Do you see that?

(TWEEDLEDUM points with a trembling finger at a small white thing lying under a tree.)

ALICE: It's only a rattle. Not a rattlesnake, you know. Only an old rattle—quite old and broken.

TWEEDLEDUM: I knew it was! *(Beginning to stomp about wildly and tear his hair:)* It's ruined, of course!

ALICE: You needn't be so angry about an old rattle.

(TWEEDLEDEE hides under the umbrella.)

TWEEDLEDUM: But it isn't old! *(Becoming furious:)* It's new, I tell you—I bought it yesterday—my nice *NEW RATTLE!*

(TWEEDLEDEE tries his best to fold up the umbrella, but he can't quite succeed, and ends up rolling over, bundled up in the umbrella, with only his head out.)

TWEEDLEDUM: *(To DEE:)* Of course you agree to have a battle?

TWEEDLEDEE: *(Crawling out of the umbrella, sulkily:)* I suppose so, only *she* must help us to dress up, you know.

(DEE and DUM go off, and return with arms full of things—such as blankets, floor-rugs, table-cloths, dish-covers and saucepans.)

TWEEDLEDUM: I hope you're good at tying strings? Every one of these things has got to go on, somehow or other.

(DUM and DEE bustle about attempting to wear the quantity of things they've brought. ALICE attempts to help them, tying strings and fastening buttons...)

ALICE: Really you'll be more like bundles of old clothes than anything else, by the time you're ready!

TWEEDLEDEE: *(Handing her a dish cloth:)* Please tie this securely 'round my neck.

ALICE: What for?

TWEEDLEDEE: To keep my head from being cut off, what else? You know, it's one of the most serious things that can possibly happen to one in a battle—to get one's head cut off.

(ALICE fixes TWEEDLEDUM's saucepan helmet.)

TWEEDLEDUM: Do I look very pale?

ALICE: *(Gently:)* Well—yes— a little.

TWEEDLEDUM: I'm very brave generally, only today I happen to have a headache.

TWEEDLEDEE: And *I've* got a toothache! I'm far worse off than you!

ALICE: Then you better not fight today.

TWEEDLEDUM: We *must* have a bit of a fight; I don't care how long it lasts. What's the time now?

TWEEDLEDEE: Half-past four.

TWEEDLEDUM: Let's fight until six, and then have dinner.

TWEEDLEDEE: Very well, and *she* can watch us—only you'd better not come too close. I generally hit everything I can see—when I get really excited.

TWEEDLEDUM: And I hit everything within reach, whether I can see it or not!

ALICE: You must hit the trees pretty often, I should think.

TWEEDLEDUM: I don't suppose there'll be a tree left standing, by the time we've finished!

ALICE: And all about a rattle!

TWEEDLEDUM: I shouldn't have minded it so much, if it hadn't been a new one.

ALICE: *(To herself:)* I wish the monstrous crow would come already and frighten them both away!

TWEEDLEDUM: *(To DEE:)* There's only one sword, you know, but you can have the umbrella—it's quite as sharp. Only we must begin quick. It's getting as dark as it can.

TWEEDLEDEE: And darker.

ALICE: It's so dark, there must be a thunderstorm coming on. Look what a thick black cloud that is! And how fast it comes! Why, I do believe it's got wings!

TWEEDLEDUM: It's the crow!

TWEEDLEDEE: It's the crow!

(TWEEDLEDEE and TWEEDLEDUM run around in circles at first, banging into each other and everything else and shouting about the crow. Eventually they make their way off. Meanwhile ALICE has run away as well, mostly to get away from them.)

End of Scene.



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