

SCENE STUDIES FOR TWEENS/TEENS

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## BREAKOUT ROOM

### CHARACTERS:

SYDNEY     A middle school girl  
JON/JONI    A middle school boy or girl  
MATT        A middle school boy

SETTING:    A Zoom breakout room.

AT RISE:     SYDNEY appears. She is looking down at her cell phone, disinterested. A few seconds later, MATT appears.

MATT: (*Sarcastically*) Nice job, Sydney. This is just...great.

SYDNEY: (Looking up at him.) What? (beat) What?

MATT: We're busted, that's what!

SYDNEY: I don't think so – and anyway, you don't need to be so dramatic.

(JON appears in a third window.)

MATT: Wheeler put you in this breakout room too? Who else is gonna get pegged?

JON: What are we supposed to be working on?

MATT: Working on? Nothing. This is a set up! How do you feel now, Sydney? Jon was completely innocent, but you had to tag him and now –

SYDNEY: It's not my fault if he doesn't know how the app works. Nobody told him to click on the message.

JON: What was that anyway? Right in the middle of the test I suddenly got this pop-up.

SYDNEY: It's pretty cool how it works, isn't it?

JON: I don't understand.

MATT: It was the app I told you to download yesterday.

JON: You said it was a study guide of some kind.

MATT: I'm sorry, man. I didn't know we'd get flagged. I figured – if anything – the firewall would just keep it from working.

SYDNEY: That was never the goal. The goal was to help each other on the final.

JON: Help each other study?

SYDNEY: Help each other cheat!

JON: But I didn't – you never said –

SYDNEY: This is all stupid. We didn't do anything wrong. I don't know why Mr. Wheeler put us in a separate breakout room.

MATT: Ah – first of all – we *did* do something wrong –

SYDNEY: Hardly.

MATT: And Wheeler knows it. He said there was a problem with the integrity of the test and that we should wait while he speaks to everyone individually.

JON: Wait – when I clicked on that pop-up, what happened...exactly?

SYDNEY: Really Jon? You're the math and science whiz. I shouldn't have to explain it to you.

MATT: It triangulated your answer sheet to me and Sydney.

SYDNEY: (*Sarcastically.*) Ooh, fancy word.

JON: But how did it do that?

SYDNEY: (*Rolling her eyes.*) Who cares how? It works and that was the point. I understood some of the material – Matt knew some – not much –

MATT: (*Interrupting her*) You're so full of it!

SYDNEY: But *you* – we were pretty sure – were the best choice for validating our answers on the test. So we “triangulated” with your answer sheet.

JON: You used me?

MATT: We're really sorry.

SYDNEY: I'm not! Well, I'm sorry it didn't work, but I'm not sorry to Jon. (*To JON.*) If you hadn't gotten all paranoid and said “Oh Mr. Wheeler, I think there's a glitch with the test,” then he wouldn't have joined your screen and seen the hack.

(*JON notices a message appear.*)

JON: He's broadcasting.

MATT: (*Reading the broadcast.*) Breakout rooms three & four, please wait. The rest of you can leave the meeting. A new test-date will be scheduled for next week.

JON: This could be bad.

SYDNEY: Really? What's the worst thing that can happen?

MATT: Well for you, probably nothing. Your parents can afford to send you to a private high school and for full tuition, they'll take you even if you do have a record of cheating.

JON: This will go on our record?

SYDNEY: Exactly. And how bad is that?

MATT: But for me and JON, it could mean not getting a scholarship – or worse.

SYDNEY: Then you should have thought of that.

MATT: Well I needed to pass the final to get the scholarship, didn't I?

SYDNEY: Whatever, I'm out of here.

JON: You can't leave.

SYDNEY: Turns out I'm about to have internet issues. Just tell him I started glitching.

MATT: What are you – ?

(SYDNEY leaves and her window closes.)

MATT: Man, I'm really sorry.

JON: You were really going to use me to cheat on the final?

MATT: I'm sorry. I just...I really need that scholarship. I didn't think we'd get caught.

JON: Right.

MATT: I'll just – I'll go tell him. He'll believe me. You'll be okay. *(beat)* I'm really sorry.

(MATT leaves and his window closes. JON is alone on the screen.)

JON: (To himself.) Maybe.

*(JON's screen disappears. END OF SCENE.)*

## DELL UNDER THE BUS

### CHARACTERS

CHAS

KERI-B (KERI-BOY)

DELL

AT RISE: CHAS is sitting on his hands on  
an overturned crate in an empty  
lot. It is night. He is nervous.  
KERI-B runs on.

CHAS: (relieved to see her, but irritated) You're late. (beat) Where's Dell?

KERI-B: (*panting*) He saw us.

CHAS: What?!

KERI-B: Someone saw us. (*beat*) They saw Dell. I had my back to the house, but someone must've heard something 'cuz he called out to her and she ran.

CHAS: Why did she run?

KERI-B: Man, his *dad* was in the house! What do you think, we were going to just come out of the shadows and start a conversation with him? We were freaking scared and she just took off. Then the dog started barking. It was crazy. She ran toward the school, but I don't know where she was going. She'll probably show up.

CHAS: If she's being followed, she'd better not show up here! (*beat*) He saw your face?

KERI-B: No. I couldn't tell who it was. It might've been his dad.

CHAS: His *dad* saw your face?

KERI-B: No. I don't know *who* it was. But not *my* face.

CHAS: You're sure?

KERI-B: Pretty sure.

CHAS: *Pretty* sure, or *sure* sure?

KERI-B: I wasn't seen, alright!? Lay off.

CHAS: But someone saw Dell?

KERI-B: I don't know, man. She ran off.

CHAS: You keep changing what you're saying! Were you guys seen or not?

KERI-B: I said my back was turned!

CHAS: You've got to get your story straight.

(*pause*)

CHAS: What did he say?

KERI-B: Who?

CHAS: Whoever saw you!

KERI-B: I wasn't seen!

CHAS: Whatever, just tell me what he said?

KERI-B: I don't know, "hey, you." Something like that.

CHAS: He didn't call you by name?

KERI-B: How could he call me by name when he didn't see me?!?

CHAS: Did he say Dell's name?

*(pause)*

KERI-B: I don't know. I don't know - I just ran one way and Dell ran the other way.

(CHROME runs in.)

CHROME: Where's Dell? Isn't it almost time?

KERI-B: I thought oui weren't coming!

CHAS: Well looky, looky – if it isn't the failed lookout.

CHROME: Failed? What are you talking about?

KERI-B: It's done. who it is, Chrom

CHAS: 'Cuz it's going to be his word against yours.

KERI-B: What are you talking about? He's not going to rat us out.

CHAS: Correction: You *hope* he's not going to rat *you* out. There is no Us. I wasn't there. I didn't do anything. And I wasn't seen.

KERI-B: I wasn't seen either!

CHAS: Let me tell you something – it isn't all about your pretty face. If he saw your coat, your back, how tall you are – well, then he *saw* you KB.

KERI-B: Well, ...what do I do?

CHAS: You throw Dell under the bus. That's what.

KERI-B: Put it all on him?

CHAS: He was stupid enough to be seen.

KERI-B: He was also the only one who thought it was a bad idea.

CHAS: Look, there's no reason for you to get busted just because he's going down. Think of yourself.

KERI-B: We were both just following the plan...*your* plan.

CHAS: *(acting very innocent)* I don't know what you're talking about. I just came out here tonight to take a walk...I see that you're upset about something and I'm trying to be a friend. But, I don't know what it is you're talking about.

KERI-B: You are so full of –

DELL: (*from offstage*) Keri! Chas!

KERI-B: He's here!

CHAS: Crap.

(DELL runs on, panting and holding two cans of spray paint. She doubles over, holding her side when she stops.)

KERI-B: You ok?

CHAS: (*in an angry stage whisper*) Did you yell our names the whole way? What are you doing?

DELL: (*angry*) I'm doing what you told me! "Be sure to come back to the lot." "Don't leave the cans." "Come right back and tell me what happened."

CHAS: But you didn't come right back, 'cuz Keri-Boy got here minutes ago!

DELL: I thought splitting up was smart! I thought you'd be *grateful* that I didn't run right to the meeting place.

CHAS: You might've been followed.

DELL: (*to KERI-B*) Were you followed?

KERI-B: No.

DELL: Well I wasn't either. So, hey, Good job, Dell! Thanks for your quick thinking!

KERI-B: (*relieved*) I'm glad you're OK. That was heavy.

DELL: No kidding.

CHAS: KB says you were seen.

DELL: (*looking at KERI-B*) We were both seen.

KERI-B: My back was turned.

DELL: He saw us, man.

KERI-B: How do you know?

DELL: Are you deaf? Didn't you hear him?

KERI-B: I couldn't tell.

CHAS: Great.

KERI-B: I couldn't tell!

CHAS: Well you two better work on your story, cuz you're on your own.

DELL: What are you talking about? It was all your idea!

CHAS: Oh, I don't think so. I think I've been home all night playing video games. My little sister, who I locked out of the den before I climbed out the window, will vouch for me.

KERI-B: But that's a lie! You were the one who told us what to do. You were the one who was so sure it had to be me and Dell who did it so you could –.

CHAS: Exactly!! *you* did it.

DELL: But it was your idea!

CHAS: Ideas aren't acts. There's no crime in *thinking* things, only *doing* things. And now, I am out of here.

KERI-B: But we did it for you!

CHAS: (*walking away*) Man, I don't know what you're talking about. I don't even hear you.

(*CHAS exits*)

DELL: (*yelling after CHAS*) You can't do this!

(*KERI-B begins to pace, nervously. Neither of them speaks for a moment.*)

DELL: Now what do we do?

KERI-B: This is bad.

DELL: No kidding. We should never have –

KERI-B: Listen, did you save all those texts he sent when we were setting this up?

DELL: Yeah. Don't you have them?

KERI-B: (*shaking his head*) I deleted everything. But you have them?

DELL: Yeah. So?

KERI-B: So it's us against him.

DELL: (*slowly*) Ooooo-kay...what do we do?

(*pause*)

KERI-B: First, we own it...Then, we throw *Chas* under the bus.

(*DELL nods. They shake on it.*)

END OF SCENE

## DON'T FRIEND ME

*Note: This scene was written in the early days of social media. It's dated. Give your students that context and lean into this as an early 21<sup>st</sup> century period piece. Uggs shoes, black leggings, crop-top sweatshirts...lean in.*

### CHARACTERS

JORDAN      12-14

REENIE      Her friend and peer.

*While written for two girls who are actively engaged in giving manicures, the dialogue could also be appropriate for two boys who are tossing a ball with the lines about nail polish simply cut.*

AT RISE: REENIE is giving JORDAN a  
manicure in the kitchen of  
JORDAN'S house.

JORDAN: Well, so far I haven't done anything. It was two days ago and I haven't responded, so I don't know what I'll do if she asks me about it. I'll just act like – “Oh, you friended me? I don't know how that function works on my phone app.”

REENIE: Yeah, like she's going to believe you didn't accept her friend request because you were too stupid to see the little number by the “friends” icon on your Facebook app!

JORDAN: Well, what do you think I should do? We're not *real* friends so why would she ask to “friend” me?

REENIE: (*holding up two nail polish choices*) Blue or purple?

JORDAN: (*considering*) Umm, purple. So what do I do?

REENIE: Just hit “accept” and then hide her. You don't have to “like” or “comment” on anything she posts. If you hide her, you won't even see them.

JORDAN: There are two problems with that: One, she'll think I'm her real friend, which I'm not, and Two, she can still comment on what *I* post, which I do NOT want to have her doing...oh, and Three, other people will think I'm her friend...which, again, I'm not.

REENIE: Stop moving.

JORDAN: Did you know she already follows me on Instagram?

REENIE: You're making too big a deal out of this.

JORDAN: She “likes” everything I post. She *loves* to like me!

REENIE: (*laughing*) You’re funny.

JORDAN: Well, what would you do?

REENIE: I’d hit “accept.” I accept every friend request. It doesn’t really mean anything.

JORDAN: You wouldn’t say that if Jeanie Renin “friended” you.

REENIE: I would too because I’m *already* her Facebook friend.

JORDAN: (*after a pause*) You’re kidding me.

REENIE: I told you to stop moving!

JORDAN: (*pause as she thinks about this*) So, did you hide her?

REENIE: No. She almost never posts anything and she comments even less. I don’t think she’s *ever* commented, actually.

JORDAN: Really? Why do you think?

REENIE: Who knows? I told you it doesn’t matter. Everybody is friends with everybody else on Facebook and it doesn’t mean anything about whether or not you’re real friends in real life.

JORDAN: That’s not true. I tried friending someone once who didn’t accept my friend request.

REENIE: Yeah? And how did that make you feel?

JORDAN: Kind of like crap.

REENIE: Exactly. (*pause*) Do you want to make Jeanie Renin feel like crap? Do you want to be the girl who she tells all of her real friends snubbed her?

JORDAN: She doesn’t have any real friends.

REENIE: (*putting down the nail polish*) Blow on your nails.

(*JORDAN gives her attention to drying the first coat of her polish while REENIE picks up her phone.*)

REENIE: Looks like Jeanie Renin has...(she is scrolling down her phone) I’m guessing over 100 friends.

JORDAN: They’re not *real* friends.

REENIE: What’s your point?

JORDAN: Look, this all started because we had to do that lab together in science and just because I was nice to her...and really, I wasn’t even that nice. I was just – what do you call it when you’re not hostile?

REENIE: Civil?

JORDAN: What’s that?

REENIE: Like, “civilized” – you know, the way nice, pleasant, civilized people behave.

JORDAN: Yeah, I was like that. Not friendly, just civil. But now she thinks - just because I wasn't right out *mean* - that we're friends.

REENIE: (*reaching for one of JORDAN's hands*) Second coat.

(*REENIE continues painting JORDAN's nails.*)

JORDAN: You know, the teachers are all big on telling us how we have to be all open and friendly and accepting to each other, but they don't explain how to do that without being dishonest. I felt like a fake acting like I liked her.

REENIE: You said you were just civil.

JORDAN: I was.

REENIE: That's not being dishonest. That's just the way people are supposed to act in the world. If you were an adult...like, our parents would call it being "professional."

JORDAN: Well it sends the wrong message.

REENIE: Would you rather have sent her the message that you're a snotty, mean girl?

JORDAN: I'm not a snotty, mean girl.

REENIE: Clearly, or you wouldn't be *my* friend!

(*Pause as REENIE inspects her work and finishes up.*)

JORDAN: So, what do I do?

REENIE: Hit "accept" and stop thinking about it. Then feel good for doing the right thing.

JORDAN: And if she thinks we're really friends?

REENIE: I don't have all the answers. But I know your nails look good!

JORDAN: Thank you.

END OF SCENE

## HANDFUL OF CANDY

### CHARACTERS

BRIT

NOMI

CECI (CECILIA)

*(Note: While written for three girls, this is not a gender-specific piece and can as easily be played by three boys or a combination of girls and boys.)*

AT RISE: BRIT runs on, laughing and looking over her shoulder. She stops and waits for CECI and NOMI, who follow her on, confused.

CECI: Why are we running?

NOMI: Yeah, what just happened?

BRIT: *(laughing and holding her jacket closed, hiding something)* Seriously? You guys are perfect. Really. I'm bringing you with me every time.

NOMI: Every time what?

BRIT: Here, check it out: your share.

*(She reaches into her jacket, pulling out handfuls of candy and giving them each some.)*

CECI: What the -?

NOMI: *(overlapping, loudly)* Jesus, oh my God!

BRIT: *(gleeful)* Ssh!! I know, right? Pretty good haul.

NOMI: You *stole* all this?

BRIT: *(mock serious, shaking her head)* No no no. Stealing is wrong, Nomi. The drugstore was just very generous in sharing their overstock of outdated candy with us. Think of the waste we have prevented from happening. This could all have ended up in a landfill.

CECI: *(not happy about any of this)* What are you talking about? Waste?

BRIT: Well what do you think? They don't *sell* all the stuff on the shelves. Half of it goes out of date and then they aren't even allowed to sell it or they get fined by the health department. I just helped to keep them from getting into trouble by getting the extra stuff they can't sell off the shelves before the authorities came in and shut the whole store down.

CECI: You are not serious?

NOMI: (looking at a candy bar as she opens it and starts eating) How can you tell that it's out of date?

CECI: She can't.

NOMI: (*looking at what CECI has in her hands*) Hey, trade you my M&Ms for that pack of gum.

CECI: What are you eating that for? This is stolen merchandise! Are you crazy?

NOMI: She just said she didn't steal it.

CECI: You're an idiot.

BRIT: No, *you're* an idiot. Just enjoy it and don't act all righteous.

CECI: I'm not righteous. I just think you should own what you did, instead of trying to justify it with some BS about doing the store a favor.

BRIT: Lighten up. Did you see how many shelves of this junk they have? They won't even notice.

CECI: What, do you think you're Robin Hood or something?

BRIT: Well, I hadn't thought of it that way, but yeah, we do sort of fit the profile.

NOMI: What profile?

CECI: (*looking pointedly at NOMI*) The low income profile. You really are an idiot.

NOMI: Shut up.

CECI: She just *insulted* us, or did you miss that?

BRIT: Jeesh Ceci, why are you being like this? It was *fun*. (*pause*) OK, I'm sorry, I thought you'd think it was cool. What do you care? Are you, like, worried or something?

NOMI: No. It's cool.

(*Pause: NOMI is uncomfortable. CECI stares at BRIT, considering.*)

CECI: What did you mean when you said you should bring us with you every time? Is this, like, a habit of yours?

NOMI: C'mon, Ceci, it's cool.

BRIT: (*defiantly, laughing at CECI*) Well, I didn't wake up this morning still a virgin, if that's what you're asking.

NOMI: What? When did you -

CECI: (*interrupting NOMI*) She's not talking that kind of virgin.

BRIT: (*to NOMI*) You would think that of me?!

NOMI: I was just - I'm confused!

CECI: This wasn't her first time *stealing*.

BRIT: (*asking CECI*) So, are we cool here?

CECI: (*pause*) Don't you feel guilty?

BRIT: Do you know how much this stuff costs to make? Pennies. And they charge ridiculous amounts for it. They *expect* that it won't all get purchased. So, no, I don't feel guilty. I feel resourceful. I don't bother my parents for money that they can't afford to spare and I don't mind sharing with my friends who aren't as...(*searching for the right word*) *adventurous* as me.

CECI: This is an adventure?

BRIT: Yeah – I'd say so.

NOMI: So, like, what else have you...gotten?

CECI: Stolen.

NOMI: Jeesh Cees, what the heck? You know, you're still holding a handful of *stolen* candy yourself.

BRIT: (*answering NOMI*) Lots of stuff - little stuff - lip gloss, hot oil treatments for your hair, eye liner. It's easy.

CECI: It's wrong.

NOMI: It's over!

(*pause*)

BRIT: Right.

NOMI: Right.

(*pause*)

CECI: Right.

END OF SCENE



## MORT TALITY LIVES ON

### CHARACTERS

Faye Tality      A villain  
 Brooke Anail    Villain's accomplice and maid  
 Percy Veer      An unsung hero

SETTING: A sitting room in a society mansion.

AT RISE: BROOKE is dusting as FAYE enters.

FAYE: *(Taking off her black shawl and hat.)* Oh when can I be done pretending to mourn that husband of mine? I look dreadful in black!

BROOKE: Look Faye, a fancy gentleman dropped this key off for you! Whatever could it be for? *(Aside)* I know it's not the key to her heart, because Faye Tality doesn't have one of those!

FAYE: *(Taking the key.)* Aha! It's the key to the safe! Finally I can get my hands on Mort's money!

BROOKE: *(Taking the key back.)* And don't forget your promise to share it with me – after all I have done for you. *(To audience.)* Who do you think it was that procured the arsenic to kill Mr. Mort Tality?

FAYE: *(Taking the key back.)* Of course, Brooke, you have always been my loyal servant. *(Aside)* Miss Anail has been useful, but I had to do the dirty work and kill the old goat myself. Now that I have hidden that bottle of arsenic in the icehouse, nobody will ever find it!

*(Audience boos. A knock is heard at the door.)*

PERCY: *(From off.)* Mrs. Tality? Are you in?

BROOKE: It's Percy Veer, the handyman.

FAYE: What a nuisance! For weeks now Mort has let that man loiter around here.

BROOKE: I thought he was working for you?

FAYE: Really? I hadn't noticed. I only know that Mort was strangely fond of him.

PERCY: *(From off.)* Mrs. Tality?

BROOKE: What should I do?

FAYE: *(To Brooke.)* Let him in. *(Aside as she puts on the black shawl.)* I shall act the part of a mourning widow to arouse his pathos and pity.

*(BROOKE opens the door and PERCY enters.)*

PERCY: *(Enters)* Miss Anail.

BROOKE: Call me Brooke.

PERCY: Brooke Anail?

BROOKE: Not lately.

FAYE: What is it, Percy? As you can see, I'm in mourning.

*(FAYE sighs and falls dramatically to the couch.  
BROOKE runs to fan her.)*

PERCY: Ah yes, well Mrs. Tality, I finished replacing the slats on the barn door, the rails on the porch, the pickets in the fence and the shingles on the roof. Then I shot two woodchucks, filled in the hole they dug under the garden, pruned back the hedges, repped the vegetable seedlings and raked the drive.

FAYE: *(Sitting up.)* Is that all?

PERCY: No ma'am, I also plumbed a new well, dug a drain for your septic line and put in a foundation for the greenhouse. As you know, Mr. Tality had engaged me to do all this and much more before his sudden *(Choking back tears.)* demise! *(Very dramatically.)* Oh Mr. Tality! What a good man – cut down so suddenly!

BROOKE: Cut down? *(Aside to Faye.)* I thought you poisoned him?

*(FAYE swoons again – loudly.)*

PERCY: Forgive me, Mrs. Tality. I have no right to mourn whilst you, his poor widow, suffer as you do.

BROOKE: You're so right, Percy. And after all that work, you must be exhausted. Please don't let us keep you. *(Showing PERCY to the door.)*

PERCY: Forgive a delicate matter, Ma'am, but before I leave, I was hoping you might pay me.

BROOKE: *(Appalled.)* What?

FAYE: *(Sitting up.)* You mean money? *(Swoons again.)*

PERCY: *(Aside)* This is delicate business, but I am a poor man and have no choice. *(To Faye and Brooke.)* Yes ma'am, I'm afraid I must insist on being paid.

BROOKE: I don't understand.

FAYE: It's out of the question.

PERCY: *(Aside.)* I know that one is a simple maid and the other a recent widow, but doesn't either of these women understand how employment arrangements work?

BROOKE: *(To Faye.)* What do we do, Faye? Shall I open the safe?

FAYE: *(Sitting up.)* Not on your life! Tell him he's a swindler! *(Falls back on the couch.)*

BROOKE: *(Feigning outrage.)* How dare you, Percy Veer! Taking advantage of a poor widow – why you're nothing but a swindler!

PERCY: (*Incredulous.*) I am no such thing, Brooke Anail. I sympathize with Faye Tality, but I give all my earnings to the orphanage where I was raised. If I go home empty-handed, those children may starve.

BROOKE: (*Aside*) Children? I love children! (*To Faye.*) Faye, he is playing upon my sympathies. I am putty in his hands.

FAYE: (*Sitting up.*) Don't be fooled, you fool! Fight fire with fire! (*Aside*) He won't get a penny out of me. (*To Faye.*) You must play upon his vanity.

BROOKE: (*Looking back at Percy and then to Faye.*) You mean his handsome good looks or his manly strength?

FAYE: Who cares? Just get rid of him so we can open that safe and count the money! (*Falls back on the couch.*)

BROOKE: (*To Percy.*) My goodness, I never noticed before how strong you are, Percy.

PERCY: You didn't? (*Aside*) The woman must be blind. I am clearly a specimen of exceptional strength and agility. (*Suddenly thinking she may need him to do something manly for her.*) Aha! (*To Brooke*) Perhaps there is some heavy lifting you need my manly assistance with?

BROOKE: (*Thinking quickly.*) Why yes, there is – ah – in the icehouse! That's it. Could you fetch me a large block of ice from the icehouse and leave it on the porch?

PERCY: Of course, but then I really must insist on my wages. (*Exits.*)

BROOKE: (*To Faye.*) He's gone!

FAYE: Quick, before he comes back. Where's the key?

BROOKE: I gave it to you!

FAYE: Then you took it back!

BROOKE: Then you took it back!

FAYE: Then you took it back!

BROOKE: Then you took it back!

*FAYE: Well I don't have it now you ninny, so help me find it!*

*(They begin looking around the room. MUSIC accompanies their highly mimed search. After a minute, PERCY returns and sees them looking all around the room. He begins looking too, though not sure what for. After a moment, he sees the key and picks it up.)*

PERCY: Is this what you're looking for?

FAYE/BROOKE: (*Reacting together.*) Ah!

FAYE: No!

BROOKE: No!

PERCY: No?

FAYE: Yes!

BROOKE: Yes!

PERCY: Yes?

BROOKE: *(To Faye.)* What are we to do? He has the key.

FAYE: Oh, it boils my blood to give him money, but it looks as though I must if we're to get rid of him.

BROOKE: You're so right, Faye. And besides, think of the orphan children.

FAYE: *(Aside.)* She must be joking. *(To Percy.)* Yes, Percy, that key is what we were looking for.

BROOKE: It's to the safe, where all the money is.

FAYE: *(To Brooke.)* Shhh!

PERCY: *(Aside.)* Finally these women are making sense. *(Handing the key to Faye.)*  
Thank you, Mrs. Tality. I admit there was a moment there where I doubted whether you had the best intentions.

FAYE: Oh I always have the best intentions. *(Aside.)* What's best for me, that is! *(Taking the key from him.)* Right this way.

*(MUSIC as they ALL watch FAYE turn upstage, unlock the safe and peer inside. Suddenly, FAYE screams.)*

FAYE: What's this?

BROOKE: *(Taking a paper from Faye's hands.)* It's Mort Tality's last will and testament. But where's the money?

FAYE: There is nothing else in the safe!

PERCY: Perhaps you should read it

BROOKE: *(Opening the paper and reading.)* I, Mort Tality, being of sound mind and body do hereby declare this to be my last will and testament.

FAYE: What's the date of that will?

BROOKE: Why just last week!

*(ALL gasp together.)*

PERCY: And what does it say?

BROOKE: *(Continuing to read.)* I have reason to believe that my wife, Faye Tality, harbors wicked designs upon my person...

*(PERCY and BROOKE gasp together.)*

FAYE: No!

BROOKE: *(Continuing to read.)* and therefore, should I succumb by any nefarious means, I wish it to be known that I leave all of my wealth and worldly possessions to my only living relative –

FAYE: But Mort had no relatives! That's why I married him – so that I would inherit everything without any need for a will!

PERCY: Continue, Brooke.

BROOKE: *(Continuing to read.)* My only living relative, who I recently found in residence at an orphanage, my beloved double-fourth cousin, twice removed on my mother's side, Mr. Percy Veer!

ALL: *(Reacting together.)* Ah!

FAYE: You! You *are* a swindler.

PERCY: I am not, madam. But you are a murderess! *(Producing the bottle of arsenic from a pocket.)* I found this in the icehouse, and after hearing my cousin's own words; I am convinced of your guilt!

BROOKE: *(Feigning ignorance and running to put Percy between her and Faye.)* Oh no! Is it true? I have been working for a murderess? Protect me, Percy!

PERCY: Nice try, Brooke Anail, but I believe you're as guilty as Faye Tality.

FAYE: What are you going to do?

PERCY: *(Looking to the heavens.)* I shall see that my cousin, Mort Tality, lives on as a memory among the children in the orphanage who will never go hungry again.

BROOKE: *(Hands to heart.)* Aw!

FAYE: *(In disgust.)* Blech!

PERCY: And I shall also see the two of you pay for what you have done.

FAYE/BROOKE: *(Reacting together.)* Ah!

*(Both women swoon and collapse on the floor.)*

END OF SKIT.

## SELLING ROCKS

### CHARACTERS

SAM

ANDI

JOEY

At Rise: JOEY sits at their Pet Rocks stand. A line-up of various rocks are on display. Two kids walk by and JOEY speaks to them.

JOEY: Pet rocks here! Get your pet rock! They never die. They never lie.

*(KIDS smile awkwardly and shake their heads as they cross and exit.)*

JOEY: Geez. I haven't had a single sale all day.

*(BOY enters. He is tossing a ball up in the air.)*

JOEY: Pet rocks! They make great gifts. What are you getting your mother for Christmas? How about a pet rock?

*(BOY exits, as ADULT enters, talking on his/her cellphone.)*

JOEY: Pet rocks! Support a young entrepreneur and future business leader of America! For just one dollar, you could take home a pet rock today.

ADULT: *(Speaking into phone)* Hold on a sec. *(To JOEY)* Here kid.

*(ADULT opens their wallet for a dollar.)*

JOEY: Thanks! Which pet would you like to have?

ADULT: *(Shaking his head as he puts a dollar on the table.)* Keep it. *(Back into the phone as he/she exits.)* Yeah, I'm back. So about that real estate deal...yeah...yeah...

*(Pause. JOEY shakes his head in disbelief and begins speaking to himself as SAM and ANDI enter. They stop and look at him.)*

JOEY: Does that even count as a sale? It's kind of insulting. I have a quality product here! I don't need pity.

SAM: Are you talking to yourself?

JOEY: No! *(Recovering quickly and thinking.)* I'm talking to my pets.

ANDI: Your pets?

JOEY: And they could be your pets, too. For just one dollar, you could become the proud parent of a pet rock.

SAM: Why would we want a pet rock?

JOEY: Are you siblings?

ANDI: No, we're friends.

SAM: And next door neighbors.

ANDI: So best friends.

JOEY: Then I'm afraid you don't want *a* pet rock – you want two! That way, each of you has your own to enjoy all the time.

SAM: Maybe, but you still haven't explained why either of us would want a pet rock in the first place?

ANDI: They're not even pretty.

JOEY: Well, to begin with, unlike the pedigree pet rocks you've seen in stores and catalogs, these are all *rescue* rocks. They were abandoned and neglected and now seek a loving home.

SAM: But I already have a dog.

JOEY: So did I, and if it weren't for my pet rock Pebbles being there for me when my dog died, I don't know how I would have gotten through it.

SAM: Really?

ANDI: *(To SAM)* Your dog is getting kind of old.

SAM: But it's a lot of work having a pet.

JOEY: Not these ones! Pet rocks come fully house trained.

SAM: Really? I hadn't thought of that.

JOEY: And you know how some pets beg for food –

ANDI: That is really irritating!

JOEY: Well not my Pebbles...her metabolism is so slow, I never have to feed her.

SAM: My dog eats a ton and so does my cat! *(To Andi)* You have no idea.

ANDI: Of course I have no idea because, as you know, I'm allergic to dogs and cats. You don't have to rub it in.

JOEY: But you won't be allergic to your new pet rock!

SAM: Hey, that's true!

ANDI: But a pet rock just seems so...I don't know, silly.

JOEY: Silly? To want the unconditional love that comes from a devoted pet? Do you think it's silly to have a special friend to come home to every day?

SAM: I admit it's nice to have a pet to talk to.

ANDI: *(Considering.)* I'm listening...

JOEY: Your pet rock won't jump out of your lap just when you get comfy with him.

SAM: She won't need a kennel when you go away on vacation.

JOEY: Your neighbors will never complain about him.

SAM: You can take her into restaurants.

JOEY: He won't chew your shoes

SAM: Or claw your sofa.

JOEY: He'll never run away.

SAM: She won't get fleas.

JOEY: He won't shed.

SAM: She won't bark.

ANDI: *(To SAM.)* Okay – you've convinced me!

SAM: *(Nodding)* Me too. This will be fun!

ANDI: *(Agreeing with her.)* Right?

JOEY: Great! That will be one dollar each for the pet rock of your choosing.

ANDI: Oh no, we're not buying any.

SAM: But thank you.

*(SAM and ANDI start to leave.)*

JOEY: I don't understand; you both said you were convinced to buy one?

SAM: No, we're convinced to *sell* them.

ANDI: It's a great idea. No overhead at all.

SAM: We'll use my old lemonade stand from last summer.

ANDI: The rocks in my mom's garden are really pretty.

SAM: We can paint them too.

JOEY: But you're stealing my idea!

ANDI: Don't worry; our product is going to be completely different.

SAM: Way better.

ANDI: No competition at all.

SAM: Oh, and let's give them eyes, too. They'll have so much personality.

*(SAM and ANDI exit. JOEY watches them, amazed, discouraged and then, after a pause, he/she gets an idea.)*

JOEY: Paperweights! Get one for everyone on your shopping list! Natural, all organic paperweights are gluten free and hypoallergenic. Just one dollar each!

END OF SCENE

## THE BONNET DISGUISE

by Patti

### CHARACTERS

Stu Swindler (a villain)

Justin Credible (a hero)

SETTING: A somewhat secluded area of town. A large tree is center stage.

STU SWINDLER: *(Enters, laughing and looking over his shoulder. He turns to speak to the audience.)* Now that I have locked pretty Penelope up in that warehouse, I can keep her there until that ridiculously rich father of hers pays me the ransom I have demanded! How wickedly clever of me! Mwahahaha!

*(STU smirks at the audience, encouraging them to boo.)*

That's right! Soon, I will have enough money to leave Deep Gully and move to a big city where I can live in style! Now, I must get to the rendezvous spot and watch for Penelope's father to make the money drop – *(suddenly noticing something on the ground)* – but what's this? It's Penelope's bonnet! She must have dropped it whilst struggling to be free of my evil clutches. I must hide it so there is no evidence that she is nearby.

*(STU picks up the bonnet and is about to leave when he hears JUSTIN arrive.)*

JUSTIN: *(Entering SL and calling off.)* I'll search this way, men. Sound the alarm if you see any sign of Miss Penelope or that swindler Swindler.

STU: *(Aside)* Aah! It's the constable! I will hide behind this tree and hope that he passes quickly.

*(STU steps to the SR side of the tree.)*

JUSTIN: *(Turning toward the sound of Stu's voice.)* Hello? Is someone there?

STU: *(Aside)* Drats, he has noticed me.

JUSTIN: Show yourself, for I am in search of a callous cad who has taken an innocent young girl.

STU: *(Aside)* I must think quickly.

*(STU switches his top hat for the bonnet.)*

JUSTIN: Whoever you are, fear not, for I am Constable Credible. Justin Credible, and I won't stop until the notorious Stu Swindler is nabbed and Deep Gully is safe again.

STU: *(Aside)* Oh brother! *(Speaking to Justin in a woman's voice.)* Sir, I beg of you, stay back! I am very shy and your voice is so commanding and strong, I feel I may swoon.

JUSTIN: *(Aside)* A woman! Yes, it's possible my virile demeanor could compromise her disposition. I must be gallant. *(To the tree.)* Fear not, maiden. I will avert my eyes and spare your blushes. But know this, another young and guileless girl such as you is in peril at this very minute.

STU: You mean a blushing maid such as myself?

JUSTIN: *(Aside)* Yikes, if this damsel is only as beautiful as her voice, no wonder she hides her face! *(To the tree.)* Have you seen anything suspicious today, miss?

STU: Oh no! I'm sure the maiden and that wickedly clever Stu Swindler couldn't possibly be anywhere near here, Constable. Perhaps you should look on the other side of town.

JUSTIN: *(Aside)* There is something dubious afoot here.

*(STU sneezes and the bonnet falls off, landing at JUSTIN'S feet.)*

STU: *(In his normal voice.)* Drats! *(Quickly changing his voice again.)* I mean, oh no, my bonnet!

JUSTIN: *(Picking up the bonnet and stepping forward.)* Allow me, madam. *(Seeing Stu.)* Aha! It's you! The notorious and dastardly Stu Swindler!

STU: Curses! You have me this time, Justin Credible.

JUSTIN: That's right, Swindler. Deep Gully can sleep soundly tonight, thanks to me!

END OF SKIT

## THE (TARNISHED) GOLDEN RULE

SARAH - A confident, bright 13-year-old from an affluent, East coast suburb is an only child of very adoring parents. She loves the finer things in life and knows everything about pop stars and celebrities. She hates camping or anything “dirty” and her greatest fear is getting pimples.

AT RISE: Sarah is talking to her friend as they prepare to go to a school dance.

I’ve been thinking a lot about this whole golden rule thing. You know, treat others as you would like to be treated? And so I tried imagining myself talking to myself and *(notices the look on her friend’s face)* Not – you know, like – not like a weirdo psychotic who talks to herself. You know what I’m saying here: I was *imagining* someone like me talking to me and saying – you know, I mean doing that whole golden rule thing. You know about the golden rule, right? Do unto others as you would have them blah, blah, blah. So anyway, the thing is, I want to be spoken to with complete and total honesty. I really do. So, I tried it on myself and *(pause, remembering)* it went pretty well. I stood in front of the mirror and practiced hearing someone tell me that I’m a really nice person. *(nodding to self, remembering)* And that was easy. I felt kind of embarrassed by the compliment, but it was OK, so I took it a little further. I then imagined hearing that I am super lucky to be so talented and popular. That was harder. I’ll admit it was hard to hear all that. I had to really – just – count to ten and let it sink in. But I appreciated it. That’s the thing; I did appreciate the honesty. So then I was on a roll and I just let myself have it. *(speaking faster and almost without taking a breath)* I just didn’t hold back with the truth and what I really thought about myself and how I look and how I talk and how I laugh and how I move and, and how I sing right out loud and how I start those chants in the hallway, and how I yell in the cafeteria, and how everyone is always around me and asking me what I think and I just tell them – out loud – just what I think and how I sound and – and – and – that’s what I’m saying to you now. *(pause)* You talk too much. *(pause, satisfied)* Well, I feel better!