

ANY SPARK OF CONNECTION

by Scott Mullen

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ANY SPARK OF CONNECTION

A Full Length Dramatic/Comedic Collection

by Scott Mullen

SYNOPSIS: Everyone is yearning for some spark of connection, whether it is a teenage girl with the wrong coat, a young woman with the secret of turning back time, a group of people hoping to meet some aliens, a winged creature on a rooftop or a young man dressed as a deer.

This offbeat collection of plays offers a string of entertaining stories and a number of intriguing characters for performers to play. The sets are very simple and require no connecting backstage space.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3-14 females, 2-7 males)

YESTERDAY'S MAKEUP

MARGARET (f)

CONNOR (m)

ALICE HAS THE WRONG COAT

ALICE (f)

RUBY (f)

FERRIS

WILL (m)

MADDIE (f)

THE NIGHT WE MET

ADDIE (f)

JILL (f)

THE MERITS OF RISKING AN ALIEN PROBE

MEG (f)

KATE (f)

HANNAH (f)

JEREMY (m)

DEER IN THE HEADLIGHTS

HALEY (f)

DARREN (m)

A THING WITH FEATHERS

TOM (m)

HOPE (f)

VEL (f)

FIRST SNOW

ANNA (f)

GABE (m)

STANDING UP

JUDY (f)

CRAIG (m)

WILL (m)

CAST NOTE: The character WILL in *Ferris* is the same character in *Standing Up*.

PRODUCTION NOTES

This collection has been purposely written to be easy to produce; many of the costumes can come from actor's closets, and many of the sets are minimal and geared toward quick transitions. Of course, how you may decide to expand on that is up to you.

All characters are teens/early 20s.

Note: the plays are not all taking place at the same time.

DIRECTOR'S NOTES

Aside from Jeremy, Vel and Craig, all of the characters here are meant to be likable. Enthusiastic characters should have a lot of energy and talk fast.

There's a lot of flexibility here about how characters use the stage space. Have fun with it.

YESTERDAY'S MAKEUP**By Scott Mullen**

SYNOPSIS: Margaret realizes she can re-do a day in which she blew her attempt to ask out the guy she likes.

TIME: Present.

SETTING: Outside a coffee shop.

CAST OF CHARACTERS*(1 female, 1 male)*

MARGARET (f) Frazzled and talking fast. *(39 lines)*

CONNOR (m) Much more calm and sensible.
(41 lines)

COSTUMES: Margaret may wear something she thinks might impress Connor.

SET: A table and two chairs.

PROPS

- Coffee cup
- Book

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AT START: CONNOR sits at a small table, coffee cup in front of him, reading a book. MARGARET enters running, and stops at the sight of CONNOR. She takes two steps toward him. Then she turns, takes two steps away, and then stops. Turns. Takes one step towards him. Stops. Somewhere in here, CONNOR puts down his book and is watching her.

CONNOR: Margaret?

MARGARET: You know who I am?

CONNOR: We've gone to school together forever. Not that we've talked very much.

MARGARET: We've exchanged forty-two sentences.

CONNOR: That's very specific.

MARGARET: I can't believe I said that out loud. This isn't working. I'm going to go now. *(Turns, takes two steps away, then stops again.)* No! I have to do this. I mean, I don't understand what is happening, but clearly it involves me sitting down and having a conversation.

CONNOR: Are you talking to me?

MARGARET: No. I'm just talking to myself. Loudly. I'm being ridiculous. This probably isn't real anyway. I'm pretty sure this is all a dream. It's very freeing.

CONNOR: I don't think it's a dream.

MARGARET: You might just be saying that in my dream!

CONNOR: Okay.

MARGARET: Fine. I'm going to pretend it's a dream, and that I can do anything I want and it doesn't really matter. Because if it's not a dream, I should still do anything I want. Yes! All right. Connor. Pretend that nothing that happened in the last two minutes actually happened, okay?

CONNOR: Pretending...

CONNOR picks up his book and starts reading again. MARGARET pulls herself together, wavers... then throws herself forward. She lands in the chair next to him.

CONNOR: Hi! Margaret, right?

MARGARET: Hi Connor.

CONNOR: What brings you out on this wonderful day?

MARGARET: Last night, I mean tonight, I think I cast a spell.

CONNOR: Okay.

MARGARET: I came here yesterday, I mean today, because I heard that you and Ann broke up—

CONNOR: We did.

MARGARET: And that meant you were single. Except you're Connor, you're awesome, you're not going to stay single long, and if I ever had a chance, this was it.

CONNOR: A chance?

MARGARET: I like you Connor. I've always liked you. A lot. Even though we haven't talked much.

CONNOR: Forty-two times.

MARGARET: Forty-two sentences. Sixteen times. And it's embarrassing telling you I like you, even though it shouldn't be embarrassing, I mean, I should be able to wear a shirt that says that if I want. Except I'd never have the guts to do that. And when I came here—yesterday—today—I chickened out. I didn't talk to you. And then tonight, you get back together with Ann.

CONNOR: That's not going to happen.

MARGARET: It does, though.

CONNOR: It won't. She's terrible.

MARGARET: I know. I don't understand how you guys even lasted eleven months.

CONNOR: Neither do I.

MARGARET: But you get back together with her. It broke my heart.

CONNOR: I don't understand what you're saying.

MARGARET: Let's just say that there was a day when you were sitting here outside this cafe reading a book, and I came running up because I heard you were here, I heard you were single, I knew this was the opportunity to say everything I wanted to say—and I couldn't do it. I panicked. I saw you, I took two steps towards you, then I turned around and I bolted. I went home. And then later on that night—tonight—I heard you and Ann were together. You posted a picture on Instagram!

CONNOR: You're talking about the future.

MARGARET: Yes. And I blew it. I knew I blew it. So I ate an entire carton of ice cream, and then I went on the internet, trying to cheer myself up, watching videos of happy dogs—

CONNOR: I love happy dog videos—

MARGARET: And I saw a link labeled "Yesterday's Makeup". Which I thought was going to be makeup fails—like girls falling asleep with cheap makeup on and ruining their pillows, or girls with so much old makeup on that they couldn't get it off. Which could be funny, right?

So I clicked the link. (*Beat.*) That's not what it was. Yesterday's Makeup is about Making Up Yesterday. Like a makeup day, you know? Like with a test? You screw it up and you get another chance? Well I screwed up yesterday, and it told me how to get another chance. As long as I had an old birthday candle that hadn't been wished on. And I did! It was because I thought my little sister was going to blow them all out, and I blew them out before she could, but I forgot to make a wish. So I followed the directions, I lit the candle, and I made a wish. And by this time it was after midnight, and I wished to redo yesterday. And then I woke up yesterday! Which was today! So I came here! And I realized I was about to chicken out again, so I tried to do the opposite. This is the opposite! But it's not working. Unless it's just a dream. Still pretty sure it's a dream. (*Beat.*) You aren't saying anything.

CONNOR: I get back with Ann?

MARGARET: Maybe she cast a spell too. Maybe she has a love spell on you. Because that's the only way you'd want to be with her.

CONNOR: Did she call me, or...?

MARGARET: Oh no...

CONNOR: What?

MARGARET: You really do like her. You want to get back with her.

CONNOR: No.

MARGARET: Connor—

CONNOR: I don't know. We have history.

MARGARET: And you have none with me.

CONNOR: Forty-two sentences.

MARGARET: And a lot of those were "Hey Connor".

CONNOR: I don't know you. Not really. I mean, I've met Ann's parents, I've met her aunts and uncles and at least five cousins, I've spent a couple of holidays with them, and I think her mother likes me. It's a lot. All that time together, it has weight. You and me—we have no weight.

MARGARET: But that was the point of this! To get a chance to insert myself into your life, so you could get to know me. Before any of those other girls can swoop in. Sarah, or Rhonda—they're awful. I'm not awful—at least I don't think I am. I haven't had a lot of experience with boys—maybe I'm not a good girlfriend. But I wanted a chance to try, right? Even if you were rebounding. But

you aren't rebounding. But I wanted a chance to just—be with you. Get to know you.

CONNOR: Does this count?

MARGARET: No. I wanted a date. A real date. Lots of dates.

CONNOR: Do you really want to go out with me if I'm still hung up with Ann?

MARGARET: You shouldn't be hung up on Ann!

CONNOR: You're probably right.

MARGARET: But you are hung up on her. I should never have told you that you were going to get back together. Because that's all you can think about. Aaaahhhh! And I'm really doing a terrible job with this. I may have to do this again. Yes. Tonight at midnight, I'm going to light the candle, and do this all again. Until I get it right.

CONNOR: Do you have more unwished on birthday candles?

MARGARET: I have all the rest from the cake! So I have a bunch more tries. And if I come back, you won't remember any of this. So I can get it perfect. Maybe I'll plan this huge amazing date—for all day today—and invite you along. We could have lunch, go to a bookshop, play some pool? Then sit around the park? A movie, maybe a nice dinner. What do you think you would have said? Some strange girl who you only sort of kind of know sits at your table and asks you on a day-long date. Would you have said yes? Will you say yes? Would it help if I wore something different? Changed my hair?

CONNOR: I don't think you should come back.

MARGARET: You don't like me.

CONNOR: Margaret—

MARGARET: That's fine. Now I know.

CONNOR: I like you. (*Lets this sit for a moment.*) But this is the thing. We're young. And I know this is the time we're supposed to be going out with people, and figuring out what we want, and having these experiences, and more people is probably better, because the people we date now are not forever people. Probably. But this is the thing—my parents started dating when they were fourteen. They are each other's one and only. And they are amazing together. And I know Ann can be hard to take sometimes—but that's not who she really is deep down. She's really very sweet. And amazing, when she wants to be. And part of me knows that

maybe she's not the one—but I feel that I owe it to her to see it through. Because of my parents. And because it's what my heart wants—at least right now. So this is what I'm asking you—please don't come back in time again. Because there is something about you that's special, and interesting, and I'm sure you could lure me on an amazing date that lasts all day long. But I'm not ready for that. Not yet. Not as long as the Ann door is cracked open.

MARGARET: That's fair.

CONNOR: But you've given me a lot to think about.

MARGARET: Good. Good. Okay then. I guess I'll just let you get back to your book, and—this has been strange, and interesting. But nice. Okay. I'm going now.

CONNOR: (*Just looks at MARGARET for a moment.*) No.

MARGARET: No?

CONNOR: Can you pretend the last two minutes never happened?

MARGARET: What's happening?

CONNOR: Because even as I was making that whole speech, I was thinking that I didn't really want to go back to Ann, because deep down, below the part where she's amazing, she really is kind of terrible. And just because my parents met when they were fourteen doesn't prove anything. And because I want to spend the whole day going on a long, long date with you, and getting to know you, Margaret Connelly.

MARGARET: You do.

CONNOR: I do.

MARGARET: That's amazing.

CONNOR: So here we are.

MARGARET: Here we are.

CONNOR: What do you want to do first?

MARGARET: I want to do everything.

CONNOR: Let's do that.

CONNOR and MARGERET exit together.

END OF PLAY

ALICE HAS THE WRONG COAT

By Scott Mullen

SYNOPSIS: Alice accidentally takes the wrong coat from a party, and tries to convince stranger Ruby to go in and make the switch for her.

TIME: Present.

SETTING: A sidewalk bench or front stoop.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 females)

ALICE (f).....Likable girl thrown off by the situation.
(62 lines)

RUBY (f)Cool, amused, has a secret. (61 lines)

SET: The set could be a bench, or something representing the front stoop in a city; it can also simply be performed standing up.

COSTUMES: The coat Alice is wearing could be a bit thin and a bit large on her; Ruby's coat should be nicer. Underneath their coats, Alice and Ruby are dressed to go to a casual party.

AT START: ALICE sits on a bench (or a stoop), looking up straight ahead. She wears a coat that's a little bit too big for her. Her leg jiggles, tense. RUBY enters, also wearing a coat. As RUBY is about to walk past ALICE—

ALICE: Hi. Excuse me. I know this is weird, but can I ask you a favor?

RUBY: (Stops.) Do I know you?

ALICE: I don't think so. I'm Alice. I'm telling you that so you this crazy thing I'm about to ask you for is coming from a person. Me. Alice.

RUBY: I'm in a little bit of a rush.

ALICE: Just a little bit? I can work with that. Because this favor will take like a minute. Two minutes tops. Okay? Okay.

RUBY: What's the favor?

ALICE: This is really embarrassing.

RUBY: Ally—

ALICE: Alice.

A long beat of awkward silence.

RUBY: I'm going to leave in 3–2–

ALICE: Okay. Here's the thing. I was at this party, across the street, third floor. You see those windows up there? With the lights?

RUBY: Looks like they're having fun.

ALICE: When I left that party, I took the wrong coat. This coat.

RUBY: So bring it back.

ALICE: I can't go back in there. No.

RUBY: Because—

ALICE: I had a fight with my boyfriend, Matt. My ex-boyfriend now, I guess.

RUBY: Ah.

ALICE: Things might have been said.

RUBY: You caused a scene.

ALICE: He caused a scene. Though maybe I was the loudest. And then I just walked out, furious. With what I thought was my coat. But it wasn't. And I can't go back in there. It's humiliating.

RUBY: So go home. Let it all blow over. Send him a text that you have the wrong coat—

ALICE: I'm not texting him!

RUBY: Send someone a text that you have the wrong coat—

ALICE: I didn't know anyone else there. The party's being thrown by some guy he knows. Ben... something.

RUBY: Then just keep the coat.

ALICE: That's wrong!

RUBY: It's a nice coat.

ALICE: It's too big for me.

RUBY: You could grow into it.

ALICE: I need my coat. My keys are in the pocket. Car keys, house keys. And my wallet. And my cell phone! I didn't bring my purse, because my coat has amazing pockets.

RUBY: Ah.

ALICE: So if you could just go in there, I'm sure they'll buzz you in without asking any questions, and then walk up to the third floor—

RUBY: Wait—you want me to walk up three flights of stairs?

ALICE: There's no elevator.

RUBY: Three flights.

ALICE: Two actually. Because the ground floor is the first floor, so one flight up to the second, and one flight up to the third. Two.

RUBY: It's still a big ask.

ALICE: And then the door to the apartment will be open, it's right at the top of the stairs, and he has a coat rack, this amazing coat rack, coats all over it, like only two steps into the apartment. Just put this one back. And take mine, which looks a lot like this, only not really, I guess I was in a rush. Mine is a little more green. If you're not sure, feel for the keys. And the wallet. And the phone. And then bring it back to me. And you've saved my life.

RUBY: (*Looks at ALICE.*) What if this is just a ploy?

ALICE: What?

RUBY: Maybe the coat you're wearing is yours, but you want me to go up and steal your boyfriend's coat. Maybe you want to get revenge against Mark—

ALICE: Matt.

RUBY: Maybe you want to get revenge against Matt.

ALICE: I would not do that. No.

RUBY: But you're mad at him.

ALICE: I am.

RUBY: Because—

ALICE: Because he brought me to this party, then he practically abandoned me with a bunch of people I don't know. I mean, I'm really not good at making conversation with strangers—

RUBY: You're doing okay with me.

ALICE: You just accused me of being a thief!

RUBY: That's true.

ALICE: So I go looking for Matt, and I find him talking to this girl in the hallway, I mean their heads were close, way too close. Not the first time. And I got mad, and he accused me of overreacting—and there may have been yelling, and it was awful. And I left with the wrong coat! That's the truth.

RUBY: So you're not waiting outside to stab him or something.

ALICE: What!

RUBY: You know. In a jealous rage.

ALICE: As tempting as that is—no. I'm not the stabby type. I don't even have a knife.

RUBY: Because it's in your coat?

ALICE: No! Look. I'll pay you. Twenty dollars. If you just go in, walk up two flights of stairs, switch the coats, down the stairs, right back out here, give it to me. Twenty bucks.

RUBY: Let me see the money.

ALICE: It's in my coat!

RUBY: And you trust me to do that.

ALICE: Why wouldn't I trust you?

RUBY: Well, I mean, I could go up the stairs, grab your coat, go down the stairs, and then go out the back door.

ALICE: There's a back door?

RUBY: There's always a back door. And then I've got your coat, and your wallet, and your keys. And your phone.

ALICE: You would do that?

RUBY: I would not. But how can you be sure?

ALICE: You look trustworthy.

RUBY: Thanks.

ALICE: But maybe you could leave your coat with me while you go.

RUBY: My coat?

ALICE: Yes, as collateral. So you'll come back. And because it's cold out here, and a coat would be nice. Because it might take you a while to go up those stairs.

RUBY: What if you run off with my coat?

ALICE: Why would I do that?

RUBY: Because it's a nice coat! It took me forever to find the perfect coat. This is the most comfortable coat I've ever owned. And warm—so warm! And you want to trade me this thing you're wearing—

ALICE: This coat's not that bad.

RUBY: Is it warm?

ALICE: ... I've been warmer.

RUBY: Ha!

ALICE: But that's good. Your coat will be good collateral.

RUBY: When you steal it!

ALICE: I'm not going to steal your coat! Don't you trust me? Don't I look trustworthy?

RUBY: I don't know you.

ALICE: I've been unburdening myself for like seven minutes. You now know me more than all of those people in the party combined!

RUBY: You don't even know my name.

ALICE: You didn't tell me.

RUBY: You didn't ask.

ALICE: What's your name?

RUBY: Ruby.

ALICE: Ruby. That's a nice name. (*Takes off her coat. Offers it to RUBY.*) Please.

RUBY: You're not going to run off with my coat?

ALICE: If it makes you feel better, I don't want your wallet. Or your keys. Or your cell phone. Take everything out of your pockets before we switch.

RUBY: I really love this coat.

ALICE: It's a nice coat. I respect your love for your coat.

RUBY: You really do, don't you?

ALICE: I mean, I think it's you. It's not me. I don't want your coat. Except for two minutes to keep me warm.

RUBY: Okay, listen. I will lend you my coat, go up to this party, retrieve your coat—am I going to have to flee suspicious partygoers?

ALICE: They seemed nice.

RUBY: I will do all that—and you don't have to pay me twenty dollars, because it's a favor, and it feels like we're friends now—

ALICE: It does?

RUBY: Don't you think so?

ALICE: I do. Even though you thought I was going to be stabby.

RUBY: Sometimes you have to make sure. I will do this favor for you, if you answer one question for me.

ALICE: Okay.

RUBY: Why would you date Matt? I mean, seriously, he is such a jerk.

ALICE: (*Just stares at RUBY for a moment.*) You know Matt?

RUBY: I mean I guess he's cute, and he talks a good game, but he's never been with a girlfriend when he wasn't looking for another girlfriend. I mean, he doesn't even try to hide it. So... ew.

ALICE: How do you know Matt?

RUBY: Answer the question.

ALICE: ...He was nice to me, at a time when I needed that.

RUBY: Okay. Okay. Acceptable answer.

ALICE: But I'm over him now. Completely.

RUBY: Good.

ALICE: So how do you know Matt?!?

RUBY: Ben, the guy hosting the party? His girlfriend Trish called me, because you screamed at Matt and left the party, but you were hanging out over here and they didn't know what you might do. And I was heading over here anyway, so they asked me to talk to you and see if you were okay, and figure out your state of mind.

ALICE: Oh my God. You really thought I was going to stab him?

RUBY: I was kind of hoping you'd stab him. But no, Ben kicked him out twenty minutes ago. Matt went out the back door. And it turns out you aren't stabby at all, are you?

ALICE: I'm really not.

RUBY: You just want your coat.

ALICE: Yeah.

RUBY: So here's what we're going to do. We're going to walk up those two flights of stairs together, and walk into the party, and if you want you can get your coat and go. Or... you can stay. Because my friends are actually all cool people, and we're so tired of Matt. So. You in?

ALICE looks at RUBY and smiles.

ALICE: I'm in.

Blackout.

END OF PLAY

FERRIS**By Scott Mullen**

SYNOPSIS: Maddie climbs up a closed Ferris wheel to try and help her troubled brother.

TIME: Present.

SETTING: A Ferris wheel.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 1 male)

WILL (m).....Bipolar, jittery, but we're rooting for him.
(64 lines)

MADDIE (f).....His concerned sister. *(66 lines)*

SET: The set is a Ferris wheel, which can be suggested with a couple of chairs or something bigger, as long as it can be moved on and off stage easily.

COSTUMES: Will and Maddie are casually dressed. Will might be a bit disheveled.

PROPS

- Stuffed animal
- Photo

PRODUCTION NOTES

Maddie's climbing into the Ferris wheel should be accomplished in some theatrical way—have fun with it. The stuffed animal could be anything.



AT START: *WILL sits in a Ferris wheel car, rocking. He holds a stuffed animal.*

MADDIE: *(Offstage.)* Will? Will!

WILL freezes.

MADDIE: *(Offstage.)* Are you up there? If I climb all the way up to the top of this Ferris wheel, and you aren't up there, I'm going to kill you.

WILL: How are you going to kill me if I'm not up here?

MADDIE: *(Offstage.)* Don't move. I'm climbing up.

WILL: Be careful! It's not safe!

MADDIE: *(Offstage.)* Then you climb down!

WILL: No! *(Leans over and watches MADDIE.)* You really think you can climb all the way up here?

MADDIE: *(Offstage.)* I was always a better climber than you.

WILL: Remember the time we hid in the tree all day, and Mom and Dad didn't know where we were? They were in the front yard, freaking out, and we were up there giggling.

MADDIE: *(Offstage.)* I'm pretty sure they knew.

WILL: They didn't know.

Grunting. Then MADDIE enters, climbing up next to WILL, in whatever clever theatrical way that can be accomplished.

MADDIE: Hey.

WILL: You climbed all the way up here.

MADDIE: I did.

WILL: How did you find me?

MADDIE: Well, I went to the library, because I know you used to hang out on the roof there, but you weren't there.

WILL: The new security guard is mean.

MADDIE: And then I went to your old treehouse, but some twelve-year-old boys seem to be hanging out there now—

WILL: I sold it to them for twenty-seven bucks.

MADDIE: Then I went to the lake—

WILL: I'm never going to the lake again.

MADDIE: And then I remembered that you always loved this place.

And I found the hole in the fence, and I looked for the tallest place in the amusement park, and here you are.

WILL: I always liked being up high.

MADDIE: I know.

WILL jumps up on the seat.

MADDIE: Get down!

WILL: Why?

MADDIE: You want to hurt yourself?

WILL: I don't care.

MADDIE: You want to hurt me?

WILL: No.

MADDIE: You can always find another girlfriend. You'll never have another sister.

WILL: You don't know that. Mom might pump out another kid or two.

MADDIE: Mom is fifty-six.

WILL: Anyhow, I'm not going to hurt you.

MADDIE: We're like seventy feet up!

WILL: Just hold on. *(Tries to rock the Ferris wheel.)* Didn't there used to be Ferris wheels that rocked?

MADDIE: Not this one!

WILL: Rip-off. Hey, remember when we used to think they were called Ferris wheels because Ferris Bueller went on one on his day off?

MADDIE: And then we saw the movie, and we're like, "Where's the Ferris wheel"?

WILL: I still think it was named after him.

MADDIE: So... why do you have a stuffed animal?

WILL: I won him.

MADDIE: You did not.

WILL: Right down there. At the booth where you throw the darts at the balloons. I popped ten in a row, pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop. The girl behind the counter was so shocked she told me I could choose anything on the top row. So I chose this guy.

MADDIE: You didn't win it.

WILL: Sure I did.

MADDIE: This amusement park has been closed for 8 years.

WILL: So?

MADDIE: There's no one working down there!

WILL: Well, he was on the top shelf. And I like him. So he's mine. I carried him up here in my teeth. Figured if any bats attacked, he'd help me fight them off.

MADDIE: Will—

WILL: No bats yet though.

MADDIE: We need to talk.

WILL: I don't want to talk.

MADDIE: I know what happened.

WILL: Nothing happened.

MADDIE: That's not what I heard.

WILL: I don't want to talk about it. As a matter of fact, I demand that her name not be mentioned at all tonight.

MADDIE: That's fine.

WILL: You want to know why I love this Ferris wheel? Because I never brought her here.

MADDIE: I heard she broke up with you.

WILL: You heard.

MADDIE: She called me. She was worried.

WILL: Not worried enough not to break up with me. Though I don't blame her.

MADDIE: Will—

WILL: No! We're not talking about her any more.

MADDIE: Are you off your meds?

WILL: Of course I'm off my meds! You knew I was off my meds! I wouldn't be here unless I was off my meds!

MADDIE: I brought some.

WILL: No.

MADDIE: Will—

WILL: It doesn't matter. She doesn't like me when I'm on my meds, she doesn't like me when I'm not on my meds. So as long as I'm going to be a sad loser, I want to feel it all.

MADDIE: We'll find some new meds. Or a new girl.

WILL: Don't blame the pills, or the girl. It's me. I'm broken.

MADDIE: You're not broken.

WILL: Bipolar mess. No good for anyone.

MADDIE: Don't say that.

WILL: World would be better off without me in it.

MADDIE: Stop!

WILL: Come on. You could have gotten seriously hurt climbing up here. You might get hurt climbing down. You think I want that? I don't. I don't want any of it.

MADDIE: We're going to climb down together. Foot by foot. Carefully.

WILL: I'm not climbing down.

MADDIE: Will—

WILL: If I'm getting down, it's because I'm flying.

MADDIE: Don't even joke about that. I'm going to call the fire department. I should have called them already.

WILL: You do, I'll go over the side.

MADDIE: You'd do that in front of me?

WILL: Don't look.

MADDIE: I'm going to look.

WILL: Why are you making this hard!

MADDIE: It doesn't have to be.

WILL fishes a photo from his pocket. Pushes it at MADDIE.

WILL: Look at this picture. Tell me what you see. Don't say her name.

MADDIE: It's you and... her. At the lake.

WILL: Yes.

MADDIE: You're not wearing a shirt.

WILL: What else.

MADDIE: Reflections off the lake.

WILL: What else.

MADDIE: You look happy.

WILL: Yes!

MADDIE: Will—

WILL: What else.

MADDIE: ... She looks happy.

WILL: Yes! It was a perfect day. That photo captures the happiest moment in the most amazing day of my life. And it's all gone now. I will never be that happy again. I will never be one-tenth, one-hundredth as happy as that.

MADDIE: You don't know that.

WILL: I do know that. You don't know me. How it is. Walking through days, looking for any spark of connection with someone. Any spark at all. She was like a miracle.

MADDIE: There will be others.

WILL: I don't believe that. I don't. And if there are no more sparks, what's the point of going on?

MADDIE: The point is, you go on. You hold the good times close to your heart. You kidding me? You think my life is great? What makes it bearable is remembering the happy times I have had, and knowing that I'm going to have more. This photo isn't sad—this photo is amazing. You've lived. You will live. You need to live. You're one of my sparks. One of my best sparks. And I hope I'm one of yours.

WILL: *(Looks at MADDIE.)* You are.

MADDIE: Good.

WILL: I'm tired.

MADDIE: I don't care.

WILL: I'm not climbing down this Ferris wheel.

MADDIE: *(Looks down.)* Maybe you won't have to.

WILL: What?

WILL and MADDIE lurch. They react.

WILL: Why are we moving?

MADDIE: Magic.

WILL: Seriously?

MADDIE: I left dad down there trying to get the power on.

WILL: Let me guess—your job was to distract me until that happened?

MADDIE: It worked.

WILL: And what if I climb back up here tomorrow?

MADDIE: I'll climb up with you.

WILL: You will.

MADDIE: Sure. I'll bring a picnic. Tie the basket to a rope, and pull it up. We'll look at the view. Play some Connect Four.

WILL: I remember Connect Four.

MADDIE: You can bring your new friend.

WILL: *(Looks at MADDIE.)* That sounds really nice.

MADDIE: It will be.

WILL smiles and throws his arm around MADDIE. Blackout.

END OF PLAY

DO NOT COPY

THE NIGHT WE MET

by Scott Mullen

SYNOPSIS: Jill isn't happy when her stealth mission is interrupted by the enthusiastic Addie.

TIME: Present.

SETTING: A park.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 females)

ADDIE (f).....Excitable, looking for a friend.
(112 lines)

JILL (f).....More like Addie than she is ready to
admit. *(53 lines)*

SET: There is a bench, and a lamppost.

COSTUMES: Addie and Jill should be casually dressed, likely in dark clothes.

PROPS

- Binoculars

PRODUCTION NOTES

The play needs them to sort of hide behind something; if not a lamppost, then it could be a tree or even something that doesn't appear onstage (if so, then change the word "lamppost" to something appropriate).



AT START: *There is a bench, and a lamppost. Sort of hiding behind the lamppost is JILL, who looks off into the distance through binoculars. Entering quietly behind her is ADDIE. JILL doesn't notice her. ADDIE gets very close.*

ADDIE: *(Softly.)* Hey.

JILL jumps. Looks at ADDIE.

JILL: *(Low but firm.)* You shouldn't sneak up on people!

ADDIE: Did you want me to yell over before I came? I thought you were trying to be sneaky.

JILL: Who told you that? Who are you?

ADDIE: Hi. I'm Addie? From the freshman dorm? I live in 203, with Gretchen? Maybe you've seen her, she always wears heels? Even in the rain?

JILL: I don't know her.

ADDIE: Well she does. Even in the rain.

JILL: I don't know you.

ADDIE: You're Jill, right? Room 216? Paula's roommate?

JILL: Oh. You know Paula.

ADDIE: No. Not really. *(Points.)* Is that the place? With the monkeys?

JILL: Who told you about the monkeys?

ADDIE: Paula.

JILL: You said you didn't know Paula!

ADDIE: I don't. Not really. That's the problem.

JILL: You need to leave.

ADDIE: No! We need to pursue this! This could be the start of something great!

JILL: Shhh!

ADDIE: Sorry.

JILL: What do you mean, something great?

ADDIE: I didn't mean to say that. That was premature.

JILL: Why are you here?

ADDIE: That's a whole story. Though I guess you could look through your binoculars while I tell it.

JILL: Oh, I plan to.

JILL looks through her binoculars for the next page or so.

ADDIE: So I came to college hoping to make the kind of friends I'd have for my whole life, you know? Because you don't choose your family—you're stuck with whatever you get there. But friends are the family we choose for ourselves. And I decided that I really wanted to choose from a huge pool of potential friends. I wanted to meet everybody, so I could make sure I didn't miss anyone. And if people didn't like me, that's fine, that's great, I could just move on, and find my people. My tribe!

JILL: How's that working out?

ADDIE: ... Not very well. Or maybe it is. Because I've already eliminated a lot of possibilities for friendship. It's definitely not Gretchen.

JILL: Because she wears heels in the mud.

ADDIE: Because she's not very nice. And then I saw a bunch of girls in the hall tonight, including your roommate Paula, and I introduced myself, very enthusiastically, and I could tell they didn't care. They didn't want to get to know me.

JILL: Maybe you were too enthusiastic. Maybe you were trying too hard.

ADDIE: But that's me! That's who I am! If they don't love that about me, then I don't want them to be my friend!

JILL: I don't love that about you.

ADDIE: (*Looks at JILL.*) No. I don't believe that. That's not really the vibe I'm getting from you. You're intrigued by me!

JILL: I'm not intrigued.

ADDIE: I think you are.

JILL: Is that why you came here? To annoy me into being your friend?

ADDIE: No. It's for the monkeys. Monkeys are cute.

JILL: I can't believe Paula told you about the monkeys. It was supposed to be a secret!

ADDIE: Then you shouldn't have told Paula.

JILL: Clearly. But I was hoping that she'd come.

ADDIE: Yes, you were.

JILL: What does that mean?

ADDIE: You were hoping Paula would be your tribe. But she's not your tribe. She's really kind of awful, isn't she?

JILL: She is.

ADDIE: Well, she suggested that I come over here, and help you rescue the monkeys.

JILL: That figures.

ADDIE: It does?

JILL: She was playing a trick on you. And on me. "Ha ha, I can't wait to see the look on Jill's face when that weird enthusiastic girl shows up in the middle of her thing." Well here's my face. *(Makes a face.)* You can tell Paula about this face.

ADDIE: Are the monkeys in the building over there?

ADDIE points. JILL pulls her hand down.

JILL: Don't point at the monkey building! They might see you!

ADDIE: The monkeys?

JILL: No! The security guards!

ADDIE: Don't you think they'll see you? With your binoculars?

JILL: No! Because I'm hiding behind the lamppost!

ADDIE: Well... I'm pointing behind the lamppost.

JILL: You really need to go.

ADDIE: No! You invited Paula to come, so that means you need help! Or at least company. That's me! I'm help, and company! And I want to rescue monkeys! What are we rescuing them from?

JILL: See, you don't even know!

ADDIE: I don't think Paula was really paying close attention when you told her.

JILL: You really want to help? Seriously?

ADDIE: I do.

JILL: Now I'm going to tell you a story. And then I'm going to ask you some questions.

ADDIE: Can I look through the binoculars while you tell the story?

JILL: Fine.

JILL hands over the binoculars. ADDIE looks.

ADDIE: What am I looking for?

JILL: I'm watching the guards. To see how often they patrol outside the building.

ADDIE: Ooooo. Cool.

JILL: So tell me if you see any.

ADDIE: I'm on it.

ADDIE looks through the binoculars until JILL gets to "Go".

JILL: So that's a lab, and in there they are doing experiments on monkeys, like, putting things in their eyes, it's awful. So as soon as I think there are no guards around, I'm going to walk up to the window, and I'm going to quietly smash the glass, and open the window, and I am going to climb inside, and then I am going to let out as many monkeys as I can. And then hopefully the monkeys will all run into the woods over there, it's a pretty big forest, it really goes back, and the monkeys can live happy lives.

ADDIE: That's cool. And what's my job?

JILL: Your job is to leave.

ADDIE: No!

JILL: Yes. Because I'll probably get arrested, and go to jail, and I'll get a criminal record. And my parents will have to bail me out, and they are going to be unhappy with me, and that will be awful, and I might even get kicked out of college, so you'll never see me again anyway. Go.

ADDIE: I see what you're doing.

JILL: I'm not—

ADDIE: You're testing me. You're seeing if I'm the kind of person who is worthy to be in your tribe. And I am. I'm in. I want to climb in that window with you. See these hands? I'm a climber. Plus two pairs of hands, we can free monkeys quicker.

JILL: And if a security guard catches us? What do you do?

ADDIE: ...Kick him where it hurts?

JILL: No.

ADDIE: Knee him where it hurts?

JILL: No!

ADDIE: Punch him where it hurts?

JILL: That's assault! Then we'd definitely go to jail.

ADDIE: Not if we kick him where it hurts and run.

JILL: You'd really do that for me?

ADDIE: I mean, I'll feel badly for the guy. But he made the choice to work in a terrible monkey lab. So he'll be lying on the floor in pain, rethinking his terrible job choices, and we can run into the forest with the monkeys. Maybe even carry some of the baby monkeys. Are there baby monkeys?

JILL: I think so.

ADDIE: Awww. We need to save the baby monkeys! I think I can carry five baby monkeys! Maybe more! Ten baby monkeys!

JILL: *(Looks at ADDIE.)* Okay.

ADDIE: Really? I can come?

JILL: As long as you know that this is what you are getting into if we are friends.

ADDIE: Crazy adventures?

JILL: Crazy monkey-saving adventures.

ADDIE: That sounds awesome.

JILL: It... really does.

ADDIE: Just think in the future, when we're looking back and we're talking about the night we met. This is the night we met, right now! We're living it!

JILL: Don't make it weird.

ADDIE: Maybe we should have brought masks.

JILL: I might have masks. I might have two masks. Just in case—

ADDIE: Just in case an amazing friend showed up to help you save monkeys?

JILL: A girl can dream, can't she?

ADDIE: Let's go save some monkeys! The start of something great!

JILL: *(Looks at ADDIE. Smiles.)* The start of something great.

JILL and ADDIE exit. Blackout.

END OF PLAY

THE MERITS OF RISKING AN ALIEN PROBE

by Scott Mullen

SYNOPSIS: Three young women wonder whether it's a good idea to let aliens take them to another planet.

TIME: Present.

SETTING: A park.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 females, 1 male)

MEG (f).....Ready to make a change. *(35 lines)*
 KATE (f).....Very dubious. *(43 lines)*
 HANNAH (f).....Very enthusiastic. *(29 lines)*
 JEREMY (m).....Not a very mature or nice person.
(13 lines)

COSTUMES: The characters should all be dressed casually.

PROPS

- Suitcase

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AT START: *MEG stands in the middle of an empty stage, looking up. She has a suitcase in one hand and waves to the sky with the other.*

MEG: Hello! Hellooooo!!!! Are you there?

KATE enters. She slows, eyeing MEG.

MEG: *(To sky.)* Come on, you were supposed to be here fifteen minutes ago!

KATE: Who are you talking to?

MEG: No one. Move on.

MEG is looking up again. KATE wanders closer. She looks up too. MEG continues to look up and wave.

KATE: What are we looking for?

MEG: If you don't know, then it's not for you.

KATE: What's not?

MEG: I don't want you to scare them off.

KATE: Scare who off?

MEG: You're really not going to leave?

KATE: Scare who off?

MEG: Aliens.

KATE: Seriously?

MEG: See? You don't believe me. Leave.

KATE: Why are you waiting here for aliens?

MEG: I got a message.

KATE: A message.

MEG: On my Facebook account. Telling me to come here.

KATE: Aliens contacted you on Facebook?

MEG: It was very convincing.

KATE: So you came here to be carried off by aliens.

MEG: I'm expecting a tractor beam will take me up to the mother ship.

Any second now. Helllloooooooo! I'd wave with both hands, but I don't want to risk putting down the suitcase, in case the tractor beam suddenly grabs me. I don't want to lose my things.

KATE: There's no such thing as aliens!

MEG: I hope they don't think you're me. They might carry you off.

KATE backs away from MEG.

MEG: See? You do believe.

KATE: Wouldn't being carried off by aliens be a bad thing? Won't they, you know... probe you or something? Down there?

MEG: *(Looks at KATE. Ponders.)* It's worth the risk. *(Looks back up.)*

KATE: How is that worth the risk?!?

MEG: I've had boyfriends who were into that.

KATE: I don't want to hear that!

HANNAH enters.

HANNAH: What's going on?

MEG: Seriously—I really need to be alone for this. Both of you shoo.

KATE: *(To HANNAH.)* She's waiting for aliens.

HANNAH: That's awesome!

KATE: What?

HANNAH: *(Looks up. Waves her arms.)* That's why I'm here too. I got a message—

MEG: Facebook?

HANNAH: Yes!

KATE: Oh, come on!

MEG: Where's your suitcase?

HANNAH: I thought they'd give us clothes and stuff. No?

MEG: I wanted to make sure. Plus I like my clothes.

HANNAH: I might even go sans clothing. I'm open to anything.

KATE: Stop! None of this is real! Someone is playing a trick on you!
Aliens don't come and just carry you away!

HANNAH: It happened to me already.

KATE: It did not!

HANNAH: Three years ago. I was walking down the sidewalk one night, then whoosh, I'm flying through the air. Then I'm in a ship. These freaky looking aliens with big eyes, poking me and stuff. They didn't cut me open—they just took my temperature... or something.

MEG: In your mouth.

HANNAH: No. Down there. You know, in the back.

KATE: Alien probe! They gave her an alien probe!

HANNAH: I'm pretty sure they just took my temperature. Though it was deeper than the doctor usually goes...

KATE: It was an alien probe!

HANNAH: It wasn't that bad. I've had boyfriends—

KATE: Stop! I don't want to hear about that! Why would you two want to go up there and have them do things to you?

MEG: They said they were going to take me to their planet.

HANNAH: My message said that too!

KATE: Why would you want to go to their planet?

MEG: Are you kidding? Why wouldn't I want to go to their planet? I mean, look at the world right now. All the craziness—

HANNAH: The hate—

MEG: The global warming—

HANNAH: The fighting—

MEG: This planet is doomed!

HANNAH: I just broke up with my boyfriend.

KATE: *(To HANNAH.)* That's not a good reason!

HANNAH: That's why I didn't go with the aliens in the first place! They wanted to take me, but I thought Jeremy and I were going to work out. I thought he was going to propose. But ugh, he's such a child. I'm going back to space.

MEG: Plus global warming! Melting ice caps!

HANNAH: Sure, that too.

MEG: I want something real in my life! Something amazing! I want to be... an ambassador of love from humanity!

HANNAH: Oh, that's beautiful. Yeah, I want to do that too.

KATE: No!

MEG: And you think their planet is going to be awesome, right?

HANNAH: They seemed really nice. Even the butt stuff was gentle.

KATE: Stop talking about that!

MEG: Did they have... genitals?

HANNAH: You know, I'm not really sure. I hope so. *(Looks up.)* We're ready now!

JEREMY enters running.

JEREMY: Thank goodness I got here in time!

HANNAH: Jeremy, I told you we were over!

JEREMY: I won't let you go to outer space! It's crazy!

KATE: Yes! This! Listen to him!

HANNAH: What's crazy is staying with you! Mister Fear of Commitment!

JEREMY: I just need more time.

KATE: He just needs more time!

MEG: Seriously? This is the guy? Let's go with the aliens.

JEREMY: No! Think of everything you'll be leaving behind!

KATE: Yes! Tell her!

HANNAH: Oh yeah, tell me. What. What am I leaving behind that's so awesome?

JEREMY: Well. The kissing. The kissing is great!

HANNAH: Ehhh...

JEREMY: You told me it was great.

HANNAH: I was trying to be a supportive girlfriend!

JEREMY: Pizza! There's no pizza in outer space.

KATE: Pizza?

JEREMY: And there's a new John Wick movie coming out soon—

KATE: Wait—

JEREMY: And the McRib! The McRib will be back. And Slushies! Did they have a slushie machine on that spaceship?

KATE: This is the best you can do?

HANNAH: I know, right?

MEG: The planet is dying!

KATE: Never mind the planet. What about your life together? The future. Marriage? Kids?

JEREMY takes a step back.

KATE: What about love? Don't you care for her?

JEREMY: Sure.

KATE: Say it!

JEREMY: I... love you, Hannah.

MEG: Lame.

KATE: That was terrible!

HANNAH: It's over.

JEREMY eyes KATE.

JEREMY: What about you? You doing anything tonight?

KATE: Get out of here!

JEREMY: You're going to miss this. You're all going to miss this.

JEREMY exits.

KATE: That was depressing.

MEG: Tell me about it. Now you're coming with us, right?

KATE: There's still no such thing as aliens!

HANNAH: You think I should have given him another chance?

MEG: No! We aren't going to miss that. Beam us up!

HANNAH: Maybe she's right. They aren't coming.

MEG: They're coming! Let's go over here. Slightly higher ground.

MEG exits, looking up. HANNAH exits following.

KATE: This is ridiculous! There are no aliens! You're going to be standing there all night. I'm just going to stand here and make fun of you—

There's a BRIGHT LIGHT from offstage.

KATE: *(Gasps.)* It's them. The aliens. And there they go into the sky. Idiots. How could they want to leave everything. Like... like...

The light turns off.

KATE: What am I staying for. Wait! Wait! I want to come with them! You can poke around my butt if you need to! *(Exits running off. Once offstage yells.)* Come on! This isn't fair. Beam me up!

And there's another BRIGHT LIGHT.

KATE: *(Offstage.)* Woohool!

Blackout.

END OF PLAY

DEER IN THE HEADLIGHTS

by Scott Mullen

SYNOPSIS: After swerving her car into a ditch to avoid what she thought was a deer, Haley is miffed to realize it's just Darren in antlers.

TIME: Present.

SETTING: An isolated road.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 1 male)

HALEY (f).....Frustrated; yearning for connection.
(62 lines)

DARREN (m)Meek, and afraid of girls. (62 lines)

COSTUMES: At minimum, Darren should be wearing antlers in some form; any further deer-related costuming is up to you. Haley is dressed for a party.

SFX: Slow Dance Music.

PROPS

- Antlers
- Cell phone

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AT START: *An empty stage. HALEY enters, on her cell phone. Frazzled.*

HALEY: Triple A? Hi. Yes. I need your help. I just swerved to avoid a deer, and now my car's in the ditch. Pine Tree Road, mile marker... forty-two. (*Listens.*) I'm fine. And I think the car is fine, but I need you to tow it out of the ditch, as soon as possible! Because my parents are going to kill me if I'm late for curfew. And they can't

find out that I drove into a ditch, because they'll think I got drunk at the party, and I didn't! I should have, because I have had the worst night ever, but I did not take a sip of alcohol. In fact, do you guys have a Breathalyzer? Because if you could give me a Breathalyzer test, to prove that I am sober, that would be awesome! (*Listens.*) You don't do that. Can I at least get a note? (*Listens.*) Okay. I'll stop to breathe. (*Breathes.*) Are you on your way? (*Listens.*) Good. Thank you. Thank you. What? How's the deer? I don't think I hit it. I don't see it. Okay. I'm here. Waiting. (*Puts her phone away. Looks around.*) Deer? Are you okay! I hope I didn't hit you. I hope I didn't scare you. But you shouldn't have been in the road.

Silence for a moment.

DARREN: (*Offstage.*) I'm okay.

HALEY: Ahhhh!

DARREN enters wearing antlers.

DARREN: It's okay! I'm not a talking deer! It's just me.

HALEY: Darren?!?

DARREN: Hi Haley.

HALEY: What are you doing in the middle of nowhere dressed like a deer? You made me crash my car!

DARREN: I'm sorry.

HALEY: I could have killed you!

DARREN: I know. I know. It was stupid. I'm doing a school project about the deer around here, where they live, what they eat, everything. I wanted to know how it felt to be a deer. Especially when they have to cross this road, how terrifying it must be. So I got my friend Chris to drop me off, and I made him promise not to come back until midnight, so I wouldn't chicken out. And I've been wandering around the woods, being a deer. And crossing the road, a few times. Because that's what deer do. And there really isn't much traffic at all. But then, when I was in the middle of the road, I saw headlights—and I really did freeze, just like deer do. Because it was terrifying! I couldn't move! And then you went in the ditch,

and I felt bad, but I saw you getting out and I was so relieved that you were okay. But then I hid. Because I felt like an idiot.

HALEY: You are an idiot!

DARREN: But I'm glad you're okay.

HALEY pulls out her cell phone.

HALEY: I'm taking your picture.

DARREN: Oh. Okay. Should I pose?

HALEY: I'm going to post it on Instagram so that everyone will know what an idiot you are! And that there was a reason I ran the car into a ditch, if anyone needs to know that! Why are you posing??

DARREN: I don't mind if people know. I want people to know. Well, one person.

HALEY: Who?

DARREN: I'm not going to tell you. It's private.

HALEY: Who!

DARREN: Mindy Sinclair.

HALEY: Oh. She's... smart.

DARREN: She really is.

HALEY: So you did this to impress her?

DARREN: Well, I want to get a good grade, and I really did want to know what it was like to be a deer... but yes, I was hoping that my project would be so cool that Mindy would notice me.

HALEY: You want Mindy to notice you?

DARREN: So much.

HALEY: So why don't you just talk to her?

DARREN: Oh no. No. That's terrifying.

HALEY: Mindy Sinclair is not terrifying. Mindy Sinclair is the opposite of terrifying.

DARREN: Just the idea of approaching her—or any girl for that matter—fills me with terror. I freeze, completely.

HALEY: Like a deer in the headlights.

DARREN: I can now personally verify that it is exactly like being a deer in the headlights.

HALEY: But you're talking to me.

DARREN: I am.

HALEY: And I'm a girl.

DARREN: But that's different. You approached me first.

HALEY: I did?

DARREN: Yes. You were talking to the deer, hoping it was all right, and I had to respond. That gave me my opening. Plus we used to be friends.

HALEY: When we were in elementary school.

DARREN: So you're not just a girl. You're Haley.

HALEY: Great.

DARREN: That's not what I meant. You're like a sister.

HALEY: Nooooo. Not you too!

DARREN: All I mean is that when I look at Mindy—when I look at most girls—my brain explodes. So I was just hoping that she'd see my awesome deer presentation, and she'd walk up to me, and say something nice, and then my brain would function, and we could have a nice conversation, and start seeing each other, and go to college together, and get married, and have two to four kids, and live happily ever after.

HALEY: You've given this a lot of thought.

DARREN: So if you did take a photo of me, that might be a good thing. Everyone would be like "why is he wearing antlers?", and maybe Mindy would see it and be intrigued. And then she'd walk up to me.

HALEY: You really need her to walk up to you.

DARREN: I do.

HALEY: You need to get over this! Girls are not scary!

DARREN: They really are though.

HALEY: No! Haven't you ever been kissed by a girl?

DARREN: Once.

HALEY: Okay, that's something.

DARREN: I was nine, and I was at a birthday party, jumping in the bouncy castle, and I bumped heads with a girl, and I guess I got it worse, because it hurt, and I was crying. And she felt bad. And she kissed the bump.

HALEY: That doesn't count.

DARREN: And she kissed my cheek.

HALEY: That counts a little more. Did she like you?

DARREN: I have no idea!

HALEY: Did you ask her?

DARREN: It was you!

HALEY: What?

DARREN: We bumped heads! You kissed me on the cheek!

HALEY: I don't remember that at all.

DARREN: Great.

HALEY: Did you like me?

DARREN: I don't know. I was nine. You were Haley! You were like
a—

HALEY: Don't say it!

HALEY walks away. DARREN eyes her.

DARREN: What happened to you tonight?

HALEY: I drove into a ditch.

DARREN: No. Before that. You told the guy on the phone that you
had a bad night at a party.

HALEY: You were listening?

DARREN: I wanted to make sure you were all right.

HALEY: I'm not going to talk about tonight. It's personal.

DARREN: Seriously? I just told you everything that's going on in my
life! Everything!

HALEY: That's different. You owed me.

DARREN: Owed you for what?

HALEY: For making me drive my car into a ditch!

DARREN: Just tell me what happened. You'll feel better.

HALEY: How do I know you won't blab it around?

DARREN: Who am I going to tell? I don't know your friends.

HALEY: Because they're scary girls?

DARREN: Yes!

HALEY: Fine. I went to a party tonight. At a house of some guy in
Mapleton, because I heard that Trent Smith was going to be there.
You know Trent?

DARREN: You like Trent?

HALEY: Clearly if I was driving all the way to Mapleton I like Trent.
Who I heard broke up with Eileen Sanders.

DARREN: Ew.

HALEY: Right? And I thought to myself, this is my only chance. I need to talk to him before he finds another girlfriend. Or gets back together with Eileen. So I go to the party, and there are a lot of people there, only some of who I know, but enough so that it wasn't too weird. And I'm walking through this house, looking for Trent, and I'm getting more and more tense, because what if he's already talking to another girl? And if he's not, what if I chicken out?

DARREN: Deer in the headlights.

HALEY: Hush. And there he was. Not talking to anyone. And it was perfect, and I walked up to him, and I said hi, and we were chatting, and it was going well, because we know each other, somewhat, Trent's a nice guy. But he wasn't asking me out or anything, so finally I suggested that maybe we could see a movie sometime... and I saw the look in his eyes. That he really wasn't into that. And he saw me see the look. And he told me I was a nice girl, but he saw me more as a sister. And I pretended that was great, but it wasn't great, and as soon as I could I drove off, and I found some ice cream. Which didn't help enough. And then I drove home, but you were in the road and that's my night. Bad night.

DARREN: At least you had ice cream.

HALEY: Bad night!

DARREN: Okay.

HALEY: And you also see me as a sister!

DARREN: That was a bad word to use.

HALEY: You think?

DARREN: But we're not really friends, not any more. Yet I feel like we do know each other. But not in a romantic way.

HALEY: Why not? Why don't you see me in a romantic way?

DARREN: Because that's scary.

HALEY: I'm not scary!

DARREN: Do you see me in a romantic way?

HALEY: I don't know. How can anyone really know that, unless they got to know the person? Before tonight, how many words have we exchanged in the last five years?

DARREN: None.

HALEY: I don't know who you are now. Well, I guess I do, a little, you're a guy who will go out in the woods in a deer costume, to impress a girl.

DARREN: That's me.

HALEY: But you don't see me in a romantic way.

DARREN: You're out of my league.

HALEY: No! That's not true. How can you say that?

DARREN: I pretty much feel like everyone is out of my league.

HALEY: Okay, we need to stop this now. *(Exits walking offstage, in the direction she entered.)*

DARREN: Where are you going? Haley?

SFX: Slow Dance Music starts. HALEY enters.

DARREN: Why did you turn on the radio?

HALEY: We're going to dance.

DARREN: What? No! Why?

HALEY: Because it's a nice thing that people do together. And I want you to realize that I'm not scary.

DARREN: This is terrifying!

HALEY: Hush. Come here.

HALEY close to him. Slow dance position.

DARREN: I'm going to step on your feet.

HALEY: Don't talk. Just hold me. It's been a long day.

HALEY and DARREN dance. Slowly. In each other's arms. It's nice. He doesn't step on her feet. He's actually, somehow, pretty great at this. Finally, maybe a light shines on them. They separate.

HALEY: There's the tow truck. Would you like a ride home?

DARREN: I would.

HALEY: Good.

DARREN: Haley... would you like to go to the movies sometime?

HALEY: I would.

DARREN: Good.

HALEY and DARREN smile at each other. Blackout.

END OF PLAY

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