

FOOLISH DECISION

By David Burton & Laurie Allen

Copyright © 1998 by David Burton & Laurie Allen, All rights reserved.
ISBN: 1-931000-20-4

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

CHARACTERS

PAPA: A single parent; paranoid at times; trying to deal with parenting

CINDY: 10, the youngest daughter, a know-it-all

PENELOPE: 17, the oldest daughter, very conceited

LIBBY: Teen, the middle daughter, bright, level headed, but desperate for a boyfriend

SHAWNA: Teen, gossipy Southern Belle

EILEEN: Teen, Libby's best friend

NORMAN: Teen, a lovable, but nerdy guy

JEANETTE: Teen, Libby's friend

SARA: Teen, Libby's friend

COACH: In his or her thirties, strong country accent

STONE: Teen, a new student, Libby's love interest

MOM: Norman's mom

JASON: Teen, Stone's friend

POLICE OFFICER 1: Traffic cop

POLICE OFFICER 2: Traffic cop

OLD MISS MAPLES: A widow in her forties, interested in Papa (for added humor, this character could be a male dressed up as a female)

STONE'S FRIENDS: One or more extra characters

EXTRAS: If desired

NOTES: *Extra students may be used in the volleyball practice scene and the dance scene.*

CAST:

8 females

4 males

3 that could be male or female

Extras (16 actual speaking parts)

PLAYING TIME: Approximately 45-50 minutes

PROPS

Table and chairs

Coffee pot

Cups

Cereal

Bowls

Spoons

Apple

Small mirror

Basketball

Notebooks

Peanut butter sandwiches

Two cordless telephones

Sound effect of telephone ringing

Fishing pole

Punch bowl and cups

Bottle of liquid (water) and a cup

Two additional chairs

Sound effect of a siren

Foolish Decision – Page 4

FOOLISH DECISION

by
David Burton & Laurie Allen

SCENE 1

TIME: Present

SETTING: The kitchen of a single widower with three daughters

AT RISE: Early Monday morning. PAPA is sitting at the table with a cup of coffee in front of him. Breakfast dishes decorate the table (with tablecloth), as well as a single apple. PAPA'S head is down, as HE tries to sneak in a few last moments of sleep. CINDY, his ten-year-old daughter, enters.

CINDY: Good morning, Papa! How's my favorite father this morning?

PAPA: *(lifts head)* It's early, Cindy. Be quiet and let me die in peace.

CINDY: We're not grouchy on such a lovely day, are we?

PAPA: Yes, we are. Now go away. *(gestures and puts his head down on the table)* Go away.

CINDY: But you have to get ready for work. Papa? *(shakes him)* Papa? Didn't you sleep last night?

PAPA: *(raises his head again)* I haven't slept well for the last few nights.

CINDY: You're lonely, aren't you?

PAPA: I'm not anything.

CINDY: I know it's been tough. Since Mama died, you've had to take on the responsibility of raising three daughters all by yourself.

PAPA: I realize that, and I'm dealing with it. Besides, it's almost been a year. *(beat)* I'm just tired. *(puts head down again)*

CINDY: Well, then stop feeling sorry for yourself and wake up.

(CINDY shakes him)

PAPA: Ow! Stop pulling me. Do you want my arms to come off?

CINDY: Papa, wake up. Now! You're going to be late-again.

PAPA: When was I ever late? Name one time.

CINDY: Yesterday.

PAPA: Big deal. Okay, I was late once.

CINDY: And the day before yesterday.

PAPA: Okay, twice.

CINDY: And the day before that. And the day before that... And the...

PAPA: Enough, already!

CINDY: You have to get ready. Do you want to get fired? Do you want to have three starving children living in the street?

Foolish Decision – Page 5

PAPA: You're not starving and we are NOT living in the street. Quit being so dramatic!

CINDY: We WILL be in the streets if you lose your job. *(trying to pull him up)*
Now get up, go in there, and get ready, Papa...please!

PAPA: *(waves CINDY away)* Okay...okay. I'm going...I'm going.

CINDY: Thank you. I'll go wake up my sisters.

PAPA: You just do that now.

(CINDY exits, SL. PAPA puts head down again. CINDY re-enters, sees him sleeping again...hands on hips, frustrated . . . has an idea)

CINDY: Papa! Papa! Wake up! There's a man!

PAPA: *(jumps up)* A man? Who?

CINDY: I don't know. Just a man.

PAPA: *(looks around)* Where is he?

CINDY: *(points off)* Outside.

PAPA: He's trying to break in here! I knew it...a burglar. *(to himself)* You always think it'll happen to the other guy. *(moves this way and that as HE shouts directions)* Get everybody out of the house...out of the house...out of the house. Hurry. Let's go...let's go!

CINDY: But Papa...

PAPA: *(still nervously moving both this way and that; stops a second...thinking)* That's right. Burglar is outside. We're inside. *(shouting directions)* Close the windows! Lock the doors! Baton down the hatch! Let's go...let's go. Get all the women and children down to the basement.

CINDY: We don't have a basement.

PAPA: Ah...right. *(runs to CINDY)* Did you close all the windows?

CINDY: No.

PAPA: Check. Lock the doors?

CINDY: Nope.

PAPA: Check. Baton down the hatch?

CINDY: No hatch.

PAPA: Check. That should be it. Now...everyone to the basement.

CINDY: No basement.

PAPA: Right. *(thinking)* I should have built one.

CINDY: What are you doing, Papa?!

PAPA: *(strikes a pose)* Protecting my family. Nobody better mess with my daughters. *(jumps right in front of CINDY, protectively making a martial arts move)* Heee-ya! *(jumps to his left)* Heee-ya! *(jumps to the right)* Heee-ya! *(beat)* You're protected, Cindy. I don't know how long I can hold this guy off. Better phone 9-1-1.

CINDY: Hardly. I'm not calling anyone.

PAPA: That's right. He would have cut the phone lines, first thing. What was I thinking?

CINDY: But I don't really think he's a criminal. He and his buddy...

Foolish Decision – Page 6

PAPA: His buddy?! There are two of these guys trying to break into my house?! *(beat)* Desperate mornings call for desperate measures. I'll collect the weapons, you grab the ammunition.

CINDY: Nope.

PAPA: *(grabs fishing rod and holds it out toward the audience, turning each way with pole outstretched, very serious, ready for battle)* Weapon ready...check. *(turns to CINDY)* When's that ammunition coming?

CINDY: Never.

PAPA: Check. *(pause, looks around)* Believe I've covered everything. *(Carefully high-stepping, begins to back up)* Let's all move to the basement, slowly and quietly. They're probably armed, but they'll never know we're down there.

CINDY: We don't have a basement.

PAPA: Great cats of the Amazon...no basement! What do we do?

CINDY: I hear something. It must be...

PAPA: *(cutting her off)* No time to dig a basement now. Everyone hit the deck. *(jumps down to the floor, lying flat).*

CINDY: Papa...

PAPA: Shhh! They'll know we're here. *(looks back, sees CINDY standing; motions)* Get down! Get down! Are you crazy, standing right in the line of fire?!

CINDY: It's okay...really it is. Come to think of it, I believe it was that man and his buddy who deliver the morning paper. One drives, one throws. Neither robs...as far as I know.

PAPA: *(puts head up)* What?

CINDY: I just remembered. Besides, what burglar would choose eight in the morning for a sneak attack. The whole world is up and running.

PAPA: *(gets up)* At least you know I'm prepared for emergencies.

CINDY: *(sarcastically)* Yes, I can imagine the eyes you could put out with that fishing rod.

(Embarrassed, PAPA sets his rod against the table again. CINDY prepares cereal as PENELOPE enters, staring into a mirror, primping.)

CINDY: Papa, here comes your oldest, but dumbest daughter. Papa? You told Penelope to stop carrying that mirror around everywhere. She still has it. Make her put it down.

PAPA: For a 10 year old, you sure are bossy.

CINDY: I know. I'm a natural born leader.

PAPA: Natural born brat.

(PENELOPE comes to the table, still staring into the mirror and bumps the table.)

CINDY: Watch where you're going, Penelope.

PENELOPE: Mind your own business, twerp!

Foolish Decision – Page 7

CINDY: (*PENELOPE sits and primps*) Do you want some cereal? (*doesn't respond*) Do you want some cereal? (*yells*) DO YOU WANT SOME CEREAL?

PENELOPE: Cindy, why are you yelling?

PAPA: Didn't I tell you to leave that mirror in your room where it belongs?

PENELOPE: But Papa, I have to look good. If I don't, the boys won't notice me!

PAPA: (*stands*) What boys?

CINDY: (*stands with him*) Yeah, what boys?

PENELOPE: All of the boys, of course. I want them to say, "I wish I had a date with that beautiful girl."

CINDY: Maybe they'll walk right past you and ask a beautiful girl.

PENELOPE: I wouldn't talk, little Miss Dateless!

CINDY: I'm only ten years old! I don't even like boys-except the ones I can beat up.

PENELOPE: Well, I love boys. I'm worried, Papa. Last night I found a blemish on my beautiful cheek.

PAPA: You should try a mudpack.

CINDY & PENELOPE: A what?

PAPA: A mudpack. About 10 years ago, your mom bought a mudpack to put on her face at night. And it worked. She looked great for three weeks.

PENELOPE: Really?

PAPA: Yeah. Then the mud fell off.

PENELOPE: (*pauses, rolling her eyes*) I have to go.

CINDY: Oh, Penelope. You have a blemish on the other side of your face now.

PENELOPE: Oh, no. (*rubs cheek*) I can't go to school like this. (*absent mindedly grabs tablecloth and starts rubbing*) Oh, no. I can't find it. This is terrible.

(*SHE moves and takes tablecloth with her, spilling all dishes*)

PAPA: (*pause*) Great! Cindy, did my cup still have any coffee left in it?

CINDY: (*picking it up*) Nope. It's as empty as Penelope's brain.

PAPA: What do you have to say for yourself?

PENELOPE: Cindy tricked me. I don't have another blemish.

CINDY: Well, you fell for it.

PAPA: Now that you've ruined breakfast, pick this stuff up.

PENELOPE: But Papa! I can't clean it up. Look. I just painted my fingernails. And if I do any work, I might start SWEATING!

CINDY: Yeah, Papa. All thirty pounds of her make-up might fall off.

PENELOPE: I hate you - annoying little sister. (*CINDY sticks out tongue*) Papa, I can't take this anymore. She's going to give me wrinkles.

CINDY: That's right, Penelope. Pretty soon you'll have so many wrinkles, you'll look like a 30-year-old bulldog.

Foolish Decision – Page 8

PENELOPE: You little brat! *(yelling)* You're going to be sorry for saying that. Someday I'll be driving a Porsche.

CINDY: Only if you park cars for a living.

PENELOPE: You're going through that wall if you don't be quiet!

CINDY: *(jumping up)* Oh yeah. Give it your best shot, sis!

PAPA: *(jumping up)* That's enough! Now both of you sit down and hush!

PENELOPE: I have to go anyway.

CINDY: Great! It's about time.

PENELOPE: Danny is driving me to school this morning...*(proudly)* in his red convertible!

CINDY: *(dryly)* Whoop-ee.

PENELOPE: Beats the yellow school bus. So, is there a quick breakfast I could take with me, Papa? I need something to hold me over 'til noon. I don't have time for cereal.

CINDY: Here, Penelope. If you'll just leave, you can have my juicy red apple. *(gives PENELOPE the apple)*

PENELOPE: Well, thanks, Cindy. *(takes bite)*

CINDY: No problem. Couple of days ago, a really nice homeless lady traded me for the quarter I had.

PENELOPE: Ugh! *(throws apple down and exits, staring at her mirror)*

CINDY: How can Penelope possibly see where she's going when she stares at her mirror 24-7. *(a loud sound comes from offstage and CINDY smiles)* Figures...she's stacked up about 300 years of bad luck by all the mirrors she's broken.

LIBBY: *(enters, as CINDY picks up mess)* Good morning, Papa. Good morning, Cindy.

PAPA & CINDY: Morning.

LIBBY: Who made this mess?

CINDY: Penelope. Who else?

LIBBY: What was that big racket I heard in here earlier? Were you torturing prisoners? Sounded like a murder was in progress.

CINDY: Almost. Papa was armed and ready...

LIBBY: His fishing pole?

CINDY: You got it.

LIBBY: Papa, if you're going to hook someone with that thing, at least make it a cute guy. I need a date for the big school dance.

PAPA: Girls, I have to get ready for work. Make sure you get to school on time.

LIBBY: We will. Oh, by the way, my friend Eileen said she walked by the house last night and you were sitting on the porch in your pink Hawaiian shorts.

PAPA: So?

LIBBY: Those aren't really shorts, Papa. I keep telling you. Those are boxers. Underwear, Papa.

PAPA: So? Who's to know?

LIBBY: Oh, Papa. How can you embarrass me like that?

Foolish Decision – Page 9

PAPA: Get over it. I'll see you girls tonight. *(exits)*

SCENE 2

At Rise: A knock is heard at the door

CINDY: Come in.

SHAWNA: *(enters - uses a thick Southern accent)* Well, hi ya'll. How ya'll doin' this morning?

CINDY: Shawna, why don't you learn to talk right? You sound like a rerun of "Gone with the Wind."

SHAWNA: Well, thank you little girl. That's my favorite movie in the whole world. I just love Rhett Butler.

CINDY: What a loser.

SHAWNA: You watch your mouth, little girl. Besides, I came over to see your sister, not you, you mangy little twerp.

CINDY: Good. You can have her all to yourself. *(CINDY exits)*

LIBBY: Hi, Shawna. What's up?

SHAWNA: I wanted to drop by for a second. I'm so worried about you.

LIBBY: Why on earth are you worried about me?

SHAWNA: Why, you don't have a date to the big dance on Friday. What's everybody gonna say? You wouldn't catch little ol' me dateless on any Friday night - or Saturday - or the rest of the week.

LIBBY: Thanks a lot, Shawna. That really makes me feel a lot better.

SHAWNA: Well, sugar, you just gotta get a date. People are beginning to talk. Of course, you know I never talk bad about you or anybody.

LIBBY: Sure, Shawna.

SHAWNA: I gotta go, Libby. I have to catch up to my sweet Charlie. He looks just like Rhett Butler, except without the mustache.

(SHAWNA exits and CINDY enters, carrying a cup of water. On the way, they pass each other and SHAWNA hits or pushes CINDY)

CINDY: Hey! What's your problem?

SHAWNA: I don't have a problem. My hand just slipped - little Yankee twerp! *(CINDY throws the cup of water in SHAWNA'S face)* Oh! Just look what you did!

CINDY: *(imitating SHAWNA)* I reckon my hand just slipped. I declare. But it's okay, Shawna. You just go tell Rhett Butler. He'll save you!

SHAWNA: Well, I never!

(SHAWNA exits)

LIBBY: *(high fives CINDY)* Way to go, Cindy. She was starting to get on my nerves, too.

Foolish Decision – Page 10

CINDY: *(still imitating)* So ya'll like the way I handled that Southern Belle?

SCENE 3

As CINDY stuffs a piece of bread into her mouth, a knock is heard at the door. CINDY runs to look, then comes back.

LIBBY: Who it is, Cindy?

(Pause, as CINDY, still with a full mouth, gestures as much)

Oh, your mouth is full. Well, just show me. You know how to play charades.

(CINDY points to her eye. CINDY will shake her head each time LIBBY guesses incorrectly. SHE will keep gesturing for CINDY to continue.)

Finger...point...eyeball. *(pauses, thinking)* Eye!

(CINDY nods excitedly)

It's eye.

(CINDY puts hands close together and tries to push her stomach in)

Skinny...thin...anorexia?

(CINDY stops gesturing for a moment, looks at LIBBY harshly; shakes head, gestures with hands that SHE is off-base; thinks, then leans to one side)

Fall...falling...uh...tilt...dizzy...lean.

(CINDY claps, touches nose)

It's lean. Oh...of course. It's my friend Eileen.

CINDY: *(finished swallowing)* Perfect. I'll let her in. I have to go anyway.

LIBBY: Bye, Cindy.

CINDY: *(lets EILEEN in)* Hi *(points)* She's in there. *(exits)*

EILEEN: Are you ready?

LIBBY: Sure...*(sighs)*...I guess so.

EILEEN: Is something wrong? You look kind of sad.

LIBBY: Oh, I don't know.

EILEEN: You can tell me. I'm your best friend.

LIBBY: Oh, Eileen, I feel like such a loser.

Foolish Decision – Page 11

EILEEN: Are you kidding, Lib? Look at you. You make straight A's, you're a starter on the basketball team, and everybody likes you.

LIBBY: But I haven't had a boyfriend in, like, forever. I must be really ugly. Shawna was just here, and she said people are beginning to talk.

EILEEN: You are not ugly, and Shawna is the only one talking.

LIBBY: Everyone else has a boyfriend. You have one. My sister Penelope has about fourteen boyfriends. I must be a total dog.

EILEEN: Oh, you are not.

LIBBY: Then why am I getting an urge to chase cats?

EILEEN: (*pause, shaking head*) Oh, Libby. You're no dog. How long have you been thinking like that?

LIBBY: Since I was a puppy.

EILEEN: Very funny. We need to have a heart to heart talk.

LIBBY: Okay, but I can't be late for school, or my papa will whack me with a rolled up newspaper.

EILEEN: Libby?!

LIBBY: And I won't get my Kibbles & Bits to eat.

EILEEN: Cool it or I'll feed you some dog food myself. Besides, I know a guy who really likes you!

LIBBY: Who?

EILEEN: Norman.

LIBBY: Norman? You can't be serious. You expect me to go out with the biggest geek at this school?

EILEEN: Libby, he's crazy about you.

LIBBY: Eileen, please! I'll lose my breakfast.

EILEEN: Well, he's not THAT bad.

LIBBY: Give me a break. I know Norman is sweet. I like him as a friend. But he's just so goofy, and he follows me around everywhere. Poor Norman. He's just such a...such a... (*knock on door*) Come in.

EILEEN: Such a what?

NORMAN: (*enters, dressed nerdily, stumbling forward. NORMAN should wear old man looking clothes, a crooked hat, a bow tie, and possibly even suspenders*) Hi, beautiful!

LIBBY and EILEEN: Such a nerd.

NORMAN: Hi, Eileen.

EILEEN: Hi, Norman.

LIBBY: What do you want, Norman?

NORMAN: Libby, I'd be proud to walk you to school this morning. I wore my special socks. (*shows them*)

EILEEN: How sweet!

LIBBY: Uh, Norman, that's okay. I can walk myself to school.

NORMAN: I insist.

LIBBY: And I refuse. Sorry, Norman.

EILEEN: Libby! Don't play so hard to get.

LIBBY: Eileen!

NORMAN: (*Puts arm around her*) She's right. Give me a chance.

Foolish Decision – Page 12

LIBBY: *(takes arm off)* No! I don't want to give you a chance.

NORMAN: *(gets on knee)* Oh, Libby, you're every man's fantasy!

LIBBY: Get a life, Norman. Don't be so melodramatic.

NORMAN: It's okay. If you want, you can kiss me...right on the mouth, baby!

LIBBY: Oh, gross! How can you even say that so early in the morning?

NORMAN: It's easy. You're such a bodacious babe, I could kiss you with one lip tied behind my back.

LIBBY: I'd rather kiss a porcupine.

NORMAN: Well, if you have other plans, I mean, hey.

EILEEN: I think I'll just leave you lovebirds alone.

LIBBY: No! Please stay!

EILEEN: Are you kidding? I don't want to interfere with true love.

NORMAN: That's a good idea. *(puts arm around LIBBY)* We need our quality time.

LIBBY: *(takes arm off)* No, that's a bad idea.

EILEEN: Just think of it this way. Your boyfriend problems are solved. See ya'. *(exits)*

NORMAN: *(dramatically)* Yes! Norman to the rescue!

LIBBY: Oh brother...Come on. We'd better head for school. *(gets her books)*

NORMAN: *(grabs books)* Let me carry your books, Libby.

LIBBY: No... *(grabs them back)* thank you. I can carry them myself.

NORMAN: *(tries to take them again)* But I can do it, Libby.

LIBBY: *(both struggle with books)* Norman. Norman! *(books fall)* Norman!!!

NORMAN: Sorry, Libby. *(picks books up)*

LIBBY: *(sighs, exasperated)* Don't you ever get tired of chasing me?

NORMAN: How could I ever get tired of chasing the most beautiful girl in the world?

LIBBY: Give me a break.

NORMAN: *(tries to hand her the books, but spills them again)* It's okay. I'll get them. *(picks up books)* Libby, don't you ever get tired of playing hard to get?

LIBBY: *(pulls him up in a collar grip)* I'm not playing! I like you as a friend, but that's all. *(lets go of collar)*

NORMAN: True love takes time.

LIBBY: *(frustrated)* Oh, Norman.

NORMAN: So I guess we should head for school, huh?.

LIBBY: All right.

NORMAN: But, Libby...

LIBBY: What?

NORMAN: Can I carry your books? *(LIBBY shoves books into his stomach, and HE bends over in momentary pain.)* Thank you, honey.

(LIBBY exits. NORMAN smiles happily and follows her, almost like a puppy dog would follow its master.)

Foolish Decision – Page 13

SCENE 4

AT RISE: The end of school that same day. In the gym. Simply remove the table from scene one. The gym set could have some athletic equipment lying around, or the stage could be bare. LIBBY and the other girls are practicing basketball.

SARA: *(with basketball)* Are you ready, Jeanette? I'm going to go right past you this time.

JEANETTE: We'll just see about that.

(OTHER GIRLS cheer and clap; COACH enters. COACH should be a male/female with a deep country accent)

COACH: Okay, girls. Let's do it one more time. And I want to see some hustle out there.

JEANETTE: Aw, Coach. Can't we take a break.

SARA: Yeah, Coach. I've shot so many times I feel like Michael Jordan.

JEANETTE: You play like Michael Jordan's great-grandmother.

EILEEN: I need some water!

LIBBY: Me too! It's hot!

COACH: Let's work on one more play. Count 'em, one.

ALL GIRLS: One!

COACH: If you can get it right, we'll take a break. Okay, you lazy people - let's go!

JEANETTE: *(does cheer)* Okay, let's go. Who's gonna win? We are. We are. Who's gonna fight? We are. We are.

COACH: Jeanette! What in John F. Kennedy's name are you doing?

JEANETTE: I was cheering. I'm a cheerleader too, you know.

COACH: *(throws hands up)* But this is basketball. *(slowly, as to a child)* Basketball.

JEANETTE: Oh yeah. I get confused sometimes.

COACH: *(shakes his head)* Okay, Sara, you'll have the ball.

SARA: *(trying to follow)* The ball.

COACH: You and Jeanette...

(JEANETTE is twirling her hair, chomping gum, not paying attention)

COACH: *(trying to get her attention)* Jeanette? Hello?

JEANETTE: *(suddenly stands at attention; as SHE begins to speak, OTHER GIRLS line up and perform cheers with Jeanette)* Hello. Ready...okay.

GIRLS: H.

(GIRLS simultaneously jump to face left, with a clap, one-two, one-two)

GIRLS: E.

Foolish Decision – Page 14

GIRLS: (*Clap-clap, clap-clap, then make three quick jumps to back, right then toward audience again as say...*) L-L-O. Well, my name is...

COACH: (*cutting them off; yelling;*) KNOCK IT OFF! (*GIRLS jump back in shock...pause*) Girls, I'm going to start again. Sara, take the ball.

SARA: (*takes ball*) The ball.

COACH: (*gives exaggerated gestures while giving directions; GIRLS give exaggerated gestures as well*) Okay, Sara, you have the ball. You and Jeanette will go left, and you'll drive to the basket.

SARA: Did you say right, Coach?

COACH: I said left.

JEANETTE: That way, Coach? (*points right*)

COACH: No, this way. (*points left*)

SARA: It's this way, right? (*points left*)

COACH: Right.

SARA: Thought you said left. You're confusing me, man.

COACH: Knock it off! Now go! (*they slam together and fall*) What are you doing? I said to go that way! (*points left*)

SARA: I told you guys!

JEANETTE: Uh...No, Coach. I think you said the other way.

(*As COACH speaks, GIRLS become increasingly distracted. As always, JEANETTE plays with her hair. GIRLS mime whispering, pointing out in the audience, waving, blowing kisses, etc*)

COACH: Do you girls understand that this is a team? And the purpose of a team is to WIN! We can't afford mistakes. That's all you girls do...make mistakes. (*notices distracted GIRLS*) Are you girls paying attention to me?!

(*Starting from left to right, each GIRL comes to attention and takes one step forward, saluting*)

JEANETTE: Yes!

SARA: Yes!

EILEEN: Yes!

LIBBY: Yes!

ALL GIRLS: (*as ALL GIRLS simultaneously throw saluted arm out*)
Sir...(*finish salute*)...Coach!

COACH: You have to *really* want it.

ALL: Yeah!

COACH: You have to kill.

ALL GIRLS: Kill!

COACH: Destroy!

ALL GIRLS: Destroy!

COACH and ALL GIRLS: Dog eat dog!

ALL GIRLS: Woof-woof, woof-woof.

Foolish Decision – Page 15

COACH: Now get ready and do it again.

SARA: It's left, right? (*points left*)

COACH: Right!

SARA: But you said left. Co-o-oach!

COACH: (*frustrated*) Do you girls want to run 50 laps?

(*ALL GIRLS step up and salute again, same as before*)

JEANETTE: No!

SARA: No!

EILEEN: No!

LIBBY: No!

ALL GIRLS: Sir...Coach!

COACH: Then do it - NOW!

JEANETTE: (*raises hand, jumping until COACH recognizes her*) Do what, Coach?

COACH: (*shakes head*) I give up! Go take a break. Maybe you'll have time to grow a brain. (*exits*)

JEANETTE: Pretty smart, huh?

SARA: Works every time.

LIBBY: I hope coach doesn't get too mad someday and have a heart attack.

EILEEN: Nah. Coaches are born angry.

JEANETTE: So tell me, Libby. Do you have a date for the big dance on Friday?

LIBBY: No I don't. I'll probably just stay home. There won't be anyone to hang out with. You all have dates.

SARA: I heard Norman is planning to ask you to the dance.

LIBBY: Oh no! Where did you hear that?

SARA: From Norman. So it's probably true.

LIBBY: I can't stand it. He's about to drive me crazy. I just wish my Prince Charming could come along and save me from this dateless life of mine.

JEANETTE: What are you going to do when Norman asks you?

LIBBY: Make an excuse not to go, I guess.

JEANETTE: How about this? Tell him you're staying home to make your Papa a cherry pie.

EILEEN: Better not, Lib. Knowing Norman, he'll come over to help.

(*STONE and JASON enter, flexing their muscles at the edge of the stage. They are both dressed in tight muscle shirts.*)

LIBBY: Hey! Who's that cute guy over there with Jason? The one with the huge muscles.

SARA: That's Stone. Isn't he cute?

LIBBY: He's a dream.

SARA: He just started school here this week. I'm surprised you haven't noticed him before.

Foolish Decision – Page 16

LIBBY: I'm noticing him now! Oh! He's so cute!

JEANETTE: *(in a daze, starts toward STONE)* He sure is. I think I might go after him.

SARA: *(pulls her back)* Jeanette, you already have two boyfriends.

JEANETTE: What's wrong with having three boyfriends?

SARA: Come on. Be fair. Let Libby have this one. Hey, Libby, why don't you go over there and introduce yourself?

LIBBY: Oh, I couldn't.

JEANETTE: *(starts over toward STONE again)* Then I will.

SARA: *(pulls her back)* Down, girl! Go over there, Libby. What would it hurt? I'll bet Stone doesn't have a date to the dance Friday being new and all.

LIBBY: Well, I guess I could go and say hello. He is a new student. I should introduce myself.

JEANETTE: Absolutely!

LIBBY: All right. I'll do it.

(LIBBY goes over to STONE, who is still flexing)

JASON: Later, dude. *(exits)*

STONE: Later.

LIBBY: Hi.

STONE: Hey, babe. What's shaking?

LIBBY: Not much. I heard you were new here at school, and I wanted to say hi.

STONE: What's your name?

LIBBY: Libby. What's yours?

STONE: I'm Stone.

LIBBY: How did you get a name like Stone?

STONE: It's a nickname. I got it because my muscles are hard as a rock. Here, feel this muscle for yourself.

LIBBY: *(touches his muscle)* Ouch! That's one more impressive bicep!

STONE: I know. What can I say? *(cracks his knuckles)* Well, Libby, it's nice to meet you. *(offers his hand and LIBBY enthusiastically shakes it)*

LIBBY: Nice to meet you.

(LIBBY keeps shaking longer than necessary. Finally, STONE has to pull his hand away)

STONE: I have to go hang out with Jason now. We have to see some people. Catch you later, babe.

LIBBY: Bye, Stone. *(goes back to girls)* Oh, wow! I think I'm in love!

SARA: That's awesome, Libby!

LIBBY: He's so cute!

EILEEN: I think he looks like an advertisement for steroids.

JEANETTE: Eileen! That's mean. Libby, did you tell Stone that the school is having a dance Friday?

Foolish Decision – Page 17

LIBBY: He didn't give me the chance. But if I could go with Stone, oh, it would be a dream come true.

JEANETTE: Don't give up. I'll be crossing every finger and every toe for you.

(SHAWNA comes on stage upper left and motions for LIBBY to come to her)

LIBBY: Excuse me a second. *(goes to SHAWNA who whispers something)*
Thanks, Shawna. *(goes back to girls, and SHAWNA exits)* Sara, Eileen, Jeanette, you won't believe this!

ALL: What!

LIBBY: *(speaking quickly)* Shawna said that Angie's mom's nephew told Todd's cousin's sister that Eddie's brother's girlfriend told him Stone's best friend's friend said that his sister's boyfriend thought that Stone likes me! Can you believe it?

(GIRLS jump around excitedly)

JEANETTE: That's it. It has to be true. This is great. You finally found Prince Charming.

SARA: Oh, Libby, I'm so happy for you.

EILEEN: I don't trust him. What kind of guy would call himself Stone?

LIBBY: There's nothing wrong with the name Stone.

EILEEN: No - not if you're Fred Flint-Stone, there's not.

SARA: Jealous, Eileen?

EILEEN: No, Sara, I'm just looking out for my best friend. Can you handle that?

LIBBY: Thanks, but I can look out for myself. Oh no!

SARA: What?

LIBBY: Here comes Norman.

JEANETTE: I'll bet he's going to ask you to the dance, Libby.

SARA: Don't go, Lib. Hold out for Stone.

(GIRLS exit)

SCENE 5

NORMAN enters, moves to LIBBY.

NORMAN: I'm sorry about this morning, dropping your books. I thought I would make it up to you by taking you to the dance on Friday. Will you go?

LIBBY: Don't hold your breath, Norman.

Foolish Decision – Page 18

NORMAN: Why won't you go? What's wrong with me? It's not like I'm a nerd or something. Speaking of nerds, did you see that new guy today? Steroid-breath. What a muscle-bound geek!

(NORMAN comically mimes flexing his muscles, grunting, and making silly noises for each flex)

LIBBY: Well, I think he looks pretty nice.

NORMAN: I'm good looking, too. When I was a baby, I won second place in a baby contest.

LIBBY: You... Won second place?

NORMAN: Well... There were only two of us, but still...

LIBBY: *(rolls eyes)* I can't go, Norman. I'm hoping someone else is going to ask me.

NORMAN: *(drops head)* Oh.

LIBBY: Norman... Norman, don't be sad. Listen, I might go with you... if this other person doesn't ask..

NORMAN: *(changes mood immediately)* Okay! Yahoo! I'm Superman! *(does short celebration dance)*. Woo-hoo!

LIBBY: Norman, I said maybe... if this other person doesn't ask.

NORMAN: I know we'll go together. You're my destiny.

LIBBY: Oh brother.

NORMAN: I even wrote you a poem... just for you.

(NORMAN gets a long strand of toilet paper out of his pocket, rolls it down and reads off it.)

LIBBY: Please! I don't want to hear anything mushy.

NORMAN: *(in an off-key singing voice)* I've got buckteeth, and I walk funny too, and my tie's too tight, but I love you.

LIBBY: Enough already!

NORMAN: Wait! I'm not finished. This is the best part. I've got cool glasses and I can cook... so why should it matter how I look?

LIBBY: Oh, great!

NORMAN: I knew you'd love it.

LIBBY: Norman... Why do you want to go to the dance with me? Can't you ask someone else?

NORMAN: No! Libby, you're the only girl for me! You're Juliet! You're Cleopatra! You're Princess Diana!

LIBBY: You're crazy!

NORMAN: *(grabs her arm)* And you're gorgeous.

LIBBY: Norman! *(pulls arm away)* I have to get back to practice now.

NORMAN: *(dramatically)* Goodbye, Libby! Until we meet again...

(NORMAN gets on knee and tries to kiss LIBBY's hand, but SHE pulls it away quickly, causing him to smack his hand into his face)

Foolish Decision – Page 19

LIBBY: Get real, Norman! (*exits*)

NORMAN: Goodbye, my love. (*follows LIBBY out in a comic manner*)

BLACKOUT

SCENE 6

AT RISE: Thursday afternoon in the gym, the day before the big dance. The girls should wear uniforms or at least gym clothes. As lights come up, ALL GIRLS are bent low, each with one hand together

ALL GIRLS: Goooo team! (*ALL GIRLS raise hands in the air*)

LIBBY: Woo-hoo!

SARA: I can't believe it! We won our first game of the year. We actually beat the Wildcats.

EILEEN: I'm so excited!

LIBBY: It's nice to be a winner. After today, I feel like we could beat anyone.

SARA: I feel that way too.

LIBBY: Good thing their bus broke down. They would have murdered us.

EILEEN: Hey, a forfeit is the same as a win.

SARA: We're the greatest!

JEANETTE: (*in cheerleader formation*) Yea team! Rah team! Gooo team!

SARA: Jeanette - give it a rest! It's not *that* exciting.

JEANETTE: It is for me.

SARA: Whatever.

EILEEN: Libby, the dance is tomorrow night. Has Stone asked you to go?

LIBBY: Not yet.

SARA: I guess you'd better call Norman.

LIBBY: I'm going to wait.

SHAWNA: (*in street clothes; came to celebrate with friends*) Aren't you cutting it close, sugar? You're gonna be dateless if you don't ask Norman. (*with conceit*) That kind of thing could never happen to little ole' me.

JEANETTE: Looks like you can kiss the Rock goodbye.

LIBBY: I think you have rocks in your head. His name is Stone, and he might still ask me today. If he doesn't, I'll call Norman tonight.

SARA: You should just ask Stone. Say (*drops to one knee*) Rock, honey, baby, darling... You're so fine. Won't you be mine.

LIBBY: (*all laugh, except LIBBY*) Okay, Sara. You're not funny.

SARA: (*has an idea*) I know. You could ask Norman. Oh Stormin' Norman... I love you, I love you, I do! But don't get excited, I love my dog too.

LIBBY: Ha Ha. You guys are so funny.

JEANETTE: Come on, Sara. Let's go.

SARA: Later. And Libby...(*flexes muscles and grunts*)...good luck with the Rock.

Foolish Decision – Page 20

LIBBY: It's Stone, you dweeb!

(JEANETTE, SARA and SHAWNA exit)

EILEEN: Hey, Libby.

LIBBY: What?

EILEEN: Speaking of Stone, here comes Flintstone Man right now.

(STONE enters as EILEEN exits)

LIBBY: Eileen! *(turns toward STONE)* Oh hi, Fred. I mean, Rock. I mean, Stone.

STONE: What?

LIBBY: How are you?

STONE: I'm slick, chick.

LIBBY: Stone, was there something you wanted to ask me?

STONE: Not really. I've gotta go. I'll give you a ring sometime.

LIBBY: Diamond or emerald?

STONE: On the phone, babe.

LIBBY: Oh.

STONE: I've gotta split now. I'm supposed to meet some of my homies.
Catch you later, chick. *(exits)*

SCENE 7

EILEEN enters and joins LIBBY at Center Stage

LIBBY: Oh, Eileen. He didn't ask me! I can't believe he didn't ask me!

EILEEN: He's a jerk. More like a Neanderthal Man. He needs to get over himself. *(imitates, doing a muscle pose)* "I'm a Stone. I'm a Stone. I'm a Stone..." The guy is ridiculous. You're probably lucky he didn't ask you.

LIBBY: Why?

EILEEN: Because everyone is saying he does drugs. And he hangs with Jason, the biggest druggie at this school.

LIBBY: I've heard that too. But he's so cute. That's what's important.

EILEEN: I can't believe you're saying that.

LIBBY: Well, he hasn't offered me any drugs. What he does on his own time is his business.

EILEEN: So what you're saying is it's okay to date someone that uses drugs as long as he doesn't make you take them?

LIBBY: We're not even dating.

EILEEN: But you're trying to date him. What about Norman? He loves you to death.

LIBBY: I know. Don't remind me.

Foolish Decision – Page 21

EILEEN: Well, let me remind you that Norman was sweet enough to offer to take you to the dance if you were left dateless. You'd better call him tonight and forget about Captain Cocaine over there.

LIBBY: (*sarcastically*) Yay. Me and Norman. I can hardly wait. (*waving her finger in the air with mock excitement*) Woo! It's really party time!

EILEEN: (*teasing*) Yep. I can almost hear those wedding bells now.

SCENE 8

AT RISE: That evening. PAPA, PENELOPE and CINDY are at the kitchen table eating dinner as LIBBY enters. PAPA has a pole set up to go fishing and is searching through his tackle box.

PAPA: Libby, where have you been? You're late for dinner.

LIBBY: Sorry, Papa.

CINDY: That's what happens when you fix peanut butter and jelly sandwiches for supper. People have no incentive to come home.

PAPA: Hush, Cindy!

CINDY: If I'd known, I would've been late, too.

PAPA: Hush!

LIBBY: (*sits at the table*) I was at the gym with Amy. I was hoping this guy would ask me to the dance, but he didn't.

PAPA: What's his name?

LIBBY: Stone. Gosh, I've hinted and hinted around about the dance, but he just won't ask me!

PAPA: Libby, you shouldn't chase after guys. It looks bad. I mean, what if I went around the town chasing women?

CINDY: But Papa, you do! Remember old Ms. Maples?

PAPA: All right, Cindy. If I want your input, I'll ask for it.

CINDY: And you'll get it. (*PAPA gives her an angry look*) Sir.

PAPA: So, tell me about this Stone character, Libby.

LIBBY: I introduced him to you at my basketball game the other night. Remember?

PAPA: That turkey? He's not good enough for you. Besides, I can tell he ain't even smart.

CINDY: Papa... He ISN'T even smart.

PAPA: I'm warning you, Cindy. (*PAPA grabs a can of something from the table and pops the top, ready to eat or drink it*)

CINDY: Don't eat that. I was cleaning out the cabinet, and I was about to throw that away.

PAPA: I'm a workin' man. We don't waste food in this house.

CINDY: (*shows PAPA*) Look. It says "Use before 1992."

PAPA: Thought I learned you to read better'n that. It says "Best if used before 1992. (*starts eating or drinking contents*)

LIBBY: Oh, gross. How can you eat that?

Foolish Decision – Page 22

PAPA: Easy...I'm hungry.

CINDY: Papa, I think I see Old Ms. Maples out the window.

PAPA: *(looking)* Where? Where?

CINDY: There she is, Papa!

(OLD MISS MAPLES runs across the stage and exits on other side. SHE should be dressed as tacky and gaudy as possible. For added humor, a male could play the part of this old, flirtatious lady...in a high-pitched voice.)

OLD MISS MAPLES: Oh Elmer, I've been waitin' for you, sweetie. Come give your sugar-lips some lovin'. Woo-hoo! I'm waitin' for ya', Big Daddy.

PAPA: Wait, honey. Wait! I'm comin', baby!

(PAPA can chase OLD MS. MAPLES around the stage and exit, or exit out through audience)

SCENE 9

PENELOPE: *(enters)* Hi, Libby. Say, is that the fishing rod Papa tried to shoot a burglar with?

LIBBY: One and the same.

PENELOPE: Why is this nasty thing at the table? Is he going fishing?

CINDY: He's fishing all right. We'll see if he can hook Old Ms. Maples.

PENELOPE: *(messing with the rod and reel)* I don't understand how a fish could get hooked. Can't they see the line? Can't they see the hook?

You'd have to be a stupid fish to get caught on a...Ow! Ow! I'm caught! I'm caught!

LIBBY: Here. *(gets it out)* Are you okay?

PENELOPE: Yeah. Thanks. Ow! That really hurt.

CINDY: So much for who's dumber. You or a catfish.

PENELOPE: I'll ignore that...Brat! So Libby, who's the lucky guy that gets to take you to the dance?

LIBBY: Right now it looks like Norman.

PENELOPE: Gross. He's nerdy.

LIBBY: He's not that bad.

PENELOPE: Trust me. There's no one nerdier than Norman.

CINDY: Well, there's always you, Penelope.

PENELOPE: Eat rocks, Cindy. Hey, Libby, why don't you come to my room later and I'll help you pick out an outfit?

CINDY: She's going to a dance, not a costume party.

PENELOPE: I wouldn't talk, Cindy. You look like a walking garage sale.

CINDY: This from my sister who flunked P.E. twice.

PENELOPE: Hey, I'm smart. I might not be going to Harvard...

CINDY: You couldn't even spell Harvard.

Foolish Decision – Page 23

PENELOPE: You don't know anything. You're just a little dork. Besides, I don't have to graduate to get a good job.

CINDY: Oh right! I can hear it now. *(speaks with a static voice, as if talking into drive through microphone)* "Would you like fries with your order, Ma'am?"

PENELOPE: You're going to be sorry, Cindy.

CINDY: *(sarcastically)* I already am.

(PENELOPE exits, stomping off)

LIBBY: Cindy, I have to make a call. Do you mind?

CINDY: Not at all. I'll go bother Penelope. I know she misses me. *(skips off, mischievously)*

SCENE 10

LIBBY stares at the phone while NORMAN and his MOM enter on the opposite side of the stage. If possible, give a separate spotlight for LIBBY and one for NORMAN and MOM. A cell phone should be in NORMAN'S shirt pocket.

MOM: Norman, honey, what's wrong? You've been moping around the house all day.

NORMAN: I was hoping Libby would call. Mom, I want her to call so badly.

MOM: Don't get your hopes up, honey.

NORMAN: I can't help it.

MOM: Norman, if you would just learn to calm down and relax, she might like you. You get too nervous around girls.

NORMAN: I don't get nervous. *(LIBBY phones him. Nervously, almost falling)* Where's the phone? Where's the phone?

MOM: Norman, relax!

NORMAN: I am relaxed! Where's the blasted phone? *(finds it and answers)* Hello!

LIBBY: Norman, this is Libby.

NORMAN: Hi, Libby.

LIBBY: Would you take me to the dance tomorrow?

NORMAN: Would I? You bet!

LIBBY: Okay. Thanks.

NORMAN: This is great! You've made me so happy, Libby!

LIBBY: I'll see you tomorrow, Norman.

NORMAN: Goodbye, my darling. *(hangs up)* Mom! That was Libby! *(grabs MOM and swings her around)* I'm going with Libby! I'm going with Libby!

MOM: That's great. But don't get so hyper.

NORMAN: Who's hyper? *(HE dances offstage with MOM.)* I'M GOING WITH LIBBY! I'M GOING WITH LIBBY!

Foolish Decision – Page 24

SCENE 11

A knock is heard at the door. CINDY enters from opposite side and answers, letting STONE in.

CINDY: Hello.

STONE: Is Libby here? My name is Stone.

CINDY: Sure, she's just sitting around waiting for some boy to call and ask her to the dance. Last time this happened, she cried in her room for a week.

LIBBY: Cindy, who are you talking to?

CINDY: *(crosses to Center Stage with STONE)* Some guy named Stone.

LIBBY: *(horried)* Cindy!

(CINDY exits)

Hi, Stone. My sister likes to joke around.

STONE: Uh...yeah. Hey, babe. You're lucky. I decided to take you to the dance tomorrow night.

LIBBY: Oh, Stone. This is great! I'm so excited. Sit down.

(THEY may sit in chairs or lean on the table)

STONE: Ya' know what? I gotta tell you something.

(As STONE takes LIBBY's hand, CINDY enters slowly, curious; starts sneaking up from behind)

I really like you, Libby.

LIBBY: I like you too, Stone.

(Both move together for a kiss. Before it can happen, CINDY pops up between them)

CINDY: WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

(Both jump back, startled)

Am I in time to witness a first kiss? *(pause)* Well, go on. I have to learn about these things eventually.

(Both give CINDY annoyed looks)

All right. I'll leave. It's none of my business what you guys are doing?

Foolish Decision – Page 25

(CINDY starts to exit; STONE and LIBBY move again toward kiss. CINDY turns and heads toward them)

What are you guys doing?

STONE: *(annoyed, rises)* I have to go anyway. I'll honk for you at 6:30. Be ready. Bye. *(exits)*

LIBBY: Bye, Stone. *(LIBBY puts her hands to her cheeks, remembering.)* Oh no. I forgot about Norman!

SCENE 12

NORMAN and MOM enter, opposite side of stage, as LIBBY dials the phone. Again, a spot should be on both LIBBY and NORMAN.

NORMAN: Can you believe it, Mom? This is going to be the greatest night of my life! *(phone rings. HE answers)* Hello.

LIBBY: Uh, Norman, this is Libby again. Listen, uh...I'm sorry, but I have to break our date for tomorrow night.

NORMAN: *(crestfallen)* You do? Why?

LIBBY: Stone called and I said I'd go with him. I'm sorry. I didn't mean for this to happen. But then again, I told you that Stone had first dibbs to take me to the dance.

NORMAN: Oh.

LIBBY: Norman...Norman...Are you all right, Norman?

NORMAN: No. My chest is tight.

LIBBY: What's wrong?

NORMAN: It's an ache...in my heart. You know this isn't fair, don't you? I was counting on this

LIBBY: I'm sorry. Norman? Norman...Norman...

NORMAN: Goodbye, Libby.

(Both hang up)

LIBBY: Oh, Norman. *(drops her head)*

BLACKOUT

SCENE 13

AT RISE: Friday night at the school gym. Music is playing. Everyone is dressed for the dance. Put a fancier tablecloth on the dinner table, and add a punch bowl and some cups for the dance scene. SARA, EILEEN and JEANETTE are talking by the punch bowl. As the scene opens,

Foolish Decision – Page 26

loud music can be playing and teens can be dancing. Several extras can be used for this scene: The music and dancing should continue for about 10 seconds or more. The music slowly fades as the dialog begins.

JEANETTE: Boy, this is a great dance.

SARA: Yeah, but where's Libby and Rock?

EILEEN: You mean Stone. I don't know. I was wondering that, too.

JEANETTE: There they are.

(LIBBY and STONE enter)

STONE: Here we are, babe. What do you say? Am I the best date ever, or what?

LIBBY: Absolutely! This is going to be fun!

STONE: And I'm going to show you the time of your life. Let's dance.

LIBBY: *(swooning)* Oh, Stone.

(JASON and possibly some extra friends enter)

JASON: Hey, man.

STONE: Hey, what's up? Meet my new woman.

LIBBY: Your woman?

STONE: Yeah.

LIBBY: Look, I really don't like you to call me your...

STONE: HEY...don't ever interrupt me! Come on. *(everyone except STONE, LIBBY, and JASON quietly exit)* Let's go to the car for a minute.

(STONE, JASON, and LIBBY go over to chairs at the edge of stage and mime getting in car. JASON sits in a chair behind the other two, indicating the back seat. STONE or JASON can pull out cups and a bottle)

LIBBY: But, Stone, I wanted to dance.

STONE: We'll dance...we'll dance. But first we need a little motivation.

Here's a bottle. And here's some little fun pills to loosen you up, baby.

LIBBY: Stone, are you serious?

STONE: Of course I am. Here, take it. *(pours some liquid into a cup for LIBBY)*

LIBBY: No! I don't drink or do drugs.

JASON: Aw! Your woman is scared.

LIBBY: I'm not his...

STONE: I said take it!

(STONE tries to force her. SHE pulls away)

LIBBY: I said NO!

Foolish Decision – Page 27

JASON: What a baby.

STONE: I thought you were different. I thought you were cool.

LIBBY: I am cool. I'm just stupid. Stupid enough to go out with you. Stupid enough to break a date with a sweet guy.

STONE: Hey . . . suit yourself. *(HE and JASON each take a drink)* You're the one missing out. Lighten up. Have a drink. *(shoves cup into LIBBY's hands)*

LIBBY: No, Stone. You have a drink. *(throws contents of cup on STONE)*

STONE: You can't do that to me.

LIBBY: Oh, yes I can. You're a sorry excuse for a date.

STONE: No, you're just afraid to try something new. You're afraid to have a little fun.

LIBBY: I know how to have fun. But drugs and alcohol, that's for losers-like you!

STONE: We don't need a sermon. This isn't Sunday.

(2 POLICE OFFICERS enter and sit quietly in chairs a few feet behind STONE and JASON. The chairs represent a police car.)

Jason, did you see what she did?

JASON: *(laughing)* Yeah, man. She got you good.

STONE: I'm going to teach you some manners, you sorry little....

JASON: *(looks back)* Better not.

STONE: Why?

JASON: Because I think those cops are after us.

(Sound effect of siren begins. Improv chasing with simultaneous body turns indicating turns of the car. Finally, both cars should mime putting on brakes. JASON should lunge forward and end up lying flat on the floor. When they are stopped, OFFICERS come up to STONE and JASON. As OFFICER opens side door, JASON spills out onto the ground.)

OFFICER 2: *(to STONE)* Could you get out of the car, sir?

STONE: Why? We didn't do anything.

OFFICER 2: Would you just step out of the car, please?

(STONE steps out and JASON gets off the ground.)

OFFICER 1: Boys, you're both underage, and it smells like you've been drinking.

STONE: Ridiculous! We haven't had a thing to drink.

OFFICER 1: I think we need to go down to headquarters and do a breathalyzer test on both of you. You boys have obviously been drinking. You too, young lady.

LIBBY: But I *truly* haven't been drinking. I don't drink at all. Really!

OFFICER 1: Sure, Ma'am, sure. Let's go to the station.

Foolish Decision – Page 28

LIBBY: You're going to group me in with these guys?

POLICE OFFICER 1: That's the way it is. You were all in the car together.
My guess is, you're all in big trouble.

(OFFICER 1 & 2 take LIBBY, STONE, and JASON offstage)

SCENE 14

At Rise: NORMAN and LIBBY stand, Center Stage, speaking. NORMAN is much calmer than usual.

NORMAN: So are you okay?

LIBBY: No, not really. I mean, yes...but no. *(beat)* I don't know.

NORMAN: Did you really spend the entire weekend in juvenile lock-up? If they did a breathalyzer on you, they'd know you didn't take a drink.

LIBBY: It was the drugs Stone and Jason had in the car. I was with them, so I look just as guilty. *(beat...looks away)* It isn't fair.

NORMAN: I know you weren't involved, Libby. It's just hard to prove when you're out with people who *are* breaking the law.

LIBBY: You believe me, don't you?

NORMAN: Of course I do. I believe you. And I believe *in* you. I always have.

LIBBY: I don't deserve your friendship.

NORMAN: But you're innocent. You didn't do anything.

LIBBY: That's not exactly true, Norman. I am guilty. I'm guilty of hanging with certain people because I wanted to climb higher on the social ladder. I'm guilty of ignoring people's good advice...friends like Eileen who told me what Stone was like. But worst of all, a great guy asked me to the dance, and I let him down. *(beat)* I'm sorry, Norman.

NORMAN: *(shrugs)* Guess I can't stay mad at you for too long...especially after all you've been through. Will you have to go to Juvie Court?

LIBBY: *(nods)* Sure will. We'll see what happens when I present my case. For now, all I can do is try my best to learn something from this whole fiasco. *(beat, thinking)* It's like my Papa. He frequently uses his fishing pole to chase away burglars. It wouldn't work...if we ever had any. But here I am, trying to find a genuinely nice guy by dating bad guys I don't belong with. That doesn't work any better than Papa's fishing pole.

(NORMAN turns and adjusts from nerd to normal. HE should turn his back and quickly remove bow tie and hat, glasses, comb hair, etc. He does this while LIBBY speaks toward audience.)

Foolish Decision – Page 29

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from FOOLISH DECISION by David Burton and Laurie Allen . For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

**Brooklyn Publishers, LLC
P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406
Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011
www.brookpub.com**

Do Not Copy