

FRIDAY NIGHT LIVE!

by Jon Jory

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FRIDAY NIGHT LIVE!

A One Act play adapted from Aesop's Fables

by Jon Jory

SYNOPSIS: In this whip-fast remix of Aesop's fables, your favorite morality stories come to life with the quick wit of Jon Jory. Centered on a revolving ensemble cast, this comedic re-imagining will keep your students engaged and your audiences laughing in the aisles.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(9 females, 5 males, 1 either)

LOLO (f)..... (99 lines)
 AESOP (m)..... (14 lines)
 MORAL (m/f)..... (25 lines)

ENSEMBLE: *(8 females, 4 males)* Ensemble roles are designated by the director.

ENSEMBLE VOICE (m/f)..... (1 line)
 GIRL (f)..... (22 lines)
 BOY (m)..... (17 lines)
 GRASSHOPPER (m/f)..... (10 lines)
 ANT (m/f)..... (8 lines)
 MOM (f)..... (7 lines)
 3 DAUGHTERS:
 CELIA (f)..... (9 lines)
 DONNA (f)..... (11 lines)
 JASMINE (f)..... (10 lines)
 SHEPHERD GIRL (f)..... (23 lines)
 THREE EXPERTS: (2 f, 1 m)
 INCREDIBLY SMART PERSON (m/f)..... (3 line)
 PRETTY DARN SMART PERSON (m/f) (2 lines)
 SMART ENOUGH FOR
 GOVERNMENT WORK (m/f)..... (2 lines)
 TORTOISE (m/f)..... (14 lines)
 HARE (m/f)..... (14 lines)
 PATTY (f)..... (23 lines)
 PATTY'S MOM (f)..... (13 lines)
 ZERBINETTA (f)..... (13 lines)

ONE (m/f).....	(2 lines)
TWO (m/f).....	(Non-Speaking)
WOMAN (f)	(1 line)
PRINCESS (f).....	(Non-Speaking)
THREE MONKEYS (m/f)	(Non-Speaking)
DRIVER (m/f).....	(4 lines)
HERCULES (m).....	(4 lines)
TRAVELER (f)	(5 lines)
LION (f).....	(4 lines)
ENSEMBLE ONE (m/f).....	(1 line)
ENSEMBLE TWO (m/f).....	(1 line)
ENSEMBLE THREE (m/f)	(1 line)
ENSEMBLE FOUR (m/f)	(1 line)
ENSEMBLE FIVE (m/f)	(1 line)
ENSEMBLE SIX (m/f).....	(1 line)
ENSEMBLE SEVEN (m/f)	(1 line)
ENSEMBLE EIGHT (m/f).....	(1 line)
ENSEMBLE NINE (m/f)	(1 line)
ENSEMBLE TEN (m/f)	(1 line)
STAGEHANDS (m/f)	(Non-Speaking)

DURATION: 35 minutes.

SETTING: Any place. Bare stage.

TIME: Any time.

PRODUCTION NOTES

Perhaps a large bright colored circle as the playing area. Any necessary furniture can be brought on and off by the acting ensemble.

COSTUMES

The ensemble should have some defining element of dress (e.g. Baseball caps? Each wears one glove? A special t-shirt?) Specific character defining costumes are listed below:

AESOP – ancient Greek outfit.

MORAL – tutu

GRASSHOPPER – something green

ANT – brown or black

THREE EXPERTS – identical eye-glasses

HARE – gym clothes.

PATTY – milkmaid outfit or jeans, t-shirt and work jacket.

PRINCESS – tiara

PROPS

- ☐ skateboard
- ☐ yellow card
- ☐ whistle
- ☐ two stuffed grocery bags
- ☐ bundle of long sticks tied with twine
- ☐ two coins
- ☐ sandwich
- ☐ lawn chair
- ☐ race trophy
- ☐ two Diet Cokes
- ☐ pail of milk
- ☐ rocking chair
- ☐ cell phone
- ☐ pail of olive oil
- ☐ red, white, and blue top hat

AT START: *A bare stage. At the opening the ENSEMBLE and LOLO stand tightly together. (Do they make a triangle?) At lights up, LOLO breaks away from the ENSEMBLE to speak to the audience.*

LOLO: Hey! Hi there, how ya doin', everybody cool? Good, terrific, a-number one, right? I'm Lolo—that's L-O-L-O. There's a super good story why I'm called Lolo, but I don't want to rat out my mother. Anyway, I'm the, ummm, talker for you know, spokes speaker—no, no, no—narrator for the Aesop ensemble. Narrator. (*A slight pause.*) Aesop. (*Slight pause.*) The guy who wrote the fables. Sliver of recognition, right? Time moves on, right? My neighbor's daughter, who is nine, never heard of the movie *Titanic*—you believe that? My dad freaks out because I never heard of President Roosevelt. Here today, gone tomorrow, right? Weird, huh. Okay, okay, let's rock this thing! (*Yells offstage.*) Yo, Aesop!

AESOP in what might charitably be called an ancient Greek outfit enters on a skateboard.

LOLO: Welcome, dude. So, this is Aesop. Wave to the folks, Aesop.

AESOP: No.

LOLO: Okay, moving on. Aesop you can see is pretty old.

AESOP: Am not.

LOLO: Well you did die in 584 BC.

AESOP: Maybe.

LOLO: Aesop was born in Greece and...

AESOP: Ethiopia.

LOLO: Whatever. And in Greece he was a slave to a guy named Xanthus...

AESOP: Creepy guy.

LOLO: But, get this, he rose to become a diplomat and King Croesus—who is a whole 'nother story—sent him on a diplomatic mission to Delphi, where he insulted everybody...

AESOP: Creepy place.

LOLO: And he was sentenced to death on some trumped up charge and thrown off a cliff.

AESOP: Exploded like a rotten watermelon.

LOLO: But by then he had written 724 fables!

AESOP: 725.

LOLO: (*Irritated.*) Fine.

AESOP: Makes a difference, okay? (*Starts offstage.*)

LOLO: Where are you going?

AESOP: Got to pee.

AESOP'S gone.

LOLO: So in honor of Aesop, and his scintillating personality...

AESOP: (*From offstage.*) I heard that.

LOLO: The Aesop Ensemble...

ENSEMBLE: Presents all seven hundred and twenty-four...

AESOP: (*Offstage.*) 725 you numnuts!

LOLO: 725, fine. (*To the audience.*) Ladies and gentlemen!

ENSEMBLE: Aesop's Fables!

The ENSEMBLE races offstage in every direction.

LOLO: (*Calling.*) Okay, I need a cat and rooster.

ENSEMBLE VOICE: (*Offstage.*) Can the rooster be gender neutral?

LOLO: (*Shrugging.*) Um—I don't know—why not?

A GIRL and BOY rush onstage.

GIRL: Choose me! Choose me! I'm really good. I played the orphan in the third bed in *Annie*, and a girl of no particular importance with a pink bow in *Grease*.

LOLO: You're already chosen.

GIRL: I am?

LOLO: Yeah. I need a cat and a rooster and there are two of you.

GIRL: (*Punching the BOY in the shoulder.*) We're in!

BOY: (*Punching her back.*) Cool.

GIRL: (*Punching.*) You punched me!

BOY: (*Punching.*) You punched me!

GIRL: You punched me!

BOY: (*Punching.*) You punched me!

LOLO: (*Blows the whistle around her neck.*) Hold it!

BOY and GIRL stop.

LOLO: That's a yellow card.

LOLO hands the GIRL a yellow card.

GIRL: What's a yellow card?

LOLO: A warning. You get two you can't be in the next fable.

GIRL: I don't want to be in the next fable, I want to play the cat.

BOY: I want to play the cat.

GIRL: I want to play the cat!

BOY: I want to play the cat!

LOLO blows a whistle.

LOLO: What is this, fable cage fighting?

GIRL: In books cats are traditionally female.

BOY: That is so untrue. Take the Cheshire Cat in *Alice in Wonderland*, there is absolutely no gender orientation mentioned.

LOLO: (*Blows whistle.*) I'm ruling in favor of the guy.

GIRL: Why?

LOLO: The Cheshire Cat disappears. That's like guys. They show up, they seem interested, then they disappear. Ergo, the cat is a guy.

GIRL: Oh boy. Fine! I'm the rooster, but I'm telling you this makes no sense.

LOLO: Let's just rock this. Ladies and gentlemen! In our production of Aesop's...

LOLO, GIRL, and BOY: The cat and the rooster!

LOLO: The rooster will be played by...

GIRL: [Announces her own name.] But I have a feeling this rooster is a victim and I am not a victim—just keep that in mind.

BOY: Politics, politics. You can't even do a fable without politics.

LOLO: (*Losing it.*) Just do it!

BOY grabs GIRL by the arm.

BOY: Gotcha!

GIRL: What are you doing?

BOY: It's dinner time. I'm hungry. You're a chicken. Duh!

GIRL: That's cannibalism. You can't just eat me. Go get a veggie burger.

BOY: Headline! Read all about it! Cats are not vegetarians!

GIRL: Eating roosters is so fifties. You can't just eat me because you're hungry, it would need to be a philosophy. Or at the very least, a moral position.

BOY: (*To LOLO.*) Is that right?

LOLO nods.

BOY: Oh boy. Okay. Hey chicken!

GIRL: You lookin' at me, big boy?

BOY: Your poop is creating global warming. Plus you do the crowing thing at like four in the morning. Creating sleep deprivation which shortens the sleeper's life. Ergo: the world would be better off without you.

GIRL: No. I crow for the good of humankind. Otherwise they would be late for work, lose their jobs and become wards of the state, contribute to the deficit and bring civilization to its knees.

BOY: Ridiculous.

LOLO: Said the cat.

BOY: (*Triumph.*) And ate the rooster.

GIRL: That's it? That's the deal? The cat eats the rooster?

LOLO: Well, there's actually a moral.

GIRL: To murder? How could there possibly be a moral?

LOLO: You want to hear it?

GIRL: Yeah, I do.

LOLO: (*Calling offstage.*) Could we have the moral on stage, please?

MORAL: (*Enters.*) You called?

LOLO: You're Moral?

MORAL: More or less.

LOLO: Well we need it.

MORAL: Okay, everybody back up, because when I do a moral, I do it!

LOLO, GIRL, and BOY back up.

MORAL: I was just in Chicago and when I laid the moral on them, men fainted and strong women wept. Changed a lot of lives.

LOLO: Hey, that's good. All right, we need the moral to "The Cat and the Rooster".

MORAL: You should maybe duck and cover.

LOLO: I think we're okay.

MORAL: (*Up toward the light booth.*) I need my special!

LOLO: We're not set up for that.

MORAL: I like to have effects. You got any fireworks?

LOLO: No.

MORAL: Too bad. All right, here it comes. (*Some big physicality and then:*) Strike while the iron is hot!

LOLO: That's not it.

MORAL: No?

LOLO shakes her head.

MORAL: Let's see. "A rolling stone gather no moss!"

LOLO: Nope.

MORAL: All right, I'm going to have to write a new one. The cat eats the rooster, right?

LOLO: Yeah.

MORAL: Got it. Okay, okay. Oh, wow, I think this one is a classic. I'm putting this one on my next album cover. Ready?

LOLO, BOY and GIRL all ad lib some version of "yes."

MORAL: "Evil is determined to do wrong even when it hides behind the disguise of fairness!"

A short pause.

LOLO: That was pretty good.

BOY: Useful for small gathering.

GIRL: I'll mull that one over.

A pause.

LOLO: Moving on.

BOY, GIRL, and MORAL sprint offstage in different directions.

LOLO: So, on a spring day on a grass strip just outside the Walmart, there was this grasshopper named Ralph, who was also a part time rapper, who was bouncing around working on a new number.

GRASSHOPPER: (*Enters wearing some green.*) Yo, instead of all this shopping you should throw down with some hopping, 'cause you're green...

LOLO: Along came this ant. Not the kind you're related to, but more like the kind you step on by mistake.

ANT enters, dressed in brown or black, carrying two stuffed grocery bags.

GRASSHOPPER: How you doin'?

ANT: How does it look like I'm doin'?

GRASSHOPPER: You lookin' a little stressed, dude. I see you come by here every day. Sometimes you huffin' and puffin' like a steam engine. You likely to blow a fuse doin' all that.

ANT: Is that a fact?

GRASSHOPPER: Work, work, work man. That's no kinda life. You got to lay back, smell the roses. Leave some room to upside your creativity. You see what I mean?

ANT: I'm an ant, okay? An ant is the opposite of creative. I have a job, I do my job. Anything outside of the job I don't do. I'm not Picasso.

GRASSHOPPER: That be cool, but you gotta give back to yourself too. See, you have to be rock solid about who you are before you devote your life to service, otherwise your life is meaningless. I'm a grasshopper, sure, but I'm a rapper too. I got to sing my song.

ANT: See those clouds over there? You watch the weather report?

GRASSHOPPER: You spendin' too much time on your phone and not enough time on yourself.

ANT: They are talking about fourteen inches of snow tonight, Ralph. There is just nothing sadder than a snowed in ant colony.

GRASSHOPPER: With no song to sing.

ANT: And nothing to eat. Can't eat a song, Ralph. One thing about being an insect, you have got to prioritize. Look at it this way, bro. I got artichokes, spinach, potatoes, asparagus—on and on. We may be a little boring, but we'll be here tomorrow and the day after that. Here's the deal, you help me carry the groceries, help me cook the soup, after dinner you can headline the show. My brethren, they'd like that. Ants don't get much entertainment. Your songs and my groceries, can't beat that.

GRASSHOPPER: *(Helping with the groceries.)* Okay, I do about a forty minute set.

ANT: Cool. That'll put us right to sleep.

GRASSHOPPER: *(As he exits with ANT.)* See, art is the way we understand why we live.

ANT: And groceries make sure we live.

GRASSHOPPER: Well, you could see it that way but...

ANT and GRASSHOPPER are completely offstage. MORAL races onstage.

MORAL: Never forget to prepare for the winter. *(Races offstage.)*

LOLO: Yeah, but I'd go anywhere to hear a grasshopper rap. *(Calls out.)* Next!

MOM and her three daughters, CELIA, DONNA, and JASMINE, enter. Each of the daughters carries a chair which they set down in unison. Then they say...

CELIA, DONNA, and JASMINE: Mom!

LOLO: This is the Cysliak family who live in Quahog, Rhode Island. Their father is a giant wave surfer and is away at the moment on a giant wave. Don't worry about him, he'll be fine.

CELIA, DONNA, and JASMINE: *(All change their physical poses in the chairs.)* Mom!

LOLO: Today's been a hard day. What went on scared the you-know-what out of everybody. *(Exits.)*

MOM: That just was not right, girls. What on earth were you thinking of?

CELIA: We're perfectly fine, Mom, nothing happened.

MOM: And I thank heavens for that, Celia, because what could have happened would have broken all of our hearts.

DONNA: But it didn't happen, Mama. Why do we have to go on and on about it?

MOM: It didn't happen because of sheer dumb luck and we are not going to depend on dumb luck to save our family, Donna.

CELIA: Mom...

JASMINE: Mom...

DONNA: Mom...

JASMINE: The tire blew and it turned out there was no jack in the trunk...

DONNA: So...

CELIA: So we started waving at the cars going by...

DONNA: Trying to get some help and...

JASMINE: And this guy pulled over...

CELIA: He was driving like a Ram pickup.

DONNA: And he was nice...

CELIA: Sort of nice. And he says...

JASMINE: "I have a jack." So I go over to his truck to get it...

DONNA: And he grabs Jasmine and tries to muscle her into his truck...

JASMINE: And Celia screams, "Run!"

CELIA: And Donna and I take off.

JASMINE: And he's in the truck holding me by the hair while he tries to get his key in the ignition...

DONNA: And I look back and this car pulls in off the road and slams on the brakes right behind the pickup and these three giant old guys run out, grab the guy, pull him out of the truck, and hold him on the ground and call the cops.

JASMINE: And I was fine, mom – I am fine.

MOM: It was luck. You were saved by luck! *(She calls out.)* Sticks!

LOLO enters with a bundle of long sticks tied with twine. There are four or five in the bundle.

CELIA, DONNA, and JASMINE: *(Again changing their physical attitudes.)* Mom!

LOLO hands the bundle of sticks to CELIA, then exits.

MOM: Break the sticks, Celia...

CELIA tries and fails. CELIA hands the bundle of sticks to DONNA.

DONNA: Are you kidding? I got a C in gym.

MOM: Each of you take one.

DONNA, CELIA, and JASMINE undo the binding, and each takes one stick.

MOM: Now break them.

CELIA, DONNA, and JASMINE snap the sticks.

MOM: There. If you stick together and act as one, you will be like the bundle of sticks, unbreakable. But if you separate you can be broken. This time luck saved you. Be as one, fight as one, be brave and loyal. Never leave a sister to be broken. Now come in the kitchen, there's plum pie.

MOM, CELIA, DONNA, and JASMINE race offstage as MORAL races onstage.

MORAL: And the moral is... what she said.

MORAL races offstage. LOLO races onstage, stops and calls out...

LOLO: Shepherd!

SHEPHERD GIRL: *(Offstage.)* Who calls?

LOLO: The narrator.

SHEPHERD GIRL: *(Offstage.)* What's a narrator?

LOLO: Ummm. A story teller.

SHEPHERD GIRL: *(Offstage.)* What are you doing in my fields?

LOLO: I haven't a story today and I need to earn my bread.

SHEPHERD GIRL: *(Enters.)* I have no stories. I have only troubles.

LOLO: Troubles always begin a story.

SHEPHERD GIRL: As my troubles are all I have, you must pay me for them.

LOLO: Well, they aren't all you have. You have sheep.

SHEPHERD GIRL: One sheep.

LOLO: (*Smiling.*) You are the shepherdess to one sheep.

SHEPHERD GIRL: One only. I call her "Lonely." (*Calls.*) Lonely! (*To LOLO.*) She's drinking at the stream.

LOLO: What happened to the others?

SHEPHERD GIRL: That is my trouble.

LOLO: Well then, how much does "trouble" cost?

SHEPHERD GIRL: Four coins.

The following goes extremely quickly.

LOLO: One.

SHEPHERD GIRL: Three.

LOLO: Two.

SHEPHERD GIRL: Done.

SHEPHERD GIRL puts out her hand. LOLO puts two coins in it.

SHEPHERD GIRL: I am very glad to see you. I have seen no one for some weeks.

LOLO: Will you share my sandwich?

SHEPHERD GIRL: I take no charity.

LOLO: It is not charity, it is sisterhood.

SHEPHERD GIRL takes half of the sandwich. They sit.

LOLO: Where is your family?

SHEPHERD GIRL: Gone to the town. There were seven of us. The sheep cannot support so many. Only my sister, Lucia, remains.

LOLO: What does she do for money?

SHEPHERD GIRL: She weaves. Or rather, she pretends to weave.

LOLO: Pretends?

SHEPHERD GIRL: She has taken a very long time to weave half of a very beautiful rug. Those with money stop by the hut to see her work and are amazed. They say they will buy the rug when it is finished. She says many wish to buy it. "When will it be finished?" They ask. "In one week," she says. They say they will pay now. She says, "The rest may not go well. It would be unfair to charge you more than half." They call her an "honest girl" and give her the money, saying they will come for the rug in a week. When they are gone, we leave the hut and find another home some miles away. The half-a-rug comes with us and the story beings again.

LOLO: That is a cheat.

SHEPHERD GIRL: The poor must often cheat to live. Then for the little we have gotten they hang us. Lonely!

LOLO: You are lonely?

SHEPHERD GIRL: *(Smiling.)* No, I call my sheep.

LOLO: *(Smiling.)* Of course. Tell me the story of "Lonely the sheep."

SHEPHERD GIRL: I will not do with my story what my sister does with her half-a-rug.

LOLO: *(Laughing.)* You best not.

SHEPHERD GIRL: Well, I had a good sized flock, but a wolf pack came and ravaged it on a moonless night. Seven I lost. And from that time I slept what little I could by day and stood sentinel by night. And for a time it seemed they had moved on, though I still heard their hunting calls far up the valley. Then on the night of a blood moon I heard them close and knowing I could not stop a pack, I cried out, "Wolves, wolves!" And I saw lamps lit in the village and heard men and women running toward me. They came too late and the wolves took down five more before they melted back into the deep green. Sad I was, but the villagers humored me with sympathy and told me it must be a hard life I lead and I was glad of their company. Most left but three stayed saying it would be wrong to waste what had been killed. They insisted I needed cheering and a fire was built and a roasting done. And we sat 'til dawn eating and drinking and laughing when we could. They said I was too much alone and so I was, for my sister had met a fella and moved on. And from that night the loneliness I had held at bay took residence and gnawed my bones. I thought often of the good fellowship born out of that terrible night and longed for it. The wolves were gone surely,

but my heart was broke. The wolves knowing I watched stayed off, but the silence was like a cold hand with a hard grasp. Then one night in the frost and cold I thought I would die of the emptiness I lived with. And I cast off the thin blanket and yelled out, loud as I could, "Wolf, wolf!" And the lights went on and my life warmed again. And though they found no wolves, they sat a while with me and shook my hand, and I was comforted. Twice more I did the same to be in human company and then a third time but no lights were lit and no one came. One day a man hiking through to visit a woman birthing up the hills, stopped for a moment with me for a talk and when he moved on he said, "You're the girl who cries wolf, aintcha? Shame on you, lass." And I was ashamed. Now the wolves have come back and only Lonely is left.

LOLO: It's strange. We may call for help with wolves but not for loneliness. What is your name?

SHEPHERD GIRL: Estelle.

LOLO: Just outside the village I live in the small house with a red door. Come tomorrow and have lemon cake with me.

SHEPHERD GIRL: Is this pity?

LOLO: No, it's sharing.

SHEPHERD GIRL: *(Smiles.)* All right then. *(Turns and exits calling.)* Lonely!

SHEPHERD GIRL exits. LOLO exits. MORAL rushes onstage.

MORAL: Liars are not believed, even when they tell the truth.

MORAL rushes offstage as LOLO rushes onstage.

LOLO: Whew. Wow. Got a cramp. This entertainment is hard work. Okay, okay, we're setting them up and knocking them down! Lucky we're not doing all seven hundred and twenty-four fables...

AESOP: *(From offstage.)* 725!

LOLO: That guy never gives up. Now, I know you're really here for the big hits, right? You want the ones that made Aesop so famous that three of you have heard of him. Ba-ba-boom! Here we go! The biggie! Right to the top of the charts! And to examine it, we have three incredible experts.

The THREE EXPERTS, all wearing the same kind of glasses, rush onstage and stop in a line.

LOLO: One the left is “Incredibly Smart Person,” at center is “Pretty Darn Smart Person” and on the end is “Smart Enough for Government Work.”

The THREE EXPERTS wave to the audience.

LOLO: Okey dokey. You are about to see Aesop’s masterpiece...

THREE EXPERTS: The Tortoise and the Hare!

LOLO: Tortoise, as you know, is a pretentious word for turtle and hare is what your British great grandfather called a rabbit. Let’s do it!

TORTOISE races on, drops to the floor, and crawls agonizingly slow. HARE races on, wearing gym clothes, and runs in place which she does for the rest of the segment.

LOLO: One day in summer, which was obviously being affected by climate change, as in HOT!! A hare and a tortoise were having chocolate cookie crumble crème Frappuccino’s at Starbucks. You can tell which one is the tortoise because he has pulled his head inside his shell.

TORTOISE: I can’t actually do that because we’re working on a small budget and we couldn’t afford a shell.

LOLO: We’ll imagine it.

TORTOISE: The price of tortoise shells has actually skyrocketed because people are using them for earthquake protection.

LOLO: No prob. (*Pointing to HARE.*) The rabbit...

INCREDIBLY SMART PERSON: You mean hare.

LOLO: Thank you, sorry, the hare has dropped by to see the tortoise because they are old friends and once had a very short term romantic relationship. They are discussing their favorite subject, speed.

HARE: (*Still running in place.*) I'm fast. Amazingly fast. Unbelievably fast. Want to see how fast I can run a mile? Want to see it again? Fast, as you know, is life's most important quality. You get to the dinner table first. You get to be at the head of the line to see the four hundredth *Star Wars* movie. And when everybody wants to go to Tulsa, Oklahoma—which will happen pretty soon—who gets there first?

TORTOISE: I do.

HARE: No, you obviously don't, I do. I get there so first that by the time you arrive, everybody has forgotten the race.

TORTOISE: I find that dismissive.

HARE: Listen, turtle...

TORTOISE: Tortoise.

HARE: Sorry. Tortoise. In French, it's *tortoise*.

TORTOISE: Cool.

HARE: I can say hare in twenty-seven languages.

TORTOISE: You have an unrealistic sense of self importance. Every day you come home and demean me, make fun of me, and hurt my feelings.

HARE: What's real is real, bro.

TORTOISE: I'll race you.

HARE: (*Stops running for the first time.*) Wow. That is hilarious. You'll race me?

TORTOISE: I'll race you.

HARE: Where to?

TORTOISE: Tulsa, Oklahoma.

LOLO: Which is about a mile and a quarter as the crow flies.

HARE: Look man, I kid around with you because hey, who wouldn't, right? But listen, that's the only way to include you. I'm just... better. It just worked out that way. If you were a lion or a sperm whale this would be an entirely different conversation. You're a turtle, okay?

TORTOISE: A tortoise.

HARE: No, a turtle. We've been friends for a long time. As a turtle you have to accept a little ridicule. Sticks and stones will break your bones but words will never hurt you, right? Be what you are, man.

TORTOISE starts offstage.

HARE: What are you doing?

TORTOISE: The race is on.

TORTOISE keeps going. HARE moves down to the audience and speaks to them.

HARE: Look, every wise man or wise woman says one thing to us. Know thyself. That's the whole sandwich. Otherwise you're just going to be an embarrassment. I didn't want to go there but this turtle needs to get real. Otherwise what have you got?

HARE races offstage, passing TORTOISE as if he was, well, standing still. TORTOISE keeps going.

LOLO: *(During this speech TORTOISE, painfully slowly, keeps going.)*

The hare ran home, binged on eight seasons of *Game of Thrones*—and, by the way, I hated the ending. Then he played five games of speed chess with a gorilla. After that he took a nap, ate a little lunch of organic rabbit pellets, speed read *War and Peace* and then ran the mile and a quarter to accept the plaudits of the crowd. Time passes.

Blackout. Lights almost immediately come back on. TORTOISE is sitting in a lawn chair with the race trophy in one hand and a Diet Coke in the other. HARE runs onstage and comes to a screeching halt.

HARE: What?! What!!

TORTOISE: Care for a cola?

HARE: How could this possibly happen?

TORTOISE: *(Tossing him a Diet Coke.)* Just doing my thing, baby.

LOLO: And the experts, for once, explained it with a beautiful simplicity.

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