

LEAVE BRIDGET ALONE

By Jerry Rabushka

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ISBN: 1-60003-380-6

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(2F, 3E, optional extras)

THREE PAPARAZZI either male or female

To enlarge this cast, feel free to either add some silent paparazzi or redistribute some of their lines to additional players. The Paparazzi can use prop cameras or they can pantomime taking photos as well. This short play takes place outside a coffee house in Los Angeles. No set is needed.

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At the start of the play, all the PAPARAZZI are jostling each other for “position” to wait for BRIDGET. SHE and SHANNA should enter from one side of the stage while the coffee house would be off stage on the other side.

ONE: Here she comes!

TWO: Right into our trap!

(THEY start to position their cameras to take photos.)

THREE: *(as if this is top secret information)* My inside sources say she's coming for a cup of coffee!

ONE: Duh! It's a coffee house.

TWO: Your inside sources said she wanted a ham sandwich on Italian from Quiznos when she ordered a turkey on honey oat from Subway.

THREE: *(showing off)* Coffee, with two creams and three sugars.

ONE: *(know-it-all, arguing)* She never gets two creams. She always gets three.

THREE: *(this is big news!)* She's . . . on a diet.

ONE: *(making up a story)* She's got an eating disorder!

TWO: Here she comes. Out of my way! *(pushes ONE)*

ONE: *(refuses to yield and pushes back)* You get out of my way. I was here first.

TWO: You're obsessed. You're harassing the poor girl. I have a relationship with her! *(pushes)*

ONE: I got the scoop first. She's making the switch to the Starbucks here on Sunset Boulevard. *(snotty)* Starbucks Santa Monica just wasn't cutting it.

TWO: I got the scoop that she was only using two creams instead of three. That's front page news.

(ONE and TWO scuffle for position but instead fall to the ground, so THREE calmly and triumphantly takes the front spot.)

THREE: Looks like I'll get the best angle on these photos!

(The OTHER two get up as BRIDGET comes in with her friend SHANNA. As THEY enter, the PAPARAZZI keep calling her name and buzzing around her.)

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ALL THE PAPARAZZI: (*including any “extras”*) Bridget! Bridget! Bridget!

SHANNA: Bridget, can't you make them let us through? (*loud to the PAPARAZZI*) Get away. All we want is a cup of coffee.

BRIDGET: (*loves the attention, but likes to pretend she's overwhelmed by it.*) It's hard to be so famous, Shanna! They follow me everywhere.

ONE: Coffee, Bridget? Two creams or three?

TWO: Is it true you're obsessed with carbs and sugar? How much weight have you gained already?

ONE: Is it true that you're secretly addicted to Hostess Cupcakes?

THREE: Is it true you've deleted a creamer from your daily coffee intake? How will this affect your performances in the future?

BRIDGET: (*trying to get through*) Leave me alone!

SHANNA: (*overdramatic, trying to get some attention as well*) You heard her! Leave Bridget alone!

ONE: (*indicating SHANNA*) Bridget, who is she?

BRIDGET: It's none of your business, is who she is.

SHANNA: Can't a couple young ladies get a cup of coffee without having to put up with you stupid photographers?

ONE: (*snaps a photo*) Oh that's a great shot. Lots of anger and really bad hair. Front page of the *Enquirer*!

(*BOTH girls check their hair frantically.*)

TWO: (*to ONE, trying to get the camera*) Let me see that!

ONE: Like I trust you! You'll press delete like you did with my Elvis pictures!

SHANNA: I can't have my photo like that on the front page! (*SHE strikes a “model” pose*) Now try.

BRIDGET: (*loses it and tries to shake some sense into SHANNA*) Your photo! You're worried about *your* photo! I'm the star. I'm the model, the singer, the dancer, and the actress! You're just part of my entourage, and you're worried about your photo! Like anyone cares who you are or what you look like when you're standing next to me.

SHANNA: Bridget!

BRIDGET: (*to the PAPARAZZI*) Wait a minute, wait a minute!

TWO: You're telling a paparazzo to wait a minute? Who are you kidding?

BRIDGET: (*still mad at SHANNA*) Can you believe her? After what I go through day after day, she's worried about *her* picture on the front page! *Her* picture. Shanna, pardon me for asking, but who in their right mind is even going to put you on page five hundred seventy two, let alone . . . (*grand!*) page one (*full of herself*) where I have

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found a permanent home ever since the emergence of my mega-hit dance number “Baby Baby Baby Baby.”

ONE: Bridget! Is this your best friend?

TWO: Bridget, how would you say your fame has affected your relationship with your friends and family?

THREE: Bridget!

(THEY all, including any extras, call her name several times as SHE tries to push through them to the coffee house.)

BRIDGET: *(talking over the chatter)* Stop it! I'm sick of hearing my name. Just stop talking to me! Give me some peace!

THREE: *(as they ALL pause for thought)* Okay . . .

TWO: I can respect that.

THREE: If she wants to be left alone, let's leave her alone.

BRIDGET: Thank you.

(SHE takes a deep breath of satisfaction, then after a short silence, where BRIDGET expects they'll talk to her again, they all turn to SHANNA.)

ONE: Shanna! Is Bridget your best friend?

(If desired, THEY can ask these questions “over” each other, and interrupt.)

TWO: Shanna! How would you say Bridget's fame has affected her relationship with her friends and family?

THREE: Shanna, what do you think of Bridget's *new* single? Can anything be as good as “Baby Baby Baby Baby?”

SHANNA: Well . . . I think . . . *(as SHE talks they take photos)* I think she could do better. I think her undeserved success has made her lose sight of reality. And that two cream thing? It's a publicity stunt. She's smuggling creamer in her purse to make you think she's cutting down the fat.

BRIDGET: Stop it! Stop talking to them!

SHANNA: *(loving this!)* And she hates it when anyone else gets attention. Absolutely hates it. *(to BRIDGET)* This is fun!!

BRIDGET: *(to the PAPARAZZI, again pretending to be aggravated but reminding everyone SHE's a star.)* Out of my way. I just want to get a low fat decaffeinated latte before my next movie shoot and recording session.

TWO: Bridget! Is it true your latest movie reveals your inability to sing without electronic enhancement?

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BRIDGET: Leave me alone!

ONE: Shanna! What do you know about Bridget's latest movie? Is it going to be as bad as they say?

BRIDGET: We're done here. I want my low fat decaffeinated latte!

SHANNA: (*slyly, and happy to have the spotlight*) I'm not done, Bridget. I want to talk to these nice people. Unlike you for the last five years, they seem very interested in what I have to say. So you finally get your wish. You're being left alone.

THREE: Would you pose for us, Shanna?

TWO: Front cover, the *Star*!

ONE: Front cover, the *Enquirer*.

THREE: Front cover, *U.S. News and World Report*.

(*SHANNA starts to pose for them and BRIDGET steps in.*)

BRIDGET: Shanna has nothing to say to you.

(*BRIDGET pushes SHANNA away, of course EVERYONE gets photos of it.*)

ONE: (*making up a headline*) Bridget overcome by violent rage, injures best friend.

BRIDGET: She's fine.

SHANNA: (*falling down and faking several injuries*) Ow! My back! My neck! My pancreas! My duodenum!

BRIDGET: Your what?

SHANNA: (*explaining*) Pancreas. It's the organ that . . . Oh, that's right, C-minus in biology! (*to the PAPARAZZI, still faking pain*) She's a maniac. Ow! Ow! Ow!

(*EVERYONE starts taking photos of SHANNA*)

BRIDGET: Stop that! I'm the star. She's just a-

SHANNA: (*SHE's fine, but now SHE's mad and gets in BRIDGET's face*) Just a what, Bridget?

(*EVERYONE stops taking photos.*)

Just . . . a . . . what? I *thought* I was your best friend!

BRIDGET: Oh, right, that. I'm the one who took the dance lessons, the singing lessons, and the acting lessons. I'm the one who worked dawn to dusk since I was three years old. (*imitating her parents*) "You can't go play, it's time for ballet! You can't see your friends, your work never ends! You can't have dinner, you need to get

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thinner!" I never went to a normal school, never had time for friends, and yet I grew up to be an example to young girls everywhere! While you watched TV, I *made* TV! While you listened to CDs, I *made* CDs!

SHANNA: I had to buy your CDs because you were too cheap to give me any.

TWO: Shanna! Have you ever thought of downloading?

THREE: Ninety-nine cents a song on iTunes!

ONE: Ever since that Napster scandal . . . A dollar for a good tune isn't out of the question.

TWO: You download the good songs and leave the junk online.

BRIDGET: (*scandalized!*) I don't record junk.

ONE: (*singing, mockingly*) "Baby baby baby baby love me baby baby baby!" Where is the example to young girls in that?

BRIDGET: It's about love. That's why it says "love me baby baby baby," and not "do my homework, baby baby baby."

ONE: I think it's about you saying baby. Repeatedly.

SHANNA: Let's analyze. (*speaks as if SHE's a professor*) Baby baby baby . . . (*pretends to think of the next line*) oh . . . baby . . . hmm . . . love me . . . baby baby. You're right.

BRIDGET: (*haughty*) It's not "love me baby baby." It's "love me baby baby baby!" I get a feeling you're not playing my CD as often as you claim.

TWO: (*pushing up to the girls*) Bridget, how does it feel to have your best friend make fun of your contribution to young girls everywhere?

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