

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

**Copyright Protection.** This Play is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America; of all countries covered by the International Copyright Union, including the Dominion of Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth; of all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, and the Berne Convention; and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations.

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

**Performance Licensing and Royalty Payments.** All amateur and stock performance rights to this Play are controlled exclusively by Playscripts, Inc. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this Play without obtaining advance written permission from Playscripts, Inc. Required royalty fees are specified online at the Playscripts, Inc. website, and are subject to change without notice. Although this book may have been obtained for a licensed performance, these performance rights are not transferable. Required royalties must be paid every time the Play is performed before any audience, whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. All licensing requests and inquiries concerning amateur and stock performance rights should be addressed to Playscripts, Inc. (see opposite page).

Inquiries concerning all other rights should be addressed to Playscripts, Inc., as well; such inquiries will be communicated to the Author and the Author's Agent, as applicable.

**Restriction of Alterations.** There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to the Play, including the changing of character gender, the cutting of dialogue, or the alteration of objectionable language, unless directly authorized by Playscripts, Inc. or otherwise allowed in the Play's "Production Notes." The title of the Play shall not be altered.

**Author Credit.** Any individual or group receiving permission to produce this Play is required to give credit to the Author as the sole and exclusive author of the Play. This obligation applies to the title page of every program distributed in connection with performances of the Play, and in any instance that the title of the Play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing, or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. The name of the Author must appear on a separate line, in which no other name appears, immediately beneath the title and of a font size at least 50% as large as the largest letter used in the title of the Play. No person, firm, or entity may receive credit larger or more prominent than that accorded the Author. The name of the Author may not be abbreviated or otherwise altered from the form in which it appears in this Play.

**Publisher Attribution.** All programs, advertisements, and other printed material distributed or published in connection with the production of the Play shall include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Playscripts, Inc.  
([www.playscripts.com](http://www.playscripts.com))

**Prohibition of Unauthorized Copying.** Any unauthorized copying of this book or excerpts from this book is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this book 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 Playscripts, Inc.

**Statement of Non-affiliation.** This Play may include references to brand names and trademarks owned by third parties, and may include references to public figures. Playscripts, Inc. is not affiliated with these public figures, or with the owners of such trademarks and brand names. Such references are included solely for parody, political comment, aesthetic purposes, or other protected purposes.

**Permissions for Sound Recordings and Musical Works.** This Play may contain directions calling for the performance of a portion, or all, of a musical work, or performance of a sound recording of a musical work. Playscripts, Inc. has not obtained permissions to perform such works. The Producer of this Play is advised to obtain such permissions, if required in the context of the production. The Producer is directed to the websites of the U.S. Copyright Office (<http://lcweb.loc.gov/copyright>), ASCAP (<http://www.ascap.com>), and BMI (<http://www.bmi.com>) for further information on the need to obtain permissions, and on procedures for obtaining such permissions.

## ***The Fine Print Explained***

This play is protected by United States and international copyright law. According to these laws, individuals and production groups must obtain permission for any performance of this Play, and must pay any required royalty.\*

Playscripts, Inc. handles this licensing process for all stock and amateur performances of this Play worldwide. Permission must be obtained for any such performance, whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not an admission fee is charged. Playscripts, Inc. collects these required royalty payments on behalf of the Author, and the Author receives the majority of these royalty payments.

***It is thus necessary to abide by the following rules, not only out of respect for international law and personal ethics, but to ensure that playwrights are rewarded for creating new and vital dramatic work.***

- Do not perform this Play without obtaining prior permission from Playscripts, Inc., and without paying the required royalty.
- Do not photocopy, scan, or otherwise duplicate any part of this book.
- Do not alter the text of the play, change a character's gender, delete any dialogue, or alter any objectionable language, unless explicitly allowed by the playwright in the "Production Notes" or otherwise authorized by Playscripts, Inc.
- Provide appropriate credit to the Author and appropriate attribution to Playscripts, Inc. in all programs and promotional literature associated with any performance of this Play.

*(These and other rules are presented in greater detail on the opposite page.)*

Please contact Playscripts, Inc. with any questions or production requests:

Email:	info@playscripts.com	Playscripts, Inc.
Website:	http://www.playscripts.com	P.O. Box 237060
		New York, NY 10023
		USA

---

\*Disregarding a performance license will expose you to infringement liability under U.S. Copyright law, which carries civil sanctions that include a possible award of up to \$150,000 per protected work for willful infringement. U.S. Copyright law also provides criminal sanctions.

*This is for Elaine Wilson*

*My theatre teacher at Chantilly High School in Fairfax, Virginia  
Who has inspired thousands of students with her vision  
And who gave me the keys, a job, and a home*

## **Cast of Characters**

CINNAMON, a game show announcer  
BUFFY YOUBETCHA, a game show hostess  
NICK KOWSLOWSKI, a game show contestant  
BOB\*, a high school boy  
BOB'S FRIEND\*, a friend of Bob  
BETH\*, Bob's prom date  
SUSAN ZIMMERMAN\*, another high school girl  
MOM\*, Susan's mom  
PRINCIPAL\*, a principal  
GRAD 1\*, a high school graduate  
GRAD 2\*, a high school graduate  
BOOTH VOICE\*, a voice from the booth  
LARRY PARKS\*, a college freshman  
BAMBI\*, a babe  
PUNK\*, a punk  
ALICE WALKER\*, a woman from Chicago  
FATHER\*, a father  
MOTHER\*, a mother  
NURSE\*, a nurse  
OTTO\*, Otto

*\*Parts may be doubled*

## **Setting**

A game show set

## **Time**

Today

## **Production Notes**

The action of the play takes place on two levels. Upstage center is the game show set, built on a platform. Downstage center is the area where the randomly chosen people play out their scenes. When there is action on one level, the characters in the other level are frozen. The freezes are started and ended by CINNAMON's bell. The sound of the audience laughter and applause is supplied by the actors offstage. It may also be supplemented with a laugh track. Any references to popular culture or television shows may be updated as needed.

If the appearance of the gun at the end of the play would prohibit a group from performing *The Cards of Fate*, the author grants permission to use an alternate weapon, such as a Ginsu knife or an executioner's axe—whatever works best.

# **THE CARDS OF FATE**

## **by Ed Monk**

*(Setting: The set of a game show. On the back wall is a sign that says "THE CARDS OF FATE." UC is BUFFY's podium set with index cards that BUFFY will use to ask questions. UL is CINNAMON's podium set with a bell and a buzzer. UR is NICK's podium.)*

*At rise: Stage is dark. CINNAMON stands at her podium. Game show theme music is heard. Theme is established for a few seconds and CINNAMON begins her introduction.)*

**CINNAMON.** AAAANNNDDDDDDD NNNNNOOWWWW... It's time for the most popular game show ever! THE CARDS OF FATE! The show where contestants control people's destinies AND win valuable cash and prizes! And here is the star of the CARDS OF FATE, the hostess with the mostest...BUFFY YOUBETCHA!

*(Enter BUFFY to sound of applause from audience.)*

**BUFFY.** Weelllllll thanks so much for that swell introduction, Cinnamon! And welcome once again ladies and gentlemen to the CARDS OF FATE! What an exciting show we have for you today! Let's start the ball rolling by introducing our first contestant! Cinnamon?

**CINNAMON.** Right you are, Buffy!

*(Game show theme starts playing softly.)*

Our first contestant is a construction worker from Erie, Pennsylvania. He's single, enjoys skiing, reading, and says that he's always dreamed of being a contestant on the CARDS OF FATE! Let's say hello to NICK KOWSLOWSKI!

*(Enter NICK to sound of applause from audience.)*

**BUFFY.** Welcome to the CARDS OF FATE, Nick! We're sure glad to have you here!

**NICK.** I'm thrilled to be here, Buffy! My friends still can't believe I'm going to be on the show!

**BUFFY.** Well maybe they'll believe you if you drive home in that BRAND NEW CAR you can win in our bonus round!

**NICK.** WOW!

**BUFFY.** So you're in the construction business? That must be fascinating work.

**NICK.** Well, actually, all I do is carry bricks around all day. But hopefully I won't have to do that anymore if I do well enough here!

**BUFFY.** Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Well that's the kind of spirit we like here on the CARDS OF FATE! So welcome aboard Nick and let's see if we can win you some of that cash!

*(Applause from audience.)*

Now you folks at home know how we play the game. We randomly pick people at important moments in their lives and freeze the action! That's when Nick takes over! If he can answer the question on THE CARD OF FATE—

*(BUFFY holds up card while CINNAMON rings bell.)*

—he'll pick up some cash or valuable prizes and fate will favor our random contestant! BUT, if Nick should answer incorrectly—

*(CINNAMON rings buzzer.)*

—he'll lose the prize and the cash and the CARDS OF FATE will deal a blow to some poor, pathetic soul.

*(Wild applause from audience.)*

**BUFFY.** Well, Nick, ready to go?

**NICK.** Sure thing Buffy!

**BUFFY.** OK! Then let's play the CARDS OF FATE!

*(Applause from audience.)*

**BUFFY.** Cinnamon, where are we going for our first round?

**CINNAMON.** Buffy, we'll be heading to Williston High School in Rugby, North Dakota!

**BUFFY.** My goodness, all the way to the Flickertail State! Let's watch!

*(CINNAMON rings bell. NICK, BUFFY, and CINNAMON freeze as BOB and BOB'S FRIEND enter.)*

**BOB'S FRIEND.** Hey Bob! Did you get the limo?

**BOB.** Hold it down! I don't want the whole school to know! It's supposed to be a surprise!

**BOB'S FRIEND.** Sorry. Did you get it?

**BOB.** YES! One white stretch limo with wet bar, TV, car phone, and a very, very, large back seat.

**BOB'S FRIEND.** How much did it cost?

**BOB.** I figure about three weeks working at McDonald's, one month of my allowance, and half of my birthday money.

**BOB'S FRIEND.** Are you sure it's worth it?

**BOB.** Are you kidding? It was the last thing I had to get! For once in my life I'm going to go first class! This will be the prom date to end all prom dates! Designer tux, orchids from Hawaii, limo, the helicopter ride around town *with* champagne, and a late night dinner at Le Chateau Escargot!

**BOB'S FRIEND.** *LE* Chateau Escargot?! I've heard of that place! My parents went there for their 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary. Dinner cost them \$350! Aren't you going a little overboard? This is your *first date* with Beth.

**BOB.** That's right. But once this date is over, she'll be begging me for many, many, more!!

*(Enter BETH.)*

**BETH.** Hi Bobby. I just can't wait until Friday. I'm so excited.

**BOB.** Yeah, me too.

**BETH.** I got my dress yesterday. It's strapless.

*(CINNAMON rings bell. BETH, BOB, and BOB'S FRIEND freeze as CINNAMON, BUFFY, and NICK break freeze.)*

**BUFFY.** Well it looks like love is about to bloom in Rugby! But not before Nick gets a chance to cash in on it! OK, for \$200 and a fantastic prom night for the kids, what was the name of Captain Steubing's adorable little daughter on *The Love Boat*?

**NICK.** *The Love Boat*?

**BUFFY.** That's right!

**NICK.** Uh.....Cindy?

*(CINNAMON hits buzzer.)*

**BUFFY.** Oh no! It was of course, Vikki! So I'm afraid no money there, Nick. But let's look and see what happens with our own love couple!

*(CINNAMON rings bell. NICK, BUFFY, and CINNAMON freeze as BETH breaks freeze and walks backward off stage. BOB and BOB'S FRIEND break freeze.)*

**BOB'S FRIEND.** Aren't you going a little overboard? This is your *first date* with Beth.

**BOB.** That's right. But once this date is over, she'll be begging me for many, many, more!

*(Enter BETH.)*

**BETH.** Hi Bobby.

**BOB.** Hi Beth. All ready for Friday?

**BETH.** Well. Remember how I said I'd go to the prom with you 'cause me and Jimmy broke up? Well guess what?! We got back together last night! So I'm going to the prom with him. I'm real sorry. Wish I could talk some more but I have to go pick up my prom dress. It's strapless. Bye.

*(BETH exits.)*

**BOB'S FRIEND.** I suppose all of those things you ordered required non-refundable deposits?

*(BOB nods his head yes.)*

Well...look on the bright side. Um...um... *(Glances at watch:)* Oh gee look, it's four o'clock, *Oprah's* on. Gotta go. Bye.

*(BOB'S FRIEND exits. BOB stares silently for a second then slowly exits. CINNAMON hits bell.)*

**BUFFY.** Well that was too bad! Looks like he'll be all dressed up with no place to go!

*(Big laughter from audience.)*

**BUFFY.** But that's life and the CARDS OF FATE!

*(Applause from audience.)*

Now Nick, don't get discouraged! We've got lots of time left for you to earn those big bucks!

**NICK.** I'm ready, Buffy!

**BUFFY.** Then let's go to the second round, Cinnamon!

**CINNAMON.** Buffy, we head to West Palm Beach, Florida, and the home of Susan Zimmerman.

*(CINNAMON hits bell. NICK, BUFFY, and CINNAMON freeze. Enter MOM, who sits on chair. SUSAN enters.)*

**SUSAN.** MOM! I'm home.

**MOM.** You got a letter today. I think it's your SAT scores.

*(MOM hands SUSAN envelope.)*

**SUSAN.** Wonderful!! My entire life in one stinking little envelope!!

**MOM.** Here we go again.

**SUSAN.** Tomorrow, every kid in school will be running around asking each other what scores they got. If you got a higher score than they did, they think you're lying *or* that you think that you're smarter than they are and so then they think you're a stuck up snob! *BUT* if you get a *lower* score than them, they give you this look of pity as they try not to smile because they did so much better than you. *AND then* they say things like "it doesn't matter, that much" or "you can always re-take them" or "you can always go to a community college and transfer." My life is going to be a living hell!!

**MOM.** Why don't you just open it and find out how you did before you have a hernia?

**SUSAN.** I can't. You open it.

*(SUSAN hands letter to MOM. MOM opens envelope.)*

**SUSAN.** WELL?!

---

(CINNAMON *hits bell*. SUSAN and MOM freeze.)

**BUFFY.** The suspense is killing me!! Cinnamon, what is Nick playing for?

**CINNAMON.** Nick is playing for the Pizza Machine by Wanko!! For the best homemade pizza ever, use the Wanko Pizza Machine!! Piping hot pizza with any topping in a matter of minutes!! When you think pizza, think Wanko!

**BUFFY.** Fantastic! And what does fate hold for Susan?

**CINNAMON.** Susan will receive a 1600 on her SAT scores and a full scholarship to Harvard!! *IF* Nick can answer the CARD OF FATE!

**BUFFY.** All right Nick, here we go. Beautiful and glamorous pop star and teen idol Tiffany has scored numerous top ten hits with her indescribable voice! With what number one song did Tiffany first hit the charts?

**NICK.** Who?

(CINNAMON *hits buzzer*.)

**BUFFY.** No! Sorry.

(CINNAMON *hits bell*. NICK, BUFFY, and CINNAMON freeze.)

**SUSAN.** WELL?!

(MOM *scans test scores*.)

**MOM.** You got a 430 dear.

**SUSAN.** Damnit!! Is that verbal or math?

**MOM.** That's the combined score dear.

**SUSAN.** AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

**MOM.** Now, Susan, it doesn't matter. I didn't want to spoil your surprise until your father came home, but seeing how upset you are, I think I better.

**SUSAN.** What surprise?

**MOM.** You got a call today from a school that wants to give you a full paid scholarship!

**SUSAN.** WHO?! WHO?! Who was it? Harvard? State? Tech?

**MOM.** It's called the Diesel Institute of Technology. They train truck drivers!

**SUSAN.** AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

*(SUSAN exits screaming.)*

**MOM.** *(Offstage to SUSAN:)* But dear, the man said you could be driving your own rig in no time at all!

*(MOM exits shaking her head. CINNAMON rings bell.)*

**BUFFY.** Whoa Nick buddy, things didn't work out too well there at all.

**NICK.** I guess not.

**BUFFY.** Don't worry Nick, be happy! Because it's time for our speed round. Cinnamon?

**CINNAMON.** Buffy, let's boogie on down to graduation night at Central High School!

*(Enter PRINCIPAL from left and SUSAN, GRAD 1, and GRAD 2 from right. SUSAN, GRAD 1, and GRAD 2 are dressed in graduation gowns and are facing front. SUSAN stands in between GRAD 1 and GRAD 2. PRINCIPAL speaks as if addressing a gym full of parents and graduates.)*

**PRINCIPAL.** Ann Marie Young.

*(GRAD 1 walks to PRINCIPAL who awards a diploma and shakes hands. Applause from audience as GRAD 1 exits left. All during the following speech, SUSAN beams, thinking she is getting award.)*

**PRINCIPAL.** And now ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to announce the winner of the 1991 Elizabeth Dobbs Memorial Award for outstanding academic achievement and student leadership. It is awarded to that young man or woman who exemplifies the highest standards of excellence that we at Central High strive to maintain. It carries with it a \$2,000 scholarship. And so without further delay, this year's Elizabeth Dobbs Memorial Award for outstanding achievement and student leadership goes to...

*(CINNAMON hits bell. PRINCIPAL, SUSAN, and GRAD 2 freeze.)*

**BUFFY.** Nick. The Brady Bunch. Alice the Maid. Name her boyfriend!

**NICK.** The butcher! He's the butcher!

**BUFFY.** What's his name?

**NICK.** Uh...I don't know.

*(CINNAMON hits bell. NICK, BUFFY, and CINNAMON freeze.)*

**PRINCIPAL.** Rebecca Jean Zukowski.

*(SUSAN is crushed as GRAD 2 goes to PRINCIPAL to get award and exits.)*

**PRINCIPAL.** And on this happy note, we conclude another commencement for Central High. I'd like to extend my very best wishes to the class of...

*(SUSAN realizes with horror what is happening and moves towards PRINCIPAL.)*

**SUSAN.** Excuse me, Dr. Wilson, but you forgot to call my name!

**PRINCIPAL.** Who are you?

**SUSAN.** Susan Zimmerman!

**PRINCIPAL.** *(Pulling out list of names:)* Let's see... Zimmerman... Zimmerman... Oh here we are. Yes, well, it seems that you failed your History final. It looks like you'll be attending summer school, young lady. But thank you for pointing out the error. *(Addressing the crowd:)* Excuse me ladies and gentlemen, there is one mistake in the program that we would like to correct. The name SUSAN LYNN ZIMMERMAN should NOT have been included in the list of graduates. We certainly apologize for any confusion. And now before we conclude the festivities, how about one more musical selection from our outstanding band?

*(PRINCIPAL exits to applause leaving SUSAN alone on stage until she runs off in tears. CINNAMON rings bell.)*

**BUFFY.** Ooooooo that hurt! Gosh, that moment will probably haunt her for the rest of her life!

*(Wild laughter from audience.)*

Well, we've got a lot more fun in store for you in the rest of the show! But first, let's take a minute for a quick word from one of our fine sponsors! Don't go away!

**BOOTH VOICE.** WE'RE OFF.

**CINNAMON.** Damn it Ted! If you can't get that opening music cue right, I swear I'll find a director who will!

**BOOTH VOICE.** SORRY.

**CINNAMON.** You're always sorry and the cue is always wrong! Did New York fax those overnights yet?

**BOOTH VOICE.** YES, THEY JUST...

**BUFFY.** Well why aren't they down here?! I was supposed to have those signed and on Art's desk yesterday! If I catch any flak from Art about being late with this report you'll wish you never left Wisconsin! Now get me those papers NOW!

*(CINNAMON exits. NICK walks over to BUFFY.)*

**NICK.** Um...Miss Youbetcha?

**BUFFY.** Oh God! I was horrible wasn't I?

**NICK.** What?

**BUFFY.** I knew it! I knew it! I didn't sound real enough! My agent says I need to be more real. Do you think I'm real?

**NICK.** Well...yeah...sure.

**BUFFY.** Oh you're just saying that to be nice. I'm not real at all, I just know it!

**NICK.** No, no! I think you're great! You're much more realer than the other game show hosts!

**BUFFY.** Oh thank you. You're so nice to say so. Of course I know I can be real. It's just that stupid agent of mine. Just because he heard a rumor that Art Faber had lunch with that idiot Skippy Harris, he assumes that the network is looking for a replacement for me. Skippy Harris! HA! Like he's real?!

**NICK.** Um Miss Youbetcha, I was wondering if you could tell me when

the show...

**BUFFY.** If only my demographics weren't so bad!

**NICK.** I beg your pardon.

**BUFFY.** My demographics! I don't do very well with housewives 32-67. That's the number one viewer pool for the Cards of Fate. I do great with young men 16-21, but they're all in school when the show is on. Why didn't I renegotiate my contract last year?! I knew I should've! I knew I should've! Why was I so stupid?! I've got to call my agent!

*(BUFFY exits. NICK looks around at empty set. Finally he talks to booth, screening eyes against the bright lights.)*

**NICK.** Umm ... Hello? ... Hello? ... I was wondering if you could tell me when the show is going to be on? ... I know that you're taping five shows today, so I wasn't sure when... I'm sorry I haven't done better so far. I really do well at home. I always know all of the answers. Last year I won \$500,000! Of course that was just pretend. But...but that's why I was so sure that I could win... My whole family will be watching. All my friends too. They had this big party for me and everything... So I'm going to try real hard to do better in the second half... I won't let you down... If you could just tell me when the show will be on? ...I mean how does it work?

**BOOTH VOICE.** ON IN TEN!

*(Enter BUFFY putting on make-up and CINNAMON signing papers. They take their places, as does NICK.)*

**CINNAMON.** *(Looking at papers:)* Great! We're down another three points this month! *(To whole studio:)* If we fall out of first place, there's going to be a lot of people around here looking for jobs!

*(BUFFY gives CINNAMON a worried glance as CINNAMON puts papers away.)*

**BOOTH VOICE.** AND FIVE...FOUR...THREE...TWO...

**BUFFY.** *(Waits for silent two count.)* And welcome back to the CARDS OF FATE!

*(Applause from audience.)*

**BUFFY.** Well, so far today's contestant, Nick Kowalski, hasn't put

any points on the board! BUT there's always a fabulous treasure chest of cash and prizes just around the corner, here on the CARDS OF FATE! And here's Cinnamon to tell us what's next!

**CINNAMON.** Buffy, we're moving on out to South Eastern North Carolina State College!

*(LARRY PARKS enters carrying suitcase. As he sets bag down, BAMBI enters wearing a very sexy outfit.)*

**BAMBI.** Excuse me, is this room 115?

**LARRY.** Yes. I'm Larry Parks. I'm just moving in.

**BAMBI.** Well, I'm your roommate! My name is Bambi.

**LARRY.** WHAT?!

**BAMBI.** *(Looking at a slip of paper:)* This is room 115, Spalding Hall, isn't it?

*(LARRY nods yes.)*

Then I'm your roommate!

*(BAMBI does a little cheesecake pose, LARRY does a slow look up BAMBI's body and then does a freeze take to audience. CINNAMON rings bell.)*

**BUFFY.** Nick! You have three seconds to tell me the name of the bailiff on *Judge Judy*!

**NICK.** Jones! ... NO it's Smith! ... NO...WAIT ...It's Jones!

*(CINNAMON rings buzzer and BAMBI and LARRY break freeze.)*

**BAMBI.** Oh silly me! This says 511 *Golding Hall*! Oh well!

*(BAMBI exits as LARRY stares at her with open mouth. We hear loud punk music offstage. PUNK enters looking very punky and unpleasant, carrying a boom box. PUNK turns off music.)*

**PUNK.** HEY DUDE! *(He belches.)* Is this, like, room 115?

**LARRY.** Yes.

**PUNK.** *(Belches again.)* I'm your roommate.

*(PUNK picks something out of nose and holds out hand for a hand shake. LARRY does a slow look up PUNK's body, does a freeze take to audience, picks up bag and runs for his life offstage.)*

**PUNK.** *(To LARRY offstage:)* HEY DUDE! ARE YOU LIKE INTO GETTING YOUR EYELIDS PIERCED?!

*(PUNK shrugs, picks up boom box, plays music and exits. Music fades as CINNAMON rings bell.)*

**BUFFY.** Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! I don't know Nick, it's been a long time since we had anyone as bad as you on the show!

*(Laughter from audience.)*

**NICK.** I always do so well when I play at home!

**BUFFY.** Well maybe so, but so far all you've done is make a lot of people miserable!

*(Big laughter from audience.)*

**NICK.** I'm sorry.

**BUFFY.** Ha ha ha ha ha ha! There's nothing to be sorry about Nick, we're just having a little joke with you! Ha ha ha ha! We still have a few more rounds to go, including the fabulous bonus round! But by the way you're going, I'll bet a lot of people would rather you went on *Wheel of Fortune* instead! Ha ha ha ha ha!

*(Lots of laughter from audience.)*

**NICK.** Thanks a lot.

**BUFFY.** Just teasing Nick. It's all part of the fun here on the CARDS OF FATE! And something tells me that fate is going to turn your luck around in our next round, the three o'clock phone call! Cinnamon?

**CINNAMON.** That's right Buffy! We call someone at three in the morning and listen in!

**BUFFY.** And what's today's call about, Cinnamon?

**CINNAMON.** It's a call to tell Alice Walker of Chicago, Illinois, that she has won TEN MILLION DOLLARS in the state lottery!

**BUFFY.** WOW! And by the way Nick, if you answer the CARD OF

FATE correctly, you'll win a cool \$5,000 for yourself!

*(Applause from audience.)*

OK Cinnamon, let her rip!

*(Sound of phone ringing. ALICE WALKER stumbles on stage in a robe and picks up phone.)*

**ALICE.** Hello...

*(CINNAMON rings bell.)*

**BUFFY.** NICK! Name five famous pigs!

**NICK.** Porky ...Petunia ...Wilbur ...uh ...uh ...the little piggy who went to market ...uh ...uh ...

*(CINNAMON rings buzzer.)*

**BUFFY.** Oh, you were so close!

**ALICE.** Hello? ...Hello? ...Mom? ...Is that you? ...What's the matter? ...I can't hear you ...What? ... Are you crying? ... What? ... Daddy's dead? ... But how? ... Well where was he? ... He's only 63! How could he have a heart attack?! Who's there with you? ... Are you OK? ... Have you called Mike? ... Uh-huh ...I'll catch the first flight out in the morning ...OK ...I love you too, Mom ...I'll see you tomorrow ...bye.

*(ALICE hangs up phone and exits slowly. CINNAMON rings bell.)*

**BUFFY.** WHOOPS! There goes ten million bucks!

**NICK.** Her father died?!

**BUFFY.** Yeah, real shame. Sometimes fate can be cruel. Too bad you didn't get that last pig.

**NICK.** You mean if I had gotten that question right, he'd still be alive?!

**BUFFY.** Well sure sport, that's the name of the game!

**NICK.** No one told me it would be life and death! I killed that man!

**BUFFY.** He would have died anyway, eventually. And besides, if you had gotten the question right, she would have been rich!

**NICK.** But I didn't get it right!

**BUFFY.** Hey, you don't have to tell us that! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

*(Laughter from audience.)*

**NICK.** I don't feel very well.

**BUFFY.** Gosh, that's too bad isn't it? But hey, life goes on!

*(Sound of a horn.)*

And speaking of going on, it's time for the bonus round! Nick, you haven't been too successful so far, but you can make it all up here in the bonus round! Cinnamon?

**CINNAMON.** That's right Buffy! Nick will have a chance to win a 1992 Corvette convertible AND \$10,000 in cash!

*(Applause from audience.)*

**BUFFY.** An incredible prize package that can be all yours, Nick! Can you do it?!

**NICK.** I don't think that...

**BUFFY.** Far out! Cinnamon, where is our last destination for today?

**CINNAMON.** It's Mercy Hospital in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania!

**BUFFY.** Let's take a look!

*(CINNAMON rings bell. Enter FATHER who starts pacing, looking at watch. Enter MOTHER.)*

**MOTHER.** Richard! What happened?! Where is she?!

**FATHER.** Where in the hell were you?!

**MOTHER.** I got stuck in a stupid business meeting. I just got your message. What happened?!

**FATHER.** I got a call from the school. She got dizzy at lunch and passed out. They called 911 and brought her here in an ambulance.

**MOTHER.** Is she all right?

**FATHER.** She's awake. She seems fine. But...

**MOTHER.** But what?!

**FATHER.** They want to run all of these tests on her. They want to do a CAT scan.

**MOTHER.** What for?

**FATHER.** They think there's a chance it might be a...tumor.

**MOTHER.** Oh my God.

**FATHER.** They're not sure of anything! They just want to check her out. They told me it could be a hundred other things! They just want to make sure.

**MOTHER.** She's only seven years old! She's just a little girl! She can't have a brain tumor!

**FATHER.** I know that. They just want to cover themselves in case of lawsuits and stuff like that. That's all!

**MOTHER.** Where is she now?! Why aren't you with her?!

**FATHER.** They're getting her ready for the test. They told me to wait out here.

*(Enter NURSE.)*

**NURSE.** Mr. Simmons, I need you to fill out some forms for me.

**FATHER.** *(To MOTHER:)* I'll take care of this. You wait here. OK?

**MOTHER.** Fine.

*(NURSE and FATHER exit.)*

**MOTHER.** Oh dear God, please let my little girl be all right.

*(CINNAMON rings bell.)*

**BUFFY.** HOLY COW! Certainly a lot of emotion there, folks! Well, that's what makes the CARDS OF FATE such a wonderful show! *(Getting choked up:)* You never know when you're gonna get choked up like that. And I really mean that sincerely, from the bottom of my heart. *(A beat.)* BUT SAY, CINNAMON, besides the car and cash for Nick, what's that plucky little girl playing for?!

**CINNAMON.** Little Jennifer is playing for a clean bill of health! IF Nick wins the bonus round!

## **THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!**

In order to protect our associated authors against copyright infringement, we cannot at present offer full scripts online.

To apply for performance rights and/or purchase books, please click ORDER or go back to *www.playscripts.com*.