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**Playscripts, Inc.**  
450 Seventh Ave, Suite 809  
New York, NY 10123

toll-free phone: 1-866-NEW-PLAY  
email: [info@playscripts.com](mailto:info@playscripts.com)  
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## Cast of Characters

Note: In production, replace “The Debate Society” with the actual producing company/theater’s name. Also replace “Michael,” “Hannah,” and “Paul” with the actors’ real names, “Amy” with the Stage Manager’s real name and “Oliver Butler” with the actual director’s name. Ideally, the role of director would be played by the actual director of the production. If this isn’t possible, an actor can play the part and refer to him/herself by the director’s name.

“MICHAEL” plays—“OLIVER BUTLER” in *The Bathroom*, BEST FRIEND in *Ryan*, MICHAEL in *Monster Trucks*, TEEN BOY in *What a Scary Cemetery*, WALTER in *Whispering Tree*, NARRATOR in *Icelandic Fishing Story* and the GOOD WOMAN in *Good Woman*.

“HANNAH” plays—JEZEBEL, GLADYS, EUNICE TAXINGTON and FIERY MOUNTAIN in *The Bathroom*, GIRLFRIEND in *Ryan*, one of the monster trucks in *Monster Trucks*, HANNAH in *Fire: a Tragedy*, TEEN GIRL in *What a Scary Cemetery*, BRIE in *Whispering Tree*, MERMAID in *Icelandic Fishing Story* and provides Voice Over narration for *Good Woman*.

“PAUL” plays—SIMON and LUNAR CRATER in *The Bathroom*, FOOTBALL COACH and DRUNK KID in *Ryan*, the other monster truck in *Monster Trucks*, PAUL in *Fire: a Tragedy*, CEMETERY WATCHMAN in *What a Scary Cemetery*, DEAN in *Whispering Tree*, and FISHERMAN in *Icelandic Fishing Story*.

“OLIVER” plays—OLIVER BUTLER throughout except during *The Bathroom* and curtain call.

“AMY” plays—AMY, the Stage Manager.

## Production Note

Resist the urge to do these bad plays badly. The point of performing *You’re Welcome* is to do the plays really well. Do not wink or nod at the badness, just let it be. Strive to find new layers of authenticity to this fictional band of performers struggling to make something work, and let the badness stand on its own.

## Acknowledgments

*You're Welcome* premiered on February 4, 2010 at The Brick Theater in Brooklyn, New York. The production was presented by The Debate Society and The Brick Theater, Inc with the following cast and crew:

### *Cast:*

Hannah Bos  
Paul Thureen  
Michael Cyril Creighton

### *With:*

Tim Chawaga  
Anna Drezen  
Jon Herman  
Rachel McKeon  
Annabelle Meunier  
Marisa Savic

Director . . . . . Oliver Butler  
Costumes . . . . . Sydney Maresca  
Lighting . . . . . Mike Riggs  
Sound . . . . . Nathan Leigh  
Stage Manager . . . . . Amy Ehrenberg  
Assistant Director . . . . . Danielle Kourtesis  
Intern . . . . . Marisa Savic

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**YOU'RE WELCOME**  
**(A CYCLE OF BAD PLAYS)**

**written by Hannah Bos and Paul Thureen**  
**developed by Oliver Butler**  
**made by The Debate Society**

*(A series of projections:)*

We are a play company called The Debate Society.  
And tonight we will show you a cycle of every of  
the 5 plays that we've ever made.

**Play #1:**

*(Triumphant orchestral music plays. "Opening credits" projected  
on stage [flourishy fonts:])*

Play company

**The Debate Society**

In a very laughable sketch, entitled:

**The Bathroom**

A play in three acts...

With a Broadway (Style) Scene Change

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Synopsis

**ACT 1. The Ruining.**

The Director ruins the play.

**ACT 2. The Dutch Butcher, a Farce**

The scene wherein The Meat meats a mate.

**INTERLUDE. Broadway (Style) Scene Change**

**ACT 3. The Play Within A Play**

Another play happens inside the main play.

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The Players

*The Director*..... Mr. B. Overack  
*Ambrosial Rosenfelt* ... Mr. Jos. Fitzsimmons  
*Gustavus Lochmuller* ... Mr. Harry A. Fisher  
*Gustavus Lochmuller, Jr* .... Mr. Emil Heusel

*Schnip Schneider* ..... Mr. John Mealey  
*Boothroyd Aldershot* ..... Mr. Mike Bradley  
*Mountchestington Grub*..... Mr. H. Felton  
*Lunar Crater* ..... Mr. John Wild  
*Fiery Mountain*..... Mr. Billy Gray

---

and Everybody's Favorite Songstress  
**MISS MINNIE LEE**

---

New and Beautiful Scenery by Mr. Charles W. Witham  
 Mechanical Effects by Mr. Robert Cutler  
 Properties by Mr. Robert Pullar

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**NOTICE.**—Owing to the length and importance of the PLAY,  
*Only One Encore* will be allowed to compliment any Act or  
 Artist.

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You're Welcome.

*(End of projections. Music and lights fade.)*

*(Lights up, "OLIVER BUTLER" [played by MICHAEL] enters from the lobby and addresses the audience.)*

**"OLIVER BUTLER."** Hi. I'm the director of The Bathroom, theater's Oliver Butler. I know that the credits you just saw said the director's name was B. Overack, but that's actually just a funny little thing we wrote. All those names and things came from some old theater ads we found. So we stole them and put them in our play.

Before we start, I'd just like to thank you all for coming and remind you that the emergency exits are there. Please silence your cell phones. Enjoy the show!

*(He jogs off stage as lights fade.)*

Oh, one more thing, really quick... *(Lights bump back up. OLIVER returns.)* ...just to clarify: we couldn't bring all our set pieces here so we had to improvise just a bit so I should explain a few things. This is the set, it's supposed to be a bathroom. This is the shower, it's just a costume rack, and then there's shower curtains on it that I rigged up.

This is the sink. There's a fake mirror here. Props and things are hidden down here. Things you shouldn't necessarily know about like...

*(Begins pulling things up from beneath the table which serves as the "sink.")*

...this bottle of whiskey, all these wigs, and this bloody knife. Over here is a mic stand with a doorknob attached to it. That's supposed to be our door. We didn't want to pantomime and making a door is really hard so we did it this way. This chair is a toilet. Enjoy the show!

*(Exits. Returns.)*

Oh, I almost forgot. I was going to put this in the director's note but I'll just tell you. Hannah and Paul, the two actors, will be playing multiple characters so don't let that confuse you. I can see how that could be confusing, so I'm glad I mentioned that. It's really funny because there's all these surprise entrances but it's really just the actors sneaking out the back of the shower and running behind the set and entering through the door as a different character. Like at one point Hannah will get in the shower and Paul will be in the bathroom. There'll be a knock at the door, but that's really just a stagehand, and then Hannah will sneak out of the shower and enter in the door. SO the intended effect is that Hannah's still in the shower while she's also a different character at the door. And also sometimes the actors will pretend to drop something and then will pop back up as different characters. So that's funny too.

*(To someone in the front row:)* Could we not put our feet on the stage please? Thanks.

What else, what else, what else... Oh, quick question. This is a farce. A comedy written for the stage, so feel free to laugh. The actors are professionals, it won't distract them.

*(Steps forward and slightly adjusts a set piece.)*

So, Paul will play a crazy butler, the secret lover, a husband, a dashing archeologist and some other guys. Hannah, our gem, does this really funny drunk girl with her skirt tucked into her panties, this lady that murders someone in the shower and then hides the knife in a surprising secret place *(Gestures towards the "sink.")*, and then she also plays this character with a neck brace. It's subtle, but it's implying that her husband beats her. But just so you know, she's having an affair, so the first time you see her, that's not her husband, but it's her secret lover. And it's going to be really funny because she does this thing...well I can't really say what it is but it's this sex act that's hard to do with a neck brace on...it's fellatio...whatever it doesn't matter. It's really funny. You're gonna love it.

Oh. Nudity. There's not going to be any nudity. I mean there's hints of nudity. Mainly the actors dropping towels and robes as they get in the shower. Actually there would be a little more nudity, but the actors apparently didn't have time to get into the physical shape that they wanted to for the performance, so there aren't going to be the extended and tasteful scenes of full nudity that, as stated in the audition notice, were not gratuitous and definitely served the story. The nudity that you will see tonight is cowardly, self-conscious and uncomfortable. Enjoy the show!

*(Runs off the stage. Lights fade nearly to black, show is about to start. He quickly returns.)* Oh, just one more thing, *(Lights bump up again.)* near the end of the play there's um...there's a LOT of violence. It looks and sounds really real. But please don't be alarmed, I did it with Fight Choreography. Again, it looks and sounds really real, but it's all staged. You know what, hey Amy, do I have a second to—

**AMY.** *(Voice over. Microphone from sound booth:)* No.

**"OLIVER BUTLER."** Just really quick—

**AMY.** *(Voice over:)* No.

**"OLIVER BUTLER."** Ok then really quick. I'll show you a couple of things so you can try it out at home. For a fake slap the person getting slapped just puts their hand in front of their face and the person slapping just slaps the hand. *(Demonstrates:)* Slaps the hand. And the other person follows through. And then for a stab wound you just buy a fake knife with a spring loaded retractable blade and it looks really real. *(Stabbing self:)* Blaaaah! And that's it.

So! Without further ado, *(Under his breath, eyes on the floor:)* I'm required by the state of New York *(Adjust depending on location of play.)* and the U.S. Department of Justice to inform anyone sitting within 50 feet of me in a public venue or park to inform you that I Oliver Butler am a registered sex offender. I reside at 92 Grainery St. Brooklyn, NY 11231. *(Full voice:)* Now, please turn off your cell phones, and enjoy The Bathroom!

*(OLIVER exits...perhaps clomping loudly up to the light booth and saying "excuse me, excuse me"...and lights fade to black.)*

*(Lights up on HANNAH in a robe and dark wig, turning on the shower. She stands with her back to the audience humming, then turns, revealing her neck brace. She quickly examines herself in the "mirror" above the sink and then turns back to the shower. Slowly, awkwardly opening her robe, she side steps into the shower as she drops the robe to the floor.)*

*(Knock at "door.")*

**JEZEBEL.** *(From inside shower:)* Ah!

**SIMON.** *(Entering:)* It's just me.

**JEZEBEL.** Oh, Simon you startled me!

**SIMON.** Don't worry Jezebel Marie Barrington. You're so jumpy as of late.

**JEZEBEL.** Well, this old place gives me the willies.

**SIMON.** Oh, come now.

**JEZEBEL.** I mean, a revolving bookcase and all. And I keep getting this strange feeling that I'm being watched.

**SIMON.** Oh, you and your strange feelings.

**JEZEBEL.** A woman always knows.

**SIMON.** A nose for trouble!

**JEZEBEL.** Oh, Simon!

**SIMON.** You know, now that I think of it, I did find it odd that the butler had never heard of The Bronze Boot Inn before.

**"OLIVER BUTLER."** *(Live voice over from the sound booth. Whispering over microphone:)* Hold.

**JEZEBEL.** *(Not hearing him:)* Well, Uncle Clemens WAS a bit of a loner.

**SIMON.** That's true.

**JEZEBEL.** Do you remember when he found a baby hand in the sugar?

**"OLIVER BUTLER."** *(Voice over:)* Guys. Hold.

**JEZEBEL.** I mean that was before he left for the war—

**"OLIVER BUTLER."** *(Voice over. Louder:)* Guys, guys! Hold. *(HANNAH sticks her head out of the shower and the two actors look out into the darkness.)* It's me Oliver. You're doing great. I don't know what happened but we're really short on time. We're gonna have to jump ahead. Um, just skip to scene 4, right after Simon accidentally signs the confession. You're doing great.

*(Glances, whispers, and the two attempt to gather the props needed to skip ahead. Lights dim, we see them frantically working it out. PAUL hands HANNAH the whiskey bottle, HANNAH puts a curly red wig on backwards. Lights brighten and she immediately collapses into his arms.)*

**GLADYS.** Arggh, III'M drunk!

**SIMON.** Gladys, you're drunk. You certainly recently must have had a lot to drink. *(Wrestles her into the shower as she mumbles drunkenly.)*

*During the following lines we see HANNAH sneak out the back of the shower and run around the back of the set. She throws the wig off and puts on a hat.)* Take those clothes off and run the water real cold. We need to sober you up before the estates attorney gets here.

*(Knock at "door.")*

**EUNICE TAXINGTON.** Gladys? Are you in there? It's me, Eunice Taxington, the estates attorney.

**SIMON.** *(In a panic, looks back and forth between the shower and the door. He spots Gladys's spare curly red wig on the sink. Then, in an affected female voice...)* Just a minute!!!

**GLADYS.** Mgph.

**SIMON.** *(Toward shower, normal voice:)* Gladys, put a sock in it!!

**EUNICE TAXINGTON.** Is there someone in there with you?

**SIMON.** *(Falsetto:)* No, just me. Say, wait in the parlor. I put out refreshments.

*(SIMON pulls on wig and starts putting on lipstick in the "mirror.")*

**EUNICE TAXINGTON.** I love cucumber sandwiches!

**"OLIVER BUTLER."** *(Voice over:)* Guys, guys. Not enough time. Just skip to the end. Skip to the end.

*(HANNAH and PAUL look at each other, PAUL awkwardly wipes off the lipstick, then picks up the fake knife from behind the sink and tries to discreetly hand it to HANNAH. They look towards the audience, defeated, and HANNAH half-heartedly stabs PAUL with the knife and...)*

### **Broadway Style Scene Change!**

*Blast of swirling, mysterious music and crazy lights. Tons of stagehands rush the stage, pick up and rotate every object onstage so the whole "set" makes a quarter turn. HANNAH and PAUL climb inside the "shower" which is now downstage center and will serve as the mini-theater for the **play-within-a-play**. Stagehands remove all set pieces except shower. Music fades. Lights up. Curtains of the shower are parted by the actors, revealing them dressed, do-it-yourself shoddily, as "Lunar Crater" [PAUL] and "Fiery Mountain" [HANNAH]. PAUL holds a paper sun on a stick, which he rises and sets when called for.)*

**FIERY MOUNTAIN.** As the sun crawled into place, Fiery Mountain's heart began to break. She cried tears of steam and smoke and began to tremble.

**LUNAR CRATER.** "Don't be silly," Lunar Crater laughed. "You know I'll come back again at nighttime and we'll see each other then."

**FIERY MOUNTAIN.** "Goodbye," Fiery Mountain choked. But by then the sun was up and Lunar Crater was already gone.

**LUNAR CRATER.** A hot day passed and evening came. As all the satellites and luminaries reappeared one by one, they saw through the ash-filled air of Earth below—a new crater where a lovely mountain once stood.

*(Pregnant pause and the two quietly grasp the ends of the shower curtains and close them...way...too...slowly. Blackout.)*

**PAUL.** *(To audience, as he changes out of his Lunar Crater costume, HANNAH exits, and the stage is cleared by stagehands:)* Thanks for coming guys. This is one of our educational plays that we've been touring to High Schools and Youth Centers all around everywhere near here. It's about the dangers of drunk driving.

*(Blackout.)*

*(Projection:)*

## **Play #2: A Thought About Ryan**

*(Football helmet at center stage.)*

**FOOTBALL COACH.** *(Yelling off stage:)* Good practice men. Hit the showers!

*(COACH turns and looks at helmet. He holds a rose in his hand. Somberly "walks on a grid" toward helmet. Kneels, places rose in one of the ventilation holes on the top of the helmet. Stands up and addresses the audience.)*

Ryan was a good kid. Raised by good folks, always on time, always a team player, always in good spirits. And that's what I wanted to talk to you about today...his spirit. Ryan was the son I never had. Ryan was my rock. Ryan was our rock. Ryan rocked. Rocks, sticks, stones...his bones are broken not by words...but by bottles. Bottles of alcohol. In his mouth. And now out of my mouth comes these words...adjectives, verbs and nouns. People, places, things that remind us of a young man...thank you.

*(He exits. GIRLFRIEND enters.)*

**GIRLFRIEND.** No, no, no, no, no! I said no, please stop. But he put himself...his part...inside of my part...

**PAUL.** *(Peeking out from backstage:)* Hannah, drunk driving play.

**GIRLFRIEND.** What?

**PAUL.** Drunk driving play!

**GIRLFRIEND.** Oh god.

*(She runs off and comes in dressed as a cheerleader.)*

**GIRLFRIEND.** *(Yelling off stage:)* Hey Becca, I'll see ya in practice!

*(She turns and looks at the helmet. Crosses to it and places another rose in a helmet hole. Addresses the audience.)*

We had been going steady for two whole years. That's a long time for high school. Everyone looked at us as the perfect couple. A model for everyone else, you know. We did our own extracalicular activities and hung out as much as we could on weekends. We had the same friends and obviously were at the games together. I was always cheering him on. I didn't want to go to the party. I had an exam on Saturday. Extra credit. Wanted to get up early to make the Snow Ball meeting. It was my turn to bring donuts. So, I told him, "Have fun, just make sure not to flirt with anyone." I knew he wouldn't but that was our little game. All the girls liked him. He was strong and the third best catcher of the football. Someone at the party must have slipped him some drugs into his punch. That's what I thought at first. A Roofies or pot leaves. But he gave in to the worst drug of all: peer pressure. Think about it.

*(Exits. Football whistle. BEST FRIEND enters.)*

**BEST FRIEND.** Hut, hut!!

*(BEST FRIEND runs onstage, turns and awkwardly catches a football thrown to him from offstage. Throughout the scene it is clear that MICHAEL, though playing a football player, is NOT an athlete. He turns, walks towards helmet, deposits his rose.)*

Noooooooooooooooooooo!

Ryan, dude. How could you do this to us!!!!

*(He cries and starts running in place.)*

NO!

No alcohol!

No drugs!

No DUDE!

No Ryan.

*(Throws football to himself.)*

Good throw bro-dog!

*(Gets "tackled" to the ground.)*

**BEST FRIEND.** (*Stroking and talking to the helmet:*) Bro, I never told you how much I looked up to you. And now we all look up to you. Literally. In heaven. Go figure. It's like when we used to play football games. And it was the 4th down and long. With the wind on our cheeks and tickling each other's bare toes as we fly higher and higher above all of our problems and worries and cares. ACT tests. Teen suicide. Bro, you are my example. I will spread your story so hardcore.

(*DRUNK KID enters chugging a beer.*)

**BEST FRIEND.** Hey is that a real beer?

**DRUNK KID.** Maybe.

**BEST FRIEND.** Just saying if it is that's not cool. It can kill you.

**DRUNK KID.** Thank you.

(*GIRLFRIEND enters.*)

**BEST FRIEND.** Are you going to prom?

**GIRLFRIEND.** Yes with Ryan who doesn't drink.

**BEST FRIEND.** You are such a lucky girl.

**GIRLFRIEND.** I know...I was.

(*From this point on the actors address the audience, as if speaking to a group of students.*)

**BEST FRIEND.** I went to the non-denominational meeting place today this morning. It made me think. I walked up to a boy about Ryan's age and said...think before you drink.

**GIRLFRIEND.** Think before you drink.

**DRUNK KID.** Think before you drink.

**BEST FRIEND.** You didn't throw your life away for nothing, bro.

**EVERYONE.** Think before you drink. Think before you drink.

**DRUNK KID.** I caught your message Ryan. You saved my life. And I grew up to be a famous dirt biker.

**BEST FRIEND and GIRLFRIEND.** *Cool.*

**EVERYONE.** Think before you drink. Think before you drink.

**GIRLFRIEND.** Hey girls: science rocks!

**EVERYONE.** Think before you drink.

Think before you drink.

We are on the brink brink brink.

Of a new beginning. And dawn.

*(A stagehand in black enters and “flies” the helmet offstage and up into heaven as they watch. A cheesy pop ballad plays as the three hug, then turn to watch a projection of their real headshots and cell numbers.)*

*(Blackout.)*

*(Lights up. OLIVER, played by the actual director, enters.)*

**OLIVER.** Hi. I’m the director of *You’re Welcome*, theater’s Oliver Butler. I know that earlier someone came out and said they were Oliver Butler, but that’s actually just a funny little thing we wrote. That was an actor named Michael.

I’m really excited to have you guys here. The next piece that we’re about to show you is a reading of the new play I wrote. As I’m sure you know, I’m the director, I direct all the plays that we do, and up until now I haven’t really had the opportunity to showcase my playwriting skills. Hannah and Paul like to do the playwriting. I’m the director. But anyway this is a huge deal for me to finally have my voice heard and I just want to thank you for being here to be a part of it.

This is just a reading so we’d love to get your feedback, both before, after or during the performance. Also, anytime we’re at this stage of the process, or really anytime, the most important thing is safety. So I just want to make sure that if at any point anyone sees anything onstage that’s unsafe for the actors or if anyone feels unsafe themselves, anyone here can just call out “hold” and then we’ll stop and take care of it. Ok?

Hannah Bos and Paul Thureen will be performing the lead roles and Michael Cyril Creighton will be the stage directions guy.

Again, this is just a reading, but we’re really excited about it. We see a tremendous amount of commercial potential in this. Thank you. Enjoy.

*(OLIVER exits.)*

*(Projection:)*

### **Play #3: Monster Trucks. Just a reading.**

**MICHAEL.** *(Reading stage directions:)* Monster Trucks. A play written by director Oliver Butler. Setting: The dust settles over Warren, Indiana, population 19,821. Dusk. The remnants of the town’s blue collar roots is evident through the abandoned structures that dot the rolling landscape: grain processing facilities, iron smelting plants, rail yards. All around, children play softball and farmers survey their fields. The sun is setting, casting a honeyed hue across

the land. A light breeze blows, carrying with it the comforting odor of fresh cut grass.

Stage right, a shop keeper puts up a "Closing Early" sign up in his shop's window as simultaneously a bus full of hyper elementary aged school children drives across the stage. Inside Compu-Co Arena, center stage, a raucous crowd enters. Tens of thousands of fans wait in eager anticipation, brandishing homemade signs, shouting and yelling and drinking and eating. These are local folk. A man named Bob. A man named Frank. Their sons Bobby and Jeff. Good hardworking people waiting in eager anticipation for this, the biggest night of the year. The monster truck races are here! Downstage right there is a concession stand. The restrooms are located on 3C.

Over the loudspeaker upstage center right, the announcer announces: "Sunday, Sunday, Sunday is here! Warren, Indiana are you ready to rock? All your favorite trucks are here to entertain you. And remember...half price brats at—

**OLIVER.** (*Shouting from the house, correcting MICHAEL's mispronunciation.*) BRATS.

**MICHAEL.** Half price—

**OLIVER.** It's bratwurst.

**MICHAEL.** Half price brats at the concession stands with the purchase of a beer. Enjoy the show." The crowd roars. From stage left enters Evil Razor and Crunchramaforb.

*(HANNAH and PAUL enter carrying binders, wearing helmets and big fake tires attached to their arms and legs. They take their place at music stands onstage and follow along.)*

Clearly these are everyone's favorite monster trucks and also what everybody knows is that Crunchramaforb's mother died last night. Evil Razor and Crunchramaforb pull up to the starting line. They eye each other and rev their engines. These sound effects should be very loud. Cut to a child in the crowd cheering wildly. Tension grows. Beat. The race is about to start and a hush falls over the crowd. Silence. Three, two, one, go and they're off! Evil Razor and Crunchramaforb gun it and dirt and mud fly everywhere. With all the cheering and engine sounds, the sound is deafening. Evil Razor and Crunchramaforb go up and over the junked cars stage right, flying high in the air across the whole stage, landing stage left and immediately turning downstage, neck and neck through the downstage turn, veering towards center stage, back over the stage right cars, cutting back upstage again, mud arching up into

the air as Evil Razor pulls ahead up left and the crowd gasps. But Crunchramaforb hits the nitro and before long is right back in it. The crowd is going wild. They're on their feet. Evil Razor and Crunchramaforb are crossing across the stage from stage left to stage right and then curving downstage right and then the hairpin back upstage. Slight right of center stage they go through a fire hoop. Evil Razor and Crunchramaforb are in the homestretch now. As Pat Riley once said, "When you're playing against a stacked deck, compete even harder. Show the world how much you'll fight for the winner's circle. If you do, someday the cellophane will crackle off a fresh pack, one that belongs to you, and the cards will be stacked in your favor." —Pat Riley. Crunchramaforb wins the race. Blackout. End of play.

*(Blackout.)*

*(Projections:)*

**Play #4: We Got a Fog Machine**  
**A 10 Play Cycle of New Plays**

Playlet #1 Fire: A Tragedy.

Playlet #2 What a Scary Cemetery!

Playlet #3 Fly Superheroes, Fly!

Playlet #4 Is That Sharks in That Smoldering Moat?!

Playlet #5 An Historic Battlefield.

Playlet #6 Little Cat Feet.

Playlet #7 Indeed, This IS an Indian Burial Ground.

Playlet #8 The Pollution Issue.

Playlet #9 What It's Like To Be Blind.

AND lastly, Playlet 10: The We Got a Fog Machine

**GRAND FINALE**

*...A foggy wonderland which begins with:*

*A touching and carefully rendered*

*Icelandic Fishing Fairytale...*

*And proceeds to include:*

*A Portuguese Discothèque!! Where you'll see:*

*A Birthday Cake (With our faces on!!!!)*

*Big Puppets on Ice!!!!*

*Larger than life GRAPES!!!!*

*\$\$!!!!!!*

*And concludes with: a scene that we cut from the next play that we're writing because we felt that it didn't really make sense in that play and so we put it in this play because it's very moving!!!!!!*

And so...

**We Got a Fog Machine Playlet #1:  
Fire: A Tragedy**

*(End of projections.)*

*(Real door onstage, sounds of a fire raging. HANNAH coughs as PAUL wedges a rolled up towel beneath the door. He cautiously touches the door handle.)*

**PAUL.** Ow!

**HANNAH.** I hope they find us.

**PAUL.** Me too.

**HANNAH.** They're not going to find us.

**PAUL.** I know.

**HANNAH.** I'm scared.

**PAUL.** Well, I can think of worse ways to die.

**HANNAH.** Me too. Like...that's a bad game to play.

**PAUL.** Yeah.

**HANNAH.** Swallowing something sharp.

**PAUL.** I was gonna say swallowing a fish hook. *(Pause.)* I'm going to pull the towel out from the door.

**HANNAH.** What?!

**PAUL.** We'll breathe the smoke and just fall asleep.

**HANNAH.** Wait...you know what?

**PAUL.** Yeah? No.

**HANNAH.** I don't even know. God my heart is beating so fast.

**PAUL.** I love you.

**HANNAH.** I love you too.

*(Stagehands enter with fog machine and smoke hoses.)*

**HANNAH.** Ok...I'm ready.

**PAUL.** Ok. When it comes, just breathe it in.

**HANNAH.** Ok.

**PAUL.** It won't hurt.

**HANNAH.** Do it.

**PAUL.** Ok.

(PAUL pulls towel away. They hold hands and close their eyes. Clicks as fog machine is turned on. Then off again. Then on. It's not working. More clicking. OLIVER the director enters the stage.)

**OLIVER.** (*Whispering:*) Is it plugged in?

**STAGEHAND.** Yes, it's plugged in.

(OLIVER flicks switch on and off. He exits. Returns with fluid. Pours it into machine. More clicks. Gives a vicious death-look to STAGEHAND. OLIVER exits through the house and gets his tool bag and an instruction book. He returns, bangs on the fog machine with a wrench a few times, then gives tools to STAGEHAND and whispers something like "Fucking fix it!" He stands, thinks for a while and gets an idea. He says something quietly to PAUL and HANNAH who have been frozen with their eyes closed the whole time. PAUL, HANNAH, STAGEHANDS and OLIVER exit.)

(*The lights fade. Stage is set with 3 tombstones for "What a Scary Cemetery!"*)

(*Projection:*)

### **We Got a Fog Machine Playlet #2: What a Scary Cemetery!**

**TEEN GIRL.** Ooo. This one is from 1842!

**TEEN BOY.** Wow.

**TEEN GIRL.** And I think... (*Pulls out assignment sheet to consult*) ... yep, extra credit if we find one that actually says "R.I.P." on it. So, there ya go!

**TEEN BOY.** Let's do one! (*Starts taping paper on tombstone.*)

**TEEN GIRL.** Careful, it's a little crumbly. (*MICHAEL starts doing rubbing.*)

**TEEN BOY.** I still don't know why we can't just take a picture.

(*More rubbing.*)

**OLIVER.** (*Through offstage mic:*) Fooooooooooog.

**TEEN BOY.** This is a little creepy right?

**TEEN GIRL.** Hm?

**OLIVER.** (*Voice over:*) Fooooooooooog.

**TEEN BOY.** All this fog?

**TEEN GIRL.** I guess. It's no different than being anywhere else at night. Just cuz it's a cemetery—

(*Flashlight flashes on kids.*)

**CEMETERY WATCHMAN.** Hey!

**TEEN GIRL and TEEN BOY.** *Arrgh!*

**OLIVER.** *(Voice over, short and sharp:)* Fog!

**CEMETERY WATCHMAN.** What are you kids doing here?!

**TEEN GIRL.** Hello sir. We're doing grave rubbings. It's for Social Studies class.

**TEEN BOY.** Sorry sir.

**CEMETERY WATCHMAN.** Oh. *(Softening:)* Interesting. Sorry to scare you. It's just, I get all these damn kids sneaking in here at night, knocking over tombstones. Sacrificing sm—

**OLIVER.** *(Voice over:)* Fooooog.

**CEMETERY WATCHMAN.** ...small birds. Things like that.

**TEEN BOY.** That's terrible.

**CEMETERY WATCHMAN.** Oh hey, let me show you something. Oldest headstone in the state. Jefferson Stanswick. Right over here.

**TEEN GIRL.** Wow.

**OLIVER.** *(Voice over:)* FogFogFog!

*(Light shines on hand draped over top of tombstone.)*

**CEMETERY WATCHMAN.** What the—

**OLIVER.** *(Voice over, loudly:)* FOOOOOOOOOOOG!

*(Hand comes to life and drags CEMETERY WATCHMAN behind tombstone.)*

**CEMETERY WATCHMAN.** Ahh! Help!!

*(The kids run away. Bats pop up from one tombstone and GIRL gets dragged under.)*

**TEEN GIRL.** Ahh! Bats!

*(Worms pop up from another tombstone and BOY gets dragged under.)*

**TEEN BOY.** Ahh! Worms!

*(Crazy Halloween techno music starts and STAGEHANDS rush onstage in "scary" costumes and do a super-tight choreographed dance routine during which they conjure the TEENS and CEMETERY WATCHMAN from the grave [all now wearing ghost sheets].)*

**THIS PLAY IS  
NOT OVER!**

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