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## Cast of Characters

*The Leaders (Any of the leaders may be either gender.)*

MR. HENDERSON, the teacher / director

JULIE, the Stage Manager—maybe a little drunk with power—  
maybe a lot drunk with power

DEB, Assistant Stage Manager / slave

*The Actors*

ANGELA, one of the leads—shy

MORGAN, (female) one of the leads—not shy—not at all shy

GUY, a guy, male lead, can't sing

BARRY, theatre nerd—usually a lead in every show

SAVANNAH, theatre nerd—usually a lead in every show

OTHER GIRLS\*

JESSIE

JIM, a guy

DARREL, drafted boy

MIKE, drafted boy

TYLER, drafted boy

*\* Currently I have four girls numbered. Feel free to split these lines any way you see fit.*

## Cross-Casting

Mr. Henderson, Julie, and Deb may be any gender. You may add additional boys if you have additional boys. You can probably use as many girls as you like.

## Singing

There is some singing in this show, but it isn't a musical. The singing should be done A Cappella and not be entire songs. Morgan needs to be able to sing well, but everyone else can probably fake it.

# THE REHEARSAL

by Don Zolidis

## 1. You can't touch the scripts

*(Lights up on a nearly empty stage. Set pieces for a production of Guys and Dolls are under construction, in various stages of completion.)*

*(JULIE, the stage manager, enters carrying a clipboard, followed closely by DEB, the assistant stage manager/slave carrying a heavy load of scripts. She can barely carry them.)*

**JULIE.** Careful.

**DEB.** Sorry.

**JULIE.** I said careful. Put them over here.

**DEB.** Okay Julie.

**JULIE.** What did I say about using my real name?

**DEB.** Only when we weren't in rehearsal?

**JULIE.** Thank you. So what do you do say?

**DEB.** Okay Stage Manager?

**JULIE.** There you go.

*(DEB struggles to put the scripts down in an orderly way.)*

Can those be any sloppier?

**DEB.** Sorry stage manager.

**JULIE.** Don't be sorry. Improve. I didn't get to be where I am today by doing things sloppily, you got it? Details, details, details. Are the water bottles chilled?

**DEB.** I think so.

**JULIE.** You think so? Don't you know?

**DEB.** I put them in the fridge like an hour ago.

**JULIE.** Like an hour ago? Could it have been forty-five minutes ago?

**DEB.** I guess.

**JULIE.** You see this face? This is my disappointed face.

*(MR. HENDERSON enters in huff, clapping for no apparent reason.)*

**MR. HENDERSON.** Okay people! Let's get this thing started!

**JULIE.** Hi Mr. Henderson. Can I just say that I am so happy to be in—

**MR. HENDERSON.** (*Cutting her off, calling out:*) All right come on in come on in come on in!

*(The CAST enters, mid-conversation with each other. Present are all the girls in the show, plus JIM, GUY, and BARRY. They are the only boys.)*

Find a seat.

**GIRL 1.** Do we have any chairs?

**MR. HENDERSON.** I don't believe in chairs! Just a find a spot on the ground.

**GIRL 2.** Could I have a carpet square at least?

**GIRL 3.** Has this floor been cleaned lately?

**GIRL 4.** It doesn't make any sense that we have to sit on the floor!

**GIRL 1.** Do you want us to sit in order of importance?

**MR. HENDERSON.** Hey! Hey! It's sitting. Okay? If we can't sit, how are we gonna do a show? I should just be able to say "sit" and you just vroom! Actually, you know what, let's try that again. Everybody stand up!

**GIRL 2.** What?

**GIRL 3.** I just managed to sit.

**JULIE.** (*Bursting:*) He said stand up! How hard is it?!

**MR. HENDERSON.** Easy Julie. Okay now—eyes up here...wait for it wait for it... SIT!

*(Everyone sits quickly.)*

Nope. Not good enough.

**GIRL 4.** Oh come on!

**JULIE.** That's it! You will be destroyed!

**MR. HENDERSON.** Let's try that again. Everyone stand.

*(They stand.)*

And... Keep standing!

*(Someone sits.)*

**JULIE.** What is your problem?!

**MR. HENDERSON.** Julie please.

(GIRL 4 raises her hand.)

We're not raising hands now.

(GIRL 4 keeps her hand raised.)

Fine. What?

**GIRL 4.** I have a medical condition where I'm not good at following directions.

**MR. HENDERSON.** What?

**GIRL 4.** I have a note.

(She hands him a note.)

**MR. HENDERSON.** You can't follow directions.

**GIRL 4.** I'm missing an enzyme.

**MR. HENDERSON.** All right. Tell you what: you stand over there.

(GIRL 4 doesn't move.)

**GIRL 3.** How come she gets to not follow directions? I don't want to follow directions either!

**MR. HENDERSON.** SIT!

(Everyone sits quickly.)

Okay. Now that we've managed sitting—we're ready to move on.

**GIRL 1.** I don't feel like I got the point of the sitting exercise.

**GIRL 2.** He just wants to break us down so he can build us up. It's like the army. I have a boyfriend in the army.

**JULIE.** All right maggots! Listen up!

**MR. HENDERSON.** No! Julie! Stop!

**JULIE.** These pukers make me sick, sir.

**MR. HENDERSON.** We're not in the army. We're doing a musical.

**JULIE.** Which requires exact precision...or people die.

**MR. HENDERSON.** No people aren't going to die—

**JULIE.** That's what they said about the *Spider-Man* musical and—

**MR. HENDERSON.** Nobody died in that show!

**GIRL 4.** That's not what I heard! I heard that most of the original cast died and were replaced with exact duplicates before opening night!

**GIRL 1.** Can we do *Spider-Man*?

**MR. HENDERSON.** We're not doing *Spider-Man!* We're doing *Guys and Dolls*, okay? Guys. And. Dolls.

**BARRY.** This is one of my favorites.

**MR. HENDERSON.** Thank you, Barry. Julie, could you please talk about the plot real quick? By the way, if you don't know, this is Julie, she's the stage manager.

**JULIE.** Oh they know me. My assistant, Deb, is going to set up a slide show. I've been doing some research on this musical on Wikipedia and I've discovered a few things. First—

*(She looks over at DEB.)*

Deb can you set up the slide show please?

*(DEB raises her hand.)*

What?

**DEB.** Um...There isn't a slide show.

**JULIE.** Well that's just wonderful, isn't it? Isn't it great that I've done all this research and put in all this time and effort to make this a multimedia extravaganza and there's no slide show? I couldn't have planned it better myself, Deb. So anyway—The musical *Guys and Dolls* portrays a nightmare world of moral turpitude in which criminal gangs of gamblers compete to see who can degenerate the most into a cesspit of homelessness and alcoholism. Most likely, everyone will die. Thank you.

**GIRL 4.** I thought I auditioned for a different show.

**MR. HENDERSON.** It's not quite as dark as Julie makes it sound.

**JULIE.** It's awfully dark. I had nightmares for weeks after I read the script. I didn't finish it, but I've read to the point where the hero kidnaps the heroine and takes her to a communist country in order to ply her with alcohol.

**GIRL 3.** This show doesn't sound very appropriate for school.

**JULIE.** Oh it's not, believe me.

**MR. HENDERSON.** It's plenty appropriate. Julie can you please hand out the scripts? Now, when you get a script there are rules:

**JULIE.** Rules!

**GIRL 1.** Can I highlight my lines?

**GIRL 4.** Can I write in pen?

**GIRL 2.** Can I fold back the cover?

**MR. HENDERSON.** No no no! You can't touch the script.

*(GIRL 4 starts to fold back the cover.)*

**GIRL 4.** Can I burn it?

**GIRL 3.** Can I use it as a lunch tray and then burn it?

**MR. HENDERSON.** We are renting these scripts, okay?

**GIRL 1.** Why?

**GIRL 2.** This doesn't make any sense.

**MR. HENDERSON.** That's how it works in musicals. You rent the books. Then you give them back.

**GIRL 4.** I want to keep mine.

**MR. HENDERSON.** You can't!

**JULIE.** The oils from your fingertips will eat away the cover, so I want you to wear these gloves when you touch the scripts, okay?

**MR. HENDERSON.** Write softly in pencil, or better yet, don't write anything—

**JULIE.** We are watching you! We will know what you have done to the books!

**MR. HENDERSON.** If you have a small part—you don't get a book.

**GIRL 3.** I want a book!

**MR. HENDERSON.** Tough. So let's take the time to introduce the leads. This is Barry. Barry will be taking the role of Sky Masterson.

**BARRY.** Hi everyone. You probably remember me from last year's production of *The Pirates of Penzance*. I was the third pirate on the left, and I was tremendous. All the reviews kind of glossed over my performance, but I think that if you really looked into the heart of that show—

**MR. HENDERSON.** Thank you Barry.

**BARRY.** Can I just say that I'm a quadruple threat? Acting. Check. Singing.

*(He sings a note.)*

I think we can say check there, thank you very much. Dancing.

*(He does a little dance move.)*

Check. And puppetry. I don't have any puppets on me right now, but trust me, I'm pretty awesome at puppetry. Okay, fine, I'll give you a little taste.

*(He forms his hands into two puppets. He begins with his left hand.)*

**BARRY.** “Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo.” (*Right hand:*) “But soft! What light through yonder window breaks!” (*Left hand:*) “Romeo. Deny thy name and...give me a smooch.” (*The hands kiss.*) “Oooh. Now let’s go down some stairs.” (*They go down stairs.*) Thank you. I think we can all agree that taste was delectable.

**MR. HENDERSON.** Thank you for that, Barry. And other male lead—Guy.

(*GUY stands up.*)

Guy will be playing Nathan Detroit.

**GUY.** Hey.

**GIRL 2.** Wait a minute—your name is Guy?

**GUY.** Yeah. I figured I kinda had to audition for this show. Since it’s got my name on it.

**MR. HENDERSON.** This is Guy’s first musical. He’s super excited. Talk to the people a little bit.

**GUY.** Um...I’m super excited.

**MR. HENDERSON.** Great. Have a seat, Guy. And our female leads—

(*MORGAN leaps up.*)

**MORGAN.** Hi everyone! You know me! I’m Morgan Hill, and I’ll be playing the part of Miss Sarah Brown, which is the second most fun part in the play, next to the other lead, Adelaide. I don’t mind, though, because I really like wearing starchy costumes and having my hair in a bun. And also awesome! I get to kiss Barry in this show, which I’ve really been looking forward to for a while because that’s totally what I thought I’d be doing with my life at this point! Not that I’m bitter! I’m not bitter! I love my part! I love singing really high and showing no emotion on stage! By the way, I wanted to do *Wicked*, which is an incredibly awesome show and I would have made the best Elphaba ever—can I just do a little bit of my audition song?

(*She starts in on her audition song.* **MR. HENDERSON** tries to cut her off, but she won’t let him. *She finishes.*)

But that’s cool. Apparently, we don’t have the right to do that show or something—so instead we’re doing this show, which is just great, which is awesome, cause instead of flying and singing amazing songs, I get to be Miss Sarah Brown—who is working for the Salvation Army, can you believe that?! How much fun is it to work for the Salvation Army and ring that bell! Much more fun than flying and using magic, I can tell you that much! And I think this is the year that Barry learned what deodorant was, so that’s a bonus! And it

looks like some of his pimples are clearing up, double bonus! I can't wait to do this show!!!! (*She takes a deep breath.*) I am a team player.

**GIRL 4.** Can we do *Wicked*?

**MR. HENDERSON.** The rights to *Wicked* are not available.

**GIRL 1.** What if we just changed a word or two and called it, "Mean"?

**GIRL 2.** Or "Unpleasant!"

**GIRL 3.** That's a stupid name for a musical!

**GIRL 2.** You're a stupid name for a musical!

**MR. HENDERSON.** We are doing *Guys and Dolls*! It's a famous show! They made a movie with Marlon Brando and Frank Sinatra, okay? Marlon Brando and Frank Sinatra?

**GIRL 4.** Were they on *The Sopranos*?

**MR. HENDERSON.** Moving on—the last of our leads is Angela, who's playing the part of Adelaide.

**MORGAN.** The most fun part in the play!

**MR. HENDERSON.** This is her first show.

**ANGELA.** Hey everybody. I'm really excited and I hope that I can do a good job.

(*SAVANNAH raises her hand.*)

**SAVANNAH.** Can I say something here?

**ANGELA.** Okay.

**SAVANNAH.** On behalf of the cast, I really want to welcome you to the musical theatre family.

**ANGELA.** Thanks!

**SAVANNAH.** And if you need anything, or need any help, don't hesitate to ask. Because Adelaide is a really big part, I mean, it's a pretty scary part to be honest—if you don't go a great job, the entire show will go up in flames, no pressure or anything.

**ANGELA.** Oh.

**SAVANNAH.** And if you feel like the pressure is too much, I would be happy to take your part. I mean, I've done it before—not your part—but I've been in three shows before this so I kinda think it's my turn to do the lead now. And since you're only, what, a sophomore, then you get lots of chances to be the lead after this, but I don't have any chances after this. So if you want to step down right now, I will take your part for you.

**ANGELA.** I don't want to step down.

**SAVANNAH.** Can we vote on this maybe?

**MR. HENDERSON.** No we're not voting!

**SAVANNAH.** But I just think the rest of the cast should decide who gets to play the part of Adelaide. That would be the fair thing.

**MR. HENDERSON.** Theatre isn't fair, Savannah, and—

**SAVANNAH.** My Mom is actually on the school board—

**MR. HENDERSON.** That's great, but—

**SAVANNAH.** They pay your salary. Okay, show of hands, who wants me to replace Angelica?

**ANGELA.** Angela.

**SAVANNAH.** Whatever-her-name-is.

**JULIE.** Raise your hands and I will crush you like bugs!

*(No raises their hand. Except GIRL 4. Who then puts it down.)*

Mr. Henderson decides the cast, okay? No one else gets a say! You think this is a democracy?! Ha! This is a dictatorship and we should all respect our fearless leader and never question him! You want freedom of speech? I have a gulag set up in the girls' locker room and you can have all the freedom of speech you want chained up in there—

*(BARRY is about to raise his hand:)*

You're not going there, Barry. Don't even think about it.

**MR. HENDERSON.** We're not going to make any casting changes at this point, okay everyone?

**SAVANNAH.** Fine. Don't blame me if the show is terrible.

**GIRL 1.** Is the show going to be terrible?!

**GIRL 2.** I don't want the show to be terrible!

**GIRL 3.** The people who graduated last year were so good!

**MR. HENDERSON.** Hey! Stop. We're going to have a great show, okay? There's a lot of really fun dancing numbers and the audience is going to love it! Trust me. *Guys and Dolls* is famous. All right, take five.

*(He exits.)*

## 2. Where are the boys?

**GIRL 2.** Where are all the guys?

*(Everyone looks around.)*

**BARRY.** Well um...Dave graduated last year—and I heard Tom failed Math and then um...it was just me and Guy who auditioned.

**JIM.** And me. I auditioned too. My name's Jim.

**GIRL 2.** What?

**GIRL 3.** Are you kidding me?

**GIRL 1.** Where are the boys?

**GIRL 4.** The show is called *Guys and Dolls!* It's not *Dolls and Dolls and Dolls and Guy!*

**BARRY.** There's actually three—

**GIRL 2.** You don't count Barry!

**GIRL 3.** What if we all wore mustaches?

**GIRL 4.** I have sensitive skin!

**GIRL 2.** I'm not going to be a boy in this show! This is for my college audition tape! Do you understand that! They are not going to see me—

**GIRL 1.** Where are the boys?!

**GIRL 2.** Where are the boys?!

**GIRL 4.** You always make me play the boy cause I'm tall! Well I'm not doing it this time! I'm not a boy I'm not a boy I'm not a boy!

**GIRL 2.** Yeah, but you're tall.

**GIRL 4.** I'm not doing it this time! Find someone else to wear a fake beard and put their hair up in a hat. I want to be pretty.

**GIRL 3.** My grandparents won't even recognize me!

**GUY.** LADIES! QUIET!

**BARRY.** I have a plan!

*(Everyone is quiet.)*

**GUY.** You have a plan?

**BARRY.** I have a plan. We go to the football team and frame them for crimes. Then we blackmail them into the musical—

**GUY.** Oh come on—

**BARRY.** It doesn't have to be anything major. Kidnapping, arson, assault with a deadly weapon, something like that—

**GIRL 1.** Why don't you just ask your friends?

**BARRY.** I don't have any male associates.

**GUY.** I actually have friends.

**GIRL 2.** Ask them!

**GIRL 3.** Beg them!

**GIRL 4.** Pay them!

**GUY.** I kinda already did ask them.

*(Lights change as TYLER, DARREL, and MIKE enter off to the side.)*

**TYLER.** The musical?!

**DARREL.** Are you kidding me?!

**MIKE.** Dude. I have a life. Almost.

**TYLER.** I'm not wearing tights!

**DARREL.** I'll do that for Halloween sure, but not for anything else!

**MIKE.** Why won't you leave me alone?!

*(They exit as one.)*

*(Lights change. JIM speaks to the audience.)*

**JIM.** Why am I in the musical? I've been told I'm not a very good singer. I mean, I think it's pretty rare to be told flat-out that you can't sing. Most people say things like—

**GIRL 1.** You need more breath.

**GIRL 2.** From your diaphragm.

**GIRL 3.** You just need confidence.

**GIRL 4.** Pitch.

**GIRL 1.** Tone.

**GIRL 2.** Confidence, pitch, and tone. Mostly.

**JIM.** Maybe if I had pitch and tone I'd have confidence. But it's hard to have confidence when you're at a party and you hear things like this.

*(JIM stands near BARRY, SAVANNAH, and GIRL 2. There's a screeching noise.)*

**BARRY.** What was that? Sounds like Jim trying to sing.

**JIM.** I'm standing right here.

**BARRY.** Oh.

**JIM.** I mean I'm standing right here and you're talking about me.

**BARRY.** Sorry. I didn't know you were there.

**JIM.** I am. I'm here. Just cause you don't notice me doesn't mean I'm not here.

**SAVANNAH.** Lay off, Jim. He already apologized. Jeez. Some people can be so rude.

**BARRY.** At least I'm not talking about you behind your back.

**JIM.** *(To the audience:)* So I guess I have a tone, pitch, and confidence problem. And another problem where I can't sing. And I seem to run out of breath all the time. Like, when I talk, I can talk fine, but then when I start to sing, I can last like four seconds before I'm gasping for air like a dying fish. And I'd like to add that I'm not exactly a spectacular dancer either. Yeah, it's not pretty. So why am I in the musical?

*(He looks over to a group of girls. One of them, JESSIE, is laughing. The other two leave.)*

Now some people might tell you that the best reason to be in a musical is that there are at least two girls for every guy. At worst. Usually it's three. But I didn't really care about numbers, I cared about—

*(She laughs again. She looks over.)*

**JESSIE.** Hey Jim.

**JIM.** Hey Jessie.

**JESSIE.** See ya.

*(She leaves.)*

**JIM.** *(To the audience:)* Did you see that? She talked to me! And do you know what else? She knows my name, which means she's aware of my existence. I'm already halfway to marriage and kids and retirement. Maybe not quite halfway. Maybe a third of the way.

*(Takes a moment.)*

I realize that sounds a little obsessive and insane. But I guess that's love, right? She works in the children's section of the library. I got a job in the other section. I know that sounds stalkerish, but here's the thing: I feel better on days that I see Jessica. I'm not even kidding, I feel lighter and sunnier, and all-around happier even if I just see her for a second. So I thought: I want to maximize the days that I get to see her. So...so I'm gonna try and sing and dance. And make a complete fool out of myself. And maybe, who knows, she feels better on days that she sees me. So I'm spreading happiness.

(*Short pause.*)

**JIM.** Before the show ends I'm gonna tell her how I feel. I'm terrified even thinking about it. I imagine if she says no I won't get to see her as much anymore. And that would be pretty awful.

(*We hear GUY on the announcements.*)

**GUY.** Hey there everyone. The school musical, *Guys and Dolls*, is just starting rehearsals and we have a few places out there for some more guys. So if you're sure you're a guy, and you want to sing and dance—well you don't even really have to sing and dance much in this show—you just wear a suit and look like a gangster—and kinda act like you're shaking dice, so if you are not petrified about being on the stage and are a live body, we need you. So come by the auditorium today after school. By the way, about half the show takes place in a nightclub where girls dance in skimpy outfits. Thanks.

(*TYLER, DARREL, and MIKE enter.*)

### 3. Fugue for Skimpy Outfits

**TYLER.** I'm here for the show.

**DARREL.** Where are the skimpy outfits?

**MIKE.** I was told there would be skimpy outfits.

**TYLER.** (*Overlapping:*) I'm a little embarrassed to be here—

**DARREL.** (*Overlapping:*) I'm not wearing tights.

**MIKE.** (*Overlapping:*) This better not be embarrassing

**DARREL.** (*Overlapping:*) No sir I'm not wearing tights! I'm not wearing, not wearing, not wearing tights!

**TYLER.** Does anyone mind if I bring my Xbox?

**MIKE.** Can I have a different name on the program?

**ALL THREE.** Where are the skimpy outfits?

**BARRY.** Greetings, gentlemen, I am Barry—I'll be playing the role of Sky Masterson. That means I am the lead gangster and I am much, much cooler than you. The theatre is a harsh mistress, my friends, one day she rewards you with fame and notoriety, the next day you injure your foot and have to be replaced by someone.

(*GIRL 3 trips.*)

**GIRL 3.** Ow!

**BARRY.** Case in point.

**GIRL 3.** I can still do the show! Don't worry!

**BARRY.** Follow my lead, boys, and you'll have no trouble.

(MR. HENDERSON and JULIE enter.)

**JULIE.** All right girls! Let's get ready for the first dance sequence!

**TYLER.** Can we stay and watch this?

**JULIE.** No!

**TYLER.** You're not the boss of me.

**JULIE.** Let's get one thing straight—I am the boss of you. You don't look like theatre people to me, and if you so much as breathe the wrong way I will personally cut you from the show. Don't think I can do it? As stage manager I have limitless power! Limitless! So don't cross me. Now get out of here and go memorize lines.

**MIKE.** Yes, Ma'am.

(They exit as GIRLS enter. MR. HENDERSON enters.)

**MR. HENDERSON.** Hey Barry, can I talk to you for a minute?

**BARRY.** Sure, Mr. Henderson—I was going to help out in some of the choreography of the dance sequences—

**MR. HENDERSON.** I'll think we'll let Julie handle that.

**BARRY.** No offense sir, but Julie is drunk with power.

**MR. HENDERSON.** You know, she gets that way, but she gets the job done. But um...come over here—

(The girls are stretching. GIRL 3 gets on crutches.)

**BARRY.** What is it?

**MR. HENDERSON.** Let's talk about A.P. History.

(BARRY is silent. MR. HENDERSON has a piece of paper.)

You didn't turn in your research project?

(BARRY doesn't say anything.)

What happened to your research project?

**BARRY.** ...I don't know.

**MR. HENDERSON.** What do you mean you don't know?

(BARRY doesn't say anything.)

This was two weeks ago, Barry, you couldn't tell me? The final grades are in.

**BARRY.** I don't know what happened I got so busy and then it was late and then I didn't know how to start it and then—

**MR. HENDERSON.** I could've helped you with that. Angela's in that class, she could've helped you.

**BARRY.** ...I know.

**MR. HENDERSON.** You're one of the leads.

**BARRY.** ...I know.

**MR. HENDERSON.** I don't have any control over this, you know. You're not going to be eligible for the performance.

*(BARRY doesn't say anything.)*

Are you just in denial about this? Now I gotta go and find a guy who can do that part—I don't have that guy—you're really putting us in a difficult spot here—if you just would've told us at auditions that you messed up then we'd be—

*(BARRY has his head in his hands.)*

Hey. It's all right. I want you to turn that project in, okay? That's more important than the show.

*(BARRY still has his head in his hands.)*

**BARRY.** ...can I still come to the rehearsals?

**MR. HENDERSON.** You can't participate—

**BARRY.** Just to watch?

**MR. HENDERSON.** Sure.

**BARRY.** Thank you. Can I go now?

**MR. HENDERSON.** Yeah.

*(BARRY exits. Lights shift over to the girls.)*

#### 4. Anything you can do I can do more loudly.

**JULIE.** All right, my assistant Deb is going to help a few of you with the moves here. She's an incredible mover.

**DEB.** I'm a good dancer too.

**JULIE.** You're more of a mover.

**DEB.** I'm not quite sure what that means.

**SAVANNAH.** Don't we have a real choreographer?

(MORGAN approaches.)

**MORGAN.** Never fear! I am ready to step in—

**JULIE.** I'm the choreographer!

**SAVANNAH.** I thought you were the stage manager?

**JULIE.** I am the stage manager slash choreographer slash dramaturg.

**ANGELA.** What is that?

**JULIE.** Whatever I say it is, okay? You just do the moves and keep your mouth shut. Morgan, you're not in this number.

**MORGAN.** I know, but I've been in dance classes since I was four.

**JULIE.** Great.

**MORGAN.** My part doesn't really get a chance to dance. Because it's that awesome!

**JULIE.** Super.

**MORGAN.** So I thought maybe I'd help out.

**JULIE.** You know what you can do to help out? Go outside and sit in the grass. Okay?

**MORGAN.** You're so fun!

**JULIE.** Are you calling me fun?

**ANGELA.** Can we just learn the dance?

**JULIE.** All right. Deb, begin the routine.

**DEB.** All right—this came to me in a dream—we all dress up like chickens. With like feathers and stuff—and then we make a bunch of high-pitched squeals like this—"eeeeeee!" and then we do some clucking. And then it's like—

*(She starts a very strange version of the chicken dance while singing a few lines from "A Bushel and a Peck.")*

Strut strut strut peck peck peck there's birdseed over here right? Like we just spread birdseed all over the stage—and we're just like eating it, right? That's part of the dance. And then it's like "Oh no! Here comes the farmer! Run for your lives!" And then we all run around with another one of the "eeeeees"! And then we gather ourselves, right? Kill the Farmer. Kill the Farmer. So Adelaide sings—

*(She sings another line from "A Bushel and a Peck.")*

We're just like—death to the farmer! And I want you, you, and you—just grab him, right? And now we're peck peck pecking out his eyes—And then when he's dead we feast on his innards.

*(Short pause.)*

**DEB.** It's a metaphor for love.

*(They all look at her.)*

It's a director's concept.

**JULIE.** Um...That's not really what we talked about earlier.

**DEB.** I know. I got inspired.

**JULIE.** Stop.

**MORGAN.** You know what, I am such a team player that I would be willing to lend my fourteen years of dance training—

**JULIE.** Sit! Go away!

**MORGAN.** It's so wonderful that you have such a great attitude and I get to—

**JULIE.** We worked on some moves at the arcade playing Dance Dance Revolution. They rock. Angela you're right here.

**MORGAN.** Out front where you're supposed to be 'cause you have the most fun part! Good thing you've had all that dance training!

**ANGELA.** I haven't really had much dance training.

**MORGAN.** Oh wow! What a crazy decision to give you that part and give me the part of Sarah then!

**JULIE.** Everybody else you're the back. Like in a fan thing. Like a triangle.

**GIRL 1.** Like a fan or like a triangle?

**JULIE.** Like an open-ended triangle!

**GIRL 2.** That's just two lines.

**JULIE.** Fine! Two lines!

**GIRL 4.** Are they intersecting lines or parallel lines?

*(JULIE starts forcibly moving people into position.)*

**JULIE.** You here. You here. You here. Crutches girl right here.

**GIRL (3) WITH CRUTCHES.** Could I sit this one out?

**JULIE.** Did you just say that to me? Could you sit this one out? This is a musical. This isn't pre-school. I don't care that your tummy hurts—

**GIRL (3) WITH CRUTCHES.** Actually I sprained my ankle—

**JULIE.** I don't care that your head hurts or that you have deep emotional issues or some kind of genetic condition where you can't follow directions—

**GIRL 4.** I have a note.

**JULIE.** You do this. You got it! You do this now!

**GIRL (3) WITH CRUTCHES.** Okay.

**JULIE.** All right now try to keep up.

*(She takes a center position in front of the girls and begins a routine largely inspired by Dance Dance Revolution. Mostly it involves standing in one place and moving feet to the right, left, back, and forward, with some flung arms for fun. The chorus girls do their best to follow along. GIRL 4 does her own thing.)*

Left Left Right Back Back Left and Right Left and Right Front and Back Front and Back Right Left Left Left Spin Spin Up Left Right Front and Back Right and Left Front Front Shimmy a little Shimmy a little Spin Spin Back Front Back Front!

*(She turns to look at them for a moment.)*

Got it? Now let's try increasing the speed.

*(She does the whole thing again much faster—the chorus girls struggle to keep up.)*

Left Left Right Back Back Left and Right Left and Right Front and Back Front and Back Right Left Left Left Spin Spin Up Left Right Front and Back Right and Left Front Front Shimmy a little Shimmy a little Spin Spin Back Front Back Front!

*(If she had a microphone, she would drop it and start to walk off the stage.)*

Done.

*(She leaves. The other girls disperse.)*

*(ANGELA just stands there. She approaches MORGAN.)*

**ANGELA.** What am I supposed to be doing?

**MORGAN.** I don't know. You're the star. You figure it out.

*(Lights change.)*

## 5. The Replacement

**MR. HENDERSON.** (*Calling out:*) Can I have everyone out here please!

(*JULIE swoops in, with a loudspeaker.*)

**JULIE.** Actors on stage NOW! Actors on stage NOW!

(*The actors enter.*)

**MR. HENDERSON.** SIT!

(*They sit suddenly and quietly. Except GIRL 4.*)

Wow.

**JULIE.** I've got them whipped into shape, sir.

**MR. HENDERSON.** I'm sure some of you have heard about Barry—

**GIRL 1.** He's dead?! It's just like *Spider-Man* all over again!

**MR. HENDERSON.** He's not dead!

**GIRL 2.** I never liked Barry.

**GIRL 3.** Who's Barry?

**MR. HENDERSON.** Barry can't participate in the show. He failed a class.

**GIRL 4.** How can Barry fail a class if he's a nerd?

**JULIE.** I'll handle that one. You see, there are two kinds of nerds. Hard-working nerds and lazy nerds. Lazy nerds are smart, or rather they appear smart, but they have no drive at all—they're frequently unorganized and miss assignments—so you can be both a nerd and not get good grades.

**MR. HENDERSON.** Thank you Julie. So um...we're going to have to replace Barry.

**SAVANNAH.** I'll do it. I can hit all the notes he hit. Seriously. I'll put on a fake goatee.

**MR. HENDERSON.** Actually, I think Jim can do the part.

**JIM.** Me?

**MR. HENDERSON.** Sure.

**SAVANNAH.** Okay, whoah! That's it! I'm taking over! This is just like on *Star Trek* when the captain has gone crazy and the crew needs to revolt! Mr. Henderson has clearly lost his mind—first casting Angela, and now Jim? Where does this end?!

**JULIE.** Um...I kinda gotta agree with Samantha on this one, Mr. H.

**MR. HENDERSON.** Jim—do you think you can do it?

**JIM.** Uh...I'll try.

**MR. HENDERSON.** That's all I need to know.

**GUY.** Savannah—shut it. I think he can do it. So relax, all right?

**SAVANNAH.** Relax? This is my senior year. This is—

**GUY.** I know, relax.

**JIM.** Um...thanks.

**MR. HENDERSON.** We'll start up again tomorrow, all right?

**JIM.** Does this mean I get an actual script?

**JULIE.** Don't write in it.

*(Everyone exits, except for ANGELA and GUY.)*

## 6. Duet for Stage Fright

*(Only ANGELA and GUY are left on stage.)*

**GUY.** Wow.

**ANGELA.** Yeah.

**GUY.** Are you ready for the show?

**ANGELA.** Not even remotely.

**GUY.** I'm sure it will be great.

**ANGELA.** Yeah.

**GUY.** Probably.

**ANGELA.** Probably.

**GUY.** Unless we screw up.

**ANGELA.** Right. But what are the odds of that happening since neither of us have ever had a big part before?

**GUY.** I've never even been in a show before.

**ANGELA.** I've never even smelled the stage before.

**GUY.** Why would you smell the stage?

**ANGELA.** It's an expression. Kind of.

**GUY.** Okay—well—talk to you later.

**ANGELA.** Yeah—don't screw up.

*(GUY and ANGELA separate to opposite sides of the stage. They speak directly to the audience.)*

**GUY.** *(To the audience:)* To be honest, I don't know why I'm in the show. It was kind of a freak decision.

**ANGELA.** *(To the audience:)* I didn't really give it a lot of thought.

**GUY.** *(To the audience:)* I'm not like a musical theatre person, you know? I couldn't tell you what *Evita* was—and half the time these people—

*(A group of GIRLS come in and spontaneously launch into part of a song, possibly from Wicked.)*

They just break into song for no reason.

**ANGELA.** *(To the audience:)* It's weird. Who does that? They do that in the bathroom. I swear. I'll be in there and like, four-part harmony will suddenly burst out from the girls doing their makeup.

**GUY.** *(To the audience:)* That doesn't happen in the boy's bathroom. Most of the time. Mostly it's just Barry singing solos. How can you sing and pee at the same time?! I've tried it. You can't do it.

**ANGELA.** *(To the audience:)* But I tried out for the show—and wow—

**GUY.** Wow—

**ANGELA.** I wanted a small part—

**GUY.** I didn't really even want to talk.

**ANGELA.** Maybe one line.

**GUY.** A grunt, maybe.

**ANGELA.** And now—

**GUY.** The lead.

**ANGELA.** To be honest, I'm terrified. There, I said it. Petrified. Waking up in the middle of the night scared. You know what? I memorized every line in the show. Every single line. I could do the whole play for you right now. Even the scenes I'm not in. Because I want to be absolutely sure that I don't screw up. There's so much to remember that isn't even the lines, though. There's where to walk, and how to stand, and what to do with your hands. What am I going to do with my hands?! Normally I don't even think about my hands but when I'm on stage my hands are suddenly these stupid lead balloons on the end of my wrists, and so the only thing I can think to do is cross them over my chest but that looks dumb so I'm sitting there—what do I do with my hands?! Aaah! I used to be a pretty calm person.

**GUY.** I have this dream pretty often. I'm in the show, and we're about to perform, and I'm backstage waiting to go on—and I realize that I've been rehearsing for the wrong play. I'm in a completely different play now. I don't know any of my lines. And I try to look at the script, I'm trying to find a copy of the script, and no one has one. And I'm running around in the dark trying to find the book to just get one look at it before I have to go out there, and time runs out and have to go anyway. So it's bright out there and the other actors are dressed up for Shakespeare, and they're looking at me like it's my turn to talk. So what comes out of my mouth? I don't know I can't remember that part. But I'm guessing it's pretty bad.

*(Lights change.)*

### 7. Guys Dance!

*(JULIE bursts in, with MORGAN hot on her heels.)*

**JULIE.** Guys! I need the guys out here right now!

**DEB.** Right now!

**JULIE.** You hear me! Guys on stage!

**DEB.** Put down the Xbox!

**JULIE.** Save your game or something!

**DEB.** Save it!

**JULIE.** Deb?

**DEB.** Sorry I'm trying out a new personality today. You like it?

**JULIE.** No.

**DEB.** I'm trying to be more like you.

**JULIE.** I'm an original, okay?

**DEB.** And I am an original too.

*(GUY, JIM, TYLER, DARREL, and MIKE enter.)*

**TYLER.** Hey check it out—I got my gangsta walk.

*(TYLER begins a stereotypical modern "gangsta slide shuffle walk thing.")*

**JULIE.** For the last time, you are gangsters, not gangstas!

**DARREL.** What?

**MIKE.** This is lame.

**JULIE.** SILENCE! SIT!

*(They do.)*

It's time for "Luck Be a Lady Tonight." The only time you have to dance in the show.

**TYLER.** Whoah! Hold on.

**DARREL.** Is this like dancing dancing?

**MIKE.** There's only dudes on stage.

**TYLER.** Are we like dancing with each other?

**DARREL.** I'm not wearing tights!

*(JULIE raises her hand for silence.)*

**JULIE.** If you speak again, I will poison you.

**DEB.** Shut up!

**JULIE.** A little late there, Deb.

**DEB.** Sorry.

**MORGAN.** I'll take the lead on this one. Now if we were doing *Wicked*, you guys would all be flying monkeys. Wouldn't that be awesome? I think so. But since we're doing a guy-heavy show without enough guys which-just-makes-so-much-sense, you guys get to have a dance number. You don't dance with each other, okay! You're gangsters, you're in the sewer, you're gambling—

**TYLER.** And we dance?

**DEB.** *(Cutting him off:)* Shut up!

**JULIE.** *(Aside, to DEB:)* Better.

**MORGAN.** *(Taking a hold of JIM:)* Because Sky here needs to win the bet in order to make the money to pay me, Sara, to go out with him. Because that's how love works. Bribery.

**JIM.** Um...don't I—

**DEB.** *(Cutting him off:)* Shut up!

**JULIE.** He can talk.

**DEB.** Oh sorry.

**JIM.** I thought I won their souls in a dice game and then took them to the mission. So it's not about money.

**MORGAN.** Oh right! You trick these scumbags into attending a religious meeting, which makes my character, since she's oh-so-smart, fall in love with you. Very realistic! Not at all like *Wicked* in which

characters are emotionally developed and is a commentary on fascism. Anyway! We dance in the sewers! Not with each other! Now you may ask the question—if we're tough gangsters, why are we dancing? Gangsters don't normally dance. And my answer to that is shut up and do the musical. Okay? Good! Now—

*(She starts into a dance routine. They all stare at her.)*

One Two Three Four Five Six Seven Eight and One Two Three Four Five Six Seven Eight and One Two Three Four Five Six Seven Eight.

*(She stops. No one has moved.)*

Got it?

*(Slowly, MIKE raises his hand.)*

**MIKE.** No.

**MORGAN.** *(Doing the routine again.)* It's easy. Step Step Spin Shake Step Step Spin Shake and Back Back Arms Up Arms Down Front Front Side Arms Up and Shake Shake Wiggle Wiggle Spin Spin Step Down. See?

*(MIKE raises his hand slowly again.)*

**MIKE.** I'm not doing that.

**DARREL.** People will laugh at me.

**MORGAN.** It's a comedy! They're supposed to laugh!

**DARREL.** I don't want them to laugh.

**JULIE.** Hey! I don't want to hear it! Do it now!

**MORGAN.** And Jim—you're over here. And I want you to just walk around and look cool, okay? Ready Guys!

*(The guys do their best to do the routine while MORGAN calls it out. They're not good.)*

And—Step Step Spin Shake Step Step Spin Shake and Back Back Arms Up Arms Down Front Front Side Arms Up and Shake Shake Wiggle Wiggle Spin Spin Step Down. Stop!

*(They stop.)*

**DARREL.** My brain hurts.

**MORGAN.** Let's try that again and not be so terrible this time, okay? I'm trying to be positive! You make it hard. And...again!

*(The guys try to do the dance again—not well.)*

Step Step Spin Shake Step Step Spin Shake and Back Back Arms Up Arms Down Front Front Side Arms Up and Shake Shake Wiggle

(DARREL *wiggles into TYLER, knocking both of them down.*)

**MORGAN.** Wiggle Spin—stop! Stop!

**TYLER.** Dude! I'm dancing here!

**DARREL.** You're dancing in my spot!

**TYLER.** I need space! I was being expressive!

**DARREL.** You're an idiot!

**MORGAN.** Stop! I've got a new plan for us! This is a really great plan that you don't need to have any skills to execute okay. It's called swaying back and forth. Can you do that? Cause sometimes I teach church choir to kindergartners and they can do this, so I think you might be able to handle it!

(MR. HENDERSON *enters.*)

Ready? Sway. Sway. Sway. Sway.

(*They try to sway. It's not good.*)

You're doing it wrong. You're doing this wrong. You are swaying wrong. Wow.

**MR. HENDERSON.** All right guys we're gonna have to move on.

**MIKE.** Thank you!

**MORGAN.** I'm not finished with you!

**DARREL.** First game on Xbox!

(DARREL *charges off-stage, followed by TYLER and MIKE.*)

## 8. I'd be Ringing

**MORGAN.** Mr. H. Boys are dumb. Can we please replace them with girls in fake mustaches?

**MR. HENDERSON.** No.

**MORGAN.** How bout just a few girls with mustaches? You put them in a suit and a hat and no one will know the difference.

**MR. HENDERSON.** No.

**MORGAN.** Please, I'm begging you here, they're awful.

**MR. HENDERSON.** Time for the Havana scene. We need one girl—

(JESSIE *enters.*)

You're going to be the Cuban dancer, okay?

(GIRLS 1-4 come in to lounge in the background.)

**JESSIE.** What do I do?

**MORGAN.** You're the Cuban hoochie. You try to steal my man. And I fight you to the death.

**MR. HENDERSON.** Not exactly to the death.

**MORGAN.** That's my interpretation.

**MR. HENDERSON.** (*Moving everyone:*) All right, Jim you're over here at the table. Morgan you're with him. And Jessie you are over there. And let's say this is the fountain right here in the middle.

**JIM.** Do I have to dance in this part?

**MORGAN.** Don't worry about it, I'll lead.

**MR. HENDERSON.** Do you guys have your lines memorized?

**JIM.** I got the script yesterday.

**MORGAN.** I'm still processing.

**JESSIE.** Do I have lines?

**MR. HENDERSON.** They're in Spanish.

**JESSIE.** Can I get a script then?

**MR. HENDERSON.** We'll just improv it. All right—Morgan, you've had a few too many to drink—Jim you're being charming, and Jessie—you spot him, and you want to own him. Got it? Let's just try it.

(MORGAN starts acting crazily drunk.)

**MORGAN.** Ha ha ha ha! Oh Mr. Masterson! You are funny!

(She falls off the chair.)

Whoopsie! Someone put a slanted thing in this chair! Ha ha ha ha! So tell me—why do they call you Sky?

**JIM.** Um...

(MORGAN fakes like's she puking.)

**MR. HENDERSON.** Stop! Maybe not quite that drunk.

**MORGAN.** I've never been drunk, so I'm just—

**MR. HENDERSON.** Just be dizzy.

**MORGAN.** Okay.

**MR. HENDERSON.** And Jim. You can say things too.

**MORGAN.** Can I just—

(MORGAN spins around really fast, then sits down.)

**MORGAN.** Ha ha ha ha! Oh Mr. Masterson... whoah...

**JIM.** Isn't Cuba nice?

**MR. HENDERSON.** And the music is going.

(He plays some rumba music on a boom box. It doesn't have to be the actual music from the number.)

**MORGAN.** Oh my heart is beating so fast! Let's dance, baby!

(She grabs JIM and stands up.)

Woo! Ha ha ha!

**MR. HENDERSON.** Okay—Jessie—go get him.

(MORGAN dances JIM over towards JESSIE—she lets go of him and JESSIE grabs him.)

Everything freezes. Music stops. Except JIM. Perhaps spotlight on JIM.)

**GIRLS 1-4.** (Angelic sound:) Aaaaaaaaaa.

(JIM dances in slow motion with JESSIE. She pushes him back towards MORGAN. MORGAN reaches out and grabs JIM. As soon as she touches him, lights and sound and speed go back to normal.)

**MORGAN.** Oh no buster you're not getting away from me that easily!  
Woo!

(MORGAN dances him around, then back towards JESSIE. JESSIE grabs him again.)

(Once again, everything goes to slow motion. Lights and music change.)

**GIRLS 1-4.** (Angelic sound:) Aaaaaaaaaa.

(JESSIE dances with him in slow motion again. As she approaches MORGAN again, MORGAN punches her out. Everything goes back to regular speed.)

(MORGAN drags JIM to the opposite side of the stage as JESSIE hits the ground.)

**MR. HENDERSON.** And Good! That was fun. I like that. Jessie a little more Latin hip action.

**JESSIE.** Okay.

**MR. HENDERSON.** All right guys that's it for today. Let's get those lines down, okay?

*(He heads off. The GIRLS head off. MORGAN leaves.)*

**JESSIE.** See ya later.

**JIM.** Hey wait Jessie can you hold on for a second?

**JESSIE.** Sure.

*(She stops.)*

**JIM.** I was thinking maybe I could um...run lines or something with you.

**JESSIE.** I gotta work at six actually.

**JIM.** Yeah.

**JESSIE.** I think you're doing a great job with the show.

**JIM.** Really? I think I'm terrible.

**JESSIE.** No! You're really funny. In the way you're supposed to be funny. Not like how Barry was funny. He sounded like Darth Vader.

**JIM.** Yeah, but he did have pitch, tone, and confidence.

**JESSIE.** You're doing great.

**JIM.** Thanks.

*(She starts to leave.)*

Um...Jessie...would you like to go out with me?

*(She stops. JIM turns to the audience for a second.)*

Now if this were an actual musical, this would be the time that I would break into song. If I got lucky, it would be a duet. So...here goes nothing.

*(He turns back to her. Sings the beginning of a romantic musical theatre song.\*)*

*(\*Feel free to use a song from any show. Maybe one verse. "Sue Me" might be a good choice from Guys and Dolls, but don't feel limited.)*

*(He stops after a moment.)*

I don't remember the rest of it.

*(Pause.)*

**JESSIE.** Oh. That was really nice. You sing great.

*(Painful pause.)*

**JIM.** ...So?

**JESSIE.** I think we should be friends, okay?

(JIM wilts. She grabs him in a hug.)

**JESSIE.** Hey. It's all right.

**JIM.** I'm sorry.

**JESSIE.** No. You're a great guy. You really are, I just...I'm not dating anyone right now. And you're gonna find a great girl who adores you for being Jim, all right?

(She's still holding on to him. JIM looks like he could fall over.)

And there's gonna be an amazing life for you. I know it. And you can't even imagine what it's gonna be now. All right?

**JIM.** ...Okay.

**JESSIE.** Besides, when you get to perform as Sky Masterson, every girl in the audience is gonna fall for you. Trust me.

**JIM.** ...Okay.

**JESSIE.** I gotta go. You okay?

**JIM.** Yeah.

(She gives him a big hug, then leaves. JIM stands there for a moment, watching her go.)

**JIM.** (To the audience:) At least I got a hug.

(Lights change.)

## 9. A cold.

(ANGELA enters.)

**ANGELA.** Mr. Henderson?

**MR. HENDERSON.** Glad you're here. Let's work on the cold song.

(No response from ANGELA.)

You all right?

**ANGELA.** ...Yeah.

**MR. HENDERSON.** You sure?

**ANGELA.** I think maybe Savannah should have my part.

**MR. HENDERSON.** No hey—

**ANGELA.** Can I just tell you what I was thinking? She's a really good singer and um...I know that she really wants to be Adelaide, and to be honest I don't really think I'm doing a good job. I think that

**THIS PLAY IS  
NOT OVER!**

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