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## **LARGON**

8

## **LARGON**

**FARCE.** Justin has his sights set on winning the science fair with his newest creation – a remote-controlled life-sized robot named Largon. Justin not only impresses his best friend, Ranger, with his new robot, but the sweet-talking Largon soon steals the affections of Justin’s girlfriend and her friend Nicole. The girls swoon over Largon, and to Ranger’s dismay, Nicole asks Largon to the school dance! And to make matters worse, three school troublemakers devise a plan to steal Largon and enter him as their exhibit in the science fair.

**Performance Time:** Approximately 30-40 minutes.

## **CHARACTERS**

(3 M, 6 F or 3 M, 5 F)

**JUSTIN:** Intelligent student who always wins the science fair.

**LARGON:** A robot; Justin's newest invention.

**RANGER:** Justin's mischievous best friend.

**HEATHER:** Justin's girlfriend.

**NICOLE:** Heather's best friend.

**GARLIC:** Leader of a band of outcasts; dressed like an old-fashioned hooligan; female.

**MACE:** Garlic's sidekick; dressed like an old-fashioned hooligan; female.

**CORKSCREW:** Mace's little sister who wants to fit in; dressed like an old-fashioned hooligan; female.

**MOM:** Justin's mother; voice only or the character may appear onstage if desired.

## **SET**

A workshop in Justin's house. It's a simple set with a ladder, sawhorse, and other odds and ends scattered about. A small portable TV sits on a small table SL. A pegboard covered with tools is attached to the back wall. There is one door and one window large enough for Garlic, Mace, and Corkscrew to climb through. For Scene 2, a park bench and two fake trees can be placed in front of the permanent set and then simply removed after the scene.

## **SYNOPSIS OF SCENES**

**Scene 1:** A workshop in Justin's house.

**Scene 2:** A park.

**Scene 3:** A workshop in Justin's house.

**Scene 4:** A workshop in Justin's house.

# LARGON 11

## PROPS

Large white sheet	CD player
Card table	2 Purses
Tools, assorted	Robot debris (anything mechanical-looking)
Wrench	A large cardboard box with a hole cut in the top, for Largon
Rag	A fake hand and arm, (optional) for Justin
Remote control	
3 Book bags	
Park bench	
Fake trees or plants	
3 Masks	

## SOUND EFFECTS

Ratchet sound for Largon's robotic movements. (A simple ratchet can be turned by someone offstage at a microphone.)	Theme song from "Mission Impossible" or "The Pink Panther," or another suitable song.
Dance music	Explosion or sound of fireworks going off

**LARGON**  
**7**

**"JUST BECAUSE LARGON  
CAN DANCE AND PLAY SPORTS  
AND IS BETTER LOOKING  
THAN YOU  
DOESN'T MAKE HIM  
ANY BETTER THAN YOU,  
RANDY."**

**-HEATHER**

## **SCENE 1**

*(AT RISE: A workshop in Justin's house. Justin is working on Largon, a robot, which is covered with a white sheet. There's a card table with some tools laid out on it. Justin takes a wrench and tinkers behind his creation for a minute. He places the wrench on the table.)*

JUSTIN: *(To himself.)* It's finished. *(He takes a rag from the table and wipes his hands.)* It's finally finished. *(He takes the remote control from the table, kisses it, and holds it up to his chest.)* I'm a genius.

*(NOTE: Justin's Mom can appear onstage or simply be heard from offstage.)*

MOM: *(Offstage.)* Justin, come on down, the lasagna's on the table!

JUSTIN: *(Yells.)* Okay, Mom!

MOM: *(Offstage.)* What are you doing up there?

JUSTIN: *(Yells.)* Nothin'!

MOM: *(Offstage.)* You're not tearing up anything, are you?

JUSTIN: *(Yells.)* No, ma'am!

MOM: *(Offstage.)* The lasagna is getting cold!

JUSTIN: *(Yells.)* Yes, ma'am! *(Approaches Largon.)* I can't believe you're finally finished. This day could go down in the history books.

*(Ranger enters, carrying his book bag.)*

RANGER: What's up, Justin?

JUSTIN: It's about time you got here. Where have you been?

RANGER: Downstairs eating lasagna. *(Rubs his stomach.)* Your mother insisted. *(Approaches the covered robot.)* What's this?

*(Justin stands on the other side of Largon.)*

**LARGON**  
9

JUSTIN: Ranger, are you ready to see the most awesome thing you've ever laid your eyes on?

RANGER: Nicole Samply is the most awesome thing I've ever laid my eyes on.

JUSTIN: What if I told you that what I have under this sheet is even better than Nicole Samply?

RANGER: Nothing can be that awesome. What is it? *(Starts to peel up the sheet covering Largon.)*

JUSTIN: No peeking. I'm about to do the unveiling.

*(Ranger puts his book bag down.)*

RANGER: *(Very interested now.)* Man, what have you got under that thing?

MOM: *(Offstage.)* Justin! This is the last call for lasagna! It's now or never!

JUSTIN: *(Yells.)* I'm not hungry!

MOM: *(Offstage.)* Justin?!

JUSTIN: *(Offstage.)* Mom!

MOM: *(Offstage.)* Fine!

*(Justin places his hands on the sheet covering Largon.)*

JUSTIN: Are you ready?

RANGER: I'm ready! I'm ready!

*(Ranger grabs for the sheet, and Justin grabs for Ranger's arm.)*

JUSTIN: Stop it, dude! I'll do it!

*(Justin and Ranger scuffle for a minute and fall to the floor. During the scuffle, the sheet is accidentally pulled off of Largon. Ranger looks up at Largon, who looks like a real person. Ranger and Justin stand on either side of Largon.)*

RANGER: What is it?

**LARGON**  
**10**

JUSTIN: My latest invention. I call him "Largon."

RANGER: It looks real. What's it made of?

JUSTIN: Junk my dad threw away from his machine shop.

RANGER: No way.

JUSTIN: You like it?

RANGER: Like it? It's the most awesome thing I've ever seen.

JUSTIN: I told you.

RANGER: So, what does it do?

JUSTIN: Let me show you. *(Grabs the remote.)* Stand back and give me plenty of room.

*(Ranger stands back.)*

MOM: *(Offstage.)* Justin! Telephone!

JUSTIN: *(Yells.)* Tell them I'll call them back, please!

MOM: *(Offstage.)* It's Heather!

RANGER: Ooooooo, it's Heather. *(In a love-sick tone.)* He'll be right there!

JUSTIN: Okay, but don't touch anything while I'm gone. It's a very delicate machine.

RANGER: Okay.

JUSTIN: Promise?

RANGER: I said okay. *(Justin shoots Ranger a warning look, then exits. Ranger finds himself alone with Largon. They stand in silence for a moment. Ranger finally speaks to Largon.)* So, you're Justin's latest invention. You look kinda puny. *(Walks around Largon and looks him over.)* You sure are ugly. Yep, puny and ugly. I guess that's what you get when you build something out of leftover junk. You probably don't even do anything but stand there staring off into space. *(Imitating Largon, Ranger stands straight and stares ahead for five seconds. Ranger speaks with a robotic voice.)* My-name-is-Largon. I-am-a-puny-ugly-robot, how-do-you-do? *(Himself again.)* What would you do if I called you a name? Huh? Huh, Largon? Would you cry? Would you punch me? Would you use judo? *(Does a judo stance.)* Hyiiiiiiiiieeeeeeya! This is fun. I can say anything I want to

**LARGON**  
**11**

you, can't I? You just stand there. *(Looks closely.)* You sure do have a big nose. Look at me when I'm talking to you! *(Ranger puts his finger in Largon's face. Largon grabs Ranger's arm and bites it.)* Auhhhhhhh! Why you little—

LARGON: Alert! Alert! Alert! Alert! Alert!

*(Justin enters, running.)*

JUSTIN: What's going on in here?

*(Ranger runs to Justin, stands behind him, and hides from Largon.)*

RANGER: He grabbed me! *(Justin grabs the remote control and presses a button. Largon stops. He stands as before and looks off into the distance.)* He attacked! He tried to kill me!

JUSTIN: What did you do to him?

RANGER: I was just standing here minding my own business, and he punched me in the stomach, bit my arm, kicked me in the face, and then fire started coming out of his mouth! He jumped on top of me and tried to pull out all my teeth!

JUSTIN: You must have gotten too close to him and set off the alarm.

RANGER: Well, his... *(Sarcastically.)* ...alarm needs readjusting because I didn't go anywhere near him.

*(Justin presses a button on the remote.)*

JUSTIN: Largon, report what happened.

LARGON: Justin's friend sarcastically taunted Largon. Hurt Largon's feelings. *(Largon pouts his lips.)*

JUSTIN: *(To Ranger.)* You didn't do anything, huh?

RANGER: Okay, I touched it. But that doesn't give him the right to murder.

JUSTIN: It doesn't, huh? *(Justin takes the remote control.)* As a matter of fact, Largon is programmed to attack!

RANGER: *(Getting nervous.)* Huh?

**LARGON**  
**12**

JUSTIN: Why do you think I asked you over, Ranger? Just to look? Just to hang out? *(He presses buttons on the remote control. Largon raises his arms out like Frankenstein.)* No. I asked you over for a much larger purpose. *(Largon moves closer to Ranger. Ranger backs away.)* You see, Ranger, I have a new best friend now. His name is Largon. I don't have any need for you any longer. You are only in the way!

RANGER: Stop it! You're crazy!

JUSTIN: Crazy? Crazy? I'm crazy?! Attack, Largon! Attack!

*(Ranger throws himself down on the floor in a fetal position, covering his face with his arms.)*

RANGER: Stop him, Justin! Please, stop him!

*(Justin presses a button and suddenly Largon stops. Justin bends down and speaks softly to Ranger.)*

JUSTIN: Don't ever lie to me again!

RANGER: *(Humble.)* I won't! I promise!

JUSTIN: Get up. I want to show you something. *(Ranger stands and dusts himself off.)* Largon, back. *(Justin presses a button and Largon steps backward.)* Hands down.

*(Largon's hands go down.)*

RANGER: Well, we know he walks and kills. What else?

JUSTIN: The only reason he did what he did to you was because I wasn't here to operate the remote control.

RANGER: *(Points to the remote control.)* Can you make him talk with that thing?

JUSTIN: Listen for yourself. *(He presses a button.)* Largon, this is Justin, your creator.

LARGON: Justin, this is Largon, your creation.

JUSTIN: I want you to meet my friend Ranger.

**LARGON**  
**13**

*(Note: It's important that Largon remain stiff in his movements. When characters move and talk around him, he must look straight out into the distance. It's also effective to have him move slowly and provide sound effects offstage. For example, a simple ratchet being turned by someone off stage at a microphone works well for a robotic movement sound. Largon looks Ranger up and down.)*

LARGON: And you called me ugly? *(He looks out again.)*

RANGER: Why you little...

JUSTIN: Largon, you are to be polite to other people.

*(Justin presses a button on the remote. Largon sticks out his hand to shake Ranger's.)*

LARGON: I am sorry, Ranger. I did not mean to offend you. Friends?

RANGER: *(Surprised, he sticks out his hand.)* That's all right. I'm sorry, too.

LARGON: No problem. Do you play basketball?

RANGER: Sure, I play all the time.

LARGON: Let's play a game later.

RANGER: No problem.

LARGON: *(Points up to the ceiling.)* What's that?

*(Ranger looks up.)*

RANGER: What?

LARGON: Made you look.

JUSTIN: Largon is very smart, too.

*(Ranger sits on the corner of the table, accidentally sitting on the remote control. Largon drops his head, closes his eyes, and goes limp.)*

RANGER: Have Garlic and Mace seen Largon?

**LARGON**  
**14**

JUSTIN: No, and they're not going to. Every time I invent something new they try to sneak in here and take it for themselves.

RANGER: You're right about that.

JUSTIN: Largon is top secret, you got that? Nobody is to know about him but you and me. He's our secret!

RANGER: Okay, okay! You got that, Largon? You're our secret.  
*(Notices Largon looks asleep.)* Now what's wrong with him?

*(Justin pushes Ranger off the remote control.)*

JUSTIN: You're sitting on the remote control.

*(Justin takes the remote and presses a button. Largon pops his head up.)*

LARGON: *(Speaks quickly and loudly.)* My name is Largon! What's yours? I'm singing in the rain, singing in the rain. And it's a touchdown! Twinkle, twinkle, little star. Oh yeeeeeeeeaaaaahh!

RANGER: What the...?

JUSTIN: He's warming up.

LARGON: Chitty chitty bang bang, I love you. Owwww, man. A-B-C-D-E-F-G- I-Joe. Luke Skywalker! *(Looks at Justin.)* Hey, boss. *(Then he looks straight out again.)*

JUSTIN: *(Calmly, to Ranger.)* He's back on now.

RANGER: Largon, you are awesome.

*(Largon puts both hands up in the air.)*

LARGON: You know it, man.

*(Ranger gives Largon a high-five.)*

RANGER: You'd never know he was a robot. You did me a favor by letting me see him.

JUSTIN: Speaking of favors, I need a big one from you.

RANGER: What's up?

JUSTIN: Heather is coming over. I'm supposed to help her with her algebra.

RANGER: (*Joking around.*) Ooooooo. Heather? Algebra? Together?

JUSTIN: Knock it off. I'm serious. I forgot an errand I'm supposed to run for my dad this afternoon. It's important I get back before he gets home from work.

RANGER: So?

JUSTIN: So, Heather will be here before I get back, and I need you to entertain her for me until then.

RANGER: She's your girlfriend. I don't want to waste an afternoon babysitting.

JUSTIN: Please?

RANGER: I hardly know her.

JUSTIN: For me?

RANGER: I wouldn't know what to say.

JUSTIN: Nicole Samply is coming with her.

RANGER: I'll do it!

JUSTIN: Great!

RANGER: Wait! No. What am I saying? I can't find myself face to face with Nicole Samply! She's too beautiful.

JUSTIN: You've always wanted to talk to her.

RANGER: (*Grabs Justin by his shirt collar.*) I can't even think when she's around! I can't do it!

JUSTIN: Ranger, calm down.

(*Justin slaps him.*)

RANGER: Calm down? (*Speaks to Largon.*) Nicole Samply is coming over, and he wants me to calm down. Largon, do something!

(*Largon slaps him.*)

**LARGON**  
**16**

JUSTIN: The important thing is this. Don't let Heather and Nicole see Largon! Keep them in the living room. Mom and Dad don't even know about him yet. Besides, if word leaks out about Largon at school, you know Garlic and Mace will try to get their hands on him. *(With even more emphasis.)* So, keep them out of this room.

RANGER: Don't worry, I'll show them my comic book collection.

JUSTIN: Ranger, if you want to impress them, don't show them your comic book collection.

MOM: *(Offstage.)* Justin, you need to be going! Your father will be home soon.

JUSTIN: *(Yells.)* Coming! *(Turns to Largon.)* Largon, sit.

*(Justin takes the sheet and covers Largon.)*

MOM: *(Offstage.)* Justin!

JUSTIN: *(Yells.)* Coming! *(He turns and looks at Ranger one last time. To Ranger.)* Remember!

*(Justin exits. Ranger sees the remote that Justin left behind. Ranger looks at Largon, then looks toward the exit, then back at Largon. Ranger approaches Largon and removes the sheet. Ranger presses a button on the remote.)*

RANGER: Largon, stand. *(Largon stands.)* Turn around. *(Largon turns around.)* Bend your knees. *(Largon bends his knees. Ranger turns on a nearby CD player.)* Dance. *(Largon dances.)* Stop! Largon, you're a regular boogie machine.

LARGON: Thank you, Ranger. Put it there.

*(Largon holds out his hand for Ranger to shake. Ranger sets the remote on the table and shakes Largon's hand.)*

RANGER: We could get to become good friends. *(Largon won't let go of Ranger's hand.)* Uh, Largon, you can let go now.

**LARGON**  
**17**

*(Largon won't let go.)* Largon, let go of my hand. Largon, stop!

*(Ranger tries to reach the remote control but can't.)*

MOM: *(Offstage.)* Ranger, Nicole and Heather are here!

RANGER: *(Panics.)* Largon, let go!

LARGON: *(Sings off-key.)* "Why can't we be friends? Why can't we be friends? Why can't we be friends?"

MOM: *(Offstage.)* Should I send them up?

RANGER: Largon, they can't see you! Let go! *(He tries for the remote again but to no avail.)*

MOM: *(Offstage.)* I'm sending them up!

RANGER: Largon!

*(Blackout. Note: During the blackout Largon and Ranger exit. A park bench and a couple of plants are brought out and placed in front of the permanent set to represent the outdoors.)*

## SCENE 2

(AT RISE: A park. There is a park bench and a couple of plants. Garlic, Mace, and Corkscrew enter. They're dressed like old-fashioned hooligans.)

GARLIC: *(Looking off.)* Hey! You kids get out of here! This is my turf!

MACE: That's telling them, Garlic!

GARLIC: *(Looking off.)* If you don't get lost, you'll be sorry!

MACE: Now, scram! *(Laughs.)* Look at 'em run.

CORKSCREW: Yeah, look at 'em run!

GARLIC: Be quiet, Corkscrew.

CORKSCREW: Sorry.

GARLIC: Corkscrew, I said be quiet. The only reason you are with me is because Mom couldn't find a babysitter. Just stay out of the way.

MACE: Yeah, brat! We are cool and nasty, and you cramp our style.

GARLIC: *(Shouts.)* Hey, you girls, get out of here with those rollerblades. You don't have our permission to be here!

MACE: *(Shouts.)* You'd better watch your mouth, sister. You're dealing with Garlic and Mace!

CORKSCREW: And Corkscrew! *(Pause.)* Why are they laughing?

GARLIC: Corkscrew, I told you to stay out of sight.

*(Mace pulls Garlic away from Corkscrew.)*

MACE: Let's stand over here. *(Referring to a card sticking out of Garlic's pocket.)* What's that?

GARLIC: My stupid report card. I'm flunking science.

CORKSCREW: *(Approaches.)* So am I.

MACE: I'm flunking history.

CORKSCREW: So am I.

GARLIC: I'm flunking math.

CORKSCREW: So am I.

MACE: Corkscrew, is there anything you're not flunking?

CORKSCREW: I ain't sure.

MACE/GARLIC: *(Looking at each other.)* English.

*(They move away from Corkscrew again.)*

GARLIC: I can bring up math easy. It's science I'm really worried about.

MACE: Maybe your science fair project can help you pull up your grade.

GARLIC: I doubt it.

MACE: Why...you don't think it's good?

GARLIC: Because I didn't make anything.

MACE: But the science fair is only three days away.

GARLIC: Don't you think I know that?

CORKSCREW: It sure is lonely over here all by myself.

GARLIC: Keep yourself company.

CORKSCREW: How?

GARLIC: Talk to yourself.

*(As Garlic and Mace continue talking, Corkscrew carries on a private conversation with herself in pantomime.)*

MACE: If you haven't built a science fair project, you'll never pass science.

GARLIC: I've got to come up with a plan. Help me think, Mace! Help me think!

MACE: Okay, but it don't always work.

*(They think a moment as Corkscrew continues her private conversation.)*

CORKSCREW: *(To herself.)* Oh yeah? If that's the way you feel, I don't think I will ever speak to you again. *(Changes position.)* Fine! I'll never speak to you again, too!

**LARGON**  
**20**

*(Corkscrew crosses to Garlic and Mace. Corkscrew crosses her arms.)*

GARLIC: Wait a minute—I got it! Justin!

MACE: Justin?

GARLIC: Justin Black! He always wins the science fair.

MACE: So?

GARLIC: So? If I don't have time to create my own invention,  
what's the next best thing?

MACE: Justin's?

GARLIC: Bingo! We'll simply sneak into Justin's workshop and  
swipe whatever he's built this year.

MACE: But what if you're caught?

GARLIC: What can happen? We sneak in the window, steal the  
invention, crawl out the window. Home free.

MACE: But you know Justin will tell everybody we did it.

CORKSCREW: That's a good point.

GARLIC: It will be his word against ours.

CORKSCREW: That's a good point.

MACE: You know they'll believe him first.

CORKSCREW: That's a good point.

GARLIC: Then we'll just say Corkscrew did it.

CORKSCREW: That's a bad point.

GARLIC: I have an idea. We'll wear masks, then if we're caught,  
no one will recognize us.

MACE: Great plan! We may not make good grades, but at least  
we got brains!

CORKSCREW: Yeah!

GARLIC: Be quiet, Corkscrew!

CORKSCREW: Sorry.

GARLIC: It's settled then. Operation "Invention Swipe"  
officially underway.

*(Garlic puts her hand out and Mace slaps hers on top of Garlic's hand  
and Corkscrew slaps her hand on top of Mace's hand quite hard.)*

GARLIC/MACE: Owwwwwww.

**LARGO**  
**21**

*(They all sneak off as the theme from "Mission: Impossible," "Pink Panther" or another suitable song plays. The lights fade to blackout.)*

### **SCENE 3**

*(AT RISE: Justin's workshop. Largon is still holding onto Ranger's hand and won't let go.)*

RANGER: Largon, pleeeeeease let go of my hand!

LARGON: *(Singing but still mechanical-sounding.)* "Why can't we be friends? Why can't we be friends?"

RANGER: The girls are coming in!

HEATHER: *(Offstage.)* Hello? *(Heather and Nicole enter.)* Hello? *(Sees Ranger.)* Oh, here you are.

*(Ranger looks at Heather and Nicole and smiles.)*

RANGER: Uh, hey, Heather...how are things?

HEATHER: *(To Largon.)* You must be Ranger's little friend. I'd like you to meet Nicole. *(Ranger falls to his knees as he stares at Nicole. He is still being held by Largon.)* Are you okay?

RANGER: Fine. Never better. Heather, could you hand me that remote control, please?

*(Heather picks it up.)*

HEATHER: This one?

RANGER: Thanks. *(Heather hands him the remote control. Ranger pushes a button with his thumb and Largon lets go of his hand. Ranger grabs his hand and rubs it.)* Thanks, Heather. *(To Largon.)* That's quite a grip you have there.

HEATHER: What's going on?

RANGER: Huh? Oh, we were just playing Uncle. You win, Largon.

HEATHER: Largon?

RANGER: That's right. *(Pauses for a second and then takes a deep breath.)* Look, Heather, I might as well level with you. You weren't supposed to see Largon until Justin—

**LARGON**  
**23**

*(Heather pushes Ranger out of the way.)*

HEATHER: Hello, Largon, nice to meet you. I'm Heather. This is my friend Nicole.

NICOLE: *(Twirling her hair around her finger.)* Hi, Largon.

HEATHER: *(To Largon.)* That's a very interesting name you have. I don't believe I have ever met anyone named Largon. *(Pause. Largon is staring off into space. To Ranger.)* Your friend doesn't say much, does he?

RANGER: Huh?

HEATHER: Is he shy?

RANGER: Uh, that's right. Shy. Largon is very shy. Don't be shy, Largon. These are Justin's friends. *(He tries to find the right button to push on the remote control.)*

HEATHER: What are you doing?

RANGER: It's this new remote control. I...I think the batteries are dying. *(He presses a button.)*

HEATHER: We don't want to watch television anyway.

LARGON: *(In response to the pressing of buttons.)* Hello, it is very nice to meet you. *(Looks at Heather.)* You are a very attractive specimen.

HEATHER: It's nice to meet you too, Largon. Largon, this is Nicole.

LARGON: *(Looks at Nicole.)* Hello, Nicole, I hope you are having a splendid day.

NICOLE: Hello, Largon. Oh, Heather, he's so sweet.

HEATHER: And polite. Apparently you're not from around here. Where do you live?

RANGER: *(Quickly.)* Live?

HEATHER: Yes, live. Where is he from?

LARGON: A box of junk.

NICOLE: What?

RANGER: Box of junk. *(Fake laugh.)* You are the funny one, Largon. Box of junk. That was a good one.

LARGON: Would you ladies like to have a seat?

**LARGON**  
**24**

HEATHER: Largon, you are such a gentleman. Your friend...  
(*Referring to Ranger.*) ...could take some lessons from you.

RANGER: Here, Nicole. Allow me to get you a chair.

NICOLE: That's okay, Roger. Largon will get me one.

RANGER: Ranger.

NICOLE: What?

RANGER: My name is Ranger.

NICOLE: Whatever. Tell me, Largon, do you play any kind of sports?

LARGON: I am programmed to play many forms of athletic games.

HEATHER: Why, that's awesome, Largon. Can you play football?

LARGON: Hut one! Hut two!

NICOLE: Baseball?

LARGON: Strike three, you're out!

HEATHER: Basketball?

LARGON: Two points!

HEATHER: Why Largon, you're just as cute as you can be.

RANGER: (*Feeling a little left out.*) I can play Space Wars on my computer. No one can shoot those alien zombies like I can...

HEATHER: (*Ignoring Ranger.*) Can you dance, Largon?

LARGON: I am a regular boogie machine.

(*Nicole and Heather laugh with excitement.*)

NICOLE: Well, let's see what you are made of. Crank up some music, Randy.

RANGER: Ranger.

NICOLE: Whatever. (*Takes Largon by the hands.*) Come on, Largon, let's dance.

RANGER: I'm not sure that's a very good idea.

HEATHER: Nicole, I wanted to dance with Largon.

NICOLE: Okay, but I'm first.

HEATHER: I'm first.

RANGER: (*To himself.*) I'm dead.

**LARGON**  
**25**

NICOLE: Rocky, the music!

RANGER: Ranger!

NICOLE/HEATHER: Whatever.

*(Ranger turns on the music. Nicole and Largon dance a jig while Heather watches with contempt. Heather takes the remote from Ranger and points it to the television. She presses buttons trying to get the TV to come on. Ranger is terrified and tries to retrieve the remote but to no avail. When Heather pushes a button, Largon responds. Largon freezes, then dances, then freezes, then dances, then freezes, then dances. Largon pushes over a chair. He falls on the floor and rolls around. He stands and does jumping jacks. Nicole stops dancing and watches, confused. Ranger grabs the remote and presses a button. Largon freezes. Nicole turns off the music.)*

NICOLE: Largon, are you all right?

HEATHER: *(Looking away from the television.)* What's going on?

*(Ranger presses a button.)*

RANGER: Largon, speak to me.

LARGON: My name is Largon. What's yours? I'm singing in the rain, singing in the rain. And it's a touchdown! Twinkle, twinkle, little star. Oh yeah! Chitty chitty bang bang I love you! Owww, man. A-B-C-D-E-F-G-I-Joe, Luke Skywalker!

HEATHER: Largon, are you feeling all right?

LARGON: Never better, baby!

NICOLE: You're a great dancer, Largon. Would you go to the dance with me this Friday night?

LARGON: I would love to —

RANGER: *(Quickly.)* But he can't.

HEATHER: Wait a minute! I was going to ask him to go with me to the dance!

NICOLE: You're going with Justin.

**[END OF FREEVIEW]**