

How To WIN  
A ONE-ACT PLAY  
COMPETITION



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## How To WIN A ONE-ACT PLAY COMPETITION

**COMEDY.** After learning that the winning plays in the one-act play competition are always tragedies, a local high school drama teacher writes her own “fresh” Greek tragedy, “Euripinitis Travels to Hades.” It features plenty of crying, screaming, and togas, which makes this onstage tragedy a real-life tragedy! Outlandish fun with scene-stealers for every actor. Easy to stage.

**Performance Time:** Approximately 60 minutes.

## CHARACTERS

(3 M, 7 F, 10 flexible, opt. extras)

**LINDSEY:** Plays Euripinitis, the lead character; female.

**BILLY:** Plays the comedy-loving Sidekick; male.

**MCKENNA:** Plays the Sidekick's Sidekick; female.

**DONKEY:** Plays Euripinitis's donkey; flexible.

**VULTURE:** Plays the vulture; flexible.

**STEVE:** Plays Charon the ferryman; male.

**ORACLE:** Plays the Oracle; flexible.

**HEAD 1:** Plays one of the Cyclops's heads; flexible.

**HEAD 2:** Plays one of the Cyclops's heads; flexible.

**NEDRA:** Plays Perosophoklitias, the ring bearer; female.

**MARCY:** Chorus member; female.

**SHELLY:** Chorus member; female.

**CHORUS 1:** Experienced chorus member; flexible.

**CHORUS 2:** Chorus member; female.

**CHORUS 3:** Chorus member; first time being in a play; flexible.

**DIRECTOR:** Drama teacher and director; flexible.

**TECH GUY/GAL:** Plays Head 3, one of the Cyclops's heads; flexible.

**NARRATOR 1/SANDY:** Speaks with smooth announcer's voice; thinks Narrator 2 has a crush on her; female.

**NARRATOR 2:** Speaks with a smooth announcer's voice; male.

**PROP MASTER:** Voice of Cyclops who has an annoying voice; flexible.

**EXTRAS (opt.):** As Judges and additional Chorus Members.

## SETTING

A bare stage.

## SET

A bare stage.

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

**Scene 1:** Bare stage, auditions for the school's one-act competition play.

**Scene 2:** Bare stage, rehearsal for actors playing heroes.

**Scene 3:** Bare stage, rehearsal for actors playing the chorus.

**Scene 4:** Bare stage, rehearsal for actors playing villains.

**Scene 5:** Bare stage, the next day. Chorus rehearsal.

**Scene 6:** Bare stage, rehearsal for actors playing villains.

**Scene 7:** Day of the one-act play competition.

## PROPS

20 Scripts with "Euripinitis Travels to Hades" on the cover  
Pole  
Bag containing pink fairy costume, for Steve  
Stopwatch, for Tech Guy  
Blocks for Chorus to stand on  
Toga for Chorus 1, Chorus 3, Shelly, Marcy, Narrator 1,  
Narrator 2, Donkey, Lindsey, McKenna, Oracle  
Fancy toga, for Chorus 2  
Toga and feathers, for Vulture  
McDonald's Filet-O-Fish wrapper  
Cardboard cutout of a boat  
Small table  
Onions  
Knife (plastic)  
Puppet, for Cyclops's third head  
3 Blindfolds and 3 fake eyes for Cyclops's heads  
Veil, for Nedra  
Ring

## SPECIAL EFFECTS

Crash  
Runway music

"CHANT IT LIKE  
YOU'RE PART OF  
SOME WEIRD CULT!"

—DIRECTOR

## SCENE 1

(AT RISE: A bare school stage. Auditions for the school's drama competition play. Chorus 1 is onstage. The Director is sitting in the audience.)

CHORUS 1: *(Melodramatically.)* "And because my love has shoved off this mortal coil, I have no reason to remain! I shall use this dagger that I see before me. *(Grabs an imaginary dagger.)* Don't worry, my love. I shall join you quickly. And now I shall say goodbye to this mortal coil. Goodbye, mortal coil. Catchya on the flippity-flop. *(Stabs herself with the imaginary dagger. Melodramatically dies.)* Die! Die! Die!"

DIRECTOR: *(From audience, shouts.)* Next!

*(Chorus 1 gets up and exits. Steve enters.)*

STEVE: Hello, my name is Steve, and I will be performing an original monologue written by myself entitled, "Death of a Dying Dead Man." *(Bows his head. Dramatically.)* "Oh, Death! Where is thy keen sting? Thou hast stalked me to my final resting place. I am at the end of my rope and about to bite the big one. The Bone Bayou is just over there by Boothill and the farm I am about to purchase. *(Grabs an imaginary dagger.)* With this dagger, I shall make a croaking sound, curl up my toes, and place pennies on my eyes. The vultures are circling as I wait in the halo line and join the Choir Invisible to become a maggot factory. I shall now push up the daisies. *(Stabs himself with the imaginary dagger. Dramatically dies.)* Die! Die! Die!"

DIRECTOR: *(From audience, shouts.)* Thank you!

*(Steve gets up and bows. Director comes up onstage.)*

STEVE: How was the dying part?

DIRECTOR: Wasn't the whole thing the dying part? (*To Actors offstage, calls.*) Everyone, onstage!

(*Actors enter.*)

CHORUS 1: How was my dying part?

(*Director ignores her.*)

DIRECTOR: (*To Actors.*) Everyone, sit down on the stage! Quickly, please! All right, that concludes the auditions for the drama competition play. I thought it was interesting that each and every one of you decided to do a dying scene for your monologue.

MARCY: You said the play we're doing is a tragedy.

DIRECTOR: Just because it's a tragedy doesn't mean it has to have death in it.

DONKEY: It doesn't? I thought that was the definition of tragedy.

DIRECTOR: No, a tragedy is when the main character is brought to ruin or suffers extreme sorrow.

VULTURE: What does "brought to ruin" mean?

DIRECTOR: It's like when the main character loses everything important to him in his life.

ORACLE: So he dies.

DIRECTOR: No. Well, he can die, but he doesn't have to.

MARCY: (*Correcting.*) Uh, the main character can be a *she* as well as a *he*.

DIRECTOR: (*Annoyed.*) Thank you, Marcy. He or *she* can die, but he or *she* doesn't have to.

LINDSEY: What's an example of a tragedy?

DIRECTOR: "Romeo and Juliet."

MARCY: Don't they die?

DIRECTOR: Yes, but they don't have to.

LINDSEY: I'm confused. Name another tragedy.

DIRECTOR: Uh, "Hamlet."

MARCY: The bodies are piled up to the roof in that one.

DIRECTOR: "Henry the Fifth," "Othello," "King Lear."

MARCY: Death, death, and more death.

LINDSEY: *(To Director.)* Name a tragedy without death in it.

DIRECTOR: Well, there's, um... *(Thinks.)* I can't think of one right now, but they do exist.

HEAD 2: In the tragedy that we're doing, is there a death?

DIRECTOR: Actually, yes, there is. But there are many ways death can occur, but in every one of your auditions, you guys used a dagger!

LINDSEY: How does the main character die in the play we're doing?

DIRECTOR: *(Embarrassed.)* A dagger.

STEVE: Great minds think alike, I guess.

HEAD 1: *(To Director.)* So what play are we doing?

DIRECTOR: I'm glad you asked. At the end of last year, the principal came to me and walked me down to the trophy case and he showed me all the trophies our school has won: football trophies, baseball trophies, basketball, tennis, cross country. In every sport, this school has multiple trophies.

NEDRA: I guess that shows where our priorities are.

DIRECTOR: That's what I thought. But then he also showed me trophies for band, choir, culinary arts, debate, and robotics. Even the lunch ladies have a trophy.

CHORUS 1: What?! They set off the fire alarm more than anyone!

DIRECTOR: I know, right? Then he said to me that the only organization that doesn't have a trophy is the Theatre Department and he wants us to win first place.

SHELLY: I thought we all get a trophy. Aren't we all winners, no matter how much we lose?

CHORUS 3: No, Shelly, that's not how real life works. We actually have to earn the trophy.

STEVE: Yeah, but theater is different than sports. In football, if you score more points than the other team you win. There's no question who the winner is. But in the one-act

play festival, we're judged by these guys who just give their opinion of who they like the best. How do we know they're not just judging us by who has the cutest girls?

CHORUS 2: (*Tosses her hair.*) Because we haven't won yet.

MARCY: (*To Steve.*) Hey, the judges could be *girls* too, you know. So they could be judging us on who has the cutest boys.

NARRATOR 1: I hope not.

BILLY: Hey!

DIRECTOR: They're not judging on cuteness...I don't think. But you do bring up a good point. Before, we had no idea what the judges were basing their opinions on. That's why this summer I looked at all the winners of all the drama competitions in the state for the last ten years, and guess what type of plays win 99 percent of the time?

NARRATOR 2: Plays about sports?

BILLY: (*To Director.*) Comedies?! Comedies are awesome! We should do a comedy!

MARCY: (*To Director.*) Tragedies?

DIRECTOR: Exactly! Tragedies!

BILLY: Tragedies?! I hate tragedies!

DIRECTOR: And what kind of plays do you think 99 percent of all the tragedies were?

TECH GUY: Comedies? They were tragedy-slash-comedies?

MARCY: Those are opposites, you stupid genius.

PROP MASTER: Maybe they were so tragic that they were funny.

DIRECTOR: Nope, not comedies. They were classical plays. Classical tragedies.

CHORUS 1: What's does "classical" mean?

VULTURE: It means that there are a lot of "thees," "thys" and "thous" in it. (*Dramatically.*) "Oh thy, thou art over there by thee."

CHORUS 3: (*To Chorus 1.*) No, it means it's really old.

STEVE: (*To Director.*) It's simple! We'll just do a Shakespeare play.

DIRECTOR: We could, but Shakespeare's plays are all really long. Many of them have five acts and this is a one-act play competition with a time limit.

LINDSEY: Then what are we going to do?

DIRECTOR: There's more to it than just being a classical tragedy. The judges also want something modern and fresh. I spent the whole summer analyzing the winning plays, and I compiled a comprehensive study of what elements the judges like to see in a one-act play. And we are going to execute each and every one of them!

DONKEY: How are we gonna find a play that caters to all the judges' preferences?

DIRECTOR: That's the best part! I wrote it!

*(Director expects the Cast to be excited, but they just stare at him blankly.)*

ORACLE: Have you ever written a play before?

DIRECTOR: No, but I figured...how hard could it be? Plus, I added all the elements the judges like. It's in the style of classical Greek tragedies. It's called, "Euripinitis Travels to Hades."

HEAD 2: Sounds lame.

NEDRA: *(To Director.)* Yeah, maybe we should stick to something that's already proven.

DIRECTOR: We're doing my play, "Euripinitis Travels to Hades"! End of discussion! We start rehearsal tomorrow. I will post the cast list and rehearsal schedule on my door. Goodnight!

*(Director exits in a huff. Blackout.)*

**SCENE 2**

(AT RISE: Bare school stage. Rehearsal for Actors playing heroes. Lindsey, Billy, McKenna, Donkey, and Vulture enter and take out their scripts.)

BILLY: (To others.) Guess what?! I think I'm the lead!

LINDSEY: Why do think you're the lead?

BILLY: Because one: The rehearsal schedule said that today is hero rehearsal, so that means we all must be heroes. And two: My character's name is Euripinitis, and the play is called "Euripinitis Travels to Hades." So the play is about me. And three: I'm clearly the hero type. Watch this! (Majestic hero stance.) "Don't worry! I'll save the day!" (To others.) You guys must be my sidekicks or something.

(Director enters.)

DIRECTOR: (To Lindsey, Billy, McKenna, Donkey, and Vulture.) Are we ready to start?

LINDSEY: We have a problem. You said that the judges like classical tragedies, but you also said they like plays that are modern and fresh. So you wrote a fresh, modern, classical tragedy, but you forgot that all the old, stale classical tragedies have men as the heroes. If you want this play to be fresh and modern, you've got to have a female as the title character.

BILLY: Whoa! Whoa! That's just absolutely —

DIRECTOR: Brilliant! Lindsey, you are now Euripinitis. And, Billy, you're now the sidekick.

BILLY: (Disappointed.) Ah, man...

MCKENNA: Smooth, Lindsey, real smooth.

DIRECTOR: (To Actors.) Okay, let's start.

VULTURE: But everyone's not here yet.

DIRECTOR: We're rehearsing in groups. I can't work with all of you at the same time, so we're just doing heroes right now.

DONKEY: My character's name is Donkey. That's a weird name for a hero.

DIRECTOR: That's because you *are* a donkey. (*Donkey stares at him.*) You're the donkey on which the hero rides. (*Donkey stares at him.*) He... (*Realizes.*) ...I mean, *she* rides on your back.

(*Donkey reluctantly gets down on all fours. Lindsey sits on Donkey's back.*)

LINDSEY: Awesome! I get my own ride! Yee-haw!

DIRECTOR: Easy, easy! Now, in this scene, Euripinitis enters for the very first time riding on his... (*Realizes.*) ...I mean, *her* donkey. Billy, you're now the sidekick, Helena, who is walking beside him... (*Realizes.*) ...I mean, *her*.

BILLY: "Helena"? That's a girl's name!

DIRECTOR: (*Realizes.*) Oh, yeah. Let's change it to, uh... (*Thinks. To Actors.*) What's a boy's name that starts with an "H" and sounds Greek?

MCKENNA: "Halitosis"?

DONKEY: (*To Director.*) "Hyperactive"?

VULTURE: (*To Director.*) "Hemorrhoid"?

DIRECTOR: No, those are just words that describe Billy.

BILLY: (*Insulted.*) Hey!

DIRECTOR: That's a plant. How about "Harold"?

BILLY: Fine.

DIRECTOR: (*To Actors, continuing.*) Now, Harold is walking next to Euripinitis, who's riding on her Donkey, and Aphroniti—

MCKENNA: That's me!

DIRECTOR: (*To Actors, continuing.*) Is walking next to Harold because she is his sidekick.

BILLY: I thought I was the sidekick.

LINDSEY: You're my sidekick and... *(Indicating McKenna.)*  
...she's your sidekick.

VULTURE: The sidekick has a sidekick? *(To Director.)* What  
am I...the sidekick's sidekick's sidekick?

DIRECTOR: No, you're the vulture that is constantly circling  
them. You are symbolic of... *(With tones of doom.)*  
...impending doom...that is always following them.

VULTURE: *(Disappointed.)* I'm just a bird? Do I even have  
any lines?

DIRECTOR: Sure, a little later. Right now, you're circling.  
*(Vulture flaps her arms and "flies" in large circles around the  
others.)* And Euripinitis is riding the Donkey and the  
Sidekicks are walking beside them. Go. *(Donkey starts  
"walking" on his hands and knees.)* And say your lines.

LINDSEY: *(As Euripinitis, reading from script.)* "This looks like  
a good place to stop."

BILLY: *(To Director.)* Hey, we should bang two coconut  
halves together like Monty Python!

DIRECTOR: *(Annoyed.)* This is not a comedy! We are doing  
classical theatre!

BILLY: But that would be classic!

DIRECTOR: Keep going!

BILLY: *(Realizes.)* Oh! It's my line. Um... *(As Sidekick. To  
Euripinitis, reads.)* "Here we are, Master. This is where  
we're supposed to meet the Oracle."

MCKENNA: *(As Sidekick's Sidekick, reads.)* "He'll be here any  
minute. Get off your...donkey."

DIRECTOR: *(To Actors.)* Okay, this is where the Oracle comes  
out.

VULTURE: Shouldn't the Oracle be here to be able to come  
out?

DIRECTOR: The Oracle is a villain, so just pretend the Oracle  
enters stage left from behind the curtain.

*(Actors face SL.)*

LINDSEY: (*As Euripinitis, reads script.*) "Hark, I hear an approaching commotion."

DIRECTOR: (*To Actors.*) And the Oracle enters and gives a big speech telling you that you must go on a journey to Hades and recover the ring that Perosophoklities took with her when she died.

MCKENNA: What's Hades?

DONKEY: It's the afterlife in Greek mythology.

VULTURE: She took a ring to the afterlife? I thought you can't take it with you.

DIRECTOR: Sometimes, in classical Greek tragedies, you can. (*To Lindsey.*) And you need this ring to give to your fiancé.

LINDSEY: (*Excited.*) I'm engaged? To whom? Did I ask him? Or did he ask me? Is the ring special or something? Why don't we just get a different non-Hades-trapped ring? Is he cute? When are we getting married?

DIRECTOR: Her... (*Realizes.*) ...I mean, *his* father won't let you get officially engaged until you have this ring and a date for the wedding. But she... (*Realizes.*) ...I mean, *he* won't set the date until you give him the ring.

VULTURE: Which is in Hades.

MCKENNA: (*To Director, excited.*) So we're going on a quest!

DIRECTOR: Exactly. (*To Billy.*) Now, here, the Oracle attacks you.

BILLY: Why? I thought we were just getting information from him.

DONKEY: Maybe because of your next line.

BILLY: (*As Sidekick, reads.*) "You are one ugly oracle."

VULTURE: That would do it.

DIRECTOR: Let's choreograph the battle.

LINDSEY: Won't that be a bit difficult without the Oracle actually being here?

DIRECTOR: Oh, yeah. We'll do all that later, except for the final blow. Lindsey... (*Realizes.*) ...I mean, Euripinitis, you smash the Oracle one final time and win the battle.

LINDSEY: I smash the Oracle with what?

DIRECTOR: Your dagger.

LINDSEY: Are you nuts?! They'll shut the play down, and I'll get suspended! I ain't carryin' a weapon!

DIRECTOR: It's not a *real* dagger. It'll be a prop dagger.

MCKENNA: It doesn't matter. Remember a couple of months ago that kid got suspended for carrying a stick onto school property? They said it looked too much like a knife.

VULTURE: *(To Director.)* And that other kid did the loser sign on his forehead, and they said it was making a gun gesture and suspended him.

DONKEY: *(To Director.)* And then, last month, a teacher asked a girl how she liked a movie, and she did a thumbs-up, and they gave her a half-suspension for making a half-a-gun gesture.

MCKENNA: *(To Director.)* In our composition class, we're forbidden to use the capital "L" because if you turn it sideways, it could resemble a gun.

DIRECTOR: Okay, I get the point! What are we gonna do? *(To Lindsey.)* You have to slay the final beast with a dagger.

BILLY: I have an idea! Why don't we do the dagger just like we all did in our audition monologues?

VULTURE: What?! Pantomime a dagger? *Lame!*

BILLY: No, we just add some lines about how Euripinitis has a dagger that's magically imbued to make it invisible.

DONKEY: *(To Director.)* That way, we have a dagger without really having a dagger!

DIRECTOR: I think that could work.

LINDSEY: Unless the school bans all invisible fantasy weapons.

DIRECTOR: Let's hope not. Hey, what if Euripinitis gets the dagger from the Oracle? That would explain why it's magically –

LINDSEY: Invisible?

DIRECTOR: No. *(To Billy.)* What was the word you used?

BILLY: "Imbued."

DIRECTOR: Right. "Magically *imbued* to be invisible."

LINDSEY: So during the struggle, I disarm and slay –

DIRECTOR: Not slay, just bash.

LINDSEY: I don't kill the Oracle?

DIRECTOR: No, he comes back later on. You just knock him unconscious.

LINDSEY: With a dagger? How do you knock someone out with an invisible dagger?

BILLY: *(Correcting.)* A magically invisible dagger.

DIRECTOR: *(To Lindsey.)* I dunno... *(Thinks.)* ...use the flat side?

LINDSEY: Fine.

*(For the following, the Actors pantomime the Director's stage directions.)*

DIRECTOR: *(To Actors.)* Do this: The Oracle gets thrown by the Sidekicks over to Donkey. *(Sidekicks throw "Oracle" to Donkey.)* Then Donkey kicks the Oracle back to Euripinitis. *(Donkey donkey-kicks "Oracle" with both feet.)* Wait. I want Donkey to be facing the audience. *(To Donkey.)* We need to see your face.

DONKEY: *(Facing audience.)* But then I'd have to kick like this. *(Kicks one foot out to the side.)*

BILLY: Great, now we have three sidekicks. Get it..."sidekick"? *(Laughs.)*

LINDSEY: Boo! Now I hit the Oracle over the head with the flat side of the dagger. Flat side strike!

*(Lindsey pantomimes hitting the Oracle with the flat side of the imaginary dagger. Billy makes a sound effect.)*

MCKENNA: *(To Director.)* The Oracle's unconscious. Now what?

DIRECTOR: Keep going in your script.

*(Actors refer to their scripts.)*

MCKENNA: (*As Sidekick's Sidekick, reads.*) "The Oracle's unconscious." Now what?

LINDSEY: (*As Euripinitis, reads.*) "Because of the information we retrieved from the Oracle, we now know the location of the ring. It resides with Perosophoklitias in Hades!"

BILLY: (*Sings.*) "Dum! Dum! Dum!" (*To Director, normal voice.*) Is that cool? Can I sing that? It's like in a detective story when they find out who the bad guy is! (*Sings.*) "Dum! Dum! Dum!"

DIRECTOR: That's what the Chorus is for.

VULTURE: (*Excited.*) There's a chorus? I didn't know this was a musical!

DIRECTOR: It's not. In Greek theater, they had choruses that would chant and sing things about what was going on.

BILLY: Cool! So where are they gonna be?

DIRECTOR: I'm blocking them next. In fact, our time is up. I'll see you guys tomorrow.

MCKENNA: (*To Director, exiting.*) That fight scene's gonna be awesome!

DONKEY: (*Exiting.*) How are we gonna make me look like a donkey?

DIRECTOR: (*Exiting.*) Let me open the costume room for you...

(*Actors and Director exit. Blackout.*)

### SCENE 3

(AT RISE: Bare school stage. Rehearsal for Actors playing the chorus. Chorus 1, 2, 3, Marcy, and Shelly enter with scripts.)

CHORUS 1: (To others, excited.) All right! Blocking rehearsals!

CHORUS 2: (Excited.) I love blocking rehearsals!

CHORUS 3: What are blocking rehearsals?

CHORUS 1: I keep forgetting this is your first play.

CHORUS 2: (To Chorus 3.) They're really fun. It's where you figure out your movement onstage.

MARCY: (To Chorus 3.) Like, on this line, you cross over to this side of the stage.

SHELLY: (To Chorus 3.) And when you say this line, you cross over here and sit down. Stuff like that.

CHORUS 3: I hope I have a lot of lines.

CHORUS 1: Me, too.

CHORUS 2: We all do.

(Director enters.)

DIRECTOR: Good, you're all here. Time for chorus rehearsal!

MARCY: (Disappointed.) Chorus rehearsal? We're just chorus members?

SHELLY: (To Director.) Chorus?! That's like saying we're just extras.

CHORUS 1: (To Director.) Extras? We're just extras?

CHORUS 2: (To Director.) That's like saying, "You weren't good enough to play a real part, so we'll make you an extra."

SHELLY: (To other Actors.) We won't have any lines!

CHORUS 3: (To other Actors.) Great, my first play, and I'm an extra. My brother was an extra in his third-grade production of "The Forest is Our Friend." (To Director.) So, what's my part? A rock? A bush? A woodland creature?

DIRECTOR: You guys got it all wrong! In Greek tragedies, the chorus is the most important part!

MARCY: Really? If the Chorus is so important, then why didn't you list us as chorus members on the cast list?

DIRECTOR: Because I didn't want you to know you were just chorus members and didn't have an important part.

CHORUS 3: A tree? An acorn? A background street-crosser?

DIRECTOR: No, really, in Greek tragedies the chorus was onstage the whole time. You guys have more stage time than anyone else.

SHELLY: That sounds good. Maybe it's not so bad.

CHORUS 2: *(To Director.)* Then let's do the blocking. I can't wait to see all the wonderful movements, grand entrances, majestic actions, and intricate interactions between all the characters. On with the blocking!

DIRECTOR: *(Calls.)* Stage crew! Bring on the blocking!

*(Tech Guy, Prop Master, and Announcer 1, 2 enter carrying rehearsal blocks.)*

TECH GUY: Where do you want 'em?

DIRECTOR: Upstage, over there. *(Points.)* Put them all together to form a platform.

*(Tech Guy, Prop Master, and Announcer 1, 2 set all the blocks where the Director indicates. Note: They bring on more blocks, if needed.)*

CHORUS 1: What are we supposed to do with these?

DIRECTOR: *(Assisting the Actors up on the blocks.)* You stand up here during the show. This is your blocking.

NARRATOR 1: *(In a smooth announcer's voice.)* Anything else?

*(Director freezes and stares at Narrator 1.)*

DIRECTOR: Say that again.

NARRATOR 1: *(In a smooth announcer's voice.)* "Anything else?"

DIRECTOR: You have a wonderful voice!

NARRATOR 2: What about me? Check this out! *(In a smooth, suave voice.)* "Anything else?"

DIRECTOR: Wow! You, too? Are you related?

NARRATOR 1: I wish.

NARRATOR 2: You do?

NARRATOR 1: Yeah, then you wouldn't be hitting on me all the time!

NARRATOR 2: I don't hit on you!

NARRATOR 1: What do you call this? *(Imitating Narrator 2.)* "Hey, Sandy, can you hand me that hammer?"

NARRATOR 2: I call it, "I needed a hammer, and I wanted you to hand it to me 'cause I was up on a ladder!"

NARRATOR 1: More likely you wanted our hands to *accidentally* touch.

NARRATOR 2: Oh, right! Like I'd want to touch your hand and risk getting cooties all over me!

NARRATOR 1: I don't have cootie hands, you slimy bowl of pus!

NARRATOR 2: Watch who you're calling slimy, you malodorous canker sore!

DIRECTOR: What wonderful voices! I have the perfect part for you guys!

NARRATOR 2: As long as I don't have to be near this... *(Indicating Narrator 1.)* ...nasty malignant infection.

NARRATOR 1: *(To Director.)* And I'd prefer if I wasn't in the same scenes as this dirty, discolored blemish, which has nestled himself on the hind end of our production.

DIRECTOR: Perfect! Meet with me later.

PROP MASTER: *(Has a terrible/annoying voice.)* Do you have a part for me?

DIRECTOR: Uh... *(Slight pause.)* Thank you, tech crew! Go build something! Thank you.

*(Prop Master sulks off. Tech Guy, Narrator 1, 2 exit.)*

CHORUS 2: So we just stand here the whole time?

DIRECTOR: You don't just stand here. You stand here wearing togas!

SHELLY: We get to wear togas...like the Vikings?!

MARCY: No, you idiot. Like at parties.

CHORUS: *(Chants.)* Toga! Toga! Toga!

DIRECTOR: Perfect! You guys sound exactly like a chorus already!

MARCY: What do you mean?

DIRECTOR: In the classical Greek tragedies, the chorus would stand somewhere onstage and sing or chant the important things that were happening. But here's the deal: When I studied the winning plays, I learned that the judges are obsessed with perfect diction. So let's practice. Everyone say, "Euripinitis."

CHORUS: *(Extremely sloppy with poor diction and volume.)* Euripinitis.

DIRECTOR: Hold on. *(Moving them around so Chorus 2 is in the front and middle. To Chorus 2.)* Let's put you right up front. There, that's better.

CHORUS 3: Why does *she* get to be in the front?

DIRECTOR: Just in case they do judge by who has the cutest girls. *(Chorus grumbles. To Chorus.)* Again, but more volume and better diction. Ready, go!

CHORUS: *(Sloppy, quietly.)* "Euripinitis."

DIRECTOR: Look, there's a little old lady with a hearing aid sitting all the way in the back row, and she can't hear or understand you.

CHORUS 1: *(Peering out into the audience.)* I told her to meet me out front. *(Calls.)* I'm not done yet, Gram Grams!

CHORUS 2: *(Peering out into the audience.)* I don't see anyone.

DIRECTOR: There's no one there right now, but during the competition, you have to project for that little old lady in the back.

CHORUS 3: Why do they get deaf old ladies to judge?

CHORUS 1: My grandma's a judge? We're dead.

DIRECTOR: You guys don't understand. There's not gonna be a deaf old lady. You just have to speak as if—as if—there's a deaf old lady in the back row.

MARCY: Then who are we performing for?

DIRECTOR: Three judges.

MARCY: Why don't they just sit in the front row?

SHELLY: *(To Director.)* Let me get this straight: They want us to travel to another school; cram all our props, set pieces, and costumes on the bus; perform in a space we've never been in before; and project well enough to fill an auditorium that seats 1,200 people, but in reality, there will only be three judges?

DIRECTOR: And have perfect blocking.

*(Chorus 1 slips off the blocks and falls down.)*

CHORUS 1: *(Jumping back up.)* Sorry, my blocking is slippery.

DIRECTOR: *(To Chorus.)* Let's try it again: "Euripinitis." Ready? One, two, three!

CHORUS: *(Perfectly.)* Euripinitis.

DIRECTOR: Excellent! Let's try your first line. Everyone, open up your scripts to page one.

*(Chorus Members open their scripts.)*

MARCY: Do we sing this or chant it?

DIRECTOR: Chant it like you're part of some weird cult! Ready? Go!

CHORUS: *(Chants.)* "The hero, Euripinitis, approaches on his donkey."

DIRECTOR: Actually, Euripinitis is now a girl, so change that to "her donkey."

MARCY: Yes! One more step toward equality!

CHORUS: (*Chants.*) "The hero, Euripinitis, approaches on his... oops... her donkey."

DIRECTOR: Good! This is exciting! Go to your next line. Page two. Ready, go!

CHORUS: (*Chants.*) "The Oracle comes...with a big box of fish."

DIRECTOR: Wait, what? What was that about fish?

CHORUS: (*Chants.*) "With a big box of fish."

DIRECTOR: Why are you saying that?

CHORUS 1: That's what the script says.

CHORUS 2: (*To Director.*) "The Oracle comes with a big box of fish."

DIRECTOR: (*Realizes.*) Oh! Oh, yeah! I changed that. I'm sorry, I must have printed out an older version of the script for you. Just cut that part out. We don't want any fish. Try it again, this time without the fish.

CHORUS: (*Chants.*) "The Oracle comes...with a big box."

DIRECTOR: No, no. Just "The Oracle comes."

CHORUS 3: I have a question. If there's no fish, then what's in the box?

DIRECTOR: There is no box.

SHELLY: Then what does he carry the fish in?

MARCY: The Oracle doesn't have to be a *boy*, you know. (*To Director.*) Who's playing the Oracle? Boy or girl?

DIRECTOR: (*To Chorus.*) It doesn't matter! Look, the Oracle just enters without a box of fish.

CHORUS 1: Maybe he or she should carry the fish in a net like he or she just caught them.

DIRECTOR: No! For the last time, there is no net, there is no box, and there are no fish! Just cross that part out of your script so that it reads, "The Oracle comes"!

(*Chorus Members mark their scripts.*)

CHORUS: (*Chants.*) "The Oracle comes."

DIRECTOR: Thank you. Now, one more line, and you're dismissed. Find your next line. Ready, and go.

CHORUS: (*Chants.*) "Approaching from the north is the hideous three-headed Cyclops...with a fishing pole."

(*Frustrated, Director sighs. Blackout.*)

## SCENE 4

(AT RISE: Bare school stage. Rehearsal for Actors playing villains. Steve, Oracle, Nedra, and Head 1, 2 enter with scripts.)

STEVE: (To other Actors.) Mu-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! I'm a villain!

HEAD 1: Why do we have to be the bad guys? I'd rather be a good guy.

STEVE: Are you kidding?! Villains have the best parts!

HEAD 1: How so?

STEVE: You're a good guy in real life, right?

HEAD 1: I'd like to think so.

STEVE: I mean, if you saw a kitten trapped in a burning building, would you save it?

HEAD 1: Yes, of course.

STEVE: All right, so you're a good guy. Now, if you're a good guy in real life— (Head 1 starts crying.) What's the matter? Did you get something in your eye?

HEAD 1: I'm just thinking about that poor little kitten trapped in the fire. He's so cute and the flames are closing in on him.

STEVE: It's just a hypothetical kitten. It isn't real.

HEAD 1: (Crying.) I know, but just the thought of it gets to me. His cute little whiskers, his tiny paws, his orange fur...and he's always jumping and pouncing and playing, and he's always climbing up on me and purring. And then the building catches fire!

STEVE: Okay, now think about how the fireman breaks in, saves him, brings him out, and puts him in your arms safe and sound.

HEAD 1: (Surprised.) He's safe?! Oh, I'm so happy!

STEVE: I think we've definitely established that in real life you're a good guy, which means that onstage you can completely change who you are. You get to be someone completely different. How exciting is that?!

HEAD 1: I never thought of it like that before. I guess you're right. If I was a good guy, it's like I'd be playing myself.

STEVE: Right. This is your chance to be really bad without really being bad. *(To Head 2.)* What about you?

HEAD 2: Nah, I'm just gonna play myself. I like being bad.

*(Director enters.)*

DIRECTOR: Are all the villains here?

ORACLE: All present and accounted for.

HEAD 2: *(To Director.)* It says that my part is "Head 2." What's that?

DIRECTOR: You are the second head of the three-headed Cyclops.

HEAD 2: Cool. I'm totally bad.

HEAD 1: *(To Director.)* What am I?

DIRECTOR: You are Head 1. *(To Oracle.)* And you're the Oracle.

STEVE: It says my character's name is Charon. Is that like I'm charin' my steak 'cause I like it charbroiled over charcoal briquettes?

DIRECTOR: Actually, it's pronounced [Karen]. [kâr'en]

STEVE: Karen? That's a girl's name!

DIRECTOR: Not in ancient Greece.

STEVE: But I'm a boy!

DIRECTOR: Yes, Charon is a boy's part. Don't worry, it's just pronounced Karen. It's not a statement against your manhood.

STEVE: *(Apprehensive.)* All right, but it better be something tough. What is Charon?

DIRECTOR: Euripinitis has to get to the other side of the River Styx. You're the ferryman.

STEVE: *(Upset.)* Fairy...like Tinker Bell?!

ORACLE: It's a chance for you to be someone completely different. How exciting is that?!

DIRECTOR: *(To Steve.)* No, not that kind of fairy. A ferryboat...you're the boatman.

STEVE: The boatman?

DIRECTOR: You get to dress like the Grim Reaper.

STEVE: *(Relieved.)* Grim Reaper, huh? Okay, that sounds good 'cause if my dad ever saw me dressed up like Tinker Bell, that would be the end of my acting career.

DIRECTOR: Now that that's settled...the first villain that Euripinitis comes to is the Oracle.

ORACLE: That's me! "Euripinitis, I have watched you since you were a little—"

DIRECTOR: First, you have to enter. *(Pushing Oracle to SL.)* So go behind the curtain stage left.

ORACLE: I think I should enter from stage right.

NEDRA: Why?

ORACLE: Because we read from left to right. So if I enter from stage right, the audience will see me on their left, and then I move right, which follows the natural way everyone is used to when they read. Of course, in a foreign land where they read from right to left, then I would naturally enter from stage left and move right.

NEDRA: In what country do they read right to left?

ORACLE: Persia...and Canada, I think. And maybe Arkansas.

DIRECTOR: Just enter from over there.

*(Director shoves Oracle off SL. Oracle enters.)*

ORACLE: *(Without script.)* "Euripinitis, I have watched you since you were a little boy. I am the Oracle. I must tell you that your father will never let you marry unless you have the ring of Perosophoklities! Unfortunately, when Perosophoklities died in a tragic chariot accident, she took the ring with her to the land of the dead, even Hades!"

HEAD 1: Wow, he's already memorized it.

ORACLE: That's right, I stayed up all night to memorize that.

DIRECTOR: Only one problem: Euripinitis is now a *girl*.

ORACLE: But I memorized it as him being a boy.

DIRECTOR: Just change it to, "I have watched you since you were a little girl."

ORACLE: But I memorized it as him being a boy.

DIRECTOR: Change it! Go on...

ORACLE: That's all I have memorized. (*Opens script.*) Okay, and it's not my line. It's Euripinitis's.

DIRECTOR: Just do your lines and pretend he— (*Realizes.*) I mean, *she* is saying hers.

ORACLE: Uh... (*Reading from script, in character.*) "Yes, Hades! (*Pretending to hear Euripinitis's line, listens.*) Because your future father-in-law is very strict in the observance of our cultural courting and nuptial rituals. (*Listens.*) No, I'm totally serious. (*Listens.*) Sure. (*Listens.*) Whatever." (*To Director.*) Oh! I had an idea last night when I was reading the script. Right here, Euripinitis says, "Do you mind if I shake your hand?" My next line is, "No." But I wanted to say it like this. (*Makes a dramatic face like he can't decide and then finally extends his hand.*) "No." Is that good?

DIRECTOR: Sure. The judges like dramatic, so the more dramatic you can make it, the better. Keep going.

ORACLE: (*Makes a strange face like he can't decide and then really draws it out melodramatically.*) "No. (*Extends hand and then listens.*) What did you call me? Haiiiiiiiya!" (*Breaks character.*) It says I attack them.

NEDRA: (*To Director.*) Why does he attack them?

DIRECTOR: One of Euripinitis's assistants insults him.

HEAD 2: Do I get to attack him?

DIRECTOR: Yes.

HEAD 2: Right now?

DIRECTOR: No, later. What will happen, Oracle, is you'll get kicked by the Donkey, then you'll fly back over here, get bashed by an invisible dagger, and fall unconscious.

ORACLE: Don't you mean *stabbed* by a dagger?

DIRECTOR: No, that would kill you. They only knock you out so you can come back later. So you're now lying here, and as you're falling unconscious, you say your line. And make it really dramatic. The judges love dramatic.

ORACLE: *(Reading melodramatically.)* "I'll get you, Euripinitis! If it's the last thing I—" *(Dramatically falls unconscious.)*

STEVE: *(To Actors, ominously.)* Next, they come to the River Styx, where they are greeted by none other than me, the ferryman... *(Wimpy.)* ...named Charon.

DIRECTOR: That's right! Keep going!

STEVE: *(As Charon.)* "Halt, Euripinitis! Only the dead may cross the river in my boat." Then Euripinitis says, "We are alive but search for one who is dead." Then I say... *(As Charon.)* ..."There is only one way that the living may cross. You must answer three riddles."

HEAD 1: Like Bilbo in Gollum's cave!

STEVE: Should I say, "You must answer three questions, my Precious"?

HEAD 2: I like the part where they fought all those goblins.

HEAD 1: That was so awesome!

DIRECTOR: *(To Steve, annoyed.)* Keep going!

STEVE: Uh... *(Reading from script, as Charon.)* "Answer all three correctly, 'er the other side you'll see."

DIRECTOR: Then you do the questions, they answer them, and you take them across.

*(As Steve crosses the stage, he pretends to propel the imaginary boat across the "river" with a pole.)*

STEVE: Where should I stop?

DIRECTOR: *(Looking at script.)* Keep going until I tell you to stop.

*(Steve propels the imaginary boat offstage and a loud crash is heard. Oracle, Head 1, 2, and Nedra rush offstage to help. Vulture enters*

*and circles the stage. Donkey enters, crawling on all fours. Lindsey jumps onstage.)*

LINDSEY: *(As Euripinitis.)* "Now that we've made it across the River Styx and into Hades, we must find Perosophoklities and get that ring."

*(As Lindsey "rides" the Donkey across the stage, Billy enters, banging two empty halves of a coconut together for the sound effect. McKenna follows.)*

DIRECTOR: *(To Billy, shouts.)* I said, no!

BILLY: I thought maybe if you saw the effect, you would like it.

DIRECTOR: I don't. This is not a comedy! This is a tragedy!

BILLY: It sure is. *(Tosses coconuts aside.)*

DIRECTOR: And in this scene, McKenna is going to demonstrate that.

MCKENNA: I am?

DIRECTOR: One thing that we learned from the dramatic monologues category in the drama competition is that the judges love criers and screamers, and McKenna is one of the best screamers I've ever heard.

MCKENNA: I am?

DIRECTOR: I was sitting near you during our final football game. You can scream.

MCKENNA: Yeah, but it was a close game, and I was all riled up because the cheerleaders were doing offensive cheers when we were on defense.

DIRECTOR: Just take that emotion from the football game and put it into this scene.

MCKENNA: *(Looking at script.)* It says I'm supposed to scream at Billy.

BILLY: Why me?

LINDSEY: Because we've been traveling hopelessly in Hades for six days and haven't seen anyone yet. It's a hopeless situation and Billy starts to cry.

BILLY: *(To Director, horrified.)* What?! I'm one of the heroes! Why would I cry?

DIRECTOR: Because the judges like it.

BILLY: Well, why don't you have the Donkey cry?

VULTURE: Because you're the best crier here.

BILLY: Me?

DONKEY: We all saw you at the talent show assembly. Remember what happened during the interview after your act?

VULTURE: *(Imitating Billy.)* "I don't think the judges were fair. They only voted for Sheila because she had a broken leg, her grandma just passed away, and her house was destroyed by a tornado. *(Imitating Billy crying.)* And I put a lot of work into my talent. I practiced every day after school for five weeks! *(Sobbing.)* It's not fair! I deserve to win!"

BILLY: *(To Director.)* Why don't you make her the crier?

LINDSEY: She's just imitating the master.

DIRECTOR: *(To Billy.)* They're right. You can produce real tears, and that's what I want! Those judges have got to see real tears coming down your face. We saw those tears at the talent show. You just have to reproduce them. And when the judges see them, first place is in the bag.

BILLY: Fine. I'll try. *(Reading from script.)* "We've been walking in this place for six days with no relief in sight. *(Fake crying.)* I can't take it anymore! This sucks! We're doomed! Doomed!"

DIRECTOR: *(Disappointed.)* I don't see any tears.

BILLY: I can't just squeeze 'em out. I have to be upset.

DIRECTOR: Then get upset! The whole play depends on you and your tears.

BILLY: Whoa! That's not fair! You can't just expect me to—

MCKENNA: *(Shouts.)* Shut your whining, you! I'm so sick of your complaining!

BILLY: What?

MCKENNA: *(As Sidekick's Sidekick. Reading from script, shouts.)*

"We've all been walking for six days, and we're all tired!"

BILLY: *(Realizes.)* Oh! *(As Sidekick. Reading from script, fake crying.)* "But my feet are killing me! Wahaaaaa!"

MCKENNA: *(As Sidekick's Sidekick. Grabs Billy by the collar as he continues to fake cry.)* "Get a hold of yourself! *(“Slaps” Billy.)* Stop your crying, or I'll give you something to cry about! *(“Slaps” Billy.)* I brought you into this world, and I can take you out!

*(McKenna “slaps” Billy.)*

LINDSEY: *(As Euripinitis. Reads.)* "Stop squabbling, sidekicks. There are several voices approaching from the southeast."

DONKEY: *(Reading from script.)* "Hee-haw!"

*(Lindsey dismounts Donkey.)*

LINDSEY: *(As Euripinitis. Reads.)* "Ready yourselves! Perhaps it's Perosophoklities."

DIRECTOR: *(To Actors.)* We'll have the three-headed Cyclops come out from this side.

LINDSEY: *(As Euripinitis. Reads.)* "Prepare for battle!"

DIRECTOR: Next time! Lindsey, let's do your last line. I want to make sure that we get the blackout just right. *(Calls.)* Tech! *(Tech Guy enters.)* Go up to the lighting booth and give us a blackout right when Lindsey says her last line. And I want the lights to go out right on her last word. *(To Lindsey.)* What's the last word?

LINDSEY: "Mine."

TECH GUY: Got it.

*(Tech Guy jumps off the apron and runs up the isle to the light booth.)*

DIRECTOR: Ready? Okay, Lindsey, say your last line.

LINDSEY: *(As Euripinitis. Reads.)*

“Now for battle arrayed I stand,  
The ring of darling in my hand.  
A daughter of Zeus so divine,  
An immaculate wedding will be mine!”

DIRECTOR: *(To Tech Guy, shouts.)* The lights were supposed  
to go out!

TECH GUY: *(From light booth.)* Sorry!

*(Blackout. Lights up.)*

DIRECTOR: *(To Lindsey.)* Try it again...just the last part.

LINDSEY: *(As Euripinitis.)*

“A daughter of Zeus so divine,  
An immaculate wedding —“

*(Blackout.)*

DIRECTOR: *(To Tech Guy, shouts.)* She didn't say the last  
word! It's, “mine!” Give us a blackout on “mine”!

*(Lights up.)*

TECH GUY: *(Calls.)* Sorry!

DIRECTOR: Again!

LINDSEY: *(As Euripinitis.)*

“A daughter of Zeus so divine,  
An immaculate wedding will be mine!”

*(Blackout on “mine.”)*

DIRECTOR: Perfect! Thank you, all. See you tomorrow!

*(Blackout.)*

SCENE 5

(AT RISE: Bare school stage, the next day. Chorus rehearsal. Director enters. Marcy, Shelly, and Chorus 1, 2, 3 enter and stands on the blocks.)

CHORUS 1: (To Director.) I think our togetherness has been a little sloppy.

DIRECTOR: Me, too. That's why we're gonna start with an exercise designed to tighten up that sloppiness. Shelly, will you stand in the middle? Everyone, watch her. She is simply going to talk, and the rest of you will try to say what she's saying right along with her.

SHELLY: What should I say?

DIRECTOR: Anything. Just tell us about your day. Everyone else, try to say exactly what she says as she's saying it. (Note: For the following, the other Chorus Members should not know what Shelly is going to say. Shelly speaks about her day extremely fast. Other Chorus Members try to keep up with her, but it all comes out jumbled and unintelligible. Cutting them off.) Whoa! Shelly, let's start a little slower. Actually, a lot slower.

SHELLY: Sorry, I just get so excited talking about my day. Usually, no one wants to hear about it. (To other Chorus Members.) Ready?

(Shelly talks about her day and the other Chorus Members try to keep up as best they can.)

DIRECTOR: That was better. We'll keep practicing this, and soon you'll be able to speak right along with her at normal speed.

SHELLY: (Excited.) You mean you'll want to know about my day again?

DIRECTOR: Uh, I guess.

SHELLY: Wow! Everyone's sure taking an interest in me!

DIRECTOR: *(To Actors.)* Next, open your scripts to page 37.

CHORUS 2: Hey, I have a suggestion to make us all start at the same time. What if one of us was the Chorus Director? She could wave her arms and tell us when to start.

DIRECTOR: That's a good idea, except that we don't want the judges to see that there's a director.

CHORUS 3: We could have a *secret* director! And I could do secret hand movements to start us. And I would come up with all sorts of subtle gestures, and I have really good timing, so I would secretly lead the chorus perfectly, and instead of it saying, "Chorus Member 3" in the program, it could say, "Secret Chorus Director"!

DIRECTOR: Brilliant! That is utterly brilliant. And because it was your idea, I'm gonna move you over here to the side so that Marcy can stand in the middle and be our Secret Chorus Director.

CHORUS 3: But—

*(Marcy moves to the center.)*

MARCY: All right, listen up, Chorus. Let's all try our line on page 37. I will go up on my toes, and then when I come down, we'll start.

*(Marcy stands on her tiptoes, comes down, and the Chorus starts.)*

CHORUS: *(Chanting from the script.)* "Since the dawn of time, no creature was feared more than the three-headed Cyclops! He stands as guardian, challenging all who cross the River Styx. No one can best him."

MARCY: Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! It says, *he* stands and no one can best *him*. How do we know the three-headed Cyclops is a boy? I mean, it's got three heads! Odds are at least one of them is gonna be a girl.

CHORUS 1: Marcy, why does it matter so much to you that boys and girls must be equal in everything?

MARCY: When I was little, we were on a family vacation and my dad bought me and my brother giant lollypops. He bought my brother a blue one and me a pink one. Everything was fine until we tasted them. My brother's was blueberry flavored and mine turned out to be bubblegum flavored. The blueberry one was way better. I mean, who wants bubblegum flavored? If I wanted bubblegum flavored, I'd just have a piece of bubblegum. From then on, I knew that boys always got better stuff than girls as society assigns stuff to each gender. Cowboys are a boy thing; princesses are a girl thing. Witches are girls; warlocks are boys. Girls are female; boys are male. Lawn mowing's for boys; shopping's for girls. *(To Shelly.)* Oh, I love your outfit, by the way.

SHELLY: Oh, thanks. I got it at [Ross Dress for Less] for 20 percent off their already discounted prices. *[Or insert the name of another discount store.]*

MARCY: Hey, let's go to the mall after rehearsal! [Hot Topic] has these earrings that would go perfectly with that! *[Or insert the name of another trendy store.]*

SHELLY: Okay, and we can stop by and try on some shoes.

MARCY: I've been wanting some new shoes to go with my green outfit, the one with the jeggings.

SHELLY: I love that outfit!

DIRECTOR: *(To Shelly and Marcy, annoyed.)* Excuse me! Can we get back to the scene?

MARCY: Sorry.

*(Marcy stands on her tiptoes to signal the Chorus.)*

CHORUS: *(Chants.)* "It is hopeless, Euripinitis."

DIRECTOR: *(To Actors.)* Now, the judges really like high emotions. So during the Cyclops battle, you guys will provide the emotional drama.

CHORUS 3: How?

DIRECTOR: With your facial expressions. *(To Chorus.)* Let me see your most dramatic faces.

*(Chorus members contort their faces, trying to be dramatic.)*

CHORUS 3: Like this? *(Contorts face.)*

DIRECTOR: Yes, yes, that's good! Now, put your whole body into it! Make your body an extension of your face! *(Chorus does so.)* Much better! I want you to choose three dramatic faces that you will make during the battle. Let me see your first dramatic face. *(Chorus Members contort their faces.)* Good. We'll call that face, "Dramatic Face, Position One." Now, make a different face. *(Chorus Members contort their faces.)* Good. We'll call that face, "Dramatic Face, Position Two." And your last face? *(Chorus Members contort their faces.)* And that's "Dramatic Face, Position Three." Now, let's practice. Go to "Dramatic Face, Position One." *(Chorus Members do so.)* Good. Now go to "Position Two." *(Chorus Members do so.)* Nice. Now, "Position Three." *(Chorus Members do so.)* Excellent. Now follow along! It's gonna get tricky. *(For the following, Chorus Members contort their faces accordingly.)* One! Two! Thhh...One! Three! Two! One! Two! One! One! Oh, I fooled some of you! *(Faster and faster.)* Three! Two! Three! One! Three! Two! Three! One! Two! One! Two! One! Two! One! Two! Three! Two! One! Five! Gotchya! Good work, everyone!

*(Blackout.)*

## SCENE 6

(AT RISE: Bare school stage. Rehearsal for Actors playing villains. Steve, Oracle, Nedra, and Head 1, 2 enter with scripts.)

HEAD 2: (To other Actors.) All right! Time for the three-headed Cyclops fight!

NEDRA: You guys are lucky. My scene isn't even completely written yet, and I have that huge monologue at the end. It goes, "I have the ring, Urinitis. But you'll never—"

STEVE: You'll never what?

NEDRA: That's all. "I have the ring, Urinitis. But you'll never—"

HEAD 1: I saw that in the script. You say, "I have the ring, Urinitis. But you'll never..." and the script reads, "...to be continued, dot, dot, dot." What's that supposed to mean?

NEDRA: Apparently, it's my final monologue, which hasn't been written yet. It's supposed to be ready for this rehearsal.

ORACLE: I knew we shouldn't have done an original play.

STEVE: I still haven't seen my boatman costume.

(Director enters.)

DIRECTOR: Nedra, here's the rest of your monologue. (Hands a paper to Nedra.) It's really important, so make sure you have it memorized soon.

NEDRA: Yay!

DIRECTOR: We probably won't get to it today. (To Actors.) Let's get into position for the three-headed Cyclops scene.

HEAD 1: Does that mean that each head has one eye?

DIRECTOR: Exactly. We're gonna cover your real eyes and put a fake eye right in the middle of each of your foreheads so the entire creature will have three eyes.

NEDRA: Does that mean if they wore glasses, they'd wear trifocals?

DIRECTOR: Uh...I dunno. (*Moving Head 1 and Head 2 into position.*) All right, you two stand next to each other right here and— (*Realizes.*) Where's Ted?

HEAD 1: He can't be in the play anymore, remember?

DIRECTOR: No! Why didn't he say something last time?!

STEVE: He wasn't here last time. He hasn't ever been here because he made the baseball team.

DIRECTOR: Aaaaaah! What are we gonna do?

NEDRA: They could just wear bifocals.

DIRECTOR: (*Calls.*) Tech Crew!

(*Narrator 1, 2, Tech Guy, and Prop Master enter.*)

NARRATOR 1: (*To Narrator 2 in an announcer's voice.*) Stop touching me!

NARRATOR 2: (*Announcer's voice.*) You stop touching me, perv!

NARRATOR 1: You're the perv, ya perv!

NARRATOR 2: What you say is what you are!

DIRECTOR: (*To Narrator 1, 2.*) Knock it off! One of you is gonna have to play the third head.

PROP MASTER: (*In a terrible/annoying voice.*) Ooooooh! I can do it! Please! Let me! I can be a Cyclops!

DIRECTOR: You're uh...voice isn't...uh...menacing enough.

PROP MASTER: (*In a terrible/annoying voice.*) I can change my voice. (*Trying unsuccessfully to sound menacing.*) "I will tear you to pieces, Euripinitis." See?

ORACLE: Are you just hitting puberty or something?

DIRECTOR: (*To Prop Master.*) I need you to be backstage taking care of the props. You're the Prop Master.

PROP MASTER: (*Sulking.*) I'll never be in a play.

DIRECTOR: (*To Tech Guy.*) You can do it.

TECH GUY: Me?! No way! That's why I'm a tech guy. I can't act. I get terrible stage fright. I don't want anyone to see me! That's why I wear all-black and stay back there in the shadows! It's out of the question!

DIRECTOR: Good, it's settled. You're the third head.  
(*Positioning Tech Guy.*) You stand right here between these  
guys. There, you're the middle head.  
TECH GUY: But I don't want—  
DIRECTOR: It's settled! Do your lines!  
HEAD 1: (*Holding script so all three Heads can read from it.*)  
"Well, Euripinitis, you've made it..."  
HEAD 2: "...this far. But you'll never get..."  
TECH GUY: (*As Head 3.*) "...past me! I am the most feared  
creature in..."  
HEAD 1: "...all of Hades. Prepare to..."  
HEAD 2: "...meet your..."  
TECH GUY: (*As Head 3.*) "...doom."  
DIRECTOR: Not bad, but the judges are gonna want more  
emotion! You've got to—

(*Blackout.*)

STEVE: What happened? Is there supposed to be a blackout  
right there?  
TECH GUY: No, it's another power outage. Last time, it  
lasted two hours.  
DIRECTOR: All right, let's call it for tonight. We'll pick it up  
there tomorrow. Everyone, be careful getting out of here.  
Don't hurt yourselves.

(*Everyone exits except for Tech Guy and Prop Master, who talk in  
the dark.*)

TECH GUY: (*To Prop Master.*) I can't do this. I'm sweating  
like a pig, and it's only rehearsal.  
PROP MASTER: You have to. You heard the director. He's  
adamant.  
TECH GUY: The competition is in a couple days! How am I  
supposed to memorize my lines by then?!

PROP MASTER: I have an idea! I have something that will let you be able to read your lines and no one will be able to tell!

TECH GUY: Really? What is it?

PROP MASTER: It's a little something I like to call— *(Stops.)*

You'll see! Come on! *(Starts to exit and stumbles.)* Ouch!

*(Tech Guy and Prop Master exit. Curtain closes.)*

**[END OF FREEVIEW]**