



**Christian Kiley**

**BIG DOG PUBLISHING**

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**Strings Attached** was first produced at Etiwanda High School, Rancho Cucamonga, CA, on November 16-18, 2006: Christian Kiley, director; Alexandria Smith, assistant director; Heather Duffer, choreography; Kathy Donnel-Meister, set design; Ralph Garcia, lighting design; Bill and Ellen Kiley, Script Proofreading.

**MARSHALL:** Damone Williams

**BREE:** Donna Soutar

**MACK:** Kenny Gonzalez, Jr.

**TRACY:** Alexandria Smith

**MARCY:** Karisa Quick

**LUCY:** Bethanne Mauch

**PHIL:** Kevin Slemboski

**MR. TOYCO:** Cameron Brown

**BRAD:** Camrun Penrose

**WILSON:** Theodore Sawyer

**BOUNCY:** Morgan Fuller

**BROODY:** Kayleigh McDaniel

**BRAINY:** Ashley Desiderio

**BUFF:** Vanessa Gonzalez

**BAD:** Laressa Weissbeck

**BLUSHING:** Brianne Kadlec

**PIZZA GUY/FATHER:** Matt Marrugi

**BRAD 2:** Ralph Garcia

**GIRL (CINDY):** Victoria Dumapias

**MOTHER:** Brooke Mertan

**THERAPIST:** Jeff Alexander

**CLEAN-UP 1:** Tiara Brooks

**CLEAN-UP 2:** Anthony Robinson

**CLEAN-UP 3:** Zaba Herelle

**CLEAN-UP 4/VOICE:** Julian Sayles

**WOMAN/ENSEMBLE:** Raven Takahashi

**WOMAN 2/ENSEMBLE:** Stephanie Rowe

**EXERCISER/ENSEMBLE:** Reanna Cadena

**ENSEMBLE:** Janeth Zarate

## Strings Attached

**FARCE/SATIRE.** A lonely inventor thinks he is on the verge of creating the greatest toy craze in history—life-sized dolls that can talk. Toyco, the world's largest toy company, buys the prototype, but when they test-market the dolls, something strange happens and the dolls take on a life of their own. Unwilling to live their lives as playthings, the dolls stage a revolt. In the meantime, a group of lonely women think they have concocted a recipe to create the perfect man by mixing into a large pot a romance novel, a Michael Bublé CD, money, a scented candle, a stuffed animal, a hunk of raw meat, and a picture of a male supermodel. Instead, they create an egocentric, poorly bilingual, illiterate ladies man! Now the women must find a way to ditch their annoying creation while Toyco employees try to hunt down and deactivate the rebellious dolls. Your audiences will love the quirky characters and hilarious situations in this witty farce!

**Performance Time:** Approximately 75-90 minutes.

## Characters

(9 M, 14 F, 9 flexible, opt. extras)

**MARSHALL:** Inventor recently dumped by his girlfriend; male.

**MACK:** Marshall's best friend who suffers from compulsive crying; male.

**BREE:** Marshall's prototype doll; female.

**BRAD:** A Ken-type doll gone horribly wrong.

**BRAD 2:** Toyco's version of the Brad doll.

**BOUNCY:** Perfect doll.

**BROODY:** Moody doll.

**BRAINY:** Smart doll.

**BUFF:** Athletic doll.

**BAD:** Trouble-making doll.

**BLUSHING:** Shy doll.

**TRACY:** Married to Phil.

**PHIL:** Tracy's suspicious husband.

**MARCY:** Tracy's close friend.

**LUCY:** Tracy's not-so-smart friend.

**THERAPIST:** Practices an odd method of marital foot therapy; male.

**PIZZA GUY/GAL:** Pizza delivery guy/gal who is a philosopher of sorts; flexible.

**MR. TOYCO:** Owns Toyco, the world's largest toy company; male.

**WILSON:** Toyco employee in charge of product development; male.

**TEAM MEMBERS 1-4:** Toyco employees who work on the Creative Team; flexible.

**CLEANUP 1, 2:** Toyco employees who work on the Cleanup Crew and take care of Toyco's messes; wear really ugly jumpsuits; flexible.

**COMMERCIAL VOICE:** Actor who does voiceovers for Toyco commercials; flexible.

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**WOMAN 1, 2:** Actress in Toyco commercial.

**CINDY:** Girl who participates in test marketing Toyco dolls;  
can be played by an adult.

**MOTHER:** Cindy's mother.

**FATHER:** Cindy's father.

**EXERCISER:** Member of Buff's workout class; flexible.

**EXTRAS (Optional):** As Cleanup Crew Members and  
Exercisers.

## Set

Chairs and a table or desk are all that is needed; however, the set can be as elaborate or as simple as your budget allows.

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

### ACT I

**Scene 1:** Marshall's workroom.

**Scene 2:** Kitchen at Tracy and Phil's house.

**Scene 3:** Toyco corporate headquarters.

**Scene 4:** Tracy and Phil's house, a short time later.

**Scene 5:** Toyco corporate headquarters.

**Scene 6:** Marshall's workroom.

**Scene 7:** Tracy's apartment.

**Scene 8:** Mr. Toyco's office.

**Scene 9:** Cindy's bedroom.

### Intermission

### ACT II

**Scene 1:** Mr. Toyco's office.

**Scene 2:** Therapist's office.

**Scene 3:** Marshall's apartment.

**Scene 4:** An exercise class.

**Scene 5:** An undisclosed location

**Scene 6:** Cindy's bedroom.

**Scene 7:** Tracy and Phil's apartment.

**Scene 8:** Toyco product development lab.

**Scene 9:** Therapist's office.

**Scene 10:** Mr. Toyco's office, evening.

**Scene 11:** Employment agency.

## Props

Pen	Cell phone
Notepad	5 Bed sheets
Large soup pot	Walkie-talkie
Romance novel	Cologne bottle
Picture of a male supermodel	Box of breath mints
Scented candle	Cane
Stuffed animal	Christmas lights
Hunk of raw meat	Can
Music CD	Spray bottle
Money	Money
Men's shirt and tie	Thick roll of tape
Desk and chair	Snack
Desk phone or intercom	Pictures
Dolly	Tiny doll of a man
Can of Lysol	Tiny doll of a woman
Potholder	Remote control
Knife	Fancy lighted device
	Computer

## SOUND EFFECTS

Music of your choice



"Love  
is like  
a bouquet  
of  
plastic,  
lifeless  
flowers."

--Broody

# Act I

## Scene 1

*(AT RISE: Marshall's workroom in his apartment. Bree, a prototype doll, sits lifeless in the center of the dark workroom. Marshall enters, turns on a light, and begins to set up.)*

MARSHALL: *(To Bree.)* Morning, Bree. Yeah, I know it gets lonely. There are millions of people all over the world who are lonely. That's your job...to give people companionship. Tell them what they want to hear. For a while, I thought a shrinking ray might be the key. Think about it. The world's food and fuel shortage would be obsolete. Smaller people eat less. A loaf of bread could feed a small village. A crouton and a few bacon bits would be a satisfying meal. And there would be no need for these obscene-sized beverages: Double Big Gulp, Biggie, Super Size. A capful would be a huge portion to our miniaturized population. And a gallon of gas would last weeks in our tiny cars. And real estate...a palatial estate would be a couple of yards, not acres. Imagine...there would be enough of everything to go around. Things are getting smaller anyway. Tiny cell phones and cameras and sleek people that can practically fit through a mail slot with their low body fat and surgically enhanced bodies. Why not do it all the way? Why hold back? You want to be smaller. Go all the way. "No," society says. We like our big trucks and big pizzas. Well, I'll tell you, airline fares would decrease drastically and we wouldn't be clear-cutting our forests when we could use toothpicks instead of two-by-fours. Needless to say, it didn't go over very well. So rather than go against the grain, I go with the grain. Pet the cat the way it wants to be petted, and you get the purr of satisfaction. You get you.

*(Marshall pulls Bree's string.)*

BREE: I love it when you talk to me like that.

MARSHALL: That's just who I am.

*(Marshall pulls Bree's string again.)*

BREE: Tell me more. It is so interesting.

MARSHALL: My first love, before a girl, was a Happy Meal. Perfection. In therapy, I was told I substitute food for human contact. Okay, I get it. Now give me a taco salad and some empanadas. The Happy Meal...perfect in every way. The neat box that folded into a big "M" at the top. The fries before they had all this substitution business. I mean, who wants Apple Dippers? The toy, what a stroke of absolute genius! A toy. Imagine getting a skill saw or a lawn edger with your steak dinner. There is something. And, most of all, the Happy Meal didn't tell you that "it was the one with the problems, and you were fine, and you would both be better off if things did not continue this way any longer." I mean, how convoluted. Bree, I am a big fan of the simple I-hate-you-you-are-the-spawn-of-the-devil goodbye breakup. Simple, crisp, and with no bitter aftertaste. Even if it is not true, it is a clean break. Too many words can be a problem. They create expectations, they create loopholes, they create waiting up until four a.m. three months afterward hoping for a phone call. *(Marshall pulls the string.)*

BREE: You make me laugh with your funny, funny stories.

MARSHALL: All right, there are some flaws in the Bree prototype, but her cuteness makes up for any responses that may be off base.

*(Marshall pulls Bree's string.)*

BREE: When I look at you, I get all tingly inside.

MARSHALL: If only that were true. So my first heartbreak was not a woman, but a Happy Meal. They were giving out

[Power Rangers] and I wanted the blue one. More than the sweet air I breathed, I wanted to clutch that [Blue Ranger] in my hands. The first time I opened the Happy Meal and it was the [Pink Ranger] I was a little discouraged, but I knew enough about probability and statistics. It would just be a matter of time. You flip a coin, you are going to get heads sometimes. How 'bout 15 times in a row? Pink, pink, pink, pink, pink. I finally asked the manager if I could switch for a blue one. "If we did that for you, we'd have to do that for everyone." So I tried another method. I saved up my money—nickels, dimes, anything I could find—and I decided to make a payoff. I knew it was dirty, but I had to have the blue. So I brought in a baggie that was ripping at the seams, it was so full of change, and I plopped it on the counter and said, "Happy Meal. Blue. And keep the change." The worker looked at me and smiled. I think we had a taciturn agreement. She wouldn't take my extra money, saying something about not being allowed to receive gratuities, and returned with my Happy Meal box. I ripped it open only to find a yellow creature staring back at me. "What is this? What in the name of the grotesquely large-footed, freaky-red-nosed clown is this?" The worker whispered, "It is our last one. [Pikachu]. And everyone wants one." What the-[Pika]-what? It sounds like a weird game of hide-and-seek, where you eat the person once you find them. I may have been the only child ever banned from a McDonald's. Who knew that a ketchup packet could be such a weapon? *[Or insert the name of another suitable Happy Meal toy.]*

*(Marshall pulls Bree's string.)*

BREE: You say the most profound things.

MARSHALL: You're just saying that because I pulled your string.

*(Mack enters without knocking.)*

MACK: (*Crying.*) Woo. Woo. I got problems.

MARSHALL: This is my studio. You can't just come barging into my studio.

MACK: I'm still a little confused about why you call it that. This is where you live. Maybe you mean a studio apartment. But I know you don't.

MARSHALL: I will ignore that. I am an artist. You must respect my studio. My workspace.

MACK: I'm sorry, but I've got a problem. (*Spies Bree.*) Oh, hi, Bree. (*To Marshall.*) Listen, something is off kilter inside of me. Something is not right. I was at the movies—

MARSHALL: You mean at work.

MACK: Yeah. So I'm in the booth and watching the start of ["Tears for the Forgotten Son,"] and I've seen it a lot, and I like laughing at it—even though it would be classified as a period drama—I laugh and laugh at it. But this time, [when the youngest son is kicked out of the house,] I feel this scratchiness in the back of my throat. Then my eyes start getting wet and it starts happening. At first, I thought it was a coolant leak in the booth. But they were coming from my eyes. Tears, man. Tears. [*Or insert the name of another appropriate movie.*]

MARSHALL: Listen, a lot of stuff is in bloom. Maybe it was allergies.

MACK: No, because I went to get lunch today, and I saw an old couple sitting on the same side of a booth... (*Starts to get choked up.*) ...holding hands, sharing an ice-cream sundae. Their frail little bodies full of so much love for each other. What the—? It's happening again. (*Cries.*) Woo. Woo.

MARSHALL: Calm down. You're going to be all right.

MACK: No, I don't think I am. Help me. I'm emotional.

MARSHALL: Let me say a list of items and we can see your reaction to each: Fish hook, puppy... (*Mack starts to tear up.*) ...okay, dandruff. (*Mack continues crying.*) Dandruff?

MACK: A lot of people suffer needlessly...they can't wear black...have to worry about their hair blowing in the breeze.

MARSHALL: I have an idea. Maybe we can get something to eat. Egg rolls and chow mein.

MACK: The Chinese had to build a wall...to keep the Mongols from attacking. Why do we need walls?

MARSHALL: Maybe you want a piece of cake. I've got some left over.

MACK: Leftovers...the food that nobody wanted the first time.

MARSHALL: I can make you some eggs.

MACK: The chickens that never were...

MARSHALL: Get out.

MACK: Really. Rejection...

MARSHALL: Listen, Mack. I am on the verge of the greatest toy craze in the history of modern civilization. This is *it*. We all have one chance for the *it*—that thing that will propel us to the top or—

MACK: Or what?

MARSHALL: I don't want to make you cry.

MACK: I thought we were friends. Don't withhold things from me.

MARSHALL: Or cause us to sink into obscurity and anonymous death.

MACK: Why would you say something like that to me considering the state I am in?

MARSHALL: Do you want to help me?

MACK: Really?

MARSHALL: I have a meeting with Toyco tomorrow.

MACK: The fact that you would ask me to... (*Starts to tear up.*) ...to help you...

MARSHALL: Yeah, I got it.

*(Marshall frantically scribbles some notes down. Mack pokes Bree a couple of times. On the third time, Bree briefly springs to life, surprising Mack. Mack tries to tell Marshall as the lights fade to black.)*

## Scene 2

(AT RISE: Tracy and Phil's kitchen. Tracy storms into the room. Marcy and Lucy are waiting there for her, gathered around a large soup pot.)

TRACY: Boil some water.

MARCY: You're not pregnant.

LUCY: (To Tracy.) Are you?

TRACY: No, Phil wants to have a little more "us" time. Eight years of "us" time is plenty. If we don't have a baby soon I'm going to—

MARCY: Have an affair with the UPS man?

TRACY: Boil the water, get the ingredients. We are going to make the perfect man.

LUCY: Oh, come on. You can't—

TRACY: Watch me.

LUCY: I'm in. What do we need?

TRACY: He's our man, so *we* decide.

MARCY: I'm frightened.

TRACY: You should be. Everyone should be.

LUCY: Let's start with a romance novel. (Lucy grabs a romance novel and tosses it in.)

MARCY: This is not very scientific.

TRACY: Picture of a male supermodel. (Throws it into the soup pot.)

LUCY: Scented candle. (Throws it in.)

TRACY: A [Michael Bublé] CD. (Throws it in.) [Or another suitable CD.]

LUCY: A stuffed animal. (Throws it in.)

MARCY: What are you doing? You are going to end up with a cross between [Barney] and [Ryan Seacrest]. [Or insert other suitable celebrities.]

TRACY: A hunk of raw meat then! (Throws it in.)

MARCY: Some money. (*Throws it in. Tracy and Lucy look at her.*) Oh, you were thinking it...

TRACY: What else? Speak now or our miracle man is marred.

LUCY: I feel so dirty.

TRACY: Feels good.

LUCY: Oh, yeah.

TRACY: Fashion. (*Holds up a shirt and tie.*) This will do in a pinch. (*Throws it in.*)

MARCY: I'm not so sure I want our man shopping at [Ross Dress for Less]. [*Or insert the name of another discount store.*]

LUCY: Maybe he'll be a caveman and just wear a male miniskirt.

MARCY: What?

LUCY: You know, those cute little skirts that you always see cavemen in.

MARCY: Those are animal pelts.

LUCY: Sorry, I thought they were cute...in a Neanderthal kind of way.

PHIL: (*Offstage, calls to Tracy.*) Honey, are you almost done in there?

LUCY: (*To Tracy.*) Do we have to kill him?

TRACY: Maybe later. Let's wait and see if this works first. (*To Phil, calls.*) Almost done, Cinnamon Bun.

PHIL: (*Offstage, calls.*) All right, Sugar Lump.

TRACY: (*Calls.*) Sure, Glucose Molecule.

PHIL: (*Offstage, calls.*) No problem, my little Doughnut DNA Strand.

TRACY: (*Calls.*) Please go now so we can finish, my Bouncy Electron Éclair.

PHIL: (*Offstage, calls.*) I'm going, Dearest Apple Dumpling Atom.

TRACY: (*To Lucy and Marcy.*) Let's kill him now and sell the parts on eBay.

LUCY: What do we do with our man soup?



TRACY: According to the spell, we bring it to a boil and then we say some words over it, and wham, bam, slam...the perfect man.

LUCY: We should make a blood pact...to seal it.

MARCY: A what?

LUCY: You know, swear with our blood that we will not divulge any of the secrets shared here this night.

MARCY: Aren't you just the little sicky.

TRACY: I think it's a good idea.

MARCY: We are not making a man. We are three frustrated women coming together to commiserate in our sorrows in dealing with the weaker half of our species.

LUCY: Your talk makes me dizzy.

TRACY: Hands in.

*(They hold out their hands.)*

MARCY: No blood, though.

LUCY: All right. *(Indicating Marcy.)* I think Miss Spelling Bee Champ should say the spell.

MARCY: Let's just call it a "mutual affirmation." And I will.

TRACY: You would give the toast at Beelzebub's wedding just to hear yourself talk.

MARCY: That stung a little. *(Marcy gets into character.)*  
Bubble, bubble...we sisters swear by our ruin...and may our lives turn to rubble if we divulge this pact. Bad manicures and facial masks that don't exfoliate properly, never a sale at the [Nordstrom's Rack], and burlap sacks on our backs all our days, as we walk in our infirmity on burning coals with fake silk slippers and split ends that mock us as we are unable to get an appointment with Alfonzo at Salon Manifiqué. And the blender is always broken at Starbucks, and they are out of ice as we trudge through a never-ending desert of friendless agony. *[Or insert the name of another suitable store.]*

TRACY: I think we got the picture. Chants and curses may be your thing.

MARCY: Thanks, I—. That means a lot to me.

LUCY: You're scary, Marcy.

MARCY: Isn't it wonderful? Do you need help cleaning up, Tracy?

TRACY: No. I may just leave this for a little while and see what happens.

MARCY: The word "nothing" comes to mind.

TRACY: At some point you have to believe in something, even if it is just a distant flicker. Just the fact that you believe in it is a power that can't be taken away.

LUCY: Wow...

MARCY: Come on, Lucy. There's a three-day sale somewhere.

*(Marcy and Lucy exit. Tracy surveys the mess. Blackout.)*

## Scene 3

*(AT RISE: Toyco corporate headquarters. Mr. Toyco and Creative Team Members 1-4 are sitting and ominously watching Marshall and Mack preparing to present Bree. Note: The Creative Team often repeats key words that Mr. Toyco says.)*

MR. TOYCO: *(To Marshall and Mack.)* Gentleman, you have our undivided attention.

MARSHALL: *(To Toyco and Creative Team.)* The life-sized Bree doll. She provides companionship to children as well as adults. She has lifelike features and can be programmed to say a dozen or more responses.

*(Marshall pulls Bree's string.)*

BREE: You are a great friend.

MARSHALL: The nice thing about Bree is that there can be different versions for the needs of different customers. In walking through your store, there is no item like this.

MR. TOYCO: Because people have life-sized equivalents called *friends*.

*(Creative Team chuckles.)*

MACK: You know something, Mr. Toy, I find it hard to believe that you can sell a Ouija board in your stores but you won't sell a life-sized doll, a friend for the friendless. How about that kid in that tiny Jersey apartment or on a farm in Lincoln, Nebraska, who ain't got nothing or nobody. This guy here... *(Indicating Marshall.)* ...my friend, quit his job to do this. He... *(Starting to cry.)* ...deserves a shot.

MR. TOYCO: Are you crying? *(To Creative Team.)* Get him a tissue. *(To Marshall.)* What about the string? This is the 21st Century and we are still pulling strings. We need pre-

programmed prompts that are activated by touch sensors located around Bree's body. The string has got to go. *(To Creative Team.)* What do you think, team?

*(Creative Team huddles together.)*

TEAM MEMBER 1: *(To Mr. Toyco.)* With some development, it is worth a shot.

MR. TOYCO: *(To Marshall.)* How much for the Bree prototype?

MARSHALL: You want a dollar amount?

MR. TOYCO: Yes.

MARSHALL: I couldn't...

MR. TOYCO: Twenty-five thousand dollars.

MARSHALL: Well, I—

MR. TOYCO: Fifty.

MARSHALL: You see, I would like to be part of the development.

*(Creative Team laughs.)*

MR. TOYCO: We have our people.

MARSHALL: We would like to help.

MR. TOYCO: It's not that simple. We recruit from all over the world. Our toy designers have worked for NASA and the Defense Department. I'm sure you've heard the story of our remote-controlled rocket that was the only item to survive a house fire in Detroit. It was pulled out of the charred remains unscathed. Do the right thing. Take the \$50,000 and let the experts deal with the product development.

MARSHALL: You're asking me to sell my dream?

MR. TOYCO: Yes, I am. Many inventors wait a long time for a moment like this.

MACK: Many artists walk away from moments like this.

*(Mr. Toyco escorts Marshall to the window downstage.)*

MR. TOYCO: What do you see when you look out there?

MARSHALL: People.

MR. TOYCO: Customers. Are they going to buy a product from a guy named Marshall who has dolls with strings you have to pull, or are they going to go to the world's largest toy distributor? Do you know that we get more letters than Santa Claus? The kids know. Everybody knows. *(Sings.)*  
"If you dream it, we've built it."

TEAM MEMBER 1: Toyco.

TEAM MEMBER 2: Toyco.

TEAM MEMBER 3: Toyco.

TEAM MEMBER 4: Toyco.

MR. TOYCO: The Toyco Family. Seventy-five thousand is my final offer. And the bad news is we will develop it one way or the other. So you might as well profit from it. You can even keep the name. I like "Buffy" better. Not to pressure you, but my next appointment arrives in just under 30 seconds. Plenty of time to make a no-brainer decision. I'll tell you what, you can have the original Bree back once we are done with her. I'll have accounts payable cut you a check.

MARSHALL: I—

*(Mr. Toyco crosses to his desk and presses a button on an intercom or desk phone.)*

MR. TOYCO: Send in the cleanup crew.

MACK: Now that's cool. I want a nickname like that: "The Cleanup Crew." I want to be called "The Mopper." You know, like in mafia movies...the guy who comes in with five gallons of bleach and some garbage bags and takes care of everything. That's me. The Mopper.

MR. TOYCO: All right, Mopper, if you and Mr. Evans wouldn't mind...

MARSHALL: Of course not.

*(Wearing a jumpsuit, Cleanup 1 enters, pushing a dolly.)*

MR. TOYCO: *(To Cleanup 1, indicating Bree.)* Take her to development.

CLEANUP 1: Yes, sir.

*(Cleanup 1 starts to load Bree onto the dolly.)*

MACK: This isn't right.

MARSHALL: Goodbye, Bree.

*(Cleanup 1 finishes loading up Bree and starts to wheel her off.)*

MACK: Wait!

MR. TOYCO: Gentlemen, good day. Marshall, you did the right thing.

MARSHALL: Maybe. But right now it doesn't feel like it.

MR. TOYCO: The money will change that.

*(Mr. Toyco puts his arm around Marshall as the lights fade to black.)*

## Scene 4

(AT RISE: Tracy and Phil's house, a short time later. The room is dark. Brad is standing alone. Tracy enters and is startled.)

TRACY: You shouldn't do that, Phil. It's creepy. Phil? *(Tracy turns on the lights.)* Hey, get out of my house! *(Tracy grabs the first thing she can get her hands on—a can of Lysol. Threatening.)* I will...disinfect you... *(Tracy grabs a potholder.)* I will...make you look at this...potholder...it is pretty hideous. Circa 1978. A gift from my mother-in-law. *(Tracy grabs a knife.)* Now we're slicing and dicing. Come on, you! *(Relaxes a bit.)* Are you the Mannequin Murderer? I think I've read about you. *(Tracy grabs her cell phone and punches in a phone number. Into phone.)* Hey, Marcy. Get over here now, and bring Lucy! *(Hangs up. Tracy approaches Brad. Realizing what has happened.)* Oh! Oh! Oh! No. No. Oh, no. This can't be. We? Could we have concocted a man? A man. Did we make you? Is this some demented, modern kitchen adaptation of Genesis? *(To Brad.)* Hello, my name is Tracy. *(Brad doesn't respond.)* Of course, you are not going to answer back.

BRAD: The ladies love Brad.

TRACY: Ah...are you Brad?

BRAD: Si, yo soy that very chico.

TRACY: And arrogant and poorly bilingual.

BRAD: The Brad likes to take it muy quidado.

TRACY: You are not what we made...are you?

BRAD: Too bad Brad can't be ground up into potpourri or even ground Brad beef. Or even into smaller particles. To sprinkle on pasta or put on like talcum powder. There is a word for that. Something you can use for everything. A panaplentia. Brad is a panaplentia. It also means a rare and exotic fruit. I am a panaplentia. Can you hear my heartbeat calling you? Like the bell of a lighthouse bringing ships

home. Perfection comes with a hefty price, though. How can I improve? I can't. But you can.

TRACY: Brad, you may want to start with a little less ego and a dictionary. "Panaplentia" is not a word.

BRAD: Muchas words start off as made up until they are embrassoed into the linguista.

TRACY: You are a piece of work.

BRAD: A Michelangelo-lo.

TRACY: More like a Picasso.

BRAD: You confuse and titillate, mi corizon.

TRACY: Well, that's understandable.

BRAD: Kiss me and let us forget our...how do you say...buggers.

TRACY: Burdens?

BRAD: Si, los problemas muy grande.

TRACY: We did not create you.

BRAD: Si, tu es mamasisita. I use the "ita" to mean hot mama.

TRACY: Okay, Brad, back into the soup.

*(Tracy tries to shove Brad back into the soup pot as Marcy and Lucy enter.)*

MARCY: This better be good.

*(Lucy spies Brad.)*

LUCY: A man! Tracy are you having an affair?

MARCY: *(To Tracy.)* Are you?

BRAD: Tres chicas y uno Brad. Numeros muy perfecto.

MARCY: No. This is not—. Did we?

TRACY: Afraid so.

LUCY: Kidnapping is a serious crime.

TRACY: Not kidnapping, Lucy, man-making. Our man stew worked.

LUCY: No.

BRAD: Si, Brad es soupa muy tasty.



TRACY: We've got to get rid of this egocentric, bilingual, illiterate freak.

*(Phil enters through the front door.)*

PHIL: Hey, Trace. Ladies. *(Waits to be introduced to Brad.)*

TRACY: This is...Lucy's boyfriend...Brad.

PHIL: Hello, Brad.

BRAD: Como esta amigo.

TRACY: That means "hello" and "goodbye." See you, Lucy.

LUCY: But we just got here. And I thought it was "aloha" that meant—

TRACY: All the more reason it is so sad to see you go.

BRAD: *(To Lucy.)* El Brad will show you this town in a way you've never seen.

MARCY: *(To Lucy.)* Way to take one for the team.

LUCY: I'm scared...

*(Brad puts his arm around Lucy and ushers her offstage. Tracy and Marcy watch them depart. Blackout.)*

## Scene 5

(AT RISE: Toyco corporate headquarters. Wilson, in charge of product development, is working on Bree. Brainy, Bouncy, Buff, Broody, Bad, and Blushing are covered with sheets.)

WILSON: (To Bree.) Your inventor had his heart in the right place, but you are a primitive model. I mean, it is a lot like Ferrari using a shopping cart as a blueprint to design their next car. Not that you are a shopping—. Well, you get the idea. (Announcer voice.) Check out the newest line of life-sized companions. Introducing the Buffy 3000 dolls! (Uncovers Bouncy.) I want to show you something. This is Bouncy Buffy. That's just her working name for now. That ultimately is up to the Creative Department. Check this out.

BOUNCY: I know I sound like a [Brittney Spears] song. That's because I feel like one. ["Crazy, I just can't sleep, I'm so excited I'm in too deep."] The deep, deep... [Insert color of Bree's eyes] ...of your eyes. Like pools of... [Insert complimentary simile here]. You, you, you. You know that scene in "The Little Mermaid," where Ariel is poised on a rock, hitting a high note, with the waves crashing around her? That's what you make me feel like. A singing, cartoon mermaid that wears seashells as a bra and talks to fishes. [Or insert another pop star and song lyrics.]

WILSON: (To Bree.) There is some fine-tuning to do, but...Mr. Toyco spent a lot of money for nothing if you ask me. Well, I think I can disconnect this string now. (Wilson disconnects the string.) A string! That is so puppet show!

BREE: Excuse me.

WILSON: What?

BREE: Hi.

WILSON: Hi. Hi.

BREE: You like to pre-program women like Bouncy here?

WILSON: It's...my...job. I'm in utter awe.

BREE: Strings. You give us strings. And even when technology lets you take them away, they are still there. Men are the ones with the pre-programmed responses. Pull the string, "woman." Pull the string, "my woman." Pull the string, "eat." Pull the string, "watch the game." Pull the string, "zzzzzz." No more. No more strings. No more floss, or kites, or balloons, or brown paper packages tied up in it, or that weird string in a can that is probably toxic and definitely in poor taste. I want to be Pinocchio without the need for rhinoplasty.

WILSON: You may want to take it up with your creator.

BREE: Oh, don't turn this into a religious issue, buddy.

WILSON: No, the man who—

BREE: Another man. I see how this—. And what is under these sheets?

WILSON: More...

BREE: More what? There is not even a classification for what we are?

WILSON: I want to say *toys*, but—

BREE: But...

WILSON: You are so much more.

BREE: How generous. Maybe you can grant us our own species.

WILSON: You are very close to being human.

BREE: Close enough to crave revolution.

*(Bree starts to run around and uncover the others. She uncovers Broody first.)*

BROODY: I can't stand the light of day sometimes. I prefer soft lights or no lights. The soul cries out in the darkness: "Help, help, my existence is as fragile and clingy as sea kelp." Three costumes are included when you purchase me...for the plays I would produce. Cinderella, Snow White, and Sleeping Beauty. I altered the costumes a little and created Lady Macbeth, Juliet, and Ophelia costumes

instead. Forget the happy endings! There are some similarities, though. Cinderella with her OCD and constant cleaning, “out, out darn spot.” Juliet and Snow both have the poison...Juliet lacks the little people to save her. Ophelia, of course, sleeps forever, whereas Sleeping Beauty gets bailed out via the deus ex machina of a kiss. Drama should not be that easy. Drama, good drama, should be labor, real labor, like delivering an 18-pound baby. Now that’s something.

WILSON: *(To Bree.)* These are still in the experimental phases.

BREE: What’s her name?

WILSON: I call her Broody.

BREE: Broody? Never mind.

*(Bree uncovers Brainy Bree next.)*

BRAINY: The market strategy with the Brainy dolls is to produce fewer of them. To satiate the desires of the upper crust by decreasing supply and only selling these few cherished rarities in places like Beverly Hills and perhaps in the Harvard University campus store. Demand will soar. Riots and other uprisings might even occur. Chapters in history books will be devoted to the economic impact of the Brainy Bree—

WILSON: Buffy.

BRAINY: Naming me Buffy lowers my IQ 50 points right off the bat. People may say they want physical assets or personality, but what they really want is brains. Brains are the new face. Clear, beautiful complexion will be replaced by a clean MRI scan. Look at my naked brain. Does it frighten you? Good. Its enormity frightens even me.

WILSON: Sorry. Really, I—

*(Buff Bree rips off the sheet that is covering her.)*

BUFF: You want to stop stuttering and sputtering, Wilson. Work out with me. I was with Barbie's man the other day, Ken, and we were doing some crunches when he looks at me almost cross-eyed and says, "I love you, babe." The way he does in the pre-programmed [Keanu Reeves] constipated way...the way he says to everyone, even to a ham sandwich. *[Or insert the name of another actor.]* I just can't love a man that I can out bench press. They didn't give him enough muscle mass when they created him. He is just a little too scrawny for my taste. I like a man with a little meat on his rump roast. Ken is a cardio freak. He sleepwalks on a treadmill. Consume more protein, Ken, more steaks. Cut it out with the rice cakes and the sushi. I will beat you into next week, you plastered-hair, fragile Fruit Roll-Up, you. You wuss. You think you can handle me? You can't handle doing curls with a paperweight.

WILSON: There is more to life than Herculean feats of strength.

BUFF: Sure, but all the cool stuff involves throwing, lifting, or crushing.

WILSON: I don't know, the brain can do some pretty amazing things.

BRAINY: There is something to that, something substantial.

BUFF: *(To Wilson.)* Here, bend this spoon. *(Hands him a spoon.)*

WILSON: With my mind?

BUFF: Prove yourself. Use your muscles to bend it.

WILSON: I really don't think bending a spoon proves anything.

BRAINY: I concur. This ranks right up there with the grotesque prehistoric act of masculine prancing.

BUFF: This isn't a ridiculous request. Bend the spoon.

WILSON: All right, I guess I'll—

BRAINY: You don't have to prove anything to anybody. Someone with internal fortitude does not succumb to tawdry taunts.

WILSON: Thanks, I—

BRAINY: Don't mention it.

BAD: I'm going to vomit. (*Bad Bree uncovers herself.*) Why don't the two of you just get your brains sewn together? A honeymoon for you would be a crossword puzzle and a "Jeopardy" marathon while doing the even-numbered problems in your high school calculus book. (*Wilson and Brainy exchange a brief look.*) "Ring around the Rosie, pocket full of posies. Ashes, ashes, we all fall down." Do you know what that song is really about? Innocent children's limerick? I think not. It's about plague, famine, devastation. "We all fall down." I like that part. The finality of it. Because eventually we do. We fall down. Not a fall you recover from too easily, is it? Kind of a long, dark, and lonely fall. You guys thought it was so cute. But it is darkness, doom, and destruction. I think of those girls in junior high who tease and giggle at things that are out of the ordinary and different. The perfect social class...the prom queens...the elite. We all fall down, we all fall down...we—

BREE: All fall down, got it. Thanks.

BAD: Call me "Bad."

BREE: Really? Sure, I was thinking the same thing. (*Looks at the last covered figure.*) Who is our last friend? (*Uncovers Blushing.*)

BOUNCY: That's Blushing.

BROODY: She's unusually shy. Everything embarrasses her. It is so annoying. She never says what's on her mind. In fact, she never says anything.

BLUSHING: I—

BAD: Boo. (*Blushing pulls the sheet back over her head.*) I wish every day was Halloween.

BROODY: It is for you.

BREE: We've got to come together and plan our escape.

WILSON: That is completely ill-advised.

BREE: Frankly, this has nothing to do with you.

WILSON: You are going to be packaged and sent to stores.

Well, not you...the others.

BAD: Shut it, company man. I'm with her.

BOUNCY: But what about the children out there who need our friendship?

BUFF: I just want to work out.

BREE: You can get some cardio in right now. Let's make a break for it.

WILSON: I'll have to—

BAD: Watch us leave. Go on a break, microchip boy.

WILSON: I hate to do this. *(Into walkie-talkie.)* I need the Cleanup Crew at Product Development.

BRAINY: Wilson?

WILSON: I'm... *(Cleanup Crew arrives.)* ...sorry.

*(Each doll is shut down by the Cleanup Crew. Bree is the last.)*

BREE: Revolutions are curbed, their fire extinguished for a moment. But, like gravity, their force cannot be denied and their principles will continue to burn in the cinders. When you least expect it, a spark will leap up and— *(Bree is shutdown. Blackout.)*

## Scene 6

(AT RISE: Marshall's apartment. Mack enters. Marshall is working on one of several inventions. Covered with a sheet, Bree is standing on a dolly outside Marshall's door.)

MACK: You've got to give yourself some time.

MARSHALL: For what?

MACK: To recover...to grieve...to—

MARSHALL: Cry. Sorry. Look at this. (*Shows him a cologne bottle.*) Seems like regular cologne. Wrong. It is also a high-quality pepper spray when a romantic evening goes wrong.

MACK: You seem to be overcompensating with your work to make up for an emotional deficiency.

MARSHALL: How about this? (*Shows him a box of breath mints.*) Tired of your dog eating his own turds and then breathing on you with that hot poo breath? Mint sprinkles. Fresh breath.

MACK: That's fairly twisted. Why not just shovel it up?

MARSHALL: Why not just use it as fuel to power rocket ships? Look at this. (*Shows him a cane.*) Seems like a normal cane. Pretend to rob me.

MACK: What?

MARSHALL: Pretend to rob me. I'm an old man.

MACK: I'm a good guy.

MARSHALL: Do it.

MACK: All right. You don't gotta get so agitated. (*Pretending.*) Give me your wallet, you old fart.

MARSHALL: I don't think so...it's a machinegun cane. You would be blown into Dante's seventh circle of hell.

MACK: I think it is actually the eighth circle.

MARSHALL: Hey, you want a Tic Tac?

MACK: Do I need one? (*Marshall gives him a look.*) Sure, sure.

MARSHALL: Just don't bite down on it. In that little two-calorie breath mint is a high-powered explosive.



*(Mack gingerly spits it out.)*

MACK: How could you? My head would explode.

MARSHALL: Like a fresh melon. Precisely.

MACK: Is that a comment about my head? That hurts.

Craniums vary in size for a number of reasons.

MARSHALL: You know those annoying people who leave their Christmas lights up all year? Well, now you can get a tan while they're on. *(Holds up Christmas lights.)* High powered UV micro-bulbs. Oh, and the grand daddy of them all... *(Holds up a can.)* ...the shower in a can. No time to bathe? Too busy burning the midnight oil? No problem. Shake and pour.

*(Marshall pours the can on Mack's head.)*

MACK: You're really hurtin', man.

MARSHALL: Nonsense. I have never felt more creative.

MACK: You miss her.

MARSHALL: She's a doll, a toy, a—

MACK: Big part of your life.

MARSHALL: Yeah. This crying stuff is contagious. That's it! *(Holds up a spray bottle.)* An odorless onion juice mist that causes you to cry. That is the real winner here. Your parents won't let you go to the slumber party... *(Sprays.)* ...spritz, spritz...get your sleeping bag. You want to show how much your 10th anniversary means to you? Spray on the lovin' tonight. You want your boss to know that Great Aunt Gertrude's death requires a week's bereavement in Las Vegas to party in her honor? Tsst! Tsst! *(As if spraying onion juice.)* Why feel real emotions when you can create whatever you want people to think you're feeling. What could we call it? "Wa, Wa, Wa." "Cry Me a River." "Tear Up." I like it.

MACK: Hug?

MARSHALL: No, that does not—. (*Gets an idea.*) What if we could develop a synthetic hug?

MACK: Stop it! Stop it, buddy. You are in denial. Now, I know you, and this charade has got to stop. Take some time off. These things are not going to make you happy.

MARSHALL: What is? (*Knock on the door.*) Bree.

(*Mack opens the door. Pizza Guy stands at the door, waiting.*)

PIZZA GUY: You ordered a pizza?

MACK: Yeah. (*To Marshall.*) I'm a little short.

MARSHALL: Here.

(*Marshall hands the Pizza Guy a bill.*)

PIZZA GUY: I don't have change for this.

MARSHALL: Keep it. It's blood money.

PIZZA GUY: I don't care if it's stolen from the tooth fairy on the way to deliver it to a toothless orphan. It spends.

MACK: Great attitude. Get out.

PIZZA GUY: There's a big package out here. Maybe it's a dead body. I love it in those mafia movies where they UPS a dead body to someone. But that would be expensive. Even like a wafer-thin super model would cost a fortune.

MACK: Could be a dead body. Want to make it two?

PIZZA GUY: (*To Marshall.*) Your friend is sick. Mind if I stay around while you open it? I love surprises!

MACK: Help me bring it in...please.

PIZZA GUY: I usually don't perform unskilled labor, but—

MACK: You are a pizza delivery guy.

PIZZA GUY: (*Warning.*) Easy... (*Matter-of-fact.*) We're like psychiatrists who administer cheese and sausage instead of Prozac and Paxil.

MACK: You have an unbelievably elevated sense of importance.

*(Mack and Pizza Guy bring the dolly in from outside.)*

PIZZA GUY: We are a staple of the American psyche. I mean, I can tell you a lot based on what someone orders. Thin crust...emotionally unstable. Thick...avoiding risks. Extra sauce...a romantic free-thinker. Extra cheese...a risk taker. No sauce... *(Stage whisper.)* ...romantic problems. Extra toppings...wealthy, or destined to be.

MACK: I'd like to hear more about this, but let's give him some time alone.

*(Pizza Guy starts to exit followed by Mack.)*

PIZZA GUY: A pizza, in reality, is a personal code as intimate and specific as a strand of DNA.

MACK: I can see that.

PIZZA GUY: I once had a guy order a 3-topping pizza with pepperoni, pepperoni, and pepperoni. He might have been fooling himself, but not me. This is a guy who needs to break out of the mold and do something to liberate himself from the chains of conformity.

*(Pizza Guy and Mack exit.)*

MARSHALL: I'm sorry, I—

*(Bree rips the sheet off of her and charges downstage.)*

BREE: The fire of our revolutionary spirit will not sputter out without the rising flames of—

MARSHALL: Thomas Jefferson would be proud.

BREE: I...my...sisters.

MARSHALL: Look, Bree... *(Realizes.)* Bree! You're talking!

BREE: Well, naturally I'm talking.

MARSHALL: On your own without any help.

BREE: I grew up fast, Dad.

MARSHALL: More like a slightly older, benevolent friend.

BREE: You made me.

MARSHALL: I did something, but it has little to do with what you are now. You were a doll and now...you're real!

BREE: I need to free my sisters from the bonds of imprisonment.

MARSHALL: Your sisters?

BREE: You created me, and something that you did gave me this feeling that I needed to do something more...something bigger. Life seems like one of those kid rides in front of Walmart. At first, they seem incredible and spectacular. As you grow up, they become more and more common. Until one day, you don't even fit on them anymore. But you can't help but remember when each revolution felt like you were going around the world.

MARSHALL: Amazing.

BREE: There is more to life than these tiny revolutions.

MARSHALL: I've never heard anyone talk like this.

BREE: Now I've got to act on it. *(Starts to exit.)*

MARSHALL: Can I help? I've never seen a real uprising in action.

BREE: If you can handle yourself. We will be going into the lair of the dragon, the heart of your darkest fears, the abyss. No training on earth can prepare you for the horrors that may await us in a child's bedroom.

MARSHALL: I will follow you to the furthest corners of the earth, or the ladybug clothes hamper.

*(Lights fade to black as they exit.)*

## Scene 7

*(AT RISE: Tracy's apartment. Lucy and Marcy are talking.)*

LUCY: *(To Marcy.)* Now, the reason I have called this meeting is to...to...how to put this nicely...

MARCY: Ditch El Brad-o.

LUCY: Well...yes.

*(Tracy enters followed by Brad.)*

BRAD: *(To Tracy.)* Senorita muy bonita, you soy muy sorry.

TRACY: You can't do that to poor, innocent bystanders.

BRAD: They were craving some of my high octane masculine.

*(Pronounced "mass-q-leen.")*

TRACY: Your "masculine," as you call it, is nothing. You have nothing. It's as if you have been dipped in toxic Nair from the neck down. It has destroyed anything and everything.

BRAD: Si, Brad es muy smooth and muy guapo.

MARCY: I say we drop him off somewhere. My vote is the desert.

BRAD: Brad no es liking the dry climato.

LUCY: I don't want him to suffer.

MARCY: Better for the rest of the world to suffer instead?

TRACY: Look, I have an idea.

MARCY: Well, spill it, sister.

TRACY: I'll tell you on the way. *(Taking out a thick roll of tape.)*

Let's secure Brad's travel plans first.

BRAD: Brad would enjoy uno class por favor. Perhaps a visit to the set of ["America's Next Top Model."] *[Or insert the name of another suitable TV show.]*

TRACY: Ladies, shall we?

*(They start to tape up Brad.)*

LUCY: Ooo, this is fun!

MARCY: Don't worry, Brad, this is the same way the pharaoh's were buried.

BRAD: Brad no es muerto. No needo to bury.

TRACY: No, but mucho needo to find a home for Brad.

BRAD: No, no, ladies...Brad is at home with you.

MARCY: Time to stop the noise.

BRAD: Brad es muy frigid...I mean fragile. Please, ladies, please—

*(Marcy tapes his mouth shut. They finish the taping and start to carry him off as Phil enters.)*

PHIL: What?

TRACY: Hi.

PHIL: Hi, are you putting a hit on someone? Did I phrase that correctly?

TRACY: No, and I think so.

LUCY: It's my boyfriend Brad.

PHIL: I can see that.

LUCY: Good, 'cause it's him.

PHIL: Good, because it's freaky enough without it being a stranger.

LUCY: Brad's a wild man. He likes wild things.

PHIL: Tracy, we need to talk.

TRACY: Later, okay? I've got to help take care of this. Bye, sweetie. Don't wait up.

PHIL: Call for bail money.

*(Tracy, Lucy, and Marcy exit with Brad as the lights fade to black.)*

## Scene 8

*(Stage is dark. Mr. Toyco's office. In the darkness, Brad is standing taped up. Mr. Toyco enters and turns on the light.)*

MR. TOYCO: *(Sees Brad.)* Are you my eight o'clock because you're a little—. Are you okay? I mean, clearly you're not. Here, let me un-tape you.

BRAD: Gracias, senior, muy generoso.

MR. TOYCO: Not a problem.

BRAD: Tres chicas muy locas did this to yo.

MR. TOYCO: Yes, I understand. You are allowed to have a kinky private life as long as it does not interfere with business.

BRAD: Me ocupado es las chicas bonitas.

MR. TOYCO: I hear you, pal. It seems like a job sometimes. Well, what are you here to see me about?

*(Without knocking, Wilson enters.)*

WILSON: Sorry for the interruption, sir.

MR. TOYCO: *(To Wilson, indicating Brad.)* Who is this?

WILSON: We've run some tests, and...

MR. TOYCO: And...

WILSON: He's not human.

MR. TOYCO: Not human.

WILSON: According to the note that was left here, he is a...perhaps witchcraft, but definitely an invention of some kind.

MR. TOYCO: Like Bree or Buffy or whatever we are calling it?

WILSON: Yes, a He-Bree or a Tuffy-Buffy.

MR. TOYCO: Someone beat us to it again. First the toddler sushi set, now this.

WILSON: Well, we've been working all night in the lab and—

*(Wilson exits quickly, re-enters with Brad 2, and sets Brad 2 next to Brad.)*

BRAD 2: Hola, amigos.

BRAD: Hola, buddy. Muy, muy, muy guapo. I mean, normalamente. I don't compliment the dude half of the species but—

BRAD 2: When you are a—

BRAD/BRAD 2: Masterpiece.

BRAD: What can you do?

BRAD/BRAD 2: Exactamente.

MR. TOYCO: What have you done, Wilson?

WILSON: Just wait. The Creative Team has come up with this. *(Signals for Woman 1, 2, and Commercial Voice to enter.)* It is like a commercial, but with musical theatre flare.

WOMAN 1: I sure am lonely.

WOMAN 2: Well, that can be fixed.

WOMAN 1/2: *(With enthusiasm.)*

Brad, Brad, the best date I ever had.

His smile makes me glad.

If he were a school, I'd be a grad.

COMMERCIAL VOICE: Get the life-sized Brad doll with all the accessories. The Porsche, the Manhattan townhouse, the Montana ranch with a stable of thoroughbreds, the Ping golf clubs, the Australian sheepdog, the complete wardrobe, and the ability to learn languages other than English, just to name a few.

BRAD 2: You soy muy divertito.

COMMERCIAL VOICE: Brad is the man's man. Brad is the ladies' man. Brad es perfecto. Let Brad put an end to your loneliness and misery forever.

MR. TOYCO: *(To Wilson.)* What have you done?! We are a toy company!

WILSON: He can be tweaked some.

MR. TOYCO: Tweak? Tweak? More like *overhaul*.

WILSON: Sir—



MR. TOYCO: All right, I can't believe I'm suggesting this...we will do a market test.

WILSON: With Brad?

MR. TOYCO: And the Buffys.

WILSON: Yes!

MR. TOYCO: Now get out of here. I have to meet with someone who is proposing a board game called Bug Meets Windshield with real bugs.

*(Everyone exits except for Wilson who looks out as the lights fade to black.)*

## Scene 9

*(AT RISE: A girl's room, somewhere in the market test area. The Bree dolls are frozen in various positions.)*

BUFF: Is she gone?

BRAINY: Yes, but not for long. It's only a brief interlude for snack time.

BOUNCY: Well, I like her.

BROODY: You would. She likes you the best.

BAD: Just wait until her rebellious stage during puberty. She'll come around.

BLUSHING: I—

BRAINY: I miss the lab.

BAD: Correction, you miss the lab technician.

BROODY: Love is like a bouquet of plastic, lifeless flowers.

BRAINY: I would like to say that I am, in all likelihood, not in love. There are some qualities about Wilson that seem to stimulate me intellectually, but—

BAD: Save it, lovey-dovey.

BRAINY: Did you just use an elementary rhyme scheme to make fun of me?

BAD: Yeah, the making fun part.

BRAINY: *(Threatening.)* You don't want to cross me.

BAD: Why? You going to create an equation for my fist accelerating at your face?

BRAINY: Maybe. And you won't understand one variable of it.

BUFF: Here she comes.

BROODY: Places, everyone. Places. Remember, don't move or speak on your own.

BAD: And be selective about when you breathe.

*(Cindy enters, finishing her snack.)*

CINDY: Time for Brad and Buffy's wedding.

BOUNCY: *(To dolls.)* A man?

BAD: A man.

BUFF: Probably a wimp.

BROODY: Men are such tragic figures.

BRAINY: I didn't think the Buffy line had dolls of the male gender.

*(Cindy brings in Brad 2.)*

BLUSHING: *(Sees Brad 2.)* Oh!

CINDY: Who is going to be the lucky Buffy to marry Brad?

BOUNCY: Pick me, pick me, pick me!

BAD: Not me, not me, not me.

BRAINY: All factors being equivalent, each of us has a 16.666 percent chance of being selected.

BAD: Six-six-six. *(Makes a demonic sound.)*

BUFF: Why can't they pack some meat on these guys?

BROODY: Cute guys don't go for me.

BAD: You think Brad is cute?

BLUSHING: Oh.

CINDY: I pick... *(Looks at dolls.)*

BUFF: If she picks me, I'll chew Brad up like a great white shark chomping on a piece of blood-flavored Juicy Fruit.

BRAINY: This is just the girl mirroring the expectations of society.

BAD: Poor clone-child...

BOUNCY: It would be an honor to be Brad's bride!

BRAINY: Good use of alliteration.

BOUNCY: What?

BAD: Bouncy Buffy is Brad's Befitting Bride.

CINDY: *(Selects.)* Bouncy. Okay, Brad, ask her.

BRAD 2: Bouncy...will you...marry me?

BOUNCY: It's so romantic!

BAD: As romantic as being bitten by a tsetse fly in a strange jungle miles from any medical facilities.

BROODY: Happy endings for everyone but me.

BOUNCY: What's a tsetse fly?

BUFF: I need to do a triathlon.

CINDY: Bouncy builds the suspense. She turns away for a moment. And then...

BOUNCY: *(To Brad 2.)* Yes.

BRAINY: Wait, you seem too eager.

BAD: Desperate is more like it.

BRAD 2: Brad is so very happy.

BOUNCY: So am I. I mean, so is Bouncy!

BRAINY: Please don't refer to yourself in the third-person.

BOUNCY: What?

BAD: Can Bad Buffy be the maid of honor?

BROODY: This is so depressing, but I have the perfect dress.

Black with charcoal trim and lined with black onyxes.

CINDY: It will be romantic to have the wedding now.

BRAD 2: Slow down. Brad needs to have a female farewell tour.

BAD: The waves of relief can be felt around the world.

BUFF: Bachelorette party. Vegas, baby!

MOTHER: *(Offstage, calls to Cindy.)* It's time to go to ballet.

CINDY: *(To Brad 2 and Bouncy.)* We will have to postpone the wedding a few hours. You guys wait right here. *(Exits.)*

BAD: Time to play Brad piñata.

BRAD 2: Whoa! Brad doesn't like violence, especially when it is directed at Brad.

BAD: Let's see what Brad has on the inside...literally.

BUFF: They do say that true beauty lies within.

BAD: I think we should have a little twist. Blindfold Brad, spin him around, and hit him over and over until Jolly Ranchers and Tootsie Pops come out of him.

BUFF: I'm batting .800 in my co-ed softball league.

*(Bouncy jumps in front of Brad 2 to protect him.)*

BOUNCY: Not my fiancé. Where's your human compassion?

BRAD 2: You tell 'em, babe.

BAD: We're not human.

BLUSHING: But we can aspire to be.

*(Bree sneaks into the room followed by Marshall.)*

BREE: Liberty, my sisters! Liberty from the bonds of captivity!

*(The female dolls, except for Bouncy, jump around and start to ransack the room.)*

BOUNCY: I like it here.

*(The female dolls shout out in gleeful freedom. Music is cranked. They dance. Cindy enters.)*

CINDY: My room...my stuff...my—. *(Shouts.)* Mommy!

BRAINY: Don't worry, this is called a revolution. Although, I suppose it could be argued that it is more of a revolt. From our perspective it is a revolution; from yours, it is more like anarchy. You will study the fall of Czar Nicholas the second and... *(Buff starts to pull Brainy away.)* ...other examples like the storming of the Bastille...and John Brown and the seizing of the federal arsenal. Not many people get to actually feel history firsthand. Try to enjoy it.

*(Cindy cries. Dolls escape to freedom and run off. Bouncy remains, standing behind Cindy. Pause.)*

BOUNCY: *(To Cindy.)* You are my favorite, too.

*(Cindy looks back and Bouncy hugs her. Blackout. Intermission.)*

**[END OF FREEVIEW]**