

LAW & ORDER: FAIRY TALE UNIT

Jonathan Rand

During the trial against the Big Bad Wolf, a disgruntled and badly bruised police detective H.D. takes the witness stand to provide testimony for the carnivore's crime. Defense attorney Peep challenges H.D., demanding that he reveal the source of his wounds, as it may well render him unfit for testimony.

H.D. All right... You wanna know? Fine. I'll tell you. I'll tell you right now. But don't blame me if you're plagued with nightmares for the rest of your life...

(What follows is a highly emotional monologue, as slow and gripping as it needs to be.)

It was Thursday afternoon. I was on my lunch break. There I was, sitting, minding my own business. But I wasn't sitting just anywhere. No... No I wasn't... I was sitting on a wall. That's right, a wall. It seemed stable enough, sure. Why wouldn't a wall be stable? *(Pause.)* But then out of the blue...without warning...it gave way. Before I could get my bearings, I lost my balance, and... *(Pause.)* ...and I fell.

And it wasn't just your average fall. No it wasn't. It's not easy to describe the kind of the fall it was, but...if I had to choose a word... I'd say it was...great. A great fall. *(Quietly.)* It was great...

I regained consciousness in a gurney over at King's County. They did everything they could to fix my bone fractures, my torn joints, ... my broken soul. All the finest doctors lent a hand—human doctors, of course, but also horse doctors... After surgery...the chief resident put his hoof in my hand and told me everything was gonna be all right.

But he was *all wrong*...

No matter how hard they tried, they failed...they failed at putting me back together again.

You wanna know about my physical stability? Oh I'll be all right. Sure. I'll survive. But after a fall of such...great...magnitude... I may not ever recover...up here. (*Points to his head.*) And in here. (*Points to his heart.*) And along here. (*He indicates the side of his pinky.*)

For those of you out there—you young people, especially—listen to me and listen close... 'Cause I'll only say it once: The next time you see a wall...*respect* that wall... And don't sit on it. Sit on a chair... Or maybe a futon.

(*Pause.*)

Happy now?

I quit.

E2

TALES FROM THE ARABIAN MICE

Will Averill

Rock, a perennial bit player, believes there are small parts for actors. He gripes to the audience.

ROCK. Hi. I don't know if you remember me or not, but I was the kid who played the Crocodile last year in Peter Pan? Do you remember? Probably not. It was a little part, and although I've trained for years for a life in the theatre, three years running here at the [name of venue], they have neglected to use me to my fullest potential...again. You know what I am this year? I'm. a. rock. Not the professional wrestler and famous actor in such cinematic classics as 'The Scorpion King', no, I'm just a routine lousy geological formation which our protagonist (that's a big word for hero that I learned in my three years of professional theatre training, all of which did me NO good when it came to casting), finds himself collapsing against in his time of trouble. Can't wait for school to start again—'We went to Disneyworld this summer, oh, wow, we went to Europe. Hey, what'd you do this summer (kid's name). Who, me? Oh. I stayed at home AND PLAYED A LOUSY 'ROCK!' Not that I'm bitter. Cause it's—

(Uber-sarcastic:)

“—it's great training.”

(PIPSQUEAK coughs.)

Oh. Excuse me. Gotta go LIE ON THE FLOOR AND DO NOTHING now for a while.

(ROCK returns to his position.)

2.) Does
in?

E3

COMMON GROUND

Brendon Votipka

A teenager explains his current state of mind.

TEENAGER. I've been trying very hard to put into words the way I'm feeling right now. But I'm drawing a blank. I feel blank. "Blank" is almost something, but I fear it may be nothing. Nothing is an awful feeling. It's the absence of feeling. I don't feel nothing. Nothing is not what I feel. I feel something. Definitely something. I don't feel the absence of feeling, but I think I may feel the absence of color. Until I got out my art supplies from kindergarten, I couldn't decide what it was. Then, It hit me.

I feel like a white crayon. No, I don't. I am a white crayon. Exactly. I am completely and totally a white crayon. I guess I always identified with the white crayon. The thing is, the white crayon just sits in the box. You following me? I mean, I know that all the colors sit in the same box. Back in grade school, when you bought your school supplies at the beginning of a school year you could be sure that every color would be present. But while you can be sure they're all there, does it matter that every color is in the box? Does it matter if you have a white crayon? No.

The other colors get so much more action. Of course they get more action. Take a color like green. I wish I was green. Green is used in so many pictures, so often. How frequently does a kid use green. Pretty frequently. It gets a lot of action. Red is the same way. You use red for an apple, or a heart, or lips. Purple can be grapes, or flowers, or a sunset. yellow, blue, brown, black, pink, any color, you name it! People use those colors all the time. A kid uses every crayon in the box.

Except white. No one ever picks up the white crayon. It sits in its box, completely sharpened and ready to go, but it's destined to re-

main in the stupid box. No one needs it. It has no use. I know, I know, "people use the white crayon sometimes." But rarely. Rarely. And besides, the white crayon is the crayon no one cares if they break. If they snap it in two, no big deal. It's not like it's necessary for survival. No one needs a white crayon.

E4

AFTER MATH

Jonathan Dorf

A student has just witnessed the disappearance of a classmate in the middle of math class. Where are the dark-suited man and woman taking Emmett, and why is the teacher shaking?

SHAKING STUDENT. Mrs. Parks has this thing about tests. Well, she has this thing about everything, but when it comes to tests... If she's giving a test, you don't knock on the door, you don't stand by the door, you don't call the room, you don't even look in the window. And not just the students—the other teachers, even Mr. Bobell, the principal.

(Beat.)

One time, he knocks and comes in during a quiz—not even a test—a quiz on solving simple equations. You know, like x squared equals nine, or three x plus x equals eight. That's algebra. You should see how she looks at him. Her eyes get all narrow, and I'm not crazy so I know I'm not really seeing it, but I swear there's these flames shooting from her eyes. Or maybe it's lasers. I think it's flames, though, 'cause if I didn't know better, I'd say there's smoke comin' from her ears. And Mr. Bobell starts to say something, only nothing comes out. His jaw flaps in slow-mo, then flaps again. He takes one step back, two steps back—and he's gone.

(Beat.)

But today, we're in the middle of a major test—not just some quiz. This is an all-out unit test. Points, lines, slopes—we're graphing 'til we can't graph no more.

(Like a rapper.)

Graph those lines in the air—graph 'em like you just don't care.

(Beat.)

Anyway, this man in a dark gray suit walks in, and there's a woman—also wearing a dark gray suit—at the door, and I watch Mrs. Parks's eyes start to ignite, only the man doesn't flinch—and her eyes, they sink back into her head, like they're in retreat.

(Beat.)

He says something to her real quiet, and her eyes...her eyes totally wash out, and her face wipes blank. "Emmett," she says, "bring your books." And Emmett packs his books into his backpack and goes with the suits—the man inside and the woman at the door.

(Beat.)

And when the door closes and Emmett is gone and the suits are gone, it's "back to your tests. Ten minutes." But I don't believe her. Yeah, I believe we've got ten minutes of class. I can see the clock, but I don't believe Mrs. Parks cares if we finish, and as she picks up Emmett's test, her hands—I'm not crazy, so I know my head's just making it up—I swear her hands are shaking.