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THE BROTHERS GRIMM SPECTACULATHON

(full-length version)

Don Zolidis

After learning that his daughter is being pressured into kissing a frog, a nostalgic King tries to explain why it's important to go out there and embrace amphibians, or geeks.

KING. Let me tell you a little story about your father when he was your age: You see, I was something of a dork.

I was. I was. I played Dungeons and Dragons. I read comic books. I wasn't very good at sports. I spent a lot of time on-line. I had unfortunate clothes. And there was a girl who I was friends with. And she was beautiful. Absolutely gorgeous. And we used to walk home from school every day and she'd tell me all the problems she was having with whatever popular boy she was dating at the time, and I'd listen, and I'd listen, and I listened to her every day. And she would always say, "why can't they be nice like you?" I was in love with that girl. And I just kept waiting for my chance. Until one day she had gotten dumped by her latest jerk and she came over to my house in the middle of the night after getting drunk at a party, and it was raining outside and she gave me this huge hug. I thought, now's my chance. So I leaned in to kiss her—

And she said, "what are you doing? I don't want to ruin our friendship." It was as if my heart had been ripped from my chest and popped like a grape. And she looked down at the crushed, oozing juice of my soul and said, "um...I don't think so." Like she had dismembered my love with a meat cleaver and used the blood-spattered wreckage of my life as a cage liner for her pet cockatiel Ramon to poop on. As if she—

Well after I became King girls started to like me. Go figure. But what I'm telling you is this: Get back in that room and kiss that damn frog! Kiss him for all the losers and the dorks out there who never got kissed by their princesses! Kiss him for that guy in the audience who thinks he's on a date but really isn't because she doesn't like him like that! Kiss him for that guy who came here thinking he was going to meet chicks and found out that every girl in here was already taken by some jerk! Kiss him for the sad, the weird, the skinny, the not-all-that-athletic and the guys with the pungent body odor problems who should probably shower more frequently! KISS THE DAMN FROG!

M 2

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KOCHENDERFER'S FRANKENSTEIN

Tim Kochenderfer

The Creature has just killed the wife of his creator, Victor Frankenstein, on the couples wedding night in revenge for abandoning the Creature. Frankenstein, who had just left to investigate a strange noise outside, runs back to the honeymoon suite after hearing his bride scream.

FRANKENSTEIN. Elizabeth! What is it is... Ah, phew. You're just sleeping. I thought I heard you screaming and something horrible had happened. That crash outside turned out to be nothing. Someone had turned on a wrecking ball and it nailed a car that was driving by sending it flying into a nearby field. I guess that is something. *(Pause.)* I should probably wake you up before talking to you. *(He notices a card next to ELIZABETH.)* What's this? *(He picks it up and opens it; reads:)* "On your wedding day..." *(He opens to the inside of the card and reads:)* "All the joy that fills your life, there is none so great as being husband and wife. With love and peace and joy-filled tears, I wish you happiness throughout the years. P.S. I've killed your wife. Love, The Creature!" *(Throws card down.)* Elizabeth!

(He shakes her.)

She is dead! Oh no! No, no, no! That's it! I didn't marry my wife for her to be murdered by my own creation! I married her to seek revenge on my creation. Nobody turns the tables after I have turned the tables. I will find you creature! No matter where you are! *(Glances down.)* What's this? *(He picks up the card and reads:)* "P.P.S., If your pathetic being wishes to find me, simply head north. Love, The Creature." From this point on, my sole purpose in life is to destroy my creation! *(Goes to leave.)* I should probably call police about this murder. There's no time, I'll just pencil a note. *(Picks up paper and writes:)* Dear police, I know this looks like I did this, but I

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totally didn't. I'll explain later, Victor Frankenstein. That should do just fine. I'm off!

M 3

I Hate Hamlet

by Paul Rudnick

1 Andrew — late twenties

Male

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(Andrew Rally, a television star in his late twenties, is haunted by the ghost of renowned actor John Barrymore. The ghost has persuaded Andrew to play the role of Hamlet in a Central Park production. Now, sitting alone in his New York apartment after his disastrous performance the previous evening, Andrew becomes extremely passionate and animated as he reflects on the experience.)

Last night, right from the start, I knew I was bombing. I sounded big and phony, real thee and thou, and then I started rushing it. Hi, what's new in Denmark? I just could not connect. I couldn't get ahold of it. And while I'm... babbling, I look out, and there's this guy in the second row, a kid, like 16, obviously dragged there. And he's yawning and he's jiggling his legs and reading his program. And I just wanted to say, hey kid, I'm with you. I can't stand this either! But I couldn't do that, so I just keep feeling worse and worse, just drowning. And I thought, okay, all my questions are answered — I'm not Hamlet, I'm no actor, what am I doing here? And then I get to the soliloquy, the big job. I'm right in the headlights, and I just thought, oh Christ, the hell with it, just do it!

To be or not to be, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles

1 And by opposing, end them.
2 And I kept going. I finished the speech, and I look out,
3 and there's the kid — and he's listening. The whole
4 audience — complete silence, total focus. And I was
5 Hamlet. And it lasted about ten more seconds, and then
6 I was back in Hell. And I stayed there. But for that one
7 little bit, for that one speech — I got it. I had it. Hamlet.
8 And only eight thousand lines left to go.

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M 4

The House of Ramon Iglesia

by Jose Rivera

Iglesia

1 Javier — young man

Male

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3 *(Javier Iglesia, the oldest son and only one of three children*
4 *to attend college, believes that his father, Ramon, is a failure.*
5 *Ramon, a diabetic and drunk, plans to sell the family house*
6 *and move back to Puerto Rico. The two men fight, and*
7 *Ramon leaves the house in a fit of rage. Javier goes in search*
8 *of his father, and finds him drunken and disoriented, limping*
9 *through the snow.)*

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11 I can just leave you here. You know that? I'll just leave
12 you here and you can die in the cold. I'll leave you here
13 if I want!

14 Half of me wants to do that. Lie right down there,
15 Dad! Cover yourself up! Go to sleep! Let them find you
16 tomorrow morning. You'll be doing me a favor. I won't
17 have to point to you, saying, 'That's my father, that
18 janitor there! See the bent old man with the mop? The
19 old slave dragging his feet? That's my proud old man!'
20 *(Ramon falls in the snow)* GET UP FOR CHRISSAKES!
21 Don't you have any pride at all? Are you going to let this
22 snow kill you while I stand here watching you? If you
23 don't get up, I'll walk, I'll leave, I swear! *(Bending down*
24 *over his father)* Why can't you help yourself? Why? *(Low)*
25 Why can't you help ... yourself? You should never have
26 bent down so I could wipe my feet on your back. I never
27 asked you to do that for me. Why did you do that for
28 me? Why were you that way for me? Why did you suffer
29 so ... quietly?

M 5

Rememberin' Stuff

by Eleanor Harder

1 Tony — adolescent

Male

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3 *(Tony, a rebellious young man with an attitude, sits impatiently*
4 *in a group therapy session waiting for his turn to speak. He is a*
5 *troubled adolescent, consumed by frequent outbursts of anger*
6 *and an uncontrollable dependency on alcohol. When the*
7 *brooding Tony begins "rememberin' stuff," we catch a more*
8 *personal glimpse of his searing pain and suffering.)*

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10 Yeah, I share an interest. *(To audience)* Share it with a lot of
11 people. Alcohol. So, okay, what's that got to do with the
12 price of beans? Well, 'cause I'm rememberin' stuff —
13 rememberin' when I got busted for drunk driving.
14 Everybody says I was lucky not to get myself killed or kill
15 somebody else. And I know I was lucky 'cause the car was
16 totalled. So, for awhile I got smart and quit driving when I
17 was drinkin.' *(Grins.)* But I was still drinkin.' Y'know, man,
18 I mean — It helps you forget your problems. Well, *(Shrugs)*
19 helped me, anyhow. So, like I don't remember when I
20 started. I just know I'd drink anything in sight that had
21 alcohol in it, anytime I could find it. Which wasn't hard. Not
22 at my old man's place. Hell, it was easier to find his booze
23 than to find him. So anyhow, now I'm in one of those
24 counseling programs. You know, for *(Makes quotation marks*
25 *in the air with his fingers)* 'Substance abusers.' I didn't think
26 alcohol counted as a 'substance.' I mean, we got pot heads
27 and speed freaks and you name it in our program. But my
28 counselors, I don't know, they consider alcohol a
29 substance, and me a substance abuser. Well, actually, my

1 official title is an 'alcoholic.' Hey, at my age, I got a title
2 already. *(Shrugs)*

3 It's an okay program. I mean, if it can keep me from
4 windin' up like my old man, who's a real loser, then I'm
5 willin' to give it a try. For awhile, anyhow. You know, see
6 how it goes. I haven't had a drink this time around for three
7 months. Three months and sixteen days, to be exact. So,
8 no big deal, you say, huh? Well, for an 'alcoholic substance
9 abuser' it is a big deal, lemme tell ya. *(Nods, as if to himself)*
10 So, okay, why did I get started drinking in the first place? I
11 don't remember that. I mean, some things you remember,
12 and some things you don't. Right? I've thought about it, but
13 — well, there's this little story I really like. Says a lot, I
14 think. See, there's these two twins, and some dude says to
15 one of 'em, 'Hey, Joe, how come you drink?' And Joe says,
16 "'Cause my old man's an alcoholic.' And then this dude
17 asks the other twin, 'Hey, Moe, how come you don't drink?'
18 And Moe says, "'Cause my old man's an alcoholic.'
19 *(Chuckles)* Yeah, I like that one. *(Shrugs)* So, guess I'm the
20 first twin, huh? *(Shrugs and grins, snaps his finger a couple of*
21 *times and moves back into GROUP.)*



New York Trucker

by Alison Rosenfeld-Desmarais

1 Unspecified — adult

Male/Female

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3 *(This memorable audition script features a strong-armed,*
4 *strong-willed New York truck driver with incredible*
5 *determination and desire! His loss of self-control can't be*
6 *easily dismissed, even though there is a dark comic tone to*
7 *his actions. The incident of road rage he experiences is*
8 *intense and irrational, and his sudden explosion is a*
9 *surprising climax that is sure to shock.)*

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11 So, you know what de traffic is like on de L.I.E. on a
12 Friday, you know? I mean, jeez. And you know, I'm
13 under like a lotta pressure at my career. All dose
14 packages dat gotta be dere overnight — I'm responsible
15 for a lotta stuff. So I'm drivin' along in my truck nd this
16 jerk comes right along side me in one of dem little
17 sports cars and he's like tryin' to kind of nose me outta
18 de way. And, of course, I'm only worried about dem
19 packages in de back of da truck. So I start thinkin' —
20 don't I have like the obligation to protect all dat stuff?
21 Like, it could be — I don't know — like maybe
22 government stuff or something — like parts for bombs
23 or somethin' in one of dem boxes back dere. And I start
24 thinkin' — what's more important? Some rich guy tryin'
25 to get to his beach house fer the weekend? Or dose
26 maybe very important boxes in de truck ...

27 So I shot him.

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HOMework EATS DOG AND OTHER WOEFUL TALES

Alan Haehnel

Mr. Kobekeanski loves the morning his big science project is due. The desperate excuses of his students bring him sadistic joy.

MR. K. Good morning. My name is Douglas Kobekeaneski. Since I am now functioning in my official capacity as a high school science teacher, however, you may expunge my first name from your memory. I am Mr. Kobekeaneski. Today is Friday, October 13. Friday the 13th. It is also the day on which a very large, very difficult, very long-term, very potentially grade-devastating assignment is due for my class. On Friday the 13th. Yes, I planned it that way. *(He begins to laugh diabolically, but checks himself.)* I am not cruel, only slightly twisted. It is now 7:28 a.m. I am expecting the first knock on my office door within the next 124 seconds. You see, I have been giving this assignment for the past 23 years, and have come to expect a particular phenomenon on this most weighty of mornings. I call it, affectionately, 'The Hour of Desperation. *(He begins to laugh diabolically again, but cuts it even shorter.)* Not cruel. Twisted. Before the first bell for school rings, I expect to have a plethora of students coming to me with myriad excuses why they should have an extension on this monolithically important assignment. I look forward to the inventiveness of this hour, the creativity of this hour, and, most of all, the sheer student desperation of this hour! *(One short maniacal chortle, then nothing but a raised eyebrow to remind us—not cruel, just a bit twisted.)* Please be advised that, though the students you are about to see will come with all manner of excuse, I have never, ever, in 23 years, granted a single extension. Not one. *(Knock from offstage.)* Ah! Who ever might that be? Enter!

Class Action

by Brad Slaughter

1 Dennis — teenager Male

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3 *(Dennis, a sensitive teenager with a brilliant mind, is viewed*
4 *as a nerd by his high school classmates. Often a daily object*
5 *of ridicule and scorn, he remains a very serious, mature*
6 *young man with a strong sense of his own personal identity.*
7 *Sitting alone in an empty classroom, Dennis reflects on his life*
8 *as a genius and clings to a spirit of optimism for more*
9 *promising rewards in the real world.)*

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11 My name is Dennis Gandleman. Around this school I am
12 the object of ridicule from most of the students, simply
13 because I have an extremely high I.Q. It's 176. My father
14 wanted me to enroll in a special school that deals with
15 geniuses like myself, but Mother was firmly against
16 that. She wanted me to have a normal education, and
17 not be treated as some kind of freak ... Which is ironic,
18 because that's exactly what is happening to me here.
19 The whole concept of education is a paradox: High
20 School is supposed to celebrate education and
21 knowledge, but what it really celebrates is social groups
22 and popularity. In a perfect world, a kid like me would
23 be worshipped because of my scholastic abilities,
24 instead of someone who can throw a forty-yard
25 touchdown pass. I suppose I could complain, and
26 bemoan the unfairness of it all. But I am bright. I know
27 something that the others don't ... That, once we leave
28 High School and enter the real world, all the rules
29 change. What matters is power. Financial power. Power

1 that comes from making a fortune on cutting-edge
2 computer software. Software that I am already
3 developing. *(Pause.)* Some call me a nerd. I call myself
4 ... ahead of my time. See you on the outside.
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