

## HOW TO MAKE A PLAY FOR A GIRL

(JUSTIN sit alone. He opens a book and inhales deeply. SCOTT enters, sees Justin sniffing the book with his eyes closed. SCOTT holds up a bag of dirty gym clothes just as Justin inhales again. JUSTIN'S eyes pop open in disgust.)

SCOTT: (Laughing and pointing to the book.) What's that?

JUSTIN: A book.

SCOTT: What were you doing?

JUSTIN: Reading it.

SCOTT: It looked to me like you were smelling it.

JUSTIN: Smelling it?

SCOTT: Either that, or you were blowing your nose on chapter two. (Notices the title.) "Monologues for Teens?" Why do you have this?

JUSTIN: I'm... interested in acting.

SCOTT: No, you're interested in a *girl* who's interested in acting.

JUSTIN: What makes you say that?

SCOTT: Katie was reading that book five minutes ago.

JUSTIN: Her name isn't written on it anywhere. How do you know it isn't mine?

SCOTT: Because if it was yours, her name would be written all over it. (Acts as if he is JUSTIN doodling on the book.) Katie... Katie... Katie.

JUSTIN: Fine. It's hers.

SCOTT: You stole it?

JUSTIN: She left it.

SCOTT: And you picked it up?

JUSTIN: Yep.

SCOTT: So you could see what it smelled like.

JUSTIN: Yep. No! So I could give it back to her.

SCOTT: When are you going to do that?

JUSTIN: Next time I see her.

SCOTT: Good. (*Points left.*) Here she comes now.

JUSTIN: (*Reacts nervously.*) What! Where?

SCOTT: Relax. I was kidding.

JUSTIN: (*Catching his breath.*) That was not funny.

SCOTT: It was from where I was standing. (*Leans next to JUSTIN.*) Look. I don't know why you're so nervous. This can be the thing you can have in common. You return the book, strike up a little conversation about (*Adopts a bad, fancy, British accent for two words.*) "The theater." Next thing you know, you fall in love, ask her to prom, and convince her to hook me up with a friend or attractive cousin.

JUSTIN: It won't work.

SCOTT: Trust me.

JUSTIN: Every time you've ever said, "Trust me," I've ended up looking stupid.

SCOTT: You don't need me to help you look stupid. This is the perfect idea. I'll even help you figure out what to say. What do you know about drama?

JUSTIN: I know you like to *create* it.

SCOTT: I'm trying to help you get the girl of your dreams, and you're insulting me?

JUSTIN: I just think you're wasting your time. Neither one of us knows anything about acting.

SCOTT: Ah, but my *sister* does! Megan's like a big deal in drama club. She's even helping Miss Jacobs run auditions on Monday.

JUSTIN: You talked to your sister about this?

SCOTT: You know I don't talk to my sister.

JUSTIN: Then how do you know what her plans are?

SCOTT: Because, I know where her *diary* is.

JUSTIN: You read your sister's diary?

SCOTT: Just because I don't talk to her, doesn't mean I don't care about her life.  
(*Crosses slightly right.*) Listen. She's got boxes of junk all over her room. There's gotta be some drama stuff in there somewhere. Come over tomorrow, and when she goes on her morning run, we'll sneak in there and get all the information you need to impress Katie.

JUSTIN: I don't think it's a good idea.

SCOTT: (*As if JUSTIN has agreed.*) Great! I'll see you then! (*SCOTT snatches the book from JUSTIN'S hand and rushes off right. JUSTIN sighs and chases after him*)

*The End*

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