Crazytown

a play by Jonathan Rand

For the Upstage Arts Board 2027 production only

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For Mrs. Pancake

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CRAZYTOWN
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Newsroom: Part I 8
No More, Mister Nice Guy 10
Newsroom: Part II 16
The Future Is In Your Tiny Hands 18
Newsroom: Part III 24
May the Best Fan Win 26
Newsroom: Part IV 35
The Least Offensive Play in the Whole Darn World 36
Newsroom: Part V 43

Appendix 45

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Cast of Characters
All roles can be played by a total of 2 females and 2 males

News broadcasts
VOICEOVER
BABS
JIM
SOLOMON
DORIS
JAY
KEVIN
OLIVIA
TERRY
PHONE HUSBAND
PHONE WIFE
BRODY
ZELDA
JEREMIAH
BROKE PERSON
PETER
TABITHA
PANTS MODEL
JOSH
GRETCHEN
NADIA
JOSEPH
OLD MAN

No More, Mister Nice Guy
KIMBALL
MILLS
SHELDON
RICKY

The Future Is In Your Tiny Hands
BOBBY
KAITLYN
SOPHIA
BRIAN
PAIGE
COLIN
EMILIO
FELICIA
LARRY
EDIE
RYAN

May the Best Fan Win
MERV
TIM
BAXTER
FELTON
P.A. ANNOUNCER

*The Least Offensive Play in the Whole Darn World**
GEORGE
FRANCINE
SHELLY
TOM
ROMA
LINGK
MERCUTIO
TYBALT
JASON
MEDEA
FRANKIE
JOHNNY
JESSICA
WARREN
HARPER
MARK
ROGER

* Cast expansion options in Appendix

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Production Notes

Crazytown was written for a four-actor cast, where two females and two males play all the roles, with fast, simple costume changes, like a different hat or a mustache. See Appendix for role assignment suggestions. Alternatively, the play works with a larger cast, all the way up to around 70 performers.

Most characters can be either male or female, so feel free to cast roles regardless of actor gender, and either make changes to names and pronouns when necessary, or have actors play the opposite gender.

Because the play was designed to work with limited tech demands and a few simple set pieces (a couch, a table, a few chairs, a few stools, etc.), you may wish to avoid blackouts altogether (or keep them quick) and have the actors dart around between set pieces and an onstage costume/prop rack in full view of the audience.

If anything seems too technically demanding, fake it. For instance, instead of a couch, use a few chairs.

If any technology or pop culture reference becomes dated, please replace with a more modern reference.

A music recommendation for pre-show and post-show (and for any necessary scene changes): karaoke versions of famous city songs with a live or recorded singer doing an impression of the original singer's voice, replacing the city name in the lyrics with "Crazytown." A few examples:

- "Funkytown" / Lipps Inc. ("Won't you take me to…Crazy*town*?")
- "Streets of Philadelphia" / Bruce Springsteen ("On the streets of Crazytown")
- "Allentown" / Billy Joel ("Well we're living here in Crazytown")
- "Kokomo" / The Beach Boys ("There's a place called Crazytown")
- "Waterloo" / ABBA ("Crazytown, couldn't escape if I wanted to")
- "We Built This City" / Starship ("We built this city called Crazytown")
- "Viva Las Vegas" / Elvis Presley ("Viva Las Crazy")

See the Appendix for a longer list of song ideas. Feel free to come up with your own.

Much of the news broadcast moments can be found in a standalone script called *Action News: Now With 10% More Action!* (available at Playscripts).

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For the Upstage Arts Board 2027 production only

For the Upstage Arts Board 2027 production only

CRAZYTOWN
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Newsroom: Part I

(Newscast intro music plays.)
VOICEOVER. It's 5:59 and you're watching WOMG[1] Action News, Crazytown's News Leader. And now, *your* Action News news team.
BABS. Good evening, I'm Babs Buttlebee.
JIM. And I'm Jim Pickles. Thanks for joining us at WOMG Action News—Crazytown's *only* newscast that starts at 5:59, therefore delivering *your* news…*first.*
BABS. We are coming to you live from our new home here at Studio Nine, a brand-new facility that features state-of-the art weather systems, world-class touchscreen technology, and a mini-fridge.
JIM. Tonight's top story: Puppies. They can be adorable, but also deadly.
BABS. For more on this exclusive story we bring you *live* to South Crazytown with Solomon Spraytan. Solomon?
*(*SOLOMON *holds a puppy.)*
SOLOMON. Thanks, Babs. This little fella's name is Patches, and he is just as sweet as it gets. His little button nose alone could make a grown man—MY FACE!!! IT'S MAULING MY BEAUTIFUL FACE!!!
(The puppy suddenly began mauling him.)
BABS. Terrific report, Solomon.
JIM. And now it's time for World Wide Weather with meteorologist Doris Doppleflop.
DORIS. Thanks, Jim. With our brand-new, state-of-the-art weather system, you'll notice that not only do all the cartoon suns now wear high-def sunglasses, but all our forecasting has become *one hundred percent* accurate.
JIM. That's a relatively high percentage, Doris.
DORIS. Jim, it's almost the highest. *(Indicating on the screen:)* Now if you'll look right here in the area where our studio is located, you'll see the system telling us with one hundred percent accuracy that right now it's 85 degrees with sunny skies. Well, Jim—I guess we should hit the beach!!
JIM. Doris, you *do* realize our building is in the middle of the worst snowstorm in years.
DORIS. No, that's impossible.
JIM. Doris, the snow has literally trapped us in the building.
DORIS. No, it says here it's 85 degrees.
JIM. Doris, you came to work in a sled.
DORIS. I am bad at my job.
JIM. Doris Doppleflop with World Wide Weather!

[1] For U.S. productions west of the Mississippi, change WOMG to KOMG. Outside the U.S., use an aptly formatted local news call name.

For the Upstage Arts Board 2027 production only

DORIS. Don't forget your sunscreen!!
BABS. Breaking news in religion: A source by the name of Uncle Gary tells us that a priest, a rabbi, and a minister have walked into a bar. We'll reveal the shocking conclusion at eleven.
DEEP-VOICED VOICEOVER. CRIME WATCH!
JIM. That deep voice that just said Crime Watch means it's time…for *Crime* Watch.
BABS. For the latest on crime in *your* neighborhood, we take you *live* to our crime specialist, Jay Walker.
JAY. Okay you guys: Like ten minutes ago I was watching a rerun of "Cops"?—I'm not watching it right now 'cause I'm watching "Real Housewives"—but ten minutes ago on "Cops" they were chasing this dude down the street, and he had a mullet. It was *awesome.* Oh, and I got this buddy who works at the police station? He set up my phone so I get live video from their interrogation room. Totally illegal, right?! Illegal's the best… *(Looks at phone:)* Hey, look! They just brought in some guy for questioning! Check it out!

(Scene shifts to…)

For the Upstage Arts Board 2027 production only

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NO MORE, MISTER NICE GUY
by Jonathan Rand

Cast of Characters

DETECTIVE KIMBALL, interrogator
DETECTIVE MILLS, interrogator
SHELDON, the perp
RICKY, the pro

§

(An interrogation room – as simple as a table and a chair. SHELDON *is seated at the table, with* MILLS *and* KIMBALL nearby.*)*

MILLS. *(Reading from a folder:)* Sheldon Grimes… Mind if we call you Sheldon?
SHELDON. Why am I here?
MILLS. We'll ask the questions, Sheldon. Now—you're living at 34 Maple Hill Road?
SHELDON. I am.
MILLS. Paying down your mortgage on time?
SHELDON. Yes.
MILLS. That's what I'm seeing here. I also see that you're a respected middle school teacher, and on weekends you work at Crazytown Chocolates,[2] a supplier of chocolate truffles. *(Gestures to* KIMBALL*:)* Kimball here *loves* chocolate truffles.
*(*KIMBALL *is silent, deadpan.)*
Quite the pristine record there, Sheldon: strong work ethic; well-liked by coworkers; zero truffle theft.
SHELDON. I guess.
MILLS. So to sum up: you're a guy who works hard, pays bills, teaches kids, and follows rules. Tell me, Sheldon: anything *wrong* with this picture?
SHELDON. I don't think so.
KIMBALL. *(Quietly intense:)* You sure 'bout that?
SHELDON. I'm sorry?
KIMBALL. *(Same as before:)* You sure 'bout that?
SHELDON. Is he saying something? I can barely—
*(*KIMBALL *slams his hands on the table and gets in* SHELDON's *face.)*
KIMBALL. YOU SURE ABOUT THAT, *PUNK?!*
MILLS. *(Detaining* KIMBALL*:)* Hey, hey, easy, Kimball. Walk it off.
*(*KIMBALL *breaks away.)*

[2] If you're producing this play outside the *Crazytown* full-length play, you may wish to replace "Crazytown" with "Peterbrooke."

For the Upstage Arts Board 2027 production only

Listen, Sheldon, I'll cut to the chase. You're considerate; you're benevolent; and overall, you're just a good guy. And we're here to tell you: it has to stop.
SHELDON. I don't follow. Did I commit a crime?
*(*KIMBALL *slams a booklet on the table.)*
KIMBALL. Section Eight! Subsection Twelve!
SHELDON. *(Reading aloud:)* "Resolved: that for at least twenty percent of every day, each citizen of Crazytown must act like a total jerkface."[3]
MILLS. That means you are required—*by law*—to be inconsiderate, self-centered, and generally obnoxious at least twenty percent of the time. The national average is fifty-nine. You, my friend, are at zero.
KIMBALL. And you thought you could get away with it…
SHELDON. I don't understand—why is that a law?
MILLS. Why? It's simple, Sheldon: You make the rest of us look bad.
KIMBALL. *Real* bad.
MILLS. We've surveilled you for months, and I'm sorry to say your behavior has gotten better and better. For starters, we've got multiple examples of financial impropriety. Kimball?
KIMBALL. *(Reading from the Sheldon dossier:)* March 6: Sheldon isn't charged for his Mr. Pibb and informs Arby's cashier of mistake. June 8: Sheldon Grimes receives someone else's six thousand dollar tax credit and notifies IRS of mistake. October 12: Sheldon Grimes plasters *this* all over town.
*(*KIMBALL *holds up a flyer with large print that reads "FOUND WALLET," perhaps along with a picture of a wallet.*)
Found Wallet? I got some advice for you, buddy: KEEP THE WALLET.
MILLS. Now listen, Sheldon: If my partner here had his way, he'd book you for the maximum sentence, which is, of course, fifty years hard time.
SHELDON. It is??
KIMBALL. I know—*way* too lenient.
MILLS. But the new mayor's big on rehabilitation, so we have to fix this right here, right now.
*(*MILLS *looks to an unseen colleague.)*
Send 'im in.
(To SHELDON*:)*
Brace yourself. This will get ugly.
*(*RICKY *bursts in, wearing headphones and loudly singing the annoying song he's listening to. He may also be eating Cheetos, and quickly litters the bag and remaining Cheetos. He takes off the headphones.)*
KIMBALL. Sheldon, meet Ricky, the biggest jerk in town.
RICKY. I just farted.
KIMBALL. *(As he greets* RICKY*:)* Always a pro.
RICKY. So who's this piece-a work?

[3] If you're producing this play outside the *Crazytown* full-length play, cut "of Crazytown."

For the Upstage Arts Board 2027 production only

MILLS. Ricky, meet Sheldon, a real decent guy.
SHELDON. *(Extending his hand for a handshake:)* Hi!
RICKY. You make me sick…
KIMBALL. We need you to whip this piece-a work into shape.
RICKY. Yeah yeah, let's do this. But make it quick. I gotta walk my dog and leave his poop on the sidewalk.
MILLS. All right, let's start with a voicemail from September 8. *(Looking to an unseen colleague:)* Play back Exhibit C.

(Beep.)

SHELDON'S VOICE.[4] Hi, Mom; it's Sheldon. Just checking in to see how everything's going with Dad, and to let you know I'll be stopping by Tuesday to water the plants. I love you both very much!

(Beep.)

MILLS. Let the record show that this voicemail would've been a class B misdemeanor even if it was for your own parents, but *this* was for your *in-laws.*
KIMBALL. *SERIOUSLY?!*

*(*RICKY *shakes his head with disapproval.)*

MILLS. Sheldon, it's a simple fact that normal people treat their in-laws with pure contempt.
KIMBALL. And they don't water their FREAKING PLANTS.
MILLS. *(Detaining* KIMBALL*:)* Hey, hey, easy, Kimball. Walk it off.

*(*KIMBALL *breaks away.)*

MILLS. Now, pay attention: Ricky here's gonna show you how to leave a *proper* in-laws voicemail. *(Handing him a cell phone:)* Ricky? Do the honors.

*(*RICKY *cracks his knuckles and breathes deeply in preparation, then speaks into the cell phone.)*

Send money.

(He confidently drops the phone and walks away, like a rapper dropping a microphone.)

KIMBALL. That was beautiful.
MILLS. All right, next up. *(Putting a paper in front of* SHELDON*:)* Here's your last bank statement. Read this.
SHELDON. A fifty-dollar donation to the Red Cross.
MILLS. And why would you do that?
SHELDON. The hurricane.
KIMBALL. *(In disbelief:)* This guy…
SHELDON. What?
MILLS. That's not how you help disaster victims, Sheldon.
SHELDON. It's not?
MILLS. Ricky—tell the man. If you wanna help disaster victims…
RICKY. Retweet a Kardashian.

(Beat.)

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[4] Here and later, Sheldon's voice can either be sound files or can be faked by Sheldon having his mouth covered before this moment began, and it's his live voice that we hear.

For the Upstage Arts Board 2027 production only

SHELDON. I don't understand.
KIMBALL. Oh man, you are some piece-a work.
MILLS. Please, Ricky—tell him how it's done.
RICKY. Any time something bad happens, you don't make a donation, you don't help at the relief site, you don't show emotion.
SHELDON. What do you do?
RICKY. You wait for a Kardashian to post a frowny face and you hit Retweet. Civic duty *done*.
MILLS. And yesterday, after the Red Sox won, reports show you were *respectful* of Yankee fans.
KIMBALL. NO!!
SHELDON. How do you *know* all of this?
MILLS. Our lead informant is your six-year-old niece.
SHELDON. *(Dumbfounded:)* Kaitlyn?
MILLS. Agent Parker, yes. And as the game ended, she covertly recorded you saying *this.*

*(*MILLS *gestures to the unseen colleague.)*

SHELDON'S VOICE. Good game, guys! I'm just so happy it was an exciting competition and that none of the players were injured. Would anyone like hummus?
MILLS. And that statement was followed by the worst thing of all: comforting hugs.
KIMBALL. *(As he throws something or angrily gestures:) Come* on!!
MILLS. *(Detaining* KIMBALL:*)* Hey, hey, easy, Kimball. Walk it off.

*(*KIMBALL *does.)*

Okay, Ricky, show the man what he *should've* done. And listen, we're really gonna need your F-game on this one.
RICKY. *(Intensely:)* My whole life has led to this moment. Also, I farted again.

*(*KIMBALL *points to* RICKY *with respect.* RICKY *prepares himself.)*

Drop a scenario on me.

*(*RICKY *closes his eyes to focus.)*

MILLS. All right… You're a Sox fan and they just hit a walk-off double to beat the Yankees, and you're standing next to your extremely sad New Yorker friend. What's the appropriate reaction? Annnnnd…go.

*(*RICKY *takes a moment to settle into his character, then sings to the tune of Queen's "We Are the Champions," singing not only the words, but the instrumental parts.)*

RICKY. I am the champion, my friend.
And you'll keep on losing till the end.
I am the champion.
You're not the champion
You're great at losing
And I am the champion…
And-also-your-mom-is-fat.

For the Upstage Arts Board 2027 production only

(If possible, RICKY *reveals an air horn out of nowhere and sets it off. Then he suddenly breaks out of the moment, like a boxer who just finished a draining round, breathing hard.* MILLS *gives* RICKY *some much-deserved water.)*

KIMBALL. Now *that's* what a *winner* sounds like!!

RICKY. *(Gasping:)* I can't breathe…

MILLS. Now listen up Sheldon—if you wanna walk outta here, your conduct has to reach new depths. We're talking at least half Ricky's level. We would never insist on full-Ricky. Full-Ricky is too much for one man.

KIMBALL. Unless that man is Ricky.

(Without either guy making eye contact, KIMBALL *extends his fist and* RICKY *delivers a fist bump.)*

MILLS. In short: we need you to walk out of here less *(Excitedly:) Sheldon* and more *(Disgustedly:) Sheldon.*

SHELDON. Detective—is turning into a jerk my only option? I'd rather be a good person.

MILLS. Plan B is prison.

SHELDON. Let's try Plan A.

MILLS. *(To* RICKY*:)* You heard the man, Ricky. Make your magic.

RICKY. All right, listen close, 'cause I'll only say this once, 'cause I want to save my voice for loud phone conversations at movie theaters. Are you ready?

SHELDON. I'll do my best.

RICKY. What's that?

SHELDON. I won't let you down.

RICKY. Sheldon…

SHELDON. Your mother is relatively large?

RICKY. *Nailed* it. Okay, Scenario One: Your friend Stan and his wife invite you to a party. Whaddayou bring?

SHELDON. Homemade potato salad.

RICKY. Nope.

SHELDON. *Whole Foods* potato salad?

RICKY. C'mon, Sheldon—think like Ricky! Whaddayou bring to Stan's party?!

SHELDON. *(Spitting it out almost against his will:)* Stan's bitter ex-wife.

RICKY. *There* you go!

MILLS/KIMBALL. *(Excitedly:)* Yeah!! / All right!!

RICKY. Scenario Two: You're at your nephew's peewee hockey game. What're you drinking?

SHELDON. Green tea.

RICKY. Come on…

SHELDON. Sorry, sorry, I forgot. A beer.

RICKY. Better.

SHELDON. A Four Loko?[5]

[5] If the Four Loko brand isn't well-known, replace with the most known alcoholic energy drink, or something else obviously worse than beer.

For the Upstage Arts Board 2027 production only

RICKY. Almost there…
SHELDON. Eight Four Lokos?[6]
RICKY. *Oh* yeah. And when the official makes a bad call?
SHELDON. I sternly ask him to be more reasonable!
RICKY. Sheldon…
SHELDON. I curse at him?
RICKY. Getting warmer…
SHELDON. I punch him in the groin!!
RICKY. *There* it is!
KIMBALL. *(Excitedly:)* All right, *Shel*don!
RICKY. Last one: You're on a date with the girl of your dreams, and the waiter brings out this artichoke dip. *(Reveals a small bowl of dip.)* What do you do?

*(*SHELDON *looks at the dip. He then suddenly devours it and opens his mouth wide to show what's inside as he makes a loud disgusting noise.* KIMBALL *and* MILLS *erupt into loud cheering, as* RICKY *brings in* SHELDON *for a victorious man-hug and* RICKY *points skyward emotionally like a dramatic touchdown celebration.)*

KIMBALL/MILLS. *(Chanting:)* SHEL-*DON!* SHEL-*DON!* SHEL-*DON!*
RICKY. Well fellas—my work is done here. And I gotta run—my stretched Hummer's parked across four handicapped spots.
KIMBALL. *(Respectfully:)* You really are despicable.
RICKY. *(Choked up:)* Thank you.
MILLS. All right, now for the moment of truth. Sheldon Grimes: Are you ready to rejoin society, but this time, a little more like every other jerk?
SHELDON. Detective, I've got three words for you: *(Beat.)* I. just. farted.

(They all cheer raucously. Scene.)

[6] If you'd rather not reference alcohol in your production, replace Ricky's line with "Scenario Two: You're at your nephew's peewee hockey game and the official makes a bad call. Whaddayou do?" and then skip to Sheldon's "I sternly ask him to be more reasonable!"

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Newsroom: Part II

JIM. And we're back!
BABS. Now for the latest on the Apocalypse, we bring you *live* to Kevin O'Geddon from his living room couch.
KEVIN. It's a futon.
BABS. Kevin, what can you tell us about your brand-new, state-of-the-art Apocalypse Machine?

(The Apocalypse Machine is a homemade, hastily thrown together assortment of random, interconnected items.)

KEVIN. Well, it's…quite sophisticated… it uh… this red light here connects to uhh, this thing over here, which sort of links over here to this doodad, which connects tooooo…the Bible.
BABS. Kevin, any word yet on whether the end of the days is upon us?

*(*KEVIN *lifts a wire or pokes at something.)*

KEVIN. No.
BABS. Thanks, Kevin. We'll check back in with you later in the broadcast.
JIM. Next up: According to some scientists in long white lab coats, there is a groundbreaking new way to cut down on cavities. Our own Olivia Flossboss filed this report.

*(*OLIVIA *holds up a microphone to* TERRY's *mouth as he nonchalantly brushes his teeth as anyone would.* OLIVIA *is focused and fascinated.)*

JIM. Remarkable. And now a word from our sponsor.

(Cell phone rings; PHONE HUSBAND *answers it.)*

PHONE HUSBAND. Hey, honey!
PHONE WIFE. I want a divorce.
VOICEOVER. AT&T—Never miss a call.[7]
JIM. And we're back!
BABS. Turning to Crazytown politics: the election is heating up faster than you can say McCain-Feingold Bipartisan Campaign Reform Act.
JIM. *(Fast:)* McCain-Feingold Bipartisan Campaign Reform Act!
BABS. Even faster than that.
JIM. *(So fast it's barely understandable:)* Mccainfeingoldbipartisancampaignreformact!
BABS. Precisely that fast.
JIM. Wow.
BABS. For an exclusive analysis of the latest polls, we take you to *live* to Brody Pollman who is standing by with WOMG's brand-new, state-of-the-art Touchscreen of Technology.

*(*BRODY *stands by a digital screen – or a projection or poster – that displays a colorful map.)*

[7] This ad or any of the others can happen entirely in voiceover.

For the Upstage Arts Board 2027 production only

BRODY. Thanks, Babs. Here at WOMG Action News, we take a great deal of pride in being on the forefront of innovation, which is why we are the only Crazytown news station with this amazing new Touchscreen of Technology. Jim may have mentioned that it's state-of-the-art, but it also happens to be world-class. Now watch closely: First I'll double-tap here on the map to zoom in on voters from the eighth district and then drag and drop here… *(Nothing happens on the screen. Then simply:)* Yeah, it doesn't work. We now take you *live* to our exclusive coverage of the final presidential debate. Let's watch.

(Scene shifts to…)

For the Upstage Arts Board 2027 production only

For the Upstage Arts Board 2027 production only

THE FUTURE IS IN YOUR TINY HANDS
by Jonathan Rand

Cast of Characters

KAITLYN, elementary school student presidential candidate
BOBBY, elementary school student presidential candidate
SOPHIA, moderator
AUDIENCE MEMBERS *(can all be played by one actor)*
- BRIAN
- PAIGE
- COLIN
- EMILIO
- FELICIA
- LARRY
- EDIE
- RYAN

Production Notes

The original concept called for one actor playing all eight town hall audience members. For a bigger cast, assign as many actors as you wish in those roles.

Ideally each audience member character delivers their question from a different seat among the real audience. You may instead prefer that all audience member characters speak from the same spot in the aisle, or appear on stage.

Except for Bobby and Colin (who should be male) and Kaitlyn (who should be female), all other characters can be any gender. Change first names as necessary.

There are some suggested visual aids; feel free to add more wherever effective.

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(A school auditorium stage with two stools for the candidates and a chair and table for SOPHIA, *the debate moderator.)*

SOPHIA. *(To the audience:)* Greetings and welcome to the Crazytown Elementary School presidential debate. I'm Sophia from Miss Brady's class and will serve as moderator. Today's debate will be structured in a town hall format, with questions posed by you, the students. Now please join me in welcoming… the candidates for *your* student president… Bobby Grantwood and Kaitlyn Parker.

For the Upstage Arts Board 2027 production only

(BOBBY *and* KAITLYN *enter to applause sound effect. They wave and give thumbs-up to the audience, shake hands with each other, and move to separate stools. Throughout the debate, they mostly walk the stage when delivering a speech, and otherwise sit.)*

Welcome to you both. Let's get right to it with questions from your fellow students, who have pre-submitted their name, and a little something about themselves. The first question comes from Brian Dexter, who has a robot costume that totally looks real.

BRIAN. If you could describe your candidacy in three words, what would those three words be?

KAITLYN. Before we get started, I'd like to thank the Crazytown Elementary Election Commission, the entire student body, and my opponent for what I'm confident will be a constructive conversation. And if I could describe my candidacy in three words, I would do so as follows: For too long our student body has been divided into factions of the haves and have-nots, and under my leadership, *all* students will have an equal opportunity to achieve their dreams.

BOBBY. Before we get started, I'd like to thank the Crazytown Elementary Election Commission, the entire student body, and my opponent for what I'm confident will be a constructive conversation. I would also like to thank the Tooth Fairy, someone my opponent did *not* thank, presumably because she isn't a true believer. Finally, unlike my opponent, I will comply with Brian's three-word limit and describe my candidacy as follows: *(Counting on his fingers one by one:)* My. Goals. Include.

(A brief pause as it's clear BOBBY *didn't think ahead and realizes he's stuck.)*

Shoot…

SOPHIA. The second question comes from Paige Francisco, who this one time saw a PG-13 movie while her parents weren't home.

PAIGE. I love tater tots. What is your stance on tater tots? To reiterate, I love tater tots.

KAITLYN. An excellent question, Paige.

*(*KAITLYN *displays a poster or projects a slide that uses real tots or images of tots.)*

As you can see, over the last decade, school lunches have seen a disturbing decline in overall quantity of tot. I pledge to reinstate the legislation known as A Lotta Tots, which requires by law that all lunch trays adhere to my P.P.P.P.P.P. plan.

(She shows a poster or slide that reads "Perpetually Plentiful Piles of Petite Potatoed Perfection.")

Ladies and gentlemen, these are difficult times, but make no mistake: I *will* win the War on Taterism.

BOBBY. Look, I'm not going to beat around the potato bush: Tater tots poll at 99.4%. That's a higher approval rating than ice cream trucks. In other words: if you hate tots, you hate America. And I don't hate America. Unless it's Opposite Day. Wait, *is* it Opposite Day?

SOPHIA. It is not Opposite Day.

BOBBY. Then I love America. My point is: the more tots, the better—of *course*—but do we need more cafeteria bureaucracy? Under my administration, it's *your* decision as to exactly what garbage you pour down your face holes. Want to bring in your own bag of

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300 tots, and your own king-size bucket of KFC, and then wash it all down with your own gallon of liquid cheese? Do it. That's what freedom looks like.
SOPHIA. The next question comes from Colin Slattery, whose career goals include Batman.

*(*COLIN *pauses, looks down at note cards, then looks up.)*

COLIN. Girls are gross.

(He looks back to his note cards, then back up to the candidates, innocently telegraphing that this was the entirety of his question.)

BOBBY. Thank you, Colin. Gender issues are a critical part of this election, and as a fellow boy, I thank you not only for bringing it up, but also for not being a stupid girl. Girls are indeed gross, and that will always be the case, despite what my big brother Jim says. Which is why on *day one* of my administration, I will repeal the student council's shortsighted verdict in Awesome Girls v. Silly Boys.
KAITLYN. Yet again, my opponent is on the wrong side of history. Awesome Girls v. Silly Boys is our generation's most influential ruling, which is why I will throw my full support behind it, *and* ensure the CDC eradicates every strain of cootie, *and* call for punitive damages pursuant to the yanking of pigtails.
BOBBY. You take away our pigtail-yanking rights, what next? Our water balloons? I'll give you my water balloons when you pry them from my cold, wet hands.
SOPHIA. We'll need to move on.
BOBBY. Sophia, before we do, I'd like to point out that my opponent is a girl and is therefore, by the transitive property of gender, totally gross.
KAITLYN. And *I'd* like to point out that my opponent is a boy and in a few years he'll do a total one-eighty and try and impress me with cheap cologne while I reject him for someone with a driver's license and stubble.
SOPHIA. I'm sorry, but we need to move on. Our next question comes from Emilio Brixton, who recently got mustard on his shirt.
EMILIO. I've heard that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself. What about the dark?
BOBBY. Emilio, I'm man enough to admit that I, too, am deathly afraid of the dark. This threat we face is all too real. But I do believe that I speak for both candidates when I say that we fully support our night lights.
KAITLYN. The two of us don't agree often, but on this we must reach across the aisle and together finally defeat this pure evil. Every evening—coincidentally right around sundown—we are viciously and brutally attacked. But know *this*… twelve hours later, we *always* overcome. That's hope we can *all* believe in.

*(*BOBBY *and* KAITLYN *warmly shake hands and possibly hug.)*

SOPHIA. Our next question comes from Felicia Buck, who drew this picture all by herself. *(Holds up a child's drawing.)*
FELICIA. In recent months there has been some debate as to the veracity of the holiday icon known as Santa Claus. Where do you stand?

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KAITLYN. Thank you for that question, Felicia. First, let's be clear: Santa is real—*irrefutably* real. He forms the very bedrock of both our belief system and our gift-based economy. Nevertheless, it is time for serious reform for all things Kringle.

(For some of the following points KAITLYN *uses visual aids.)*

His jolly demeanor notwithstanding, Mr. Claus outsources good, American jobs overseas to his North Pole sweat shops that violate our full compendium of elven labor laws. This is a man whose reindeer-powered aerial transport is both unsanctioned and blatantly PETA-noncompliant. And given the growing obesity epidemic, should we ignore his impudent disregard of the Food Pyramid? With milk and cookies alone, he exceeds the Recommended Daily Value of saturated fat by *five thousand* percent. In summary, Santa is real, yes, but not immune to regulatory scrutiny. Mr. Claus is not, and has never been, "Too Big to Fail."

*(*BOBBY *takes his time walking to his spot on the stage. A pause.)*

BOBBY. A vote for Kaitlyn is a vote against free toys.

(He turns and walks back to his stool.)

SOPHIA. The next question comes from Larry Hartwell, whose favorite candy is all candy.

LARRY. We live in difficult times with difficult challenges. With that in mind: How many jumbo marshmallows can you fit in your mouth?

BOBBY. A *vital* question, Larry.

KAITLYN. I couldn't agree more.

(As if such a request is completely normal, BOBBY *and* KAITLYN *place marshmallows in their own mouths, up to capacity. At the end, there is no celebration; it's all quite professional, as they deposit their used marshmallows somewhere inconspicuous and resume the debate.)*

KAITLYN. Three.

BOBBY. Four.

SOPHIA. The next question comes from Edie Richards, who really really really loves horsies.

EDIE. I am always picked last for kickball. Under your administration, will I ever be picked not last?

KAITLYN. Edie, you raise a critical point. How can we as a recess community flourish if we don't lend a helping hand to the Edie? That is why under my administration, kickball rosters will be automatically selected by a sophisticated computer algorithm—a.k.a. *science*—ensuring that everyone gets a chance to be picked first. *Everyone.*

BOBBY. Well where I come from, we call that way of thinking "stupid-stupid-dumb-dumb-pants." The fact is: some folks are just plain bad at kickball. And maybe things would be different if we were in *Russia* playing *communism*ball. But we're playing *kick*ball, in *America.* And in America, do we pick LeBron *last* in the NBA draft? No, because that would be stupid-stupid-dumb-dumb-pants. We pick LeBron first in basketball, just like we pick Jenny Friedman first in kickball. Why? Because Jenny Friedman is the best at *kicking*…the *ball.*

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(He reveals two signs, one that says "KICKING" and the other that says "BALL." He moves the latter in front of the former, obscuring the "ING" so it says "KICKBALL." He does this a few times.)

SOPHIA. The next question comes from Ryan Granderson, who hasn't wet the bed since Thursday.

RYAN. How would you describe your school spirit? The reason I ask is because: *(Simply:)* I've got spirit, yes I do, I've got spirit, how about you.

BOBBY. That's a fine question, Ryan. If anyone has school pride, it's me. As you know, our mascot is the Northern Elephant Seal, which I always proudly display here on this lapel pin. You may notice that my opponent wears no such pin. Well I suppose school pride isn't for everyone.

KAITLYN. It's a real shame that my opponent must overcompensate with outward appearance because of his inner lack of school spirit. I don't flaunt my school pride on the outside; it's what's *inside* that counts. *(Taps her heart.)* And by inside I'm of course referring to this Elephant Seal handkerchief in my pocket. *(She shows it.)* As you can see, it is noticeably larger than his pin.

BOBBY. Folks, we all know spirit isn't just about size, but about quantity. Which is why I wear another twelve pins right here.

(He casually opens his jacket to show the crowd.)

KAITLYN. I have so much school pride, "Northern Elephant Seals" is my middle name. And I mean that literally, as my name has been legally changed to Kaitlyn Northern Elephant Seals Parker. *(Holds up an official ID card that's perhaps she's had blown up to a larger size, or it's screen-projected.)*

BOBBY. Ladies and gentlemen: my ringtone.

(He holds his phone above his head and we briefly hear an elephant seal barking.)

KAITLYN. Alas, my opponent just played the call of the *Western* Elephant Seal. The *Northern* Elephant Seal actually sounds like *this.*

*(*KAITLYN *delivers some loud elephant seal barks.* BOBBY *competes by speaking loudly over* KAITLYN's *barks.)*

BOBBY. If my opponent had *true* school pride, she would bark with the traditional craned neck and sand flipping motion, like *this!*

*(*BOBBY *and* KAITLYN *are now each doing elephant seal impressions with their voices and bodies. After a few seconds of this, they stop, and then calmly and simply return to their stools. A brief pause.)*

SOPHIA. Ladies and gentlemen, we have now reached the end of today's debate, which means it's time for closing statements. Kaitlyn, the floor is yours.

KAITLYN. Thank you, Sophia. My fellow Elephant Seals, when you sit down and really *think*—what qualities do you want in a president? Do you want a Me-First megalomaniac? Do you want a candidate who shamelessly commits Free Cupcake voter fraud? And do you want the kind of person who drinks from the water fountain in that weird way where they stick their entire mouth on the fountain? Or… *or*… Do you want a *leader,* who *leads,* using *leadership?* The choice is in your hands—your tiny, underdeveloped hands.

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SOPHIA. Bobby, your closing statement.

(With each word, BOBBY *emphatically pounds his fist into his other open hand.)*

BOBBY. Yes. We. Can. Have. More. Pizza. Parties.

SOPHIA. And with that, we've reached the end of today's debate. On behalf of the entire student body, I'd like to thank both candidates for a highly informative conversation. May the best candidate win. That being said, since all past elections were decided by who fit more marshmallows in their mouth, congratulations to our presumptive new president, Bobby Grantwood.

(Applause sound effect. Scene.)

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Newsroom: Part III

JIM. And we're back!
BABS. Breaking news in fashion: this year's hottest trend: skinny jeans for newborns.
(A bell rings.)
JIM. You know what that sound is—it's the WOMG Dinner Bell! Which means I've got a question for our viewers: Whoooooo's hungry?
BABS. Does that mean what I *think* it means?
JIM. It *should,* since you've worked here for years and ought to know by now!
BABS. I was being rhetorical!
JIM. I don't know what that word means!
BABS. Neither do I!
JIM. The dinner bell means it's time for Cook Or Be Cooked with our very own Zelda Chickenfoot.
ZELDA. Thanks, Jim! I'm here with world-renowned gourmet chef, Jeremiah Crockpot.
*(*ZELDA *and* JEREMIAH *wear aprons and chef hats and, if possible, stand at a table with bowls and other cooking prep tools.)*
Now, I'm told you'll be preparing a very special treat for us today.
JEREMIAH. That's right.
ZELDA. It says here the dish is called—and I hope I'm pronouncing this correctly—BahgOHVsheeps?
JEREMIAH. Actually, it's pronounced "bag of chips."
ZELDA. Wonderful. So now you're going to show us how to prepare this exotic delicacy.
JEREMIAH. So first you start with this? *(Reveals a bag of chips.)* And then you do this. *(Opens bag.)*
ZELDA. Back to you, Jim.
JIM. Babs, I would *not* be able to handle that recipe. In *my* house, little miss *wifey* does all the cooking.
BABS. That's because you're a loathsome misogynist.
JIM. And how.
BABS. *(Hand to earpiece:)* This just in: we have some alarming news from Crazytown Station. Apparently a nuclear warhead has been found on the train platform. *(Hand back to earpiece:)* Uhp, I'm now being informed that it is actually a half-eaten chicken wrap.
JIM. We now check back in with our Apocalypse Expert, Kevin O'Geddon. Kevin, anything new to report?
*(*KEVIN, *who was playing video games, glances at the Apocalypse Machine.)*
KEVIN. No.
JIM. Thanks, Kevin! And now a word from our sponsor.
VOICEOVER. Have you hit financial rock bottom?
BROKE PERSON. I am flat broke.
VOICEOVER. Crazytown Casinos: where winning is mathematically possible.
BROKE PERSON. Yayyyyy!

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JIM. And we're back! Now we turn to the Short Sport Report with our very own Peter Pitstains.

PETER. Well, folks, earlier today the world of golf was ROCKED when ten-time world-champion Panther Shrubs made it an entire *twenty-four hours* without cheating on his wife. Also, the world of baseball was ROCKED when some guy scored without performance-enhancing drugs. Also, the world of professional ping pong was ROCKED when it was discovered there is such a thing as professional ping pong. But now we bring you to our live, *exclusive* coverage of some other sports thing.

(Scene shifts to…)

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MAY THE BEST FAN WIN
by Jonathan Rand

Cast of Characters

MERV, sportscaster
TIM, sportscaster
BAXTER, sports fan
FELTON, sports fan
P.A. ANNOUNCER, offstage voice

Production Notes

IMPORTANT NOTE: By and large, Baxter and Felton's eyes are glued to the unseen downstage television screen. Their facial expressions, movement, food-chewing, etc. are consistently lazy and nonchalant, starkly contrasting Merv and Tim's exuberance.

Merv is essentially based on famed play-by-play man Marv Albert, and Tim includes hints of color commentators Ron Jaworski, Tim McCarver, and others. If these names are unfamiliar, see video examples online.

Feel free to use crowd noise sound effects (oohs, ahhs, cheers, boos, etc.) whenever it makes sense.

While all characters are male, they can be played by actors of any gender.

Formatting note: Most of the script is split in half, with the left side of the page devoted to Merv and Tim's dialogue, and the right side of the page for Baxter and Felton's actions.

§

(Opening theme music. Sportscasters MERV *and* TIM *are either seated at a table or standing. Elsewhere on the stage is an empty couch and coffee table.)*

MERV. Good afternoon and *welcome* to our live broadcast of the matchup we've all been waiting for: the championship showdown between future hall-of-famer Donald Baxter and rookie sensation Michael Felton. Don't let the chilly weather here in downtown Crazytown fool you—the mood here is *white hot.* I'm Merv Johnson, and

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here to my right is my partner-in-crime Tim Bixby. Tim, is there any chance this match-up could possibly live up to the hype?

TIM. Merv, I do believe it just might. I'll tell ya—I've literally got goosebumps. Feel my arm.

MERV. Those are indeed *literal* goosebumps.

TIM. Merv, I simply cannot *wait* for this literal clash of the titans.

MERV. Well, wait no further, as we now move to the starting lineups with Public Address announcer, Roddy Wilcox.

(Standard crowd-amping intro music plays.[8]*)*

P.A. ANNOUNCER. Crazytown, make some noooooooooise!!![9]

(Cheering.)

At five-foot-seven … from Syracuse … He's a grown man with a wife and two kids but still plays video games … Donallllllld Baxterrrrrrr![10]

(We hear the crowd cheering as BAXTER *enters, totally blasé. He carries a bowl of chips, places it on the coffee table, takes a seat, and points the remote control downstage to switch on the unseen fourth-wall television.)*

P.A. ANNOUNCER. At five-eight … from Kentucky … He's still single due to his fear of commitment and overuse of Axe Body Spray … Michaelllllll Feltonnnnnn!

(We hear the crowd booing as FELTON *enters, also blasé, carrying a six-pack.* FELTON *gives a nonchalant man-wave, to which* BAXTER *– whose eyes stay locked to the screen – responds with a halfhearted point to* FELTON, *who sits and also stares at the screen. The sound of a referee's whistle.)*

MERV. And awayyy we go.

TIM. Now as we get started, Merv, I'll say this: *everything* hinges on this first quarter. It's all about which player establishes himself early.

MERV. But so far, Tim, we are seeing a *tepid* start from both men.

TIM. Merv, we're seeing literally no eyeball movement, and in this league, you *have* to have eyeball movement. But listen, Merv—we both know how *explosive* these men can be, and how this game can turn on a *dime.*

MERV. As if on cue, Donald *Baxter* with the first move, and what a move it was!

TIM. *(With a knowing chuckle:)* Merv, I said it during the Crazytown Copy Center Pre-Game Show. Baxter *loves* to start strong. He *really* set the tone there.

MERV. And so far Felton has simply *not* responded.

TIM. I don't think his head's in the game, Merv.

(Due to a play on the screen, BAXTER *barely pumps his fist in the air.* FELTON *does nothing.)*

[8] Suggestions: "Get Ready for This" by 2 Unlimited or "Sirius" by The Alan Parsons Project

[9] The P.A. Announcer can be piped in, spoken offstage, or performed by Merv or Tim, in which case, "with Public Address announcer, Roddy Wilcox" would be cut.

[10] Use actual heights of the actors.

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MERV. And *another* strong move from Baxter!

*(*BAXTER *casually takes a chip from the bowl and eats part of it.)*

TIM. Merv, is that what I think it is?

MERV. It is *indeed* a Tostitos Scoop!!

TIM. And Felton still looks lost out there. You have to wonder if he's a hundred percent.

MERV. And here comes Baxter with a double—no, a *triple dip!!* How often do you see that?!

*(*BAXTER *dips the same chip into some dip, eats a bite, and then dips a third time and finishes the chip.)*

TIM. This is getting ugly, *fast.* Felton better focus, or he'll never climb out of this early hole.

MERV. He reaches for the remote for a volume change… here it comes… OH! *Denied!!*

*(*FELTON *starts to ineffectively fiddle with the remote control.)*

TIM. Oh my, Felton and the remote are simply *not* on the same page.

MERV. And he mistakenly flips the Input Source from HDMI to AV-1! *What* an embarrassment!

TIM. Merv, the last thing you want to see is an early fumble.

MERV. He cannot connect!!

TIM. And the crowd here at JP Morgan Chase Living Room is letting him hear it.

(The crowd boos.)

MERV. Ohh! And Donald Baxter *steals* the remote, *with* authority.

*(*BAXTER *casually takes the remotes, easily hitting the few various necessary buttons on the remotes to fix the TV situation.)*

TIM. Classic homefield advantage, Merv. You just gotta love his remote control control.

MERV. It's—a—*blowout!*

TIM. And with a commanding lead like this, you gotta think he'll get aggressive now.

MERV. Baxter reviews his options, fakes left, jukes right—and then an *unexpected move* to the *Merlot! Unbelievable!*[11]

*(*BAXTER *moves his hand from a beer to a soda, but then reveals a bottle of wine.)*

TIM. Unbelievable is right, Merv! This guy's a career PBR man. We never

[11] If it's a problem for your theater to reference alcohol, see the Appendix for alternate language.

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expected wine, let alone a red, let alone a *varietal.* What a bold play.

MERV. But hold on! Out of *nowhere* Baxter is *stuffed* at the line of corkage. Folks, he is *cork*-blocked.

*(*BAXTER *can't open the bottle with a corkscrew.)*

TIM. Merv, his Achilles' Heel is, and always will be, beverage penetration.

MERV. Twenty seconds have come…and twenty seconds…have gone.

TIM. We may witness history here, Merv. The record is twenty-eight seconds.

MERV. Oh my. OH MY!! Donald Baxter has *shattered* the world record of cork-related incompetence!

TIM. Now let's see if Felton can take advantage.

*(*BAXTER *gives up and puts the bottle on the table.)*

MERV. And a *powerful* move by Michael Felton.

*(*FELTON *casually picks up the bottle and easily twists off the cap.)*

TIM. Merv, it was a twist-off!

MERV. The cork was never even on the field! *What* a mental error!

TIM. And he knows it, Merv. Look at his face; look at his body language. That will haunt him forever.

*(*BAXTER's *face hasn't changed. Or he's yawning.)*

MERV. Tim, could *this* spark a turnaround for Felton?

TIM. No question, Merv.

MERV. But wait, now Baxter fights back with a difficult five-point play attempt. He lets it fly…

(After a play on the screen, they celebrate a little and BAXTER *holds up his hand for a high-five.* FELTON *doesn't notice it and casually celebrates on his own.* BAXTER's *hand remains up in high-five position.)*

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OHHHH! Re-*jected*!
TIM. Merv, that has to be one of the best blocked shots I have ever seen in my twenty years of watching dudes watch sports.
MERV. Get that *outta here.*
TIM. And Baxter just can't believe it. He is *still* hanging out to dry.
MERV. Oh no, is he—? I think he might… *Ohhh!* Donald Baxter *pretends* he is *stretching!*

*(*BAXTER *tries to play it off like it was never a high-five, with a little stretch.)*

TIM. Merv, how quickly the tables turn. Baxter has lost the upper hand.
MERV. Tim, *was* that pun intended!?
TIM. Merv, I *don't* even know what I'm saying.
MERV. Don't look now, but it's only getting *worse* for Baxter, who simply *drifts* off into a catnap.

*(*BAXTER *starts to drift off to sleep.)*

TIM. Merv, now I've seen *everything.*
MERV. He is simply *unconscious!!*
TIM. I mentioned this yesterday on the Toyota Tundra Radio Show: Felton *loves* to catch his opponent sleeping.
And here we go—we're seeing just that right now.

(All while casually chewing and mostly watching the game, FELTON *places an empty, large bowl on* BAXTER's *sleeping head.)*

MERV. THE BOWL IS ON THE HEAD!
TIM. That's right; it's Felton's signature move "The Fiesta Bowl." But now will he take full advantage?
MERV. OHHHHHH! He! Just! Got! Instagrammed!

*(*FELTON *nonchalantly takes a picture of the sleeping* BAXTER *with his phone and taps the screen.)*

TIM. Hashtag *embarrassing.*
MERV. I *still* use a rotary phone!
TIM. *Really,* Merv.
MERV. The internet *frightens* me!
TIM. Wow.
MERV. Well, folks, we are *tied!! What* an *astonishing* comeback by Michael Felton!

*(*FELTON *slaps* BAXTER's *arm to wake him.* BAXTER *groggily removes the head-bowl.)*

TIM. And as the clock ticks down on this game, both players are *hungry* for victory.
MERV. They survey the spread… there is not much edible remaining on the field…

(They casually poke around on the coffee table to see what's left to eat.)

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TIM. Bear in mind there aren't any tater tots, despite their 99.4% approval rating.[12]

MERV. …and out of nowhere, Felton *attacks* the same buffalo wing he finished hours ago!

*(*FELTON *gnaws the remaining meat from a chicken bone.)*

TIM. Now we'll see how Baxter responds given the limited options.

MERV. He looks downfield, goes deep… and he *drains* five crumbs from an empty bowl of Ruffles!

*(*BAXTER *empties crumbs from a bowl or bag into his mouth.)*

TIM. These men will literally eat *anything* to avoid walking ten feet to the kitchen.

MERV. And Felton *unloads* a used ketchup packet!

*(*FELTON *polishes off some ketchup from used packet.)*

But here comes Baxter who *knocks down* a couch cushion Sour Patch Kid!

*(*BAXTER *finds and eats an errant Sour Patch Kid.)*

But here's Michael Felton… from downtowwwwwwn— *A banana!! A banana!! He eats a banana!!*

*(*FELTON *reaches a little bit to grab a banana, and he takes a bite.)*

TIM. *Nutrition* from a *sports fan?* Merv, I am literally speechless.

MERV. *How – about – that!*

TIM. Wait a minute. Oh no… It looks like Baxter is down.

MERV. His heart and colon are *on fire!*

*(*BAXTER *is holding his stomach and slowly breathing in and out, still casually fixated on the TV, of course.)*

TIM. You never want to see this, Merv, but at the same time, you can't be surprised. Both men were clearly at capacity and yet continued to commit mouth fouls. And this after Baxter's rehab from last year's seven-layer dip.

MERV. Seven *debilitating* layers!

TIM. Merv, this crowd has gone *silent*. You could hear a pin drop.

MERV. We now kindly ask everyone to say a prayer for a full recovery, and to honor this brief moment of silence.

(Pause.)

[12] If you're producing this play outside the *Crazytown* full-length play, cut this entire line.

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What's this? He's okay, folks! He's going to be all right!

(But BAXTER *smacks his fist against his chest, belches, and gives a nonchalant thumbs up.)*

TIM. Thank goodness.

MERV. And don't look now, but he's getting right back on the field!! *What—a—fighter!*

*(*BAXTER *grabs one more snack and eats it.)*

TIM. You gotta love the guts on this guy, Merv. What courage. What a warrior. What a true hero. This is a man you want to go to battle with.

MERV. And it is in *no* way disrespectful that we regularly equate sports to actual war.

TIM. Not in the least. Now, Merv, here comes the moment of truth. In these final seconds, we'll see which man turns out to be a loser, and which man also turns out to be a loser.

MERV. Ten seconds on the clock… With the game on the line… Here comes the final play… *Ohhhhhhhhh… YES! YES!* Oh my *goodness!!* This is the *greatest* game I have *ever* seen, at least since last week!!

*(*BAXTER *and* FELTON *start to rise off the couch together in gradually-building excitement, as the final play on the screen unfolds. Then they celebrate: each dances individually, then they hug, then they bump chests.)*

TIM. What a finish, Merv! This is the happiest day of my life—far better than the birth of my child!

MERV. Not so fast, Tim. I do believe we have an Olive Garden When You're Here You're Family Challenge Flag.

TIM. Here we go. Let's check that replay.

*(*BAXTER *and* FELTON *go through the same celebrations as above, but in slow-motion. This time, we see what wasn't visible in regular speed.*[13]*)*

TIM. First we have the dance sequence. Oh no, Merv, I did *not* notice this in real time, but Baxter is intensely biting his lower lip.

(In slow-motion, we see a much different version, as BAXTER *dances while doing that cheesy, intense look while biting his lower lip, while* FELTON *does the Cabbage Patch.)*

[13] In the regular-speed version, the dancing, hug, and chest-bump are all quick and ordinary—nothing that would draw special attention. Only in slow-motion do we see the true details.

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MERV. Oh my!
TIM. That could cost him. And is Felton doing the *Cabbage Patch? Talk* about *old-*school.
MERV. *Michael Felton, living* in the *past!*
TIM. And let's take a close look at the man-hug. Oh no—there's a moist eye right there, Merv. We've got a cryer…

(The slow-motion replay continues with their hug, where FELTON *gets teary-eyed and covertly wipes his eye.)*

MERV. How *emasculating!*
TIM. And what is Baxter doing with his phone?

(Then, mid-hug, we see BAXTER *covertly check his phone.)*

MERV. *Donald Baxter, watching a video of cats playing with yarn!!*
TIM. This is uglier than we thought, Merv. Let's hope at least the chest bump was clean.

(A replay of the chest-bump.)

Wait, did they even make contact? It may be too close to call.
MERV. Let's watch that again, this time in Crazytown Censorship Society Super-Slow Motion.

(With each iteration of the replay, TIM *and* MERV *audibly react with "Ohhh!" and "Oh my!" and so forth.)*

(Another replay, where it's clear that their chests never make contact. Much like in a football sideline replay, the recording goes back and forth a few times to confirm.)

MERV. Ohh! They *cannot* connect!
TIM. Merv, this is remarkable. The officials have indicated that all the penalties offset. Which means:
MERV. We are going to overtime!
TIM. This entire game will come down to a sudden-death verbal shootout, where each player will speak actual words.
MERV. A verbal shootout! Tim, is this the first time *ever* that two men during a sporting event will exchange actual words?
TIM. It will, Merv, and I don't mind telling you: this will be *riveting.*
MERV. And the officials are set to begin this overtime thriller. Hold on to your hats, folks, because here…we…go…

(The sound of a referee's whistle.)

BAXTER. *(Simply:)* Hey what time is it?
FELTON. *(Simply:)* Four.

(The final horn blares. FELTON *and* BAXTER *continue to look at the TV without emotion, as* MERV *and* TIM *lose their minds.)*

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MERV. OH MY GOODNESS!!
TIM. UNBELIEVABLE!!
MERV. IT'S OVER! IT'S OVER!
TIM. UNBELIEVABLE!!
MERV. FELTON SPEAKS FEWER WORDS AND THEREFORE COMES AWAY WITH THE *STUNNING* OVERTIME VICTORY!
TIM. UNBELIEVABLE!!
MERV. THE GREATEST COMEBACK OF ALL TIME ENDS WITH A WORD-IN-ONE!! *A WORD-IN-ONE!!*
TIM. UNBELIEVABLE!!
MERV. DO YOU BELIEVE IN MIRACLES THAT SHOULDN'T BE CONSIDERED MIRACLES BECAUSE THEY'RE ACTUALLY PRETTY INSIGNIFICANT?!
TIM. I do, Merv. I really do. Also: unbelievable.
MERV. Well, folks, we have just witnessed the *apex* of greatness. Everything in life from here on out will be a depressing, bitter disappointment. But don't change that channel. Next up: a replay of the exact same game you just saw. Tim and I will certainly be watching. Goodnight!

(The opening theme music plays, and if possible, we hear a voiceover of the beginning of Merv's introduction from the very start. MERV *and* TIM *switch to the same demeanor as Baxter and Felton and reveal a previously hidden bowl or bowls. All four catatonically stare at their downstage screens and simultaneously take a bite of chips. Scene.)*

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Newsroom: Part IV

JIM. And we're back!
BABS. In entertainment news: a new study reveals that celebrities are just like *us,* in that they sometimes shop for groceries or walk their dogs or breathe oxygen followed by a release of carbon dioxide.
JIM. Now for the latest on your ride home from work, we take you *live* to our Eye-in-the-Sky Trafficopter and our very own Tabitha Speedbump.
TABITHA. The Eye-in-the-Sky Trafficopter has landed here at the airport to refuel, so I can't see anything, but according to my phone, there's some traffic.
JIM. Thanks, Tabitha! We'll be right back, after this word from our sponsor.
(PANTS MODEL *is pointing to his or her pants.*)
VOICEOVER. Pants, Incorporated: Buy pants.
JIM. And we're back!
BABS. Now for our newest segment, Michael on Music, we take you *live* to our music correspondent, Josh. What have you got for us, Josh?
*(*JOSH *is listening to a music player with headphones. We can't hear the music, but he certainly can. He's jamming away to it, really getting into it, air-drumming while making different kinds of drum noises – maybe some hi-hats; maybe some snares. He might unintelligibly sing a part of the song mostly to himself.)*
BABS. That was Josh, with Michael on Music.
JIM. Now for our second-newest segment, Crazytown Corner, here's Gretchen Reporterface.
GRETCHEN. Thanks, Jim. I'm Gretchen Reporterface and welcome to Crazytown Corner. Here on Crazytown Corner, we take an in-depth look at our town's most beloved institutions. Tonight's profile: the Crazytown Censorship Society. You may know of the Crazytown Censorship Society because of their famous lawsuit against the Nature Channel's unapologetic footage of bird nudity. But rest assured, bird nudity is only the tip of the Crazytown Censorship Society iceberg. Let's take a sneak peek right now at one of their captivating monthly meetings.
(Scene shifts to…)

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THE LEAST OFFENSIVE PLAY IN THE WHOLE DARN WORLD

by Jonathan Rand

Cast of Characters

GEORGE
FRANCINE
SHELLY
TOM
ROMA
LINGK
MERCUTIO
TYBALT
JASON
MEDEA
FRANKIE
JOHNNY
JESSICA
WARREN
HARPER
MARK
ROGER

See Appendix for cast-expansion options.

§

*(*GEORGE *faces the audience, note cards in hand. A pause. Then he turns and exits.*
FRANCINE *then enters, turns, and speaks to the audience. She is extremely bland.)*

FRANCINE. Everyone put your hands together for George and his thrilling slide show on how Dr. Seuss is slowing destroying America. *(Claps.)* That was one unforgettable four hours. Before our final presentation, a friendly reminder to pay your membership dues, without which the Crazytown Censorship Society would cease to exist. And now, let's give a warm Crazytown welcome for tonight's keynote speakers from everyone's favorite corporate conglomerate. Give it up for You're Welcome, America.

*(*FRANCINE *exits as spokespeople* TOM *and* SHELLY *enter.)*

SHELLY. Good evening, Crazytown Censorship Society members, and on behalf of Tom, myself, and the entire You're Welcome, America family, thank you for having us. So far tonight we've heard much concern about the erosion of family values.

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TOM. Well flush those concerns down the concerns toilet!
SHELLY. That's right. Because we're about to introduce a product so useful, and so life-changing, we *know* you'll be satisfied, which is why *we* offer an unprecedented—
TOM. *Thirty minute* money-back guarantee!
SHELLY. Ladies and gentlemen, throughout history, Americans have yearned for three things. One: put a man on the moon. Two: End hunger. And three?
TOM. Do theater without the dirty parts.
SHELLY. Let's review how we're doing so far: Moon? Check. Hunger? Eh, close enough. But producing plays without all the R-rated garbage? *That* has eluded us for *generations.*
TOM. Until now?
SHELLY. Until now indeed. Because You're Welcome, America has developed a breathtaking new product, scientifically proven *by Science,* to be the perfect tool for any family-friendly theater. Introducing…the Play Purifier!

*(*SHELLY *reveals a button.)*

TOM. I'm intrigued. Tell me more.
SHELLY. Tom: Imagine you're a director…
TOM. *(Closes his eyes:)* Okay.
SHELLY. …and you're directing the David Mamet play *Glengarry Glen Ross*, but it's just *filled* with ugly words!
TOM. Goodness!
SHELLY. Now in this town, if an actor curses, your directing career is over. So, what do you do?
TOM. Choose a different play by David Mamet, one without swears?
SHELLY. A fine idea, but no.
TOM. Choose a play by a different writer?
SHELLY. Wrong again. The play you'll direct is David Mamet's *Glengarry Glen Ross*.
TOM. *But how??*
SHELLY. With the Play Purifier, a sophisticated computer algorithm automatically censors every offensive word.
TOM. I don't understand.
SHELLY. Well, Tom, you know the saying: actions speak louder than dirty words.
TOM. It's my favorite saying.
SHELLY. So I will *show* you exactly what happens after the play is treated with the Play Purifier. Ladies and gentlemen, we bring you David Mamet, one hundred percent sanitized!

*(*SHELLY *hits the button. Lights shift to* ROMA *and* LINGK *in an implied real estate office.)*

ROMA. You made the deposit?
LINGK. Last week, sure. I think so.
ROMA. You *think* so.
LINGK. I don't know. I'm pretty sure.

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ROMA. *(Quietly, at first:)* You're pretty sure… Y'know what, Jim…? *(Pause; then, with pure vitriol:)* You're a son of a *GUN!* This was *your boo*-boo! And like all boo-boos, it's gonna hurt like a*nother* trucker!
LINGK. I'm sorry, Ricky.
ROMA. Ya goofed up, *dummy*-pants! You *silly meany-butt!* This is *Shetland* poop. Y'hear me?! *Shetland* poop!
LINGK. C'mon, Ricky…
ROMA. I got four words for you, duck face, and those four words are gonna be the only four words on your gollyforsaken tombstone. Guess the four words.
LINGK. No…

(With a quiet intensity, ROMA *gets right in* LINGK's *face, counting out each word on his hand.)*

ROMA. Jerky jerky jerk jerk.
LINGK. Ricky, please…
ROMA. JERKY JERKY JERK JERK!!

(Lights shift to SHELLY *and* TOM.*)*

TOM. That was *amazing!*
SHELLY. Tom, it only gets amazinger. The Play Purifier doesn't just clean foul language. It has literally *tens* of other uses.
TOM. *Tens?*
SHELLY. Let me ask you this: Have you ever heard of William Shakespeare?
TOM. No!
SHELLY. Neither had I, until I was told he's a writer of some local renown. But I'll tell you, Tom: We receive two, sometimes *three* letters *every decade* from customers expressing concern that this "Shakespeare" has *violence* in his plays.
TOM. VIOLENCE?!
SHELLY. That was my exact reaction. Which is why the Play Purifier was developed to automatically clean even the bloodiest of scenes. Let's see how it fixes some play called *Romeo and Juliet.*

*(*SHELLY *hits the button. Lights shift to* TYBALT *and* MERCUTIO*, both livid.)*

TYBALT. This shall not excuse the injuries that thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.
MERCUTIO. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

*(*MERCUTIO and TYBALT *each unsheathe an uninflated long balloon. They proceed to inflate them, either with their mouths, or with small hand pumps. After that, they fence intensely as the dialogue continues.)*[14]

MERCUTIO. Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?
TYBALT. What wouldst thou have with me?
MERCUTIO. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives.
TYBALT. I am for you.

[14] If a balloon isn't feasible, they can unsheathe their index fingers and intensely fence with those.

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*(*TYBALT *stabs* MERCUTIO. *The balloon protrudes out of* MERCUTIO's *body as he dies.)*

MERCUTIO. *(Loudly and passionately:)* A plague on both your houses!!

(Lights shift to SHELLY *and* TOM.*)*

TOM. That was *so* intense.

SHELLY. It only gets better, Tom. It only gets much, much better.

TOM. *(Raises his hand:)* I have a question.

SHELLY. You, Tom, yes.

TOM. Can this product do anything about a scene where the violence has already taken place offstage, but we still see the bloody aftermath?

SHELLY. You may be referring to the Greek drama *Medea,* where the title character appears with her two young children she's murdered.

TOM. I have *always* been anti-child-murder.

SHELLY. Now Tom, you and I both know that nobody wants to even think about double-infanticide.

TOM. Don't tell me this product cleans up double-infanticide!

SHELLY. If I didn't tell you, Tom, I'd be withholding the truth. Which may very well be tantamount to lying. And *lying* is not what America is about. America is about truth, and freedom, and making sure that no one is ever offended by stuff. Which is why we will show these good people how the Play Purifier can automatically transform *Medea* from worthless trash…into pure dramatic gold.

*(*SHELLY *hits the button. Lights shift to* JASON.*)*

JASON. Remove the bar on the door at once,
so I may see my dead sons and their murderer, that woman
on whom I shall exact revenge.

(Very dramatic music plays as MEDEA *appears with a large fish in each hand.*[15]*)*

MEDEA. Why are you trying to find the bodies and me,
The one who killed them?
Stop trying. If you want something from me,
then say so. But you'll never have me in your grasp.

(Lights shift to SHELLY *and* TOM. TOM *is crying.)*

TOM. That was beautiful…

SHELLY. Now I know some of you may be thinking, "What about vegans?"

TOM. *(Instantly recovered:)* I was just thinking: What about vegans?

SHELLY. Well don't you fret, because the Play Purifier is always a step ahead.

*(*SHELLY *hits the button. Lights shift to* JASON.*)*

JASON. Remove the bar on the door so I may see my dead sons and their murderer.

*(*MEDEA *appears exactly as before with the same dramatic music, but this time with two large eggplants.*[16] *Lights then shift to* SHELLY *and* TOM.*)*

TOM. In—credible. Now Shelly, what about plays that deal with—how shall I say it—"night time activities"?

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[15] Or a couple of steaks, or chickens—any kind of meat that can be easily perceived from the back row

[16] Or a couple of large celery stalks, or melons, etc.

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SHELLY. Good question, Tom. Some plays include nudity, and the act of "premarital bedtime intimacy." Which is not only totally gross, but inaccurate, since according to a recent study, only *one percent* of Americans even *hold hands* before marriage. Tom, I know how you feel about people who hold hands.
TOM. Get a room…
SHELLY. Let's watch the Play Purifier work its magic on the play *Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune* and its infamous opening scene, where the title characters have passionate *sex*[17], with *nudity,* all while *not married.*[18]

*(*SHELLY *hits the button. Lights shift to* FRANKIE *and* JOHNNY *far apart from one another, sitting up in bed, or in two separate beds, or some representation of beds, like chairs. He wears reading glasses and reads a novel; she knits. They both wear full-body pajamas. Both characters deliver the entire scene completely expressionless and devoid of emotion.)*

JOHNNY. Oh.
FRANKIE. Oh my. Johnny.
JOHNNY. That's right. Yes.
FRANKIE. You got it.
JOHNNY. All right.
FRANKIE. Oh.
JOHNNY. Oh.

(Lights shift to SHELLY *and* TOM.*)*

TOM. It was like I watching the original production!
SHELLY. That's the miracle of the Play Purifier.
TOM. Is there any problem it *can't* fix?
SHELLY. I'm glad you asked, Tom. Have you ever had problems with drugs?
TOM. *Have* I!
SHELLY. Well, the Play Purifier turns problems into solutions! Never again will audiences have to even *think* about the scourge of drugs. To demonstrate, we'll show a clip from the play *This Is Our Youth*. Let's watch!

*(*SHELLY *hits the button. Lights shift to an apartment in 1982.)*

JESSICA. I can't believe you stole all that cash from your dad. What are you gonna do next?
WARREN. Don't know.
JESSICA. Well listen, I got something.
WARREN. What? A bottle of Merlot with a twist-off cap?[19]
JESSICA. No… Some blow.
WARREN. Yeah? Is it any good?

---

[17] Everything in a small font is loudly whispered.
[18] If this line is too racy for your community, you can replace with this: "…where the title characters 'share their love,' so to speak."
[19] If you're producing this play outside the *Crazytown* full-length play, cut "A bottle of Merlot with a twist-off cap?" and "No…"

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*(*JESSICA *reaches into her bag and brings out a box of tissues and looks at it reverently. Then she holds it out to* WARREN.*)*

JESSICA. How 'bout *you* tell *me?*

*(*WARREN *takes the box of tissues and carefully pulls out a single tissue, then blows his nose quickly and sharply. He leans back and takes it in.)*

JESSICA. That's some strong blow, right?

WARREN. Man…!

JESSICA. Hand it over.

*(*JESSICA *grabs the box and likewise partakes of the product. After a moment:)*

That's hot.

(Lights shift to SHELLY *and* TOM.*)*

TOM. Who needs drugs when you can do *hugs.*

SHELLY. We now move on to something even more damaging than cocaine: gayness. *(Beat.)* What do you know about homosexuality, Tom?

TOM. A great deal, Shelly. Apparently, my brother's husband is gay.

SHELLY. What's his name?

TOM. Not sure! *(Beat.)* Don't you have a gay co-worker?

SHELLY. That's right, Tom.

TOM. How is that coming along?

SHELLY. I tolerate her every day!

TOM. We are such *good people…*

SHELLY. But next time you put on a play with gay themes, your audiences won't even have to *worry* about tolerance. Because the Play Purifier takes care of everything for you.

TOM. Wonderful!

SHELLY. Let's watch as the play *Angels in America* instantly becomes something *real* Americans can enjoy. The alterations are so subtle, you won't even notice the difference.

*(*SHELLY *hits the button. Lights shift to Harper and Joe's apartment.* HARPER *is arguing with an unseen and unheard Joe. She plays the scene as if he's there, pausing when he's speaking, and interacting with air. Lines in brackets are Joe's "responses.")*

HARPER. Where do you go every night?

[Calm down.]

HARPER. Don't tell me to calm down. Where do you go?

[Why does it matter?]

HARPER. Because it's late, Joe. Because I'm your wife.

[If you're trying to ask me something, then ask.]

HARPER. You want me to ask you? Fine, I will. Are you gay? *Are* you? If you walk away right now, so help me…

[And if I was?]

HARPER. Enough with the *lies!* Give me a real answer, Joe! JOOOOOE!!!!

(She is shaking "Joe" with her hands, pounding his invisible chest in a frustrated rage. Lights shift to SHELLY *and* TOM.*)*

TOM. Fun fact: the actor playing Joe won the Tony for that performance.

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SHELLY. Speaking of awards: In the nineties, the world was taken by storm by an award-winning musical called *Rent. Rent* covers a number of issues, including sex, drug use, strippers, violence, gays, lesbians, bisexuals, transvestites, homelessness, suicide, and AIDS.
TOM. But are there curse words?
SHELLY. Hundreds.
TOM. There's no way the Play Purifier can help *that* train wreck.
SHELLY. Ladies and gentlemen, we give you the musical sensation *Rent*, completely free of offensive material!

*(*SHELLY *hits the button. Lights shift to* ROGER *and* MARK[20] *in the opening scene of* Rent*. They wear the standard* Rent *costume pieces and* ROGER *holds a guitar. And…nothing happens. For several seconds,* MARK *and* ROGER *simply do nothing, looking around a little.* ROGER *strums his guitar once or twice.* MARK *lets out a little cough. But for the most part, nothing. Lights shift to* SHELLY *and* TOM.*)*

TOM. *(Dancing to himself:)* It's so *catchy!!*
SHELLY. Ladies and gentlemen, as you've seen with your very own uncorrupted eyes, the Play Purifier is the answer to all your theatrical needs.
TOM. Well, *I'm* ready to buy. *(To the audience:)* And I hope *you* are, too.
SHELLY. Goodnight everybody, God bless, but most of all…
TOM / SHELLY. *We accept some major credit cards!!*

(Scene.)

[20] Should you wish to use a male-female combo here, either Mark or Roger can be played by a female, or Mark can be replaced with Mimi.

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Newsroom: Part V

JIM. And we're back!
BABS. We now bring you *live* to Nadia Kneejerk and her award-ineligible segment: "Shame On You. Shame On You Times A Thousand."

(If possible, a very brief theme song plays with the segment's name being sung. NADIA *stands with a microphone next to* JOSEPH, *who holds an oversized novelty check. Optional orphans are gathered.)*

NADIA. I'm here *live* at Crazytown Orphanage, where philanthropist billionaire Joseph Santo is about to donate a check for one million dollars.
JOSEPH. As a fellow orphan, it was the least I could do to give back.
NADIA. But tell me, Mr. Santo—if you were so intent on helping these children, why give an oversized, fake check that would be invalid at any bank? Are you pretending to be charitable, when in reality you're donating zero dollars?
JOSEPH. The actual money was donated this morning with a real check.
NADIA. Was it?
JOSEPH. Yes.
NADIA. But *was* it?
JOSEPH. Yes.
NADIA. Well you heard it here, folks. Joseph Santo hates orphans.

(Theme song again.)

BABS. Thanks, Nadia. Way to smoke out the truth. We now check back in with our Apocalypse Expert. Kevin, anything new to report?
KEVIN. No.
BABS. All right, Kevin, be sure to keep us posted.

(The Apocalypse Machine's red light turns on.)

KEVIN. Wait a second. Oh no—
BABS. Thanks, Kevin! And now for our weekly opinion piece, we bring you: an old man.
OLD MAN. *(Gruff and curt:)*
I'm old.
I hate everything:
Sunshine… fax machines… happiness…
In conclusion, get off my lawn.
BABS. Thanks, Old Man!
JIM. Well, we are just seconds away from half past the hour, which means we won't have time to cover the following stories: the city will run out of oxygen by midnight, several thousand zombies have risen from a local cemetery, and the Cleveland Browns have won the Super Bowl.[21]

(Newscast music plays.)

BABS. From everyone here at WOMG Action News, I'm Babs Buttlebee.

[21] If the Browns have since won the Super Bowl or have come close, pick the next most unlikely major sports franchise to win their championship.

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JIM. And I'm Jim Pickles. Goodnight.

End of Play

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Appendix

Possible role assignments for a cast of four (2 females, 2 males)

News broadcasts		***May the Best Fan Win***	
VOICEOVER	Male #2	MERV	Male #1 or Male #2
BABS	Female #1	TIM	Male #2 or Male #1
JIM	Male #1	BAXTER	Female #1 or Female #2
SOLOMON	Male #2	FELTON	Female #2 or Female #1
DORIS	Female #2	P.A. ANNOUNCER	Male #1 or Male #2
JAY	Male #2		
KEVIN	Male #2	***The Least Offensive Play…***	
OLIVIA	Female #2	GEORGE	Male #1 or Male #2
TERRY	Male #2	FRANCINE	Female #1
PHONE HUSBAND	Male #2	SHELLY	Female #2
PHONE WIFE	Female #2	TOM	Male #2 or Male #1
BRODY	Male #2	ROMA	Male #1
ZELDA	Female #2	LINGK	Female #1
JEREMIAH	Male #2	MERCUTIO	Male #1
BROKE PERSON	Female #2	TYBALT	Female #1
PETER	Male #2 or Female #2	JASON	Male #1
TABITHA	Female #2	MEDEA	Female #1
PANTS MODEL	Male #2	FRANKIE	Female #1
JOSH	Male #2	JOHNNY	Male #1
GRETCHEN	Female #2	JESSICA	Female #1
NADIA	Female #2	WARREN	Male #1
JOSEPH	Male #2	HARPER	Female #1
OLD MAN	Male #2	MARK/MIMI	Female #1
		ROGER	Male #1
No More, Mister Nice Guy			
KIMBALL	Female #2 or Female #1		
MILLS	Female #1 or Female #2		
SHELDON	Male #1		
RICKY	Male #2		
The Future Is In Your Tiny Hands			
BOBBY	Male #1		
KAITLYN	Female #1		
SOPHIA	Female #2		
BRIAN	Male #2		
PAIGE	Male #2		
EMILIO	Male #2		
COLIN	Male #2		
FELICIA	Male #2		
LARRY	Male #2		
EDIE	Male #2		
RYAN	Male #2		

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Full list of song recommendations (see pg. 6)

- "Funkytown" / Lipps Inc. ("Won't you take me to…Crazy*town*?")
- "Streets of Philadelphia" / Bruce Springsteen ("On the streets of Crazytown")
- "Allentown" / Billy Joel ("Well we're living here in Crazytown")
- "Empire State of Mind" / Jay-Z & Alicia Keys ("Now you're in Cray-towwwn")
- "Kokomo" / The Beach Boys ("There's a place called Crazytown")
- "Waterloo" / ABBA ("Crazytown, couldn't escape if I wanted to")
- "We Built This City" / Starship ("We built this city called Crazytown")
- "Viva Las Vegas" / Elvis Presley ("Viva Las Crazy")
- "Hollywood Nights" / Bob Seger ("And those Crazytown nights")
- "New York State of Mind" / Billy Joel ("I'm in a Crazytown state of mind")
- "April in Paris" / Ella Fitzgerald and others ("April in C-town")
- "Beverly Hills" / Weezer ("Crazytown, that's where I want to stay")
- "Buffalo Gals" / Pete Seeger ("Crazytown gals won't you come out tonight")
- "Last Train to Clarksville" / The Monkees ("Take the last train to Crazytown")
- "Istanbul (Not Constantinople)" / They Might Be Giants ("Crazytown was Constantinople")
- "San Francisco (Be Sure To Wear Some Flowers In Your Hair)" / Scott McKenzie ("If you're going to Craaaa…zyyyy…towwwwn")
- "Scarborough Fair/Canticle" / Simon & Garfunkel ("Are you going to Crazytown Fair")
- "Straight Outta Compton" / N.W.A ("Straight outta Crazytown")
- "London Calling" / The Clash ("Crazytown calling")
- "American Woman" / The Guess Who ("Crazytown woman, stay away from me")
- "Paradise City" / Guns N' Roses ("Take me down to Crazytown city")
- "Do You Know The Way To San Jose?" / Dionne Warwick ("Do you know the way to Crazytown?")
- "Sweet Home Alabama" / Lynyrd Skynyrd ("Sweet home, Crazytowna")
- "Carolina in my Mind" / James Taylor ("In my mind, I'm goin' to Crazytowna")
- "Penny Lane" / The Beatles ("Crazytown is in my ears and in my eyes")
- "Shake It Off" / Taylor Swift ("'Cause the players gonna play play play play play, and the haters gonna hate hate hate hate hate, baby I'll just go to Cray Cray Cray Cray Cray… Crazytown, Crazytown")

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Alternate non-alcoholic language from pg. 28

MERV. Indeed, Baxter reviews his options, fakes left, jukes right—and then an *unexpected move* to the Cherry Coke! *Unbelievable!*

*(*BAXTER *moves his hand from soda to soda, and reveals a bottle.)*

TIM. Unbelievable is right, Merv! This guy's a career Pepsi man. We never expected a Coke, let alone a specialty Coke. What a bold play.

MERV. But out of *nowhere* Baxter is *stuffed* at the line of twistage. The cap simply *refuses* to open.

*(*BAXTER *keeps trying to twist off the bottle cap in vain.)*

TIM. Merv, his Achilles' Heel is, and always will be, beverage penetration.

MERV. Twenty seconds have come…and twenty seconds…have gone.

TIM. We may witness history here, Merv. The record is twenty-eight seconds.

MERV. Oh my. OH MY!! Donald Baxter has *shattered* the world record of soda-related incompetence!

TIM. Now let's see if Felton can take advantage.

*(*BAXTER *gives up and puts the bottle on the table.)*

MERV. And a *powerful* move by Michael Felton.

*(*FELTON *casually picks up the bottle and easily opens it with a bottle opener.)*

TIM. It wasn't a twist-off, Merv! It was an old-school bottle cap!

MERV. *What* a mental error!

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Cast expansion options for
The Least Offensive Play in the Whole Darn World

Glengarry Glen Ross: Add non-speaking real estate agent Williamson.

Romeo and Juliet: Add Romeo and non-speaking Benvolio, Abraham, and Page. Romeo has the below line of dialogue.

> **TYBALT.** I am for you.
> **ROMEO.** Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up! Hold, Tybalt!
> *(TYBALT stabs MERCUTIO…*

Medea: Add Chorus 1, 2, and 3, each of which can be played by one actor, or multiple actors speaking in unison, possibly in Greek masks. The following dialogue (along with an additional line from Jason) takes place only during the first *Medea* segment. During the second segment, the Chorus members remain but do not speak.

> **CHORUS 1.** Your boys are dead, killed by their own mother.
> **JASON.** No. What are you saying? You have destroyed me.
> **CHORUS 2.** They are dead. You must focus your thoughts on that fact.
> **CHORUS 3.** Open the doors and you will see them, your slaughtered children.
> **JASON.** Remove the bar on the door at once…

For the Upstage Arts Board 2027 production only

For the Upstage Arts Board 2027 production only