CHILLY DOG
AND OTHER PLAYS

by Margo Haas

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PUBLISHED BY
ELDRIDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY
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STORY OF THE PLAYS

A fun-filled collection of seven short comedies and dramas about teens and young adults in various delicate and outrageous situations. Replete with true-to-life characters, the plays abound with suspense, secrets, revelations, laughter, poignant moments, and surprising twists at the end.

1. **BLOWING SMOKE** *(2 m, 2 f)* 3

A masked man, two feisty girls and a citizen's arrest turn to fireworks and romance.

2. **THE INTERVIEW** *(2 m, 1 f)* 13

An impatient job applicant doesn't realize the interview is taking place already.

3. **CHILLY DOG** *(2 m, 1 f, 1 flexible)*. 20

The title play, a hilarious howler. Just what is in Mrs. O'Malley's Coca Cola cooler? Coke? Well, yes, and the family dog, on ice, to bid its family a final adieu.

4. **NIGHT RUN** *(2 m, 1 f)*..... 28

Nick is under a bridge planning the great escape from home. A friend and sister try to whittle away at his determination to leave.

5. **THE SILVER DOLLAR** *(1 m, 2 f)* 39

Lynette is convinced that her brother, Wesley, has swallowed a silver dollar. Wesley isn't talking, but the truth shines through.

6. **MOON PIE** *(2 m, 2 f)* 46

A private eye, false documents and double agents making a young couple question each other's honesty.

7. **MA GRADY'S CURSE** *(2 m, 2 f)* 56

And finally, it's been years since the last poisoning, but no one at the diner is taking any chances...until two bold, young travelers take up the challenge. Will they survive?

BLOWING SMOKE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

TULIP: 18 years old.
LENORE: 16 years old.
ZIP: 16 years old.
STEVE: 18 years old.

SETTING

A gas station food mart in a small, mid-western town. There are shelves of food, a cooler and a counter. UR is a door to the back room. SL is door leading to the outside.

TIME

The present. Late fall.

PROPS

Price stamper
Ski mask
Bag of chips
Squirt gun
Telephone
Piece of paper

BLOWING SMOKE

(AT RISE: TULIP is filing her nails. LENORE is pricing goods.)

TULIP: *(Not looking up.)* I can do that, Lenore.
LENORE: That's all right.
TULIP: Leave it – you filled the coolers.
LENORE: I don't mind.
TULIP: Plus you did the back stock.
LENORE: Doesn't matter.
TULIP: And you got the last customer.
LENORE: All right.
TULIP: *(Looks up.)* All right, what?
LENORE: All right, you can finish this, then.
TULIP: You want me to tag all that stuff?
LENORE: You just offered, Tulip.
TULIP: Well ... yeah, but I thought maybe we could do it together. I mean, since there's hardly any customers on Sunday.
LENORE: Forget it.
TULIP: Here, give me that thing.
LENORE: No, no, I wouldn't want to interrupt your manicure.
TULIP: Give it here.

(TULIP pries the price stamper from LENORE and begins stamping. Lenore heads for soda cooler.)

LENORE: You want a soda?
TULIP: No, and you shouldn't have one either. It's bad for your complexion.
LENORE: What's wrong with my complexion?
TULIP: Nothing. *(Pause.)* I guess.
LENORE: What do you mean – you guess?
TULIP: Your target spots are a little oily, that's all.
LENORE: My target – what? What are you talking about?

TULIP: Your target spots: chin, nose and forehead. The three facial pitfalls.

LENORE: Well, thank you, Mary Kay.

TULIP: I'm just trying to help, Lenore.

LENORE: I can see that.

TULIP: Did you know that that I had thick, dark brown eyebrows till tenth grade? That's right. And if it weren't for Amy Bishop going out on a limb, risking our four-year friendship to tell me that I looked like a uncombed orangutan, I would still have those same brows today.

LENORE: Good for you.

TULIP: You don't have to go and be mad at me because I spoke the blunt truth.

LENORE: It's an opinion, Tulip. Just because you're a little older than me doesn't mean you know everything. Maybe I don't think my – target spots are oily.

TULIP: Well, honey, let's just get a mirror and end your denial.

LENORE: You want the blunt truth? Your eyebrows look like you fell head first into a bucket of Clorox.

TULIP: You're trying to upset me by lashing back, but I'm not biting, Lenore. You go right ahead and insult me if you like. It won't change my mind.

LENORE: Who made you the authority on beauty care anyway?

TULIP: In order to answer that, I would have to go to the blunt truth category again.

LENORE: Go ahead, you're gonna say it anyway.

TULIP: All right. *(Pause.)* Who gets all the dates? T-U-L-I-P. Tulip.

LENORE: And that's because of clear target spots and white eyebrows?

TULIP: They're not white. And all I'm saying is that I have a grasp of the cosmetic whole.

LENORE: Then how come Matt Parker dumped you?

TULIP: For your information *I* dumped him.

LENORE: That's not what I heard.

TULIP: Well, you heard wrong. Besides, it isn't all about skin care. You have to be more assertive, Lenore. You have to get a better handle on guys. You can't hide in the corner every time one of them walks your way.

LENORE: I – don't.

TULIP: Your nose is growing, Missy.

LENORE: My mother says I'll know when the right guy comes along.

TULIP: Yeah, if he happens to come into the ladies' room.

LENORE: I know a lot of guys.

TULIP: Right. *(LENORE starts for the back room.)* Where are you going?

LENORE: To check my target spots. I wouldn't want to scare off any customers.

(LENORE exits. TULIP continues to price goods. A MAN enters wearing a winter ski mask. One hand remains in his coat pocket. He fumbles for a bag of chips and drops them on the counter in front of Tulip.)

MAN: Pack of Camels.

TULIP: ID please.

MAN: For what?

TULIP: To see if you're old enough to vote. Why do you think?

MAN: I don't have it on me.

TULIP: Then I can't sell you any cigarettes.

MAN: I want a pack of Camels – regular, box.

TULIP: I can ring up the chips for you, but that's it.

MAN: The cigarettes. Now.

TULIP: I told you I can't. You shouldn't be smoking anyway. It causes emphysema.

MAN: Quit the lecture and hand over the smokes.

TULIP: I'm afraid you're going to have to leave or I'm going to call the police.

End of Freeview

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