

# CHILLY DOG AND OTHER PLAYS

*by Margo Haas*

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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.

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