

You're Making a Scene!

Stand-alone scenes and monologues from the works of Bryan Starchman

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This dynamic collection of 25 stand-alone scenes and monologues is a perfect resource for classroom, competition, or stage. The diverse material was carefully selected from playwright Bryan Starchman's most popular shows. From playful monologues, such as "The Lunch Lady Cometh," to the more profound "And I Did Nothing," this book provides material relevant to teenagers. Scenes include options for two to five, mostly gender-flexible actors, and use minimal sets and costumes. All of the scenes have been deftly edited so that it is not necessary to be familiar with the original play. Some additional titles include: "Five Thousand Years in Five Minutes," in which a narrator reviews the history of Western theatre with humorous outcomes; "You're Driving Me Crazy," when a dad tries to teach his daughter to drive; and "Save the Last Dance for Me," when sweethearts find themselves in an argument. So dive in, get creative, and have fun! (The scenes on reproducible pages may be produced in class royalty free, but a reasonable royalty fee is due when performed in front of an audience. Application at end of book.)

Dear teachers and directors:

As a classroom teacher myself, I often struggle to find scenes to assign to my students as "in class assignments" so they can practice student direction, blocking, memorization, characterization, lighting, etc. One of my goals in writing You're Making a Scene was to compile a diverse collection of stand-alone scenes and monologues that classroom teachers can use and students truly want to prepare for in class performances. My second goal was to offer scenes that could be used in competitions by traveling high school theater groups. Many of these scenes have been requested as "cuttings" after a school has produced the entire show. These are great for competitions because there are minimal sets and costumes, so with the right actors and direction they can be produced virtually anywhere. Finally, for those drama teachers out there who are looking for a night of scenes to produce for the community, you've come to the right place. Simple sets, diverse subject matter, and you get to pick and choose which scenes you want to present and in what order. Pick up to 6 scenes or scenes and monologues for a one-act show. Or, pick up to 12 scenes or scenes and monologues for a full length show (you can choose more but I think any more than 12 might get a little lengthy). You choose the scenes. You choose the order. You choose when you want intermission! It's that simple. If you've got a class of 4 to 40, this à la carte system of building your own show is the perfect way to put on a low cost, high profit show that will entertain audiences of all ages. Feel free to visit www.histage.com to check out my plays in their entirety.

~Bryan Starchman

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You're Driving Me Crazy

(1 m, 1 w)

From *Parents Just Don't Understand* by Bryan Starchman

(DAUGHTER and FATHER sit in two chairs facing the audience. This is going to represent their car, so daughter should be sitting to father's left. You can use a steering wheel if you like, but just pretending that she is grasping the steering wheel, shifting gears, pressing down on the pedals, turning the key, etc. will give the actress a broader range of motion.)

FATHER: Okay...we're in the car. *(Already nervous.)* Whew. Okay. Deep breaths. *(HE breathes in and out.)*

DAUGHTER: Dad, calm down. Everything's cool. I got an "A" in driver's ed. I'm ready for this.

FATHER: That was a class based solely on a book. I can pass a class on how to drive a space shuttle, but it would be completely different once I got behind the steering wheel.

DAUGHTER: Do space shuttles have steering wheels?

FATHER: *(Stumped.)* I...I don't know. *(Beat.)* That's not the point! The point is—

DAUGHTER: *(Cutting him off.)* I know. This is the real deal. Everything's going to be fine, Dad. You taught me how to ride my bike, you taught me how to cook scrambled eggs, you're a great teacher. This is going to be fine.

FATHER: *(Let's out a deep sigh.)* You're right. Thank you. I feel much calmer. *(Beat.)* Let's start again. What is the first thing you do once you've entered the vehicle?

DAUGHTER: *(Suddenly flips down the mirror.)* Am I getting a zit?

FATHER: NO! You do not check for zits! *(Losing it.)* That is NOT the first thing you DO when entering the VEHICLE!

(DAUGHTER looks over at FATHER as if he is a mad man...which he very well may be. She slowly reaches up and flips the mirror back up.)

FATHER: *(Cont'd. Stares at daughter and then softens.)* Actually...you do look a little red right between your eyebrows.

DAUGHTER: *(Flips down the mirror and investigates in a panic.)* I knew it! And yearbook pictures are in like three days!

FATHER: STOP! *(Regaining control.)* Just...stop.

(DAUGHTER looks straight forward. Silence.)

FATHER: *(Cont'd.)* Flip the mirror back up.

(SHE does, eyes locked on the audience.)

FATHER: *(Cont'd.)* Now...what is the first thing you do once you are inside the vehicle?

(DAUGHTER hesitates. She starts to reach for the key in the ignition but father lets out a very unsettling sound.)

FATHER: *(Cont'd.)* Eeeeeeeep!

(DAUGHTER snaps her hand back from the key. Daughter thinks for a moment and turns on the radio. SFX: Music plays at a reasonable level. FATHER covers his head with both hands and lets out another unsettling sound.)

FATHER: *(Cont'd.)* Arghhhhhhh!

(DAUGHTER switches off the radio and sits in silence. FATHER slowly slides his hands down his face and peeks at Daughter. She's not moving.)

FATHER: *(Cont'd. In a whisper, speaking Pig Latin.)* Uckle Bay, your Eat Say Elt Bay. *(HE says this while buckling his own seatbelt.)*

DAUGHTER: Excuse me?

FATHER: *(Louder.)* Uckle Bay, your Eat Say Elt Bay. *(HE nods towards her seatbelt with his head.)*

DAUGHTER: Are you okay, Dad?

FATHER: *(Completely losing it.)* UCKLE BAY... YOUR... EAT SAY...ELT BAY!!!

DAUGHTER: *(SHE jumps in her seat, acts like she's rolling down the window, and sticks her head out to call towards the house.)* Mom! Come quick! Dad's having a stroke!

FATHER: I'm not having a stroke! I'm speaking Pig Latin!

DAUGHTER: You know I'm taking Spanish, right? Not Latin.

FATHER: I'm trying to give you a hint!

DAUGHTER: By speaking in gibberish?

(There is a moment of silence as THEY stare at each other; Father's color is slowly turning from pale to red until he explodes.)

FATHER: BUCKLE YOUR SEATBELT!

DAUGHTER: *(Smacks herself lightly on the forehead.)* Duh! Of course. *(SHE simply buckles her belt and looks back at father.)* What's next?

FATHER: I can't do this! I cannot do this! You're not ready!

(HE opens his car door and tries to get out but is snapped back into his seat because he forgot to unbuckle.)

DAUGHTER: You might want to unbuckle before you—

FATHER: I know how to get out of a car! *(HE sits, embarrassed and trying to calm himself.)*

DAUGHTER: Dad. I know this is stressful but we're just going around the block a few times. I've got my seatbelt adjusted and look, now I'm checking my mirrors. (*SHE pantomimes checking the mirrors.*)

FATHER: (*Genuinely impressed.*) Good. That's very good.

DAUGHTER: Just shut your door and let's get started.

FATHER: (*HE shuts the door.*) Alright, now gently turn the key.

(*DAUGHTER turns the key.*)

FATHER: (*Cont'd. Trying to remain calm.*) Now shift into drive.

(*DAUGHTER does this.*)

FATHER: (*Cont'd.*) And ever so slightly I want you to push down on the gas and—

(*Suddenly DAUGHTER'S right foot slams down on the gas, both FATHER and DAUGHTER are sucked back against their seat as if they are going warp speed.*)

DAUGHTER and FATHER: ARGHHHHHH!!!

(*DAUGHTER is steering wildly. FATHER is reaching out for the dashboard but he can't quite grasp it due to their speed.*)

FATHER: THE BRAKES! HIT THE BRAKES!

DAUGHTER: WHERE ARE THE BRAKES!?!

FATHER: NEXT TO THE GAS!

(*DAUGHTER slams her left foot down on the brakes. They're still going.*)

DAUGHTER: Why aren't we stopping!?!

FATHER: You're driving with both feet!!!

DAUGHTER: How else am I supposed to drive?

FATHER: ONE FOOT! ONLY ONE... (*HE points.*) LOOK OUT FOR MISS VANDERSCHOOT'S LAWN ORNAMENT!!!

(*The car plows through the lawn ornament. FATHER'S eyes follow its trajectory as it flies up into the sky, over the car, and lands behind them.*)

DAUGHTER: (*Yelling over her shoulder.*) Sorry!!

(*DAUGHTER finally figures it out and takes her foot off the gas. THEY stop suddenly, flung forward and then back into their seats.*)

End of Freeview

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