

# DRAMA COMPETITION

By Kamron Klitgaard

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## DRAMA COMPETITION

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**SYNOPSIS:** Drama competitions can really stink! Particularly when the adjudicators are either underqualified, last-minute replacement judges whose only experience in theatre is watching drama unfold while driving the school bus, or overeducated ego-maniacs looking for any excuse to lower the boom on first-year drama students. *Drama Competition* follows several competitive performances that fall to pieces when they try to please these finicky judges. Can the actors survive this brutal competition? Will the judges actually get to see a quality performance? Will this play change the face of the high school drama competition as we know it?

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(3-8 females, 2-4 males, 2-3 either; gender flexible, doubling possible)*

JUDGE 1 (f/m).....	Over-educated. (65 lines)
JUDGE 2 (f/m).....	Under-educated. (72 lines)
DEE (f/m).....	Over-dramatic. (15 lines)
CREON (m).....	Adapter. (20 lines)
ANTIGONE (f).....	Adapter. (15 lines)
MCCALL (f).....	Grim gothic. (23 lines)
DEVIN (m).....	Grim gothic. (19 lines)
BOY (m).....	Pantomimist. (23 lines)
GWENDOLEN (f).....	Improviser. (21 lines)
CECILY (f).....	Follower. (23 lines)
ROMEO (m).....	Weak gag reflex. (21 lines)
JULIET (f).....	Stuffed up. (23 lines)
BRITNEY (f).....	Valley girl. (15 lines)
HERMIA (f).....	Stubborn. (10 lines)
HELENA (f).....	Strong-headed. (9 lines)

**ALL LINE COUNTS ARE APPROXIMATE**

**DURATION:** 30-35 minutes

**SETTING:** A drama competition. Two chairs.

### CASTING NOTES

This show could be produced with as few as 7 actors or as many as 15 actors or any number in between. Using one actor per character, as written, would total 15 cast members. For a smaller cast of 7 (3 females, 2 males, 2 either), you could double parts and change the order of the scenes. To produce this show with an even larger cast, different actors could play the JUDGES for each scene, starting in Scene 4, for a total of 25 actors. If more than two actors are used for the judges, they would all show up in the final scene.

### CASTING OPTION FOR 7 ACTORS (3 females, 2 males, 2 either)

Actor 1 (m/f)	Judge 1
Actor 2 (m/f)	Judge 2
Actor 3 (f)	Antigone, Gwendolen, Britney
Actor 4 (f)	McCall, Cecily, Hermia
Actor 5 (f)	Juliet, Dee, Helena
Actor 6 (m)	Creon, Boy
Actor 7 (m)	Devin, Romeo

In order to have a cast of seven, with the exception of the judges, the actors cannot be in consecutive scenes because of costume changes. If you produce this show with seven actors, you will need to switch the order of Scenes 10 and 11. The cast will perform Scene 11 followed by Scene 10.

**SYNOPSIS OF SCENES**

<b>SCENE 1:</b>	Judge 1, Judge 2
<b>SCENE 2:</b>	Judge 1, Dee
<b>SCENE 3:</b>	Judge 2, Creon, Antigone
<b>SCENE 4:</b>	Judge 1, McCall, Devin
<b>SCENE 5:</b>	Judge 2, Boy
<b>SCENE 6:</b>	Judge 1, Gwendolen, Cecily
<b>SCENE 7:</b>	Judge 2, Romeo, Juliet
<b>SCENE 8:</b>	Judge 1, Britney
<b>SCENE 9:</b>	Judge 2, Dee
<b>SCENE 10:</b>	Judge 1, Hermia, Helena
<b>SCENE 11:</b>	Judge 2, Britney
<b>SCENE 12:</b>	Judge 1, Boy

**PROPS**

- 5 Rehearsal blocks or chairs
- 2 Clipboards with papers
- Small bag
- Stopwatch
- Wristwatch
- 2 Pens
- Name tags
- Breakable walking stick
- Dish
- Dishrag
- 2 Teacups
- Banana
- Handkerchief
- Baseball
- Participation ribbons

**SCENE 1**

**SETTING:** *Two chairs or desks are set on either side of the stage. There is a small bag under one of the chairs.*

**AT RISE:** *JUDGE 2 enters sloppily dressed with a clipboard and pen and looking confused. JUDGE 1 enters with a clipboard, pen, stopwatch, and nose in the air.*

**JUDGE 1:** *(Shaking hands with JUDGE 2.)* Hello, I have been asked to judge today's drama competition. I have a Bachelor of Arts degree in Ancient New Guinea Theatrical Literature, another Bachelor of Arts degree in Women's Studies with an emphasis on Men, a master's degree in Possible Theatre Forms of the Future and an MFA in Theatre Spelled with an R-E Versus Theater Spelled with an E-R. And most recently I acquired my food handler's permit and am employed as a server at La Tortilla Quemada.

**JUDGE 2:** Hi. They said they were short judges and asked me come in and judge. I'm the bus driver. I've never seen a play but my kid likes to play, so...

**JUDGE 1:** *(Looking through papers on clipboard.)* Whoever created these adjudication forms is a complete idiot. Look at this! Character Development. There's not enough room to make detailed criticism. It's amateur hour!

**JUDGE 2:** *(Looking at clipboard.)* What is all this gobbledygook?

**JUDGE 1:** Let's see, it says when we judge each contestant we can put a checkmark under the S column, the E column, the G column, or the F column. So what do the letters stand for?

**JUDGE 2:** *(Reading his clipboard.)* S is for Superior. E is for excellent. G is for good. And F is for fair.

**JUDGE 1:** They're missing a couple of letters. I'll just write them in: P for Poor, and T for terrible.

**JUDGE 2:** I think they're about to start.

**JUDGE 1:** We'd better get to our assigned rooms.

**JUDGE 2:** *(Extending hand.)* Hands in! "Go judges" on three! Ready?

*JUDGE 1 rolls eyes and walks to chair with small bag under it and prepares to judge. JUDGE 2 cheers by him/herself.*

**JUDGE 2:** Let's do this drama thingy!

*JUDGE 2 sits in the other chair. Lights change to JUDGE 1's side of the stage.*

## SCENE 2

**AT RISE:** *DEE enters on JUDGE 1'S side wearing a name tag labeled 23.*

**DEE:** Hello, my name is Dee and I will be performing a—

**JUDGE 1:** No!

**DEE:** What?

**JUDGE 1:** Do not say your name! Saying your name may cause unfair favoritism. What if I had heard that there is someone named Dee that goes to the same school from which I graduated? I might be tempted to give extra points! Or I could have heard some kid in the hall say, "That Dee is a terrible actor." Then I might judge you on that comment and not on your performance.

**DEE:** You would?

**JUDGE 1:** Of course not! But other less... educated judges might.

**DEE:** Sorry, I just forgot.

**JUDGE 1:** Go ahead.

**DEE:** *(Looking down at name tag.)* Hello, my name is number 23 and I will be performing a super-dramatic monologue titled *Death of a Dying Dead Person*. *(Bows his/her head and then starts over-dramatically.)* Oh! Oh! Ooooooh! Arrrrrrgh! Death has haunted me to my dying days. He stalks me as though I am a thing to be stalked. He teases me with his deadly games that taunt me toward his decaying hand. I will play no more! *(Grabs an imaginary dagger out of the air.)* I now take this dagger and with it, I dramatically send myself into the abyss; the deep dark abyss in which I will dramatically decay. *(Stabbing him/herself with the imaginary dagger.)* Die! Die! Here comes death to dramatically take me! Die! *(Dies and then stands up and bows.)* Thank you. And I would just like to add that suicide is never the answer.

**JUDGE 1:** (*Writing notes.*) Very... dramatic. Why didn't you use a real dagger?

**DEE:** Our school has a strict "no weapons" policy.

**JUDGE 1:** What about a rubber dagger? You know, a prop?

**DEE:** We can't even have a fake one. We all know the rule by heart: (*Fingers make quote marks.*) "No weapons or facsimiles of weapons." We're not even allowed to have sporks in the cafeteria. It's all finger food.

**JUDGE 1:** What about a stick?

**DEE:** We have a bulletin board in the front of the school and one day a capitol letter "L" made out of poster board fell down and this one kid picked it up to pin it back up and they said it looked too much like he was holding a gun. They took him away in cuffs. Can you imagine what they'd do if I picked up a stick?

**JUDGE 1:** Well, you can't stab yourself with nothing. It looks stupid. Use something that's not banned by your school.

**DEE:** Uh... Fruit?

**JUDGE 1:** (*Sarcastic.*) Sure. Stabbing yourself with fruit wouldn't look stupid.

**DEE:** I'll see if the cafeteria is open!

*DEE exits running. Lights change to JUDGE 2's side.*

### SCENE 3

**AT RISE:** *CREON and ANTIGONE enter on JUDGE 2's side wearing name tags labeled 16. CREON carries a walking stick.*

**CREON:** Hello, we are number 16 and we will be—

**JUDGE 2:** (*Writing on form.*) Hold it, hold it! Siiix teeeeeeeen. There, go ahead.

**CREON:** And we will be performing a classical scene from *Antigone*.

**JUDGE 2:** Classical? Yuck.

*They get into place with ANTIGONE sitting on the floor.*

**CREON:** Now, tell me thou, not in many words, but briefly, knewest thou that an edict had forbidden this?

**ANTIGONE:** I knew it: Could I help it? It was public.

**CREON:** And thou didst indeed dare to transgress that law?

**ANTIGONE:** Yes; for it was not Zeus that had published me that edict; not such are the laws set among men by the justice who dwells with the gods below; nor deemed that thy decrees were of such force, that a mortal could override—

**JUDGE 2:** Boring!

**ANTIGONE:** (*Confused.*) Uh... the unwritten and unfailing statutes of heaven. For their life is not—

**JUDGE 2:** Kill me now.

**ANTIGONE:** Excuse me?

**JUDGE 2:** Nothing. Go on.

**CREON:** One second. (*Whispering to ANTIGONE.*) This judge doesn't like this scene.

**ANTIGONE:** So? This is our scene. We practiced for months.

**CREON:** We gotta do something s/he will like or we'll get a bad score!

**ANTIGONE:** Like what?

**CREON:** S/he looks like an action-slash-comedy type of person. Let's do it how we did it in class the other day.

**ANTIGONE:** We were just goofing around! Besides, isn't it against the rules to change our scene?

**CREON:** I don't think this judge cares about rules. Just follow my lead. (*Turning to JUDGE 2.*) Can we start over? We mispronounced the name of our scene.

**JUDGE 2:** Whatever.

**ANTIGONE:** (*Straightening up.*) Hello, we are number 16 and we will be performing a classical scene titled—

**CREON:** The Action-Packed, Blood-and-Guts-Filled Adventures of Antigone.

*JUDGE 2 perks up. CREON breaks his walking stick in two and gives one half to ANTIGONE.*

**CREON:** You knew, Antigone, that an edict had forbidden this?!

**ANTIGONE:** Of course I knew, you stupid tyrant!

**CREON:** So be it!

*They draw their swords and duel, saying "strike!" with every blow, until CREON cuts off ANTIGONE'S arm. ANTIGONE hides her arm behind her back and makes blood gushing sounds. JUDGE 2 snickers.*

**CREON:** Ha, ha! I have won the battle, rejecter of irrational laws of the gods!

*With her good arm, ANTIGONE cuts off CREON'S arm. JUDGE 2 laughs.*

**ANTIGONE:** You forgot about my other arm!

**CREON:** Dang it. Very well, Antigone, the fight continues.

**ANTIGONE:** Come on, you oppressor with a hyper-logical mind that refuses to comprehend the ties of hereditary love that bonds me to my brother, Polyneices!

**JUDGE 2:** With two arms cut off there must be a lot of blood!

**CREON:** Yes, pools of it! Should we keep going?

**JUDGE 2:** Yes! Yes! Keep fighting!

*They continue the sword fight and CREON runs her through.*

**CREON:** Critical hit!

*JUDGE 2 laughs.*

**ANTIGONE:** Good form, Uncle. You've run me through. My blood squirteth all over the place. Squirt, squirt.

**CREON:** You are indeed brave, my niece Antigone, do you yield?

**ANTIGONE:** Ah, your confidence has made you forget one thing.

**CREON:** What's that?

**ANTIGONE:** This! Fatality!

*ANTIGONE thrusts her stick-sword between his arm and chest. JUDGE 2 cracks up.*

**CREON:** Nice one! The blood doth gusheth! Gush! Gush!

**ANTIGONE:** I am feint from the loss of blood!

**CREON:** Me too.

*CREON and ANTIGONE both fall over.*

**JUDGE 2:** *(Standing ovation.)* Fantastic! I love it! It's too funny!

*CREON and ANTIGONE look at each other, stand up and bow. Lights change to JUDGE 1's side.*

#### SCENE 4

**AT RISE:** *MCCALL and DEVIN, with dark makeup under their eyes, enter on JUDGE 1's side looking extremely depressing. MCCALL carries a dish and a towel.*

**MCCALL:** *(Sad and depressed.)* Hello.

**JUDGE 1:** *(Without looking up.)* Just a minute. I'm not done writing notes from the last huge embarrassing failure.

**DEVIN:** *(Sad and depressed.)* Hey McCall, don't forget to smile after I hand you the dishrag.

**MCCALL:** Okay, Devin, I won't. And thanks for the reminder.

**DEVIN:** You bet.

**JUDGE 1:** I'm ready.

**MCCALL:** Hi. I'm McCall.

**DEVIN:** And I'm Devin.

**MCCALL and DEVIN:** And together we're number 32.

**MCCALL:** Today we will be performing a contemporary scene...

**DEVIN:** Titled "Happy Times in Happyville!"

*MCCALL and DEVIN bow their heads and then MCCALL looks up with a huge smile and changed countenance and dries a dish.*

**MCCALL:** I say, what a super day!

**DEVIN:** *(Looking up with a huge smile.)* Honey, I'm home!

**MCCALL:** Oh, how super!

**DEVIN:** *(Hugging her.)* It's wonderful to see you, dear! Did anything happen while I was at my non-confrontational job?!

**MCCALL:** Why yes! The vacuum repairman said that our vacuum is working perfectly, the grocery store was having a sale and I got all of this week's groceries for free, all the kids got straight A's, the bank called and said we paid off our mortgage early, Billy got the position of starting quarterback on the football team, Liza was accepted to Juilliard, and we won Publisher's Clearing House again!

**DEVIN:** What a super day!

**MCCALL:** Super!

**DEVIN:** Honey, let's live out the rest of our days as happy as this one!

**MCCALL:** We always have and we always will! Nothing could ever interrupt our happiness!

**DEVIN:** Actually, there is something I need to tell you, a confession of sorts.

**MCCALL:** Oh dear. Whatever could it be?

**DEVIN:** (*Solemn at first.*) On the way home I stopped by the store... and got you a present to celebrate our eternal love!

*DEVIN pulls out a dishrag and hands it to MCCALL. She takes it and smiles even bigger.*

**MCCALL:** Now I know that our love will last forever!

*MCCALL and DEVIN embrace cheek-to-cheek and then they bow with huge smiles.*

**DEVIN and MCCALL:** Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

**JUDGE 1:** You guys, that sucked.

*The smiles fall off their faces.*

Do you even know what the basis of drama is?

*They stare blankly.*

**JUDGE 1:** (*Continued.*) Conflict! The foundation of all drama is conflict! Conflict! Conflict! Conflict! Can you name a story that doesn't have any conflict?

**DEVIN:** *(Changing back to his gothic countenance.)* Uh... Happy Times in Happyville?

**JUDGE 1:** That's not a story.

**MCCALL:** *(Changing back to her gothic countenance.)* We were gonna do a scene from *A Street Car Named Desire*—

**JUDGE 1:** Yes! Now that has conflict!

**MCCALL:** But our school has a no conflict policy.

**JUDGE 1:** A what?

**DEVIN:** We're not allowed to have any conflict on campus at all.

**JUDGE 1:** What plays do you do?

**MCCALL:** We don't. All plays have to be approved by the administration and like you said, we can't find one without conflict. We had to write this scene ourselves in order for the administration to approve us coming to the competition.

**JUDGE 1:** Competition! That word itself means conflict!

**DEVIN:** We sort of lied and told them it was a drama festival instead of a drama competition.

**JUDGE 1:** What about sports? What about the football team? That's big time conflict.

**MCCALL:** The entire team was expelled after the first play of the first game.

**JUDGE 1:** This is ridiculous. Drama is exploring the human condition and the human condition is learning how we deal with conflict! If you don't learn how to deal with it now, it's gonna overwhelm you later on in life. Okay, I've got it. *(Getting out of his/her seat and approaching them.)* Here's what I want you to do. *(JUDGE 1 whispers something in their ears and sits back down.)*

**DEVIN:** I don't know about this.

**MCCALL:** Yeah, we could get in big trouble.

**JUDGE 1:** This is just between you and me. Do it!

*They bow their heads and then MCCALL looks up and dries a dish.*

**MCCALL:** *(Happy and smiling again.)* I say, what a super day!

**DEVIN:** *(Happy and smiling again.)* Honey, I'm home!

**MCCALL:** *(Angry.)* Don't give me that, you snotty-faced sack of walrus droppings!

**DEVIN:** Sweetheart!

**MCCALL:** Shut your festering pustule, you dweeb! You make me wanna puke! You empty-headed, stuffy-nosed, malodorous dingleberry!

**DEVIN:** (*Grabbing MCCALL by the shoulders.*) Why you ungrateful little wombat! You know I have a deviated septum!

*MCCALL pushes or slaps him.*

Anything happen while I was out robbing a bank?

**MCCALL:** Why yes! I lost our mortgage payment betting on the horses, Liza got kicked out of junior college, fell off the wagon and is back in rehab, Billy took a hit during football practice and is paralyzed from the neck down, we got an eviction notice, the kids all got expelled from school, all the food in our house is tainted with salmonella, and I'm having an affair with the vacuum repairman.

*MCCALL pushes or slaps him again. JUDGE 1 gives them a standing ovation.*

**DEVIN:** (*Back to his gothic countenance.*) That felt great. What a super day.

**MCCALL:** (*Back to her gothic countenance.*) I'm so happy.

*Lights change to JUDGE 2's side.*

## SCENE 5

**AT RISE:** *BOY enters on JUDGE 2's side.*

**BOY:** Hello, I'm number zero-eight and I will be performing—

**JUDGE 2:** Wait, you're number zero-eight? I've never heard of that number.

**BOY:** You know, five, six, seven, eight? I'm eight.

**JUDGE 2:** Why did you say zero-eight?

**BOY:** (*Pointing to a name tag on his shirt labeled, "08."*) That's what they wrote on my sticker. See?

**JUDGE 2:** Is zero even a number?

**BOY:** I believe it is on the number line.

**JUDGE 2:** If you have zero numbers in your hand, how many numbers would you have in your hand?

**BOY:** You mean like cardboard cut-out numbers?

**JUDGE 2:** No, just regular numbers.

**BOY:** I think non-written numbers are more of a concept rather than an actual physical—

**JUDGE 2:** Aren't numbers nouns?

**BOY:** Yes.

**JUDGE 2:** That means they're a person, place, or thing.

**BOY:** Or idea.

**JUDGE 2:** So if you had zero numbers in your hand, how many persons, places, or things would you have in your hand?

**BOY:** Zero is more of an idea... unless it's a cardboard cut-out.

**JUDGE 2:** Then how many ideas would you have in your hand?

**BOY:** None?

**JUDGE 2:** So it would be the complete lack of anything?

**BOY:** I suppose so.

**JUDGE 2:** Good. Now that we've proven that the number zero-eight does not exist, you may proceed.

**BOY:** Hello, I'm number zero-eight and I will be performing a pantomime called *Boy Gets Hit in the Head with a Baseball*.

**JUDGE 2:** (*Touching his wrist watch.*) Oh, let me start the timer.

*BOY pantomimes putting on a baseball mitt – holds it out to catch a ball – catches it – throws it back – holds mitt out – catches it – throws it back – holds mitt out – gets distracted and looks away – gets hit in head and is knocked out. Stands up and bows. JUDGE 2 laughs hysterically.*

**BOY:** How was my time?

**JUDGE 2:** Who cares? That was awesome! Hey, you know what would make it even better? Instead of getting hit in the head, what if you got hit in the groin?

**BOY:** In the groin? That might be inappropriate.

**JUDGE 2:** No it won't; it'll be hilarious! Try it!

**BOY:** You want me to change my pantomime?

**JUDGE 2:** Just do it. It'll be great.

**BOY:** Like, right now?

**JUDGE 2:** Yes, yes, do it again. Go!

**BOY:** Okay, um, hello, I'm number zero-eight and I will be performing a pantomime titled *Boy Gets Hit in the Groin with a Baseball*.

**JUDGE 2:** Groin! That's a good one!

**BOY:** Aren't you gonna start the timer?

**JUDGE 2:** (*Feigning touching his wristwatch.*) Sure, go.

*BOY pantomimes putting on a baseball mitt – holds it out to catch a ball – catches it – throws it back – holds mitt out – catches it – throws it back – holds mitt out – gets distracted and looks away – gets hit in the groin and collapses.*

**JUDGE 2:** (*Cracking up.*) That was way better! It's like watching YouTube videos!

**BOY:** (*Standing up.*) Are you sure it's not too... infantile?

**JUDGE 2:** I don't know, but here's a suggestion: Next time when you do it, speak up, I couldn't hear you.

**BOY:** It's a pantomime.

**JUDGE 2:** And try using a real baseball. That would really improve it.

*Lights change to JUDGE 1's side.*

## SCENE 6

**AT RISE:** *GWENDOLEN and CECILY enter with two chairs and teacups on JUDGE 1's side. JUDGE 1 is writing furiously. They set up their chairs.*

**JUDGE 1:** I can't even believe they chose that scene; it's way over done! Let's see, projection of emotional content: Poor. Tempo and rhythm: Poor. Voice and diction: Poor. Staging and movement: I'll give them a "Fair," 'cause they moved on outta here. (*Looking up.*) Alright, I'm ready.

**CECILY:** Hello, we are number 57 and we will be performing a classical scene from *The Importance of Being Earnest* by Oscar Wilde.

**JUDGE 1:** Again?! How many times am I gonna have to watch this scene today? Let me guess, you're doing "the garden" scene. And you're both gonna have tea.

*GWENDOLEN and CECILY look at each other terrified.*

**GWENDOLEN:** Uh, you didn't let us finish. She was about to say, *The Importance of Being Earnest: Part Two – The Revenge... This Time it's Personal...*

**CECILY:** ...*On Ice!*

**JUDGE 1:** Part Two? I didn't know Oscar Wilde wrote a part two. Finally something different! Please proceed.

*GWENDOLEN and CECILY look at each other even more terrified. They shrug at each other and try to push each other into position to improvise their scene. They finally step off a few feet and then enter the scene.*

**CECILY:** Pray let me introduce myself to you, my name is Cecily Cardew.

**GWENDOLEN:** Yes, Cecily, I remember you from the first time we met in your garden so many years ago, during part one of this... Earnest thing. And something tells me that we have become great friends, for my... second impressions of people are never wrong.

**CECILY:** Oh yes, my garden of so many years ago. This time, instead of going into my garden, we're going to do something different; let me show you into my, uh, workout room! This is where I work out. And may I say how nice of you to like me so much after we have known each other such a comparatively short... many years. Pray, sit down.

**GWENDOLEN:** Actually, since we're in your workout room, I would prefer to do some calisthenics. (*Doing jumping jacks.*) May I still call you Cecily, may I not?

**CECILY:** (*Joining in with jumping jacks.*) Most certainly. And I shall still call you Gwendolen?

**GWENDOLEN:** If you wish. Then that is quite settled. Perhaps this might be a favorable opportunity for my mentioning what has happened in the past few years since we are now in the future.

**CECILY:** You mean in the future for someone who was still in the past or part one, as it were.

**GWENDOLEN:** Most certainly.

**CECILY:** May I offer you some tea?

**GWENDOLEN:** (*Stops jumping.*) Not this time, Cecily! The last time you offered me tea, the day turned into a giant symbolic connotation. Besides, tea gives me a headache. Let's have... cappuccino!

**CECILY:** Okay. (*Pointing to the chairs.*) Would you like to try my barbells?

**GWENDOLEN:** Why yes, thank you! These are your barbells?

**CECILY:** Uh... yes. I... uh... had them specially designed so that if I got tired of lifting them I could just sit right down in them and take a break.

**GWENDOLEN:** Ingenious. (*Lifting a chair as if it were a barbell.*) Excellent equipment you have in your workout room.

**CECILY:** (*Preparing the teacups.*) You're working up a good sweat. Perhaps you'd rather have something to quench your thirst?

**GWENDOLEN:** Yes, you're right. After a vigorous workout, cappuccino isn't the most realistic drink.

**CECILY:** I have just the thing. Now, I believe you were going to update me on what has happened within the family circle since we last met in my garden so many years ago.

**GWENDOLEN:** Yes, yes. Uh, well, as you know I married Ernest and you married Algernon. Now, because Ernest was legally adopted by your grandfather, that makes him your adopted father, and because I am married to your father, as it were, that would make me your mother.

**CECILY:** A bit strange but yes, I concede that from a strictly technical point of view I could indeed call you "Momsie." Shall I?

**GWENDOLEN:** (*Switching to windmills and toe touches.*) I wasn't finished. As you also know, Algernon is my cousin and since you married my cousin that makes us cousins-in-law.

**CECILY:** So you're my mother and my cousin?

**GWENDOLEN:** It would seem so. Then you and Algie had a daughter, and after she grew up she fell in love with my father and they were wed.

**CECILY:** Yes, I was a bridesmaid. (*Handing GWENDOLEN a teacup.*)  
Gatorade's ready.

**GWENDOLEN:** Thank you ever so much. Shall we sit?

**CECILY:** Let's use the barbells.

*They sit in the chairs.*

**GWENDOLEN:** When Ernest died in that horrible double entendre accident, I was left a widow. Our daughter, however, has since grown up, fell in love with your father and soon they were wed.

**CECILY:** Yes, I was a bridesmaid. So my father, being married to your daughter, is now your son-in-law.

**GWENDOLEN:** Exactly! Then, stricken with grief, I remarried to Bunbury.

**CECILY:** Oh yes! Bunbury. My husband's imaginary friend. Is that legal?

**GWENDOLEN:** Only if the ceremony is performed by a justice of the peace.

**CECILY:** Which Algernon is!

**GWENDOLEN:** And it was he who performed the ceremony.

**CECILY:** So your marriage to Bunbury is legal!

**GWENDOLEN:** But, as you will recall, because Bunbury is imaginary, Algernon had someone stand in for him.

**CECILY:** I wasn't a bridesmaid was I?

**GWENDOLEN:** No, you weren't. You stood in for the imaginary Bunbury, which means—

**CECILY:** That my mother-slash-cousin is also my wife?

**GWENDOLEN:** Yes, Cecily, you are my husband. And that means—

**CECILY:** Wait! I have a feeling that what you are about to say is very, very important.

**GWENDOLEN:** Because you are my husband, you... are... Ernest!

*CECILY faints and falls out of her chair. GWENDOLEN stands and ice skates away. CECILY stands.*

**CECILY:** Thank you.

*CECILY exits by ice skating away.*

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