

GROOVE-A-RELLA

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS

By **ToniAnn Guadagnoli**

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SYNOPSIS: Lace up your go-go boots and get ready for a new twist on a classic! Rock and roll singer Johnny Rocket needs a date to a big awards show, and his manager, Max Slick, books him a gig on the *Dating Game* TV show to find the lucky girl. The contestants? The insufferable Rella sisters, Prunella and Stella, and their shy stepsister, Cindy. Too bad Mrs. Rella, Cindy’s stepmother, doesn’t want her going on the show and leaves her at home to wax the floor! With some help from a Groovy Godmother and her backup singers, Cindy gets a fab makeover and new boots made for walking! But will the hunky Johnny Rocket choose to take her to the awards show? Full of twists, turns and a surprise ending that will keep ‘em guessing, this show is full of rock ‘n’ roll fun!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4 MEN, 10 WOMEN, 1 EITHER, EXTRAS)

- CINDY RELLA (f).....The 60’s version of Cinderella—She is a meek and innocent character. (Ideal if she can sing.) *(64 lines)*
- JOHNNY ROCKET (m).....The 60’s version of Prince Charming—He is an easy-going character. (Ideal if he can sing.) *(71 lines)*
- MAX SLICK (m).....Johnny’s publicist and future superstar—Though Johnny is technically the “lead,” Max’s character must be played by the stronger male actor. He must have the ability to command the audience’s attention. He’s very animated, funny, and needs to lip-sync and dance. *(57 lines)*
- GROOVY GODMOTHER (f).....Cindy’s Fairy Godmother—This role is best suited for an older or more mature actress that can embody the “groovy” 60’s attitude. *(28 lines)*

- MRS. RELLA (f) Cindy’s evil stepmother—This role is best suited for an older or more mature actress. She needs to be sophisticated, but also nasty and snide. (24 lines)
- STELLA RELLA (f) Cindy’s evil stepsister—Actress should be loud and obnoxious. (17 lines)
- PRUNELLA RELLA (f) Cindy’s evil stepsister—Actress should be loud and obnoxious. (17 lines)
- JANICE (f) *The Dating Game* Contestant Coordinator—She needs to speak with a nasal voice and has a know-it-all attitude. She is not fazed by fame or celebrities. (25 lines)
- EMCEE (m/f) Dating Game emcee—He/she must speak clearly. He/she can use index cards for almost all speaking parts, so memorization is not an issue for this actor. (30 lines)
- PRESS PERSON #1 (m) Male member of the press. (6 lines)
- PRESS PERSON #2 (f) Female member of the press who needs to “faint” frequently. (6 lines)
- PRESS PERSON #3 (m) Male member of the press. (2 lines)
- BACK-UP SINGER #1 (f) Needs to lip-sync and back-up dance. (2 lines)
- BACK-UP SINGER #2 (f) Needs to lip-sync and back-up dance. (2 lines)
- BACK-UP SINGER #3 (f) Needs to lip-sync and back-up dance. (2 lines)
- DANCE TEAM (m/f) Optional. (No lines)

MUSIC SELECTIONS

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SOUNDS

- Phone ring
- Car horn beep
- Car engine driving
- Gong or *Dating Game* end of show sound

SUGGESTED SONGS

- Austin Powers Theme Song—Soul Bossa Nova (*Optional: to be played between set changes with curtain closed*)
- Dating Game* Show Theme Song
- “Tell Him” by the Exciters
- “I’ve Got You Babe” by Sonny & Cher
- “Where the Action Is” by Freddy Cannon (*Optional: Dance Scene*)
- “Who Loves You” by Frankie Valli
- “These Boots Are Made for Walking” by Nancy Sinatra (*Curtain Call*)

SETS AND PROPS

OPENING “STREET” SCENE

- Cameras
- Notepads/pens
- Microphones for Press People
- Books for Cindy to carry

RELLA FAMILY HOME

- Two chairs (60’s style)
- Hand-held mirror
- End table next to chair with a rotary phone on it
- Folding screen (for Cindy to change behind—her second outfit must include go-go boots)
- 60’s magazine
- Nail polish bottle/nail files
- Bucket and rag
- Small shag rug on floor
- Fog machine (*optional, for use when beetle is “magically” changed into a VW Beetle*)
- A large cardboard cut-out of a VW Beetle that Cindy can “drive” off stage in
- Picture of Johnny (should be in Cindy’s pocket for Act One, Scene 3)

DATING GAME

- Three director’s chairs or stools for bachelorettes
- A partition separating them from the Emcee & bachelor
- A seat for the bachelor
- Backdrop has groovy flowers and the words “Dating Game”
- Podium and microphone for the Emcee
- Clipboard and tissues for Janice
- A long blond wig for Bachelorette #3
- Johnny needs to be wearing a jacket or vest

SEARCH FOR CINDY

- Three doors (either cardboard or wooden, one is decorated very girly)
- Plastic cleaver and rubber chicken for Groovy Godmother

ROCK ‘N’ ROLL AWARDS SHOW

- Microphone
- Trophy for Johnny
- Guitar for Max
- Award envelope

Praise and thanks to God for this gift. Without Him, I am nothing, but through Him, anything is possible.

*For Director-extraordinaire, Karen Carrese: without your request for a play, **Groove-a-rella** would have never been written. Thank you for your confidence in me. It's been groovy, baby!*

*To the 2010 Dixon Players of S.S. Dixon Intermediate School in Pace, FL: thanks so much for your outstanding performances and for making my first play come to life. You certainly put the “ooh” and “aah” in **Groove-a-rella**!*

—ToniAnn Guadagnoli

ACT ONE, SCENE 1

SETTING:

A city street. This scene can be played in front of the curtain.

AT RISE:

JOHNNY ROCKET, a 1960s, handsome but humble rock star, is being ambushed by three members of the media (holding cameras, microphones and notepads). He is accompanied by his record producer/publicist, MAX, an animated guy who is focused on promoting JOHNNY'S career. They stop briefly to answer a few questions.

PRESS PERSON #1: Johnny, is it true that you and Jasmine Star broke up?

JOHNNY looks to his publicist while the cameras snap pictures in his face.

MAX: *(Excitedly.)* Yes, it's true that Johnny is single again.

JOHNNY shakes his head and looks down. He's totally embarrassed. CINDY RELLA, a disheveled girl with glasses and a dirty dress, is holding books in her arms and not watching where she is going. She accidentally bumps into JOHNNY and drops her books.

CINDY: *(Flustered.)* Oh, I'm so sorry. Excuse me.

MAX looks down at her and continues talking.

MAX: *(To the press.)* You know, he rocks out about his heartbreak in his new album. It's due in stores tomorrow. It's far out!

JOHNNY hurriedly collects all her books and holds onto them as he hands them to her one at a time and they gaze at each other for a second.

JOHNNY: No, it's okay. Here.

CINDY: Thank. You. (*Sigh.*)

CINDY pauses, looks up at MAX and hurries off. Oblivious to what just happened, the PRESS continues with their questions.

PRESS PERSON #2: (*Nervously.*) First, let me just say that I am a huge fan, Mr. Rocket.

JOHNNY: (*Smiles graciously.*) Thank you.

PRESS PERSON #2: (*Fans herself with her papers.*) And second, do you know who you will be taking to the Rock 'n' Roll Awards Show? I...I heard you are singing one of your new songs.

JOHNNY: Yes, I'll be singing one of my songs, hopefully a ballad. (*JOHNNY shoots a glance toward MAX, and MAX smirks at him.*) And no, I don't know who I am going to the show with.

PRESS PERSON #3: So you don't have a date yet?

JOHNNY: Ah, no.

MAX responds to the press through gritted teeth, looking at JOHNNY, while JOHNNY stands with his arms crossed.

MAX: The song Johnny sings will be one of his rock hits, since that's what his fans want to hear. (*MAX turns to face the press.*) As for his date, Johnny is actually thinking about going on *The Dating Game* to find himself a nice girl.

JOHNNY: (*Shocked.*) I am?

MAX: (*To JOHNNY.*) You are. (*To PRESS.*) Wouldn't that be fab? Just think of being the lucky bachelorette that Johnny picks. Maybe it will be you! (*MAX points to PRESS PERSON #2.*)

PRESS PERSON #2: (*Points to herself.*) Really? Me?

MAX: Yup.

PRESS PERSON #2 "faints" and is caught by PRESS PERSON #3.

JOHNNY: But Max, I...

MAX: (*Interrupts.*) That's right, everybody, tell your friends. Johnny's album is going to be in stores tomorrow....

PRESS PERSON #3 helps steady PRESS PERSON #2.

MAX: Go out and buy one, 'cause he's singing his songs just for you!

PRESS PERSON #2: *(Points to herself.)* Really, for me?

MAX: Yup.

PRESS PERSON #2 faints again and #3 catches her again. JOHNNY pulls MAX away from the PRESS.

PRESS PERSON #1: Wait, Johnny, so we'll see you on *The Dating Game*, then?

MAX: *(Calls back to the PRESS.)* Oh yeah, it's gonna be groovy, baby.

*The PRESS run off, chatting about JOHNNY being on **The Dating Game**.*

JOHNNY: *(To MAX.)* Max, I am not going on *The Dating Game* to find a date. How embarrassing!

MAX: Look, man, you're Johnny Rocket. Imagine the babes that'd be dying to go out on a date with you. Heck, I'd date you if I was a chick.

JOHNNY: Huh?

MAX: You know what I mean. It can't hurt to try. And besides, you could use the TV time. It'd help with your record sales.

JOHNNY: *(Disappointed.)* You know, Max, I'd like to make some decisions about my career, too. I told you I don't want to "rock it out" at the awards show. I want people to know me, the real me.

MAX: Johnny, Johnny, Johnny, don't look so down. They know the real you, and they love you. You're a rock star, man. Don't let your fans down. And besides, who's always looking out for you, buddy? *(He puts his hand on JOHNNY's chin to move his mouth like a ventriloquist. Imitating JOHNNY.)* You are, Max. You're the best. *(JOHNNY rolls his eyes. MAX pinches his cheeks.)* Aw, thanks, Johnny, so nice of you to appreciate everything I've done for you.

JOHNNY shakes his head.

JOHNNY: I don't understand why you don't just become a singer. You'd make a much better celebrity than I do. You're so good at all this media stuff, and me, well, I just hate it.

MAX: *(Pause.)* Yeah, well, we can't all be famous, now can we?

JOHNNY shrugs his shoulders.

MAX: Let's go. We have things to do over at the recording studio.

JOHNNY nods his head in agreement and the pair walk off stage.

ACT ONE, SCENE 2

SETTING:

The home of the RELLA family. A simple room that consists of a table with two chairs, a handheld mirror, a lounging chair, a phone on an end table next to the lounge chair, and a folding screen (to dress behind).

AT RISE:

CINDY RELLA is dressed in the same raggedy dress, scrubbing the floor while her mean step-sisters, STELLA and PRUNELLA RELLA are sitting on the floor, painting their nails. MRS. RELLA, CINDY's wicked stepmother, is reading a magazine while sitting in a lounge chair. The phone rings on the table next to her. CUE PHONE RING.

MRS. RELLA: Cindy, answer the phone! Prunella and Stella are busy.

CINDY looks up angrily. The phone rings again.

MRS. RELLA: Hurry up, or they're gonna hang up!

CINDY wipes her hands on her dress and stumbles over to answer the phone.

CINDY: *(Into the phone.)* Hello, Rella residence, Cindy speaking, how can I help you?

JANICE, the Dating Game Contestant Coordinator, is on the other line of the phone. She is standing off to the side of the stage. She is extremely nasal, obviously suffering from a cold, and is not thrilled with her job.

JANICE: Hello. Achoo!!

CINDY: Oh, God bless you.

JANICE: Thank you. Hi, my name is Janice, and I'm the contestant coordinator for *The Dating Game*. You said this is the Rella residence?

CINDY: Yes, ma'am.

JANICE: I am calling to notify the Rella sisters that the three of them have been chosen to be contestants on this week's *Dating Game* show.

CINDY: Really?

MRS. RELLA: Cindy, who's on the phone?

CINDY points one finger at her step-mother motioning "just a minute."

JANICE: Yes, well, uh, due to the flu outbreak, we seem to be having trouble filling the slots. And, achoo! Excuse me. We are simply out of options. Are all the Rellas healthy?

CINDY glances over at her sisters, smirks, then answers.

CINDY: Oh, yes, ma'am. They're healthy as horses.

JANICE: Achoo!! Oh, that's good.

MRS. RELLA: *(Shouts.)* I said, who is on the phone? *(MRS. RELLA throws down her magazine and stands up to face CINDY.)* Give me that! *(MRS. RELLA grabs the phone out of CINDY's hand. Nastily.)* Hello. Who is this?

JANICE: Oh, er, hi, my name is Janice, and I'm the contestant coordinator for *The Dating Game*. Is this one of the Rella sisters?

MRS. RELLA: *(Sweetly.)* No, but this is their mother. What can I help you with?

JANICE: Well, your daughters have been chosen to be on *The Dating Game* show tonight. Do you think they can be ready in a few hours?

MRS. RELLA: Of course they can. (*Covering the phone, yells to her daughters.*) Girls! You are going to be on *The Dating Game* tonight! Hurry up and get yourselves ready.

PRUNELLA and STELLA jump up and dance around each other.

PRUNELLA: Yahhoo!!! Stella! We're going on *The Dating Game*.

STELLA: Woo hoo!!! *Dating Game*, here we come!! But... (*STELLA pulls the phone out of her mother's hands.*) ...who's the bachelor? What does he look like?

JANICE: I'm afraid I can't tell you his name, but I can tell you that he's a famous celebrity.

STELLA: Oh my God, a celebrity!! Prunella, he's famous!!

PRUNELLA: Famous? Oh my God, maybe it's Johnny Rocket!

STELLA drops the phone. MRS. RELLA screams with them as they jump up and down excitedly.

MRS. RELLA: Johnny Rocket!

MRS. RELLA puts her arms around her daughters, and they all jump around in a circle.

PRUNELLA: We're going on a date with Johnny. We're going on a date with Johnny.

JANICE: Um, hello? Hello? Anybody there?

STELLA halts the celebration.

STELLA: He's going to pick me, though, so I don't think you need to get yourself all excited, Prunella.

PRUNELLA: Think again, stinky Stella, he's going to pick moi.

STELLA: Oh yeah, well, we'll just see about that, Ms. Dried Plumella.

The girls hold up their fists ready to fight. MRS. RELLA breaks it up.

MRS. RELLA: Girls, girls, it doesn't matter which one of you he picks. We all get to meet him, and whoever wins can bring him home. And he will get to spend time with *ALL* of us.

STELLA and PRUNELLA look sickened by the idea of their mother wanting to get to know JOHNNY. But they quickly push each other out of the way to grab the mirror. CINDY picks the phone up off the floor.

CINDY: Hello? Are you still there?

JANICE: Yes. Achoo!!! Just make sure the girls are here by 6 p.m. sharp.

CINDY: Okay, thank you. I'll tell them.

MRS. RELLA: Cindy, what are you doing on the phone? My girls need to look their best.

CINDY: Of course, ahem, Mother.

CINDY slowly hangs up the phone.

PRUNELLA: Cindy! Get me my best dress.

STELLA: Cindy, you need to help me first!

PRUNELLA: I asked first, and I need my hair done, too.

STELLA: Oh, me too. I think I should wear it up.

CINDY: But...

MRS. RELLA: But what? What are you waiting for?

CINDY: Well, I...

MRS. RELLA: (*Mimics CINDY.*) Well, I... Spit it out, girl! We don't have time for this.

CINDY: I don't know if I'll have enough time to get ready if I have to help Prunella *and* Stella.

STELLA, PRUNELLA, and MRS. RELLA stop, look at each other, and laugh hysterically.

MRS. RELLA: Silly girl. What makes you think you need to get ready? You aren't going to be on *The Dating Game*.

CINDY: But...but the lady on the phone said the Rella girls, and well, I'm...

MRS. RELLA: *(Sarcastically interrupts.)* But...but...the lady on the phone. Wake up, Cindy!

MRS. RELLA grabs the mirror and holds it in front of CINDY so she can look at herself.

MRS. RELLA: Look at yourself, girl. You aren't pretty enough to be on *The Dating Game*! You actually think Johnny Rocket would pick you? Puh-leez! Besides, you have work to do!

CINDY turns to face MRS. RELLA.

CINDY: Work? But I just finished scrubbing the floor like you asked.

MRS. RELLA: Well, good, 'cause now it needs to be waxed, and the silver needs to be polished, and the gutters need to be cleaned out.

CINDY: The gutters? But the roof is wet. What if I slip?

MRS. RELLA: Look, the fact that you are clumsy is not my problem. But before you do any of those things, you need to get into that bedroom and help your step-sisters to look their very best. They have a date tonight. And as a matter of fact, so do I! *(MRS. RELLA looks at herself in a mirror.)* But thankfully, I don't need much help getting pretty. Some people are just born with it.

CINDY gives her a look that could kill and turns to stomp off stage.

BLACKOUT.

ACT ONE, SCENE 3

SETTING:

The same.

AT RISE:

CINDY is on her hands and knees waxing the floor. She stops to cry. She buries her face in her hands. She pulls a picture of JOHNNY ROCKET out of her pocket.

CINDY: Oh, Johnny, I can't believe I'm missing out on my chance to finally meet you. When you looked into my eyes the other day...
(She hugs the photo and sighs.)

GROOVY GODMOTHER: *(Offstage.)* Who says you have to miss out on your chance?

CINDY: *(Startled.)* Who said that?

GROOVY GODMOTHER: I did.

GROOVY GODMOTHER and her three BACK-UP SINGERS step on stage.

CINDY: Oh my! Who are you?

GROOVY GODMOTHER: I'm your groovy godmother, baby!

CINDY: My what?

GROOVY GODMOTHER: Well, you sounded like a desperate girl, and well, let's just say I help girls just like you to get their groove back. Can ya dig it?

CINDY: Wow. Yeah, I can dig it. But...

GROOVY GODMOTHER: But what? You have a date with destiny, girl, and we're here to help make it happen.

CINDY: But, I'm just so, uh, so not hip. I mean, look at me! I need so much work! My hair, my clothes, I don't even have a car. How will I get to *The Dating Game* on time?

GROOVY GODMOTHER: Listen, girl, I've worked with a lot worse. Believe me, I can do this with my eyes closed. Did you ever hear of a girl named Marilyn Monroe?

CINDY: Marilyn Monroe? Of course. She's gorgeous.

GROOVY GODMOTHER: Yep. Well, I'm the one who gave that flower her power!

CINDY: Wow. Really? You?

GROOVY GODMOTHER: Yup. Oh, and that genie in the bottle chick?

CINDY: Her, too?

GROOVY GODMOTHER: Heck yeah! I'm the one that she wished for.

CINDY: Really?

GROOVY GODMOTHER: Ugh, her pad was the worst. How she expected to nab that astronaut before we got to her, I'll never know. Isn't that right, girls?

BACK-UP SINGER #1: Mmhmm.

BACK-UP SINGER #2: She had no chance without us.

GROOVY GODMOTHER: Girl, you may be known as Cindy Rella now, but when we get through with you, you'll be known as Groooooove-a-Rella!

CINDY: Wow. So you can help me, then? But is there enough time?

GROOVY GODMOTHER: Of course there's time.

CINDY: But wait! There's one more problem.

GROOVY GODMOTHER: What's that?

CINDY: I, uh, well, I mean, I never really talked to a guy before. And, uh, Johnny Rocket. He's just so dreamy. (*Sigh.*) If I get to meet him, what do I say?

GROOVY GODMOTHER: What do you say? WHAT DO YOU SAY?
Girls, what should she say?

BACK-UP SINGER #1: You tell him. Tell him how you feel.

BACK-UP SINGER #3: Tell him that you love him.

CINDY: Tell him? But how?

SUGGESTED MUSIC—"TELL HIM" by The Exciters.

Back-up singers lip-sync and dance to the song. CINDY and GROOVY GODMOTHER go behind a dressing screen where CINDY changes into her groovy outfit (complete with go-go boots). By the time the song is over, the pair come out from behind the screen with CINDY all done up.

GROOVY GODMOTHER: Wow girl, you are Groo. With a capital Vee. (*GROOVY GODMOTHER holds up a mirror for CINDY and she gasps.*)

CINDY: It doesn't even look like me.

GROOVY GODMOTHER: Cindy, you were always beautiful. I'm good, but I'm not THAT good. You just needed to see it for yourself.

CINDY: This is incredible. How can I ever thank you?

GROOVY GODMOTHER: Look, girl, you've just got to believe in yourself. You'd be surprised at how differently people treat you when they can see your inner beauty shining through.

CINDY: Thank you so much, Groovy Godmother!

The pair hug.

GROOVY GODMOTHER: Okay, okay, enough mushy talk. You've got a boy waiting to meet you.

CINDY: Right. Oh, but how will I get there?

GROOVY GODMOTHER: Don't worry 'bout that. We've got it all under control. Alright, girls, you know what to do.

The BACK-UP SINGERS search around on the floor.

BACK-UP SINGER #2: I don't see one.

GROOVY GODMOTHER: Oh, you know there's one down there somewhere. Now, just keep looking.

BACK-UP SINGER #3 finds a beetle.

BACK-UP SINGER #3: I found one!

She hands it to the GROOVY GODMOTHER, who shows it to CINDY.

CINDY: Eww, a beetle?

GROOVY GODMOTHER: Look, we don't have time to search for a Mustang or a Barracuda, now do we? So we're gonna have to do the best with what we've got.

CINDY: So what are you going to do with it?

GROOVE-A-RELLA

GROOVY GODMOTHER: Just watch and see. I'm going to put this over here and... (*GROOVY GODMOTHER places the "beetle" on the floor and feels around her body for a piece of paper.*) Now, where did I put that spell? (*She pulls out the paper from up her sleeve. She takes out her glasses and reads the spell.*) Bam glam, peace man, true love won't wait, beatniks, cool chicks, Groove-a-rella's got a date, blue slug beetle bug, psychedelic glide, flower power, now's the hour, Cindy's got to ride.

She waves her hands and BANG! The "beetle" becomes a Volkswagen Beetle (either a wooden or cardboard cut-out).

CINDY: Oh, wow!! A Bug. I love these cars!

GROOVY GODMOTHER: Far out, right?

CINDY: Definitely!

GROOVY GODMOTHER: Okay. It's time for you to go. Good luck, foxy lady.

CINDY: Thanks again, Groovy Godmother!

The pair hug.

GROOVY GODMOTHER: Now, remember, tell him.

CINDY: Right. Bye!

CINDY "gets in" the bug and waves goodbye out the car window.

CUE CAR HORN AND CAR ENGINE SOUNDS.

BLACKOUT.

ACT TWO, SCENE 1

SETTING:

THE DATING GAME SET. The set has three director's chairs or stools for the bachelorettes. A partition separates them from the chair for the bachelor. There is a podium for the EMCEE that is next to the bachelor's chair. On the wall behind the contestants are groovy flowers and the words THE DATING GAME.

AT RISE:

JANICE is running around with a clipboard and tissues in her hand. She runs up to MAX and JOHNNY frantically.

JANICE: Are you Max?

MAX: The one and only, dollface.

JANICE rolls her eyes at him. She's not impressed.

JANICE: You have a phone call. It's your mother. Achoo!!

JOHNNY: God bless you.

JANICE: Thank you.

MAX: *(Macho.)* What? I can't talk to her now. Doesn't she know I'm busy? I've got things to do. Sheesh.

JANICE: I'll let her know.

JANICE shrugs at JOHNNY and starts to walk away. MAX pulls her back and whispers in her ear.

MAX: *(Whispers.)* Tell her I'll call her back in a little bit, okay?

JANICE: Okay. *(JANICE turns to walk off.)*

MAX: Oh, wait! *(MAX pulls her back again. MAX leans in to whisper.)*
And tell her I won't be home in time for dinner.

JANICE gives him a look. MAX straightens up and pats her on the back and urges her offstage. Once she's gone, he calls out.

MAX: Yeah! And tell her not to call me here again!

JANICE: (*Offstage.*) Whatever.

MAX and JOHNNY quietly “talk” off to the side of the stage. The EMCEE leads PRUNELLA and STELLA to their seats—on the opposite side of the separated wall.

EMCEE: (*To PRUNELLA.*) You, my dear, will be bachelorette #1, so you will sit here.

PRUNELLA sits in her chair.

PRUNELLA: Oh, goodie. That's because I'm Johnny's #1 fan.

EMCEE: Right. (*To STELLA.*) And you will be bachelorette #2, right here.

STELLA sits.

STELLA: Thank you. Do I have broccoli in my teeth? (*STELLA smiles big in his/her face.*)

EMCEE: Ah, no. Nothing but, ah, teeth. So, where's bachelorette #3? Didn't she come with you?

Both girls shake their heads no.

STELLA: Just us.

JANICE rushes by with her clipboard, and the EMCEE grabs her arm to stop her.

EMCEE: Janice, there are only two of them. We need a third bachelorette.

JANICE: What? I thought there were three sisters. (*To sisters.*) Don't you have another sister?

STELLA: No, not really.

PRUNELLA: Well, we sort of do, but she doesn't really count.

STELLA: She's just our stepsister.

PRUNELLA: Yeah, she wishes she could be one of us.

They high five each other.

JANICE: Oh brother. (*Angrily.*) Is she here?

Both girls shake their heads no. JANICE is furious.

JANICE: (*To MAX through gritted teeth.*) Hey, Max, if you could come here for a minute, that'd be just great. Mr. Rocket, if you could wait offstage, that'd be per-fect! Thank you.

PRUNELLA and STELLA hear "Mr. Rocket" and start bouncing around in their seats with excitement. JOHNNY nods and follows her suggestion.

JANICE: Listen, this whole thing was your idea, right?

MAX: Yes. It's a publicity dream, isn't it?

JANICE: Yeah, right, whatever. Listen, we are going on TV in two minutes. We need a third bachelorette, and well, congratulations, you're it. (*JANICE leads MAX into the empty bachelorette's seat.*)

MAX: I'm what?

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