

OPPOSITES ATTACK

(AND OTHER SHORT ROMANTIC COMEDIES)

By Greg Cummings

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OPPOSITES ATTACK

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By Greg Cummings

SYNOPSIS: Ah, the teen years! If you've ever found yourself trying to relate to the pain and joy of teen relationships and dating, this collection is for you. From cute seniors dating since ninth grade to two friends on a field trip and even sisters in a production of *Twelfth Night*, this play delivers nine short romantic comedies, each one starting after a kiss, each one written for teens, each one you'll be crushing on — and no, there is no kissing on stage!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2-9 females, 2-9 males, 0-1 either, doubling possible)

MEET CUTE

JACOB (m)

RACHEL (f)

OPPOSITES ATTACK

NATHAN (m)

NATALIE (f)

MOTTO: BE PREPPED

OLLIE (m)

ABBIE (f)

TWISTS AND TURNS

IZZY (f)

PAUL (m)

POUGHKEEPSIE

BRIAN (m)

EMMA (f)

GAME CHANGER

TYLER (m)

BRUNO (m)

DON'T BUG ME

JEREMY (m)

FREDERICKA (f)

TIM (m/f)

A WOLF IN WOLF'S CLOTHING

BRITTANY (f)

ADOLPHO (m)

SHAKESPEARE'S SISTERS

LOLA (f)

LUCY (f)

NOTE: All characters are teenagers.

DURATION: 90 minutes

PRODUCTION NOTES

AUTHOR NOTES: Each play is self-contained. The only characteristic they share is that each play begins right after two characters kiss. There is a suggested order of presentation, but directors are allowed to re-order. Although some of the plays contain more slapstick than others, each play has a clear dramatic arc, and most involve a touch of the bittersweet.

TECHNICAL REQUIREMENTS: Minimal set requirements. Although each play is set at a different location, a bench, two blocks, or two chairs can stand in for any needed set pieces.

DEDICATION

Steve Tabisz and Lauren Miller, co-directors of the premiere production.

Steve - so great to work with you, and happy retirement!

Lauren - looking forward to our next collaboration!

The cast and crew of the premiere production: Mitchell Lee, Emily Lewis, Alex Coulolias, Mady Van Houtte, Katherine Novosilec, Tommy Ambrose, Matthew Hester, Noah Issa, Christian Blair, Kayleigh Excell, Alegra Waverly, Tess Klygis, Anjini Chadda, Sophie Biancalana, Kaitlin Bergin, and Dori Burkhart.

—Greg Cummings

MEET CUTE

SYNOPSIS: An actress and actor meet at a summer theatre camp and struggle to rehearse their first assignment, an original “meet cute” scene.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 1 male)

JACOB (m)A teen actor. *(61 lines)*

RACHEL (f).....A teen actress. Workaholic. *(60 lines)*

SCENE: A summer drama camp. A stage.

TIME: First day of camp. Late afternoon.

COSTUMES

JACOB and RACHEL wear costume pieces over their summer camp clothes.

JACOB’S costume: construction overalls and a yellow hard hat. RACHEL’S

costume: a white lab coat.

PROPS

- Two playscripts
- Pencil
- Summer camp brochure
- Notebook



SETTING: *A theatrical setting for a park. It should be clear that it is a set.*

NOTE: *In the beginning of the play, it should be clear that RACHEL and JACOB are reciting lines from a play written by RACHEL. They struggle; it's not a good play. The scripts are in their back pockets.*

AT RISE: *They suddenly part from their abrupt kiss.*

RACHEL: "Why did you just kiss me, Random Construction Worker!"

JACOB: "I don't know, Gorgeous Geology Professor! A force must have come over me! It must have been...fate?"

Suddenly, from her lab coat pocket, her seismograph buzzes. She looks at it.

RACHEL: "That wasn't fate! My seismograph says that was...a volcano!"

JACOB: "A volcano, Gorgeous Geology Professor?"

RACHEL: "A volcano, Random Construction Worker! (*Looks at her seismograph.*) "A volcano that's about to erupt!"

JACOB: "I'm scared!" (*Reaches for her.*)

RACHEL: "No time!"

She slaps him.

JACOB: "Thank you! I deserved that!"

She crosses stage left.

JACOB: "Where are you going?"

She stops and turns to him.

RACHEL: "I need to save the city!"

JACOB: "I'll wait for you!"

RACHEL: "Of course you will!"

JACOB: "Gorgeous Geology Professor?"

RACHEL: “Yes, Some Random Construction Worker?”

JACOB: “Good luck saving the city!”

RACHEL: (*Smiles, knowingly.*) “Thanks for that, but I think I’ll use my scientific know-how instead.”

She winks to him, then exits. He smiles. Pause. From this point on, it should be clear that they are now no longer reciting lines from the play. RACHEL enters carrying her script and a notebook. JACOB removes his hard hat.

RACHEL: (*Taking off her lab coat.*) Not bad, Jacob.

JACOB: (*Muttering to himself.*) Gee, thanks, Rachel.

RACHEL sits next to him downstage center.

RACHEL: Really. I just have a couple of notes.

JACOB: Excuse me?

She takes his script from his construction overalls, and hands it to him. She hands him a pencil. He doesn’t move.

JACOB: Seriously?!

RACHEL: You want the scene to get better, don’t you?

He stands.

JACOB: I want this to be over!

RACHEL: As I recall, you didn’t even TRY to do the assignment.

JACOB: I didn’t do the assignment because it’s a stupid assignment!

RACHEL: It’s NOT a stupid assignment!

JACOB: I auditioned for this summer camp as an actor, Rachel! Not as a playwright!

RACHEL: But... (*At a loss for words, so reads her copy of the summer camp brochure.*) “Actors don’t exist in a vacuum. This summer all actors will explore the ins and outs of set design and construction, lighting design, playwriting...” (*Beat.*) Playwriting! As actors we have to be aware of all of the other related art forms! We need to...

JACOB: (*Reading their assignment due tomorrow.*) “With your assigned acting partner, write a Meet-Cute Scene which will challenge you both as actors. Required: Each scene must involve a kiss.” (*Dismissively.*) A Meet Cute Scene!? With a kiss!? This is an unbelievably stupid assignment!

RACHEL: It’ll be fine! It just needs some fine-tuning!

She starts writing notes on her script.

JACOB: It doesn’t need fine-tuning! It needs a recycling bin!

She’s still writing, and not paying attention to him.

RACHEL: (*Writing.*) “The Gorgeous Geology Professor rushes through the park on her way to class....Some Random Construction Worker just sits on the ground eating his sandwich, when . . .

JACOB: (*Interrupting.*) When their lips are thrown together by a volcano!? An underground volcano just pushes their lips together!? (*Laughs.*) Good solution to the kiss part of the assignment, playwright!

RACHEL: I think it works!

JACOB: You *don’t* think it works! (*Beat.*) Does this challenge you as an actor?

RACHEL: (*Lying.*) Yes! Yes, I believe it does!

JACOB: No! No, you believe it doesn’t! These characters don’t even have—

RACHEL: (*Rationalizing.*) That’s because they’re stock characters!

JACOB: What?

RACHEL: (*Haughtily.*) You don’t even know what stock characters are!

JACOB: I know what stock characters are! And these stock characters stink! (*Referring to the script.*) “Gorgeous Geology Professor”? (*Beat.*) “Some Random Construction Worker”?

RACHEL: (*Searching.*) It’s...Brechtian!

JACOB: It’s not Brechtian!

RACHEL: It’s Epic Theatre!

JACOB: It’s not Epic Theatre, it’s just epically bad!

RACHEL: (*Struggling.*) It’s “meta”!

JACOB: “Meta”?

RACHEL: I bet you don’t even know what “meta” means, Jacob!

JACOB: I bet I do know what “meta” means, Rachel! I love “meta,” and this is not “meta,” this is just a mess! *(She pushes him.)*

RACHEL: Listen, I don’t know about you, Jacob, but I’m here this summer on full scholarship! Life just isn’t easy for everybody! I can’t afford to just not do assignments! Especially the first one! *(Breaking down.)*

She puts her head in her hands. He regards her with increasing affection. Pause. She lifts her head and stares him down.

RACHEL: *(Angrily.)* What is it?

JACOB: *(Quickly.)* Nothing.

RACHEL: *(Angrily.)* Don’t look at me.

JACOB: I’m not looking at you. *(Looks away.)*

RACHEL: Good!

She puts her head back in her hands.

JACOB: Good. *(Quietly.)* OK. It’s just that...you’re just kind of cute when...

RACHEL: *(Explosively.)* Excuse me?!

JACOB: *(A little scared.)* Sorry. Nope. Nothing. Forget it.

RACHEL: *(Raising her head.)* No, you said something...

JACOB: I didn’t mean to...

RACHEL: Yes, you did. *(Beginning to brainstorm.)* You said I was cute.

JACOB: *(Nervous.)* No, I didn’t.

RACHEL: Yes, you did! *(Brainstorming.)* You said, “You’re kind of cute when...” *(Beat.)* When what?

JACOB: *(Confused.)* I don’t know.

RACHEL: *(Pushing him.)* Yes, you do know! *(Grabs his shoulders.)* I’m kind of cute when what?!

JACOB: *(Blurring it out.)* When you get all passionate about your work, OK!

RACHEL: *(Brainstorming.)* Passion! Perfect! That’s it! *(Releases him.)*

JACOB: (*Still blurting.*) A lot of people come to this camp just to have a good time or show off or something, but Rachel, you're here to really work! You love this!

RACHEL is furiously writing in her notebook, not paying any attention to him.

JACOB: Rachel? (*No response.*) What are you doing?

She finally finishes writing with a triumphant flourish.

RACHEL: Perfect!

She hands him her notebook to read.

JACOB: (*Reading.*) "Plot summary: Two actors...meet for the first time...on a stage...they argue over a scene...he calls her passionate...and cute...The End." (*Beat.*) I don't get it.

RACHEL: It's the assignment!

JACOB: What assignment?

RACHEL: The Meet Cute Scene!

JACOB: This is a Meet Cute Scene?

RACHEL: We met! You called me cute! It's a Meet Cute Scene!

JACOB: (*Still confused.*) So...for the assignment, due tomorrow ...I'll play....

RACHEL: Jacob!

JACOB: Jacob. Right. I'll play myself. (*Beat.*) And you'll play...?

RACHEL: Rachel!

JACOB: So I'll play me and you'll play you?

RACHEL: Yes! In the Meet Cute Scene we just "performed"! In real life! Don't you see? We did a "Meet Cute Scene" without even realizing it!

JACOB: (*Muttering.*) I guess it's better than "Random Construction Worker"...

RACHEL: This is so much better than "Random Construction Worker!" (*Beat.*) Plus, this is "meta"! You said you liked "meta"!

JACOB: I do love "meta." (*Smiling.*) "Meta" is cool...

RACHEL: And that's what inspired me!

RACHEL continues to scribble furiously in her notebook.

JACOB: So...what are you doing?

RACHEL: Writing down everything we said and did! So I won't forget! (*Remembering, as she writes.*) So. We'll pick it up when I enter stage left (*Smiling.*) as myself, as "the character" Rachel, and I say, "Not bad, Jacob."

As RACHEL writes she is oblivious to JACOB'S interest in her. JACOB begins to get an idea. RACHEL doesn't notice at first.

JACOB: (*Coyly.*) You know, all of a sudden, I don't know about this, Rachel....

RACHEL: (*Writing, not looking up.*) Don't worry! It'll be great! No stereotypes this time! You and me! The life we just lived, on stage! It'll be so "meta"! I promise!

JACOB: (*Coyly.*) It's a little (*Beat.*) strange, though, don't you think?

RACHEL: (*Interrupting, writing, not looking up.*) You want an A? This is theatre, Jacob, and theatre comes from real life! That's what our playwriting teacher said, and I agree! And based on my first impression of our teacher? I guarantee we both get As tomorrow! I promise!

JACOB: (*Coyly.*) I...I...don't know, Rachel.

She stops writing, and glares at him.

RACHEL: (*Exasperated.*) You "don't know" what?!

JACOB: (*Coyly.*) I think you're missing something.

RACHEL: I think I'm getting it all! (*Skims her paper.*)

JACOB: (*Coyly reading the assignment.*) ... "each scene must involve a kiss"....

RACHEL: Oh, right. The kiss. (*Beat.*) Oh. Right. (*Finally understanding his coy attitude.*) The kiss. (*Smiles.*)

They regard each other and smile. They are both coy; they're both on the same page now.

RACHEL: You know, you're right. *(Beat.)* I had almost left out that part of the assignment. And it's a very important part. *(Beat.)* Thank you, Jacob.

JACOB: You're welcome, Rachel. *(Beat.)* After all, what are scene partners for?

RACHEL: *(Regards her notebook.)* May I take a stab at writing that important stage direction? *(Beat.)* With your permission, of course.

JACOB: *(Graciously.)* Please, be my guest.

Smiling, she quickly writes some clearly passionate sentences in her notebook. Pause. She slides her notebook to him. He reads the passionate sentences she wrote.

JACOB: *(Excited.)* Well, now, this works.

RACHEL: *(Coyly.)* Do you think so?

JACOB: Oh, I do. It's very...well written!

RACHEL: *(Coyly.)* Is it?

JACOB: It is. Clear yet poetic. Precise yet passionate. You have a real flair. It's just that...

RACHEL: Yes?

JACOB: *(Beat.)* It's just that I don't quite understand...this passage. *(Points at a passage she wrote.)*

She looks at the passage. Both begin to flirt more openly.

JACOB: Do you see?

RACHEL: I do see. It's tricky. *(Beat.)* Do you think it's too much?

JACOB: Too much? Oh no! No. I just think it will take a lot of...rehearsal...

RACHEL: Well, we could...we could rehearse that part first.

JACOB: Well, now, that works for me. *(Mock-checks the time.)* We could even start ...that rehearsal right now...

RACHEL: Just to make sure we get it right, of course.

JACOB: For the assignment tomorrow.

RACHEL: We will be graded on our work, after all.

JACOB: Exactly! *(Beat.)* Rachel?

RACHEL: Yes?

JACOB: (*More boldly.*) We might have to rehearse quite a while. I really want an A on this scene.

She really wants to kiss him.

RACHEL: (*Matching his boldness.*) Oh, I think we both want As on this scene, Jacob.

She closes her notebook, without looking at it. They look at each other and smile. They lean in to kiss.

Fade to black.

THE END

DO NOT COPY

OPPOSITES ATTACK

SYNOPSIS: Two seniors who have been dating since ninth grade discover that they have become the same person.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 1 male)

NATALIE (f)Loves Nathan. *(30 lines)*

NATHAN (m).....Loves Natalie. *(32 lines)*

SCENE: The mall food court.

TIME: Christmas.

COSTUMES

NATALIE and NATHAN wear similar coats, sweaters, shoes, and hats. They also wear printed t-shirts that say: “I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus.”

SOUND EFFECTS

- Christmas music



SETTING: Mall food court at Christmas.

AT RISE: Christmas music plays. NATALIE and NATHAN are waiting in line to see Santa, who we imagine to be downstage. They have just broken from their kiss. They are blissfully, goofily in love.

NATHAN: *(In love.)* Natalie?

NATALIE: *(In love.)* Yes, Nathan?

NATHAN: Whoa! *(Slaps his forehead.)* What am I thinking?

NATALIE: *(Laughing.)* I don't know! What are you thinking?

NATHAN: Come on! You know what I'm thinking!

NATALIE: You're right! I always know what you're thinking!

NATHAN: And I always know what you're thinking!

NATALIE: You were going to ask me if I liked that kiss!

NATHAN: Right! And you were going to say, "Best kiss ever, Nathan! Best kiss ever!"

NATALIE: Correct!

NATHAN: I knew you were going to say that!

NATHAN and NATALIE: I knew you knew I knew you knew I knew...
(Disintegrates into a giggle, then a love-sigh.) Ahhh.

They hold hands.

NATALIE: You know, Nathan, I've always...

NATHAN: *(Finishing her sentence.)* ...loved coming to the mall food court at Christmas time with me and waiting with me in line to see Santa?

NATALIE: *(Sigh.)* Yes.

NATHAN: Even though we're both in twelfth grade now?

NATALIE: Yes! And even though all our friends and families keep telling us we're both way too old to still wait in line to see Santa?

NATHAN: Even though this year we will be, by far, the biggest "kids" in line?

NATALIE: *(Sighs.)* Yes. *(Beat.)* I don't care! Gosh darn it all! I love Santa.

NATHAN: Me, too.

NATALIE: I knew you were going to say that.

NATHAN: I knew you knew.

NATHAN and NATALIE: I knew you knew I knew you knew I knew...

(Disintegrates into a giggle, then a love-sigh.) Ahhh.

NATHAN: Golly, I love waiting in line with you, Natalie!

NATALIE: And I love waiting in line with you, Nathan!

NATHAN: I knew you were going to say that!

NATALIE: I know. *(Beat.)* It's just that...

NATHAN: What?

NATALIE: Nothing. Everybody is so silly!

NATHAN: Everybody IS silly!

NATALIE: It's just that *(Quoting everybody.)* "Nathan and Natalie are seniors..."

NATHAN: "...and they've been dating since the ninth grade."

NATALIE: "And they have met each other between classes every day..."

NATHAN: "...every week,"

NATALIE: "...every month,"

NATHAN: "...every year,"

NATHAN and NATALIE: "...for the last four years!"

NATALIE: "Nathan..."

NATHAN: "...and Natalie are now so close..."

NATALIE: "...it's like..."

NATHAN: "...it's like..."

NATHAN and NATALIE: *(Scared.)* "It's like they've become one person." *(Beat.)* "They are the same person."

They face each other.

NATHAN and NATALIE: Oh. No. Is. Everyone. Right? *(Beat.)* Are. We. One. Person? *(Transfixed.)* It's...like...looking in a mirror.

Stunned, they mirror each other's movements. This begins to look like a dance as the mall Christmas music gets louder.

NATHAN and NATALIE: *(Realizing they wear similar hats.)* Nice hat.

Still mirror dancing, they remove their hats, and drop them to the floor.

NATHAN and NATALIE: *(Realizing they wear similar coats.)* Nice coat.

Still mirroring dancing, they remove their coats, and drop them to the floor.

NATHAN and NATALIE: *(Realizing they wear similar sweaters.)* Nice Christmas sweater.

Still mirroring dancing, they remove their sweaters, and drop them to the floor. Both realize they are wearing "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus" shirts.

NATHAN and NATALIE: "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus."
(Smiling.) "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus." *(Realizing.)* We are one person. *(More in love than ever.)* We are!

They stop mirror dancing.

NATALIE: *(In love.)* Oh, Natalie! I love you!

NATHAN: *(In love.)* Oh, Nathan! I love you!

They lean in to hug, then stop.

NATALIE: *(Taken aback.)* Wait. Did you just call me Nathan?

NATHAN: *(Taken aback.)* Did you just call me Natalie?

NATALIE: *(Nervously checking her watch.)* I... um... I have to meet my mom! *(Turns to exit left.)* Text me later?

NATALIE, nervous, exits left.

NATHAN: *(Nervously calling after her.)* Yeah! You bet! *(Turns to exit right, turns back and calls to her.)* Have a nice Christmas!

*NATHAN, nervous, exits right. The pile of their clothes remains.
Blackout.*

THE END

DO NOT COPY

MOTTO: BE PREPPED

SYNOPSIS: Two staid preppies trying to overcome parental influences on their path to true love.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 1 male)

ABBIE (f).....Preppy teen. *(33 lines)*

OLLIE (m)A preppy teen with a very regulated life.
(35 lines)

SCENE: A bench near a pond. The country club is upstage, unseen.

TIME: Spring.

COSTUMES

ABBIE and OLLIE are preppy and dress accordingly. ABBIE wears a stylish summer dress; OLLIE wears a stylish sweater tied about his neck.

PROPS

- Note

SOUND EFFECTS

- Pond sounds
- Country club music



SETTING: *A bench is downstage center, near a pond. The country club is upstage.*

AT RISE: *We hear pond sounds from the pond, and country club music from the country club.*

OLLIE and ABBIE have just parted from their very proper first kiss. THEY each stare straight ahead.

OLLIE: *(Smiling.)* So.

ABBIE: *(Smiling.)* So.

Pause.

OLLIE: Yes, well.

ABBIE: Yes. Well. So.

Pause.

OLLIE: There it was.

ABBIE: There it was. So.

Pause.

OLLIE: *(Smiles.)* The kiss.

ABBIE: *(Smiles.)* The kiss. So. So.

Pause. She closes her eyes and smiles happily. Pause. He notices that her eyes are closed and takes a note from his pocket. He reads the joke on the note, then holds it out of sight.

OLLIE: So... *(Prepares to tell the joke.)*

ABBIE: *(Sighs happily.)* So.

OLLIE: So. *(Blurted out the "joke.")* So I guess our "family fortunes" have finally "merged"!

She opens her eyes.

ABBIE: Excuse me?

OLLIE: *(Still thinking he's funny.)* I said, "So I guess our family fortunes have finally merged!" *(No response.)* You know: "Fortunes"? *(No response.)* "Merging"? *(Beat.)* You see, Abigail, by "fortunes," I meant our lips, and by "merging," I meant when we ki...

ABBIE: *(Curtly.)* I can understand metaphors, Oliver! *(Turns away.)*

OLLIE: Abigail?

ABBIE: *(Summoning her courage.)* What I don't understand was...why you had to joke mere moments after our...after we... after we...ki... *(Stops herself, embarrassed to say the word.)*

OLLIE: I...sorry.

ABBIE: I thought I knew you.

OLLIE: You do know me.

ABBIE: Well, I thought I did!

OLLIE: We went to pre-school together in Paris.

ABBIE: *(Eyeing him.)* People change, Oliver. People change. *(Turns away.)*

OLLIE starts to put the note back in his pocket. ABBIE observes this, and slowly figures it out.

ABBIE: Wait. You wrote that joke down?

OLLIE: Not exactly.

ABBIE: *(Taking the note and examining it.)* You're right. Oliver, this isn't your handwriting.

OLLIE: No. You see, my father...

ABBIE: Wait. Your father? Your father wrote this?

OLLIE: *(Faking a smile.)* No! *(Sheepishly.)* Members of his staff wrote it.

ABBIE: Let me see if I have this correctly: Your father...the former Ambassador James "Skippy" Moorman...had his staff...write this "joke" for you to tell me...today...after we kissed?

OLLIE: *(Sheepishly.)* You know my parents, they don't like to leave anything to chance.

ABBIE: Oh! So did your mother, the Presidential economic advisor, pick out your tie?

OLLIE: *(Faking a smile.)* No! Don't be silly.

ABBIE: Well, that's a relief!

OLLIE: (*Quietly.*) She did select my cologne for the day.

ABBIE: She what?!

OLLIE: You don't like it! I knew you wouldn't!! I told mother it was way, way too wispy on the leather accord. (*Smells his cologne.*)

She stands.

OLLIE: Abigail?

ABBIE: Your cologne is not "way, way too wispy on the leather accord," Oliver! (*Struggles to invent the proper retort.*) You, Oliver...you are... just way, way too...wispy... on everything!

OLLIE: Whatever do you mean?

She crosses downstage left. He stands.

OLLIE: Where are you going?

ABBIE: Back to the club!

OLLIE: Abigail!

ABBIE: What?

OLLIE: (*Quietly.*) The club's that way... (*Pointing upstage.*)

ABBIE: I know which way the club is!

She remains downstage left, and crosses her arms. Slowly, he crosses to her.

OLLIE: (*Concerned.*) Abigail?

ABBIE: It's just that...we haven't seen each other in so long....and now that my father's company has re-located him back to the states....I thought that you and I...could...effectively reconnect.

Pause.

ABBIE: (*Softly.*) I've always had such a terrible crush on you, Oliver.

OLLIE: (*Softly.*) I've always had a crush on you, Abigail, ever since pre-school.

She turns to him.

ABBIE: What happened to us since then, Oliver?

OLLIE: (*Joking.*) Well, let's see: at four o'clock on the afternoon of the day we graduated from pre-school, ten years ago, I believe I had a tummy ache...

She laughs.

OLLIE: (*Increasingly serious.*) And then, we attended the best single-gender independent middle schools, and then, I don't know...with both of our families starting to move around so much...and all of our separate boarding school experiences...we haven't really seen each other much at all in, I guess, golly, two years.

Pause. She crosses to the bench, and sits, and waits for him. Pause. He finally gets the idea and crosses to the bench and sits next to her.

ABBIE: (*Whispering.*) Ollie?

OLLIE: (*Whispering.*) Yes, Allie?

ABBIE: (*Whispering.*) Can I tell you a secret?

OLLIE: (*Whispering.*) You can tell me anything.

ABBIE: (*Whispering.*) That was my first kiss.

OLLIE: (*Whispering.*) Sh. (*Beat.*) Mine, too.

ABBIE: (*Smiling.*) Really?

OLLIE: (*Sheepishly.*) I was...waiting...for you.

ABBIE: (*Smiles.*) Me, too.

Pause.

OLLIE: (*Smiles.*) So, do you still want to go back to the club?

ABBIE: (*Smiles.*) No.

OLLIE: (*Smiles.*) Are you cold?

Pause. She smiles and turns away from him, inviting him to drape his sweater over her shoulders. Pause. He unties his sweater and drapes it over her shoulders. Pause. She faces him.

ABBIE: (*Smiling.*) Promise me something, Ollie?

OLLIE: (*Smiling.*) Anything, Abbie, anything...

She holds his hands in hers.

ABBIE: *(Lightheartedly but truthfully and pointedly.)* From now on, I select your cologne, not your mother.

OLLIE: *(Smiling.)* It's a deal.

They smile, gaze at the pond, and hold hands like an old married couple. Fade to black.

THE END

DO NOT COPY

TWISTS AND TURNS

SYNOPSIS: A new girl, a birthday party, and a jokester with a Twister game. What could possibly go right?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 1 male)

IZZY (f)New girl at school. *(39 lines)*

PAUL (m)Joker with a heart of gold. *(44 lines)*

SCENE: The basement recreation room in Izzy's house. Two chairs.

TIME: Evening. Izzy's birthday party.

COSTUMES

Typical teen party clothes

PROPS

- Classic Twister game, mat and spinner (Note: Stores sell updated versions, but you want the classic model.)



SETTING: *A basement recreation room.*

AT RISE: *PAUL and IZZY struggle under a classic Twister mat. (In the original production, they held the mat in front of them and stood behind it like a house curtain.)*

IZZY: Oh, my god!

PAUL: What happened?

IZZY: What are you doing?

PAUL: Nothing!

IZZY: Well, stop it!

PAUL: I'm not doing anything!

IZZY: Move your arm!

PAUL: I can't move my arm!

IZZY: Move your arm or I'll step on it!

PAUL: I can't move my arm because you ARE stepping on it! *(Beat.)*
Ow!

IZZY: Oops! Is that your arm?

PAUL: We're the only two people in here!

IZZY: I said I'm sorry!

PAUL: No you didn't, and please, get off my arm! Now! Ow!

Under (or behind) a Twister mat, we hear a loud thud. Pause. IZZY pulls back the Twister mat, revealing Paul and her. IZZY sits up; PAUL remains motionless on the floor. Pause. Slowly, PAUL sits up, acting like he's still in pain.

PAUL: *(Rubbing his arm, then sarcastically.)* Don't worry about me, I'm fine.

IZZY pushes him.

PAUL: Ow! Hey! What was that for?

IZZY pushes him again.

IZZY: You kissed me!

PAUL: *(Sincerely offended.)* I did not! When?

IZZY: Two minutes ago!

PAUL: I was trying to find *right-hand-red*!

IZZY: With your lips!?

PAUL: (*Sincerely.*) I'm sorry! I slipped! (*Joking.*) You didn't have to break my arm! Or my jaw! (*Feels his jaw.*)

IZZY stands and looks around.

IZZY: (*Sarcastically.*) Great! Thanks a lot!

PAUL: (*Looking around.*) Hey, where is everybody?

IZZY: Gee, Paul, where could they be? Oh, wait a minute! I know! Maybe they all left my birthday party because they were just too embarrassed watching our Twister struggle! (*Beat.*) I can't believe you brought Twister to my birthday party!

PAUL: (*Playing goofy.*) It's the game of the year!

IZZY: It was the game of the year in 1968!

PAUL: You didn't have to play!

IZZY: just moved here. Ever heard of peer pressure?!

PAUL: Peer pressure? You're the birthday girl! Everybody just wanted you to have a good time! That's why they wanted you do go first!

IZZY: (*Looking around.*) They just wanted to leave! So they did!

PAUL: Wait. Shhh! (*Listening.*) Listen!

IZZY: What?

PAUL: Listen.

IZZY: (*Listening, realizing.*) Everybody's still upstairs.

PAUL: They're probably finishing that great cake your mom made.

IZZY: (*Smiles.*) Angel Food. She always makes it for my birthday. Since I was a little girl.

PAUL: (*Starts to exit upstairs.*) Come on! Let's go!

IZZY flops in a chair.

IZZY: I can't.

PAUL: Why?

IZZY: (*Despondent.*) Right! "New Girl Gets Trapped Under Twister Mat at Her Own Birthday Party" (*Beat.*) They'll all laugh at me.

PAUL: Nobody will laugh!

IZZY: Everybody will laugh!

PAUL: OK, maybe everybody will laugh for a minute! (*Tries to make her smile.*) Or a day. Or a week. A month, maybe two, tops. Trust me, it'll all be over by the time we graduate.

IZZY: (*Smiles just a bit at his humor.*) See!

PAUL: Come on, that was kind of funny!

IZZY: Funny? It was humiliating.

PAUL: Tomorrow you'll think it was funny.

IZZY: Tomorrow nobody will talk to me!

PAUL: Tomorrow everybody will talk to you!

IZZY: Oh, really?! Why would they?

PAUL: Because I'll tell them to.

IZZY: (*Sarcastically.*) Great! Now I've hired the mob!

PAUL: Because they're my friends. (*Beat.*) And I only choose nice people to be my friends.

IZZY: Nice people? Oh, like you?

PAUL: (*Seriously.*) Nice people like you.

IZZY: (*Beat.*) Funny.

PAUL: I...

IZZY actively sulks.

PAUL: Really? Come on. They're waiting for you.

IZZY: (*Sulking.*) Let them wait.

PAUL: I know them, and that group is going to wait upstairs all night for you.

IZZY: Why would they?

PAUL: They'll want to make sure you're OK. (*Beat.*) They're that nice. Trust me.

IZZY: (*Standing.*) You kissed me!

PAUL: (*Sincerely.*) Seriously, I didn't mean it! It was an accident! I was really trying to find right-hand-red! And I slipped! Really!

Realizing that she's not responding, he tries joking.

PAUL: Plus, it was dark under there! Plus, I think I might have even lost consciousness there for a while...what with the smell of the new Twister mat right out of the box overpowering my senses and everything! Plus...

IZZY: (*Laughing a bit.*) Oh my God! Fine! It was an accident! Please shut up!

PAUL: Fine! Shutting up!

IZZY: (*Quickly returning to her upset state.*) Fine!

IZZY, determined to be melancholy, bows her head, and sits.

PAUL: Fine! (*PAUL, wanting to boost her spirits, imitates IZZY and bows his head.*)

IZZY: (*Not smiling.*) Funny!

They sit in their chairs.

PAUL: I can sit here all night, too, you know!

IZZY: Fine!

PAUL finds the Twister spinner.

PAUL: Look! The Twister spinner.

He picks it up. He spins it. It stops.

PAUL: (*Trying to joke.*) Right-hand-red! What are the chances?!

IZZY: Have I told you you're not funny?

PAUL: (*Smiling.*) I have heard that somewhere before - was that you?

IZZY: (*Trying hard to sulk.*) Yes!

Pause.

PAUL: (*Sincerely.*) Listen, I'm sorry about tonight. (*Beat.*) Maybe I was trying too hard, or something. (*No response.*) Everything will be all right. (*No response.*) I promise. (*Determined to be her friend.*) Just...let me know when you want to go upstairs...and get some cake, OK? (*She doesn't respond.*)

They sit apart, in their own worlds, not regarding each other. Pause. PAUL spins the spinner. It stops. Pause. He spins it again. It stops. Pause. He spins it again. It stops. Pause.

PAUL: (*Not looking at her out of respect.*) Ready?

IZZY: (*Looking at him and smiling at his tenacity.*) No.

PAUL: (*Looking only at the spinner.*) Keep me posted.

IZZY: (*Smiling that she has sort of found a friend.*) I will.

PAUL spins the spinner. IZZY smiles a little more.

Fade to black.

THE END

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