

JUST ANOTHER SNOW DAY

By Bryan Starchman

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AUDITION 1-- for 1 m, 2 w

In this scene, Paul talks to his mother about being a bit less overprotective.

NATALIE: What?

PAUL: Nothing.

NATALIE: (*Insistent.*) What do they call you?

PAUL: (*Reluctantly.*) A momma's boy.

NATALIE: (*Rubbing his back.*) Well, you are your momma's boy. I'm your momma and you're my boy!

PAUL: (*Shrugging her off.*) It's not meant as a compliment! It...it hurts my feelings.

NATALIE: (*Suddenly serious.*) I want names.

PAUL: What?

NATALIE: You tell me who makes fun of you. I'm going to get their mothers on the phone and they are going to learn to treat you with respect!

PAUL: No! That would just make it worse!

NATALIE: Then what do you want?

PAUL: I just...I just want you to...give me a little space.

NATALIE: (*Visibly hurt by this.*) Oh. Oh, I see.

PAUL: Mom, I love you. I really do. You take such good care of me, but sometimes I need to fall down so I can learn to pick myself back up.

NATALIE: (*Long sigh.*) You just grew up so fast. In a couple of years you're going to graduate and then you will have to face this big scary world all on your own. I just wanted to keep you safe for as long as I could.

PAUL: I do feel safe. (*Tender but firm.*) A little too safe. You understand?

NATALIE: Yes, I do. (*Sighs.*) I'll tell you what. I'm going to make an effort to give you more space.

PAUL: Oh, yeah? Like how?

NATALIE: Like...um... (*Searching for something to give up.*)
You can start using the toaster on your own!

(PAUL continues to glare at HER.)

NATALIE: (*Cont'd.*) We'll only practice our fire drills twice a week. And I'll turn off the baby monitor in your room.

PAUL: Wait. What baby monitor!?!?

NATALIE: (*Covering.*) I'll finally let you watch PG movies!

PAUL: (*Bargaining.*) You'll teach me how to drive.

NATALIE: Well, let's not get crazy.

PAUL: Mom.

NATALIE: Fine. I'll teach you how to drive.

PAUL: Now, can I please take off a few layers so I can try to look normal when Mary gets here?

NATALIE: (*Takes off the scarf.*) Alright. (*Starts to take off HIS coat.*)

PAUL: (*Gently.*) Mom, remember. I need space. I can do this.

(SHE stops. PAUL struggles to get the coat off. He's got too many layers on but he is determined. Natalie takes a step back and watches, amused, even smug because he obviously does need her help.)

NATALIE: What if I just...

PAUL: No! I've got it! (*More fits of trying to reach the zipper. This should be quite frustrating and funny. Stops, is panting, then suddenly there is fear in HIS eyes.*) Oh no.

NATALIE: What?

PAUL: I gotta pee! (*Gallops off the stage towards the "bathroom."*)

NATALIE: (*Yelling off.*) All you've had today was orange juice, hot tea, hot cocoa, chicken noodle soup, more hot tea, tomato basil soup, a half-gallon of water and three bottles of Gatorade.

PAUL: (*Screaming from offstage.*) I KNOW! I TOLD YOU IT WAS TOO MUCH!

NATALIE: I didn't want you getting dehydrated.

PAUL: (Screaming offstage.) WELL, I AM VERY HYDRATED RIGHT NOW!

NATALIE: Can we talk about this after you're done in there?

PAUL: (True terror, offstage.) MOM? (Beat.) I CAN'T REACH MY ZIPPER.

NATALIE: (Smugly.) Well, I'll just give you your space and...

PAUL: (Screaming offstage.) NOW IS NOT THE TIME TO BE SMUG!

NATALIE: (Concerned.) Do you want me to come in?

(MARY walks up to the front door as PAUL is yelling and knocks.)

PAUL: (Offstage, defeated.) YES, MOM! I NEED HELP! COME IN!

(NATALIE runs off stage. All MARY hears is PAUL yelling for his mom to "come in.")

MARY: (Entering the house.) Paul? Did you say "Come in"?

(MARY hears the following from the living room and doesn't quite know what to do. Her facial expressions should reflect her confusion and eventual realization about what is actually happening offstage.)

NATALIE: (Offstage.) THE BATHROOM DOOR IS STUCK AGAIN!

PAUL: (Offstage.) I CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER!

NATALIE: (Offstage.) I JUST SWIFFERED THE FLOOR IN THERE!

PAUL: (Offstage.) I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT THE FLOOR!

NATALIE: (Offstage.) STAND IN THE TUB! GET IN THE TUB! IT'LL BE EASIER TO CLEAN YOU OFF!

PAUL: (Offstage.) WHY? WHY IS THIS HAPPENING!?!?

NATALIE: (Offstage.) IT'S JUST A LITTLE PEE! I'LL GET MY TOOLS TO JIMMY OPEN THE DOOR.

(NATALIE re-enters the living room and stops in her tracks as she sees MARY standing there.)

NATALIE: (Cont'd.) Oh. Hello, Mary.

(Shocked silence from MARY.)

PAUL: (Offstage.) WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO!?

(NATALIE pulls MARY in tight, puts her hand over Mary's mouth, and shouts off stage.)

NATALIE: NO ONE, HONEY! (Lets go of MARY'S mouth, talks directly into Mary's ear.) I'll give you one hundred dollars if you go outside, come back in fifteen minutes, and you forget this ever happened. Understand?

(MARY just nods her head and slowly backs to the door, opens it, and exits the stage.)

PAUL: (Offstage.) AT LEAST MARY IS RUNNING LATE!

NATALIE: YES, HONEY! (Finds purse and pulls out checkbook.) THINGS COULD BE MUCH WORSE!

(NATALIE starts filling out a check as LIGHTS fade to black.)

AUDITION 2 -- for 2 m.

In this scene, Trenton and Mr. Ruffino accidentally meet on their way to the post office.

(THEY suddenly see each other in the storm and straighten up in the middle of the stage.)

TRENTON: Mr. Ruffino? What are you doing out here?

MR. RUFFINO: Trenton? Why are you out here in the middle of the storm?

TRENTON: I...uh...you remember how I was absent all those days last semester?

MR. RUFFINO: You had triple pneumonia, both lungs and your spleen.

TRENTON: Sure. That's what the "doctor's note" said.

MR. RUFFINO: The one written on a paper towel?

TRENTON: Right. But, I like your class, so I feel like I need to be honest.

MR. RUFFINO: Okay. What is it?

TRENTON: I was...I was playing a video game.

MR. RUFFINO: Trenton! I sent home all that work for you to make up.

TRENTON: I know.

MR. RUFFINO: And do you have any idea how hard it is to create make up assignments for drama class?

TRENTON: I swear I did 20 minutes of pantomime every night! *(Pretends to be climbing a ladder, then pulling a rope, then washing a dog or something totally random that looks like nothing.)*

MR. RUFFINO: That is pretty good.

TRENTON: I love your class but I have to admit, I love Zombie Apocalyptico 7 even more than drama.

MR. RUFFINO: You play Zom Ap? *(This is the slang for their video game.)*

TRENTON: You've heard of it?

MR. RUFFINO: Psshhh. Yeah! I've held the top score for total Zombies bagged on the local forum for the last six weeks.

TRENTON: Wait a minute. Are you "ZombieBomber34"?

MR. RUFFINO: What?

TRENTON: Is that your screen name? Do you play as "ZombieBomber34"?

MR. RUFFINO: Um...yes.

TRENTON: (*Horrified.*) You cheat!

MR. RUFFINO: Excuse me?

TRENTON: You sit there in the cockpit of the abandoned DC-10 and snipe other players so you can firebomb all the Zombies to inflate your own score.

MR. RUFFINO: You have no proof of that!

TRENTON: I recorded screenshots and put them up on my YouTube channel! The game masters are reviewing your case and have promised me swift action if you don't stop sniping!

MR. RUFFINO: It was you? You complained to Microsoft about me? Wait a second. What does your character look like?

TRENTON: (*Very matter of fact.*) Mr. Potato Head wearing a pink top hat with an AK-47. Why?

MR. RUFFINO: No! It can't be. You're "ImTooSexyForMyXBOX"????

TRENTON: Yes, I am!

MR. RUFFINO: How do you even know that reference? That song came out in like 1991.

TRENTON: *Right Said Fred* is timeless. Hey, don't try to change the subject. You sniped me 74 times last Tuesday and I...wait a minute.

MR. RUFFINO: (*Suddenly nervous, starts to exit.*) Well, gotta go...um...walk my dog...

TRENTON: You were on-line playing last Tuesday when I was home "sick." How is that possible if you were at school teaching?

MR. RUFFINO: I, uh, was at a conference.

TRENTON: (*Not believing him.*) Really?

MR. RUFFINO: (*Searching for an answer.*) Yes. A, uh, a drama conference.

TRENTON: You're the only drama teacher in town.

MR. RUFFINO: That's why I had to confer, with other drama teachers. We're very rare...like albino pandas...we meet every year to compare notes on lighting gels and other such dramatic topics.

TRENTON: You called in sick, didn't you?

MR. RUFFINO: (*Relenting.*) Alright. I called in sick. But I had a tickle in my throat!

TRENTON: You sat there at that parent-teacher conference with all the other teachers and made me feel so guilty for missing so many classes!

MR. RUFFINO: Well, you did miss 38 days.

TRENTON: And yet still you are the leader on the local forum. How is that possible?

MR. RUFFINO: I guess I'm just that good.

TRENTON: You know, I can't remember the last time you passed a quiz back in class.

MR. RUFFINO: How dare you!

TRENTON: And you used to type up the notes you'd take on our in-class performances but now you just say "good job" or "project" from the back of the theater.

MR. RUFFINO: I'm trying to save paper. I care about the environment.

TRENTON: Instead of grading papers, you've been playing at night, haven't you? My bedtime is 10, but you don't have a bedtime, do you?

MR. RUFFINO: (*Breaking down.*) Alright. I admit it. I have a problem. I can't stop playing Zom Ap.

TRENTON: (*Patting HIM on the back.*) It's okay. My mom says that going outside is one of the first steps to beating VGA: Video Game Addiction.

MR. RUFFINO: (*Still pouring his heart out.*) I'm only outside so that I can pick up my mail and get my pre-ordered copy of Zombie Apocalyptico 7!

TRENTON: (*Suddenly serious.*) You pre-ordered as well?

MR. RUFFINO: Of course I did, but this stupid snow stopped the post office.

TRENTON: You were the other voice I heard when I called the post office.

MR. RUFFINO: You were the other guy trying to get his copy of the game!

TRENTON: (*Looks at watch.*) The post office is closing in 15 minutes! (*Starts struggling through the “snow,” he quickly exits.*)

MR. RUFFINO: (*Struggling after him.*) Come back here! (*Falls to one knee and struggles against the ice, calling after him.*) If you get there first, tell them I'm right behind you! Tell them not to close until I get there!

TRENTON: (*From offstage.*) Never! Youth over experience! Huzzah!

(*LIGHTS fade.*)

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