

The Lightning-Change Artist
By Richard Drummond

Character: Artist
Gender: Male
Age (range): 18-80
Style: Comedy

Background Info: One actor playing 3 characters - middle-aged father, pre-teen son, and middle-aged wife. Very funny.

[Bass voice, looking at watch.] Eight-thirty PM, and my boy not home yet. My, how times have changed. When I was his age I was never out later than the next day. [Stamps foot.] Ah! I hear the front door slamming. It is my boy. [Faces Left.] Ah, Griswold, you are home at last. [Runs across to Left, Faces Right. High voice.] Yes, father, I am home. But, Father, I have a confession to make. I am late because I stopped on the way home and robbed the First National Bank. [Runs to Center, bass voice.] What's this, my boy? You robbed the First National Bank? How times do change! When I was your age I never robbed anything larger than the United States mint. Griswold, what will your mother say? [Runs Right, Faces Right. High voice.] I do not know what Mother will say, Father. [Runs Center, Faces Left, bass voice.] We must keep it from her, my boy. She shall never know. [Runs Left, Faces Right. High voice.] That's right. [Runs Center, Faces Left. Bass voice.] Shhh! Your mother is coming now. [Runs Left, Faces Right. High voice.] Where? [Runs Center, hides hat, faces Left. Bass voice.] There. [Dashes Left. Faces Right. Falsetto voice.] Ah, my boy, Griswold, is home. Josephus, our boy is a wonderful son, is he not? [Runs Center. Faces Left. Bass voice.] Yes, Annabellizzy, Griswold is a son to be proud of. [Runs to table, Turns. Falsetto voice.] Griswold, tell me. Are you hiding something from me? [Sniffs.] I smell mothballs. Griswold, something tells me. It must be a mother's intuition. Did you rob the First National Bank? [High voice.] Yes, Mother. I could not resist. Something seemed to pull me into the bank. Yes, Mother, I did rob the First National Bank. [Falsetto voice.] Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! My Griswold! You must return what you have stolen at once. How much did you take from the bank? [High voice.] These mother. [Holds out blotters.] Two blotters and a pen point. [Falsetto voice.] Oh! [Faints.]

Danny and the Deep Blue Sea
By John Patrick Shanley

Character: Danny
Gender: Male
Age (range): 20s
Style: Drama

I was at this party. A guy named Skull. Everybody was getting messed up. Somebody said there was some guys outside. I went out. There were these two guys from another neighborhood. I asked 'em what they were doing there. They knew somebody. One of 'em was a big guy. Real drunk. He said they wanted to go., but something about twenty dollars. I told him to give me the twenty dollars, but he didn't have it. I started hitting him. But when I hit him, it never seemed to be hard, ya know? I hit him a lot in the chest and face but it didn't seem to do nothing. I had him over a car hood. His friend wanted to take him away. I said okay. They started to go down the block. And they started to fight. So I ran after them. I hit on the little guy a minute, and then I started working on the big guy again. Everybody just watched. I hit him as hard as I could for about ten minutes. It never seemed like enough. Then I looked at his face... His teeth were all broken. He fell down. I stomped on his freakin' chest and I heard something break. I grabbed him under the arms and pushed him over a little fence. Into somebody's driveway. Somebody pointed to some guy and said he had the twenty dollars. I kicked him in the nuts. He went right off the ground. Then I left.