



**Sample Pages from
The Fried Kobassa**

Welcome! This is copyrighted material for promotional purposes. It's intended to give you a taste of the script to see whether or not you want to use it in your classroom or perform it. You can't print this document or use this document for production purposes.

Royalty fees apply to all performances **whether or not admission is charged**. Any performance in front of an audience (e.g. an invited dress rehearsal) is considered a performance for royalty purposes.

Visit <https://folk.me/p104> to order a printable copy or for rights/royalty information and pricing.

**DO NOT POST THIS SAMPLE ONLINE.
IT MAY BE DOWNLOADED ANY TIME FROM THE LINK ABOVE.**

THE FRIED KOBASSA

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY
J. Robert Wilkins



The Fried Kobassa

Copyright © 2007 J. Robert Wilkins

CAUTION: This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of Canada and all other countries of the Universal Copyright Convention and is subject to royalty. Changes to the script are expressly forbidden without written consent of the author. Rights to produce, film, or record, in whole or in part, in any medium or in any language, by any group amateur or professional, are fully reserved.

Interested persons are requested to apply for amateur rights to:

Theatrefolk

www.theatrefolk.com/licensing

help@theatrefolk.com

Those interested in professional rights may contact the author c/o the above address.

No part of this script covered by the copyrights hereon may be reproduced or used in any form or by any means - graphic, electronic or mechanical - without the prior written permission of the author. Any request for photocopying, recording, or taping shall be directed in writing to the author at the address above.

Printed in the USA

Characters

9W+2M

Katelyn (18 years old)

A summer employee. She wears jeans and T-shirt.

Cook (early 20's)

He is unshaven with unkempt hair and poorly dressed. His apron is extremely dirty.

Nicole (19 years old)

A summer employee. She wears jeans and a T-shirt.

Inspector Kapusta (Early 20's)

He is dressed in a plaid shirt, trousers with suspenders, a ball cap, an overcoat, and rubber boots. His character is most effective if he speaks in a Ukrainian or Eastern European accent.

Samantha (16 years old)

A camper

Amy (16 years old)

A camper

Callie (15 years old)

A camper

Lindsay (15 years old)

A camper

Nurse (Early 20's)

The camp nurse. She is dressed in a nurse's uniform.

Amber (16 years old)

She is dressed in a cheerleader's outfit.

Katie (16 years old)

She is dressed in a cheerleader's outfit.

The Setting

The cafeteria at Walker's Arts and Athletics Camp. There are several tables with chairs around the edges of the stage. The tables are covered with checkered tablecloths. A condiment table with cups, cutlery, and napkins is somewhere upstage. The Main Door is at Stage Right. The Kitchen Door is at Stage Left.

SCENE I

A summer morning.

At curtain, KATELYN is cleaning and setting tables. At one point she drops a spoon on the floor, picks it up, cleans it under her armpit, and places it on the table.

The COOK enters from the kitchen.

COOK: Where's my fried kobassa?

KATELYN: What?

COOK: My fried kobassa. What did you do with it?

KATELYN: I don't know what you are talking about.

COOK: You and me are the only ones here. The kobassa was here when I left last night and now it's not.

KATELYN: Well, maybe someone took it in the middle of the night.

COOK: I was the last one to leave last night and you and me were the first ones here this morning.

KATELYN: You let us in. You're the one with the key. When would I have time to do something with your precious kobassa without you knowing it?

COOK: I don't trust you. You're the kind of person who would drop cutlery on the floor and put it back on the table.

KATELYN: I would not!

COOK: I'm going to get to the bottom of this before the day is through. I'll be watching you. *(exits to kitchen)*

KATELYN: *(mockingly)* I'll be watching you.

KATELYN continues to set tables. NICOLE enters by the main door.

NICOLE: Hi, Katelyn. Hard at it?

KATELYN: Always. This has got to be the worst summer job ever.

NICOLE: You'll get used to it.

KATELYN: At least I know what I don't want to be when I grow up.

NICOLE: Well, let's be glad it's only for eight weeks.

KATELYN: And now the cook thinks I stole some kobassa.

NICOLE: I absolutely love fried kobassa.

KATELYN: How do you know it is fried?

NICOLE: That's the way the cook serves it. I was here last year, remember?

KATELYN: Oh, right. I forgot about that.

The COOK enters from the kitchen.

COOK: You're late, Nicole.

NICOLE: No I'm not. I've been here the whole time.

COOK: Really. I didn't see you the last time I was in here.

NICOLE: I was cleaning. Under the table.

COOK: So then you know about my missing kobassa.

NICOLE: Yes. That's terrible. I love your kobassa. Who would do such a terrible thing?

COOK: I don't know. But I intend to find out. And just so you know. I don't trust either one of you. (*Exits to the kitchen.*)

NICOLE: Now why would he say that?

KATELYN drops a spoon on the floor, picks it up, and wipes it under her arm.

KATELYN: Beats me.

SCENE 2

Afternoon of the next day. KATELYN and NICOLE are cleaning tables. The COOK enters from the kitchen.

COOK: Hello ladies.

KATELYN: What now?

COOK: I've got somebody I would like you to meet.

NICOLE: I hope it's Mr. Clean.

COOK: I told you I was going to get to the bottom of this kobassa thing. So I have hired the best culinary detective money can buy.

KATELYN: This ought to good. How much do you make? Seven dollars an hour?

COOK: Seven thirty five. But that's none of your business. Let me introduce you to Inspector Velecka Kapusta.

KAPUSTA enters from the kitchen.

KAPUSTA: Well, hello everybody.

KATELYN: *(looking around)* There's only the three of us here.

KAPUSTA: That's OK. Nice place you got here. So, where's this kobassa of yours?

COOK: That's what I want you to find out.

KAPUSTA: Right. Well, let's get started. *(looks under some tables and chairs)* It's not here.

COOK: *(nodding towards KATELYN and NICOLE)* Maybe you should question someone.

KAPUSTA: Good idea. *(to the COOK)* Did you take the missing item?

COOK: Not me! Try someone else in the room.

KAPUSTA: Someone else. Hmm. Someone else.

COOK: How about Katelyn here?

KAPUSTA: Splendid! And what is your name young lady?

KATELYN: He just told you. My name is Katelyn and I don't know anything about missing kobassa.

KAPUSTA: I see. But you know that the kobassa is missing? Don't you find that strange?

NICOLE: There's something strange in here and it's not missing kobassa.

KAPUSTA: (to NICOLE) And what do you know about the missing item?

NICOLE: What missing item?

KAPUSTA: (removing a pen and notepad from his coat) Your tone of voice would suggest you know nothing. But looks can be deceiving, don't you think? Let's sit and pursue this a little further.

KAPUSTA crosses with KATELYN and NICOLE to a table on Left. All sit and engage in a silent conversation.

COOK: (exiting by the kitchen) I'll leave you to your work.

SAMANTHA enters with AMY from the main door. They sit at the table on Right. AMY has a craft bag. SAMANTHA is trying to make an origami sculpture.

SAMANTHA: This is impossible! If paper was intended to be made into sculptures, it would come with instructions. I don't see what good they are anyway.

AMY: Things don't have useful to be appreciated.

SAMANTHA: Oh yeah? Let's see your sculpture.

AMY slowly removes a messy wad of paper from her craft bag.

AMY: Behold. I call it "Swan in the Moonlight."

SAMANTHA: I call it "Swan as Road Kill."

KAPUSTA: (rising) The best advice I can give you is, don't leave town.

KATELYN: It's a camp. In the middle of nowhere. The only way out is when the bus comes.

KAPUSTA: Ah, yes. But, what about a streetcar?

NICOLE: (*rises*) Come on, Katelyn. We have to get back to work.

NICOLE and KATELYN exit to the kitchen. KAPUSTA crosses to SAMANTHA and AMY.

KAPUSTA: Good day, my milankees.

AMY: You talking to us?

KAPUSTA: I was wondering if either of you girls have ever been in trouble with the law.

AMY: For what? Jaywalking or something like that?

KAPUSTA: I was thinking of something a little more serious.

AMY: Like skipping school?

KAPUSTA: Perhaps. Have you ever skipped school?

AMY: Like, who hasn't?

KAPUSTA: And when you skipped school, did you ever go to the meat market?

SAMANTHA: OK! No more badgering! I confess! (*she rises, puts her wrists together and presents them to KAPUSTA*) I'm ready to go now.

KAPUSTA: Excellent. So where is the kobassa?

SAMANTHA: The what?

KAPUSTA: The kobassa that you stole. Where is it?

SAMANTHA: Kobassa. I don't know anything about kobassa. I thought you were talking about the cookies I took out of Amy's lunch bag when we were in grade three.

AMY: You took my cookies!

SAMANTHA: I've been meaning to tell you about it.

AMY: How could you do that? We were best friends.

SAMANTHA: We still are best friends. That was seven years ago, Amy.

AMANDA: How can I ever trust you again? (*she exits by the main door*)

SAMANTHA: (*to KAPUSTA*) Now look what you've done. (*exiting by the main door*) Wait up, Amy. Let's talk.

KAPUSTA takes out a pencil and notepad and writes.

KAPUSTA: Interesting. A child cookie thief. Perhaps she has expanded her menu of stolen delights.

*CALLIE and LINDSAY enter from the main door.
CALLIE has a pail.*

CALLIE: Everyone thinks it is water, but it is full of confetti. But the second time we do it, we will actually have water in it.

LINDSAY: This is going to be hilarious.

KAPUSTA crosses to CALLIE and LINDSAY.

KAPUSTA: Hello, my little kawtchkaw. You seem rather happy this morning?

LINDSAY: Yes, we are happy campers.

KAPUSTA: Did you know that happy people are usually well-fed?

LINDSAY: I guess that makes sense.

KAPUSTA: That's a nice pail you've got there.

CALLIE: It's alright.

KAPUSTA: You could carry a lot in a pail like that.

CALLIE: Yes you could. But this pail is empty.

KAPUSTA: It would make a good lunch pail.

CALLIE: There's nothing in the pail.

KAPUSTA: Are you sure there isn't something in there... like say... oh, I don't know... like FRIED KOBASSA!

CALLIE: There is nothing in the pail. Here, I'll show you.

CALLIE crosses to KAPUSTA and puts the pail over his head.

KAPUSTA: Hey! Who put out the lights?

LINDSAY removes the pail from KAPUSTA's head.

LINDSAY: Here. Is that better?

KAPUSTA: (*grabbing the pail*) Don't touch that! It's evidence.

CALLIE: Give me back my pail. I need it for our skit.

KAPUSTA: You're a feisty one, aren't you? I like that.

LINDSAY: Listen, mister. We don't want to cause any trouble. We were on our way to the craft shack, that's all.

KAPUSTA: I see. Before you go, let me get some information for my investigation. (*he puts the pail on the floor and takes out pen and notepad*) So you two are campers here?

CALLIE: Yes, we're sisters. Actually, we're twins.

KAPUSTA: (*to LINDSAY*) And when is your birthday?

LINDSAY: Next month. On the tenth.

KAPUSTA: (*to CALLIE*) And your birthday?

CALLIE: Are you really that stupid? We're twins.

KAPUSTA: Never doubt my stupidity, young lady. And what is your last name?

LINDSAY: It's Nelson.

CALLIE: Mine's the same just in case you were wondering.

KAPUSTA: Thank you. So do you like kobassa?

CALLIE: No.

LINDSAY: Yes.

KAPUSTA: I see. This is obviously a case of split personality. (to CALLIE) So you don't like kobassa.

CALLIE: That's right. I'm a vegetarian.

KAPUSTA: My uncle is a Rotarian. Maybe you would like to meet him. (to LINDSAY) And you say you like kobassa.

LINDSAY: That's what I said.

KAPUSTA: Then are sure your name isn't Nelsonchuk?

CALLIE: You know what? I liked you a lot better this way.

CALLIE puts the pail over KAPUSTA's head.

KAPUSTA: Hey. There go the lights again. There must be a short circuit in here.

Blackout.

SCENE 3

Evening of the same day. KATELYN enters from the kitchen followed by NICOLE.

KATELYN: That was so gross!! Do you have some gum to take the taste away?

NICOLE: Here. Have some mints. They will help.

KATELYN: Thanks. That's the last time I volunteer to taste test anything new he cooks.

NICOLE: I guess I should have warned you.

KAPUSTA enters from the main door.

KAPUSTA: Good evening, my little meeshka. What are you eating?

KATELYN: Mints.

KAPUSTA: Are you sure it's not kobassa?

KATELYN: Would you knock it off with the kobassa already. I don't know anything about it.

KAPUSTA: That's what Santa Claus said to my Baba when we found hoof prints in the living room on Christmas morning.

NICOLE: You're weird. Come on, Katelyn. We're through for the day. We don't have to listen to him. *(she exits by the main door)*

KATELYN: *(exiting by the main door)* You're such a moron.

KAPUSTA: Better a moron than a moroff.

The COOK enters from the kitchen followed by the NURSE.

COOK: I really don't know what the problem is.

NURSE: I know you're the cook, but I'm the nurse. I know about food. Brussels sprouts and chocolate sauce do not make a good combination.

COOK: I've got to get rid of them somehow. I've got two hundred pounds of sprouts.

NURSE: Did anybody eat them?

COOK: No.

NURSE: So you had to throw them out anyway.

COOK: Don't worry. I'll think of something. Maybe Brussels sprouts on pizza. Ah, Inspector. Have you met the camp nurse?

KAPUSTA: No, I have not had the pleasure.

COOK: Inspector Kapusta, this is Nurse.

NURSE: Hello. You can call me Carla.

KAPUSTA: And you can call me anytime you want.

COOK: How's the investigation going? You've been here for half a day. You must have things pretty well wrapped up.

KAPUSTA: I've only been here half a day. These things take time.

COOK: But you must have found something by now.

KAPUSTA: I've found out lots of things.

COOK: Like what?

KAPUSTA: Well, I know the kobassa isn't in here, and it's not in the kitchen. I know neither one of us took it, although I'm not too sure about you.

COOK: (*sarcastically*) That's just brilliant.

KAPUSTA: Yes, well, remember I do have a degree from the Iron Chef Institute of Culinary Investigation.

COOK: Have you interviewed any of the inmates... I mean, campers?

KAPUSTA: I am in the process of doing that.

COOK: Do you have any prospects?

KAPUSTA: Well, some of the senior girls seem very nice, but I don't know if they would be interested in an older man.

COOK: I'm talking about suspects. Do you have any suspects?

KAPUSTA: At this stage of the investigation, everyone is a suspect.

COOK: In other words, you really don't have anything.

KAPUSTA: Pretty much, that's it. But this is only the first stage of my investigation. I am now moving on to the more sophisticated stage.

COOK: I hope you are more successful. I'm not made of money.

KAPUSTA: Of course not. Because then you would be green.

COOK: I'm going to bingo. Turn off the lights when you leave.

COOK exits to the kitchen.

NURSE: So, you are investigating some missing kobassa.

KAPUSTA: Yes. But I think there may be more interesting things to investigate.

NURSE: You know, fried food is not the best thing to maintain a healthy body.

KAPUSTA: You obviously do not eat much fried food.

NURSE: I hope you find the thief soon. What does your second stage of investigation involve?

KAPUSTA: Well, to be honest, I am not sure. In the past my investigations have never gone to stage two.

NURSE: You must be a very good investigator. I am sure your natural charm and intelligence helped solve your cases before you needed stage two.

KAPUSTA: Actually, I usually got fired. But this time it will be different.

NURSE: So what will you do?

KAPUSTA: I don't know. Any ideas?

NURSE: Well... let's see. I suppose you could go undercover.

KAPUSTA: I don't see how I can solve the case from my bed.

NURSE: No, no. I mean you could get a disguise. You know, blend in with the campers. That way you can listen to them talk. Someone is bound to blab something that would help.

KAPUSTA: What an excellent idea. Perhaps we could discuss this further. Down by the lake. There is a full moon tonight.

NURSE: Well, alright. I guess it isn't too late.

KAPUSTA: It is never too late when you are surrounded by beauty.

NURSE: See Inspector, you do have natural charm.

KAPUSTA: Yes. Perhaps it is because I had Lucky Charms for breakfast.

Blackout.

SCENE 4

The morning of the next day. KAPUSTA is Down Left on all fours and covered with a tablecloth. His face is visible to the audience. There is a sign on the wall that reads “Swim class meeting here today – 2:00pm”. AMBER and KATIE enter from the main door.

AMBER: ...and then he goes, “You’re just a cheerleader”, like, there’s something wrong with that.

KATIE: He’s just a jerk.

AMBER: I know. But I really like him.

KATIE: It seems all the boys we like are jerks. Maybe there’s something wrong with us.

AMBER: *(Sits on KAPUSTA’s back. KAPUSTA grimaces.)* I don’t know why my parents sent me to this stupid camp. Why couldn’t they, like, let me stay at Nanna’s while they were away?

KATIE: The last time you were there, your Nanna let you take her car, like, all the way to Pittsburgh. Remember?

AMBER: That was, like, so totally awesome.

KATIE: *(Sits beside AMBER. KAPUSTA grimaces even more.)* Until you crashed into the pick-up window at McDonalds.

AMBER: The sign said, “Drive Through.”

KATIE: And you ended up grounded for a month and had to miss prom. Like, that was so lame.

AMBER: We are pathetic. We should be, like, having fun.

KATIE: We could do a cheer. Maybe that will make us feel better.
(rises) Come on, let’s try it.

AMBER: What cheer can we do?

KATIE: Let’s do the karate cheer that we made up. That’s your favorite.

AMBER: *(rises and joins KATIE)* OK. I guess it’s worth a try.

KATIE: But first we have to, like, warm up.

AMBER and KATIE stretch their fingers, flick their hair, and check their shoelaces.

AMBER: OK. We're ready.

AMBER/KATIE: *(with exaggerated cheerleading action)*

Here comes a bunny
Lickety split.
Let's slow him down
With a karate kick.
Haiya!
Here comes a bunny
Hippety hop.
Let's finish him off
With a karate chop.
Chop, chop!

AMBER: *(sits on KAPUSTA's back)* Wow, that was, like, so exhausting.

KATIE: *(sits with AMBER)* But it felt good, didn't it?

AMBER: Yes. Maybe we don't need boys after all.

AMBER/KATIE: *(pause then look at each other)* NOT!!

KATELYN enters from the kitchen with napkins and crosses to the Condiment Table.

KATELYN: Oh, hi girls. Morning snack isn't for another half hour.

KATIE: That's alright. We just needed a quiet place to talk.

AMBER: About, you know, boy problems.

KATIE: *(to AMBER)* Maybe she doesn't know. Not everyone is, like, popular.

KATELYN: So have you girls been interrogated by the Inspector yet?

AMBER: *(rising)* An Inspector? Here? Did my parents send him?

KATELYN: I don't think so. He's investigating some missing fried kobassa.

KATIE: *(rising)* That's so gross. Why would anyone, like, want to eat that?

KATELYN: Lots of people like it.

AMBER: And they're all fat and ugly.

KATELYN: Anyway, I'm sure you will meet up with the Inspector sometime. Have a good day. *(exits to the kitchen)*

AMBER: Come on, Katie. Let's go to the see if there are some cute boys down by the lake.

AMBER and KATIE exit by the main door.

KAPUSTA looks out from under the tablecloth and checks to see if anyone is around, then collapses.

Blackout.

SCENE 5

Afternoon of the same day. CALLIE and LINDSAY sit at the table at Right. SAMANTHA and AMY enter from the main door and sit with CALLIE and LINDSAY.

SAMANTHA: Are we late?

CALLIE: No. The nurse isn't here yet.

LINDSAY: I see you two are friends again?

AMY: Yes. It seems silly to end a friendship over something that happened so long ago.

SAMANTHA: Besides, it was only cookies.

AMY: *(annoyed)* They were my Mom's famous chocolate chip cookies. I love those cookies.

SAMANTHA: Let's promise never to speak of this again.

NURSE enters from the kitchen. She carries some sheets of paper.

NURSE: Hello girls. Thank you for coming.

AMY: *(to the other girls)* As if we had a choice.

NURSE: Today I want to talk to you about swimming nutrition.

That's why I thought it would be a good idea to meet here in the dining hall rather than at the lake. As you can imagine, any physical exercise leads to more calories being burned by our bodies. That's a good thing. But some foods are better to provide the calories that are burned during strenuous exercise. I have prepared an information sheet of the best foods to eat to help you be better swimmers.

NURSE hands out the sheets to the girls.

KAPUSTA enters from the kitchen. He wears bathing trunks and a tank top over his clothes. He also wears flippers, a diving mask, bathing cap, and a snorkel.

LINDSAY: What is this?

CALLIE: It's that monster they say lives in the lake.

NURSE: No, no. This is a new camper. He is joining our class.

SAMANTHA: Why can't we ever get the good looking guys?

AMY: Maybe he is. It's kind of hard to tell.

LINDSAY: I can tell he's a loser.

SAMANTHA: Amy's right. Let's give him a chance. Hi. I'm Samantha.
What's your name?

KAPUSTA: *(the snorkel distorts his speech)* Mmmph, mmmph.

LINDSAY: What did he say?

CALLIE: I think his name is mumps or mutt, or something like that.

NURSE: Perhaps it would be better if you took the snorkel out your mouth.

KAPUSTA: *(removing the snorkel from his mouth)* My name is Insp...

NURSE: Inspenser. His name is Inspenser.

LINDSAY: What the heck kind of name is that?

CALLIE: Maybe it's one of those new age names. Although he looks a little old to be new age.

AMY: What's your last name?

KAPUSTA: Ah... it's ... Smith. Yes, that's it. Smith.

SAMANTHA: Are you sure?

KAPUSTA: Oh yes. I've had it all my life, you know.

NURSE: Yes. Well we really should be getting on with the class.
Have a seat Inspenser. (*KAPUSTA sits with the other girls*) Before Inspenser came in we were starting to talk about good food for swimming. Can anyone name a good swimming food?

CALLIE: How about pasta?

NURSE: That's very good, Callie.

LINDSAY: It's not that good. She read it right off the sheet.

KAPUSTA: You know, I understand that protein is very good for physical exercise.

NURSE: That's correct.

SAMANTHA: He's good. He doesn't even have a sheet.

NURSE: And does anyone know a good source of protein?

AMY: (*looks at her sheet*) Fish.

CALLIE: (*looks at her sheet*) Nuts.

LINDSAY: (*looks at her sheet*) And red meat.

NURSE: Yes. All of those.

KAPUSTA: Do you girls like meat?

LINDSAY: Yes.

SAMANTHA: I really like steak.

AMY: Of course, you can't beat a really good hamburger.

KAPUSTA: Are you sure you aren't into more exotic meats?

CALLIE: Like emu or bison?

KAPUSTA: Maybe. How about ethnic meats? You know, bratwurst, liver sausage or even... say... KOBASSA!

SAMANTHA: Wait a minute. I remember you. You're that weird guy who's trying to find the missing meat.

AMY crosses to KAPUSTA, lifts his mask then allows it to snap back on his face.

AMY: You're right. He's the guy who tried to break up our friendship.

LINDSAY: (to NURSE) What's he doing here in our class?

NURSE: Well, I don't know quite what to tell you.

CALLIE: This is really freaky.

SAMANTHA: Come on girls. Let's get out of here.

She exits by the main door, followed by AMY, CALLIE and LINDSAY. KAPUSTA removes his snorkel, mask and flippers.

KAPUSTA: Well, that went rather well.

NURSE: You really think so?

KAPUSTA: Oh yes. We now know that three of those girls like meat. And kobassa is definitely meat.

NURSE: Just because they like meat doesn't necessarily mean that they stole the kobassa.

KAPUSTA: (takes out his pad and pen and writes) My Baba always told me, if the shoe fits, it's the right size.

NURSE: May I make a suggestion?

KAPUSTA: Of course.

NURSE: I think that when you go undercover, you should be more disguised.

KAPUSTA: Really?

NURSE: Yes. That is why those girls recognized you.

KAPUSTA: (*writes in his notepad*) I'll make a special note of that.

KATELYN: (*enters from the kitchen with a broom*) Excuse me. I thought your meeting was over.

NURSE: We were just about to leave.

KAPUSTA: So, my little barabolee. You seem to spend a lot of time here in the dining hall.

KATELYN: That's probably because I work here.

KAPUSTA: Or is it your love of food. Like, for example, FRIED KOBASSA!!

KATELYN: You know what. If I had some kobassa right now, I'd shove it up your nose and down your throat just to shut you up.

KAPUSTA: That sounds exciting.

KATELYN: For the last time, I don't know anything about your missing kobassa or any other food item. So leave me alone. Capiche?

KATELYN exits to the kitchen.

KAPUSTA: (*writes in his notebook*) A bit of a hot head. And bilingual, too.

NURSE: We should get back to thinking about your next disguise. Perhaps we could discuss it down by the lake this evening.

KAPUSTA: I didn't have much luck with my swim disguise. Maybe the lake isn't such a good idea.

NURSE: Come on, Inspector. Don't be coy with me.

KAPUSTA: I'm not. I'm Ukrainian!

Blackout.

SCENE 6

Morning of the next day. AMBER enters from the main door with KATIE. KATIE carries a sign that reads “Cheerleader Tryouts – Tues. 7:00pm in the Dining Hall – Routines and costumes necessary.”

AMBER: Let’s put one in here.

KATIE: (*puts the sign on the back wall*) Good idea.

AMBER: This is going to be, like, totally awesome.

KATIE: I know. It’s, like, we’re judges at a beauty pageant or something.

AMBER: That’s totally what we are.

KATIE: This is such a good idea you had.

AMBER: I know. Every camp needs a cheer team.

COOK enters from the kitchen.

COOK: I thought I heard voices out here. What are you two up to?

KATIE: We’re going to form a cheer team.

COOK: What’s that sign doing there?

AMBER: We’re having our tryouts here.

COOK: Oh no you’re not.

KATIE: Like, why not?

COOK: Because I said so that’s why.

AMBER: Since when are you, like, the boss of camp activities?

COOK: I’m the boss of the kitchen and the dining hall. This is not a gym.

KATIE: But the gym has a karate class in the evenings.

COOK: That’s not my problem.

AMBER: No, but you're, like, my problem and I don't appreciate your negative attitude.

COOK: Well, I don't appreciate your "Look at me I'm a princess and I always get my own way" attitude.

KATIE: She doesn't always get her own way.

AMBER: Being a princess is, like, way better than being a stubborn pig. But I guess that explains the food you serve.

COOK: You got a problem with my food?

AMBER: Only that it's tasteless and unimaginative. Just like you!

COOK: As if you're some kind of culinary expert. You probably don't even know how to boil water.

AMBER: Look. This is getting us nowhere. Let's start over again. How about we ask you nicely if we can use your dining hall.

COOK: OK.

AMBER: (*sweetly*) Could we pretty please use your dining hall for our tryouts?

COOK: No!

AMBER: (*approaches the COOK to confront him*) You are such a low life! Not only that, you're fat, you're ugly, and your mother dresses you funny!

COOK: Flattery is not going to change my mind.

NURSE enters from the main door.

AMBER: That doesn't surprise me, especially since you have the mind of a dried up slug! I mean, did your parents have any children that, like, lived? Because there is no...

NURSE steps between AMBER and COOK.

NURSE: Whoa! What is going on here?

KATIE: The cook won't let us use the dining hall for our tryouts.

AMBER: He thinks, like, just because he can cook macaroni and cheese, he's, like, king of the world.

COOK: And the little princess here, thinks that everybody should bow down to her.

NURSE: OK, OK! Stop it! Both of you! Cook has a point, Amber. The dining hall is only to be used for special events.

KATIE: But this is a special event. We want to have cheerleading tryouts. And the gym is already booked.

NURSE: Cheerleading? That's very interesting. And who can come to the tryouts?

KATIE: Anybody.

NURSE: No special requirements?

AMBER: They have to come in costume. I mean, you wouldn't expect us to, like, take someone who doesn't know how to dress.

NURSE: Costume. This sounds very interesting. And I suppose you expect quite a few people.

KATIE: Oh yes. Cheerleaders are very popular.

NURSE: I think this is a great idea. I don't see any problem with you using the dining hall.

COOK: What!! You can't do that!

NURSE: You forget who owns and operates this camp. I think my mother would fully approve of this activity. You go back to work in the kitchen. I'll take care of this.

COOK: (*exiting to the kitchen*) I should have stayed at Taco Bell.

NURSE: These tryouts sound very exciting, girls. Do you have an extra flyer? I know someone who would be very interested in this.

Blackout.

SCENE 7

The evening of the next day. SAMANTHA and AMY are dressed in perfectly matching cheerleader uniforms or dance costumes and sit at a table on Right. CALLIE and LINDSAY are dressed in somewhat matching cheerleader outfits and sit at a table on Left. AMBER and KATIE stand Down Center.

KATIE: It's 7:15 already. Maybe this is all that's coming.

AMBER: I expected more than this.

KATIE: Maybe girls at this camp aren't, like, into cheerleading.

AMBER: Then the girls at this camp are, like, total losers.

KATIE: Not everyone has what it takes to be a cheerleader.

AMBER: You are, like, so right on. I mean it takes talent, and creativity, and, like, total commitment. And of course, the most important things. Personality and good looks.

KATIE: It's for sure not everyone has that.

AMBER: Well, duh. I mean, like, look around. It's, like, totally obvious.

KATIE: For sure. Do you think we should get started?

AMBER: We might as well. OK, girls. Welcome to our tryouts and, like, thanks for coming. Katie and I are the judges and, like, what we decide is totally final, OK. So please don't whine if we don't pick you.

KATIE: Good cheerleaders don't whine. Well, not much.

AMBER: That's right. Our decision will be based on two parts. One is your talent and presentation. That's, like, how good your routine is. The second is your overall looks. Both are equally important, but, like, we all know which one is, like, totally important. Are there any questions?

All the girls including KATIE shake their heads "no".

Good. Then let's get started. Amy and Samantha. You go first.

AMY and SAMANTHA rise and perform a professional type cheer or dance. If music is needed, a portable CD player should be placed somewhere in the set so that the performers can pretend to start the music.

KATIE: That was, like, totally cool.

AMBER: It was OK. Thank you girls.

AMY and SAMANTHA sit.

KATIE: (to AMBER) Didn't you think that was excellent?

AMBER: Maybe, like, too excellent. I mean, let's remember who the real cheer "leaders" are. And besides, the Britney look is, like, so over. OK, Callie and Lindsay. It's your turn.

CALLIE and LINDSAY rise and cross to Center.

LINDSAY: This is so exciting.

CALLIE: Maybe we should warm up. Is it alright if we warm up?

LINDSAY: Yes. That's probably a good idea.

CALLIE: Good. Let's go through our warm-up routine.

CALLIE and LINDSAY go through their warm-up routine. They swivel their heads, swivel their ankles, stretch their fingers, flick their hair, and check their shoelaces.

CALLIE: We're ready.

CALLIE and LINDSAY perform their cheer. They are not very good.

CALLIE & LINDSAY:

Give me an "I"!

Give me a "T"!

You've got it!

We want it!

What is it?

It's a...

They spell out the word “Cheerleader” and form the letters with their bodies. By the end they are exhausted.

That spells cheerleader!
We want it!
Rah, rah, rah!

AMBER: Thank you girls.

CALLIE and LINDSAY return to their seats. They are pleased with themselves.

KATIE: What did we think of them?

AMBER: They were not very coordinated. Not very original. Not very well dressed. Not very attractive. We like them!

KAPUSTA enters from the main door. He is dressed in a cheerleader uniform. He wears a wig, heavy make-up, and his rubber boots.

KAPUSTA: Am I late?

AMBER: For what?

KAPUSTA: The try-outs.

KATIE: The cheerleader try-outs?

KAPUSTA: Of course.

AMBER: You're a cheerleader?

KAPUSTA: What? I don't look like a cheerleader?

KATIE: I guess so.

KAPUSTA: Then I'm a cheerleader. Or at least I want to become one.

AMBER: You may look like a cheerleader, but, like, a very bad looking one. The real question is can you, like, perform like one?



help@theatrefolk.com www.theatrefolk.com

Want to Read More?

Order a full script through the link above. You can get a **PDF file** (it's printable, licensed for one printout, and delivered instantly) or a **traditionally bound and printed book** (sent by mail).