



**Sample Pages from
You're Cosplaying My Song**

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YOU'RE COSPLAYING MY SONG

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY
Jeffrey Harr



You're Cosplaying My Song
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Cast of Characters

IW+IM

BOY: Dressed as Obi Wan Kenobi from Star Wars

GIRL: Dressed as Galadriel from The Lord of the Rings

KID 1 & 2: Dressed in Power Ranger costumes

A version of *You're Cosplaying My Song* also appears in *Stereotype High* by Jeffrey Harr.

Lights up on an empty stage, except for an easel with a sign that reads, "Welcome to the 5th Annual Cosplay Convention."

BOY enters from the rear, grasping a plastic lightsaber, walking cautiously, as if entering dangerous territory and expecting an attack at any moment.

BOY: *(while walking, in an overly-dramatic voice befitting a Jedi)* When Yoda sent me to the Omega Six quadrant, I had no idea it would be such a dangerous mission. It's clear to me, now, that the Dark Lord of the Sith has entranced the people of Omega Six until he's ready to release them to do his evil bidding. *(peruses the audience, still at the ready for trouble)* And here they sit, ready to strike with all of the might of the dark side of the Force. Staring at me. Waiting for just the right moment. Hm... *(pauses, puts his hand to his head in concentration)* I shall use a mass Jedi mind-meld to search their minds for signs of intelligence. *(pauses, face contorts in awkward ways)* Hm... No intelligence. But I do sense a grave influence of the Dark Side. *(picks out one member of the audience)* Especially with this one. *(works his way offstage)* I'd better continue my search of the quadrant before reporting to Master Yoda.

As he exits one side of the stage, GIRL enters from the other side. She is alert, upright, and holding a small crystal vial from which emanates a light.

GIRL: *(while walking, her speech formal and deliberate)* I have traveled far from the safety of Longlorien. I vowed, however, to do what must be done to protect the Ringbearer. And yet, I find it strange how so great a host of humans might be transfixed as statues. The reach of Sauron's great eye has become long, indeed. *(peruses the audience carefully)* Better looking than Orcs. That's something. *(sniffs)* And less odiferous. *(picks out one member of the audience)* Except that one. Still, I sense the presence of evil in this place. Dangerous silences interrupted in curious intervals by fits of random laughter. This can be none other than the work of the Dark Lord. Good thing I have my vial, the light of Earendil, our most beloved star.

BOY enters, the same way he entered before, but this time, notices GIRL and works his way to her as the two of them go into cautious stances, circling one another.

BOY: Who are you and what are you doing on Omega Six?

GIRL: I am Galadriel, the Lady of the Wood, queen of the elves of Longlorien.

BOY: (*suspiciously*) Elves? There's nothing in the Jedi archives about Elves in the Omega Six quadrant. Everyone knows that the Elves of Mana-Atooee haven't traveled beyond the Centaurus System in thousands of years, afraid to risk retaliation by the Dark Lord of the Sith and his evil apprentice, Darth Vader, who, sadly, was my apprentice many years ago, before he turned to the Dark Side, burned the crap out of himself, forced to wear a helmet with a built-in inhaler for the rest of his life.

GIRL: Firstly, I have no idea what you're talking about. Secondly, this is not the Omega Six quadrant, it's the caves of Mondo-Doom, mere miles from the murky swamps at the foot of the gateway to Mordor. And Elves, thank you very much, have ancient alliances with man that you, who look to be a man, albeit a strange one, should be familiar with. In the honorable spirit of maintaining those alliances and, in order to save the known universe from the evil dominion of Sauron, the Dark Lord of Mordor, I come to do battle with its inhabitants to buy time for Frodo of the Shire so that he may succeed on his heroic quest to return the Ring of Power to the fires from which it was forged. (*coming out of character for a second*) How do you like them apples?

BOY: What?

GIRL: (*catching herself*) Um... nothing.

BOY: As a representative of the Jedi council, I must warn you: I am on a serious mission and will not hesitate to engage you in battle if you interfere with my plans to secure the Omega Six quadrant.

GIRL: Really. You and what army of Urok-hai?

BOY: No... um... whatever it is you just said. Just me and the weapon of my fathers—my lightsaber—an elegant weapon of a more civilized time.

BOY thrusts out his lightsaber and waves it around in a ridiculous show of moves, the whole time making a humming sound that simulates the sound of a lightsaber slicing through the air, until coming to a rest.

GIRL: That's impressive. But it won't be any match for the elven magic of mind control. I can plant images in your mind that will shake the very marrow of your bones and make you whimper like a child for the safety and security of your homeland. If you're not careful, you won't be dealing with a Dark Lord—(*dons a deep and insanely dramatic voice, raising her arms as if casting a spell*) but with a queen, not dark, but beautiful and terrible as the dawn,

treacherous as the sea, stronger than the foundations of the earth! All shall love me and despair!

BOY: (*mocks her*) Wow. That does sound horrible. But I think I'll take my chances. (*comes out of character for a second*) Bring it on, little sister.

GIRL: What?

BOY: Um... nothing.

BOY takes a swing at her with his lightsaber and the fight is on. He makes lightsaber humming noises the entire time. They battle for a few moments until he strikes her on the arm. She shrieks in pain and grabs the wound. Taken aback by having hurt her, BOY approaches GIRL.

BOY: Are you... are you hurt? I never meant to—

GIRL: (*leaps toward him, her crystal vial outstretched in his face*) Now you'll feel the full force of my power! Stare into the light of Earendil and despair!

BOY: (*acts as though he's been blinded, drops his lightsaber, clutches his eyes, and falls to his knees*) No! Not the... the... whatever you called that thing! Anything but that!

GIRL: (*looks more carefully at her crystal vial*) Huh. I had no idea this stuff was that good.

BOY: (*comes out of it, blurring the line between the boy in the costume and the character*) Well... actually, if you must know... my Jedi code compels me to be honest.

GIRL: Are you not blinded by the light of Earendil?

BOY: Make no mistake, my valiant elven queen—I am blinded. But 'twas not the light that did it. 'Twas your beauty. (*he rises, acting less like his character and more like a guy trying to make a connection with a girl*) Truth is, the life of a Jedi is a lonely one. We are forbidden from attachments of this sort as they, inevitably, cloud the judgment. And— (*bows his head, indicating that he's speaking of his cosplay lifestyle*) my... let's say... obsession... with this lifestyle... well, it doesn't exactly... how shall I put it?... pull chicks to me like steel shavings to a magnet.

GIRL: (*softening quite a bit*) Oh... well then, I think it only fair to tell you that Galadriel, too, is unencumbered by a male counterpart. It's not as easy as you would think for an elven queen to find a man.



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