

That Was Now, This Is Then
(A One-Scene Short Play)

Playwright: Scot Savage

THAT WAS NOW, THIS IS THEN
A One-Scene Short Play
For Two Men, One Woman and One Actor of Any Gender

THAT WAS NOW, THIS IS THEN was first presented by The James Downing Theatre as part of the *Spring 2020 Short Play Festival* at the Edison Park United Methodist Church Lower Level Theatre in Chicago, IL on May 2, 2020. The performance was directed by TBA and the set design was by TBA. The cast was as follows:

AVERAGE JOE (PATIENT)	TBA
TEACHER (DOCTOR)	TBA
MISS PRETTY (NURSE)	TBA
JOCK (TECHNICIAN)	TBA

CHARACTERS*

(in order of appearance)

AVERAGE JOE (PATIENT)

Male, Age 18+

A slightly socially inept middle-class high school senior who mostly keeps to himself and bothers no one else in the hopes that he won't be bothered in return; however, he is still harassed by JOCK despite his best efforts to avoid the bully. Revealed to be a terminal PATIENT at the end of the play dying of a brain tumor whose last request before expiring, through modern technology, is to go back to one day in his school life knowing then what he knows now.

TEACHER (DOCTOR)

Male or Female, Age 25-55

A middle-aged, burned-out high school educator who, in his/her younger days, was idealistic about his/her chosen profession, but reality and disrespect from high school students over the years has made him/her cynical and he/she takes out his/her frustrations and life failures on his/her students. Plays the dual role of DOCTOR at the end of the play and in sporadic dialogue breaks..

MISS PRETTY (NURSE)

Female, Age 18-25

A very attractive high school senior who was gotten by in life using her looks. She aspires to do nothing except marry someone wealthy so she can live the life of a pampered trophy wife. She is dating JOCK to hopefully achieve this end. Unlike JOCK, she has something of a conscience and soul and subconsciously despises what she has become. Plays the dual role of NURSE at the end of the play and in sporadic dialogue breaks.

JOCK (TECHNICIAN)

Male, Age 18-25

A gifted athlete who feels self-entitled due to his physical prowess, good looks, popularity and well-to-do father. As a result, he believes he can live by his own set of rules. He bullies AVERAGE JOE as the dweeb had the nerve to ask his current girlfriend, MISS PRETTY, out years ago when they were in seventh grade. Plays the dual role of TECHNICIAN at the end of the play and in sporadic dialogue breaks.

* *Please review CHARACTER CASTING GUIDELINES on next page as well as COSTUMES/WARDROBE at the end which will help director with casting decisions as well as the performers with their character portrayal.*

NOTE: At director's discretion, additional non-speaking extras can be added to the classroom action.

SETTING

The Present (with Flash-forwards into the Not-too-Distant Future throughout the play)

PLACE

A High School Classroom in an unnamed Upper-Middle Class Suburb
somewhere in the Continental United States (with Flash-forwards into a Medical Clinic Procedure Room
in the Not-too-Distant Future throughout the play)

TIME

Late Morning during a School Day (and same for Flash-Forwards)

CHARACTER CASTING GUIDELINES

AVERAGE JOE

Actor will be required to play this role as both a teen-ager as AVERAGE JOE and as an adult man as PATIENT. Any age over eighteen is appropriate to play this role. It is up to the director to decide if he/she envisions an older actor who presents the illusion of a teen-ager through body language and altering voice or a young actor who is already transformed into a teen-ager and presents the illusion of being an adult through body language and altering voice.

This character will momentarily STAGE FREEZE when TEACHER, MISS PRETTY or JOCK transition into dialogue belonging to DOCTOR, NURSE or TECHNICIAN and be oblivious to what they are saying when they become these characters.

TEACHER, MISS PRETTY and JOCK

These actors will occasionally need to transition to DOCTOR, NURSE and TECHNICIAN throughout the play. When this happens, they should only address each other and not AVERAGE JOE. Because DOCTOR, NURSE and TECHNICIAN are more background characters with occasional lines, they have no background stories and performers can play their characters however they choose as this will have no effect on the actual story. However, since they are medical professionals, they should act in a professional manner and keep an emotional distance from PATIENT although NURSE seems more empathetic towards PATIENT than the others.

SCENE

In the DARKENED theatre, a PATCH OF LIGHT SLOWLY FADES up to reveal a chair facing out to AUDIENCE at DC.

Shortly thereafter, PATIENT ENTERS wearing a robe and slowly walks to the chair to sit down. Facing AUDIENCE, he closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

PATIENT. Okay, let's get this show on the road.

Shortly thereafter, the LIGHTS FADE UP to illuminate the entire stage. A desk with chair along with three other classroom chairs (with attached writing pads) are scattered in various locations throughout the stage.

DOCTOR, NURSE *and* TECHNICIAN ENTER..

DOCTOR *takes a seat at desk and chair while* NURSE *and* TECHNICIAN *take seats in two of the three empty classroom chairs.*

As they CROSS to their assigned locations, they are giving their opening lines of dialogue.

NURSE. Did he just say something? I thought he was sedated.

DOCTOR. He is. It happens with the new medication. Proceed as normal.

TECHNICIAN. Ready to power up.

DOCTOR. On my mark: Three... Two... One... Mark!

NURSE. All body functions stable.

TECHNICIAN. Power levels normal.

DOCTOR, NURSE *and* TECHNICIAN *transition into* TEACHER, MISS PRETTY *and* JOCK *respectively.*

TEACHER *pantomimes giving a lecture while* MISS PRETTY *and* JOCK *are slumped in their seats looking bored.*

PATIENT *slowly opens his eyes, yawns and gets up to stretch. When he sees the classroom scene in action, he smiles to himself as he takes his robe off to transition into* AVERAGE JOE *revealing clothes worn by your average, typical teenager.*

After placing his robe to rest on the back of the chair, AVERAGE JOE walks to take his place in the last available seat on stage.

TEACHER. *(In mid-lecture as AVERAGE JOE is moving toward his seat)* Can anyone tell me of the significance of the Reddleman in Thomas Hardy's *Return of the Native* and how he relates to—*(Finally sees AVERAGE JOE stroll into the class late)* Well—nice of you to join us. Do you have an excuse for being late?

AVERAGE JOE. (*Nonchalant and could care less*) Nope, just mark me tardy. I'm sure that will make your day.

TEACHER. (*Surprised at AVERAGE JOE's flippancy*) One more tardy will lower your grade by one letter, you know.

AVERAGE JOE. I may be an "Average Joe," but I know enough that no employer will give a darn that I only got a "C" in English Lit, especially since my techno-geek skills will increase their sales by three hundred percent.

TEACHER. (*Folding arms*) Is that so? Well, until you become a junior VP with a company car and a six-figure salary, you belong to me. And since you now seem to have an answer for everything all of a sudden—how about educating this class about the significance of the Reddleman?

AVERAGE JOE. What significance? Diggory Venn was a weirdo—a recluse and a loner who would rather melodramatically adopt an outcast profession after he got his heart broken. After a break-up, most people just listen to sad music and get over it. But not ol' Diggory—he literally marks himself as sad and lonely by quitting his normal, profitable job as a dairy farmer and becoming a reddleman. What overall loser gives it all up to sell red mineral to mark sheep? That's something teenagers would do to work their way through college—not some adult loser.

JOCK. You should know all about being a loser.

AVERAGE JOE. Shut up, you dumb jock. This doesn't concern you. The only books you still read have pictures in them. My God! You are such an asshole, that you don't even *try* not to be an asshole—that's how much of an asshole you are!

JOCK. Why you little punk—

JOCK starts to get up to approach AVERAGE JOE, but MISS PRETTY grabs his arm to hold him back.

MISS PRETTY. Knock it off! One more detention and you'll lose your spot on First String. Unlike everyone else, the Coach won't be bought off by your Old Man.

JOCK. (*Muttering to MISS PRETTY*) That little asshole is soooo dead later.

TEACHER. (*Oblivious to scene*) Lucky guess. Looks like you skimmed a few chapters.

AVERAGE JOE. Not a guess and I didn't *skim*. Unlike the rest of this class, I read that slow, boring old tome called a novel—all 464 pages in small font—without having to resort to *Cliff Notes* to scrape on by for the test. This novel is so slow, that the main character/hero, namely, the *Returning Native*, like—what? Doesn't even make his first appearance until around page 130. I took a seminar in novel writing and a good writer makes sure the main character is introduced no later than the second chapter. What's with you and all these snail-paced books which take place in Nineteenth Century Countryside England? I know this is on the recommended reading list, but so are other more interesting, relevant moderately paged novels like *To Kill a Mockingbird* or *The Great Gatsby*. Come on! *Silas Marner* and *Moby Dick*? What are you trying to do? Put us all to sleep?

TEACHER. You're crossing the line, young man. If it weren't for me, you lazy students would—

AVERAGE JOE. (*Interrupting*) We're *lazy* students because you're a *lazy* teacher. You've used the same curriculum and kept the same boring reading list for over twenty years because you're too lazy to do the extra work and update it. You give us boring books and boring lectures because this is the only place you feel

intellectually superior and you don't want students to challenge you. You claim you want class participation, but you really don't. You want us quiet. No one troubles you with questions because they either didn't read the boring work or they're too embarrassed to admit they don't understand it or are too afraid to speak in class because of your intimidating manner. The few that do, you put in their places with your condescending replies to make them feel stupid, so they don't bother as it's just easier to sit down, shut up and listen to you ramble on. You always threaten to fail us, but you never do because that, again, would be too much work. You pass us all anyway because you don't want to deal with us again next year. You're a miserable person and you like being angry and taking your frustrations out on us because your life didn't turn out like you wanted.

TEACHER. Ha! You don't know the first thing about me.

AVERAGE JOE. Sure, I do. You have a master's degree in *Romance Languages*. Yeah, useful degree in the *real world*. You thought you'd be another Emily Brontë, Jane Austen or Charles Dickens or some distinguished college professor—but you had to settle for being a high school teacher—and it's been burning your ass for over twenty years.

TEACHER. All right, wise guy—if I'm such a rotten teacher, how come I'm the longest serving educator here?

AVERAGE JOE. It's called *tenure*—which pretty much means you can't get fired unless they catch you with drugs on campus or messing around with one of the students. Not that there's anything wrong with being a teacher—but you hate it and every student that doesn't share your passion for boring books. You don't have the guts to try anything else. I may be a computer geek, but, at least, my skills are marketable in the *real world* while you have this fetish for Nineteenth Century English novels because you fanaticize about being (Heathcliff/Cathy) in *Wuthering Heights* banging away at (Heathcliff/Cathy) from one end of the Moors to the other or poor (Mr. Darcy/Elizabeth Bennet) from *Pride and Prejudice* fawning all over (Mr. Darcy/Elizabeth Bennet).

TEACHER. At least my fantasies are healthy, wholesome and harmless—not like yours where you dream of being in a sleazy motel with some teenage Hollywood bimbo smoking dope. The good people of the Nineteenth Century knew how to live. They were strong, viral, rugged and full of life. They embraced love, poetry and good literature and didn't waste time burning their brain cells with iPhone apps and video games. They didn't hide behind PC screens, like you! The young snots of your generation have it too soft. You never had to live in a log cabin like Abraham Lincoln. I bet you never even tried to “rough it” by camping for the weekend.

AVERAGE JOE. Camping? Ha! I don't get it. Why would I ever want to live like a homeless person for a weekend? The pioneers lived in log cabins because *they had to*. If they had access to indoor plumbing, central heating and air and Wi-Fi, they'd grab it in a heartbeat. You think ol' Honest Abe's ‘paw’ came up to him while he was doing his studying by candlelight and said, “Hey, Boy, how ‘bouts we pack that picnic basket, hitch up the horse and wagon and head up to those caves up yonder and rough it just like our Neanderthal ancestor kin for the weekend?”

TEACHER. (*Totally flustered*) That's it! You crossed the line. I'm going to report you to the Disciplinary Office.

AVERAGE JOE. No, you won't. Writing me up is too much extra work for you and then you'd have to attend meetings off the clock to defend your action to have me suspended. All you're gonna' do is crash in the Teacher's Lounge, have a few smokes and then tell me they begged you to give me another chance if I apologize.

TEACHER. You haven't heard the last of this!

AVERAGE JOE. If you don't want me to report you about your secret stash of pot in your locker, I better hear the *last of it*.

TEACHER EXITS *off in a huff*.

NURSE. Brain-wave activity has decreased by thirty percent.

DOCTOR. (*Off Stage*) Increase adrenaline.

TECHNICIAN. Sequence stabilized.

MISS PRETTY *approaches* AVERAGE JOE.

MISS PRETTY. Wow! That was soooo cool! I never knew you had it in you. I've never seen this side of you before.

AVERAGE JOE. (*Abruptly*) Are you talking to me?

MISS PRETTY. (*Taken aback*) Excuse me?

AVERAGE JOE. Are you *actually* addressing me?

MISS PRETTY. Well—Yeah—D'uh! It's called—*small talk*.

AVERAGE JOE. (*Sarcastic*) Oh, is that it? You're attempting to engage me in *small talk*—are you?

MISS PRETTY. Uh—Yeah. What else would it be?

AVERAGE JOE. Well, then—if you *really* are attempting to engage me in *small talk*—then how about starting out with an apology for the crappy way you've been treating me for all these years?

MISS PRETTY. What the hell are you talking about? I treat you the same as everyone else.

AVERAGE JOE. You mean—You treat me as everyone who you feel is beneath you—by either ignoring me or rolling your eyes at me if I dared to have the unmitigated gall to acknowledge you in any way, shape or form. You've been that way ever since I had the *nerve* to ask you to be my date for the seventh-grade dance.

MISS PRETTY. Oh, my God! Is that what's been eating at you for all these years. That's like—Ancient History. Get over it!

AVERAGE JOE. It's not that easy to “get over it” when you're a kid who somehow mustered the courage to ask out—what he believed to be—a nice, pretty girl—and then get abruptly and rudely shot down for his efforts. It totally sucks the life out of you and kills your self-esteem.

MISS PRETTY. Come on—like—I've seen you turn down a few girls who were trying to come on to you.

AVERAGE JOE. At least, I was nice about it. It wouldn't have been so bad if you said something like, “No, thank you” or “I'm sorry, but no.” You just looked at me like I had no right to ask you and said, “Eeeeeoow! No way!”

MISS PRETTY. Give me a break! You know that I have standards.

AVERAGE JOE. Nothing wrong with having standards—but is it such a terrible thing to acknowledge that I had good taste? Would it have killed you to have turned me down with a polite decline?

MISS PRETTY. What-ever!

AVERAGE JOE. All you ever talk about with your girlfriends at your exclusive table in the cafeteria is how you're going to use your good looks to hook a man who makes a big salary, so you can sit on your ass all day and live it up. Well, let me tell you that there's a little flaw in your plan—Miss Pretty!

This finally draws the attention of JOCK who quietly moves toward AVERAGE JOE and stands behind him. JOCK does not seem angry that AVERAGE JOE is reaming MISS PRETTY, more like amused and intrigued.

AVERAGE JOE. *(Con'd).* Actually, I'm stealing this from an article I read, but here goes: In a few years, my annual income will exceed 500k, which should meet your requirement—so I know I'm not wasting your time here. From the standpoint of a businessperson, it is a bad decision to marry you. The answer is very simple, so let me explain. What you're trying to do is an exchange of “beauty” for “money.” Person A provides beauty and Person B pays for it, fair and square. However, there's a deadly problem here, your beauty will fade, but my money will not be gone without any good reason. The fact is, my income might increase from year to year, but you can't be prettier year after year. Hence, from the viewpoint of economics, I am an appreciation asset and you are a depreciation asset. It's not just normal depreciation, but exponential depreciation. If that is your only asset, your value will be much less ten years later. By the terms used on *Wall Street*, every trading has a position, so dating you is also a “trading position.” If the trade value drops, we will sell it and it is not a good idea to keep it for long term – same goes with the marriage that you wanted. It might be cruel to say this, but in order to make a wiser decision, any assets with great depreciation value should be sold or “leased.” Anyone with over a 500k annual income is not a fool; they would only date you, but will not marry you. I would advise that you forget looking for any clues to marry a rich guy. And by the way, you could make yourself become a rich person with a 500k annual income. You have a better chance that way than finding a rich fool. *(Points to JOCK behind him)* But not this fool, here. He may be stupid enough to marry you, but he won't make more than 100K. Scratch him off your list. He won't turn pro athlete. He doesn't have what it takes to compete against college talent. His daddy will give him a job with his company—but as a middle manager—and not an executive. Business is business—and not even his daddy trusts him with any position of real responsibility.

JOCK spins AVERAGE JOE around to face him. Deflated, MISS PRETTY goes to the chair at DC and sits, quietly and somberly.

JOCK. *(Finally angry)* Watch your mouth! Don't tell her who she should marry,

AVERAGE JOE. Get the shit out of your ears. I didn't tell her who she should marry; I told her who she shouldn't marry—namely you! She's better than that. She's smart and she can be successful on her own without using her good looks to get by AND not marrying into it.

JOCK. You're skating on thin ice, dweeb. That's my girl you're talking—

AVERAGE JOE. *(Interrupting)* Your girl? Really? Is she *really* your girl? How come I never see her wear your class ring on her chain? Or wear your team jersey? Or your letterman's sweater? You haven't even asked her to the Senior Prom because you're holding out to see if something better comes along, but you still want to string her along as a back-up in case nothing else pans out. You didn't even bother to “defend her honor” while I was ripping her a new asshole until I started to mention you—big hero!

JOCK. *(Still controlling his anger)* Why do you say such things when you know I'm going to—

AVERAGE JOE. *(Finishing JOCK's sentence)* Kick my ass? Whoever said, “Sticks and stones may break my bones, but names will never hurt me,” never got harassed by you for six years. I should have taken your beatings rather than your ridicule, insults and verbal abuse. Black eyes, bloody noses and swelled lips heal in weeks; Insults seep into your soul and haunt you for years. I never tried to be your friend. I never tried to talk to

you. I never horned in on your group and I stayed away from you, but you still saw fit to harass me.

JOCK. That's it! You and me—out in the school yard!

AVERAGE JOE. Dumb, Jock! Want to get us both suspended? Let's do this in that abandon lot behind the park at four o'clock. It's off school time and property, so they have no jurisdiction to discipline us. It's nice and secluded—no interruptions—no distractions AND—(*Very sinister*) NO witnesses!

JOCK. No witnesses? What are you getting at?

AVERAGE JOE. In seventh grade, you were always sending me texts that you were going to murder me. Now's your chance.

JOCK. What? You really expect me to fight you to the death?

AVERAGE JOE. Why not? You had no problem threatening to kill me when I was afraid to die, so what's the difference if I don't care one way or the other?

JOCK. Hey, man, I was just joking.

AVERAGE JOE. Did you hear me laughing back then? Let's do this! Today! You'd be doing me a favor and saving me the agony of a brain tumor down the road and lingering in a hospital for weeks. Let's both go out in one epic battle like Stark and Thanos in *Endgame*.

JOCK. You talk brave now, but—

AVERAGE JOE. (*Pokes finger into JOCK's chest*) Either make good on your threat or SHUT THE HELL UP, ASSHOLE!

JOCK. (*Backing away*) You freak! You crazy freak! If you have some death-wish and want to commit suicide, then do it yourself. Leave me out of it. Stay the hell away from me and I'll stay away from you!

AVERAGE JOE. (*Puts his face right into JOCK's*) That's the way I wanted it for six years!

JOCK. Whatever! (*To MISS PRETTY*) You coming?

MISS PRETTY *waves JOCK off, not even bothering to turn to look at him.*

JOCK. The hell with you then!

JOCK *storms off and* EXITS.

NURSE. Vitals declining.

DOCTOR. (*Off Stage*) Increase polarity by twenty percent.

TECNICIAN. (*Off Stage*) Brain activity fading, but still functionally active.

AVERAGE JOE *starts to leave.*

MISS PRETTY. (*Softly to AVERAGE JOE*) You were right, you know.

AVERAGE JOE *stops and* CROSSES *to* MISS PRETTY *at chair* DC.

AVERAGE JOE. (*Intrigued*) About what?

MISS PRETTY. All I needed was for someone to hold a mirror up to me and force me to see my *real self*. I am a gold-digger. I want to have nice things, but instead of working for them and earning them myself, I would rather do nothing and let someone else buy them for me. (*Holding back tears*) I never knew that I was so—shallow.

AVERAGE JOE. I had a feeling that, unlike all your other friends, you, at least, have a soul. There's nothing wrong with owning nice things, so long as you don't let them own you or define who you are. Deep down, you're not shallow either. Shallow people would never admit they are shallow.

MISS PRETTY. (*Feeling better from AVERAGE JOE's kind words*) And you were right about him, too. He's not my boyfriend. Sure—we go out on dates and mess around once in a while—but I know he has other girls on the side. I just pretend I don't know. Pretty pathetic—huh?

AVERAGE JOE. Not really. We all turn a blind eye to pretty faces. The trick is to learn from our mistakes and do better in the future.

MISS PRETTY *gets up from chair*

MISS PRETTY. Thank you. You've always been nice to me. (*Extends her hand to AVERAGE JOE*) Friends?

AVERAGE JOE. (*Accepting hand to shake it*) Friends.

MISS PRETTY. And—I'm sorry about the rotten way I've treated you all these years.

AVERAGE JOE. (*Gracious*) Apology accepted.

MISS PRETTY. And if you ever pass me in the hall and say *hello*, I'll say *hello* back and not roll my eyes at you.

AVERAGE JOE. That would be nice. (*Starts to walk away*) Guess I'll see you around.

MISS PRETTY *grabs AVERAGE JOE gently by the elbow to stop him from leaving.*

MISS PRETTY. You're not *really* going to meet him? Are you?

AVERAGE JOE. I'm just heading over there to curb my curiosity. Don't worry. He won't show. He might just send someone to hide in the bushes to see if I actually show. He'll save face by telling everyone that it was all a gag set up by the both of us beforehand. (*Yawns*) But, before I go—I think I'll take a little nap first. I feel sleepy all of a sudden. It must have been all the excitement.

As MISS PRETTY starts to walk away, AVERAGE JOE puts on his robe to become PATIENT. He sits down in chair and closes his eyes.

MISS PRETTY *stops and turns around to look at PATIENT.*

MISS PRETTY. (*Singing Softly like Lady Gaga*) In the sh-a-a-a-a-lows.

PATIENT. *(Singing softly with eyes still closed)* We're far from the shallows now.

MISS PRETTY EXITS.

LIGHTS SLOWLY FADE *except for* PATCH OF LIGHT surrounding PATIENT in chair.

After a few moments, PATIENT opens eyes wide and remains prone and motionless as DOCTOR, NURSE and TECHNICIAN ENTER wearing lab coats or medical smocks over their "school clothes" and surround PATIENT by standing behind him.

TECHNICIAN *pantomimes adjusting control on an imaginary machine.*

DOCTOR. *(Somberly)* Brain activity has ceased.

NURSE. *(Checks for pulse)* No vital signs, Doctor.

TECHNICIAN. Powering unit down.

DOCTOR. *(To NURSE)* Fine work, Nurse. *(Looks to TECHNICIAN)* Perfect sequence, Technician.

NURSE and TECHNICIAN. *(In unison)* Thank you, Doctor.

DOCTOR. *(Looks at imaginary clock on wall)* Time of expiration: 11:27 a.m.

TECHNICIAN. Was it me or did I hear the patient mutter an old Lady Gaga song?

NURSE. He did. You know, it still amazes me that she still tours at age 82 and sells out venues.

TECHNICIAN. I don't get it. If I were hooked up to this machine, I'd be dreaming about being the Heavyweight Champion of the World or the King of the *Playboy* Mansion—not reliving a day in high school.

DOCTOR. Ours is not to reason why—Ours is to bring a peaceful and comfortable end to the terminally ill.

NURSE. Do you think he realized that it wasn't real, Doctor?

DOCTOR. Maybe—And then again—Maybe not. It's hard to say unless you actually experience it firsthand. However, some people are lucid to this effect and just decide to have fun and go along with it. Dreams are complicated and peculiar at best.

TECHNICIAN. I'll say. I have dreams with weird things happening all the time which I know are logically absurd, but for some reason, I just take it as normal.

NURSE. I wonder why he decided to go back to relive a day in high school, so he could tell a few people off and then forgive someone who wronged him.

DOCTOR. It's a fairly common theme with patients—to go back in time—relive a certain day—knowing then what they know now—You know—Just like that old movie—*Peggy Sue Got Married*.

TECHNICIAN. I see what you mean. Well—I'll request for an orderly to move the deceased.

DOCTOR *and* TECHNICIAN EXIT *while* NURSE *stays behind.*

NURSE *looks over* PATIENT *briefly before using her hand to close* PATIENT's eyes.

NURSE EXITS.

After a few brief moments alone, PATIENT *slowly opens eyes and gets up to stretch.*

PATIENT. Well, that was—*interesting*—and fun.

PATIENT *removes robe to become* AVERAGE JOE.

AVERAGE JOE *looks around, not sure what to make of the After-Life.*

TEACHER, MISS PRETTY *and* JOCK ENTER *to enthusiastically greet* AVERAGE JOE *with hand-shakes, back pats, hugs or whatever feels appropriate.*

TEACHER. There you are! Welcome to Eternity!

MISS PRETTY. We've been waiting for you. You're really going to like it here.

AVERAGE JOE. (*To* JOCK) Won't it cramp your style to hang out with a dweeb for all Eternity?

JOCK. In Eternity, there are no dweebs. Come on! Let's go so we can show you around.

AVERAGE JOE, TEACHER, MISS PRETTY *and* JOCK *all hook arms and happily* EXIT *together.*

After a few brief moments, the PATCH OF LIGHT SLOWLY FADES OUT *to a* DARKENED theatre.

THE END.

COSTUMES/WARDROBE

AVERAGE JOE:

T-Shirt
Blue Jeans
Sneakers

PATIENT:

Robe (To be worn over “School Clothes”)

TEACHER:

Business Casual Attire and anything befitting an educator

MISS PRETTY:

Any hip and attractive attire befitting a High School Student

JOCK:

Any hip and attractive attire befitting a High School Student (if a Football, Baseball or Basket Jersey or Jacket is available, even better)

DOCTOR, NURSE and TECHNICIAN:

Lab Coats or Medical Smocks or any other suitable Medical garb (OPTIONAL) – to be worn over “School Clothes” at end of play

GENERAL PROPERTIES

A table with a chair to simulate a TEACHER’s desk – Preset on stage on R of stage

3 classroom chairs with attached writing pads(or regular chairs if these are not available) – Preset in various locations on R of stage)

1 regular chair – Preset at DC

PERSONAL PROPERTIES

None.

MAKE-UP/HAIRSTYLE

AVERAGE JOE (PATIENT), TEACHER (DOCTOR), JOCK (TECHNICIAN):

None Required (Other than common stage make-up)

Long hair should be slicked back or placed in a ponytail.

MISS PRETTY (NURSE):

Should accentuate her looks with lipstick, eye-liner, mascara, etc.

Hair should be styled in a hip and attractive fashion

SOUND EFFECTS

None.
