

PICK NICK

A short dramedy by
Bradley Hayward

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

NICK, male or female. High school outcast, teenager.

ACTOR, male or female. Plays multiple roles, listed below:

ISAAC, male. Jock, teenager.

CINDY, female. Drama student, teenager.

DAVID, male. Nerd, teenager.

MOM, female. Frustrated parent, 30-50.

DAD, male. Angry parent, 30-50.

SETTING

A bare stage.

PRODUCTION NOTE

One actor plays Nick (short for Nicole, if played by a female) and a second actor plays all of the remaining roles. It is important that each of these characters has a unique voice and distinctive mannerisms. Resist the temptation to rely on costumes or make-up for these quick changes, which will only slow down the play. How the actor embodies each character is far more important than his or her physical appearance. Have fun with this!

(NICK stands center stage. His eyes are closed as he whispers quietly to himself.)

NICK: Pick me. Pick me. Pick me.

VOICE: (Off:) I pick Trevor.

NICK: Pick me. Pick me.

VOICE: (Off:) I pick Caitlyn.

NICK: Pick me.

VOICE: (Off:) I pick Isaac.

NICK: Please.

(ISAAC, a jock, enters. He wears a baseball cap and carries a bat.)

ISAAC: Nick.

NICK: (Hopeful:) Yes?

ISAAC: What do you know about baseball?

NICK: (Deflated:) Oh, I, umm, uh...

ISAAC: That's what I figured.

NICK: No, wait! Can you repeat the question?

ISAAC: This isn't a game show.

NICK: I know. Although it kinda feels like *Survivor*.

ISAAC: (Slowly:) What. Do. You. Know. About. Base. Ball?

NICK: Not very much.

ISAAC: Then. Why. Should. I. Pick. You. To. Be. On. My. Team?

NICK: Because I don't want to be picked last.

ISAAC: That's not a reason.

NICK: Trust me, it's a reason.

ISAAC: A pathetic reason.

NICK: Please? I'm always picked last.

ISAAC: Look, nobody wants to be picked last.

NICK: Exactly.

ISAAC: But somebody has to be the one.

NICK: The one?

ISAAC: Yeah. The one.

NICK: The one who what?

ISAAC: The. One. Who. Nobody. Wants. *(He laughs, then points offstage.)* I pick Cindy.

(He exits.)

NICK: Just because I want to be picked doesn't mean I want to be picked *on*.

(CINDY, a boisterous drama student, enters. She wears a bright red scarf and carries a script.)

CINDY: Nick!

NICK: Yes?

CINDY: Today is your lucky day!

NICK: It is?

CINDY: You have an audition to be my friend!

NICK: An audition?

CINDY: *(Holds up the script:)* See this?

NICK: I do.

CINDY: Do you know what this is?

NICK: I don't.

CINDY: I'll tell you what this is! This is a play. A play about two friends. Two *best* friends. I wrote it, so it's very good.

NICK: Since when do you write plays?

CINDY: Since when are you in drama class?

NICK: Since I flunked gym.

CINDY: He who hath flunked gym doth not ask questions.

NICK: Sorry.

CINDY: As I was saying, this is a play about two best friends. One is beautiful and talented. The other is ugly and boring.

NICK: That doesn't sound very friendly to me.

CINDY: Who died and made you Shakespeare?

NICK: Sorry.

CINDY: I forgiveth.

NICK: And you want *me* to audition?

CINDY: (*Nods enthusiastically.*) For the ugly friend.

NICK: Of course.

CINDY: Good! (*Shoves the script in his face.*) Now take this script and memorize all the lines. When you've finished that, design and build a set. Then I need you to pick out costumes for both of us and submit your bio for the program. You have one minute. Go!

NICK: One minute?

CINDY: Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock.

NICK: Nobody can do all that in one minute.

CINDY: I can.

NICK: That's impossible.

CINDY: Nothing is impossible.

NICK: You are.

CINDY: Listen! I only offered to pick you as my scene partner because Miss O'Grady gives extra credit for showing pity upon those less fortunate. If you don't want me to pick you, just say so.

NICK: So.

CINDY: Then I guess you're not as desperate as everyone says you are. *(She laughs, then points offstage:)* I pick David.

(She exits.)

NICK: David? Are you kidding me? He's even more of a geek than I am.

(DAVID, a geek, enters. He wears dark rimmed glasses and carries a papier-mâché volcano on a piece of plywood. Next to the volcano is a bottle of Diet Coke and a roll of Mentos.)

DAVID: Nick.

NICK: Yes?

DAVID: Will you be my partner for the science fair?

NICK: Do you really want to pick me?

DAVID: Yes.

NICK: Is anyone making you pick me?

DAVID: No.

NICK: Okay, then! I'll be your partner.

DAVID: Good. *(Sets the volcano on the floor.)* Have you ever seen a volcanic eruption?

NICK: Sure. Every time my parents have an argument.

(He laughs. David stares blankly back at him.)

DAVID: Why are you laughing?

NICK: That was a joke.

DAVID: Oh.

NICK: I crack jokes when I'm trying to hide my true feelings.

DAVID: I don't like jokes.

NICK: I see.

DAVID: See what?

NICK: Never mind.

DAVID: Never mind what?

NICK: Nothing... You were saying something about a volcanic eruption?

DAVID: Yes, I was.

(Pause.)

NICK: You may continue.

DAVID: Oh. *(Deadpan:)* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

NICK: What the heck was that?

DAVID: I thought maybe you were hiding your feelings again. So I laughed.

NICK: Let me speed this up or else we could be here all day. You want to simulate a volcanic eruption by causing a chemical reaction. Am I right?

DAVID: No. But you are correct. *(He opens the Mentos.)* I'm going to put one Mentos in the volcano. *(He does.)* I'm going to put a second Mentos in the volcano. *(He does.)* Then, I'm going to open this bottle of Diet Coke and pour it on top of the two Mentos. *(He opens the bottle of Diet Coke.)* If everything goes as planned, there will be a chemical reaction that triggers an explosion.

NICK: That reminds me of home.

DAVID: You live in a volcano?

NICK: No. But the first Mentos is like my dad. The second Mentos is my mom. And I'm the Diet Coke. (*He takes the Diet Coke bottle.*) Put us all together and—

(He pours the Diet Coke into the volcano and it erupts.)

DAVID: Hey!

NICK: Kaboom.

DAVID: Why did you do that?!

NICK: You told me to.

DAVID: I did not.

NICK: Did too.

DAVID: Did not!

NICK: I just did as I was told.

DAVID: You did what I said, not what you were told. There's a difference.

NICK: I'm sorry.

DAVID: Look at the mess you've made!

NICK: Story of my life. I do what people say, never what I'm told, and I make mess after mess after mess. I make a mess of everything.

DAVID: No wonder nobody ever wants to pick you. I'm telling my mom!

NICK: What's she going to do about it?

DAVID: (*Points offstage.*) I pick my mommy!

(He exits.)

NICK: Aren't you a little old to go running to your mommy?

(MOM enters. She wears a curly blonde wig.)

MOM: Nick.

NICK: Mommy!

(He rushes to Mom and hugs her.)

MOM: Aren't you a little old to go running to your mommy?

NICK: That's my line.

MOM: Close your mouth and open your ears. I need to you to pick up your room.

NICK: Why?

MOM: Don't pick a fight. Just do as I say.

NICK: I'm not picking anything—

MOM: And stop picking your nose. It's gross.

NICK: I haven't picked my nose since kindergarten.

MOM: Your father is on his way home and I need your room to be neat as a pin when he gets here.

NICK: Why?

MOM: He's angry. And you don't want to make it worse.

NICK: Why is he angry?

MOM: Because we're getting a divorce.

NICK: You are?

MOM: We are.

NICK: But if I clean my room, you won't get a divorce?

MOM: That's not what I said.

NICK: Then why do I have to pick up my room?

MOM: What did I say about picking a fight? Because I said so, that's why!

(She exits.)

NICK: If you're getting a divorce, then I don't want to live with you. I pick Dad!

(DAD enters. He wears a straight brown wig.)

DAD: Nick.

NICK: Dad!

(He rushes to Dad and hugs him.)

DAD: You can't live with me.

NICK: Why not?

DAD: Pick out some clothes and put them in a suitcase.

NICK: Where am I going?

DAD: Iceland or Africa. Take your pick.

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