

Scene Work: selection from
Angels (A Cautionary Tale)
1 Act Play by Cliff Burns

The Cast: Kelly, *17 years old*
 Sabrina, *also 17*
 Jill, *also 17*
 Mark (*Sabrina's boyfriend*)/Floor Director
 Sandy (*Kelly's boyfriend*)/Announcer
 Janice (*Teenage student*)/Nurse

- Read the scene silently, note number of characters needed and setting.
- With your group, read the scene aloud and discuss what it is about. What is the main image in this scene? What is the emotional tone?
- Block the scene, use pencil to write in your notations on the right side of the script.
- Use the left side of the script to write in your character objectives (“wants”).

Scene 4:

JILL and KELLY enter the cafeteria, spot the unoccupied table. KELLY's hand is swathed in a bandage. They clean the leftover food detritus off the table with evident disgust then seat themselves, taking out what little they have brought along to eat. Starvation rations.

KELLY:
(sipping bottled water)

Can I have one?

JILL hands her a rice cake and KELLY regards it dubiously.

Is it plain? I don't want it if it's--

JILL:

Of course it's plain. Completely tasteless in fact.
You might as well chew on this table.

KELLY:
(muttering)

If it was less than 50 calories, I'd think about it.

They both laugh as SABRINA walks up to join them.

Hey, 'brina.

SABRINA:

What's up?

JILL:

Same old same old. Want some rice cake?

SABRINA:

Only if it's--

KELLY & JILL:

It's plain.

SABRINA:

In that case...just half.

JILL breaks off a piece for her and the three of them nibble at their rice cake with little apparent enthusiasm.

JILL:

Hey, have you guys seen the new issue of PEOPLE magazine?
Look at this picture of Jennifer Lopez--

She holds open the magazine to show them.

SABRINA:

Oooo, she looks *fat*. Look at that. See her stomach,
the way she's standing?

JILL:

I know. Yuck.

KELLY:

Ewww, I'll bet she just *hates* that picture. She oughta sue whoever
took that.

JILL:

(flipping the pages)

And there's another one of Catherine Zeta-Jones.
She's *pregnant*--

Holds out the page for them to see.

SABRINA:

Oh, God, that is *so* gross.

KELLY:

You guys, I can't even look at it--I'll puke, I swear.

I see a pregnant woman and right away I want to upchuck all over the place. How can women *do* that to themselves?

JILL:

Some people think that pregnant women are really sexy.

The other two regard her with horror.

They *do*! Not me, but some people do.

KELLY:

Gross! I suppose they get turned by *hippos* too...

They snicker.

SABRINA:

I'm gonna get my tubes tied. I'm *serious*. As soon as I can, once I move out and living on my own that's the first thing I'm gonna do. No way am I ever gonna end up looking like *that*.

Just then JANICE, wearing headphones and bopping to some unheard music, walks by their table. She drops a book and bends over to pick it up, completely oblivious as they examine her critically.

JILL:

(whispering)

Holy cow, look at her butt!

JANICE exits, still wiggling and shaking her stuff.

SABRINA:

Does she really think she looks attractive?
Is she really that deluded?

KELLY:

Knowing her, I'd have to say 'yes' to both questions.

JILL:

Who is that?

SABRINA:

That's Janice. You know Janice? She's on the volleyball team. A real jock. A real jerk too.

JILL:

See, that's why I'm so *totally* not into sports. You get all that thick muscle and if you're a bit heavy besides...

KELLY:

...Blimpsville.

SABRINA:

You know what my mom calls it? *Baby fat*.

They shudder.

KELLY:
(Hesitantly)

You guys...I have to tell you something.

They look at her expectantly.

I was really...messed up this weekend, okay? I felt like crap and I--you know, I'm sitting downstairs, and I rented this movie, this totally lame show and I'm sitting there, watching it, and I start to get this severe case of the munchies, right? So I go to our freezer and, uh, there was one of those frozen chocolate cakes my mom is always buying--I keep telling her not to, okay? And I'm looking at it and I--I know this is really, really disgusting but I take it out--

JILL:

I thought you were supposed to be going out to Sandy's cabin.

SABRINA shakes her head vigourously.

SABRINA:

Sandy is history.

She draws her finger across her throat.

JILL:

Really? When did this--

But KELLY forges on.

KELLY:

Listen. I take out the cake and I'm watching the show and I start cutting off pieces and I just *cram* it. The *whole thing*, and I do not exaggerate. All of it. I couldn't help myself, just chomp, chomp, chomp. Every last piece. God. I just...I couldn't stop... It was completely revolting. *Ugh.*

SABRINA:
(eagerly)

I know what you mean. One time there was this tray of nanaimo bars--

JILL:

Let her finish!

KELLY:

So then I'm done, staring down at the empty pan, completely gorged. And then you know what I did? I got up, went to the bathroom and--*blah!* All of it. Stuck my finger down my throat and--

Long pause while they contemplate what she's telling them.

And then I get to wondering: did I get it all? Because maybe some of it got digested or whatever. So I get one of my mom's suppositories--

JILL:
(setting aside her rice cake)

Well, that's enough for me.

They all laugh, nervous whinnies.

KELLY:

But do you see what I mean? I couldn't, like, *stop* eating. I wanted to...but I couldn't stop. I *couldn't...*

JILL:

I hate that.

KELLY:

But what can you do? You know it's wrong but still you...

SABRINA:

Hey, Kell, I totally relate. We all do.

JILL nods agreement.

JILL:

So let's make a pact, okay? The next time any of us feels an urge to pig out, we phone the others and get them to, you know--

SABRINA:

--talk us out of it. That's great, Jill. We'll be like this support group. Whenever one of us needs help, we drop everything we're doing, right? No matter what. Deal?

She holds out her hand and the others place their hands on hers.

The Sisterhood of Slim. Because from now on, *this* is a fat-free zone.

The others nod solemnly.

Exit.