

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

The Cast: Kelly, *17 years old*
 Sabrina, *17*
 Jill, *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”).

Scene13:

When the light returns, JILL and SABRINA are sitting in the school cafeteria again, heads bent together conspiratorially.

SABRINA:

I just can't wait 'til I'm old enough to get out of
there. Wouldn't it be great if we could all move in
together?

KELLY enters, flops into a seat beside them.

JILL:

It would be *excellent*, wouldn't it, Kel? Being room-mates? No more hassles or b.s. Just us three. The three rockin' chicks.

KELLY:

It'd be a blast. Totally.

JILL:

You're the only people I know who really understand me. What I'm, like, going through. I feel like I can say anything to you and you won't, you know, pass judgement or make me feel bad. I mean, it's not like I don't feel bad enough already.

SABRINA:

You guys are lucky. At least *your* folks are clinically sane...

They laugh.

I feel like I'm living with *The Addams Family* or something--

JILL:

(cutting off that particular rant)

Speaking of which...did you see *Entertainment Tonight*?

They shake their heads.

They had on what's her face? Uhhh...Christine Ricci? It looks like she weighs, like, two hundred pounds!

KELLY:

I always thought she was really pretty--

JILL:

Are you kidding? She's a serious lard-ass.

SABRINA:

And have you seen Winona Ryder lately?

KELLY:

Winona *who*?

Laughter.

Seriously...when was the last time she did a decent movie? Come on...

JILL:

And what about that Meg Tilly--

SABRINA:

You mean Meg Ryan.

JILL:

Nah, Meg Tilly. With the big bazoombas. Meg Ryan is actually pretty foxy for a chick her age.

SABRINA:

She must be if she could nail a guy like Russell Crowe.

JILL:

He's a *serious* hunk. The hunkiest...

KELLY:

Ladies, a toast to Russell Crowe.

They raise their water bottles in salute.

SABRINA:

You know, I read somewhere that even water has calories in it.

JILL spits hers out.

That's what I heard...

JILL:
(Troubled)

That's gotta be crap. Water doesn't have anything in it. It's just, y'know, *water*.

KELLY:

Unless you drink too much of it. And then maybe you can get bloating.

JILL:

Thanks a lot, you guys. You have just eliminated the one thing I could drink without feeling guilty.

Caps her water bottle and puts it aside.

So what are we supposed to live on--air? Become, like, a *plant*? Maybe I should just climb into a big pot and face myself toward the sun.

KELLY:

Sounds a bit extreme, even for me.

SABRINA:

Hey, I've been on worse diets.

KELLY:

Do you guys ever wonder...I mean...

JILL:

What?

KELLY:

I dunno. You look around at everybody in here and they're just chowing down, they don't care what they're eating. That guy over there with the potato chips--

JILL:

You mean Two-Ton Tony Galanto?

KELLY:

No, the guy beside him. See him? That cute guy in the black t-shirt? He's in my home room--

SABRINA:

I think his name is Leon something.

KELLY:

Whatever. But do you *see* him? He's eating those chips and there's no guilt. He's just enjoying himself. I mean, *would it absolutely kill us to have a bag of frigging potato chips every once in awhile?*

Pause.

JILL:

He's got *zits*.

KELLY:

Sure he's got zits but--

SABRINA:

It's different with guys.

KELLY:

(exasperated)

But *why?*

The others are taken aback by the question and no glib or clever answers are forthcoming.

I get so *tired* of listening to my stomach growling and...always feeling so *cold*. Hungry all the time, from the moment I wake up in the morning until I go to sleep at night. Y'know? And all of the stuff, all of the bullshit a person has to-- that we have to--
I just get so *sick* of it. You know what I mean?

JILL:

Ya.

SABRINA:

Absolutely.

KELLY:

So don't you think--

Sound FX of a bell ringing, announcing the end of the lunch hour. Wordlessly they begin to gather up their backpacks and books, trying to put the last, few, awkward moments behind them, the difficult questions raised.

SABRINA:

Hey, I need yesterday's English notes--Jill?
Did you go?

JILL:

Yeah, I can't afford to miss any more classes or else they'll send a note home. And then my dad will, like, nail my head to our front door.

Lights begin to dim, a slow, inexorable fade.

KELLY:

I'll see you guys later.

SABRINA:

Hey, are either of you going to the dance on Friday?

KELLY:

Nah, I doubt it.

The circle of light shrinking...

JILL:

I dunno. All of our dances *suck*.

JILL and SABRINA wander off together, leaving KELLY to gather up the last of her things. A single spot is fixed on her, the rest of the stage dark. KELLY is looking offstage, watching someone. She checks to make sure the others have left and comes to a decision.

KELLY:

Hey, Leon, wait up.

She begins to walk toward the unseen youth.

It's Leon, right? Ohhhh, *Len*. Sorry. You're in my home room, aren't you? Hey, can I, like, bum a chip off you?

Light winks out.

Darkness.

Curtain.