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Cast of Characters

INTERVIEWER 1
INTERVIEWER 2
HAROLD
KIMBERLY
PRODUCER
MARIA
BRETT
LILY
MELVIN
KELLY
JEFF
EVE
ELIZABETH
BEN
JASON
EMILY

Production Notes

This play should have a quick pace so keep the tempo up. Other than that, have fun and be as creative with the characters as you want.

If for some reason you have a bigger cast than 16 or would simply like a few more interviews, I would happily e-mail you some “deleted interviews.” I can’t recommend they’re as funny as the ones in the play, but I’ll leave that up to your discretion.

The three more interviews are: Dungary the Australian, Caitlin the Nervous talker, and Amber the socialite. Contact Playscripts, Inc. if you would like to read them and I’ll send you a copy.
13 WAYS TO SCREW UP YOUR COLLEGE INTERVIEW
by Ian McWethy

Scene 1

(Two Desks. Each desk has two seats on either side.)

(INTEVIEWER 1 sits at his desk. INTERVIEWER 2 enters, a worried look on his/her face.)

INTERVIEWER 1. So?

INTERVIEWER 2. We’re short.

INTERVIEWER 1. We’re short?

INTERVIEWER 2. We are…short.

INTERVIEWER 1. By how much?

INTERVIEWER 2. That’s the kicker. We’re short by one student.

INTERVIEWER 1. One student!

INTERVIEWER 2. One stupid…student.

INTERVIEWER 1. Are you kidding me? The dean really thinks one student is going to make a difference?

INTERVIEWER 2. You know how anal he is with budgets. He’s convinced if we can get one more kid to enroll this year, all our financial problems will be solved.

INTERVIEWER 1. But we don’t have any more interviews scheduled. When does he want our recommendation by?

INTERVIEWER 2. Today.

INTERVIEWER 1. Today?

INTERVIEWER 2. Or we’re fired.

INTERVIEWER 1. Or we’re…fired? What sense does that make?
INTERVIEWER 2. I think he still blames us for accepting that pyromaniac that burned down the science center.

INTERVIEWER 1. But he had an amazing essay! How were we to know?

(INTERVIEWER 2 shrugs. INTERVIEWER 1 shakes his head in disgust.)

INTERVIEWER 1. Well, what are we going to do? We finished our interviews last week.

INTERVIEWER 2. Look through the wait listed files and start calling. If any of them can see us today, let's give them a shot.

INTERVIEWER 1. The wait list? Oh God.

INTERVIEWER 2. Hey, our backs are against the wall here. If we don't find a diamond in the rough...we're out of here.

(INTERVIEWER 1 nods his head.)

INTERVIEWER 1. Alright, I'll start making calls. Good luck.

INTERVIEWER 2. Hey, keep your head up. The wait listed kids aren't as bad as you think.

(INTERVIEWER 2 leaves.)

Scene 2

(HAROLD, normal, nice kid, enters Interviewer 1’s office.)

INTERVIEWER 1. Harold, thanks for coming in.

HAROLD. Thanks for having me.

INTERVIEWER 1. Did you have any trouble finding the Barrow building?

HAROLD. Um...that's a personal matter and...I'd rather not answer it.

(Beat. Huh?)
INTERVIEWER 1. Well, okay, shall we get started?

HAROLD. Sometimes.

INTERVIEWER 1. I...well let me start by telling you about how this University differs from others in the state. We’re a smaller school, with smaller class sizes and personal attention, but we have the resources of a big state school. These resources includes amazing internships, and a faculty of practicing professionals.

HAROLD. Well I’m glad to hear that. When I applied in-state one of my big fears was being overwhelmed by huge lecture classes.

INTERVIEWER 1. Well that is exactly the atmosphere we try to avoid here. Now, have you thought about a major yet?

HAROLD. That is my MOTHER you’re talking about here!

(Beat.)

Oh dear, you didn’t just ask to see my mother in a two-piece bathing suit, did you?

INTERVIEWER 1. No, I didn’t.

HAROLD. Allow me to explain. I have an extremely rare disorder known as “Chronaquestimixidous.” It’s a neurological condition which renders a person incapable of hearing a question...correctly.

INTERVIEWER 1. And by correctly you mean—

HAROLD. Every time you ask a question, I hear a completely different one.

INTERVIEWER 1. I see. How come I’ve never heard of “chronoquestimixidous,” before?

HAROLD. Eleanor Roosevelt...probably.

(HAROLD hands INTERVIEWER 1 a doctor’s note.)

I probably should’ve told you as soon as I came in. Sorry, I just don’t like to make a big deal about it.

INTERVIEWER 1. Well...Harold, I don’t know what I can do exactly. A college interview is primarily the asking of questions.
HAROLD. So...if a deaf person came into your office, you’d just refuse to do the interview?

INTERVIEWER 1. No, I would make sure a translator fluent in sign language was available to aid in the interview.

HAROLD. Well I’m sorry that the AMA hasn’t recognized CQM as a legitimate medical condition, but I try to live my life in a normal and healthy way, and I would appreciate it if you treated me the same as any other prospective student.

INTERVIEWER 1. I...suppose you’re right but, well...okay, shall we continue with the interview?

HAROLD. It’s in Argentina, isn’t it?

INTERVIEWER 1. Um, yes...sure is. So, what kind of extra-curricular activities are you interested in?

HAROLD. Seventh grade, Melissa Bloch. We both had braces, it was kind of awkward.

INTERVIEWER 1. What’s your favorite subject in school?

HAROLD. I would take South Pike road, except during rush hour.

INTERVIEWER 1. What’s your favorite color?

HAROLD. Every Sunday.

INTERVIEWER 1. Is it me or is this completely pointless?

HAROLD. I don’t know too much about the salivary gland. Sorry.

INTERVIEWER 1. Well, that went well, thank you so much for stopping by.

HAROLD. Thank you.

(HAROLD stands up to leave.)

INTERVIEWER 1. Do you need directions to get back on the I-40?

HAROLD. Cookie Monster. I guess I just like googley eyes. Is that weird?
INTERVIEWER 1. A little. Yeah.

(HAROLD leaves.)

Scene 3

(KIMBERLY meets with INTERVIEWER 2.)

INTERVIEWER 2. Thank you for coming in on such short notice.

KIMBERLY. I’m glad you could fit me in. My life has just been so busy lately.

INTERVIEWER 2. Oh yeah, with what?

KIMBERLY. Oh, you know, applying to schools, end of the year club wrap-ups. Trying to get into prestigious summer programs. On top of all that, I’m being filmed for a documentary.

INTERVIEWER 2. A documentary? Really?

KIMBERLY. Yeah, I know it’s crazy. My brother knows this guy...and he’s doing this thing about highschoolers, like a gritty, realistic piece about kids all over the country and...you know, they just thought I was interesting I guess.

INTERVIEWER 2. So they follow you around everywhere?

KIMBERLY. Yeah and actually...I probably should have told you this on the phone, but they’re...right outside the door.

INTERVIEWER 2. Oh, well...

KIMBERLY. And I know it’s weird and everything, but they’re completely respectful, very quiet, you’ll hardly know there here.

INTERVIEWER 2. I’m sure they are, it’s just, I have a reputation at this school and I don’t—

KIMBERLY. Oh they’ll blur your face, no one will even know it’s you if you want. Plus it’s free publicity for the school.

INTERVIEWER 2. I...suppose. But you promise you’ll blur my face and disguise my voice.
KIMBERLY. Oh yeah, if you just sign this, and check this box, we’ll make sure your likeness isn’t used in any way.

(INTERVIEWER 2 signs the paper.)

INTERVIEWER 2. It’s not that I don’t trust you, it’s just you have to be very careful these days—

KIMBERLY. HE SIGNED IT!

(A PRODUCER comes in holding a camera.)

PRODUCER. Great, great, great. Hey how are you? Okay, Kim. You’re makin’ the college rounds now, but remember what I said: We’re trying to be the next Jessica Simpson, the next fat guy on biggest loser, the next Sanjaya. So let’s up the awful factor. I want you to be dumb and loud and MEAN! I wanna hate you so much I can’t turn away. AND ACTION!

(INTERVIEWER 2 is frozen. KIMBERLY starts chewing gum and texting.)

(Beat.)

INTERVIEWER 2. I thought you said this was for a documentary film.

PRODUCER. Cut! Come on man, can you just do your job? Can you just ask questions? We all want this to be quick. Let’s do this quick.

INTERVIEWER 2. But she said this was a—

PRODUCER. YES! It’s a documentary! It’s a series of documentary short films, premiering on the T4 network and ten o’clock on Sundays.

INTERVIEWER 2. T4?!? The Reality Teen Music Channel? With those horrible shows about spoiled birthdays and Karaoke drama queens?

PRODUCER. Oh, good, you’re a fan. Look, just ask a few questions and were out of here.

INTERVIEWER 2. NO! I won’t…I can’t be on that channel.

PRODUCER. Ah, should’ve looked at the contract, friend. If you DON’T do this, you’ll be fined twenty thousand dollars.
INTERVIEWER 2. Twenty thousand?!?

(INTE RVI eWR 2 reads the contract over.)

PRODUCER. Look man, we’re not asking you to do anything crazy. Just do your job, ask a few questions, and we’ll be out of your hair.

INTERVIEWER 2. Fine, let’s just, fine.

PRODUCER. Alright, and Kimberly, remember what we talked about. ACTION!

INTERVIEWER 2. Okay, Kim.

KIMBERLY. (Acting like a brat:) It’s pronounced KIM-BAAARRR-El. No E. The e is silent.

INTERVIEWER 2. Okay, fine, Kim-Bar-El. Why is it you want to go to this University.

KIMBERLY. First of all, to party. Second of all, to meet some totes hot guys. Like totes n’ totes.

INTERVIEWER 2. Totes you say, well…anything else that you would want to do here? What…major are you interested in?

KIMBERLY. What do you mean? Major?

INTERVIEWER 2. You know, a major. Your degree?

KIMBERLY. What do you mean, degree? Like, how hot it is outside?

INTERVIEWER 2. No. What…you don’t know what a college degree is?

KIMBERLY. No. I’m totally dumb. But at least I’m not old, like you!

PRODUCER. Cut! PERFECT KIM! You were stupid, obnoxious…a completely terrible person. Just the kind of thing we like to see on reality TV.

(They start to leave.)

KIMBERLY. (Acting normal:) Oh, when we do my confessionals, I should say how creepy the interviewer was and that he was, like, hitting on me.
PRODUCER. Perfect, I got some shots of him, that if we put it in slow-motion, will make him look really creepy. Like lecherous and...

(They leave. INTERVIEWER 2 looks defeated. He picks up the phone.)

INTERVIEWER 2. Hi, is the Dean in...no, could you leave a message...ask him how he would feel if the University appeared in a...documentary? Thank you.

Scene 4

(INTEGRVIEWER 1 sits with MARIA, who’s very still.)

INTERVIEWER 1. And our women’s basketball team, while not nationally ranked, has gone to the AA tournament for the last several years. And even if you’re not interested in that level of commitment, we have several clubs where you can play on a more casual level.

(MARIA barely acknowledges.)

INTERVIEWER 1. You know, I feel like I’ve been talking this entire time. You’ve been very quiet.

(MARIA moves forward as if to speak…and vomits on Interviewer 1’s desk.)

(They sit for a moment.)

MARIA. I don’t think I feel so good.

INTERVIEWER 1. What gave you that idea?
13 Ways to Screw Up Your College Interview

Scene 5

(INTerveeR 2 is making notes in a file when BRETT, dressed in a suit, talking on a blackberry, comes into the room and paces around.)

BRETT. Okay, okay! I’m totally on it, I’m on it, trust me. I’m gonna push my five o’clock to six, my Tuesday to Friday, and flip another thing with a thing I got next month so don’t worry about it.

INTerveeR 2. Excuse me—

BRETT. Yeah, yeah, hold on. (To INTERVIEWER 2:) I’ll be done in a few, I’m so grateful for your patience, I can’t express that enough. We’re gonna have a great convo, I can feel it. (Back to the phone:) Okay chief, I gotta wrap this up. I’m psyched, I’m hungry, I’m pumped, we’re gonna blow this out of the water and blow people’s minds. Mañana.

(He hangs up the phone.)

BRETT. Again, appreciate your patience and your general attitude! You’re an ace in the hole. Up! Una momento.

(BRETT takes out his phone.)

BRETT. Ah, it’s my broham, Marty. He’s such a jerk. I just gotta (Starts texting:) “Put your money where your mouth is, Marty Mar. No Doubt!” Ah! Marty. Love ’em but wouldn’t trust him with a pencil, know what I mean? Okay! Let’s do this thing.

INTerveeR 2. You’re Brett? You’re thirty minutes late.

BRETT. I know, I got caught up in conference call, a nightmare lunch meeting…and this girl I’m dating…blah blah blah…you know.

INTerveeR 2. Well, it’s inconvenient for me. I have another prospective student…

BRETT. I know, I’ve got a meet and greet in a fiver so let’s just bulldoze through this thing, shall we?

INTerveeR 2. Well, alright…I guess—

BRETT. You know what? I’m gonna take the reigns here and skip the whole “you ask questions part.” So here’s me: I’m a self-motivator,
I’m extremely competitive, and I’m the life of the party. I like your school’s aggressive economic program, its ties to Harvard Business school, and its Greek social scene. Gonna pledge Alpha-Phi-Beta, or Delta-Kai-Delta...depending on the pledge class. My stats are well above your average so let’s make this happen. If you’re in the boat, I’m driving the ship. We good?

INTERVIEWER 2. No. Not at all.

BRETT. Cranberries, baby!

(BRETT sticks his hand out for a fist bump. INTERVIEWER 2 doesn’t respond. Not noticing, BRETT stands up and answers his phone.)

BRETT. Whattup buttercup! Yeah, I just had to do this lame face-to-face, I’m on my way. Kidding me, nailed it! It’s the Brettster you’re talking about here.

(BRETT leaves. INTERVIEWER 2 throws Brett’s file in the trash.)

Scene 6

(INTERVIEWER 1 with LILY.)

INTERVIEWER 1. Thanks again for coming in on such short notice.

LILY. Please, it was no trouble at all.

INTERVIEWER 1. So tell me about yourself? What subjects do you like school, do you have any hobbies? You know stuff like that.

LILY. Hobbies? I have a few, I suppose. I used to be really into swimming but...I haven’t...not since...that day...

(LILY simmers with emotion.)

INTERVIEWER 1. Are you okay? We don’t have to...

LILY. No, it’s okay...I want to, I...I need to talk about it. It was a blistering summer day, Bill Blakemore, Poughkeepsie’s local weatherman, said it was one of the hottest days in recorded history and advised us to stay in at all costs. But I ignored his warnings. Swimming was my life and life...doesn’t stop, not even for a handsome
weatherman with salt and pepper hair. I went to the pool early, got on my swimming suit, and began my morning stretches. It was during my warm-ups that I saw him...a little boy, fiery red hair, freckles sprinkled across his pale white skin, teetering on the edge on the pool. Before I could even think to warn him, he tumbled into the watery abyss. His body thrashed about violently, his eyes closed shut from the sting of chlorine, his voice silenced from all the water he was swallowing. I jumped into the water and swam over as quickly as I could but...I was too late...he was...

(LILY is overcome with emotion.)

LILY. That was eight years ago and...I’ve never set foot in a pool since.

INTERVIEWER 1. Lily, that was very brave of you to share this with me. Witnessing a death like that...especially that of such a young child—

LILY. No, he didn’t die.

INTERVIEWER 1. He didn’t?

LILY. No, the lifeguard pulled him out of the water.

INTERVIEWER 1. Oh, well even seeing a near death experience—

LILY. He was only in the water a few seconds when the lifeguard pulled him out.

INTERVIEWER 1. He was?

LILY. Yes.

INTERVIEWER 1. I thought you said “it was too late”?

LILY. IT WAS TOO LATE FOR ME! I couldn’t save him because...I was TOO...late...

(LILY is overcome with emotion. INTERVIEWER 1 is confused.)

INTERVIEWER 1. So...you saw a child fall into the pool, and then a lifeguard pulled him out...and that...?

(LILY is too distraught to answer.)
INTERVIEWER 1. You know what, let’s just…move on.

(LILY nods her head.)

INTERVIEWER 1. What is it about this school that interests you? Why do you want to come here?

LILY. There are many reasons I supposed but...only one that ever really mattered. It was a crisp day in March, much like today. Amanda Barker, my best friend since the third grade, and I were leaving Mrs. Fleener’s excessively boring Geometry class. Amanda asked me if I had thought about applying to college. I told her, “a little.” Then she told me about this university, how her sister was going here, and that I should “check it out.” I said, “maybe...yeah.” I was flippant, disregarding my best friend’s advice with two little inarticulate words...and those words...were the last I ever said to Amanda.

(LILY is once again overcome with emotion.)

INTERVIEWER 1. I am...so sorry. Losing a best friend like that...I can’t imagine how awful that must have been for you.

LILY. It was, it really was.

INTERVIEWER 1. How old was Amanda when she passed?

LILY. Passed?

INTERVIEWER 1. Died.

LILY. She didn’t die.

INTERVIEWER 1. What?

LILY. No. She’s going to Yale in the fall. She’s very smart.

INTERVIEWER 1. I thought you said that was the last time you ever spoke to her.

LILY. It was. We had a falling out after that.

INTERVIEWER 1. A falling out, what like a big fight or...

LILY. No, it we just went our separate ways. It was mutual.

INTERVIEWER 1. So...just to set the record straight. You saw a kid fall into pool who was almost immediately picked up by a lifeguard,
and you lost touch with a friend. These are the events that have shaped your life and caused you so much emotional distress?

LILY. You weren’t there! You don’t know what it’s like to actually… be there and…see it!

(Beat. INTERVIEWER 1 gives up.)

INTERVIEWER 1. Well, it was great to meet you. I have a meeting in a few minutes, so…

LILY. Oh. Of course. Thank you for seeing me.

INTERVIEWER 1. And uh, I know it’s not my place but…you might want to consider some kind of…therapy.

LILY. Therapy…yes, I…went to a therapist. Once. It was a chilly autumn day and I had been feeling…optimistic.

(INTERVIEWER 1 groans and slumps into his chair.)

Scene 7

(MELVIN sits across from INTERVIEWER 2, lifting his shirt up and doing a drum solo on his stomach. It comes to a big finish.)

MELVIN. And that was “Wipeout.”

(INTERVIEWER 2 just stares.)

INTERVIEWER 2. …Okay, well…

MELVIN. And now, the orchestral opening to Sweeney Todd.

(A few loud smacks on MELVIN’s tummy. INTERVIEWER 2 rubs his head.)
Scene 8

(KELLY, tightly wound, a Stepford wife-ish smile, enters the room. INTERVIEWER 1 stands to greet her.)

INTERVIEWER 1. Hi, you must be Kelly.

KELLY. Yes! Hi...

INTERVIEWER 1. Great, take a seat.

KELLY. Sure!

INTERVIEWER 1. (Opening her file:) So, let’s see here…oh! You know what, we never received your college essay.

KELLY. Is that right?!?

INTERVIEWER 1. Yeah, I’m not, uh, sure what happened. Do you have a copy of it?

KELLY. Oh absolutely. I’ve got it right here in my bag!

(She reaches into her bag, pulls out a single sheet of paper, and hands it to INTERVIEWER 1.)

INTERVIEWER 1. That’s great, thank you…so, uh…I’m sorry, this is your college essay?

KELLY. That’s right.

INTERVIEWER 1. But…it’s…this is a drawing of a girl…in a pink dress…saying “oh boy!”

KELLY. Oh boy!

(A very awkward beat.)

INTERVIEWER 1. Okay, well, let’s look at your transcript shall we…

(INTERVIEWER 1 opens Kelly’s file and is speechless.)

INTERVIEWER 1. You have no GPA?

KELLY. That’s right.
INTERVIEWER 1. And you didn’t take the SATs?

KELLY. Well now, how about that!

INTERVIEWER 1. According to this, you have a perfect attendance record, but have refused do any homework or take any tests.

KELLY. That’s right.

INTERVIEWER 1. But...Kelly, I’m not even sure how you got to this point. You can’t go to college without a GPA.

KELLY. Perhaps you’d like to see my recommendation.

INTERVIEWER 1. No, Kelly, I’m...there is no way any University, let alone ours, is going to—

(KELLY hands INTERVIEWER 1 another piece of paper.)

INTERVIEWER 1. This is a picture of a cat...saying “meow.”

KELLY. (Correcting:) Me-ow. Yes.

(KELLY nods her head and gives a big “dead behind the eyes” smile.)

INTERVIEWER 1. Well, thank you for coming, we’ll be in touch.

KELLY. Alright then, you take care.

INTERVIEWER 1. Okay.

KELLY. Oh boy!

(KELLY doesn’t get up.)

INTERVIEWER 1. Please leave, you’re freaking me out.

(She doesn’t.)
Scene 9

(JEFF, slacker, is either asleep, dead, or in a coma, in his chair. INTERVIEWER 2 enters.)

INTERVIEWER 2. Oh, sorry. Didn’t know…uh…

(No response from JEFF.)

INTERVIEWER 2. Uh, hello, are you—

JEFF. What?

INTERVIEWER 2. You’re awake?

JEFF. Yeah.

INTERVIEWER 2. I thought you were asleep.

JEFF. (Annoyed:) I’m not asleep, okay!

INTERVIEWER 2. Right. Sorry. So, should we get started?

JEFF. (Tired:) Whatever.

INTERVIEWER 2. Okay. So, what is it that made you interested in our university?

JEFF. I dunno.

INTERVIEWER 2. You don’t know?

JEFF. (Exasperated:) I just…don’t, okay?! God!

INTERVIEWER 2. Okay, well…fine. So, what kind of things are you interested in? You know, school wise, or hobbies?

JEFF. Stuff.

INTERVIEWER 2. Stuff?

JEFF. And things.

INTERVIEWER 2. Stuff and things?

JEFF. Yeah! Stuff. Things! And whatever!

INTERVIEWER 2. Well you must do something?
JEFF. I eat. That usually wipes me out.

INTERVIEWER 2. But what about clubs, sports, social things?

JEFF. I tried to start a nap club once but man…it was so hard.

INTERVIEWER 2. To start a club where you…nap?

JEFF. Yeah, you have to fill out forms and stuff. And get signatures. And…get a…

(JEFF trails off and spaces out.)

INTERVIEWER 2. Jeff?

JEFF. What?

INTERVIEWER 2. But haven’t you ever…been inspired to…do anything?

(JEFF thinks, then sits up a little.)

JEFF. Well there was one thing…I saw it on TV and it really got me thinking, in a motivated kinda way.

INTERVIEWER 2. Yeah? What was it?

JEFF. I was watching the news and there was this woman in the hospital and she…went into a coma from this weird stroke and…they kept trying and trying to get her out of it…like doctors spent years trying to revive her…but they never figured it out.

INTERVIEWER 2. So this made you…maybe interested in medicine? Or healthcare?

JEFF. No, it just made me jealous. This woman, she was like, having these tubes feed her and breathe for her. And they put on the TV all day. I mean you know how like sometimes, breathing is just like…so much work sometimes, ya know.

(Beat.)

INTERVIEWER 2. So…this inspired you…to be in a coma?

JEFF. Totally.

(INTEVIEWER 2 slouches in his chair.)
JEFF. What’s the matter?

INTERVIEWER 2. I’m...just...tired.

JEFF. Yeah, me too.

(They exhale.)

Scene 10

(INTERVIEWER 1 watches in horror as EVE belts out the end to “Defying Gravity” from “Wicked.”)

EVE. NOTHING’S GONNA BRING....ME......DOOOOOOWWWWW-WN!

(Beat.)

INTERVIEWER 1. Wow, well you are obviously very talented, but... again, and I can’t stress this enough, this IS NOT the audition for the theatre program so...a monologue and two songs really aren’t—

EVE. (In full “Music Man” performance mode:) TROUBLE, OH WE GOT TROUBLE, RIGHT HERE IN RIVER CITY! WITH A CAPITAL “T” THAT RHYMES WITH “P” AND THAT STANDS FOR POOL...

Scene 11

(INTERVIEWER 2 is wrapping up with ELIZABETH, pleasant, sweet, dressed in black.)

INTERVIEWER 2. Well your grades, recommendations all look pretty good.

ELIZABETH. Thank you.

INTERVIEWER 2. Is there anything else you can tell me about yourself? Something that’s maybe not on the page.
ELIZABETH. Yeah, let’s see…I never played sports in school but I’ve played in a number of rec leagues. Volleyball, soccer, basketball. I volunteer at a soup kitchen every month, I’m a practicing vampire, and I teach sailing during the summer at a sleep away camp. Is that what you were looking for?

INTERVIEWER 2. Yeah, definitely, um…I’m sorry, can you…elaborate a little on, uh—

ELIZABETH. Soup Kitchen? Well, I actually started because of my parents. They were very big into community service.

INTERVIEWER 2. No, not… I’m sorry, it sounded like you said you were a “practicing vampire.”

ELIZABETH. Oh. Yes. Pretty much my whole life.

INTERVIEWER 2. Okay. So…you think you’re a vampire?

ELIZABETH. Oh, No, no, no. That would be, no…

INTERVIEWER 2. Oh, okay, I guess I’m a little—

ELIZABETH. I’m a practicing vampire. It’s completely different.

INTERVIEWER 2. So is this like a club or…role playing game?

ELIZABETH. Um…no, it’s more serious than that. Basically, I live my life in preparation for the day when I will, hopefully, turn into a vampire.

INTERVIEWER 2. Turn into?

ELIZABETH. Right. So, I sleep in a coffin, avoid garlic, eat lots of bloody meat, chew with my fangs…all in the hopes that one day, if I’m diligent enough…I will turn into a vampire.

INTERVIEWER 2. I see, uh…well then, uh, what are you doing here now? I mean, you shouldn’t be out during the day, right?

ELIZABETH. That’s a common stereotype. Vampires, just like humans, can walk freely in daylight without receiving even the slightest irritation to the skin.

INTERVIEWER 2. I see. So your more like those Twilight vampires.

(ELIZABETH gives INTERVIEWER 2 the evil eye.)
ELIZABETH. Is that an attempt at humor?

INTERVIEWER 2. No, I...

ELIZABETH. Because I don’t find it funny, at all. In fact, I find it pretty insulting and frankly...pretty vampirist.

INTERVIEWER 2. Vampirist? Elizabeth! You’re not going to turn into a vampire. There’s no such thing as Vampires!

(ELIZABETH stands up, extremely insulted.)

ELIZABETH. Wow. That may be the most offensive thing I’ve ever heard. I’m going to leave now.

INTERVIEWER 2. Are you...is this some kind of joke? Did Saunders put you up to this?

ELIZABETH. No, this is very serious. And when I get a hold of the NVUA, you’re going to have a public relations nightmare on your hands.

INTERVIEWER 2. NVUA?

ELIZABETH. National Vampires Union Ah-ah-ah. All vampires should be respected and given blood.

INTERVIEWER 2. (At the end of his rope:) Alright, well, you go and call the NVUA and say hello to Dracula, and Lestat, and all those whiny Twilight kids.

ELIZABETH. Sure. I will. Because we’re just all the same to you! Honestly, I expected more out of this University.

(ELIZABETH storms out. INTERVIEWER 2 rubs his head. He picks up his phone and dials the front.)

INTERVIEWER 2. (Blowing off:) A union for vampires. Pffa.

(INTerviewer 2 hangs up the phone. Then looks out the win-dow suspiciously.)
Scene 12

(INTREVIEWER 1 and BEN are in mid laugh.)

BEN. And the entire audience is COMPLETELY drenched!

INTREVIEWER 1. Oh man! Wow!

BEN. Needless to say that was the LAST time I ever went to Sea World.

(The laughter peters out.)

INTREVIEWER 1. Well I’ve gotta tell you Ben, everything looks great. Solid SATs, GPA high above our school’s average, and your essay was…well to be honest, quite moving.

BEN. Well, this is such a great university, I’d be honored to attend.

(They stand up and shake hands.)

INTREVIEWER 1. Hey, we’d be lucky to have you. Are you applying to any other schools?

BEN. Nope. Just here.

INTREVIEWER 1. Oh, okay, great. Great.

(Beat.)

BEN. So…

INTREVIEWER 1. Uh…yes?

BEN. I’m in then?

INTREVIEWER 1. Well, no. I mean not yet. I have to pass this along to my supervisors and…

(BEN releases his hand and sits down. Has a cold, calculating look on his face.)

INTREVIEWER 1. It’s a process, you know, I can’t officially—

BEN. (Dead pan and intense:) Sit down.

INTREVIEWER 1. What?
BEN. Sit down, won’t you?

(INTerviweR 1 sits down.)

INTERVIEWER 1. Is there a problem?

BEN. That depends on you. You see, for reasons I can’t entirely explain to you at this moment, it is vital that I attend this University. I’ve been meticulously planning for this day, years of SAT prep, AP classes, all in the hopes of being accepted. I was intending to hear an answer today.

INTERVIEWER 1. Well, I’m sorry, I…don’t have the authority to just let you in right now.

BEN. There are forces at play here friend, forces that you cannot possibly comprehend. But trust me, it is very vital, and not just for me, but for the entire student body and faculty that I am enrolled for the fall semester. Many lives hang in the balance. You don’t want to be held responsible for the loss of life, do you?

INTERVIEWER 1. Of course not…but…how is me letting you in today going to save lives?

BEN. The world is a series of connections and plans, every human being affects another, every decision has a consequence, and this decision…this decision will be the most important one you’ll ever make.

INTERVIEWER 1. Ben, you’re being incredibly vague and…besides, its not as simple as “me letting you in.”

BEN. An oral agreement is legally binding in this state. So, in fact, it is that simple.

INTERVIEWER 1. Look, what I can tell you is that it’s practically a done deal, I’m going to give you a great recommendation, and with your stats—

BEN. THAT’S NOT…what I’m asking for.

(Tense beat.)

INTERVIEWER 1. Ben, let’s not ruin what was a great interview by—

BEN. I’m not leaving until I get my answer.
INTERVIEWER 1. Well you’re going to have to because I have another prospective coming in at one.

BEN. No you don’t. Your four o’clock cancelled this morning. You don’t have another appointment until Rebecca Smith at 4:45.

(Beat. INTERVIEWER 1 is now kinda freaked out.)

INTERVIEWER 1. How did you…did you break into my e-mail or something?

(BEN looks straight ahead.)

INTERVIEWER 1. Okay, you know what, I’m not sure what happened here, but I’m going to have to call security.

(INTERVIEWER 1 picks up the phone. He clicks the receiver a couple of times.)

INTERVIEWER 1. Hello I…hello, hello?

BEN. Phone troubles?

(INTERVIEWER 1 slowly puts the phone down. He gets up and backs away.)

BEN. Doors locked. And we’re ten stories up so the windows wouldn’t be a very…safe option either.

INTERVIEWER 1. Alright, who are you?

BEN. A name is but a label, and I have many labels but that’s not important right now. What’s important is that you, tell me, right now…exactly what I was hoping to hear.

INTERVIEWER 1. Ben if I could I would, it’s just—

(The lights go out. BEN immediately turns a flashlight, under-lighting his face. When INTERVIEWER 1 talks, he points the light on him.)

BEN. It’s only an outtage friend. Circuits break all the time.

INTERVIEWER 1. Please, I don’t have any real authority. An acceptance from me would be meaningless—

BEN. Then there’s no reason not to say it.
INTERVIEWER 1. Why are you doing this?

BEN. I’m not doing this, you’re doing this. And it can all go away with three little words—

INTERVIEWER 1. But it won’t—

BEN. NO! THOSE AREN’T THE RIGHT WORDS! SAY IT! JUST SAY IT!

INTERVIEWER 1. Okay! I...you’ve been accepted. You’ve been accepted. You’ll be enrolled in the fall semester upon hearing of your acceptance.

(The lights come back on. BEN turns the lights off. A tense moment, then...)

BEN. (Switching back:) Oh man! That’s great! I can’t even tell you how... I gotta call my mom. It was so nice to meet you.

(BEN cheerily leaves the room. INTERVIEWER 1 collapses into his seat.)

Scene 13

(JASON THE AMAZING [though not really]! Cape, top hat, pulls out a card.)

JASON. So then is THIS your card?

INTERVIEWER 2. No.

JASON. But where there’s a diamond, there must be a...Jack of all trades...in clubs.

INTERVIEWER 2. Still not my card.

JASON. Darn it. I was practicing all week.

INTERVIEWER 2. Look, I’m very glad you have hobbies outside of school, but maybe we can get back to—

JASON. Oh, sure, sure, sure. After...you show me the card UNDERNEATH YOUR SEAT.
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