

RAY-RAY:

What? What did I did? I mean do?

JESSE:

Talking to the audience, well, in Shakespeare that's called an "Aside."

RAY-RAY:

"Aside?" Countrified! As you can see, all these drama peeps are geeks!

(Turning back to group)

Hey-hey-hey, y'all! Read my lips--- I'm talking about Shakespeare! If I gonna pass Mrs. Robert's class--I need help--real gen-u-ine help. You're gonna have to tell me something I understand!

MARIA:

Listen--we're not here to do your homework for you--

JESSE:

(Interrupts her)

Hey--hey--

RAY-RAY:

Yeah---chill, chill Sister! Since you guys know so much about Shakespeare why don't you help a brother out? Huh?!

MARIA:

Whose brother are you talkin' about, Ray-Ray?

RAY-RAY:

C'mon---we're all brothers and sisters under the skin.

CAMILLE:

Especially when it comes to homework, huh?!

RAY-RAY:

Ohhh c'mon you guys! C'mon! Just give me a little help- you know? Just a little, teeny, tiny bit of help? Huh?!

CAMILLE:
So, what's your problem? Can't you read?
(The group starts to argue again)

RAY-RAY:
No--man--not if it's Shakespeare!

EVERYONE:
(Melodramatically)
Shakespeare?!!

RAY-RAY:
Yeah, I've got to get through three of his plays by next week. Everyone says that he writes in English---but believe me, with all the "thees," "thous," and "what-have-yous" up in there, he be writin' in a foreign language!

CAMILLE:
Shakespeare?! Naw---you got it all wrong---Ray-Ray!
Shakespeare's the bomb! His writing is like---well, it's like he's living right here and now. I don't think you're reading his plays right.

MARIA:
(Grabs him)
Me?! I love his *Romeo and Juliet*! It's so romantic!

JESSE:
(Grabs him away from Maria)
The Scottish play is my favorite--
(He puts his arm around Ray-Ray's shoulders)
It's like there's this guy who gets all the signs as to what to do in his life and still winds up dying a tragic death.

CAMILLE:
(Grabs him)
Being a playwright myself, I happen to like his comedies the best! Comedies are harder to write, but I just love A *Midsummer's Night Dream*---

(Camille, Jesse and Maria discuss the virtues of their favorite of Shakespeare's plays)

RAY-RAY:
(cuts her off and turns to the audience)
You see this??? You see why I'm goin' crazy up here?! It's not normal to get excited about a dude older than dirt!

JESSE:
What you just did--

MARIA:
I don't need this, aggravation,
you know. I'm a professional!
I was an extra in the film
Titanic, so I know about
professionalism!

STAGE MANAGER:
Why does everyone expect
me to solve all of their
problems for them? I
mean, who do I look
like? 'Dear Abby?!

(Ray-Ray a hip-hop wanna-be, enters. He tries
to get them to pay attention to him—he goes
back and forth between each couple.
Frustrated, Ray-Ray moves to center stage—and
yells)

RAY-RAY:
HEY YOU GUYS!!!!

EVERYONE:
What?!

RAY-RAY:
Is this drama club?

EVERYONE:
Yes!

RAY-RAY:
Good! Then, I'm in the right place.

MARIA:
(sizing him up)
So? And your problem is?

RAY-RAY:
I'm looking for knowledgeable people to help me with my
little dilemma.

MARIA:
Just how little is it---?

JESSE:
What's the dilemma?

RAY-RAY:
Mrs. Roberts' class. I've got a bunch of plays to read.

CAMILLE:
And---?

RAY-RAY:
And so I've got a bunch of plays to read.

JESSE:
(to stage manager)
Look, I've got have something to work with!

STAGE MANAGER:
Well, don't look at me! I'm just the stage manager.
(Jesse looks at Maria)

MARIA:
Don't look at me--I'm just the talent. The playwright is standing right over there. Talk to *her*.

CAMILLE:
(defensively)
Nobody understands the process of creativity!

JESSE:
So, what you're saying is that you don't have any rewrites--
-is that what you're trying to say, Camille?

CAMILLE:
Well---kinda-sorta.

MARIA:
(to Camille)
Is this a new foreign language, "kinda-sorta?"
(to Jesse)
Look, no rewrites--no leading lady! My mother is not coming to see me in this play if the play stinks! Drama club or no drama club!

JESSE:
All right! All right! Everyone take a break!

(Camille and Jesse cross to each other and talk simultaneously.)

JESSE:
Look we need to have something now, not next week. I'm sorry that you can crank this out

faster but, I have a show to on here...

CAMILLE:
Everybody thinks they can write a play, and they don't know anything about

pain and anguish of put churning out pages and pages each day...

(while Jesse and Camille talk, Maria cross over to the Stage Manager and they speak simultaneously)

VERSION II

Here are the major rewrites done for the scene 1 that you just read.

SCENE 1

(Music. Jesse enters from behind the scenery followed by Maria and Camille and the stage manager.)

JESSE:

All right Maria, we're gonna take a break and then we're gonna try this again. Camille we need your rewrites on the monologue

CAMILLE:

(Points to the stage manager)

I gave them to the SM.

(Jesse turns to the stage manager)

STAGE MANAGER:

(Calmly)

You mean the six pages where she only changed three words?

CAMILLE:

It's still considered rewrites!

STAGE MANAGER:

Is not!

CAMILLE:

Is too! ---

STAGE MANAGER:

Is too!

JESSE:

C'mon --c'mon!

(to Camille)

Either you did the rewrites, or you didn't. Which is it? --

MARIA:

Let's just hope she did, ---

(holding up script)

Because, what she has here is looking pretty--- rough!

CAMILLE:

Please tell me that you are not dissin' the playwright!

MARIA:

Would it matter if I was?