

## NOTES

Written as a soap opera for young adults, playwright Scot Augustson, in an excerpt from his play, *Teensploitation*, examines the plight of teenagers set in the nostalgic decade known as the 1970's. This play is perhaps best performed by a female and could be entered in Humorous Interpretation, or with careful editing, this selection could also be performed by two females and be entered in Duet Acting or Duo Interpretation. There is an earnest quality found within both Lindsey and Joanne; therefore, keep each character honest and let the humor of the dialogue be the driving force for each scene. Remember, to Lindsey and Joanne, each day brings new drama to their lives, and together, like most best friends, they tackle each challenge with the loyalty and steadfastness that only best friends can possess. This play is episodic and has several flashbacks and dream sequences, so be creative with the technical aspects of blocking these scenes.

### Characters:

Chester Harcourt, a librarian

Lindsey Parker, a teenager

Joanne Wilczynski, a teenager

Mrs. Parker, Lindsey's mother

Mary Beth Simmons, a teenager

Mike, Lindsey's brother

Film Strip Narrator

Pusher

Nadine, a teenager

Mr. Foster, Lindsey's teacher

Mrs. Brower, Lindsey's teacher

Neejka, a foreign exchange student

Cammy, a teenager

Tawny, a teenager

CHESTER HARCOURT: Good evening, I am Chester Harcourt, head of the Akron Library's young adult section! Tonight, with the help of some dear old friends, we explore the topic: Adolescence in America! We begin with a tribute to one of our much overlooked local authors: Nancy Sue Chaff. Although the late Ms. Chaff was never widely known outside of Ohio, the *Akron News Tribune* once called her the "Judy Bloom" of the Midwest. Tonight I'll be reading from Lindsey Parker—Reluctant Teenager. Chapter one entitled "Plain Girls' Prom."

LINDSEY: Hey, Joanne.

JOANNE: Hey, Lindsey.

LINDSEY: What's wrong Joanne?

JOANNE: Oh, you know. All the girls in Home-Ec were talking about how much fun they were going to have at the prom.

LINDSEY: Yeah, I know what you mean. It's like this whole school has gone prom crazy! Prom, prom, prom. That's all people talk about! And the poster is everywhere you look! With it's stupid theme "Enchantment under the Sea." Stupid.

JOANNE: Yeah. It's not easy being a plain girl this time of year.

LINDSEY: Only stupid girls who wear tight sweaters and whose mom lets 'em wear make up get asked to prom!

JOANNE: Like stupid Mary Beth Simmons!

LINDSEY: Joanne! How could you! We swore we wouldn't mention that name! Does swearing mean nothing to you?

JOANNE: I'm sorry, Lindsey. Let's not fight!

LINDSEY: Hey Joanne! I just had an idea.

JOANNE: What is it, Lindsey?

LINDSEY: Let's have our own prom.

JOANNE: Our own prom?

LINDSEY: Yeah! We'll have Plain Girls' Prom! It'll be fun.

CHESTER HARCOURT: Next Saturday at eight. The Parker house.

MRS. PARKER: Oh Lindsey! You're all dressed up. Special occasion?

LINDSEY: Mother! I told you like six times! Joanne's coming over and—you know.

MRS. PARKER: Oh, right. You're having your little thing.

LINDSEY: We're having Plain Girls' Prom!

MRS. PARKER: Oh honey, do you have to call it that?

LINDSEY: Mother!

MRS. PARKER: (*Sighs*) I'll be in the den if you need me.

LINDSEY: I'm sure we won't need you, Mother.

(*Knock*)

JOANNE: Hey, Lindsey. How are you?

LINDSEY: Hey, Joanne. I just got the third degree from my mother; who I think has a drinking problem!

JOANNE: Oh no, Lindsey! Is she drunk sometimes?

LINDSEY: Oh, Joanne! Don't you pay *any* attention in Health class? You don't have to be drunk to have a drinking problem.

JOANNE: I'm sorry, Lindsey. Let's not fight.

LINDSEY: Let's go to my room.

(*In Lindsey's room*)

JOANNE: I like how you've decorated your room for Plain Girls' Prom. It's very...uh, special.

LINDSEY: Thanks.

JOANNE: I brought my date. He's in my pocket.

LINDSEY: Your pocket?

# Teensploitation

By Scot Augustson

JOANNE: Yeah.

LINDSEY: Who is it?

JOANNE: It's a picture I cut out of a magazine. It's Shaun Cassidy.

LINDSEY: Oh! When are you going to get over your juvenile fixation on him?

JOANNE: Who's your date?

LINDSEY: Mr. Jeans.

JOANNE: Your teddy bear?

LINDSEY: Mr. Jeans is not just a teddy bear! He's...he's very real to me.

JOANNE: I'm sorry, Lindsey. Let's not fight.

LINDSEY: You should say you're sorry to Mr. Jeans.

JOANNE: I'm sorry, Mr. Jeans. Hey, what do you think they're doing at the real prom?

LINDSEY: Hey! This is a real prom, too! But if you mean the other prom, I'll bet that Mary Beth Simmons has just been crowned Prom Queen.

JOANNE: Oh no!

MARY BETH SIMMONS: Oh, thank you. This is great. Just great!

LINDSEY: But she gets too close to one of those stupid Japanese lanterns and catches fire!

MARY BETH SIMMONS: Ahhhhaaaaahhhhhh!

JOANNE: (*Giggles*) Mary Beth Simmons on fire! Does her blonde hair burn off?

LINDSEY: Yeah. And then you know what?

JOANNE: No, what?

LINDSEY: Her boyfriend, Kenny Bowman, the one you're in love with—

JOANNE: I wish I'd never told you that.

LINDSEY: Well, Kenny Bowman looks at Mary Beth Simmons, all charred up and burnt to a crisp and realizes that Mary Beth was maybe pretty, but shallow, 'cause she didn't have a personality. And he says to himself, "Wow, you know who I should have as my girlfriend? Joanne Wilcynski. She's been in 4-H for three years now; she can play the recorder, and she's got a great personality. I've learned my lesson about pretty girls who aren't nice."

JOANNE: Really? Do you think that's what he's thinking?

LINDSEY: Yeah.

JOANNE: (*Giggles*) Kenny Bowman.

MRS. PARKER: Knock-knock! I've brought you girls some snicker doodles and Shasta cola.

LINDSEY: Mother! I'm sure that they don't serve snicker doodles at a prom! Snicker doodles are for babies.

MRS. PARKER: Oh, what's happened to my little girl? You used to love snicker doodles.

LINDSEY: Well, I'm not a little girl anymore!

JOANNE: Um. I'd kind of like a snicker doodle.

MRS. PARKER: I'll just leave them here. I'll be in the den if you need me.

LINDSEY: She doesn't understand me! She doesn't know what it's like to be a teenager today!

JOANNE: Yeah. My mom's the same. Should we dance? This is prom.

LINDSEY: Yeah, in a minute. I'll put my Burl Ives record on.

MIKE: Hey, Girls.

LINDSEY: Mike! Leave us alone!