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## **ASSIGNMENT: IMPOSSIBLE**

**By William Allen Brooks**

### **CHARACTERS**

**Mr. Ankart:** The school's Gym and fill-in Sex-Ed teacher.

**Beth:** A student who has taken a vow of silence to protest animal rights in Borneo. Perhaps she carries a whiteboard over her shoulder to communicate with.

**Janice:** A student who was caught defacing school property to impress people.

**Paul:** A student who wants nothing to do with school and is obsessed with beating the school record for "days absent."

**SETTING** A high school, various locations. Nothing need be too specific to allow for seamless transitions

## Scene 1

### Hallway

*Paul comes skateboarding down the hall. Stops before he goes past the principal's office, sneaks quietly by it, gets back on his board...*

Donnelly: *(Over the intercom.)* Paul Sherby, please report to the principal's office. *(Paul goes into the office.)*

### Classroom

Ankart: *(Addressing his class. He is **very** uncomfortable.)* Alrighty then. Good morning class. As you know, I'll be teaching the next section of this Life Transitions unit. Alrighty then. You all know why we're here. We're here... to talk about... well you know what we're here to talk about... Sex, we're here to talk about sex. Well, actually, I'm here to talk about... sex. You're here to listen... to me talk about... you know. Right, so let's get to the topic at hand. Um... what's there to say... Sex... Umm... Don't-do-it-you're-too-young. There, that should about cover it. Any questions. No. Good, what do you say we go outside and play a game of touch football? Girls against boys.

### Hallway

*Janice comes around the corner and prepares to spray paint something on the wall...*

Donnelly: *(Over the intercom.)* Janice McConnelly please report to the principal's office. *(She goes into the office.)*

### Classroom

Ankart: *(Addressing his class one day later.)* Hello again. Alrighty then. Well, here we are. Again. Lucky us. Apparently yesterday's game of football didn't go over so well with the administration. There seems to be more I'm supposed to tell you. So... When a man and a woman... a **married** man and woman... love each other very much... very much... they... well, they... It's like... you see... Soccer anyone?

### Hallway

*Beth comes around the corner, starts to put up a banner that says, "Save the Pigs" on the wall...*

Donnelly: *(Over the intercom.)* Beth Slewenchuck, please report to the principal's office. *(She goes into the office.)*

*Classroom*

Ankart: *(Addressing his class one day later.)* Good morning. Alrighty then. Anyone watch the news last night? No? How about the basketball game? That was some 3-pointer to finish it off hey? Nothing like waiting until the last second. *(Pause.)* The baseball diamond is open. *(He starts to go, changes his mind.)* No... I mean... Here, how about this? You all promise me you'll never... do it – at least not until you're married, and then we can go play baseball. Deal? Show of hands. Good. Let's go.

Donnelly: *(Over the intercom.)* Mr. Ankart, please report to the principal's office. *(He goes to the office.)*

**SCENE 2**

*Classroom*

*Paul and Janice are waiting. Paul is fooling around on his laptop.*

Paul: You hear what happened?

Janice: Do you think I look good in this?

Paul: Whatever.

Janice: It's, like, kinda slimming I think.

Paul: Right.

Janice: What happened?

Paul: Someone painted that stupid mascot statue black.

Janice: Yeah? That's cool.

Paul: Whatever.

Janice: You don't think so?

Paul: Who cares?

Janice: I bet Donnelly cares.

Paul: Yeah, well principals get paid to care about stuff like that. That's why they make the big bucks.

Janice: Yeah. Beth here yet?

Paul: She's in this?

Janice: Didn't she tell you?

Paul: We're not...

Janice: Did you break up?

Paul: Listen, I'm kinda busy. You mind not talking? It's messing me up.

Janice: That's so, like, rude.

Paul: And you're so, like, preppy.

Janice: No I'm—

Paul: I've seen that school you transferred from.

Janice: Do I look like a prep?

Paul: You can dress and act as different as you want, but underneath, we all know you're a prep. Hey, I've got a cool idea.

Janice: What?

Paul: I'll keep doin' what I'm doin' and you shut up and leave me alone.

Janice: Whatever. *(Beth enters. Paul ignores her.)* Hey Beth! Wanna sit by me? *(Beth sits as far from Janice as she can.)* That's okay. You see the mascot? Cool huh? You still taking the vow of silence?

Paul: Man, you're observant. You could be one of those drug sniffing dogs at the airport.

Janice: Shut up. What's the vow for anyway?

Paul: She became a nun. Chastity, vow of silence, it's kind of a package policy. *(Beth gives him a dirty look.)*

Janice: Was I asking you? So, like, what's it for?

Beth: *(Holds up something that says, "Protest.")*

Janice: Protest? For what?

Beth: *(Holds up something that says "Pigs.")*

Janice: Pigs? The ones in Borneo still?

Paul: No, the ones that roam the school hallways.

Janice: I thought you were busy with your computer.

Paul: I'm almost finished.

Janice: Well, we wouldn't want to take you away from your work.

Beth: *(Holds up something that says, "Almost extinct.")*

Janice: Really? Maybe we should have a sit-in or something. I could help arrange it if you wanted to have one. We could do it in the main hallway, call some media or—

Paul: Done.

Janice: Done what?

Paul: My masterpiece. Wanna hear it?

Janice: What is it?

- Paul: Well, I was so moved by the speech that Beth gave at the ever exciting Environment Day last week that... well, I was touched. Let's just leave it at that. I just happened to get my hands on a copy of it and I did a little editing to come up with a tribute to Beth's stunning advocacy work for those poor little Wild Pigs in Borneo. Here we go. *(He plays a track from his laptop. It is a choppy version of Beth's voice, obviously pieced together from the speech she did.)*
- Beth's Voice: *For those of you who don't know me, my name is Beth and / I am / an ugly / disease / or blight if you will / on the / black hole / that we call / our school. / I would like to say / that I / always / look sick. / I wish / to be known as / a wild pig from the deep reaches of Borneo. / I feel that / I / should be strung up / for / how / I / look / in / public. Thank you for listening / and / remember / not to feed wild animals because / we / can become weak from dependency on human kindness. / In closing I would like to say / I / have a strange odour emanating from / my / flesh.***
- Janice: Paul, you're such a—
- Paul: Watch the language prep.
- Janice: That was a totally moving speech.
- Paul: I think it sounds better in this order. *(Paul goes over to Beth and smells her.)* She does have a strange odour emanating from her flesh.
- Janice: What happened to you two?
- Ankart: *(Enters.)* All right you three. You're all in enough trouble as it is. Sit down.
- Janice: Why do we have to be here?
- Ankart: You should be glad that Mrs. Donnelly let you do this instead of detention or expulsion.
- Paul: I'll be sure to thank her next time I see her.
- Ankart: Paul! I haven't heard that voice in quite a while. I can't remember the last time you were in my gym class. You going for some kind of record?
- Paul: Yeah, actually, I am.
- Ankart: Well, you must be pretty close to it.
- Paul: One day away.
- Ankart: How impressive.
- Paul: So, why are we here?
- Ankart: Because we... you three have been deemed to be special.

- Paul: That an insult?
- Ankart: No, just a fact. You've all been to see Mrs. Donnelly in the last day or two, have you not? I expect that you have all heard the phrase, "last chance" in those meetings. Well, *this* is your last chance. If you don't cooperate, you will all be expelled.
- Janice: You can't do that. My parents would totally kill me.
- Ankart: I guess you should've thought about that before you bought six cans of black spray-paint.
- Paul: That was you?
- Ankart: You think that's funny Paul?
- Paul: Nope. Sad, yes, but not funny.
- Ankart: Anybody care to know what our last chance is? Mrs. Donnelly has recently received some statistics that show... teen promiscuity—
- Paul: You mean **sex**.
- Ankart: ...teen promiscuity has risen dramatically in the last ten years.
- Paul: Cool.
- Ankart: No, not cool. Not cool at all. Mrs. Donnelly would like to have an assembly on Monday so the whole school can come together and discuss this issue.
- Janice: That's lame.
- Paul: Is it going to be like one of your Sex-ed classes? I hear you get to play football in that class.
- Ankart: It will be nothing like one of my... Life Transition classes.
- Paul: Why are you teaching that class anyway?
- Ankart: That's a nosy question.
- Paul: Well, the rumour is that you **begged** Mrs. Donnelly to let you teach it.
- Ankart: Not that it's any of your business, but Mrs. Donnelly **asked** me to cover Ms. Palmer's class because... someone had to. But if you ask me, I don't think people your age should even be discussing issues of a male-female subject. Too many hormones and things.
- Paul: Relax, it was just a question.
- Ankart: Yes, well... let's get back to the presentation on Monday. (*Paul groans.*) What is it now Paul?
- Paul: I might be absent on Monday. I think I feel a cold coming on. Must've caught it from the Wild Pig of Borneo there.

Ankart: I highly doubt that you will be absent, because you three will be on the stage, doing a presentation on teen sexuality.

Janice: *(In unison)* What?

Paul: *(In unison)* No way!

Beth: *(In unison)* That's crazy!!! There's no way, I'm...

Ankart: I see you've lifted the vow of silence Beth.

Beth: *(Writes something down. Laughs to herself.)*

Ankart: Janice, what does that say?

Janice: *(Reads it. Realises that she can't say what it really says.)* It says... um ... "accidents" happen.

Ankart: That's too bad. I was looking forward to hearing your voice again. Now, I have a little script that I've put together about... our little problem and—

Paul: You wrote it?

Ankart: Yes.

Paul: Didn't you say that we shouldn't talk about issues of a male-female nature?

Ankart: I did. And that's why I've written a play that will not only entertain, but educate all of you how to be proper and polite young men and women, and keep your hands off of each other.

Janice: Mr. Ankart?

Ankart: Yes?

Janice: If we have to do this thing, I don't think it's a good idea to do something written by you.

Ankart: I'm a good writer.

Janice: Right, I'm sure, but I'm guessing that Mrs. Donnelly wasn't, like, intending it to work like that. Was she?

Ankart: Well, I thought that we could tell her that we wrote it together.

Paul: I don't think that would be a very honest thing to do. And proper and polite young men and women are always honest.

Janice: He's right.

Ankart: Alright. You three can write it together.

Janice: No, I—

Ankart: No, Janice if you think you can do it better than me, we'll give you a shot, though I doubt you can compete with what I've got. No offence but I'm pretty good. I'll give you ten minutes. When I get back, I expect that you will have written down three separate, creative "concepts" each that we can discuss as possibilities for the presentation. Here's some paper. They should be one short sentence each. Enjoy! *(He leaves.)*

Beth: *(Goes to the black-board and writes "THIS SUCKS!")*

Janice: What are we going to do?

Paul: I don't know about you, but I'm going to use all of these raging hormones that he says I'm full of to come up with some "creative concepts." Very creative. *(He starts writing down his ideas.)*

Janice: Hey, I know why me and Paul are here, but what'd you do Beth?

Beth: *(Laughs, very pleased with herself, but says nothing.)*

Janice: Oh come on. It's gotta be worth breaking the vow of silence. Please? Write it down. *(Beth does.)*

Paul: Read it.

Janice: *I released three pot-bellied pigs into Donnelly's office last Friday.* That's awesome. What'd she say? I wish I could've seen her face when she opened the door.

Paul: Big deal. I guarantee I can get a better reaction out of Ankart than some stupid pigs. *(To Beth) Pig.*

Janice: Paul! What happened with you guys?

Paul: Nothin'. I just want to see the look on Ankart's face when he reads these "creative concepts." He's gonna love this one.

Janice: I bet I can do better.

Paul: Anyone want to put ten bucks on it? Best reaction takes it. *(They shake hands on the bet and start feverishly writing their "creative" concepts.)*



*Classroom - ten minutes later.*

*Mr. Ankart returns.*

Ankart: Ten minutes is up. You all have something?

Janice: Yeah.

Ankart: Excellent. Janice, bring me one. *(Janice brings one.)* No. Beth. *(Brings one.)* No. Paul. *(Brings one.)* No. *(Another.)* No. *(Another.)* No. *(Another.)* No. *(Another.)* No. *(Another.)* ABSOLUTELY NOT!!! Paul that's disgusting!

Paul: It's creative! *(On his way back to his desk, Beth and Janice slip him ten bucks each.)*

Ankart: *(Goes to the chalkboard. Writes down, "Nothing Dirty, Nothing Offensive.")* Nothing Dirty. Nothing Offensive. Those will be our new rules. You break those, you get kicked off the project. You get kicked off the project, you get kicked out of school. That's the deal. Now, if nobody has any proper ideas that they want to share, we'll get back to mine.

Paul: I hope it's a musical.

Ankart: Here. *(Hands each of them a script.)* You think I don't know what's going on out there, but I'm a pretty hep-cat. I was your age once. And I'm a pretty good writer. I think this could be my magnum opus.

Paul: Unless a magnum opus is a gun that I can shoot myself with, I don't think I like it.

Ankart: You'll love it once you get into it.

Janice: You going to make **her** talk?

Ankart: I've got that figured out too.

Paul: Lobotomy?

Ankart: Nope, signs. *(Gives her a stack of Bristol Board signs.)* Made them myself last night. You guys do the scene, and you hold up the appropriate sign and walk across the stage.

Paul: Like one of those chicks at boxing matches.

Janice: I don't think we'll convince her to wear a bikini at the assembly.

Paul: Maybe if it was black.

Ankart: Alright, enough. Just give it a try. And don't say "chicks." It's chauvinistic. Alright. Paul, you sit here, Janice beside him. Not too close, we don't want to give the wrong message right off the top. Good. Now... Action!

Paul: You serious?

Ankart: You bet your bottom dollar. You know the alternative. Go.

Beth: *(Holds up a sign that says, "A Party" then, "No adults in attendance.")*

Paul: Heaven forbid, no adults.

Janice: Whatever will we do?

Ankart: Stick to the script.

Paul: Fine. *(With zero feeling)* Hi Jill.

Janice: Hi Jack.

Ankart: Cut! Did you read the stage directions?

Paul: What?

Ankart: It says, *"They bob their heads to the loud music."*

Janice: So?

Ankart: I don't see anyone *"bobbing their heads."*

Paul: I don't hear any music.

Ankart: It's called acting. Do it again, and with feeling this time. From the top. And...Action!

Beth: *(Holds up the signs again, this time far too quickly for anyone to possibly read.)*

Paul: *(With zero feeling. They bob their heads very uncomfortably... at least for a little while.)* Hi Jill.

Janice: Hi Jack.

Paul: Lovely weather we are having this evening.

Janice: Yes Jack. Spring is definitely in the air.

Paul: How are you feeling on this fine spring evening?

Janice: I am feeling very well. I have been drinking illegal alcohol and I feel free.

Paul: May I ask you a pertinent question Jill?

Janice: Why certainly Jack.

Paul: I was wondering if perhaps you would like to, as they say... hook-up.

Beth: *(Starts to react with words, then catches herself.)*

Janice: Who says that?

Ankart: Keep going. The message is coming up. We'll take it from where you left off. Beth, you missed the sign.

Beth: *(Holds up the next sign – "The Message.")*

Paul: I was wondering if perhaps you would like to... hook-up.

Janice: No thank you, I am saving myself.

- Beth: *(Holds up the next sign – “The right choice.”)*
- Paul: That sounds like a good choice, Jill. I think maybe I should consider doing that as well. And while we’re at it, perhaps we should not drink illegal alcohol any longer either.
- Janice: That sounds like a great idea. Let’s just enjoy this wonderful... hipe-hope music? Hip-hop.
- Ankart: Doesn’t matter. Keep going.
- Janice: That’s the end.
- Ankart: Read the last stage direction. *(Paul and Janice read it, then begrudgingly bob their heads uncomfortably to the music.)*
- Beth: *(Holds up a sign – “The End” then “Can you make the right choice?”)*
- Ankart: And that’s a wrap. So, what do you think?
- Paul: *(In unison)* No!
- Janice: *(In unison)* No!
- Beth: *(In unison)* *(Holds up a sign that says “No!”)*

#### *Classroom – One Hour Later*

*Paul, Beth and Janice. Paul thinks about it for a moment, then...*

- Paul: Hey Beth. *(She looks up.)* About what happened, we should... *(Notices that Janice is listening.)* Never mind.
- Janice: I can leave the room if you two want to talk.
- Ankart: *(Enters.)*Alrighty then! Anyone have any ideas for the presentation yet? *(Silence.)* Paul? *(Silence.)* Janice? *(Silence.)* Beth? *(Silence.)* Of course not. How about this? Since no one seems to like my writing, which, by the way, I don’t think you gave a fair shake, we’ll gather a list of our skills and use that to come up with something for the presentation.
- Paul: Skills?
- Ankart: Yes. Everyone’s got something they’re good at. What are you good at?
- Paul: Skipping.
- Ankart: We could do something with that. Can you teach everyone Double Dutch?
- Paul: What?
- Ankart: How hard can it be? We could weave our message into those rhymes that you chant while you skip.
- Paul: You forget your prescription this morning?

Ankart: No. I don't have a prescription. Why can't we learn to skip? It can't be that hard.

Paul: I give up with this guy.

Janice: I don't think he meant that kind of skipping.

Ankart: What then?

Janice: Ditching.

Ankart: School. That's funny Paul. I don't think that'll help the presentation.

Paul: You asked what I was good at. That's what I'm good at.

Ankart: Anyone else?

Janice: I did Double Dutch once when I was ten.

Ankart: Okay, let's use that.

Janice: I fell down and broke my wrist.

Ankart: Never mind. Beth, I saw you write something. What is it?

Beth: *(Holds up a sign.)*

Ankart: *(Reads.)* "I'm very good at coordinating the colors in my outfits." Funny.

Janice: Mr. Ankart, this isn't going to work.

Ankart: You're the one who wanted to write it.

Janice: Not like this.

Ankart: Then how?

Janice: Just let me write it on my own.

Ankart: You have an idea?

Janice: Yeah.

Ankart: What would it be about?

Janice: Some students.

Ankart: And...?

Janice: This girl who sleeps around—

Ankart: No. We can't have... you know.

Janice: Sex?

Ankart: Exactly. None of that.

Janice: But it's supposed to be about sex.

Ankart: I can't just put smut on stage. These are teenagers we're talking about. They have hormones. Bad things would happen. It has to be about people **not** having... sex.

Janice: So it has to be, like, a fairy tale.

Ankart: It's clean or we don't do it.

Paul: Why don't we just do an air-band?

Ankart: Finally a good idea from the peanut gallery. We could do an air band after my play. Or before. Which do you think is better?

Janice: Neither.

Ankart: Then just the play.

Janice: I'll do it.

Ankart: No, no. We'll do mine. But I think I'll work an air-band into it.

Janice: I said I'd do it.

Ankart: Are you sure? Clean?

Janice: Yeah. But **you** have to be in it.

Ankart: Me?

Janice: Yeah.

Ankart: I don't know.

Janice: I'll need four people. Please.

Ankart: I don't think that's really appropriate. Besides, I'm really more of a writer than an actor.

Janice: Come on, the students love you. Who better than everyone's favourite teacher?

Ankart: Everyone's favourite?

Janice: Oh yeah!

Ankart: I suppose I could—

Janice: Done.

Ankart: Now we're cooking with gas.

Janice: If you're going to be in it, you don't get to say things like "Now we're cooking with gas."

Ankart: What's wrong with that?

Janice: It's lame.

Ankart: Alright. Now, you'll have to write it fast so I have time to proof read it.

Janice: No way.

Ankart: Why?

Janice: If I'm gonna write it, you don't get to read it before we do it.

Ankart: Why not?

Janice: Because you'll tell me it's wrong and that it has to be your way with your message. I'll show you your lines, but that's it. You don't get the whole thing until we do it.

Ankart: I can't do that.

Janice: Don't you trust me?

Ankart: Not in the slightest.

Janice: Why not?

Ankart: How old are you?

Janice: Seventeen.

Ankart: That's why. You have a lot of hormones and things raging around.

Janice: That's—

Ankart: The way it is.

Janice: But—

Ankart: Take it or leave it.

Janice: I have to be able to write what I want. If I have to show you, then it won't work.

Ankart: It's either that or we do the one I wrote.

Paul: Come on Janice.

Janice: Then I guess we do the one you wrote.

Paul: We're dead.

Ankart: Alrighty. I'm going to go and get a cup of coffee and when I get back we'll spend the rest of the time rehearsing. *(Ankart goes.)*

Paul: What are you doing?

Janice: Trust me.

Paul: We can't do that thing.

Janice: We won't have to.

Paul: How do we get around Ankart?

Janice: I have a plan.

Paul: Great. I hope it's as good as Beth's plan for world peace. *(Beth shoots him a look.)* Settle!

Janice: Why did you guys break up?

Paul: No reason.

Janice: Nothing happen?

Paul: No.

Janice: Beth? *(No response.)* Right. Well maybe you two should listen close at the assembly.

Paul: Why?

Janice: When Ankart gets back tell him I'm in the bathroom. *(She leaves.)*

Paul: This is a joke.

Beth: *(Writes, "Ha ha ha.")*

Paul: I'm not doing that thing. I'm not showing up.

Beth: Oh...! *(She wants to tell him off, but holds back.)*

Paul: What?

Beth: *(Signals, "Nothing.")*

Paul: No, I said, "not showing up" and you got all weird. You got something you want to say?

Beth: *(Signals, "No.")*

### Scene 3

*Auditorium/Gymnasium – Monday morning*

*Onstage*

Ankart: *(Reading from recipe cards.)* Alrighty then. Welcome students and teachers to today's presentation. First off, I want to thank Mrs. Donnelly for assembling the school this morning for this useful and informative time together to talk about... these issues. I hope - nay - I know that you will enjoy this special treat that you are about to see. Today we will be doing a play for you written by your very own... me, entitled, *Making the Right Choice*. *(Holds the huge script up.)* It's a bit of an epic story, but I know you'll love it. *(Audience groans.)* I won't give any more introductions, because I know that you are all just dying to see what I've cooked up. Please excuse the scripts, but we haven't had time to learn all of the lines. Here we go. Places!

Janice: *(Enters.)* Actually, Mr. Ankart before we get going—

Ankart: Janice! *(He takes her to the back of the stage.)* What are you doing?

Janice: I wrote my play and I think we should do it.

Ankart: No.

Janice: Why not?

Ankart: Because I said so.

Janice: But mine is better.

- Ankart: Then you should have let me read it.
- Janice: They'll love it. I promise.
- Ankart: They'll love mine.
- Janice: No they won't.
- Ankart: How do you know that?
- Janice: Educated guess. Okay, how about this. We'll let them decide who's the better writer.
- Ankart: Fine and dandy by me. You haven't got a—
- Janice: Good. Let's go. *(Goes to the front of the stage.)*
- Ankart: What? No. Janice—*(Follows her.)*
- Janice: Fellow students. Mr. Ankart and I have just been discussing the format of our show and we're having a little trouble deciding what to do. Mr. Ankart would like us to do the script he wrote, and I was kind of hoping that we could do one of mine. So, we figure we'll let you decide. We'll have a little vote. This is how it works. You get to see the opening thirty seconds from each of our plays, and you cheer for the one you want to watch the rest of. We'll do Mr. Ankart's first. Everyone ready? I'll be playing...well, you'll see, it's kind of obvious. Really obvious, actually.
- Paul: *(They all set up. When Ankart realises that they aren't going to "bob their heads", he makes a sad attempt at "beat-boxing" the music.)* Hi Jill.
- Janice: Hi Jack.
- Paul: Lovely weather we are having this evening.
- Janice: Yes Jack. Spring is definitely in the air.
- Paul: How are you feeling on this fine spring evening?
- Janice: I am feeling very well. I have been drinking illegal alcohol and I feel free.
- Okay, that's how that one starts... and pretty much how it is through the whole thing. What do you think? *(Light applause from the teachers only.)* That's what I thought. And now on to my scene. You'll all be happy to hear that Beth has lifted her vow of silence for this, but it'll be back right after. She promises. Hit it. *(Loud music. They set up.)*
- Janice: Hey Britney!
- Beth: Hey Cameron.



Janice: Guess what? I totally told Justin I'd be here, and he totally told me he'd be here, and I think that means it's a date. Chips? I think I'm going to do it with him tonight. Too bad these aren't nachos.

Beth: What?

Janice: Oh for sure, I totally think it's a date.

Beth: But—

Janice: Yeah, nachos would've been better.

Beth: I guess.

Janice: Good. I'm glad you agree. I think we'll go to my place to do it.  
*(Back to audience.)* What do you think? *(Huge applause.)* Well, Mr. Ankart, there you have it. Sorry, but I think they want to hear mine. You want to disagree with that crowd? Please, Mr. Ankart. Just trust me. You know how much Mrs. Donnelly likes student participation. And she looked pretty excited at the back of the gym.

Ankart: Fine, but if you make me look bad—

Janice: You do that all on your own Mr. Ankart. Places! Come on, it'll be fun. You play Kevin.

Ankart: Um, I don't think I'm really a Kevin. Can't we call him Edgar or something? I'm really more of an Edgar.

Janice: No.

Ankart: But—

Janice: They were cheering for you, Mr. Ankart. They love you. They want to see what you can do.

Ankart: I suppose, but—

Janice: Here, put this on. *(Baggy shirt, ball-cap.)* No, off to the side a bit. Perfect. Here's your script. Try not to read too much. Just get the point of the line out and fake the rest. *(They set up. Ankart goes begrudgingly off stage to get ready.)*

Janice: So, where was I? Oh yeah, we'll go to my place to do it.

Beth: You're not even sure it's a date.

Janice: Well, I won't do it if it's not a date. I mean it totally has to be a date before I do it. I'll have to check that first. *(Pulls out her cell-phone.)*

Beth: What, you have a feature on your cell-phone that does that?

Janice: I'm checking to see if he's called.

Beth: Kevin texted me earlier and said he'd be here for sure.

Janice: Kevin hey? That a date?

Beth: They've been dates for a month. I'm pretty sure this one is too.

Janice: So, how is he?

Beth: He's usually here when he says he will be.

Janice: Not his punctuality. His... you know.

Beth: Oh! I don't know... I mean we haven't... We don't have sex.

Janice: He can't get it up? You can take stuff for that. That Viagra stuff is supposed to be for old guys, like over thirty or something, but I hear that young guys can use it too. My dad has some. Want me to steal some for you?

Beth: No. He can get it up.

Janice: What's the problem then?

Beth: I don't know. I mean there's no problem. We're just not ready.

Janice: What?! Are you a virgin?

Beth: Quiet.

Janice: You are! You've never done it? *(Awkward pause.) You've never done it?! (We hear Paul and Ankart arguing back stage.) I said, "You've never done it!?!"* *(Paul enters, pushing Ankart on stage.)* Hi Justin! You look great.

Paul: Hello ladies! Fear not. The men have arrived.

Beth: Hey Kevin.

Ankart: Sorry we're late.

Paul: We're not late, we're making an entrance.

Ankart: Right.

Paul: We had a stop to make. We had to get my brother to make a run to the Drink and Stink for us.

Ankart: *(Whispered.) What's the Drink and Stink?*

Paul: *You know what that is, KEVIN. Liquor Store. He thinks he's funny.*

Ankart: *We can't talk about that.*

Janice: *Sure we can, KEVIN. Chill out. So, I think you were going to say something about why you're late.*

Ankart: *Right. Yeah. My brother... he was in the middle of a battle on his game, so we had to wait, like, forever.*

Paul: Loser. The guy sits there and plays that thing all night. Beer?

Janice: Sure.

Ankart: *I can't say this.*

Paul: *What he means is, he's too shy. So, I'll say it. You want one?*

Beth: No thanks. I don't really like beer.

Ankart: *(Says nothing. Paul kicks him.)* Sorry. I didn't know what to get you.

Janice: Come over here a minute.

Paul: Sure. What's up?

Janice: Is this a date?

Paul: What?

Janice: I just need to know, is this a date?

Paul: What's the difference?

Janice: Well if it's not a date, this night will end one way but if it is a date, it might end a whole other way.

Paul: How's that?

Janice: Oh, I don't know. But I think you'll like it.

Paul: I bet I will.

Janice: So? Is it?

Paul: Is it what?

Janice: A date. Pay attention. Eyes up here for a second. You can look at those later... maybe.

Paul: Sure, it's a date.

Janice: Good. And we won't date anyone else?

Paul: I don't know.

Janice: *(Pulling away.)* Oh, that's too bad.

Paul: No wait.

Janice: What?

Paul: No one else.

Janice: Really?

Paul: Sure. That'd be cool.

Janice: I think so too.

Ankart: So.

Beth: So.

Ankart: What'd you think of that test in Ankart's class today?

Beth: It sucked.

Ankart: *What? I mean*, yeah totally. Sucked.

Beth: His tests are always way too hard, don't you think?

Ankart: Yeah.

Beth: And I can't ever pay attention in class. He's just so boring to listen to. Don't you think?

Ankart: Yeah, he sounds like he's scared all the time.

Beth: You ever watch that old Wizard of Oz movie?

Ankart: Yeah. He sounds like the Cowardly Lion.

Beth: *Totally.*

Ankart: *(Whispers.) I'll remember that next time I grade your exam.*

Paul: *(He and Janice come back.)* Oh, look at the two lovebirds.

Beth: Shut up Justin.

Paul: She's a nasty one. Careful Kevin.

Ankart: Yeah man.

Janice: This is good beer. Brit, you sure you don't want one?

Beth: Yeah, I'm good.

Janice: Come to the kitchen a sec.

Beth: What for?

Janice: Just come. I need help with something.

Beth: Okay. *(They move off so that the boys are in one area and the girls are in another. The scene flips back and forth.)*

Ankart: What was that all about?

Paul: Apparently we're not dating anyone else now.

Ankart: What? You just told me yesterday that you wanted to be a free agent so you could... play the field.

Paul: I know man, but it was the only way I could get her to put out.

Ankart: *Put out?*

Paul: *You know man, give up the goods.*

Ankart: *I know what "put out" means. I just can't believe you said it.*

Paul: *Whatever man. You gotta lighten up a little. You're only young once.*

Ankart: *Right. She tell you she was going to "put out?"*

Paul: Yeah man. She said it right up. If she gets to be my girlfriend, I get laid.

Ankart: And you went for it?

Paul: I had to.

Ankart: But you don't even want a girlfriend.

Paul: Who cares? After I get what I'm looking for, I'll give her the bad news. But you gotta give a little to get a little.

Ankart: I guess.

*Scene shifts to the girls*

Beth: What's so important?

Janice: It's a date!

Beth: Good for you, can we go back now?

Janice: It's not just a date, I'm his girlfriend.

Beth: Good. I'm glad.

*Scene shifts to the boys*

Paul: How about you? You been whipped for like a month now. Sex must be good if you're still keeping her around.

Ankart: Well...

Paul: Well, what? It's either good, or it's not.

Ankart: It's just...

Paul: You haven't?!

Ankart: Quiet.

Paul: You're not getting any.

Ankart: Shut up.

Paul: All right, relax, I'll be quiet. But you give me a straight up answer, or the whole party is going to hear this little conversation. Are you, or are you not doing it with Britney?

Ankart: No. Not yet. I mean, I think we will, but...

Paul: That's enough playboy, I get the point. She won't let you in her pants.

Ankart: It's not that.

Paul: Well, if you haven't been in, then she must be keeping you out.

Ankart: I haven't tried.

Paul: Yeah, right!

*Scene shifts to the girls*

Janice: So, going back to you and Kevin, why haven't you done it?

Beth: I don't know.

Janice: You like him?

Beth: Yeah.

Janice: You want to keep him?

Beth: Yeah.

Janice: Then you better get to work. How long you guys been dating?

Beth: Little over a month.

Janice: Man, you gotta put out. It's not just for him you know. It's good for the girl too.

Beth: I don't know. We're not there yet.

Janice: You can't just head him off forever you know, eventually he's gonna give up, and when he gives up, he's outta there.

Beth: I haven't been heading him off.

Janice: What do you mean?

Beth: He hasn't tried.

Janice: What?

Beth: He's a gentleman.

Janice: No way, we might have a bigger problem if he hasn't tried. He might be gay.

Beth: He's not gay.

Janice: You sure?

Beth: Yeah, he's into me. I can tell.

Janice: Good. 'Cause bringing a guy outta the closet is noble work and all, but you don't want to be known as the girl who turns people gay.

Beth: *You can't turn people gay. It's not a disease.*

Janice: *Freeze.*

*Scene shifts to the boys*

Paul: What's wrong with you?

Ankart: I'm taking it slow.

Paul: A week is taking it slow. A month is a vow of chastity. You're gonna lose your window of opportunity if you don't try soon. If you haven't lost it already.

Ankart: What's the hurry?

Paul: You gotta find out if she's gonna give it up, or you gotta move on.

Ankart: I like her.

Paul: Yeah, and I like McDonald's, but if I walk in and ask for a Big Mac and they tell me I gotta wait a month, I'm not hanging around, I'm going to Burger King. Home of the Whopper! After all, a burger is a burger if you know what I mean.

Ankart: *That's sick, and it's no way to treat... I mean...* I think the whole room knows what you mean.

Paul: Well, get on it man.

Ankart: But...

Paul: I think what you mean is you will. Look, I gotta go find Cam. You take Brit somewhere quiet so you can make the move. Alright?

Ankart: Yeah.

Paul: Come on.

Janice: *Freeze.*

*Scene shifts to the girls*

Janice: You got any protection?

Beth: What? No.

Janice: Alright. We'll just have to hope the boys have some. If not, they've got them at the drugstore.

Beth: Right.

Janice: Now, you promise me you'll let him in if he tries tonight?

Beth: I guess.

Janice: The guys are coming over. Promise?

Beth: Alright, I promise.

Paul: Ladies!

Ankart: Hey.

Beth: Hey.

Janice: *(Whispers something in Paul's ear.)*

Paul: Well, my friends. It seems that we have... somewhere else to be. Sorry, but... things are calling.

Beth: Things are calling so soon?

Janice: Things can't wait. You two must have... things to do too. Right?

Beth: Yeah.

Paul: Well, we'll leave you to them. Things, I mean. Right Kevin?

Ankart: Yeah, right.

Paul: Later.

Janice: See you Monday.

Ankart: Bye.

Beth: See you. *(Paul and Janice Exit.)*

Ankart: So.

Beth: Yeah.

Ankart: You want to get outta here? This party's kinda lame.

Beth: I was kinda hoping to... Sure. Yeah, I guess.

Ankart: Cool.

Beth: Where do you want to go?

Ankart: We can't go to my house.

Beth: We can go to my Aunt's house. I'm house-sitting so I have a key. They're not back for, like, a week.



Ankart: Cool. Well, I guess we should...

Beth: Yeah.

*Cameron's door.*

Paul: Your parents not home?

Janice: Nope. House all to myself.

Paul: Perfect. Where are they?

Janice: I don't know. Toronto maybe.

Paul: Should we go in?

Janice: Wait.

Paul: What?

Janice: Do you like me?

Paul: If I didn't like you, would you be my girlfriend?

Janice: No, I guess not. Let's go in.

Paul: Just a sec.

Janice: What?

Paul: No, it's okay. Let's go in. *(They go in.)*

*Britney's door*

Ankart: *(They don't realize right away that the scene has come back to them.) We can't do this.*

Beth: *You don't even know what's going to happen.*

Ankart: *You're darn right I do.*

Beth: *You haven't read the script.*

Ankart: *I know what goes on in the mind of a teenager.*

Beth: *Would you just trust Janice? Please?*

Ankart: *But— (Janice clears her throat to get their attention.)*

Beth: *Um, I think we're on. Go.*

Ankart: It's a nice house.

Beth: Thanks. I mean... it's not mine, but yeah, it's nice. Listen...

Ankart: Yeah?

Beth: Nothing.

Ankart: You sure?

Beth: Yeah.

Ankart: You didn't have something you wanted to say?

Beth: No. Did you?

Ankart: No. I'm good.

Beth: Right. Well, we should go in then.

Ankart: No!

Beth: What?

Ankart: Ummm... Well, shouldn't we—

Beth: Condoms. Right. Good thinking. Go! I mean, why don't you go get them and I'll get the house open. Unless you have some.

Ankart: No.

Beth: Me neither. So go get them.

Ankart: Yeah. I'll be back. *(He exits.)*

Beth: I can't do this. I gotta get out of here. *(She sneaks out as Britney, but Paul grabs her on the way out and pulls her aside as Beth.)*

Paul: *Did you tell her about us?*

Beth: No.

Paul: *Right. The whole school is going to know now.*

Beth: *Just keep doing the play. No one will know it's us. Unless you told them.*

Paul: *Great.*

Janice: The school on Monday.

Beth: *I gotta go. I'm in the next scene.*

Janice: So? Did you?

Beth: No.

Janice: Why not?

Beth: It's just—

Janice: Did he try?

Beth: No, well yeah. Sort of.

Janice: There's no sort of. He did or he didn't.

Beth: I didn't give him a chance.

Janice: What happened?

Beth: Well, after you guys left, he asked if I wanted to get out of there.

Janice: Good.

Beth: And we decided to go to my place.

Janice: Good.

Beth: So we got to the door and were about to go in, when I remembered condoms.

Janice: Good.

Beth: So he went to get them... and I took off.

Janice: Bad.

Beth: I freaked out.

Janice: Very bad. Have you talked to him?

Beth: No.

Janice: He's gonna dump you.

Beth: He's a nice guy. He likes me.

Janice: Without sex?

Beth: With or without it.

Janice: Not possible.

Beth: *Back off!*

Janice: *What?*

Beth: *Nothing. Sorry, I'm a little edgy. So... did you and Justin...?*

Janice: Yeah.

Beth: How was it?

Janice: Alright I guess. Listen, I gotta go to Chem.

Beth: Sure.

Janice: Later.

*The boys. Monday morning.*

Paul: Kevin, my man, I hope you had as much fun as I did Saturday night, cause I tell you I was the man.

Ankart: That right?

Paul: You know it. I was like a one-man pleasure machine.

Ankart: Cool.

Paul: So, what about you? You get any?

Ankart: I'd rather not talk about it.

Paul: What? You still the big V?

Ankart: None of your business.

Paul: I heard that before. That means, you're still uncharted territory, and that means, not good.

Ankart: That's not it.

Paul: Listen man, if you got any, you'd better tell me, 'cause if it's none of my business, I can only assume... and make sure everyone else assumes the same. So... did you or didn't you?

Ankart: Yeah, I did. *That can't be right. I mean... yeah.*

Paul: Now that's more like it. Congratulations and welcome to the world of manhood my friend. Tell me all about it.

Ankart: Why?

Paul: Come on. I have to know. You go to your place?

Ankart: No, her Aunt's. We... well, after you guys left... *(Beth walks in, they don't see her.)* I asked if she wanted to get out of there... She said yes... So we went to her Aunt's place and... *you know.*

Paul: You have to do better than that man. Was she wild?

Ankart: Wild... Yeah.

Paul: Are you trying to say that it was awesome and she was screaming out your name and stuff?

Ankart: Umm... I think so.

Paul: Did she have to bite a pillow so her neighbours didn't wake up? Did she Kevin?

Ankart: Yes. *(Beth walks up and slaps him, then walks away.)* Britney wait!

Paul: Don't worry man, there're plenty of others out there waiting for men like us.

Ankart: No, you—

Paul: Seriously man. We better get to class. We're late.

*School at lunch.*

Beth: ... And he said that I had to bite a pillow so I didn't wake up my neighbours!

Janice: I'll kill him.

Beth: No don't.

Janice: He can't do that to you. You can do whatever you want!

Beth: On Saturday you didn't think I should do whatever I wanted.

Janice: What's that supposed to mean?

Beth: You spent the whole night telling me what to do.

Janice: Yeah... about that... I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done that. I get a little pushy sometimes.

Beth: ...Thanks. What changed your mind?

Janice: Justin. He grabbed me in the hall after Chem. and told me that he didn't want to date any more.

Beth: What?

Janice: Yeah.

Beth: What, he gets what he wants and then he's off?

Janice: He didn't... Yeah, I guess. I mean... I don't know.

Beth: What's going on? Something's not right. Tell me the truth.

Janice: You want the truth? Look, he—

Ankart: *(Over intercom, perhaps this can be on stage somehow.)* Testing... testing... Good. Uhh... Fellow students, this is Kevin speaking. I have an announcement to make. I'll make it quick before a teacher catches me in here and takes the microphone away. I just wanted to tell the truth about what I hear everyone already talking about today...

Janice: Oh, man this is great. I gotta go.

Beth: Wait. What were you going to tell me?

Janice: You'll see.

Beth: Are you going to stop him?

Janice: No, I'm going to join him! This is great. *(Exit.)*

- Ankart: ... You all know what I'm talking about. I told Justin about it first thing this morning, and now I keep hearing everyone talking about it in the halls. Well... I just wanted to tell you all that it isn't true. I lied. I just told Justin that so he'd leave me alone. Britney is a good person, and doesn't deserve to have lies spread about her. Britney, I'm sorry. Anyway, I know you'll all make fun of me now, but that's okay. I just thought I'd better tell the truth. That's all. What are you doing in here?
- Janice: (*Over intercom.*) That's not all, Kevin. Hi everyone, Cameron here. I just wanted to tell you all something too. I figure since Kevin's being so honest and Justin's such an... well we all know what he is, I thought you all might like to know something about him. Everyone has probably heard that Justin got some on the weekend too. I've heard some of the raunchy stories that he's been spreading around and I think you should all know that that it's not true. He tried, but he chickened out. He didn't get any on the weekend. In fact he's never gotten any. I thought it was about time to tell the truth and the truth is Justin is a liar and a fake. I just thought you should all know that. Thanks, and have a wonderful day.
- Paul: (*Comes running through.*) Hide me. I'm a dead man. I gotta get out of here.
- Beth: (*Yells.*) He's in here!
- Paul: Thanks a lot.
- Beth: You're welcome. (*He runs out.*)
- Ankart: (*Enters.*) Hey.
- Beth: Hey.
- Ankart: I'm sorry.
- Beth: You should be.
- Ankart: Yeah.
- Beth: Thanks for doing that. That took guts.
- Ankart: You're welcome. So, I guess we're not dating anymore.
- Beth: You guess right. Not right now anyway.
- Ankart: I can live with that.

Janice: *(Enters.)* That was fun. We should do that every day. That guy can really run, but the track team caught him in the hall.

Beth: What did they do to him?

Janice: Right now, they've got him locked in a closet. After that, who knows? Want to go watch?

Ankart: No thanks.

Janice: The teachers will break it up right away anyway.

Beth: Was that the truth?

Janice: One hundred percent.

Beth: Why'd you tell everyone?

Janice: He was making me look easy.

Beth: But you've slept with other guys.

Janice: Yeah, but he doesn't have the right to lie about me. If he'd have just asked me to keep his secret, I would've, but he didn't. He wouldn't talk about it. He just said I was dumped and acted like he was some big player.

Beth: Still, I don't know if that was the best way to do it.

Janice: Yeah, maybe not, but it's a start.

Beth: I guess.

Janice: You want to go for lunch before Kevin and I get detentions for the rest of our lives for doing that?

Beth: I'm in.

Ankart: Me too.

Beth: Thanks.

Ankart: Sure.

*They go. End of play.*

*HUGE Applause. The students are going wild. All four come back for a bow. Ankart is particularly enjoying it. Paul and Beth leave. Then Janice. Eventually, when Ankart's ego is fulfilled, he goes.*

### Scene 4

Backstage – after the performance

*Paul and Beth enter.*

Paul: That was great!

Beth: Yeah, but how'd she know all that stuff?

Paul: As if you didn't tell her!

Beth: I didn't.

Paul: Right, she just guessed all that? *(Janice enters.)*

Beth: You told her!

Paul: I've barely even been at school, how could I have—

Beth: Well I haven't said a word in public, remember?

Paul: Well she didn't read our minds.

Beth: I don't know, yours is pretty simple sometimes—

Ankart: *(Offstage.) Thank you! (Cheers.) Thank you! (Enters.) (Together)*  
Janice, we need to talk—

Paul: *(Together.)* Janice, about the play—

Beth: *(Together.)* Janice, I don't know where you got all that but,—

Janice: I know, I'm—

Paul: *(Together.)* ...it was awesome!

Beth: *(Together.)* ...it was amazing!

Ankart: *(Together.)* ...that was groovy!

Janice: What?!

Ankart: They loved me!

Beth: I think they loved Janice's play.

Paul: Definitely.

Ankart: Did you hear them screaming? They wouldn't let me off the stage.

Beth: You wouldn't leave the stage.

Paul: One more bow and Donnelly would've gotten out the hook.

Ankart: Right. Mrs. Donnelly.

Janice: She's gonna be mad isn't she?

Ankart: I don't know, but I'd better go find out.

Janice: You can blame it all on me if she's mad.

Ankart: No Janice. We're in this together. Wish me luck.



Paul: Good luck. (*Ankart exits.*) So I know I didn't tell anyone all that stuff, and Beth swears she didn't tell anyone, so how'd you know?

Janice: I pretty much just guessed.

Paul: Really? Cause that was pretty close to what happened with us.

Janice: Yeah, well the rest was pretty close to my stuff too.

Beth: What happened when you went on the intercom?

Janice: Oh, I didn't do that.

Beth: But Cameron was you, right?

Janice: Pretty much. Except the intercom.

Beth: That took guts.

Janice: Thanks. So, I was thinking that maybe, if Donnelly doesn't kick us out, we could maybe do this again. But you guys probably don't want to.

Beth: Are you serious?

Janice: I know, I just thought that was kinda fun and you might want to, but never mind. Stupid idea.

Paul: I'm in.

Janice: Really?

Paul: For sure. I'd do it again in a second.

Beth: Me too. (*Ankart comes back.*) Well, what'd she say?

Ankart: She said she'd never quite seen anything like that and that at first she didn't know what to say... And she was going to throw us all out on our... behinds.

Paul: I knew it. That sucks.

Ankart: I thought you were trying to get thrown out.

Paul: Can't a guy change his mind?

Ankart: Well, you don't have to worry; she stopped on her way back to the office to listen in on some students talking.

Janice: Did they like it?

Ankart: They loved it.

Beth: Too bad Mrs. Donnelly didn't.

Ankart: She decided not to kick us out.

Janice: Really?

Ankart: She said that if they're talking about it, that's a good step in the right direction.

Beth: That's more like it.

Janice: *(Whispers something to Paul and Beth. They nod their heads.)*

Ankart: What?

Janice: Well, we were thinking that since this went so well we might see if Mrs. Donnelly would let us do it again. We could pick another topic. I'd write it... and show it too you first.

Ankart: I'm not playing a student this time.

Janice: Okay. *(Aside to Ankart.)* We should leave these guys alone.

Ankart: Well guys, class dismissed. *(Ankart and Janice leave talking.)*  
So, I have a few ideas that I'd like to run by you. I think they're good...

Paul: So.

Beth: So.

Paul: We should talk about that night.

Beth: Yeah.

Paul: *(Together.)* I'm sorry I didn't show up.

Beth: *(Together.)* I'm sorry I didn't show up.

Paul: *(Together.)* What!?!

Beth: *(Together.)* What!?!

Paul: Hold on. You didn't show up?

Beth: No, I freaked out.

Paul: Me too. I got as far as the store for condoms, and I...

Beth: Ditched out. Me too.

Paul: But I thought you were mad that I didn't show.

Beth: I thought you were.

Paul: Are you serious?

Beth: Yeah. Are you?

Paul: Yeah. I can't believe this.

Beth: We really should've talked.

Paul: Yeah. We'd better get back to class now though. You want to go for coffee tonight and figure this all out?

Beth: *(Writes "Sure." They exit together.)*

**THE END**

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