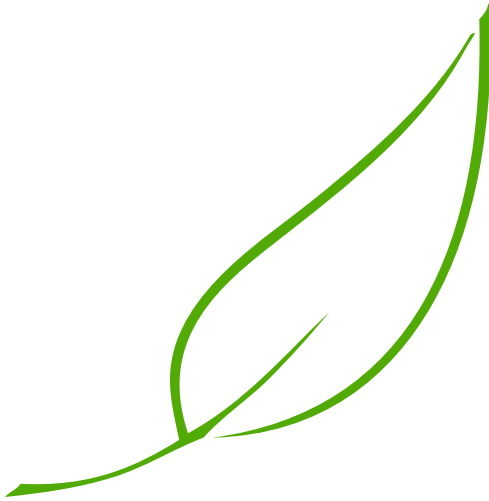


Z-TOWN

by Jerry Rabushka



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SYNOPSIS: There's a new teen energy drink—made from real teen energy! The secret of Z-Town is, students are hooked up to dream machines while their energy is channeled into the latest liquid flavor. On the other side, some students are placed in the position of luring others into the Z-Town factory. One of them, Naomi, realizes she needs to do something to save others from losing years off their lives. Even going to the cops won't help...they're in on it! Will anyone believe her? Even if they do, will they stand by her? How can she fight such a popular entity? A quirky and unique story, told with a combination of humor and poignancy...because sometimes you have to do what's right, even when everyone else thinks it's wrong.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(7-9 female, 7 male, 10-13 either, extras; gender flexible, doubling possible)

At the Convenience Store:

WANDA (f) The cashier. *(31 lines)*
 KAREENA (f) Her friend. *(62 lines)*
 BRITT (m) The janitor. *(102 lines)*

High School Students:

NAOMI (f) A junior or senior aged girl, known for
 being a bit “goody-goody.” *(235 lines)*
 DIRK (m) Naomi's date for a party. *(58 lines)*
 HADASSAH (f) “A” student with a “D” attitude.
 (31 lines)
 ISMENE (f) Her sidekick. *(28 lines)*
 KYLER (m) Homework central. *(29 lines)*
 ELIJAH (m) Football jock. *(29 lines)*

At Z-Town:

GEORGE (m) The warden. *(41 lines)*
 JIMMY (m) An inmate trying to escape. *(24 lines)*
 HOST* (m/f) A high-up executive at the Z-Town
 factory. *(82 lines)*

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SKIBBLE* (m/f).....An investor in Z-Town. *(15 lines)*
 SQUIGGLE* (m/f)Investing partner. *(14 lines)*
 INCOG* (m/f).....Short for Incognito; investing partner.
(14 lines)

Z-Town Kids: More or less kids can be cast as needed; feel free to disperse lines as needed.

Z-TOWN KID 1* (m/f).....*(3 lines)*
 Z-TOWN KID 2* (m/f).....*(3 lines)*
 Z-TOWN KID 3* (m/f).....*(2 lines)*
 Z-TOWN KID 4* (m/f).....*(2 lines)*

GUARD 1* (m/f)*(1 line)*
 GUARD 2* (m/f)*(2 lines)*

Others:

MOM (f)Naomi's Mother. *(16 lines)*
 DAD (m).....Naomi's Father. *(11 lines)*
 MISS BROWN (f)A police depot desk clerk. *(6 lines)*
 OFFICER TICKET* (m/f).....*(20 lines)*
 JIMMY'S MOM (f)*(8 lines)*
 DELIA (f).....Jimmy's sister. *(9 lines)*
 SHAWN WILEY* (m/f).....A media hound/photographer. *(15 lines)*
 CELL PHONE VOICE* (m/f).....Voice only. *(24 lines)*

Extras:

EMPLOYEES and INMATES (m/f).....(Non-Speaking)

*** Possible doublings include, but are not limited to:**

Naomi's Mom / Jimmy's Mother
 Delia / Miss Brown
 Naomi's Dad / Officer Ticket
 Shawn / Guard
 Jimmy / Guard

Z-Town employees and inmates can be doubled as well. A silent inmate in one Z-Town scene doesn't necessarily have to appear in them all, if that will help in casting.

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SETTING

The two main sets for this are The Convenience Store, located in an isolated spot up the “New Jersey Turnpike.” This should be a creepy, foggy place that makes people think twice about buying anything or asking for help, but on the other hand, it’s about the only choice on this part of the road. A couple flashing (or broken) signs, a Lottery advertisement, some racks of drinks, empty shelves, can all help get across the atmosphere.

Another major setting is Z-Town, where the kids at the factory are held; again it’s a surreal and foggy place with bizarre machines and almost a science-fiction atmosphere. The machines can be elaborate and futuristic, ’50s sci-fi, or even simply a few wires; whatever your imagination holds that gets the idea across. Many of the settings in this play can be suggested by a few pieces of furniture, a row of lockers for the school, etc. Since this piece is pure fantasy, artists and designers can have a free hand in creating a different kind of world.

NOTES

NAOMI is a high school girl, say aged 16 or 17. She’s a good student who tried to “do the right thing.” She’s neither “popular” nor “unpopular.” Much of her story is how her character progresses into someone who learns to speak up when it’s most difficult to do so, and learns that sometimes doing the right thing is not doing the popular thing.

Britt is also someone who will change over time, from a burned out worker to someone who realizes he can make a difference and feel better about himself.

PROPS

- ☐ Camera (for SHAWN)
- ☐ Cell phone (for NAOMI and DIRK)
- ☐ TV type remote (for HOST)
- ☐ Clipboard (for GEORGE)
- ☐ Business Cards (for SHAWN)
- ☐ Corporate business supplies (laptops, briefcases, etc, for the INVESTORS)
- ☐ Coffee cups, plastic drink bottles.

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ACT ONE, SCENE 1

AT RISE: NAOMI is at home, on her cell phone. There are only a couple scenes at her home, so the set for this can be very simple; in fact, there doesn't need to be a set at all, she can be pacing impatiently in front of the curtain or a blacked out stage. As the scene opens she's listening to the voice on the phone, but is not on stage yet.

CELL PHONE VOICE: The party you are calling, 555-555-4212, is not available. If you would like to talk to Dirk about basketball, press one, if you'd like to ask him out, press two, if you'd like to help him pass European History, press—

NAOMI: Shut up already! (*Enters.*)

CELL PHONE VOICE: (*Still in the same monotone.*) That tone of voice will significantly limit your available options.

NAOMI: All right, whatever. (*Frantically trying to get through this phone system.*) Two, two two. (*Presses two.*)

CELL PHONE VOICE: If this is Rachel, Maddie, or Brunhilda, the answer is yes. If this is Linda, Bonnie, or Kate, the answer is no, if this is Naomi... well...

NAOMI: What? What is it?

CELL PHONE VOICE: If this is Naomi, press one for further options.

NAOMI: Why are you doing this to me?

CELL PHONE VOICE: Either press one, or hang up.

MOM: (*Enters.*) Did you ask him yet, Naomi?

NAOMI: I'm trying, mom. I can't get past his voice mail.

CELL PHONE VOICE: I'm waiting.

MOM: You'll never get that date if you don't ask him.

CELL PHONE VOICE: That's it. I have better things to do. Your options have expired.

MOM: When I was in high school there was a boy named Bobby Wieland. I waited six months hoping he would call, but I was afraid to make the first move. I heard later that he wanted to go out with me, but he thought I was much too pretty and sophisticated for him. So we never dated, and instead I married your father.

NAOMI: So the moral of that story is, if you had followed your instincts, I probably wouldn't be here. That's not very inspirational.

MOM: That, and I'd be married to a very hunky and highly paid professional athlete living in a house four times this size, but at least I have you for compensation. *(Looks at NAOMI struggling with the phone.)* Give me that. *(Takes the phone.)* Call! Dirk! Now!

CELL PHONE VOICE: If you'd like to talk to-

MOM: I said now!

CELL PHONE VOICE: Dirk will be with you in fifteen seconds.

MOM: *(Hands NAOMI the phone.)* Now. Ask him out.

NAOMI: *(Impressed.)* Wow... thanks mom!

SCENE 2

AT RISE: At a convenience store "on the edge of town," off a remote road in New Jersey. At the counter is WANDA the cashier, leaning next to her just chatting is her friend KAREENA. Another employee, BRITT, is mopping the floor or otherwise cleaning up. This is the kind of place that makes its customers feel creepy without them necessarily understanding why. It shouldn't be too brightly lit; it should give the impression that we're about to enter a "B" horror film.

KAREENA: *(She's playing on a laptop.)* I am soooo bored. When do you get off?

WANDA: *(Tired of being asked.)* I told you, eleven o'clock!

KAREENA: Can't you see if someone will come in earlier?

WANDA: I need the money, Kareena. And you can leave whenever you want.

BRITT: Now would be good. No one asked you to come hang around here.

KAREENA: I want to go meet boys. And I don't like to do it alone. Not in this place.

BRITT: I think you've about met every boy this place has to offer.

KAREENA: I've met *you* enough to know better.

BRITT: Every night. She has no life. *(Notices someone coming in the door.)* Oooo lookie here! *(Small laugh.)* Bait.

NAOMI enters, she's dressed as if she has somewhere "nice" to be. She looks around not sure who to talk to, everyone at the store sizes her up, making her feel nervous.

WANDA: *(Disinterested.)* Yeah, whatchew need?

NAOMI is looking over a piece of paper, shows it to WANDA.

NAOMI: I think I'm lost.

BRITT: *(Leaning on a mop handle, enjoying NAOMI's discomfort.)* If you're here, you're lost.

NAOMI: Can you tell me how to get to East Post Road?

BRITT: We could, but you don't want to go there.

NAOMI: I tried to Mapquest it but I wound up here. Supposed to be a party. Michael Byers. Heard of him? We're Facebook friends but never met in real life.

WANDA: Michael Byers is in jail. What kind of party is this?

NAOMI: A party party. Look, I just need to get there.

WANDA: I never go to East Post Road. My mamma said I shouldn't go there. You know... "Wanda, whatever you do, don't go to East Post." That's my mamma talking.

KAREENA: *(Helping out, since WANDA can't seem to make it happen.)* Look, here you go. Go up this street about a mile and a half, then make the second right after the light. It's the only light there is. You'll go about three miles down a gravel road, turn left, and it's not going to say Post, it's going to say Seven Mile. Just keep going and you'll get where you need.

WANDA: Kareena, that's not where it is...

KAREENA: How do you know? *(To WANDA.)* You've never been there. *(To NAOMI.)* People tell you all kinda lies in this place. You can't trust anyone. Now you got it?

NAOMI: I got it.

KAREENA: *(Knowingly.)* Well, you go and have a good time then.

NAOMI: Thanks. You're a lifesaver! *(She leaves.)*

BRITT: That ain't the way to the Post Road.

KAREENA: *(Giggles.)* I know. I just do that sometimes.

DIRK enters, and again everyone sizes him up.

BRITT: What's up, little boy? You look lost.

DIRK: *(That scares him a bit.)* Hey, *(Shows his map.)* can you tell me how to get to Connor's Crossing?

BRITT: There ain't no Connor's Crossing around here. Ain't no Connor, and ain't no crossing. Without Conner, we don't need no crossing bearing his name. *(Approaches DIRK closer, mop in hand; leans on the mop handle and stares DIRK in the face.)* What makes you need to get there so bad?

DIRK: Party. Connor's Crossing on East Post. Supposed to be some hot chicks. Good times.

WANDA: There ain't been a good time had in this part of town for about 20 years. My grandpa remembers havin' one once, and after Grandma had her say that was the end of it.

DIRK: It's dark out here and I think I made a wrong turn.

KAREENA: *(Pretends to be doing DIRK a big favor.)* Look. Look, here you go. Go up this street about a mile and a half, then make the second right after the light. It's the only light there is. You'll go about three miles down a gravel road, turn left, and it's not going to say Connor, it's going to say Seven Mile. Then you'll see a crossing that says Chuck Duck Lake, but that's actually Connor's Crossing.

DIRK: Why would Connor's Crossing say Chuck Duck Lake?

KAREENA: No one knows for sure. You'd have to ask Chuck, or Chuck's duck. But that's really Connor's Crossing. You should be able to hear the party from there, if it's all that you say it is.

DIRK: You wanna come with? You're not doing anything but hanging around this desolate-

KAREENA: I barely know you. You go have a good time. *(Short pause.)* If you can.

DIRK: Well... okay. It's this Internet party. My parents would have a fit if they knew... sure you don't wanna go?

BRITT: Round here, when a girl says no, she means no.

DIRK: Well... ok. No means no. I get it. You three are weird. Like Texas Chainsaw weird.

WANDA: You best git, then.

DIRK exits. BRITT continues to mop, he thinks for a bit.

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BRITT: Woah, Kareena.

KAREENA: Woah, Britt. What happened that a thought popped into your head?

BRITT: You know what you did?

KAREENA: What'd I do?

BRITT: You sent them to Z-Town.

KAREENA: (*Not terribly concerned.*) Yeah, I know.

BRITT continues mopping, WANDA isn't sure what to make of this.

SCENE 3

AT RISE: *NAOMI is on her cell phone, calling someone. It's dark around her and she's very uneasy and easily frightened at this point. She hears a voice.*

CELL PHONE VOICE: The number you called: 555-555-4212, is not answering. If you'd like to leave a message for 555-555-4212, please begin speaking after the tone. If your message is urgent, you can press two when you're finished speaking. For other options...

NAOMI: (*Frustrated.*) Get on with it already!

CELL PHONE VOICE: I'm not finished discussing options, if you please. Is this call urgent?

NAOMI: Yes! Now shut up and let me leave a message!

CELL PHONE VOICE: If this call is urgent, you may press two when you're finished speaking. If this call is really urgent, you may press six. If you'd like to leave a message and let me be the judge of its urgency, you may press-

NAOMI: Dirk! I want to talk to Dirk.

CELL PHONE VOICE: Dirk, or as I refer to him, 555-555-4212, is not available at the moment. If you'd like to leave a message for 555-555-4212, please do so after the tone. But keep it to the point, and don't ramble. Are you ready?

NAOMI: Yes!

CELL PHONE VOICE: Or would you like further options?

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NAOMI: How about the option that you shut up and let me talk?

CELL PHONE VOICE: Why didn't you say so? For that, you press three, and wait for the tone, which I will provide at my discretion.

NAOMI: (*Presses 3.*) You better exercise that discretion really really soon!

CELL PHONE VOICE: Discretion accessed. Now hurry it up.

NAOMI: Dirk... where are you? I'm lost here. I'm on some Post Road that doesn't say Post Road. We should have come here together... Dirk, call me when you get this. (*She's finished leaving her message, and talks at the phone.*) Now... it's urgent, so press two. (*To the "phone voice".*) Now, send it. (*Very impatient.*) Dirk, pick up!

She walks along a little farther, and it's spooky. JIMMY, a 19 year old Z-Town resident, comes up to her, as if he's trying to escape from somewhere. He's dressed in a hoodie with a blanket wrapped around him. He wavers in and out of lucidity.

JIMMY: Hey, do you have a quarter? Or fifty cents? What's a phone call these days?

NAOMI: (*Put off by him.*) No I don't have a quarter. I need to get to the Post Road.

JIMMY: Don't go to the Post Road. I need to make a call. Can I use your phone? Hurry. (*Tries to grab it.*)

NAOMI: (*She's really creeped out by him.*) I'm not just going to give you my phone. You're creepy.

JIMMY: I need help. Can you give me a ride? I need to get out of here. I need to... you've got to help me. Up there, it's Z-Town.

NAOMI: (*Knows about this.*) Z-Town teen energy! That's where the factory is?

JIMMY: Z-Town. They're coming for me. I can't stay awake much longer. I've got to...

NAOMI: You're making no sense and this is a very isolated part of town and you're creeping me out.

She tries to get away from him and he follows her, so she finally tries to get some help.

NAOMI: *(Continued.)* I'm looking for Michael Byers' Facebook Party.

JIMMY: Michael Byers isn't real. He's bait.

GEORGE: *(Enters, wearing a dark overcoat of some sort, coming after JIMMY.)* Jimmy, where do you think you're going? You're coming back with me.

JIMMY: Please help me!

GEORGE: Don't you talk to her! You're coming back to the factory.

JIMMY: I need to wake up. Please. I need to wake up. Help me!

GEORGE drags JIMMY off as NAOMI looks at them frightened and not understanding. She looks offstage for a short while, then NAOMI's phone rings, she heaves a sigh of relief.

NAOMI: FINALLY! Dirk! Dirk!

CELL PHONE VOICE: If you'd like to speak with 555-555-4212, press one now.

NAOMI: Will you just connect me?

CELL PHONE VOICE: Press one, or I'm powerless to connect you.

NAOMI: All right! *(Presses one.)* Dirk!

DIRK: *(DIRK enters, but doesn't see NAOMI.)* Where are you?

NAOMI: I'm on the Post Road! I think. It says Seven Mile but the girl said it was the Post Road.

DIRK: I don't know what kind of directions she gave me, but I'm totally lost. My folks would kill me if they knew I took the car out this far.

They start to back into each other.

NAOMI: Why did we come to this party anyway? My mother told me not to get involved with people from the Internet, but I told her, I'm on the Internet, she's on the Internet, if everyone on the Internet is nuts, than we're all nuts.

DIRK: I think it was the "people you know through friends of friends on Facebook on the Internet. But I'm someone's friend of a friend of a friend, and I'm not nuts either.

NAOMI: *(Rambling.)* It sounded like a fun party, and then this freaky guy comes up to me asking for money and saying he needs to wake up and I am really scared!

They bump into each other and shriek.

DIRK: What are you doing here?

After the initial fright, they're happy to have found each other.

NAOMI: Look at that sign. Seven Mile and Chuck Duck Lake. This doesn't look like Michael Byers house.

DIRK: This looks like... wow that lake smells nasty. I think Chuck's Duck's goose is cooked. *(Notices something.)* There's a light over there. Maybe that's it.

NAOMI: *(Gets out a paper.)* Well... okay. I guess it's safe to park our cars here.

DIRK: I... uh... doubt it.

They hesitate.

DIRK: *(Continued.)* Let's go.

They exit into the dark.

SCENE 4

AT RISE: *At school, HADASSAH, ISMENE, and KYLER are hanging around a student lounge, or in the hallway, during a free period. They're drinking Z-Town Teen Energy Drink out of plastic bottles, which should look like Gatorade or some other sports drink. They all have the usual school supplies, backpacks, book bags, books, etc. This is a "suburban" high school where the kids are from mostly affluent families. This scene is not "linear" with the scenes surrounding it; however it gives a perspective on what's going to happen at the party.*

HADASSAH: This stuff is soooo cool!

ISMENE: It's yummy, and it's good for you!

KYLER: I used to be a bad kid, until I started drinking this stuff. *(Strikes an athletic pose.)* Now I'm acing it!

HADASSAH: It's like you can get good grades and you don't have to study.

ISMENE: Oh Hadassah, you study all the time! You're so boring.

HADASSAH: (*Humorously catty.*) But now, Ismene, I don't have to study! So, *you're* boring!

KYLER: I never study. I just aced a math test. I aced a history test. And I'm making money hand over fist doing homework for the football team.

Enter ELIJAH, a football player. He's a bit perturbed.

ELIJAH: Wow did I get in trouble, thanks to Kyler here.

KYLER: What? Thanks to Elijah here, I've done research for two.

ELIJAH: Teacher knows I'm not that smart. I got caught when she asked me to explain three major highlights of Frederick the Great's reign.

KYLER: Easy. Partition of Poland, the ascension of Prussia as a great power, and he's the composer of one hundred and twenty one flute sonatas.

ELIJAH: She was okay with the partition, she got suspicious when I used the word ascension, but when I got to the flute sonatas she knew I was cheating.

HADASSAH: Wait a minute. Elijah! Here, try this stuff. You won't need Kyler.

ELIJAH: (*Looks at the bottle.*) Z-Town. Energy for the unmotivated. I've heard of it, but resisted.

ISMENE: (*Proud, and pushing it on him.*) Made right here in New Jersey.

ELIJAH: I didn't think we made anything but toxic waste.

HADASSAH: Here. (*Gives him a bottle; she's more influential than ISMENE.*)

ELIJAH: (*He takes a drink and lets it have its effect.*) Wow. That's... amazing!

ISMENE: You feel great, and better yet, our parents approve.

KYLER: (*Stagey.*) Hadassah, Ismene, thank you for turning me round to Z-Town!

ELIJAH: Something about this seems fishy.

HADASSAH: You mean like you're in a TV commercial?

ISMENE: Because... *(Facing towards an unseen camera.)* you are in a TV commercial!

KYLER: *(As if he's talking to a TV camera.)* Z-Town, energy drink for the unmotivated.

ISMENE: We were bad kids!

HADASSAH: Now we're straight A!

KYLER: Z-Town Energy. Locally owned, locally produced! *(Hits ELIJAH.)* Say something, boy!

ELIJAH: *(Not sure what to say.)* I love it!

SHAWN: *(Enters, happily, SHAWN is an annoying upbeat media hound with the job of filming Z-Town commercials.)* That's a wrap. Great job, kids. *(Passes out more and more bottles of the stuff.)* Give it to all your friends. You'll have grade inflation like nobody's business.

ISMENE: Are you sure it's healthy?

SHAWN: You eat fast food, corn chips, Cheetos, shakes, you smoke, you chew gum, stuff twinkies for dinner, for goodness sake!... Why, suddenly, do you care? *(A bit harsh.)* Drink up!

SCENE 5

AT START: *At the door of that house having the party. It's big and spooky, with old signage on it. DIRK and NAOMI approach. Some muffled music can be heard from behind the door, if desired.*

NAOMI: Boy was I glad to see you!

DIRK: I know! Same here.

They become more and more unsure of themselves.

NAOMI: This is scary. *(Trying to get romantic.)* You should hold my hand. *(Losing confidence.)* Or. Something.

DIRK: *(He doesn't.)* This is pretty spooky. Whose party is this anyway? I don't mind a Party Out of Bounds, but this is off the map.

NAOMI: I don't know. It's a Facebook thing. The ultimate teen gathering! *(Excited.)* And I'm the ultimate teen!

DIRK: (*Concerned.*) Ultimate... means... last.

NAOMI: We really know nothing about this. (*More aggressively.*) Like I said, you should hold my hand. Or. Something.

DIRK: (*Still doesn't get it.*) I thought "everybody was going." Are you and me "everybody?"

NAOMI: (*Gives up on the hand holding.*) We're late. We got lost, remember? And those creeps at the convenience store told us to come here.

DIRK: I don't think she knew what she was talking about. Or worse, she did. (*Pause.*) I should hold your hand. Or something.

They hold hands briefly.

NAOMI: It's not helping.

DIRK: (*Letting go.*) No.

NAOMI: Knock.

DIRK: You knock!

NAOMI: You're the boy, you knock.

The door opens, it's squeaky, and they're a bit frightened.

HOST: (*An executive at Z-Town, should be dressed "suit and tie," or something formal, but not necessarily up to date. HOST is very upbeat but scary at the same time.*) No need to knock, we've been expecting you.

NAOMI: Is this 12945 East Post Road? Connor's Crossing at Chuck Duck Lake?

DIRK: They said they've been expecting us!

NAOMI: My mother's expecting me home by 11, and I don't expect she'll see me by then.

HOST: (*Creepy but welcoming.*) Come in, come in!

NAOMI: I'm not so sure. We're looking for-

HOST: (*Forcing them inside, jolly in that old-style manner that makes them fear they'll be forced to work as a chimney sweep in 19th century London.*) It doesn't matter who you're looking for, it matters who you found! And you're going to have a great old time!

DIRK: I'm... not having one now, yet I hope change is in the air, and quickly.

HOST: Well, I know just the thing for it. You wait right here.

HOST starts to exit, and they exchange a glance and start to leave back out the door. HOST whirls around, jovial but firm...

HOST: *(Continued.)* I said wait right here. You haven't even got to know anyone.

Enter GEORGE and JIMMY.

GEORGE: *(To HOST.)* You keep leaving the door open. He almost got away. *(Aggravated.)* Again.

HOST: Quiet, George! Obviously he needs more to drink.

JIMMY: *(To DIRK and NAOMI.)* Hey you're the girl who ran away from me. Now you're here. Now you'll sleep like I do. Forever, and ever, and...

GEORGE drags JIMMY away, he shouts back at NAOMI.

JIMMY: *(Continued.)* ...ever!

DIRK: What was that?

HOST: Some people need to learn to drink responsibly. Or not drink at all! Here, have some.

DIRK: Z-Town! Energy drink. Cool!

HOST: It's a new flavor we're trying out. *(Calling.)* George?

On cue, GEORGE brings out four dazed high school students, dressed in sleepwear, not all that well taken care of... greasy hair, etc.

HOST: *(Continued.)* Tell 'em about it, kids!

DIRK and NAOMI are freaked out.

DIRK: Naomi, I know you wanted to go out, but, did you want to go out this badly?

NAOMI: Next time it's Quizno's.

The KIDS each hold out a bottle of colored liquid and start to sing, or recite together in rhythm.

ALL Z-TOWN KIDS: It's pomegranate orange, a flavor you can't beat.
It gives you strength and energy, in cold or in the heat.
You know it's right for you, when it's marked up with the Z.
But, try it for yourself, don't just take advice from me.

They all hold out some of the drink.

HOST: *(Herding them back off stage.)* Okay kids, that's enough.

Z-TOWN KID 1: I'm tired.

HOST: Go to sleep.

Z-TOWN KID 1: I can't find the bed.

GEORGE: Come to your room. *(He herds them offstage, and comes back shortly.)*

HOST: Here, try it for yourself. It's pomegranate orange, a flavor you can't beat.

DIRK: Okay. Easy enough. *(He does.)*

NAOMI: *(Considers it, then changes her mind.)* I don't like orange. Particularly pomegranate orange. I really hope this pomegranate craze goes away.

HOST: You don't like orange? Everyone likes orange!

NAOMI: Not really, no. Do you have any other flavors?

HOST: Drink it fast. *(Cajoling.)* You can't get into the party until you have some!

NAOMI: That's the kind of thing we're not supposed to do. Like if everyone's passing around a cigarette, I have the strength to say no. So, no. It leaves a bad aftertaste.

DIRK: This stuff is good! You should try it. *(Has some more.)*

HOST: See? Listen to Dirk.

NAOMI: I think I better go.

DIRK: Don't go! I don't know anyone else here. You wanted to go out with me, remember? Now you're bailing. And you're being a party poop. Now you're.... Wow, this works fast!

NAOMI: Dirk, what's happened to you? You look-

HOST: He's just getting a jolt of energy.

DIRK looks glazed over, like the KIDS who sang. He acts a bit silly.

NAOMI: You look like the rest of those kids. And that boy on the street.

HOST: You can't leave until you have some, young lady. You didn't read the fine print on the invite.

GEORGE: Indulge! ...Or we'll have to force you!

DIRK: Come on in and play with us!

NAOMI: *(Takes a sip, but spits it back out.)* Ew! Orange. I told you I can't drink this.

DIRK: Yes you can.

NAOMI: Dirk, you're acting strange. *(To HOST.)* What are you going to do to me if I don't? Keep me here? My parents are already going to be madder than poop.

DIRK falls down and sits on the floor, listless.

GEORGE: Come back with us, to the factory.

NAOMI: Factory?

DIRK: Factory!

NAOMI: You said it was a party!

GEORGE: Oh, but it is. For everyone drinking Z, it's a party! *(Helps DIRK get up.)* Come on, Dirk. Time for bed.

DIRK: I'm very tired. I just need to sleep.

GEORGE takes DIRK off; NAOMI is scared and confused.

HOST: Well, your turn.

She runs to the door, but HOST aims a remote at the door and presses a button, and it's locked.

HOST: You can't leave. We like your energy, and if we can't tap it one way, we'll tap it another. Some of our employees are better left conscious, as long as they let us do their thinking. I think you'd be very well utilized as a recruiter. So, the only way you can leave is to work for us.

NAOMI: I don't understand. We were just supposed to go to some Facebook party.

HOST: (*Mocking.*) And I bet after this there's going to be a nationwide movement to keep people from doing anything "Facebook," right? One bad aspirin and everyone has to put on safety caps.

GEORGE: (*Getting into the media scare blitz.*) How safe are your children?

HOST: (*Still mocking.*) Do you really know what your children are doing?

GEORGE: (*And yet, once more!*) Is it safe to leave children alone in their own rooms?

HOST: We need people like you to help us recruit.

NAOMI: (*By now totally wishing she wasn't here.*) What are you doing with Dirk?

HOST: You can take the tour and you'll understand a bit more. See, we study the people we bring in. You're smart, and you don't rock the boat. So it's probably just as well you don't like Orange Pom. We have some investors coming for a look around, just about now. I think you'll be much the wiser.

NAOMI: It's ten o'clock on a Saturday night! Who has a business meeting?

HOST: We do our best work at night. People need to sleep during the day.

Knock on the door. NAOMI cries out!

HOST: (*Continued.*) Oh stop, it's not that scary. Besides, everyone wants to know the secret behind the drink that's sweeping the nation. You're about to find out! But first, you must promise to be very very quiet about it.

NAOMI: I don't think I should.

HOST: (*Threatening.*) But yet, you must. Or would you rather go for a nighttime dip in Chuck Duck Lake?

NAOMI: Okay, I promise.

HOST lets in three investors, SKIBBLE, SQUIGGLE, and INCOG. They're dressed "corporate" but creepy, with wild hair and eyes, perhaps ONE or TWO of them wear long coats as well.

HOST: Welcome to Z-Town! Welcome to the factory, where drinks become dreams, and dreams become drinks.

SKIBBLE: We got directions at the convenience store down the street. It's hard place to find.

HOST: On purpose, it is. I'll be your host for this evening.

SKIBBLE: I'm Skibble.

SQUIGGLE: I'm Squiggle.

INCOG: I'm Incognito. But you can call me Incog. My parents called me Nito, but I rebelled.

SQUIGGLE: No one cares.

HOST: And this is Naomi, our newest employee.

NAOMI: I am not!

HOST: Don't sass the boss.

SKIBBLE: We can't wait to take the tour! We see this as a great opportunity to be part of a fast growing company. And, we have money to burn.

SQUIGGLE: Where you grow, we grow.

HOST: Snap it up, Georgie!!

GEORGE goes out and brings in the KIDS, along with JIMMY.

GEORGE: Meet the crew.

KIDS: Z-town teen energy drink! Have some! *(Hands some to the INVESTORS.)*

JIMMY: *(Clutching NAOMI.)* You wouldn't help me.

GEORGE: Quiet!

JIMMY: *(Desperate, as if he's in a dream and needs to scream, but can't.)* I need to wake up! We all need to wake up.

GEORGE: The drink didn't take with him. He's half in, half out.

HOST: Give him some more.

GEORGE: I am giving him more. He's twilight. He's half asleep and half awake. We should have put him to work, but it's too late. He's almost 20.

HOST: I guess that means his production is only half as well. Hook him up to the dream machine. He'll be fine.

DIRK: *(Stumbles on stage.)* Naomi! Welcome to Z-Town!

ALL KIDS: Z-Town teen energy drink. Made with teen energy.

INCOG: You mean it literally.

HOST: That's why it works so well... we use (*Indicating the KIDS.*) real teen energy.

NAOMI: That's why everyone is so sleepy.

HOST: Ding! The bulb goes off. Teenagers are full of energy. They're bursting to the core! Whether it's watching TV all day, playing video games all day, overburdened with too much homework, doing the school play, or plain being lazy, these kids have energy to spare, and we tap into it.

SKIBBLE: What happens when they grow up?

HOST: We put 'em to work and get more kids! The more energetic, the less kids we have to borrow. The less kids that go missing. It's a science, picking the right ones.

DIRK: Naomi! Come join us. We're very very sleepy.

Z-TOWN KID 1: They put all our energy in a bottle.

NAOMI: When do they get out?

HOST: When you're not a teenager anymore.

GEORGE: (*Happily explaining the obvious.*) That's why it's a "teen energy drink."

SKIBBLE: What happens when they run out of energy?

HOST: We give them enough to keep producing. And as you can see, it works really well. Naomi here is part of our recruitment committee.

NAOMI: I am not!

HOST: If you do your job well, you might see Dirk again... awake.

NAOMI looks around at all the messed up KIDS, kind of scared.

GEORGE: We're ready to hook.

DIRK: Okay.

NAOMI: The machine?

INCOG: Dream machine. I like it. Doesn't get much more incog than that.

HOST: The machine converts teen energy into Z-Town Teen Energy Drink. It's very important work. Come here and we'll see how it works. (*To GEORGE.*) Start with Dirk.

They all exit, NAOMI doesn't want to go but she's dragged along.

SCENE 6

AT START: *HADASSAH, ISMENE, KYLER, and ELIJAH are hanging out, all drinking Z-Town.*

ELIJAH: I can't believe I'm on TV!

HADASSAH: Especially with this amazing energy drink. I just can't stop the rush.

KYLER: Look...! It says, "Enter here for a free trip to Z-Town!" Get a free factory tour and make some yourself!

ISMENE: I'm on it! *(She looks.)* Gotta go to their Facebook page.

HADASSAH: What would we do without social networking? Talk to each other? Whatever.

NAOMI: *(Enters, dismayed at what she sees.)* Look guys... Hadassah, Ismene... all of you... you gotta stop.

HADASSAH: Stop what? Who made you hall monitor? *(Mocking, as "the monitor".)* Kids having fun, someone's got to stop them!

NAOMI: Stop drinking that stuff.

KYLER: *(Giddy.)* But it's yummy. And it tastes good, too.

ELIJAH: I can even do my own homework! *(Rubs KYLER's head.)* Kyler's off the hook till next semester! *(To NAOMI.)* Hey do you wanna go out with me? I need to keep someone in reserve in case I fall off the wagon.

NAOMI: No! *(She looks around for "spies", and talks a bit more quietly than normal.)* Look. They just kidnapped Dirk. At that party thingy we went to. We got lost and we wound up at the Z-Town factory, and they gave him this drink, and-

ISMENE: Uh... yeah.

NAOMI: And they have a whole bunch of sleepy kids, and they're draining their energy, and...

HADASSAH: So you have some silly dream, and we're supposed to stop drinking Z-Town Energy. I don't think so.

KYLER: I'm going to the factory!

NAOMI: No, you're not going to the factory. We need to help Dirk.

ELIJAH: He missed that foul shot and we lost the big game. He deserves whatever-

NAOMI: Will you people stop being yourselves for just one small minute and listen to me?

ISMENE: *(By now everyone thinks NAOMI is nuts.)* I don't think either of those options are possible.

HADASSAH: Listen to you?

SHAWN: *(Enters, dismayed at what's going on.)* Um... this isn't shaping up as a good commercial. *(To NAOMI.)* I don't know what you're talking about, young lady, but-

NAOMI: You're in on it. You know exactly what I'm talking about.

SHAWN: I'm a hired director. Shawn Wiley. *(Passes out business cards.)* You can see me on Facebook. and doing these Z-Town ads is going to make me a fortune. So don't come waltzing in with some horror-movie psycho drama.

NAOMI: I guess I'll have to do this waltz myself.

HADASSAH: Well if you said something useful, for once, we might be able to make sense of it. Until then...

KYLER: Drink up!

They all do.

SHAWN: *(To NAOMI.)* Until then... shut up.

SCENE 7

AT START: *Back at the convenience store. KAREENA is playing on the laptop, BRITT is mopping or sweeping or straightening something up.*

WANDA: *(A bit suspicious.)* Every time someone comes in lately, you send them to Z-Town.

KAREENA: I know. It's cool. You're sellin' a lot of it, too.

BRITT: Keeps me awake in this nowhere job in this nowhere place.

WANDA: You ever thought about going back to school?

BRITT: School's for losers.

WANDA: Which is why you need to go.

BRITT: Nope, I like sweeping. I won't get caught up in this Z-Town mess any more. *(More to himself.)* Been there, done that, a thousand times before.

WANDA: What Z-Town mess?

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KAREENA: (*Throws something at BRITT to shut him up.*) It's not your problem, Wanda.

BRITT: What are you always here for, Kareena? Don't you have a life?

KAREENA: Not any more. I just like hanging out and giving people wrong directions.

GEORGE enters with NAOMI.

GEORGE: Here. You start today.

NAOMI: But I have school.

GEORGE: (*Ask him if he cares.*) You start today. (*Introducing her.*) Britt, Wanda, here's your new store manager.

WANDA: We don't need a store manager. This place runs so much better with no supervision.

GEORGE: (*More insistent.*) Naomi here is the new store manager. First thing, you need to help Kareena update our Facebook page.

WANDA: (*Shocked.*) You work here? I thought you just liked me.

KAREENA: Uh... yep. It was a secret. Surprise!

BRITT: That's what I like, a convenience store with a Facebook page. (*Grandiose!*) We're putting pickles on a chicken sandwich! Hurry, let's tell the masses!

GEORGE: We're the only store up here with a Facebook page.

KAREENA: (*Too proud.*) I'm an expert at Facebook.

WANDA: You're a loser.

KAREENA: I thought we were friends.

WANDA: And as your friend, I can speak to the point with authority. You don't do anything but bad things. I don't think I want you here anymore.

GEORGE: Sadly for you, she's your new marketing director.

KAREENA: I don't want-

GEORGE: It's not your choice.

KAREENA: Is this a quick shop or a slave quarters?

GEORGE: That's up to you. But I would go for quick-shop. You all know the alternative.

GEROGE gives her a look to get to work; KAREENA goes to Facebook and starts to play. Long silence.

WANDA: Why are you always on that thing?

KAREENA: *(Curt, without looking up.)* Like you're not addicted to anything.

WANDA: *(Annoyed and suspicious.)* You come in here and hang out on Facebook all day. Does your mom not allow it?

KAREENA: *(Finds it better to ignore WANDA than answer her.)* Naomi, come here, I'll show you how this works.

NAOMI: How what works? I don't know the first thing about managing a convenience store.

KAREENA: The parties.

BRITT: The parties? I'm there.

WANDA: You've partied enough. You have no brains left. *(To NAOMI.)* He actually cares about how clean the floor is.

BRITT: A man needs to accomplish something in his life. You could eat where I sweep. A cat can't even say that about its litter box.

KAREENA: We invite people to parties up here.

NAOMI: Kind of like me.

KAREENA: Kind of like you. Then if they're stupid enough to come, they usually get lost, and we give them directions.

NAOMI: To Z-Town.

WANDA: Big deal. It's just a bunch of sleepy kids.

NAOMI: You know about it?

WANDA: It's big business. Snag some kids, suck out their energy, put it into a drink. When they turn 20, you let 'em loose. What's left of 'em, anyway. Hence, Britt.

BRITT: What's hence mean? Hence isn't my name.

NAOMI: Why don't you do something about it?

WANDA: Word I get is the cops are in on it. It's New Jersey after all. A few less kids to chase down and a lot more money coming into headquarters. Sometimes I think this place has something to do with it. Like we're the stop off station. What do you know about it?

NAOMI: *(As GEORGE gives her a look to be quiet.)* Nothing.

SCENE 8

AT START: NAOMI and her PARENTS at home. NAOMI feels ganged up on, as her PARENTS are unhappy about her "job."

MOM: You're working at a store all the way up the Pike?

NAOMI: I have to.

DAD: You have to? There's plenty of stores in town here. Starbucks.

MOM: McDonalds.

DAD: Gas stations.

MOM: Bakeries.

DAD: YMCA.

MOM: YWCA.

DAD: Summer camp.

NAOMI: It's not summer. Besides they let me play on Facebook all day long. I network to bring in business.

MOM: You do that anyway.

DAD: Might as well get paid.

MOM: (*Laying down the law.*) You call them right now and tell them you're not coming to work anymore. We can't afford the gas. And it's not safe.

NAOMI: I can't do that. I kind of have to.

DAD: This is a free country.

NAOMI: Not for me. Not for Dirk. You don't understand.

DAD: What is it?

MOM: Do you have a concern you'd like us to take seriously?

NAOMI: I have to get Dirk out of Z-Town. I have to get everyone out.

MOM: And to think I helped you get that date.

DAD: I love that stuff! (*Disclosing a secret.*) I sneak it on the side. Gives energy to us old folks, too.

NAOMI: That energy is coming from Dirk. That's where it comes from.

MOM: You're making no sense.

DAD: As usual. Now, make the call. Who's the boss there?

NAOMI: I don't know.

DAD: Well who pays you?

NAOMI: I don't know. I don't even know if I get paid. There's no point in talking to you if you won't listen to me.

DAD: Yet, we talk to you every night of our lives.

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MOM: So, you listen to me. You're quitting that job. Now.

NAOMI: (*Assertive, but resigned.*) Uh... you listen to me. I'm not.

Short pause, PARENTS are angry with her defiance.

NAOMI: (*Continued.*) Ever.

Blackout.

SCENE 9

AT RISE: *HADASSAH, ISMENE, KYLER, and ELIJAH are hanging together at school.*

KYLER: I'm tired. Time to take a swig. This stuff gets addicting after a while.

ELIJAH: But it feels so good.

KYLER: I'm glad. Everyone else is getting sick and missing school.

NAOMI enters and watches them, dismayed.

ELIJAH: Soon it will be just you and me, Kyler, just you and me.

ISMENE: Anyone seen Dirk? And Troy and Beth?

HADASSAH: And Lana, and... is there some kind of flu going around?

KYLER: (*Like a frat boy.*) Nothing a little Z-Town can't cure.

NAOMI: You guys need to stop drinking that.

HADASSAH: Actually, Naomi, you need to start.

KYLER: Goody goody goody.

NAOMI: I've been there. To the Z-town Factory. That's where Dirk is.

ELIJAH: (*Taking a swig.*) Lucky him. Who needs Willy Wonka?

NAOMI: Not so much. You guys need to listen to me.

ISMENE: Weeeee don't listen to anyone.

SHAWN: (*Entering, trying to take control.*) What do we have here? A Debbie Downer? A Naomi Negative? We're trying to go easy on you but you...

NAOMI: I'm going to tell the truth.

SHAWN: I don't think that's a good idea.

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KYLER: What truth?

As NAOMI tries to speak, SHAWN cuts her off.

SHAWN: Naomi has an inside scoop. We're coming out with a new flavor!

KYLER, ELIJAH, HADASSAH, and ISMENE: Wow!!!

ISMENE: It's a pomegranate raspberry banana blend, right? It's got to be!

HADASSAH: Oh puke me out.

SHAWN: *(Threatening NAOMI.)* She knows what the flavor is, and she knows if she tells you, she's going to be fired. And she doesn't want to be fired. Does she?? Does she? If she's fired, she'll be working for us permanently. Amazing how that works.

NAOMI: My parents want me to quit.

SHAWN: Oh, what do parents know? You kids drink up. Everyone check their Facebook tonight. There's a party uptown. *(To NAOMI aside.)* Apparently four kids know too much, thanks to you.

KYLER: Parrrrty!

ISMENE: I'm down for a party.

HADASSAH: I have homework.

Pause, they change her mind with a look.

ELIJAH and HADASSAH: Parrrrty!

SCENE 10

NAOMI: Dirk, dirk, dirk... *(Calls him up.)* I have to save you. You wouldn't be there if I didn't ask you to go to that party.

CELL PHONE VOICE: The party you are calling... 555-555-4212... Is not available. If you would like to leave a message...

NAOMI: I know. Press one or stay on the line, fine. *(Presses one.)*

CELL PHONE VOICE: People like you think they can solve all the world's problems by pressing one. But pressing one is no longer an option. Please stay on the line as menu choices have changed.

NAOMI: What is it?

CELL PHONE VOICE: Patience. Menu choices have changed. I don't yet have access to the new options. All I know is that they have changed!

NAOMI: I want to leave a message.

CELL PHONE VOICE: That is not an option. Please stay on the line.

NAOMI: Why should I stay on the line if I can't talk and I can't leave a message?

CELL PHONE VOICE: (*Duh!*) Because I told you to stay on the line.

BRITT: Hey, the Facebook girl wants you. You need to make up a new online name. And invite some folks to a party.

NAOMI: I'm on the phone.

CELL PHONE VOICE: She's wasting time, as the options have been canceled but not updated.

BRITT: You can't make calls here without permission. This is a customer service enterprise. (*Recalling bad memories.*) I made a call without permission once.

NAOMI: What happened?

BRITT: I'm still here.

NAOMI: Dirk! Answer the phone.

CELL PHONE VOICE: We're sorry, but 555-555-4212 is asleep. All options have expired. The menu is now closed.

Short blackout.

SCENE 11

KAREENA: (*Showing NAOMI her computer.*) That's pretty much it.

NAOMI: No one's caught on?

KAREENA: People have suspicions, but no one thinks it can happen to them. No one thinks they'll die in a drunken driving accident, and no one thinks they'll wind up in Z-Town. (*Defending herself, as NAOMI is struck by her heartlessness.*) It was do this or sleep.

NAOMI: You don't seem to care.

KAREENA: Not so much. I feel bad about that, but, I only feel bad that I don't feel bad. Anyone with a lick of sense isn't going to a party up the pike at some place they don't know. So they're just asking for it.

NAOMI: Like me. Totally like me.

KAREENA: So, organize some parties. Hadassah, Ismene, Kyler, Elijah. You told them the truth, so now they have to go to sleep. And if you don't do what you're told, orange pomegranate is just the beginning.

NAOMI: You mean...

KAREENA: Yep. Blueberry Kiwi Rush. So I wouldn't try anything if I were you. *(Exit KAREENA.)*

NAOMI: *(Looking into the screen.)* Dirk... why did I do this to you? I can't... these guys are my friends. Sort of.

BRITT: *(Enters.)* You could have saved them by shutting up.

NAOMI: I like Dirk more than he knows. I asked him out as a friend but I didn't mean it. I wanted more. I thought by going up to this party that no one approved of that he'd think I was cool. And it worked. Now we're lost in New Jersey.

BRITT: Best move on. He'll be asleep. He's probably hooked up to the dream machine.

NAOMI: What's that?

BRITT: You dream. You dream of good things, if you're lucky. It gives you energy to tap out while you sleep. You think you're having a good life, but you have no life at all.

NAOMI: If they keep taking kids away, they'll have no one to sell the drink to.

BRITT: They take some, but not that many. A few disappear from each school, and people put up posters and create websites, but you pour enough Z-Town money down somebody's mama and she stops squawking. A couple years later, kid's delivered back to the door. A little brain dead, and with no education. Or they wind up sweeping the floor in a convenience store.

NAOMI: Like you?

BRITT: I was gone for three years. I was a bad kid anyway. Bad grades, bad attitude, bad friends. Smoked. Drank when no one was looking. It wasn't hard to convince my folks something bad happened to me. Now I wish I hadn't done any of that.

NAOMI: Don't you want to get out of here?

BRITT: It's safe here. I just watch it happen. Keeping this place clean is the most I've accomplished in my life. You can eat gummi bears off the floor. Thanks to me. I hear the machines are better now. The dreams are better. I almost wish I could go back and dream again. If your life isn't so good, Z-Town's the best place to be. Sleep is better than misery.

NAOMI: That all sounds wrong.

BRITT: It is. But once you know the truth, they can't let you out. The best kids are the ones who dream their way through it and don't remember.

NAOMI: I saw a boy trying to escape. I didn't help him.

BRITT: He's a problem. He'll remember. He'll probably spend his life mopping floors so kids can get high on Z-Town.

NAOMI: Not if I can help it.

BRITT: (*He's a lot more attentive now.*) What was that?

NAOMI: (*Realizing she's got to take action.*) Not if I can help it. There has to be a way to stop this. Kareena won't help. Will you?

BRITT: Are you kidding?

NAOMI: No. You want to make something out of your life? For once? Then help me.

BRITT: Let me think.

NAOMI: There's no time to think. I don't like gummi bears. So you have yet to impress me.

BRITT: You just want me to help you get your boyfriend out of hock.

NAOMI: We all have our motivation. Britt, it makes no sense, that this is going on and no one cares.

BRITT: Not really. There's money to be made off drugs. It's more important than the kids. That's all this is.

HADASSAH, ISMENE, KYLER, and ELIJAH enter, they're obviously all lost, but no one wants to act frightened, yet... they are.

HADASSAH: So it's the Post Road at Chuck Duck Lake.

KYLER: You used MapQuest?

ELIJAH: I have a GPS. It never heard of Chuck Duck Lake.

ISMENE: It's got to be around here somewhere.

ELIJAH: We need to find Chuck.

HADASSAH: I think we need to find Chuck's Duck. It's not Chuck's lake, it's his duck's lake.

KYLER: Well, with any luck, we'll find Chuck's Duck.

HADASSAH: (*Noticing NAOMI at work.*) Look, Naomi's moving up in the world. Who knew you quit school to take this forward moving job?

NAOMI: (*Keeping her pride.*) How may I help you?

HADASSAH: Give us some directions.

NAOMI: I'll tell you exactly where to go.

ELIJAH: Uh... the Post Road at Chuck Duck Lake.

NAOMI: Are you sure...

KAREENA: (*Veiled threat.*) Naomi! Help the customers with their directions!

NAOMI: You seem better at it than I do.

KAREENA: You don't want to get fired. You don't want the blueberry.

KYLER: Blueberry! That's cool! (*Flashes a certificate.*) Hey we won a free trip to Z-Town. (*Digging.*) Don't you wish you could go?

ELIJAH: Gonna come back full of energy! Now I can be a bad kid and make good grades. (*Mugging for his friends.*) It's a paradox that serves me well.

NAOMI: (*Under duress, realizing she's sending them to their doom.*) Go up this street about a mile and a half, then make the second right after the light. It's the only light there is. You'll go about three miles down a gravel road, turn left, and it's not going to say Post, it's going to say Seven Mile. Just keep going and you'll come to Chuck Duck Lake. You can hear the party from there.

ISMENE: Well, we'll see you on the way back!

NAOMI: I don't think so.

ISMENE: Getting off early? You should come join us.

NAOMI: I don't think so. Oh, uh... don't drink the water.

ELIJAH: You're just weird.

NAOMI: Not as weird as *you're* gonna be.

KAREENA: Naomi!

BRITT: Naomi!

KAREENA: Stop scaring the customers. This isn't Halloween. (*To the STUDENTS, convincingly.*) I wish I got invited to one of those Facebook parties. I'm such an outcaste.

KYLER: You should come along. Free tour of Z-Town! Drink up!



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