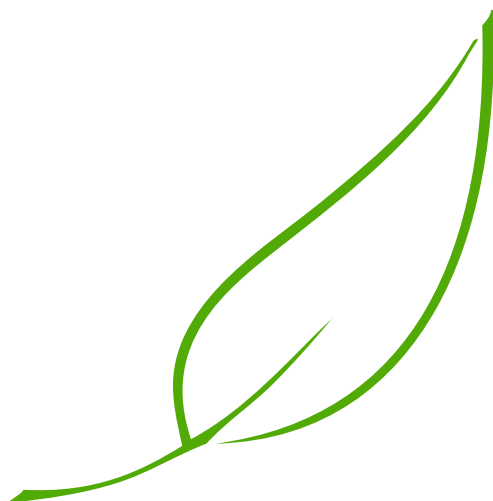


COMPLETELY MALLED

by Ken Bradbury



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JAMIE: *(entering)* Yes! We're here!

VANESSA: *(entering)* It's bigger than I imagined! Come on, Becky! This is the big day!

BECKY: *(entering timidly)* Gosh, it's gigantic. I'm going home. *(she turns to leave)*

JAMIE: Whoa! Whoa! Not so fast, Princess. This is the day we've been waiting for!

BECKY: You've been waiting for it. Not me. I just wanna go home.

VANESSA: Becky, it's the world's largest shopping mall and it's opening right here in our town! You can't pass that up ... it's ... it's like the creation of the world! And just think of the guys that'll be here.

BECKY: A cap. I said I wanted a simple red cap. I can get one anyplace. Oh, geesh, just look at the size of this place. *(turns to go)* I'll get my hat someplace else.

JAMIE: Hats, schmatts, baby! This is the world's biggest mall. Look at the sign! "Welcome to Mega-Mall of America! Over 200 hundred square acres of paradise!" Did you hear that, Becky? Paradise!

BECKY: Chickens don't like paradise.

VANESSA: Look girl, every guy in this part of the state is gonna be here today. Think of it! Instead of spending your whole life looking for a hot guy, you can stand right here and watch them parade by! It's like looking through a catalog!

BECKY: *(sneezes)*

JAMIE: *(trying to avoid the splatter)* Oh, good grief!

BECKY: Sorry. I sneeze when I get nervous. It's an allergy.

VANESSA: You got an allergy to nerves? That's ridiculous.

BECKY: *(sneeze, then)* I know. Take me home. I need treatment. It's ... it's a phobia! Really! Mall-phobia! I caught it taking swimming lessons.

VANESSA: You're allergic to water?

BECKY: No ... it was all those people in the pool!

JAMIE: (*grabbing her*) Come on, girl. Let's explore this place.

BECKY: (*suddenly stopping, wide-eyed*) No!

VANESSA: Now what?

BECKY: An escalator! I don't do escalators!

JAMIE: How can you not do a silly set of stairs!

BECKY: These are not stairs, Jamie. They're moving stairs! They go up and up and up and when you get to the top there's this little grate that if you don't jump you'll get sucked into the machinery and it'll slice you into pieces and you'll have to go home in thin little strips!

JAMIE: I can't believe this.

BECKY: Here! (*grabbing the two girls*) Here's how I feel when I'm on an escalator. Do this with me! (*she begins jumping up and down in short, frightful, little bursts ... Since she has a hold of her two friends, they bounce along with her*)

JAMIE: People are staring at us, Becky! Stop it!

VANESSA: Okay. Where's the elevator?

BECKY: I do don't elevators!

JAMIE: Oh, get real!

BECKY: What if the cable breaks?

VANESSA: The cables never break!

BECKY: They do in the movies! And the car comes crashing down at a hundred miles an hour and people's eyeballs roll up to the top of their head and their clothes come off and when you finally hit the bottom you're as flat as a naked pancake and you've got to go home in a pizza box! Honest!

JAMIE: You're puttin' us on, right?

BECKY: No, I'm not! Here's how I feel when I'm on an elevator. (*she pulls the two close to her and begins to sway in small circles as they all moan, "Ohhhh ..."*)

VANESSA: I don't think she's putting us on, Jamie. This girl is for real. Look Becky, is there anything scary about using the stairs?

BECKY: Which way?

VANESSA: Whatta you mean, which way?

BECKY: I'm okay climbing stairs.

VANESSA: (*moving toward the stairs*) Great.

BECKY: ... but I can't come down.

VANESSA: Oh, my gosh.

BECKY: Haven't you seen those South American soccer games where there's a riot and people start trampling on top of other people until they all get trampled and they always get trampled on the stairs!

VANESSA: And they've all gotta go home in Zip-Lock bags.

JAMIE: That is ridiculous, Becky! You can't spend your whole life going up! You've gotta come down sometime!

BECKY: I have to close my eyes coming down.

JAMIE: Now that's safe!

VANESSA: If you're gonna close your eyes then you might as well be in an elevator!

BECKY: I'll stay right here. You go up and shop, and when you come back you can tell me what's up there.

JAMIE: (*sighs*) Okay, okay. We'll shop on the first floor. Maybe they've got pictures of what the upper floors look like.

VANESSA: Whoa! Look at that bunch of guys over there! Come on, ladies! It's time to get acquainted.

BECKY: (*as the three move that direction, Becky sneezes*)

VANESSA: (*grabbing her threateningly*) Don't do that!

BECKY: I can't help it! When I get in a group of over 12 people I sneeze. There's ten guys standing there, three of us ... thirteen! (*she sneezes again*)

JAMIE: (*to Vanessa*) You wanna choke her or should I?

BECKY: I told you this was a bad idea. I've got to go home.

VANESSA: Look, how about you just go stand outside the mall for a few minutes while...

BECKY: There's people out there. There's lots of people out there, Vanessa! I gotta stay with you.

JAMIE: Well, great! Now we're stuck! We can't go out, we can't go up, we can't go anyplace with over 11 boys in



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