

THE MAKING OF A STAR

by Ken Bradbury



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Cast (3) 2m, 1f or 1m, 2f): Morgan, Natasha, & Louie

MORGAN: (*entering*) Where is she?

LOUIE: (*entering*) She's coming, boss. She's coming.

MORGAN: She's always "coming!" She's just never "here!" Why do they even hire her?

LOUIE: She's a star, boss ... one of the biggest in the movies.

MORGAN: Natasha Diva is one of the biggest pains in the movies.

LOUIE: The fans love her.

MORGAN: The fans don't know her. (*looking up*) Ah gosh ... look at that! We're losing the sun! We can't shoot this scene after dark!

LOUIE: We shoulda started earlier.

MORGAN: We can't start earlier! The great Natasha Diva doesn't get up until 2 in the afternoon! Go get her!

LOUIE: You sure?

MORGAN: Whatta you mean am I sure? I'm the director! She's just the star! When I say come, she should come!

LOUIE: Uh ...

MORGAN: What's the matter.

LOUIE: The last time I went to get her ...

MORGAN: Yeah?

LOUIE: She threw something at me.

MORGAN: She what?!

LOUIE: She threw something.

MORGAN: Threw what?

LOUIE: I don't know. But it was very large and very heavy and it broke the door. It was either a washing machine or a very fat cat.

MORGAN: Look Louie, that's your job! You've only got one job in this movie and that's to make sure that Miss Big Shot gets places on time! And so far you're a failure.

LOUIE: I'll try.

MORGAN: Don't try! Get Natasha! (*pushing Louie offstage*) Why me? Why me? Forty actors, a crew of a hundred, and sixty horses standing here waiting for the prima donna to do her nails! For two cents I'd take her neck and ...

NATASHA: (*entering ... flowingly ... grandly*) I'm here, darling!

MORGAN: (*suddenly the ingratiating, sickeningly sweet director*) Natasha! Sweetheart! You're early! (*Louie enters, cowering*)

NATASHA: My tea was too hot this morning. You know how I hate it when my tea is too hot. I had to wait hours for it to cool. Why? Have you been waiting long?

MORGAN: Me? No! No! I just, uh ... I guess I showed up six hours early. We all did. Are you ready for the scene?

NATASHA: Scene?

MORGAN: We're shooting the final scene of the movie.

NATASHA: Really? Now?

MORGAN: Uh ... that's what these hundreds of people and all those horses are standing around for. We have to shoot the final scene.

NATASHA: What's it about?

MORGAN: The scene?

NATASHA: The movie. I haven't been paying attention. Louie darling, would you fetch me some ice water? I'm beginning to get parched.

LOUIE: Yes, Miss Diva.

NATASHA: With lemon. I take my ice water with lemon.

LOUIE: Yes, Ma'am.

NATASHA: And ice. I like ice in my ice water. (*Louis exits*) Louie's a dear but you really must tell him/her everything.

MORGAN: Okay, now for your final scene you're surrounded by the armies of Afpakisaniwania and ...

NATASHA: Darling, can I sit down? This movie business is such a terrible strain on my mind.

MORGAN: Get Natasha a seat!

LOUIE: (*rushing in and moving a chair behind her*) Yes, Miss Diva!

NATASHA: Where's my ice water?

LOUIE: I was just ...

NATASHA: (*groaning in pain*) Ahhhhhh! I think I'm going to faint! (*Louie scurries off*) Are we done shooting yet? (*she sits*)

MORGAN: We haven't begun, Miss Diva. You see, you're tied to the desert sand with scorpions crawling up your legs and ...

NATASHA: I most certainly am not! (*rising*)

MORGAN: You're not? They're fake scorpions, Natasha. They're plastic.

NATASHA: But the sand! The sand is real! (*shouting off*) Where's my ice water?

LOUIE: (*offstage*) Coming?

MORGAN: Of course the sand is real. Real sand is ... well ... real.

NATASHA: But it's so ... (*kicking at the ground with her toe*) ... so sandy. Can't you get some sand that's not quite so sandy ... some plastic sand? The plastic scorpions would like that.

MORGAN: We don't have any plastic sand.

NATASHA: Then a bed. Get me a bed. I'm tied down on a bed in the middle of the dessert with scorpions ... no ... kittens. Kittens crawling up toward me.

MORGAN: Kittens aren't dangerous!

NATASHA: These are bloodthirsty, plastic attack kittens! Ice water! I must have ice water!

LOUIE: (*rushing in carrying the imaginary glass*) I'm coming! I'm coming! (*but Louie trips and spills the ice water on Natasha*)

NATASHA: (*in an incredibly blood-curdling chill*) Ahhhhhhhh!

LOUIE: Oops.

NATASHA: Dying!

MORGAN: Huh?

NATASHA: I'm dying! This is my final film! I am dying!

MORGAN: (*to Louie*) Tell 'em to start the cameras.

LOUIE: Huh?



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