

Dudley's Date

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

By Don Lowry



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SYNOPSIS: Why can't a nerd get the girl for once? Dudley has never been on a date, so he decides to concoct a plan of action. The P.D.P (Progressive Dating Plan) is simple in theory: Dudley will start by dating homely nerdy girls, and then by progressing slowly through plain to pretty girls, he will work his nerve up to asking his gorgeous dream girl, Angie Fleming, out on a date. That goal seems very far away on Dudley's disastrous first date with Edna Snodgrass, the meanest, nastiest girl in school, though. And when Angie Fleming shows up at the house while Edna's still there, things go from bad to worse. Can Dudley salvage the P.D.P.? Will Edna's presence ruin his chances with Angie? And if so, is Angie really the kind of girl Dudley wants to dream about?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4 MEN, 8 WOMEN)

DUDLEY TURNER (m) A bespectacled, high-strung, shy, 16-year-old nerd who thinks he's finally ready to embark on the stormy sea of romance. Unfortunately, his boat leaks and he has no compass. (136 lines.)

WALDO WATKINS (m)..... Dudley's best friend and fellow nerd. He never smiles and has a dry sense of humor. (73 lines.)

JULIE TURNER (f)..... Dudley's 18-year-old sister. (6 lines.)

KARLA (f)..... Julie's wise-cracking friend. (5 lines.)

KEITH (m)..... Julie's boyfriend who has a smug attitude toward life in general and Dudley in particular. (14 lines.)

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BRYAN (m)..... Karla’s boyfriend who, like Keith, loves to put Dudley on. (14 lines.)

MRS. TURNER (f) Dudley’s mother. (8 lines.)

AUNT SADIE (f)..... Dudley’s pixilated aunt. (16 lines.)

EDNA SNODGRASS (f)..... She wears large horn-rimmed glasses, her hair in a tight bun, and drab clothes. Yet underneath it all she is not unattractive. Her well-honed defense mechanism is acidic, mean-spirited nastiness. (63 lines.)

HORTENSE WARCHUK (f)..... Edna’s cousin who is painfully shy. (5 lines.)

ANGIE FLEMING (f) The most beautiful girl in school. (16 lines.)

SUSAN STEWART (f)..... Angie’s pretty girlfriend. (6 lines.)

PLACE: The Turner’s living room.

TIME: Saturday afternoon.

PROPS

- Sofa
- End Table
- Two Chairs
- Stereo
- Telephone Table
- Telephone
- TV (Optional.)
- Framed Pictures
- Cardboard Box
- Wigs, eyeglasses, etc. for two “older people”

DUDLEY'S DATE

SETTING

Living room with sofa, two upholstered chairs, end table, pictures on walls, TV, etc. A small stereo is against rear wall. A telephone is on a small table stage down left. This is the middle-class home of George and Marion Turner, their 18-year-old daughter Julie, and 16-year-old son Dudley. Right exit leads to front door; left exit to the other parts of the house.

Perusal
Not for
performance

AT RISE:

Sound of door opening and closing. DUDLEY and WALDO enter from right. WALDO is speaking in his dry monotone as they enter.

WALDO: This had better be important, Dud. I was very busy.

DUDLEY: Busy doing what?

WALDO: Chewing gum.

DUDLEY: Oh, come on!

WALDO: Chewing gum the right way takes a lot of concentration and physical energy. Once, I tried chewing gum and walking at the same time, but I fell down.

DUDLEY: You have a very strange sense of humor, Waldo

WALDO: That's what my parents used to tell me.

DUDLEY: They don't tell you that anymore?

WALDO: They don't talk to me anymore.

DUDLEY: Well, sit down, and I'll tell you about a great idea I had!

It's the solution to our major problem - - the fact that we can't get girls to go out with us.

WALDO: I can't even get my cocker spaniel to go out with me.

DUDLEY: Do you know why we can't get dates with girls?

WALDO: Sure. Because we're nerds.

DUDLEY: Besides that.

WALDO: And we're dorky wimps.

DUDLEY: We're not dorky wimps. Who told you a thing like that?

WALDO: My dad. . . . When he was still speaking to me, that is.

DUDLEY: We won't be nerds or wimps anymore when we start using my new idea, because we'll be able to get lots of dates with girls!

WALDO: That must mean you know a way for us to become millionaires.

DUDLEY: Don't be silly!

WALDO: Let's change the subject. Talking about girls depresses me.

DUDLEY: You won't be depressed when I tell you about my idea. You'll be happy!

WALDO: Even being happy depresses me.

DUDLEY: I call my idea P.D.P. And that stands for - - the Progressive Dating Plan!

DUDLEY'S DATE

WALDO: Can I go home now? I have chewing gum waiting for me.

DUDLEY: No! Listen, Waldo, one reason we can't get dates is because we set our sights too high. We want to go out with beautiful girls instead of ordinary girls.

WALDO: You mean because we want to date girls with two eyes and one head instead of girls with one eye and two heads?

DUDLEY: Here's what I mean - - I dream about dating Angie Fleming.

WALDO: You and Angie? No way. She's the most beautiful girl in school.

DUDLEY: In the universe, Waldo. In the universe.

WALDO: And I dream about dating Marilyn Monroe.

DUDLEY: She's dead!

WALDO: I wonder if that's why she doesn't answer my letters.

DUDLEY: I can't ask Angie for a date because I don't have enough self-confidence. And even if I did ask her, I know she'd turn me down because I'm not ready for the big leagues yet. So what I have to do is work my way up to her.

WALDO: For all you know, Angie's looking high and low for a guy just like you. She just isn't looking low enough.

DUDLEY: Waldo, you've never had a date in your life and neither have I.

WALDO: That's what you think. I went to a movie with Joanne Duffy.

DUDLEY: When did you do that?

WALDO: When I was six years old. She was my babysitter.

DUDLEY: You went to a movie with your babysitter when you were six?

WALDO: Yeah, and she made me pay.

DUDLEY: You're kidding!

WALDO: But I got even with her. I made her change my diapers four times while the movie was on.

DUDLEY: You still wore diapers when you were six?

WALDO: I wore diapers until last week.

DUDLEY: Now I know you're kidding!

WALDO: I'm housebroken now.

DUDLEY: Can we please get back to my Progressive Dating Plan?!

WALDO: I got tired of my dad hitting me with a rolled-up newspaper.

DUDLEY: Will you stop?! Look, we have no experience with girls.

When I'm near a pretty girl, I start sweating, my mouth gets dry and I think I'm going to have a heart attack.

WALDO: When I'm near a pretty girl, I start drooling and then I vomit all over her. Girls don't seem to like that very much.

DUDLEY: So what we need to do is start at the bottom and work our way up. What kind of girls would be willing to go out with us?

Girls who are nerds! Nerdy girls date nerdy guys! That's a proven fact! Look it up!

WALDO: So all we have to do is find two nerdy girls who are blind and really ugly.

DUDLEY: No! Just plain, ordinary nerdy girls. Here's the way my plan works - - first, we date girls who are nerds. Then we work our way up to girls who are just kind of nerdy. Meanwhile, we're getting lots of self-confidence and pretty soon we'll be able to date average looking girls - - and then pretty girls. And someday - - Angie Fleming!

WALDO: It won't work. No girl is desperate enough to go out with us.

DUDLEY: That's where you're wrong! There is one girl!

WALDO: I hope you're not thinking of who I think you're thinking of.

DUDLEY: Edna Snodgrass.

WALDO: That's who I was afraid you were thinking of. She's the nastiest, meanest girl in school and nobody will talk to her.

DUDLEY: Well, I said we had to start at the bottom, didn't I! I admit she doesn't have a very nice personality, but I'm going to call her right now and ask her for a date, and I'll ask her to bring a friend for you.

WALDO: You want to fix me up with a friend of Edna's?

DUDLEY: Sure!

WALDO: She doesn't have any friends.

DUDLEY: Everybody has at least one friend!

WALDO: I don't.

DUDLEY: How can you say that? I'm your friend!

WALDO: Not if you call Edna, you aren't.

DUDLEY: Waldo, I'm only trying to help you! Just look at us, will you?! We have no social life, no love life! We have nothing!

WALDO: That's the way I like it. Girls complicate a guy's life.

DUDLEY: But they complicate it in such a wonderful, beautiful way!

I've memorized Edna's number and I'm going to call her right now!

He goes to phone, then freezes.

WALDO: What are you waiting for? You've changed your mind, I hope.

DUDLEY: I've never called a girl before.

WALDO: You're not calling one now. You're calling Edna.

DUDLEY: This is a very important step I'm about to take, so cut out the wisecracks. *(He takes a deep breath then taps a number. Pause.)* Hello. Is Edna there? *(Pause.)* Oh hi, Edna! This is Dud. *(Pause.)* Dud. Dudley Turner. *(Pause.)* I'm in your English Lit class. *(Pause.)* Yes, that's me! . . . Wait! Don't hang up! Listen, Edna, I was just wondering if you'd like to get together . . . someday. *(Pause.)* You would?! That's great! *(Pause.)* Today?! Sure! *(Pause.)* Right now? Sure! Edna, would you by any chance happen to have a friend for my friend Waldo? *(Pause.)* Waldo Watkins. *(Pause.)* He's in our English Lit class. He's *(SHORT/TALL, THIN/CHUBBY.)* and wears glasses. *(Pause.)* Yes! That's Waldo! Wait! Don't hang up! I just wanted to know if you have a friend who - - *(Pause.)* Your cousin is with you now? Great! We'll pick up you girls - - *(Pause.)* You want to come here? In just a few minutes? Great! What's your cousin's name? *(Pause.)* Hortense Warchuk? . . . Gee . . . what a pretty name . . . *(Pause.)* Okay, Edna! We'll see you here! Bye! *(HE hangs up phone and dances a little jig.)* I did it! I got us dates with girls! All I had to do was turn on a little charm and she was like putty in my hands!

WALDO: We have dates with Edna and Hortense.

DUDLEY: Yes!

WALDO: Edna Snodgrass and Hortense Warchuk.

DUDLEY: My Progressive Dating Plan is working already!

WALDO: I wonder what they'll want to eat - - Alpo or Doggie Treats.

DUDLEY: At least you have a date, so be happy! Smile!

WALDO: I tried smiling once. It hurt my face.

Sound of door opening and closing. JULIE, KARLA, KEITH and BRYAN enter.

JULIE: You guys wait here. We'll be ready in a sec! Come on, Karla. *(She and KARLA exit left.)*

KEITH: Hi, guys. What's happenin'?

DUDLEY: *(Worldly, blasé.)* Nothing much. A couple of girls are coming over to party.

BRYAN: *(Smirking.)* Are we invited?

DUDLEY: Well, it might be a little too wild for you.

BRYAN: Yeah, you're probably right. What are you going to do? Play Monopoly and then have milk and cookies?

WALDO: That's not a bad idea, Dud.

DUDLEY: Say, just out of curiosity, Bryan, what do you guys do when you want to entertain girls? I mean, what do you talk to them about? How do you, you know, get romantic with them?

KEITH: So you two Romeos want make-out advice from the two masters!

DUDLEY: Well, it's always nice to get another point of view.

KEITH: Dudley old man, Bryan and I are considered experts in love and romance, so you've come to the right place to learn how to get girls to do whatever you want them to.

BRYAN: You'd better take notes, Dudley, this is top secret stuff and you don't want to miss a word of it!

KEITH: And when you have it all written down, memorize it, and don't ever show your notes to anyone! The techniques are so smokin' hot they could upset the balance of power in the battle of the sexes!

DUDLEY: Wow! And you guys are willing to share your secret techniques with me and Waldo? !

KEITH: Yes, but you'll have to swear never to divulge our secrets to any living person. Not even to any dead person!

DUDLEY gets pen and paper from the telephone stand.

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BRYAN: When your girl gets here, compliment her. Girls love to be complimented! There's a powerful line you should use that was written by a famous English poet. Here it is - - You look like a dufus dingleberry!

DUDLEY: A dufus dingleberry?

BRYAN: Girls go crazy when a guy says that to them!

DUDLEY: They do?

KEITH: Certainly! A dufus dingleberry is a really beautiful girl! Now here's something most guys don't know. Girls love to have their armpits fondled. Fondle a girl's armpits, and she'll follow you anywhere!

WALDO: You want us to fondle a girl's armpits?

DUDLEY: Sure, Waldo! Armpits! (*To KEITH.*) Don't mind him. He doesn't have a single romantic bone in his head!

BRYAN: I'm going to give you a line that never fails. Write this down, Dudley. "I'd love to take off my shoes and socks and run barefoot through your hair!"

DUDLEY: I like that one!

KEITH: Okay, now for the master stroke. Very few guys know that a girl's primary pleasure point is right between her eyes. If you apply pressure there with your thumb, you'll stimulate her frontal lobotomy and she'll be yours for life!

BRYAN: And when you do that, say this with a soft, romantic voice: razzle frazzle!

DUDLEY: Razzle frazzle?

KEITH: There's something about the sound of those two words that lights a girl's fire!

DUDLEY: But wouldn't that be taking unfair advantage of a girl?

BRYAN: All's fair in love and war, Dudley.

KEITH: That's right! Show them no mercy!

BRYAN: You can see what would happen if these lines fell into the wrong hands, can't you? No girl anywhere would be safe! Memorize your notes and then burn them!

DUDLEY: Wow! The power we're going to have is frightening!

WALDO: But what if the girls lose control of themselves, Dud?

DUDLEY: That's a chance we'll just have to take, Waldo.

JULIE and KARLA enter from left.

JULIE: You two haven't been trying to lead my brother astray, have you, Keith?

KEITH: Not us! We've been discussing advanced public relations.

Sound of door opening and closing. MRS. TURNER and AUNT SADIE enter. MRS. TURNER is carrying a large cardboard box.

MRS. TURNER: Hello, everybody! *(All exchange ad-libbed greetings as MRS. TURNER puts the box on floor.)* Dudley, this box has some things for the church bazaar and someone will be stopping by later to pick it up. You weren't planning on going out, were you?

DUDLEY: I'll be right here, Mom, so you and Aunt Sadie can go ahead and go - - and take Julie and her friends with you.

AUNT SADIE: There are some very valuable things in that box, Dudley, so please guard it with your life. Do you have a shotgun or a bow and arrow or a slingshot?

MRS. TURNER: No, he doesn't, and there's nothing really valuable - -

AUNT SADIE: *(Cutting in.)* My gracious, Marion, there's a genuine trumpet in the box!

KARLA: A genuine trumpet?

AUNT SADIE: Oh my, yes! It belonged to my tenth husband, and for two years he tried to learn to play it, but he finally had to give it up because the trumpet hurt his mouth too much.

KARLA: That's too bad.

AUNT SADIE: It wasn't until much later he learned he had been putting the wrong end of the trumpet in his mouth.

KARLA: The wrong end . . . Julie, let's get out of here!

MRS. TURNER: Yes, why don't you young people run along now?

KEITH: We'll be back later, Dudley - - for milk and cookies!

BRYAN: And don't forget the magic words - - razzle frazzle!

JULIE, KARLA, BRYAN and KEITH ad-lib goodbyes, then exit with sound of a door opening and closing.

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AUNT SADIE: (*Tweaking WALDO's cheek.*) You're a simply precious child, Julie!

WALDO: I'm Waldo.

AUNT SADIE: (*Peering at him closely.*) My goodness, you are Waldo, aren't you? You poor child! I think I'm going to cry.

MRS. TURNER: If we're going to get any shopping done, Sadie, we'd better go.

AUNT SADIE: (*Tweaking DUDLEY's cheek.*) Goodbye, Julie!

DUDLEY: I'm Dudley.

AUNT SADIE: Well, of course you are!

WALDO: But he's not very proud of it.

AUNT SADIE: Well, who can blame him?

MRS. TURNER: We're going now, Sadie.

MRS. TURNER and SADIE ad-lib goodbyes, then exit with door sounds.

DUDLEY: Boy, am I glad everyone's left! Now we can get ready for our dates! Help me memorize my notes so I can destroy them.

WALDO: Are you sure those guys weren't just putting us on?

DUDLEY: (*Shocked.*) They wouldn't do a thing like that! They're men of the world!

WALDO: They're men of the world, all right - - but not this world.

The doorbell is heard.

DUDLEY: (*Pacing madly.*) They're here! I'm not ready yet! What are we going to do? Don't panic! Stay calm! Oh boy! I'm having a heart attack!

WALDO: You're pacing, Dud.

DUDLEY: Yes! I'm pacing, and I'm having a heart attack! Answer the door! No, wait! Don't answer the door! Just let them in!

WALDO: I used to think the day I was born was the worst day of my life, but this day is bound to be even worse. (*He exits.*)

DUDLEY continues to pace, studying his notes. WALDO enters with EDNA, who has her arms folded over her chest, and HORTENSE with head down.

DUDLEY: Edna! Hi, there! It's nice seeing you again!

EDNA: Why?

DUDLEY: Well . . . ahh . . . And this must be your cousin, Hortense!

EDNA: You want to make something of it?

DUDLEY: No! Hortense, I'm Dudley Turner, and this is Waldo Watkins.

EDNA: *(To HORTENSE.)* I warned you they were two losers.

WALDO: *(Holding out his hand to HORTENSE.)* Hi.

EDNA: *(To WALDO.)* Get your hand back! You're scaring her! She's never been with a boy before, so don't scare her!

WALDO: I was just going to shake hands with her.

EDNA: How could an ugly toad like you touch her hand without scaring her half to death?

WALDO: I won't scare her, I promise.

EDNA: It would help if you put a paper bag over your face. And get one for your dopey friend, too. *(To DUDLEY while she stomps around the room.)* So this is where you live, Turner. It's the kind of stupid home you deserve.

DUDLEY: Ahh . . . ahh . . . Would you like to sit down, my little dufus dingleberry?

EDNA: What did you call me?

DUDLEY: Ahh . . . a dufus dingleberry.

EDNA: And you're a bubble-brained baboon!

DUDLEY: Ahh . . . ahh . . . Edna, I was just thinking how much I'd like to take off my shoes and socks and run barefoot through your hair.

EDNA: You're a very disturbed person, Turner.

WALDO and HORTENSE sit on the sofa and WALDO can't seem to take his eyes from her, but she keeps her head bowed. DUDLEY paces nervously.

DUDLEY: Ahh . . . ahh . . .

EDNA: What are we going to do? I'm bored. Hortense is bored.

(Pointing at WALDO.) Even what's-his-name looks bored.

DUDLEY: We could play Monopoly.

EDNA: I hate Monopoly.

DUDLEY: Scrabble?

EDNA: I hate Scrabble.

DUDLEY: Cards?

EDNA: I hate cards.

DUDLEY: *(Imploringly.)* Waldo!

EDNA: I hate Waldo.

WALDO: I'm not a game, Edna. I'm a person.

EDNA: Says you.

DUDLEY: At least we're all having a nice conversation.

EDNA: If you think this is a nice conversation, Turner, you're even more retarded than you look - - and I didn't think that was possible.

DUDLEY: Well . . . what would you like to do, Edna?

EDNA: Anything but what I'm doing now.

DUDLEY: Do you like to watch TV?

EDNA: I'd rather look at TV than look at you.

DUDLEY: Do you want me to turn on the TV?

EDNA: Do you think I came here to watch TV? I could watch TV at home if I wanted to watch TV, which I don't. Why are you so stupid?

DUDLEY paces rapidly.

WALDO: You're pacing again, Dud.

EDNA: *(To WALDO.)* All idiots pace. Didn't you know that, you dummy?

WALDO: *(Chastised.)* I know it now.

DUDLEY: *(Stopping pacing.)* So Edna . . . What do you plan to do when you finish school?

EDNA: Celebrate.

DUDLEY: I mean for a job?

EDNA: I'm going to college.

DUDLEY: That's great! What are you going to major in?

EDNA: Veterinarian Medicine.

DUDLEY: You must like animals a lot.

EDNA: Yes. It's people I hate.

DUDLEY: Why do you hate people?

EDNA: Because they hate me.

DUDLEY: I don't hate you.

EDNA: You will.

DUDLEY: No, I won't! I don't hate anyone!

EDNA: You will hate me - - wait and see. Why should you be different from everyone else?

DUDLEY doesn't know how to respond and there is an awkward silence.

DUDLEY: I have it! I'll tell you girls a joke!

EDNA: I hate jokes.

DUDLEY: But you'll like this one! It's really funny!

EDNA: It had better be funny.

DUDLEY: There was this man sitting on a park bench, and he had a kangaroo with him. A policeman came up and said, "Hey! Take that kangaroo to a zoo!" And the man said, "All right," and he left the park with the kangaroo.

EDNA: That's not funny at all.

DUDLEY: I haven't even finished it yet!

EDNA: Then go ahead and tell the stupid joke. You don't tell jokes very well, do you?

DUDLEY: Believe me, Edna, I'm doing the very best I can. So the next day, the same man is sitting on a park bench with the kangaroo and the policeman walked over to him and said, "I thought I told you to take that kangaroo to the zoo!" And the man said, "I took him to a zoo yesterday, and today I'm going to take him to a movie."

EDNA: And then what happened?

DUDLEY: That was the end of the joke, Edna

EDNA: I'm not laughing, Turner. Look at my face. Do you see even a tiny bit of a smile?

DUDLEY: No, but . . .

EDNA: Even your friend Dumbo isn't laughing.

DUDLEY: His name is Waldo, and he never laughs.

EDNA: That must be because he's a friend of yours.

WALDO takes HORTENSE'S hand and holds it. HORTENSE looks at him and smiles shyly.

DUDLEY: Okay, that does it! It's time to get down to serious business! (*He turns to WALDO.*) You know what I mean, don't you, Waldo? Advanced business! Are you ready?

WALDO: Don't bother me, Dud. I'm busy falling in love.

DUDLEY: Stand still for a minute, Edna, and I'll show you something really exciting!

EDNA: What stupid, moronic thing are you going to show me?

DUDLEY: You'll like this!

DUDLEY puts his thumb between EDNA'S eyes and pushes hard. EDNA loses her balance, stumbles backward and almost falls.

EDNA: So you want to play rough?

DUDLEY: (*Subdued.*) Razzle frazzle?

EDNA pushes DUDLEY hard and he totters backward toward the sofa and falls on top of WALDO.

WALDO: Oof! Play somewhere else, Dud.

DUDLEY: (*Stands. To EDNA.*) Didn't you feel anything at all when I put my thumb on your face?

EDNA: Yes. I felt anger, rage, irritation, disgust and loathing.

DUDLEY: Is that all you felt?

EDNA: No. I also felt fury, resentment and hatred.

DUDLEY: Oh . . . Then I suppose fondling your armpits is out of the question.

EDNA: You are one sick puppy, Turner. I thought you were an idiot, but I was wrong.

DUDLEY: Really?

EDNA: You're not smart enough to be an idiot.

The telephone rings.

DUDLEY: Oh boy, who could be calling now? (*Picking up phone.*) Hello. (*Pause.*) Who? (*Pause.*) You want to what? (*Pause.*) Now? (*Pause.*) Well, sure! Sure! (*He hangs up phone, looking stunned.*) Waldo! I've got to talk to you! Privately! Right away!

EDNA: I don't believe any of this. We're in a stupid house with two stupid jerks. Where's the stupid bathroom?

DUDLEY: (*Still stunned.*) It's . . . it's . . .

EDNA: Never mind. We'll find it ourselves. Come on, Hortense. (*SHE and HORTENSE exit left.*)

DUDLEY: Waldo! Do you know who that was? Angie Fleming! She called from a house down the block, and she's on her way here to see me!

WALDO: Are you sure it was Angie Fleming and not Marilyn Monroe?

DUDLEY: I'm serious! Angie wants to be with me!

WALDO: Why would she want to do a weird thing like that?

DUDLEY: Well, obviously she finally started to recognize my finer qualities!

WALDO: What finer qualities?

DUDLEY: How can you ask a thing like that? You're supposed to be my best friend!

WALDO: Don't remind me. I already have enough to be ashamed of.

DUDLEY: Well, Angie's coming here, and Susan Stewart is coming with her!

WALDO: Two beautiful girls are coming to see you and me. Sure.

DUDLEY: Let's face facts, Waldo. Angie wouldn't be coming here if she didn't have a thing for me. I'll bet she's been secretly in love with me for a long time! Here I've been trying to work up the courage to ask her for a date, and all this time, she's been trying to work up the courage to ask me!

WALDO: You're crazy.

DUDLEY: Why am I crazy? Remember how every time we passed her in the hall, she'd always look at us and giggle? Well, lately, she hasn't been giggling and once she almost smiled at me!

WALDO: Maybe she started feeling sorry for you.

DUDLEY: Don't be dense! And another thing, I heard she broke up with Mark Adams. She probably told him how she feels about me!

WALDO: Why would she want to go from a jock to a nerd?

DUDLEY: Because she knows I've just about outgrown my nerdiness. Boy, I hope she doesn't want to get too serious! Not for a day or two, anyway. If she wants to marry me right away, I know it'll be hard talking her into waiting till we graduate!

WALDO: I think you're getting carried away. In fact, you should be carried away - - by men in white coats with a straitjacket.

DUDLEY: Oh boy! We've got to get rid of Edna and Hortense before Angie and Susan get here! You've got to help me get them out of here! Quiet! Here they come!

EDNA and HORTENSE enter.

EDNA: Well, what insane thing are we going to do now, Turner?

DUDLEY: Would you look at the time! I didn't know it was so late! You girls probably want to go home!

EDNA: Why?

DUDLEY: Because it's so late, and I'm sleepy! Aren't you sleepy, Waldo?

EDNA: It's three o'clock in the afternoon.

WALDO: If he doesn't take his afternoon nap, he gets cranky.

DUDLEY: We don't want to keep you girls from anything!

EDNA: You've already ruined our day, snoface, so how much worse can it get?

DUDLEY: Oh, a lot worse!

EDNA: You're a real nutcase, Turner.

DUDLEY: You're right! I'm a nutcase! I often get violent!

WALDO: Sometimes he throws a temper tantrum and holds his breath till he turns blue.

EDNA: That sounds like it would be fun to watch.

DUDLEY: Uh oh! I feel one of my violent spells coming on!

DUDLEY runs around the room, flailing his arms and leaping, jerking, twisting and making strange animal sounds.

EDNA: It's about time you entertained us.

DUDLEY: (*Stopping, panting.*) All right, Edna. I'll be honest with you. Two very old and dear friends are coming here, and you know the old saying - - four's company, six is a crowd.

EDNA: You mean you want us to go.

DUDLEY: Well . . . if you wouldn't mind.

EDNA: I told you you'd learn to hate me.

DUDLEY: Edna, I don't hate you!

EDNA: Yes, you do. Hortense, we're going home.

The DOORBELL rings.

DUDLEY: Oh boy! That's them! Quick! Take Edna and Hortense out the back door! (*He runs off right.*)

EDNA: (*To WALDO.*) Hurry up and sneak us out the back door so we won't embarrass you in front of your friends.

WALDO: No.

EDNA: What do you mean, no?

WALDO: I like Hortense.

HORTENSE: You do?

WALDO: Yes.

HORTENSE: I like you, too, Waldo.

WALDO takes HORTENSE'S hand. They sit on the sofa again. He puts his arm around her. They look at each other adoringly.

WALDO: You're the first girl I've ever been with.

HORTENSE: You're the first boy I've ever been with.

Door sounds. DUDLEY enters with ANGIE and SUSAN. He does a double-take when he sees that EDNA and HORTENSE haven't left.

ANGIE: (*To EDNA.*) Look who's here! Miss Rotten Personality of (*CURRENT YEAR.*)!

SUSAN: It's not Halloween, Snodgrass. Take off your monster mask.

DUDLEY: Girls . . .

DUDLEY'S DATE

ANGIE: Snodgrass, you'd be popular except for one thing. No one likes you.

SUSAN: And you'd be pretty - - if it weren't for your face!

ANGIE: Aren't you going to introduce us to your mousy little friend?

DUDLEY: Her name is Hortense Warchuk.

ANGIE: (*Laughing.*) Hortense Warchuk? !

SUSAN: Did you say Warchuk - - or Upchuck? (*She and ANGIE laugh derisively.*)

HORTENSE and WALDO are too engrossed with each other to pay attention to what is being said.

DUDLEY: (*Beginning to pace.*) She's Edna's cousin, and her name is Warchuk.

ANGIE: (*To SUSAN.*) Let's get the box and get out of here.

DUDLEY: What box?

ANGIE: (*Pointing.*) Your mom said we could get that box of junk for the bazaar.

DUDLEY: That's why you came here? To get the box?

ANGIE: Why'd you think we came?

SUSAN: Maybe he thought we wanted to trade beauty secrets with Miss Hatchet Face!

The doorbell is heard.

DUDLEY: I have to get the door. You girls just . . . just . . .

ANGIE: Just what, Dudley?

DUDLEY: Just behave! (*He storms off right and reenters almost immediately with BRYAN and KEITH.*)

BRYAN: (*Leering at ANGIE and SUSAN.*) Hey, when you said you were going to have a party, you meant a party!

KEITH: Julie and Karla will be here in a minute, Dudley. I know you want to invite us to your party, but we can only stay a minute.

ANGIE: Who's having a party? ! Not us, that's for sure! We were just leaving!

JULIE and KARLA enter.

JULIE: Hi, all. Keith, I'll get my keys and be right back. (*She exits left.*)

KARLA: What's going on, Dudley? A party?

DUDLEY: Well . . . not really a party.

KARLA: You're Edna Snodgrass, aren't you? I've heard about you!

SUSAN: Everybody's heard about Snodgrass! She's one of a kind!

At least, I hope she is!

BRYAN: Hey, Snodgrass, we need a mascot for our football team 'cause our goat died. You want the job?

DUDLEY: Come on, you guys . . .

EDNA has been stoically taking the abuse, but it's obviously beginning to get to her. JULIE reenters.

ANGIE: There are only two things I don't like about Edna - - everything she says and everything she does.

JULIE: Who's Edna?

KEITH: (*Pointing to EDNA.*) There she is! Edna, the dog-faced girl! She walks! She talks! She's alive! Hey, Edna, what's that ugly growth on your neck? Oh - - it's your head!

JULIE: Is this a new kind of game - - picking on Edna?

BRYAN: Yeah, and it's fun! Here's how it goes: Edna has an identical twin, but if you look close you can tell them apart. Her brother has a mustache.

EDNA lowers her head. Her body trembles. WALDO and HORTENSE are oblivious to everything going on.

DUDLEY: Knock it off, you guys.

The door opens and closes. MRS. TURNER and AUNT SADIE enter. All ad-lib greetings.

MRS. TURNER: It looks like all of you are having a nice party!

KEITH: It's a Roast-Edna party! And in case you're wondering who Edna is, she's that poor, deformed creature!

DUDLEY'S DATE

BRYAN: Edna, if you ever become a mother, can I have one of the puppies?

ANGIE: Edna has a winning smile, but a losing face!

MRS. TURNER: I don't think it's nice at all to tease her that way.

SUSAN: Oh, it's all right, Mrs. Turner. Nerds are used to being teased, and Edna is queen of the nerds!

JULIE: Let's go to the beach and soak up some rays, you guys. It's getting late and I don't like the way you pick on people.

JULIE, KARLA, KEITH and BRYAN ad-lib goodbyes and exit.

ANGIE: (*Picking up box.*) We're going, too, Mrs. Turner. We have a ton of stuff to get.

AUNT SADIE: Carry it carefully, dear. There's something in that box that has been in my family for generations.

ANGIE: Really? What?

AUNT SADIE: An apple.

ANGIE: An apple has been in your family for generations?

AUNT SADIE: It's a genuine marble apple made out of wax.

ANGIE: Uhh . . . okay . . . Dudley, do you and Waldo want to help us pick up boxes? Later we could go to my place for something to eat. How about it?

DUDLEY: (*Looking at EDNA, who has become a deflated, forlorn figure.*) No . . . No, thanks.

ANGIE: Well, to each his own. See ya. (*She and SUSAN exit.*)

MRS. TURNER: We'd better be leaving, too, Dudley. We just stopped by to make certain someone took the box.

EDNA sniffles, and then sobs softly. AUNT SADIE puts her hands on EDNA'S shoulders. EDNA looks at her.

AUNT SADIE: Try to understand, my dear, that only very simple-minded and insecure people have to make themselves feel important and superior by making fun of others.

EDNA: Really?

AUNT SADIE: The next time someone teases you, you should just smile and agree with them. That takes the wind out of their sails and confuses them because they didn't get the negative reaction from you that they wanted. And if some people don't really know you, what do you care what they say about you?

EDNA: *(Sniffing.)* I . . . I guess I shouldn't.

AUNT SADIE: Don't always take people too seriously, and try being the kind of person you really want to be. Learn to like yourself and others will like you, too.

EDNA: Are you the kind of person you want to be?

AUNT SADIE: Oh my, yes! And I may not always succeed in entertaining others, but I always entertain myself! You should see the funny expressions I get from people when I say crazy things! Come along, Marion! *(She flits toward right exit.)* Bye-bye! Cheerio! Toodle-oo! *(She and MRS. TURNER exit.)*

DUDLEY: *(Gently.)* Are you all right, Edna?

EDNA: *(Forlornly.)* I guess we'll go now.

HORTENSE: I don't want to go. *(To WALDO.)* Will you kiss me, Waldo?

WALDO: Okay. *(He gives her a quick kiss.)* Can I do it again?

HORTENSE: *(Softly.)* As often as you want to.

DUDLEY: Edna, do you always wear your hair that way?

EDNA: Uh-huh. *(Very carefully, DUDLEY unpins EDNA'S hair and lets it fall free.)*

DUDLEY: That's better!

EDNA: It is?

DUDLEY: *(Taking off his glasses and putting them on the telephone stand.)* I don't know why I wear these things all the time. I really don't need them very much. I'll bet you don't need yours very much, either. *(He removes EDNA'S glasses, puts them on the end table.)* You're very pretty!

EDNA: *(Perking up a little.)* I am?

DUDLEY turns on stereo and soft and slow dance music is heard.

DUDLEY: Shall we dance, my beautiful angel?

DUDLEY'S DATE

EDNA moves into DUDLEY'S arms and they begin dancing.

EDNA: *(Smiling.)* You're a very romantic person, Dudley.

DUDLEY: Honey, you ain't see nothin' yet! *(He kisses her.)*

CURTAIN.

THE END

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