

## Cast Me

### INT. THE DRAMA ROOM

THE CAST LIST FOR THE NEW PLAY IS TAPED TO THE WALL.  
STACEY AND TERESA RUN IN.

STACEY  
(Running toward the list) It's up! It's up!

TERESA  
(Pulling her back) Wait! Don't look yet!

STACEY  
Why?

TERESA  
What if we're not on it?

STACEY  
(Going toward the list) We'll be on it.

TERESA  
(Pulling her back) But what if we don't get the leads?

STACEY  
Could that happen?

TERESA  
It could happen.

STACEY  
You mean we'd be like—in...?

TERESA  
(Nodding her head) Supporting roles!

TERESA  
Calm down. It's okay. We're not in the chorus yet.

STACEY  
What if we don't even make the show? What if we have to work on the crew or something?

BOTH  
Ahh!!!!!!!

TERESA  
(Now crying) I'm not building the sets. Last time I nailed my hand to the floor. I still have the scar.

STACEY  
We'll, I'm not doing wardrobe. Remember when we did YOU'RE A GOOD MAN CHARLIE BROWN and I had to stay after school to clean the dog costume?

TERESA  
Gross.

STACEY  
Look, lets make a deal. No matter what, we're not going to be on the crew.

TERESA  
(Shaking hands) Right. And we won't be in the chorus either.

STACEY  
Yeah!

TERESA  
In fact if Mr. Grant can't appreciate our talent, we won't even be in the show at all!

STACEY  
We're too cool to be in the play anyway.