

FIVE SAMPLE PAGES

Someone Else's Life

CAST: 26 Characters

Mom
Darcy
Granny
Cameron
Dad
Brook
Bev
Mallory
Payton
Cory
Shannon
Genie
Assistant # 1,2, and 3
Borlando Loom
Leslie Sprint
Millennia
Photographers
Servants
Belinda
Ms. Davids
Anti-Chaos
Tiger
Painter
Toy Maker

Scene 1: Cameron's Living Room

(The children are screaming and running around, except Cameron, who is trying to read a book.)

Darcy: *(spilling a bowl)* I spilled my cereal!

Mom: Quiet, children, quiet! *(The children stop running and screaming.)* Sometimes I just want to run off to the Bahamas with

your father.

Granny: What about me?

Mom: Of course, we'd take you with us, Granny, although you would have to pay for your own skydiving expenses.

Cameron: *(talking to self)* You should take everyone else with you and leave me here. Then I could get some reading done.

Dad: How about Cuba instead? I hear life is very affordable in Cuba. I'll go get the beach towel with the octopus on it. *(Dad goes to leave, but mother stops him.)*

Mom: Oh Jonathan, you're just a kid like the rest of them. You know I was joking. I could never leave any of my dear little dears.

(The children run up to their mother, screaming and grabbing her legs.)

Cameron: She just told you to be quiet.

Darcy: *(spilling a cup)* I spilled my iced tea!

Brook: You haven't sewn the eye on my teddy bear like you said you would!

Mom: I said daddy would do that. *(Dad looks sheepish as Mom stares at him.)*

Bev: Are the cookies ready?

Mallory: I need help with my math homework!

Payton: I'm hungry What time is dinner?

Cory: Can I walk the dog?

Mom: We don't have a dog!

Cory: Yes, we do. See, this puppy followed me home.

(Cory gestures to their new puppy.)

Mom: Oh no.

Cameron: I don't like dogs.

Mom: We'll talk about the dog at next week's democratic family meeting.

Shannon: Mallory stole my toy, and I want it back!

Dad: Children, your mother can't help all of you at once.

Cory: What about you, Daddy?

Dad: Daddy's busy right now.

Mom: (*shrieking*) Wait! I know how to calm things down. Let's have a big squishy family group hug. Come on, everybody!

(*Everyone rushes up for the group hug except Cameron.*)

Dad: Aren't you going to hug, Cameron?

Cameron: Aw, Dad, you know I'm too old for that kind of thing.

Granny: You're too old? I should be the only one using that excuse, but here I am, hugging like everyone else. If you're not too old to go motorcycle racing with me, you're not too old for hugging.

Mom: Oh well, I guess Cameron just needs a time-out from this particular hug. On three, everybody ... One, two, three, squeeze!

(*Everyone hugs.*)

Cameron: (*talking to himself*) I am so sick of hugs.

Brook: (*breaking out of the hug*) I want to watch TV.

(*The hug dismantles.*)

Mom: Now, now, we're almost ready to eat dinner ... I've prepared a nice meal of fig kebabs with alfalfa soufflé for dessert!

Granny: My dear, remember that I can't eat figs. They make my digestion go wonky. And I need to be in good shape for my bass gig

tonight.

Mom: Then you can double up on the alfalfa soufflé!

Shannon: Pookie-Wookie is on TV in five minutes. I want to watch Pookie-Wookie.

Cameron: Not Pookie-Wookie!

Payton: Yeah, can we watch Pookie-Wookie?

Mom: What about dinner?

Mallory: We can eat while we watch Pookie-Wookie.

Bev: Pookie-Wookie and food are my favourite things ...

Darcy: *(shaking the remote)* I broke the TV remote!

Dad: I don't know if it's a good idea right now, kids.

Children: *(chanting and gathering around the television)* Pookie-Wookie! Pookie-Wookie! Pookie-Wookie! Pookie-Wookie ...

Dad: Fine, fine. Everyone will eat the nice dinner Mommy made while we watch Pookie-Wookie together.

Mom: Jonathan, you're only saying that because you like the show.

Dad: No way. That kids' show is, uh, just for kids.

Cameron: *(talking to his/her mother)* I don't want to eat my dinner in front of the television.

Mom: Looks like the tyranny of the majority rules here, Cameron.

Cameron: I wish I wasn't part of a democratic family. I'll eat in my room.

Mom: Again? That's the fourth night in a row. I don't want a pink unicorn that exists only on TV keeping you from being an active part of the family.

Cameron: I just need some time on my own.

Mom: *(sighing)* All right. Go ahead, honey.

Cameron: Thanks. *(Cameron picks up his/her meal and exits. As he/she leaves, the following lines are said.)* Maybe I'll try the attic tonight. My room is covered in Darcy's stuffed animals, and Shannon's baseball cards, and everybody's toothbrushes, and ...

Scene 2: The Attic

(Cameron enters.)

Cameron: I could do with a change of scenery. *(Cameron sneezes.)* Whew! This attic is dusty. Maybe it wasn't the greatest choice to eat here. *(Cameron sets up items around him/her to make the area resemble a fancy place setting at a restaurant. Cameron notices all the dust.)* Yuck! I simply cannot eat under these conditions. This reminds me of Mallory's sock drawer. If I'm going to have a nice dinner, I'd better do some vacuuming. *(Cameron drags over a nearby shop-vac and presses a button. Dust begins to fly everywhere.)* Oh, no! The dust is going everywhere -- I can't see! *(Cameron starts coughing as a cloud of dust forms in the air.)* It's getting even dustier! *(The Genie and the three assistants enter through the smoke cloud. The assistants do actions that correspond to what the Genie is saying.)* Genies! I've never heard of genies coming out of a vacuum cleaner. Do I get three wishes from each of you? Twelve wishes! Wow!

Genie: No, no, no. I'm the genie. These are my assistants. *(The assistants wave to Cameron.)* I can't tell you how relieved I am that you pressed the wrong button on the vacuum cleaner. It has taken twenty years for someone to press the wrong button. I'm greatly obliged to you.

Cameron: Um ... no problem.

Genie: Anyway, to reward you for your actions, blah blah blah, I'm sure you know what's coming next. Unfortunately, I can only grant you one wish, rather than the typical three. I used to be a three-wish genie, but I was demoted because I granted George W. Bush's wish to become the president of the United States when he grew up. And we all know how that turned out. So I'm on one-wish probation for the