

AMERICAN IDLE



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AMERICAN IDLE:**THE SEARCH FOR HIGH SCHOOL'S BIGGEST SLACKER**

SPOOF. It's become the latest TV reality show craze! In "American Idle," contestants vie for the honor of becoming America's number-one high school slacker. Host Brian Seacrest takes us through rounds of hilarious auditions, mind-bending challenges, and brutal eliminations. Along the way, contestants compete to impress three judges with their supreme slacker skills. The judges include an inarticulate school janitor, a nasty guidance counselor, and a spacey drama teacher. But in the end, the biggest slackers of all may be the TV viewers themselves, who have become too lazy to vote for a winner! This hysterical spoof has a flexible cast and simple staging.

Performance Time: Approximately 60 minutes.

CHARACTERS

(Flexible cast 40+. With doubling: 3 M, 3 F)

BRIAN SEACREST: Host of “American Idle” TV show; wears trendy clothes and his hair is overly styled and highlighted.

HANDY JACKSON: Inarticulate school janitor and “American Idle” judge.

PAULA ABFOOL: Flamboyant and spacey drama teacher and “American Idle” judge.

SIMON FOUL: Crabby guidance counselor and “American Idle” judge.

ALEXIS: Extremely polite and very sweet Minnesotan; has a really thick Minnesota accent.

BJORN: Extremely polite Minnesotan; has a really thick Minnesota accent.

CINDY: Extremely polite Minnesotan; has a really thick Minnesota accent.

DAMIEN: Hick Texan; wears full western attire.

ELLIOT: Hick Texan; wears full western attire.

FELICIA: Hick Texan; wears full western attire.

GABY: Hick Texan; wears full western attire, her hair is extremely poofy, and she’s wearing way too much makeup.

ISSAC: Abrasive New Yorker.

JENNA: Abrasive New Yorker.

KIRK: Abrasive New Yorker.

LIZ: 33, mother and high school sophomore from New York; wears a sweat suit and carries a diaper bag.

HANNAH: Much sweeter than the other New Yorkers; aspiring actress from Indiana; wears her hair in pigtails.

NATE: Carefree California surfer dude; has long blonde hair and wears board shorts.

OLIVER: Carefree California surfer dude; has long blonde hair and wears board shorts.

PAPA JOHNNY: Owner of Happy Peppy Pizza.

SALLY: Customer of Happy Peppy Pizza; peppy.
GRANDMA: 90, stars in a Kodak commercial.
CRYSTAL: Teenager, stars in a Kodak commercial.
JAKE: Teenager, stars in a Kodak commercial.
PITCHMAN 1: Stars in a Crest and Wells Fargo commercial; flexible.
PITCHMAN 2: Stars in an AT&T wireless commercial; flexible.
PITCHMAN 3: Stars in a Ritalin and Coppertone commercial; flexible.
MINDY: Teenager with lots of pimples; appears in an insurance commercial.
DR. BOB: Appears in an insurance commercial; wears a lab coat and uses it like a super hero's cape.
JILL: Giggly young girl; "American Idle" fan.
NANCY: Giggly young girl; "American Idle" fan.
RACHEL: Giggly young girl; "American Idle" fan.
JOE: Host of reality the TV show "Fear Factory."
DEREK: Contestant on "Fear Factory"
YOLANDA: Contestant on "Fear Factory."
MOM: Overworked mother.
DAD: Overworked father.
SON: Would like more attention from his busy parents.
STAGEHAND: Non-speaking.
EXTRAS (Optional): As "American Idle" studio audience members and TV crew.

NOTE: The roles may be doubled, tripled, or even quadrupled. Roles may be played by 40+ actors or as few as six actors (3m, 3f), or any other combination in between. Many of the roles are flexible. For flexible roles, change names and pronouns accordingly.

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SET

A television studio. One platform sits CS. There is a sign that reads, "American Idle." Two other platforms, located DR and DL, are used for multiple locations. Simply rearrange blocks and cubes to suggest each setting.

LIGHTING

The lighting may be as elaborate as a major television show with spotlights, gobos and gels. However, it could be just as effective with no lighting effects whatsoever.

PROP2

Sign that reads, "American Idle"	Baby car seat
Mop and bucket	2 Surfboards
3 Puffy parkas, for Alexis, Bjorn, and Cindy	2 School desks
Table	Exams
Purse, for Paula	Baby doll
Wads of cash	Blue baby blanket
Bag	Hand mirror
Diaper bag	Lab coat, for Dr. Bob
Wallet	3 Cell phones
Microphone	2 Envelopes
Rocking chair	Papers
Photo album	Timer
6 Stools	Whisk
Drum roll	Bowl
Applause sign	Calculator
	TV
	Card

SOUND EFFECTS

Techno music	Beeping noise
Bell ding	Drum roll
Annoying cellular ring tone	Clock ticking
Cheesy music	Buzzer
Wild applause	

NOTE: The use of sound effects is entirely optional.

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"ONCE A SLACKER,
ALWAYZ A SLACKER..."

-GABY

AMERICAN IDLE:

THE SEARCH FOR HIGH SCHOOL'S BIGGEST SLACKER

(AT RISE: Techno music begins to play and the American Idle sign starts blinking. Brian Seacrest enters and takes CS. His clothes are extremely trendy, and his hair is overly styled and highlighted. A spotlight lands on him.)

BRIAN: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen! Tonight you're joining us *live* for "American Idle: The Search for High School's Biggest Slacker"! The television show where you, the viewer, have a chance to vote for the laziest student in the entire country. My name is Brian Seacrest, your host for the competition. And my pearly white teeth are brought to you by Crest.

(Brian smiles brightly and shows off his teeth. At the same time, a bell dings. Pitchman 1 enters.)

PITCHMAN 1: Crest. Recommended by four out of five dentists. But keep in mind, that fifth dentist was British. *(Another ding. Exits.)*

BRIAN: Over the past few months, we've held auditions all over the country. And let me tell you, we came across hundreds of the laziest kids you'll ever lay eyes on. Students did their best, or should I say worst, to prove to the judges why they should win the title of "American Idle." We'll get to those auditions a little later. In the meantime, let me tell you what they're playing for. *(The techno music returns for a moment and the lights flash. They abruptly stop and the spotlight returns to Brian. In the blink of an eye, he's become very intense.)* Not only will the winner receive international stardom, but he or she will be presented with a high school diploma—no matter what their grade point average! That's right. Even if they failed shop. So look out, corporate America! Our winner just may waltz into your cubicle for

an interview. And with their GED, you won't be able to turn them down. It's quite possible that some 17-year-old slacker in [Sarasota], who accidentally turned a Cadillac into a snowmobile, will someday be the VP of Wells Fargo Bank. And you thought identity theft was a problem. *[Or insert the name of your hometown or another city.]*

(Pitchman 1 enters.)

PITCHMAN 1: Wells Fargo. More than just a song in "The Music Man." *(Exits.)*

BRIAN: *(Playful again.)* The judges have whittled down the hundreds of hopefuls to a group of six finalists. They will go head to head for the next few weeks, competing to win the hearts of you viewers at home. Get out your cell phones, America, as the voting lines will be opened sporadically during the program. And in case you were wondering, the voting lines are brought to you by AT&T Wireless.

(An annoying cellular ring tone blasts. Pitchman 2 enters.)

PITCHMAN 2: [AT&T Wireless]. Making traffic much more interesting. *(Ring tone. Exits.)* *[Or insert the name of another wireless company.]*

BRIAN: It's almost time to show you those auditions I promised. But first, I must introduce our judges. They scoured the nation for students with "D" averages. They forged into detention halls, stormed gym classes, and scouted parties. Those who couldn't care less were immediately advanced in the competition. But war was waged with any student who actually did their homework...or worse yet, attended band camp. The judges reigned with an iron fist to arrive at the final six. And let me tell you, their expectations were low. Very low. If anyone exceeded them, it was sayonara, kiddo! So, without further adieu, America...your judges. *(The music returns and the*

lights flash. Handy Jackson enters CS. He carries a mop and bucket.) Judge number 1, Handy Jackson. Handy's a school janitor, so he has a lot of experience at loafing around. For proof, check out the boys' bathroom.

HANDY: Like I'm going in there! Peee-ew!

BRIAN: It took a lot for the students to impress him at auditions. Let's hear exactly what he was looking for.

HANDY: You know, well, I was looking for, well, um, something I can't quite put my, uh, well, finger, ya know, on...yeah, that's, um, about, uh, it...ya know?

BRIAN: Well put. Handy, here, was quite the slacker himself in high school. Needless to say, he didn't exactly rack up extra credit in speech class. However, he does have the distinction of reciting the longest oral presentation in history. It took him three class periods and one lunch break to give a two minute lecture on "Catch-22." By the time he was finished, it was "Catch-48." *(To Handy.)* Any last words before we get to the competition?

HANDY: Well, um...ya know.

BRIAN: Very touching, Handy. Now take your seat. *(As the music returns, Handy takes his seat at the judge's table. As he does, Paula Abfool enters.)* Please give a warm welcome to judge number 2, Paula Abfool. Paula's the resident drama teacher at her high school. She's not exactly what you'd call a slacker herself. In fact, the only day she ever took off from school was to see the national tour of "Nonsense."

PAULA: That's not true. After seeing the show, I used a whole week of vacation time. I was so moved by Sister Amnesia that I was unable to teach.

BRIAN: I stand corrected. But since that time, she's never missed a day.

PAULA: Ah, dear Brian, you're forgetting the sabbatical I took after seeing "Mamma Mia."

BRIAN: Oh, yes, that's right.

PAULA: Now that's theatre! For six weeks, I lived and breathed ABBA. And I still feel like a dancing queen!

(As the music returns, Paula twirls, does a little dance, and takes her seat at the judge's table. Simon Foul enters.)

BRIAN: Judge number three, Simon Foul. He's a guidance counselor, so he knows the wherefore and why students become slackers in the first place. And his supportive methods of therapy have helped hundreds of students over the years. He always seems to know the right thing to say to make a person feel better about themselves. Isn't that right, Simon?

SIMON: You're such an idiot.

BRIAN: Excuse me?

SIMON: Look at you. What's with that hair? And that makeup? And those clothes?

BRIAN: [Finesse.] [Max Factor.] [Abercrombie.] *[Or insert other suitable brand names for hair, makeup, and clothes.]*

SIMON: What's that, a rock group?

BRIAN: My hair. My makeup. My clothes. If I'm on TV, I have to look trendy. What do you think?

SIMON: You look like an idiot.

BRIAN: I do?

SIMON: Or a moron. Take your pick.

BRIAN: No, you take your seat.

SIMON: Will do, idiot-slash-moron. *(He moves to the judge's table and takes a seat.)*

BRIAN: See what I mean? He's very nurturing. I know I feel better about my place in the world.

SIMON: Get on with it!

BRIAN: Right, right. Now that you've met our judges, we can get on with the auditions...after this commercial break.

(Brian smiles. Blackout. Lights up on DR platform. Papa Johnny and Sally face forward, scowling.)

PAPA JOHNNY: Are you depressed? Run down? Angry? Do you feel like you're in a constant state of despair? Are

there days when you just don't want to get up in the morning? *(He suddenly becomes very, very happy. Sally starts dancing.)* Then come on over to Happy Peppy Pizza! Our mouth-watering pies are sure to make all your troubles disappear! This is Sally—one of our many satisfied customers. Right, Sally?

SALLY: That's right, Papa Johnny! Just the other day, I almost jumped off a bridge, but you know what stopped me?

PAPA JOHNNY: What, Sally?

SALLY: Why, Happy Peppy Pizza's pepperoni pizza, that's what! Just as I was about to hurl myself into the Mississippi, I smelled a little whiff of heaven. I turned around, and do you know what I saw?

PAPA JOHNNY: What, Sally?

SALLY: Happy Peppy Pizza's delivery van! The smell of your pies got me off that bridge in no time. Before I knew it, I was chasing the van down the street. As soon as it stopped at a red light, I jumped on the tailgate. I just had to take a bite! The rest is history.

PAPA JOHNNY: See that, folks? The next time you feel like calling it quits, think of Sally here. Try pizza, not Prozac!

SALLY: *(In a low voice, quickly.)* Happy Peppy Pizzas may cause indigestion, nausea, cramps, diarrhea, headache, fever, runny nose, memory loss, blisters, scorching rashes, pink eye, paranoia...and occasionally death. Consult your doctor before taking a bite of any Happy Peppy Pizza.

PAPA JOHNNY: Happy Peppy Pizza. The taste that stays with you...all night long!

(Blackout. Lights up CS. Brian is more energetic than ever.)

BRIAN: Welcome back to "American Idle." I'm your host, Brian Seacrest. And my hair is brought to you by Rogaine.

(Pitchman 2 enters.)

PITCHMAN 2: Rogaine. A vegetable garden on your scalp.
(Exits.)

BRIAN: Now it's finally time for those auditions I promised. The first stop on our search for lazy students was Duluth, Minnesota. With all that snow up there, they spend half the year cooped up inside. Let's see if those six months of frosty cabin fever gave them an edge. (Blackout. Lights up DL. Alexis, Bjorn, and Cindy wait anxiously to the side. They all wear puffy parkas. The Judges watch from a table. Brian joins them.) Alrighty, kids, you know why you're here. One at a time, you'll tell us why you deserve to come to Hollywood and vie for the title of American Idle. But before we begin, let's see if our judges have any words of advice. Handy?

HANDY: Yeah, well...uh-huh.

BRIAN: Excellent. Paula?

PAULA: It's freaking cold in here! "The Iceman Cometh" would shiver!

BRIAN: We'll get you a coffee. And Simon?

SIMON: Just don't suck, okay?

BRIAN: The stage is yours, kiddos. First up is Alexis.

(Alexis steps forward. She's very sweet and has a really, really thick Minnesota accent.)

ALEXIS: Oh, hi! Hi, there! My name is Alexis. I go to Our Lady of Ten Thousand Lakes High in the small town of Fertile, Minnesota. I enjoy ice-fishing with my dad, scrapbooking with my mom, and making lutefisk for the Fertile County Fair.

PAULA: Uh, lutefisk?

ALEXIS: Oh, yah! You betcha! Lutefisk is a Minnesota tradition.

PAULA: But what is it?

ALEXIS: It's fish soaked in lye.

BJORN: Then deep fried.

CINDY: On a stick.

PAULA: On a stick?

ALEXIS: Oh, yah! Everything in Minnesota is on a stick.

BJORN: Including pork chops.

CINDY: And cake!

BRIAN: Now, now, Bjorn and Cindy. You'll have your turn to speak in a moment.

CINDY: Sorry, Alexis. We didn't mean to interrupt. Isn't that right, Bjorn?

BJORN: Oh, yah. You betcha.

ALEXIS: *(To the Judges.)* So how did I do?

PAULA: Honestly, Alexis, you sound like a goody two shoes.

SIMON: Exactly. You're not a slacker at all!

ALEXIS: Oh, but I am! When I go ice fishing, I put all the trout back. When I scrapbook, I don't use Elmer's. And my lutefisk isn't very fishy. So that's why I should be on your show.

BRIAN: Why don't you step to the side, Alexis, and let Bjorn take a shot. The judges will make their decision once everyone's had a chance to speak.

ALEXIS: Oh, yah. You betcha.

(Alexis steps to the side as Bjorn takes his place in front of the judges.)

BJORN: Oh, hi! Hi there! My name is Bjorn and I go to Loon High in the even smaller town of Climax, Minnesota. I should be on the show because I never do any homework.

SIMON: That's more like it!

BJORN: That's right. I finish all my work during class.

SIMON: Shoot! I thought we had a hot one. Didn't you, Handy?

HANDY: Um...

ALEXIS: Wait a minute! You're from Climax?

BJORN: Yah. It's only a few miles from Fertile.

ALEXIS: I'll be! My auntie Lena is from Climax.

BJORN: Oh, yah?

ALEXIS: Yah! But she died in a car crash last year.
BJORN: That's sad.
ALEXIS: Yah. She was eating a corndog behind the wheel. It fell off the stick and she crashed into an ice sculpture.
CINDY: Wait a second. The ice sculpture of Paul Bunyan?
ALEXIS: Yah.
CINDY: Well, I'm from Climax, too. I remember when that happened. I can still see the newspaper headline. "Fertile Woman Dies in Climax."
ALEXIS: Oh, yah. That's the one. It's in my scrapbook.
BRIAN: And your name is?
CINDY: Oh, hi! Hi there! I'm Cindy. I go to Zamboni Middle School. My hobbies are hockey and...well, that's it. I just like to skate.
SIMON: That's it?
CINDY: Yah.
SIMON: You don't do anything else?
CINDY: You betcha.
SIMON: Then you're going to Hollywood! Isn't that right, Paula and Handy?
HANDY: Uh, well...
PAULA: You got my vote. Congratulations!
CINDY: I'm going to Hollywood? Hooray!
ALEXIS/BJORN: Shucks darn!
CINDY: Wait a second. Did I upset you guys?
ALEXIS: Oh, yah.
BJORN: But that's okay. Good luck, Cindy.
CINDY: Wait, everyone! I don't think I can go.
BRIAN: But why not?
CINDY: I couldn't sleep at night knowing I let these two down. I think Alexis or Bjorn should go. Besides, I bet all the ice rinks have melted in Hollywood.
BRIAN: You mean you're turning down their invitation?
CINDY: Yah.
SIMON: Oh, man! This Minnesota nice is killing me!
BRIAN: So who's it going to be, judges? Alexis or Bjorn?

ALEXIS: You can go, Bjorn.

BJORN: No, you go, Alexis.

PAULA: Are the people here really this nice?

SIMON: I think I'm gonna barf.

PAULA: Hey, it was your idea to come to Minnesota!

SIMON: It was not. It was Handy's! What do you have to say for yourself, Handy?

HANDY: Uh...um...sorry?

SIMON: Sorry doesn't cut it!

PAULA: Now where's that coffee? I can't feel my toes!

BRIAN: Stop bickering! You have to choose!

SIMON: Okay. I pick Bjorn. At least his name is stupid.

BRIAN: Bjorn it is!

ALEXIS: Shucks darn!

BJORN: Well, I don't want to anymore. Not if it hurts her feelings. So Alexis, you're going to Hollywood!

ALEXIS: I am?

BJORN: Oh, yah!

CINDY: You betcha!

(Alexis jumps up and down as Bjorn and Cindy applaud. Blackout. Brian returns to CS as the lights come up.)

BRIAN: Needless to say, none of us thought the competition would be so pathetic in Minnesota. There must be courtesy serum in the water or something. Luckily, we had a better turnout of slackers in Salome, Texas.

(Blackout. Lights up. Dr. Damien, Elliot, Felicia and Gaby wait to audition. They're a bunch of hicks with southern drawls.)

DAMIEN: Where the heck are them there judges? I've got me some heifers to slaughter.

ELLIOT: How should I know? I'm not no big authority on the clock. All I know is when the little hand hits the six, it's time to eat.

DAMIEN: You won't be eatin' nothin' if I don't get to them there heifers.

FELICIA: What are you guys complainin' about? I gotta get home and get busy with the pooper scooper. The dogs ain't got no respect for the yard.

GABY: Hush up, ya'll! I got my own chores to do.

FELICIA: Yeah, right. You're nothin' but a high-falutin' southern belle. What chores you got?

GABY: You think I wake up looking like this? No way. I got two more coats of makeup to put on before my big date tonight.

DAMIEN: Good thing, too. I almost thought you was one of my heifers. If you didn't say nothing, you might have been supper.

(Brian enters with the Judges.)

BRIAN: Okay, guys, we're finally here. We got tied up at the airport.

SIMON: Blame it on Paula. Security had a fit when she set off the metal detector with that bra of hers.

PAULA: How was I to know underwire isn't allowed on the plane?

DAMIEN: You mean you're not wearin' a bra?

PAULA: I am now. I borrowed one from the guy next to me.

He was so big, he took up two seats. Isn't that right, Handy?

HANDY: Yeah, he was...yep.

(The Judges take their seats.)

BRIAN: Well, kids, I bet you're pretty excited to audition.

DAMIEN: Not really.

SIMON: *(Pleased.)* Really? I like the sound of that.

DAMIEN: Yeah, I've got cows to kill.

ELLIOT: And I've got cows to eat.

FELICIA: Then I've got to clean up the mess.

BRIAN: I guess slaughtering cows can get pretty sloppy.

GABY: Not that. She's gotta clean up after Elliot. He eats like a pig.

(Elliot burps.)

BRIAN: You guys sound like you all know each other.

DAMIEN: Of course we do. This is my brother and my two sisters.

BRIAN: You mean you're related?

ELLIOT: Everybody's related in Texas.

PAULA: This is terrific! There's nothing like sibling rivalry to boost the ratings!

BRIAN: Seeing as we don't want to repeat the fiasco in Minnesota, we've come up with a new method to make the auditions run smoothly.

DAMIEN: Okay. Whatever.

BRIAN: The judges have put their heads together and come up with a question that each of you must answer. The contestant with the worst answer moves on. Got it?

ELLIOT: No. But that's no shocker. Go ahead.

BRIAN: Simon, take it away.

SIMON: Listen carefully, 'cause I'm not repeating myself. When was the last time you slacked off when you could have been doing something more productive?

FELICIA: I fell asleep while I was taking my midterm.

DAMIEN: I fell asleep while I was milking the cows.

ELLIOT: I fell asleep while I was sleeping.

SIMON: What about you, Gaby?

(Gaby's head is rested on her shoulder, eyes closed. She doesn't move.)

BRIAN: Gaby? *(Gaby starts to snore loudly.)*

FELICIA: *(Shaking her.)* Gaby! Wake up!

GABY: *(Wakes up.)* Gosh darn. Did I fall asleep again?

PAULA: You sure did. Standing up.

SIMON: Impressive.

GABY: I had lots of practice during band class. I play the tuba, so I just snore with my nostrils over the blowhole—which worked really well until we became a marching band.

BRIAN: Well, judges, whattaya think?

PAULA: This is a toughie.

SIMON: No it's not. She fell asleep at the audition. How can anyone top that?

PAULA: What about Damien? He conked out while milking cows.

DAMIEN: I almost drowned, too. Fell face first into the bucket.

SIMON: Big deal! One night I watched the History Channel and fell asleep in my Fruit Loops.

BRIAN: You're the tie-breaker, Handy. What's your pick?

HANDY: I, uh, dunno. Um...Fruit Loops might be tasty.

GABY: Was that an answer?

BRIAN: Not really. So I guess that means you're both heading to Hollywood.

DAMIEN/GABY: Yipee-tie-y-eye-yay!

ELLIOT/FELICIA: What about me?!

BRIAN: You'll have to try again next year.

ELLIOT: I've heard that before. This is my third try at tenth grade.

FELICIA: At least you made it out of middle school. I'm the only girl in the fifth grade who shaves her legs.

DAMIEN: Come on, Sis. We got some practicin' to do.

GABY: I'll get the pillows! You get the blankets!

(Blackout. Lights up CS. Brian comes into the light.)

BRIAN: I'd say we did pretty well in Texas. But that's nothing compared to the folks we found in New York City. People come from around the world to take a bite out of the Big Apple. But there's a few on that island that just plain bite.

You've heard all about New Yorkers and their attitude. Well, let me be the first to tell you that it's all true. Hold onto your hats. Next stop...N-Y-C.

(Blackout. Lights up DL. Hannah, Isaac, Jenna, Kirk and Liz stand in a line facing the Judges. They all have New York accents.)

ISAAC: *(To Simon.)* Hey, buddy, what are you lookin' at?!

SIMON: You're at an audition. I'm looking at you.

ISAAC: Well, stop it, will ya, before I rip your face off!

KIRK: You tell him, brotha!

ISAAC: As I was sayin', I wanna be the American Idle cause I ain't learned nothin' in Yonkers except how to pick pockets. And you can't get no diploma by liftin' people's wallets.

JENNA: Get off your high horse. I'm from the Bronx. We learn how to pick pockets in preschool.

(Liz steps forward. She's much older than the rest, wearing a sweat suit and carrying a diaper bag. She pushes Jenna to the side.)

LIZ: Move it, missy. It's my turn. And I gotta make this quick. My son's in daycare for this.

SIMON: Aren't you a little old to be in high school?

LIZ: No way, buddy! Sure, I'm 35. I have four kids, two dogs, and a mortgage. But I can win this thing. I'm the biggest slacker there ever was! High school's tough, and I'm not up to the challenge. No matter how many times I read "Animal Farm," I still don't understand it. I mean, what's up with that horse?

SIMON: And you think you deserve the diploma over these teenagers?

LIZ: Sure do. How else am I gonna move up the corporate ladder?

PAULA: Where do you work?

LIZ: Kentucky Fried Chicken. So if you don't let me through, I'll deep fry your head.

ISAAC/KIRK: You tell him, sista!

(Hannah steps forward. She's much sweeter than the rest, with her hair in pig tails.)

HANNAH: I think it's high time that I get a chance to speak! I came out to New York to make something of myself! You see, I'm an actress! I just got out here from Indiana!

JENNA: Pipe down, Pollyanna!

PAULA: *(Excited.)* You're an actress? On the stage?

HANNAH: You got it! Although TV and film would be fun, too. In fact, I recently starred on "Days of Our Lives."

LIZ: Oooh, I just love "Days of Our Lives." When it comes on, I send my kids out to play on the freeway. Who did you play?

HANNAH: Extra number 5. For *extra* good!

KIRK: Wait a sec. She's just here to get on TV. Go back home, Hayseed!

ISAAC/JENNA: You tell her, brotha!

PAULA: But don't you see? She's a thespian! If she believes she's a slacker, then a slacker she will be. Isn't that right?

HANNAH: Oh yeah! My parents let me drop out of high school to study with the best. And someday I'll be on Broadway. Perhaps in a play by Tennessee Williams! Just so long as it's not some dumb musical like "Mamma Mia."

PAULA: *(Getting riled up.)* What did you just say?

HANNAH: Did you see that show?! It's even worse than "Nunsense."

PAULA: *(Shouts.)* Get out of here!

HANNAH: Huh?

PAULA: You heard me! Nobody makes fun of my favorite shows! Now take a hike! Before I sic ABBA and those funny nuns after you!

(Hannah runs off, sobbing.)

SIMON: I like what this town is doing to you, Paula!
PAULA: Yeah, well, nobody messes with my musicals.
SIMON: So that leaves us with the four of you.
ISAAC: What did I say about lookin' at me?!
KIRK/JENNA: Yeah!
ISAAC: In fact, turn around.
HANDY: Turn around?
KIRK: You heard him. We'll do the picking from now on.
SIMON: But—
ISAAC/KIRK/JENNA: Now!
SIMON: This is insane.
JENNA: And keep your traps shut!
LIZ: But how can they pick the American Idle with their backs
to us?
ISAAC: You wanna take a dirt nap?
LIZ: No.
ISAAC: Then zip it! Now turn around! *(The Judges turn
around with their backs to the others. The second they do, Isaac
grabs Paula's purse from the table and rifles through it. He pulls
out wads of cash.)* Aha! That's what I'm talking about!
LIZ: Hey, what are you doing?!
KIRK: Get her, Jenna!

*(Jenna puts her hand over Liz's mouth. They struggle as Kirk takes
Simon's bag and empties it on the table. Tons of cash falls out.)*

SIMON: What's going on back there?
ISAAC: Nothing!
KIRK: Come on, guys. We're all set. Let's go!

(Issac and Kirk run off with handfuls of cash.)

JENNA: Hey, I get a piece of that! Wait for me!

*(She lets go of Liz and runs off. She returns a split second later to
snatch Liz's diaper bag. She's gone in the blink of an eye.)*

LIZ: Um, judges...

PAULA: Is it safe to turn around?

LIZ: I hate to break it to you, but we were mugged.

(The Judges turn around, shocked. Paula rifles through her purse and Simon looks through his bag.)

SIMON/PAULA: What?! I can't believe this. *(Handy laughs.)*
What are you laughing at?

HANDY: I carry my wallet in my pocket. *(He takes out his wallet and opens it. To his surprise, it's empty. He holds it upside down and shakes it.)* This...um...stinks! It's empty, too.
How'd they do that?

(Liz chuckles, reaches into her pocket, and pulls out a handful of bills.)

LIZ: I wasn't the only one raised in New York.

HANDY: That's not possible. You didn't even come near me.

LIZ: Pretty good, huh? So do I get to go to Hollywood, or what?

SIMON: I'm impressed.

PAULA: And you're the only one left. So yeah.

HANDY: Welcome to...you know.

SIMON: But that was our travel money. We'll have to hitchhike back to California.

LIZ: No worries. I'll have my kids hotwire a car for us.

SIMON: Going for brownie points, are ya? I like this girl!

(Blackout. Lights up CS. Brian once again speaks to the audience.)

BRIAN: Only in New York, right? But we eventually got out of there, safe and sound. Well, sound anyway. Paula got a little rowdy during the second act of "Phantom of the Opera," so they went ahead and dropped the chandelier on her. And that's how we all got airlifted back to California.

Which is where we are for the final round of auditions.
Californ-I-A. My hometown. And let me tell you, we know
a thing or two about slacking.

*(Blackout. Lights up. Dr. Nate and Oliver relax with their
surfboards. They're typical surfer dudes – not a care in the world. .
They have long blonde hair and wear board shorts.)*

NATE: Hey, dude.

OLIVER: Hey, dude.

NATE: Surf's up, man!

OLIVER: Yeah, dude! *Dude!*

NATE/OLIVER: Chaw!

(They high-five.)

NATE: This is, like, the most radical day ever.

OLIVER: Dude, I know. Like, just look at that surf.

NATE: Totally! It's like—

OLIVER: Yeah, man. Sure is—

NATE: Wet. Like, totally wet.

NATE/OLIVER: Dude!

OLIVER: Wanna jump in, man?

NATE: In a sec, dude. I just wanna soak in the rays.

OLIVER: Like, totally hot idea.

NATE/OLIVER: Chaw!

[END OF FREEVIEW]