



## Sample Pages from Anger Management

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# TEN MINUTE PLAY SERIES – ALL GIRLS

*Sandy is an Eggplant, Shannon is a Pretty Girl*

*Slow Songs Make Me Puke*

*Lies*

*Anger Management*

*Fight Over Fuchsia*

*See the Light*

BY  
*Lindsay Price*



## Ten Minute Play Series – All Girls

This collection of ten minute plays is the first in our short play series. Our aim with this series is to offer a vivid experience for teen performers. Whether it's vivid characters, a vivid conflict, or vivid moments, these plays leap off the page from the very first moment. Use them in class, use them in competition, combine them for a great one act. Focus on bringing to life your vivid experience.

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## Acknowledgements

Thanks to Roxane Caravan and the students of Lakewood Ranch High School for workshopping these plays for me!

# Anger Management

by Lindsay Price

## Characters

Juliet and Ophelia (ageless in the afterlife)

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*JULIET sits in a psychiatrist's waiting room. She has a puzzled look on her face as she tries to figure out a Yoga for Dummies book.*

JULIET: (reading) The shoulder stand. One of the best poses for relaxation and meditation. Huh. (she turns the book around) That does not look relaxing. That looks like the farthest thing from relaxing. How is she relaxing?

*JULIET gets down on the floor and tries to imitate a shoulder stand. She fails miserably and ends up flailing her legs about. She lands on the floor and throws the book away from her.*

JULIET: Stupid book.

*JULIET sits as OPHELIA enters. She moves slowly with her arms crossed. She stares at the ground. She sighs as she slumps into one of the chairs. She looks up to see JULIET looking at her.*

JULIET: Hey.

OPHELIA: Hello. (she sighs again)

JULIET: Are you ok?

OPHELIA: Sorry. (she shakes her head) Sorry, I'm not – I don't like this.

JULIET: This... chair?

OPHELIA: Dr. Jodi.

JULIET: Gotcha.

OPHELIA: I hate it. And her. Sorry.

JULIET: Don't be. She's very annoying.

OPHELIA: (perking up) You don't like her?

JULIET: (*singsong*) Hate her.

OPHELIA: (*a little happier*) Really?

JULIET: Since the very beginning.

OPHELIA: (*really happy*) Really?

JULIET: I hate that it's Dr. Jodi. Not just Jodi, and not Dr. Chung...

BOTH: Dr. Jodi.

JULIET: Let's be friends! But not too friendly. Let's get close! But not too close. Come come, stay away!

OPHELIA: (*leaning in*) I thought everybody around here liked her. I thought everyone was so in love with her, they should marry Dr. Jodi.

JULIET: You'd think she's cured cancer the way they talk about her in the commissary.

OPHELIA: I know. (*mocking*) She's the best. She's so helpful.

JULIET: (*mocking*) She got me to open right up. Opened right up like a flower.

OPHELIA: I hate that one. That one and – (*mocking*) I'd go to Dr. Jodi even if I didn't have to.

JULIET: I hate that! I hate that we have to go. I hate that Dr. Jodi is mandatory.

OPHELIA: Try telling her.

JULIET: Oh I have. Didn't go over so well. (*a little too loud*) I'm missing the point of Dr. Jodi. (*whispers*) Apparently.

*They laugh.*

OPHELIA: We haven't met. Have we? No.

JULIET: Not officially. I've seen you around.

OPHELIA: That must be it.

JULIET: I've seen you in the commissary.

OPHELIA: We're always around.

JULIET: We don't have very many places to go.

OPHELIA: You've been around a long time.

JULIET: Uh huh. You too.

OPHELIA: I can't believe we haven't met. Officially.

JULIET: I don't really socialize.

OPHELIA: Right. Me either.

JULIET: People come and go.

OPHELIA: They're mostly here and then they're gone.

JULIET: Yeah. They're mostly annoying too.

OPHELIA: *(with a smile)* Yeah. Mostly. Almost all. In fact, I'm not sure there isn't anyone who doesn't bug me.

JULIET: Makes you want to claw your eyes out.

OPHELIA: Yeah.

JULIET: *(with a sigh)* Yeah.

OPHELIA: Have you been seeing Dr. Jodi long?

JULIET: Seems like.

OPHELIA: Long time.

JULIET: Centuries even.

OPHELIA: Seems like. Sorry – *(sticking her hand out)* I'm Ophelia.

JULIET: Juliet. Juliet Capulet.

*They shake hands.*

OPHELIA: Nice to meet you.

JULIET: Officially.

OPHELIA: Right. *(pause)* So. Did you... *(gestures vaguely)*

JULIET: Oh yes.

OPHELIA: Me too.

JULIET: Really?

OPHELIA: Really. That's how we got the golden ticket to Loserville.

JULIET: I guess. How did you... (*gestures vaguely*)

OPHELIA: Drowned myself.

JULIET: (*pointing at herself*) Knife in the stomach.

OPHELIA: Ow. Really?

JULIET: Yeah. (*she considers*) Yeah. I wasn't really thinking. I just – (*she mimes knifing herself in the stomach*) And then... It all just kind of... It seems so stupid now.

OPHELIA: Tell me about it.

JULIET: It's all... foggy.

OPHELIA: Yeah! It went totally foggy for me. (*matter of fact*) I went mad beforehand.

JULIET: Really?

OPHELIA: One second I was in the east hall, the next I'm underwater. Surprise!

JULIET: You're not mad now.

OPHELIA: No, no. I see everything clear as a bell. (*she starts tapping her foot*) I see a lot of things clear as day. (*the foot tapping gets faster*) A lot of things, a lot, a lot, a... (*she takes a deep breath and starts to massage her temples*) Sorry. Dr. Jodi says I have anger issues.

JULIET: Me too.

OPHELIA: Really?

JULIET: Really. (*she holds up her right hand*) Anger management program.

OPHELIA: I think I have a lot to be angry about. Dr. Jodi three times a week?

JULIET: Being dead makes me angry.

OPHELIA: I hate being dead!

JULIET: It sucks.

OPHELIA: It really sucks being dead.

JULIET: (*mocking*) Dr. Jodi wouldn't like that kind of talk.

OPHELIA: Tell me about it.

JULIET: (*shaking her head and tsking*) Now, now, Juliet. Now, now.

OPHELIA: Now Ophelia, wouldn't you like to find peace?

JULIET: Where will those kind of *feelings* get you?

OPHELIA: Sometimes, I want to shove her glasses up her nose.

JULIET: Sometimes, I want to shove that bobble head up her nose. The one on her desk?

OPHELIA: She changes them, have you noticed?

JULIET: It's the mood of the day. The mood of the day bobble head.

OPHELIA: I would totally feel so much better if I shoved a bobble head up her nose.

JULIET: It would be awesome!

OPHELIA: Guess my mood Dr. Jodi!

JULIET: Up yours Dr. Jodi!

OPHELIA: Up yours!

*They are now standing and quite loud. They look around to see if someone heard them or if they're going to get in trouble. They sit down and take a deep breath.*

OPHELIA: (*whispering*) She keeps pushing the crafts on me. I'm supposed to find them calming.

JULIET: (*whispering*) She says I have to do yoga.

OPHELIA: Do you like it?

JULIET: Hate it. Do you like the crafts?

OPHELIA: I hate the crafts.

JULIET: They're stupid crafts! Why do we have to do make bird houses and popsicle stick picture frames? Are there any birds?

OPHELIA: None.

JULIET: None! No birds. We're building empty birdhouses for eternity for nothing! We're making frame after empty popsicle stick frame with no pictures to fill them.

OPHELIA: I got assigned extra Dr. Jodi time because I questioned the sanity of decorative macramé pot holders. There are no pots. Why do we need pot holders, decorative or otherwise? I have nowhere to decorate, no one to decorate for and as far as I'm concerned the epitome of uselessness is the decorative pot holder.

JULIET: I hate everything here. Dr. Jodi. I hate the crafts, I hate yoga, I hate Thursday afternoon cake.

OPHELIA: It's never good cake.

JULIET: The frosting is disgusting.

OPHELIA: And the way they write THURSDAY on the top. Cause none of us have birthdays or anniversaries. That's the only thing to celebrate. THURSDAY.

JULIET: I hate the bingo, I hate the shuffleboard –

OPHELIA: You know, I can live with shuffleboard. (*hypnotic*) There's something about the way the puck swooshes across the floor. Drifting, drifting. It's peaceful. Mesmerizing. Swoosh. (*changing tone*) But then I remember what happened to me and I get angry all over again.

JULIET: (*pointing*) You can't let go of the past.

OPHELIA: (*pointing*) I hold the past in an iron fist.

JULIET: A death grip.

OPHELIA: A post death grip.

JULIET: Ha!

OPHELIA: Dr. Jodi give you the "let go of the past" speech?

JULIET: Weekly. Sometimes daily.

OPHELIA: I hate that speech.

JULIET: If you want to... move on... Juliet, you need to be calmer. More... peaceful.

OPHELIA: Just like the shuffleboard Ophelia. Calm and peaceful...

JULIET: You need to let go...

OPHELIA: Swoosh...

JULIET: Let go...

OPHELIA: Swoooooosh...

JULIET: Let go of the past, Juliet...

OPHELIA: Hmm. Maybe I hate shuffleboard.

JULIET: The past is the past and it's past.

OPHELIA: The past is done.

JULIET: Now you see the past, now you don't.

OPHELIA: The past is so last year.

BOTH: Ha!

JULIET: I don't want to let go of my past. I like getting angry when I think about my past.

OPHELIA: Being angry makes me feel good.

JULIET: It makes me alive.

OPHELIA: Were you allowed to get angry when you were alive? For real alive?

JULIET: Never.

OPHELIA: Me neither. I want to relive the past over and over again so I can get really angry about it. I love feeling angry!

JULIET: Stupid Romeo!

OPHELIA: Stupid Hamlet!

JULIET: Did you go mad over a guy?

OPHELIA: I got a two-fer. There was a guy AND I was being manipulated by my dad.

JULIET: You too?

OPHELIA: You too? Really?

JULIET: My dad said I had to marry a guy I totally didn't want to marry and when I said I wouldn't marry him, cause I'd already married someone else, he freaked out!

OPHELIA: No!



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