



Sample Pages from The Tower of Tyler

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SOMEWHERE, NOWHERE

Frying Pan to Frying Pan

The Tower of Tyler

Underneath

The Egg Carton And Shaving Cream Solution

A SMALL TOWN CYCLE BY
Lindsay Price



One Full Length or Four One Acts

Somewhere, Nowhere is both a full-length play, and four independent competition-length one acts. Each one-act is a snapshot of teenage life in the small town of Brayton. The full-length takes place over the course of four seasons. The characters re-appear, change and grow with each subsequent story.

Act One	Act Two
1) Frying Pan to Frying Pan <i>3M+4W</i> Echo Moss (17) Brittney Poole (16) Ms. Valerie Bright (25) Trina Tews (15) Shane Lynch (20) Pete Quinn (17) Jim Hill (17)	3) Underneath <i>5W</i> Fee (Fiona) Glass (30) Echo Moss (18) Brittney Poole (16) Trina Tews (15) Josie McDaniel (15)
2) The Tower of Tyler <i>3M+8W+7 Either</i> Trina Tews (15) Becks Steinberg-Espinosa (25) Brittney Poole (16) Ms. Valerie Bright (25) Jane Rose (16) Caitlin (16) Courtney (16) Crystal (16) Tyler Tews (17) Pete Quinn (17) Jim Hill (17) Reporter 1, 2, 3 Community Group A, B, C Photographer Becks, Photographer, and all Reporters & Community Group members can be either gender. Community A, B and C can be doubled by Jim, Pete and Brittney.	4) The Egg Carton and Shaving Cream Solution <i>4M+11W</i> Josie McDaniel (15) Brittney Poole (16) Jane Rose (16) Mrs. Smith (40) Ms. Valerie Bright (25) Caitlin (16) Courtney (16) Crystal (16) Marley (14) Gemma (15) Dawn (14) Pete Quinn (17) Jim Hill (17) Tyler Tews (17) Sam (15)

Full Length Casting

The minimum cast size for the full length is 3M+13W. It is possible to expand to 15W+5M+7 Either (using no doubling) or you can offer multiple roles to actors with smaller significant parts (e.g. Shane and Fee).

Doubling

Shane also plays Reporter One (*The Tower of Tyler*) and Sam (*Egg Carton*)

Fee also plays Reporter Two (*The Tower of Tyler*)

Josie also plays Community A (*The Tower of Tyler*)

Becks also plays Gemma (*Egg Carton*)

Marley also plays Photographer (*The Tower of Tyler*)

Dawn also plays Community C (*The Tower of Tyler*)

Mrs. Smith also plays Reporter Three (*The Tower of Tyler*)

Ms. Bright also plays Community B (*The Tower of Tyler*)

If you're doing the whole play, you'll notice some characters (Trina, Echo and Shane) don't return to the story in *The Egg Carton and Shaving Cream Solution*. There just wasn't an organic way to weave them in as their stories conclude earlier in the play. I would strongly suggest that the actor playing Shane is also given a part in *The Tower of Tyler* or the part of Sam in *Egg Carton* so he isn't sitting around waiting for the play to be over.

I would also suggest that those who aren't in *Egg Carton* be used as extra crowd characters who enter with Jim, keeping in mind to change their wardrobe so they look like different characters.

Set

The plays can be set with risers and cubes, or with something more elaborate. If you're doing the whole play, the scene changes between *Frying Pan to Frying Pan* and *The Tower of Tyler* and between *Underneath* and *The Egg Carton and Shaving Cream Solution* must be very short. Keep the flow of action continuous.

Regardless, there should be a set of risers stage left that lead offstage for all plays. They lead to Shane's office in *Frying Pan*, to the Tews house in *Tower*, to Fee's front door in *Underneath*, and they act as the doorway onto the roof in *Egg Carton*.

Setting

Frying Pan to Frying Pan: The Super Speedy Lube. There needs to be at least one chair/cube for Pete to sit on, and a waist-high counter (two stacked cubes) for Echo to do her nails on.

The Tower of Tyler: The front yard of Tyler Tews's House.

Underneath: The living room of Fee's house. There needs to be a couch, chair, and something for the girls to stand on when their dresses are being hemmed. Again, this could be covered by three cubes for the couch, one for the chair and one to stand on.

The Egg Carton and Shaving Cream Solution: The Brayton High School roof. There should be two cubes stage left for Pete and Josie to use.

Somewhere, Nowhere was first presented by Lakewood Ranch High School in December, 2010 with the following cast:

Echo Moss	Kayla Taylor
Pete Quinn.....	Rasheed Waliagha
Jim Hill.....	Zachary Zimmer
Shane Lynch.....	Kyle James
Brittney Poole.....	Julia Barrow
Trina Tews	Brandi Wanecski
Ms. Valerie Bright.....	Megan Dehn
Tyler Tews	Nico Cianfarino
Caitlin	Casey Henshaw
Courtney.....	Jordan O'Donnell
Crystal.....	Renee Rogers
Reporters.....	Juan Martinez, Anna Hickey
Photographer.....	Sean Darcy
Jane Rose.....	Jillian Smith
Becks Steinberg-Espinosa.....	Madison McDonald
Fee (Fiona) Glass.....	Melina Cuffaro
Josie McDaniel.....	Tali Cohen
Mrs. Smith	Cassie Rankin
Sam.....	Joseph Grosso
Marley	Megan Nauman
Dawn.....	Kelli Bagwell
Community Members.....	Casey Blanco, Carlotta Murri
Director.....	Roxane Caravan
Stage Manager.....	Dani Duguay
Paint Charge.....	Katy Knowles, Rachel Knowles
Set Design / Construction.....	Christopher Parrish
Property Master.....	Sean Darcy
Sound Design	Sean Knowles
Costume Mistress.....	Kayla Taylor
Hair/Makeup.....	Rachel Knowles
Stagehand.....	Jonathon Signaigo

Underneath and *The Egg Carton and Shaving Cream Solution* were subsequently featured at the 2011 Missouri State Thespian Festival by the following:

Underneath (Parkway South High School)

Echo Moss Marisa Badamo
Brittney Poole Kelsey Smugala
Trina Tews Mady Finn
Fee (Fiona) Glass Victoria Zepp
Josie McDaniel Margo Leitschuh

Director Abbie Shull

The Egg Carton and Shaving Cream Solution (Branson High School)

Pete Quinn Jared Campbell
Jim Hill Dakota Callaway
Brittney Poole Ashley Herrera
Ms. Valerie Bright Hannah Stark
Tyler Tews Josh Farley
Caitlin Lucy Givens
Courtney Brenna Stone
Crystal Lindy Moncado
Jane Rose Andie Gerbel
Josie McDaniel Jenna Sarni
Mrs. Smith Julie Drayer
Gemma Nez Abbey
Sam Luke Elfrink
Marley Haleigh Mackey

Somewhere, Nowhere was subsequently presented in its entirety by St. Cloud High School in February, 2011 with the following cast:

Echo Moss	Yesenia Avila
Pete Quinn.....	Nick Simmons
Jim Hill.....	Jacob Spigle
Shane Lynch.....	Austin Courtney
Brittney Poole.....	Moriah Yex
Trina Tews	Margaret Toner
Ms. Valerie Bright.....	Shannon Esford
Tyler Tews	Cory Dunn
Caitlin	Brandie Troxell
Courtney.....	Tatianna Ross
Crystal.....	Lauren Strecker
Reporters.....	Max Gomer, Stephanie Pagan, Jon Noah
Photographer.....	Erica Dukes
Jane Rose.....	Ashely Marsdale
Becks Steinberg-Espinosa.....	Aaron Collado
Fee (Fiona) Glass.....	Shari Riascos
Josie McDaniel.....	Katy Williams
Mrs. Smith	Megan Lubick
Gemma	Sierra Welch
Sam.....	Eduardo Rivera
Marley	Megan Caudill
Dawn.....	Jessie Suarez
Community Members.....	Alison Harper, Stephano Brizzio, Devon Griffis Liz Simmons, Rachel Jones, Daniel Richards, Addison Shipley
Director.....	Karen Loftus
Stage Manager.....	Melissa Moss
Run Crew Chief.....	Matt Cole
Run Crew.....	Addison Shipley, Stephano Brizzio, Eduardo Rivera Nicole Castro, Austin Courtney
Set Crew.....	Austin Courtney, Matt Cole, Eduardo Rivera, Nicole Castro Ashley Marsdale, Alison Harper, Tatianna Ross, Katy Williams Bekah Rivera, Casandra Wilcox, Megan Lubick, Cory Dunn
Scenic Charge.....	Melissa Moss

The Tower Of Tyler

Fall.

Upbeat and lively marching band music plays in the dark – The Victors by Louis Elbel. A spot comes up downstage left. The CHEERLEADERS stand in a pose of readiness. The music pauses.

CHEERLEADERS: T-Y-L (one clap) T-Y-L (one clap) T-Y-L-E-R! (two claps)
Tyler! Who's that? Tyler! Who's he? Tyler is the man, man, Tyler
is the best, best, Tyler is the one, one, better than the rest, rest!
Tyler! Tyler! Gooooooooooooooooo Tyler!

The CHEERLEADERS jump and hoot as CHEERLEADERS are wont to do. The marching band music starts up again and the lights come up full. The stage is full of people, noise, and activity.

Downstage left stand the CHEERLEADERS. They are enthusiastically talking to REPORTER 3.

Downstage right stand more REPORTERS. They clamour for TYLER's attention.

Standing in a line behind TYLER are the COMMUNITY GROUP. They represent the various community groups in town who want a piece of TYLER. They are all talking about how great TYLER is.

NOTE: You can have individual actors play each part in the COMMUNITY GROUP, have three actors double the roles, or double from the existing cast and have PETE, BRITTNEY and JIM play the COMMUNITY GROUP.

TYLER TEWS stands centre stage. He stands confidentially and with a big smile on his face. He's loving every single second. The music stops.

REPORTER 1: Tyler!

REPORTER 2: Tyler!

PHOTOGRAPHER: Over here, Tyler!

REPORTER 3: (to the CHEERLEADERS) What can you tell me about him?

CHEERLEADERS: We love Tyler Tews!

COMMUNITY A: The Brayton Lions...

COMMUNITY B: First Baptist Ladies Auxiliary...

COMMUNITY C: The Mayor's office...

COMMUNITY A: Proudly presents this Certificate of Congratulations!

COMMUNITY B: Welcomes Tyler as this month's guest speaker.

COMMUNITY C: Thinks Brayton needs more young men like Tyler Tews!

The COMMUNITY GROUP steps back.

REPORTER 1: Tyler! What's your favourite restaurant?

REPORTER 2: Are you going to try out for the NFL?

PHOTOGRAPHER: Can we get a picture with your award?

REPORTER 3: What was your reaction when you heard Tyler won a national essay writing contest?

CAITLIN: Go Tyler!

COURTNEY: I didn't know he could write.

CRYSTAL: It makes him even more awesome!

The COMMUNITY GROUP steps forward again.

COMMUNITY A: Avondale Public School...

COMMUNITY B: The Kinette Club...

COMMUNITY C: The Volunteer Fire Department...

COMMUNITY A: Honour you as citizen of the year!

COMMUNITY B: Invite you to be guest of honour at our annual banquet!

COMMUNITY C: It is our honour to make you our newest active member!

REPORTER 1: Tyler!

COMMUNITY GROUP: Congratulations!

REPORTER 2: Tyler!

CHEERLEADERS: He's the best!

PHOTOGRAPHER: Over here, Tyler!

REPORTER 3: Can you get me an interview?

A small girl runs on from stage right. It looks like it's taken quite a bit of courage for her to enter. This is JANE ROSE, reporter for the Brayton High Beacon.

JANE: (as she enters) Brayton High Beacon! Brayton High Beacon! Brayton... (she's now standing in front of TYLER) High... Beacon? (her resolve is fading) I have a question. For the Brayton High Beacon? (pause) I forgot my question.

JANE runs off as fast as she can. Everyone on stage starts talking at once, clamouring for TYLER.

EVERYONE: (everyone overlaps, no one says the same thing) Tyler! We love you Tyler! Talk to me, over here! Over here for the Monroe Weekly! One more picture Tyler! Tyler, Tyler, he's our man!

At the height of the noise, TYLER raises his hand. The noise stops.

TYLER: People!

Everyone stops talking on a dime.

TYLER: People. There's plenty of Tyler Tews to go around.

He poses and everyone applauds the greatness of TYLER TEWS. TRINA runs out of the house. She wears a t-shirt that says, "Tyler's Number One Fan."

TRINA: Tyler, Tyler! I've got the lemonade set up on the back porch.

TYLER: Awesome! Thanks, T.

TRINA: You got it, T! (pointing up centre) Ladies and Gentlemen, please make your way around the side of the house. I would invite you in, but my mom is in the middle of making her award-winning carrot cake for the Brayton Fair baking contest.

Everyone Oooooooooooooohs. They know what carrot cake means.

TYLER: Whoa! Stand back! I'm sure you all know what it means when a Tews is in competition mode.

Everyone laughs in agreement.

TYLER: She's taking first place tomorrow, isn't she T?

TRINA: Blue ribbon all the way, T!

TYLER: Follow me, everyone. You'll be able to see our awesome float for the parade.

Everyone moves upstage centre and off to the left.

TRINA watches them go and sits on the steps. She sighs. JANE runs on from stage right.

JANE: *(as she enters)* Brayton High Beacon! Brayton High Beacon! Brayton... High... Beacon? *(her resolve is fading)* I have a question. For the Brayton High Beacon?

TRINA: He's around the back.

JANE: Never mind!

JANE runs off as fast as she can. PETE and JIM enter from stage right carrying boxes of decorating supplies.

JIM: Hi Jane. *(JANE runs by him without even looking up)* Bye Jane.

PETE: Why are we doing this?

JIM: Girls asked us to.

PETE: I don't care about girls.

JIM: Your ex-girlfriend asked you to bring boxes of tissue paper to her boyfriend's house.

PETE: Do you have to be so specific? Do you have to lay it out like that?

JIM: Just saying.

PETE: *(referring to the boxes he's holding)* Where are we supposed to put these?

JIM: Here looks good.

They drop their boxes.

PETE: I can't blame her. Can you blame her for dating Tyler?

JIM: Nope.

PETE: Did you have to be so quick to agree? You could have paused for a second. Half a second.

JIM: Dude.

PETE: *(sigh)* I know.

JIM: He's the man. The guy. The one. The ult. Hey Trina.

TRINA: *(irritated)* Don't you have anything better to do than talk about Tyler?

PETE: I thought he was your favourite topic.

JIM: You're the one wearing a "Tyler's Number One Fan" t-shirt.

TRINA: I know. And I am. *(recovering and gaining speed)* Of course I am. I think you're making fun of him. That's all. So rude. You're just trying to make yourselves feel better by saying mean things about my brother.

PETE: *(confused)* We weren't doing that...

TRINA: You better not. Cause I'll tell Tyler and then you'll be sorry.

The GROUP out back is heard offstage.

REPORTER 1: Go long, Tyler! Go long!

TYLER runs backwards upstage left to right. He disappears from sight. There is a cheer offstage – he's caught the ball. TYLER re-enters carrying a football. He poses and everyone from offstage crowds in, holding on his every word. The CHEERLEADERS surge forward.

CAITLIN: That was amazing!

COURTNEY: Tyler, we can't wait any longer, did you like our cheer?

TYLER: You bet I did.

CRYSTAL: We practised the moves all day.

TYLER: Do you want to perform it in the parade?

CRYSTAL: Do we?

COURTNEY: Do we ever!

TYLER: You can do it in front of the float.

CAITLIN: That is so awesome!

TYLER: Awesome.

The CHEERLEADERS squeal and hug each other. The REPORTERS clamour.

REPORTERS: Tyler, Tyler!

REPORTER 1: What time's the parade?

TYLER: Tomorrow at three.

REPORTER 2: What's your float?

TYLER: King and Queen of the Fall Fair. It'll be awesome. I'm the King, of course.

REPORTERS: Tyler, Tyler!

REPORTER 3: Tell us more about the star quality you're so famous for.

TYLER: (*posing*) Absolutely.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Let's get a photo with the girls.

The CHEERLEADERS squeal and pose with TYLER.

TYLER: Here's the thing. I AM a star. (*changing pose*) I am the best. But you can't just be the best in a vacuum. You have to do things with your stardom. I have a responsibility to my family, the town, to kids everywhere to live up to being a star.

REPORTER 2: What about when you leave high school?

TYLER: (*changing pose*) I'll become the Brayton Ambassador wherever I go, whatever I do. Brayton is who I am. I love this town and I'll never stop talking about it!

CHEERLEADERS: Go Tyler! Go Brayton!

TYLER: (*to PHOTOGRAPHER*) How's that?

PHOTOGRAPHER: We're good. How about on the back porch?

TYLER: Awesome.

PHOTOGRAPHER: I'd like to see that float fully decorated. It'd make a great backdrop.

TYLER: We're waiting on my girlfriend. She's in charge. Hey T? Any news?

TRINA: She's not answering T.

TYLER: Keep trying. Those paper tissue flowers won't make themselves.

The GROUP exits off upstage left.

PETE: He sure is getting a lot of attention.

TRINA: Of course he is. He deserves it.

PETE: I didn't say he didn't.

TRINA: You better not.

PETE: How does he do that? Seriously, everything he touches turns to gold.

JIM: Sure does.

PETE: Again with the fast agree.

JIM: I call 'em as I see 'em. *(he takes a deep sniff)*

PETE: Brittney not here yet?

TRINA: Uh uh. *(reacting to what JIM is doing)* What are you doing?

JIM: *(he takes a deep sniff)* I smell... cake.

TRINA: It's carrot cake.

JIM: Oh.

PETE: Ugh.

JIM: Who cares? Cake is cake. Your mom baking for the fair?

TRINA: She wants to "take back the crown."

PETE: There's a crown?

TRINA: That's what she says.

JIM: *(takes a step toward the house)* I smell... free samples.

TRINA: She's in competition mode.

JIM: I'm in free cake mode.

PETE: Why can't it be brownies?

JIM: (*he takes another step forward*) There's got to be a couple of crumbs...

TRINA: She'll take your head off.

JIM: ...or a batter bowl just lying around...

TRINA: I'm not kidding. Head. Off.

PETE: Do you think she'll win?

TRINA: I don't know. (*catching herself*) Of course she will. She makes the best carrot cake. None better. How dare you think my mom's going to lose. The Tews never lose anything.

PETE: But I didn't...

JIM: Come on, Pete. Cake is calling.

PETE: I like my head where it is.

JIM: Cake is worth the risk.

They exit as BECKS STEINBERG-ESPINOSA enters from stage right. She carries a huge messenger bag, stuffed to the gills. She wears sunglasses. She is on the phone.

BECKS: I know. I know. What? No, I didn't know. How can he... I did. I did. I did. I texted him. That's the only way he'll answer, he doesn't pick up. He doesn't pick up. I've called him, he doesn't pick up. So call. He doesn't pick up. Get on this, get an answer. Today. Today. Text him. Okay? Okay. Thanks, doll. (*She hangs up and is right away in TRINA's face, which startles her a little. She's been staring at the whole exchange. BECKS thrusts a hand at TRINA.*) Becks Steinberg-Espinosa.

TRINA: What?

BECKS: Becks Steinberg-Espinosa.

TRINA: That's your real name?

BECKS: This is the Tews house, right? I'm at the right house? The Tews? Kid, you have to say something.

TRINA: Sorry. Yes. The right house. This is my house. I'm Trina.

BECKS: Trina Tews, yes? Getting it. Getting it. Got it.

TRINA: You know who I am?

BECKS: I know who Tyler is. And I know everything about Tyler. He's the man. The guy. The one. The ult. He's Everyman. Every boy. Every guy. The guy everyone wants to be. We want that guy. But I don't have to tell you this. Why am I telling you this? You know this. You know him.

TRINA: (*a little hope*) Do you want to talk to me?

BECKS: No.

TRINA: Oh.

BECKS: It's all about Tyler. And he is...?

TRINA: Oh! He's out back talking to some reporters. You're kind of late.

BECKS: I have my own appointment. (*she thrusts out her hand again*) Casting Producer. Small Town Superstars.

TRINA: What?

BECKS: Small Town Superstars.

TRINA: Small Town Superstars? You're with Small Town Superstars? Tyler's going to be on the show? Really? You liked the video? He's gonna be on? (*she starts to jump up and down*) Oh my God, I can't believe—

BECKS: Whoa, whoa, there. Slow down. Back it up. Take that tornado, stick a stamp on it and send it to Arizona to do yoga in the desert. This is a pre-interview to see if Tyler's a good fit for the show. He's expecting me.

TRINA: He never said anything.

TYLER and GROUP enters from upstage left and moves downstage.

TYLER: All right, you guys are (*he finger shoots them*) awesome. You got what you need?

REPORTER 3: We got it.

BECKS: Tyler! Tyler, the man, the ult. Love, how are you? Becks Steinberg-Espinosa.

REPORTER 2: (to REPORTER 3) Who's this? (REPORTER 3 shrugs)

BECKS: (she steers TYLER away from the others) Got to tell you, everyone in LA loves you. Loves you, doll. You are all we talk about.

PHOTOGRAPHER: What's she doing?

REPORTER 2: She's hijacking Tyler, that's what she's doing.

BECKS: Loves the video. Loves it. Loves you. Love this town, driving in, so cute. I'm getting a feeling. I'm getting it. Star athlete! National Contest winner! Hometown hero!

REPORTER 1: (getting in between BECKS and TYLER) Hey, hey, hey. You can't just come in here and take Tyler away.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Who do you think you are?

REPORTER 2: (joining in) We were here first.

REPORTER 3: We're the locals. He's our hometown hero.

PHOTOGRAPHER: We get first dibs.

BECKS: Dibs? Cute.

COURTNEY: (to other girls) I can't believe they're fighting over him.

CRYSTAL: So awesome.

CAITLIN: I know.

REPORTER 1: We have manners.

REPORTER 2: We don't just waltz in and scoop up Tyler Tews cause we feel like it.

REPORTER 3 & PHOTOGRAPHER: Yeah.

BECKS: Doll. I don't care.

REPORTER 2: You should care.

PHOTOGRAPHER: We could make you or break you round here.

REPORTER 3: We call the shots.

REPORTER 2: No one in Eastdale County would return your calls.

REPORTER 1: And you'd get the day old coffee at the diner.

REPORTER 3: We are important people.

BECKS: And who are we?

REPORTER 1: (*proud*) The Monroe Weekly.

REPORTER 3: (*prouder*) The Shelton Times.

REPORTER 2 & PHOTOGRAPHER: (*proudest*) The Eastdale County Gazette-Tribune.

BECKS: Does anyone even read newspapers anymore?

TYLER: Now Becks, you gotta watch what you say around here. We take our towns seriously.

REPORTER 1: And who are you?

BECKS: TV, baby.

REPORTER 3: Who watches TV anymore?

REPORTER 2: She's probably from some low rent cable show.

BECKS: Ever heard of Small Town Superstars? (*the rest stop their posturing to stare at her*) Well I guess you have.

REPORTER 1: Small Town Superstars?

REPORTER 2: You're from Small Town Superstars?

PHOTOGRAPHER: (*going right up to BECKS*) Can I be on the show? I'm from a real small town. Way smaller than this.

The REPORTERS start yelling at the PHOTOGRAPHER about how there's no way he could be on the show, and the PHOTOGRAPHER starts yelling back.

While this is all going on, BECKS has her phone out, taking pictures of the house, of TYLER. She's not in any way interested in the REPORTERS.

TYLER: People! (*everyone stops talking*) People. There's plenty of Tyler Tews for everyone. But right now, it's TV time for Tyler. You understand.

REPORTERS & PHOTOGRAPHER: (*each picks one sentence and they all speak at the same time*) Oh yeah. Of course we do. Totally understand. I totally get it. Small Town Superstars!

TYLER: Knew you would. *(he finger shoots the REPORTERS)* You're awesome.

REPORTERS & PHOTOGRAPHER: Bye Tyler!

REPORTER 2: Tyler called me awesome.

PHOTOGRAPHER: He was talking to me.

REPORTER 3: He looked right at me.

They exit, all talking to each other excitedly.

TYLER: Sorry about that. You know how it is.

BECKS: Totally. Everyone wants a piece of the star.

TYLER: *(posing)* Exactly.

BECKS: And you are a star. A big star.

TYLER: Guilty as charged.

BECKS: We're going to put you and your town on the map. On the map. No one is going to ask where Brayton is, everyone will know.

TYLER: *(he finger shoots her)* Awesome.

BECKS: Everyone will plan their vacations around finding out where Tyler Tews lives, where Tyler Tews throws that football. We've been waiting for someone like you. The world is waiting for you, Tyler Tews.

TYLER: I don't want to keep the world waiting.

The two share a laugh and BECKS takes a picture of the two of them.

BECKS: You mentioned something about a float? A parade?

TYLER: The Fall Fair parade. The fair's the biggest event of the year.

BECKS: *(taking a picture)* Loves it.

TYLER: I'm the King. Of course.

BECKS: *(taking a picture)* Getting it, getting it.

TYLER: I couldn't turn down the crown, they begged me, how could I say no? Everyone's out back decorating. Hey T, any word?

TRINA: Uh uh.

TYLER: Brittney'll be here any minute.

BECKS: Do you have another shirt? Something in a solid colour. Stripes are last year.

TYLER: Solid. Awesome. You got it.

TYLER exits into the house. TRINA awkwardly moves closer to BECKS, who has started texting.

TRINA: So... you work in TV. You live in LA?

BECKS: *(not really paying attention)* Uh huh.

TRINA: What's it like? Do you know any movie stars?

BECKS: Busy, kid.

TRINA: I was in the video.

BECKS: *(not listening)* Uh huh.

TRINA: Do you remember me?

BECKS: What?

TRINA: Tyler's video for Small Town Superstars. I was in it too. Do you remember me?

BECKS: *(not looking up)* No.

TRINA: Oh. Did you get to read his essay? The one Tyler won with? We sent it too.

BECKS: *(looking up)* I don't read.

TRINA: You don't? Ever?

BECKS: It's all about the visuals. The pictures. *(she looks around)* And this place has a lot of pictures. I've got the tingle, Tracey, got the tingle.

TRINA: Trina.

BECKS: *(back to texting)* Your brother's going to be a star.

TRINA: The essay was really good...

TYLER comes out of the house in a new shirt.

TYLER: Magic time!

BECKS: You know it! Talk and walk, talk and walk. Show off your domain.

TYLER: Right this way.

BECKS: Watch my bag, will you kid?

BECKS dumps her bag in TRINA's lap as she and TYLER exit upstage left. TRINA watches them go. She folds her arms across her chest and kicks at the steps.

TRINA: Ow. Stupid. Stupid. Tyler. *(she shakes her head, takes out her phone and keys in a number)* Small Town Superstars... Brittney, it's Trina. Again. Tyler wants to know where you are. And whatever Tyler wants... you know. Call me back. Or show up. Or don't.

JANE runs on from stage right.

JANE: *(as she enters)* Brayton High Beacon! Brayton High Beacon! Brayton... High... Beacon? *(her resolve is fading)* I have a question. For the Brayton High Beacon? Where's Tyler?

TRINA: Not here.

JANE: Oh good.

JANE runs off. MS. BRIGHT enters from stage right. She carries a small bag.

MS. BRIGHT: Hi Jane. *(JANE runs past)* Bye Jane.

TRINA: Ms. Bright!

MS. BRIGHT: Hello Trina.

TRINA: What are you doing here?

MS. BRIGHT: *(holding up the bag)* Cane sugar.

TRINA: For my mom.

MS. BRIGHT: She knows I order it in. Regular sugar's not the same.

TRINA: *(not getting it)* Oh.

MS. BRIGHT: *(she starts to move toward the house)* See you Monday.

TRINA: Ms. Bright! Did you have Tyler in your class last year? For English?

MS. BRIGHT: I did.

TRINA: Did you know he did that essay thing? The contest? Did you know he entered?

MS. BRIGHT: No. I found out about it when the principal showed me the award letter.

TRINA: (*trying to fish for a reaction*) He's never entered anything like that before.

MS. BRIGHT: Lucky on the first try then. I didn't even know he liked to write. (*she turns away*)

TRINA: Did you read it?

MS. BRIGHT: I did.

TRINA: And?

MS. BRIGHT: (*with a shrug*) It was good.

TRINA: You think so? Really? Ms. Bright, can I – can I talk to you for a second?

MS. BRIGHT: Sorry, no. I have to get back home.

TRINA: (*getting in her way*) Just for a second. Honest. (*blurting out*) I have a secret. What if I had a secret on someone? A big one.

MS. BRIGHT: Trina, if you know something about Tyler, you should talk to your parents.

TRINA: I didn't say it was about Tyler. It isn't. Of course it isn't. Would I be wearing this shirt if I was keeping secrets? He's the best. He's always thinking about me. When he plays? Whenever he throws a touchdown? He always finds me in the crowd. It's like he made the point just for me.

MS. BRIGHT: (*not meaning it*) How nice.

TRINA: It's just that, I have this secret, about someone else entirely. I've been keeping this secret for a long time and I don't think I can do it anymore. I'm supposed to keep it. It's my duty to keep this and do these things, but when's it going to be my turn? When do I get to be special? I mean, Small Town Superstars.

MS. BRIGHT: What?

TRINA: I don't know what to do.

MS. BRIGHT: You should leave it alone.

TRINA: What?

MS. BRIGHT: Stay out of it.

TRINA: But, why would you—

MS. BRIGHT: Trina. I know your secret.

TRINA: It's not about Tyler, I said it wasn't.

MS. BRIGHT: Uh huh. Trina, I'm not an idiot. And neither are you.
You're a bright girl so you should be well aware that no one
around here, in this town, wants to hear what you have to say.

TRINA: But— If you know, if you really know, we could tell together.

MS. BRIGHT: No..

TRINA: Why?

MS. BRIGHT: I don't get involved with my students' lives. It's better to
keep a distance.

TRINA: But what if this is—

MS. BRIGHT: And if you choose to act like an idiot and tell your secret,
if you choose to mention my name in any way, I'll deny it. I don't
know anything. Understood? Tyler wrote that essay fair and
square. That's how the Tews do everything, isn't it? Your mother
is waiting for this sugar. She called me five times to ask when I was
bringing it over. I shouldn't keep her. *(She moves up the step. TRINA
is still.)* You'll thank me later. *(she exits)*

*MS. BRIGHT exits into the house as JIM walks out. He
holds a bowl and spatula.*

JIM: Hey Ms. Bright. *(with a sigh)* Cake. *(he holds the spatula out to TRINA)*
Want some?

TRINA: Don't be gross. *(she sits on the steps)*

JIM: Good. I wasn't going to share anyway. *(he sits beside her on the steps)*

TRINA: Can I ask you something?

JIM: Does it involve math?

TRINA: No.

JIM: Go ahead.

TRINA: If you knew a secret on someone, would you tell?

JIM: Oh totally.

TRINA: (*surprised*) You would?

JIM: I am the worst secret keeper. If you tell me a secret, I'll tell it.
(*almost goes into a trance*) Caitlin Knox used to steal chocolate bars from the drug store! (*snaps out of it*) See? Can't keep 'em. If anyone ever says anything to me and follows it up with, "Promise you'll keep this is a secret," the first thing I do, after promising, is run out and tell someone. (*almost goes into a trance*) Pete Quinn wet the bed till he was ten! (*snaps out of it*) See? (*he licks the spatula*) Mmmmm. Cake. Why? Do you have a secret?

TRINA: No. Not at all. Just asking. School project.

TYLER and BECKS stroll in from upstage. They are followed by the CHEERLEADERS, PETE. TRINA and JIM watch. PETE moves over to stand by JIM.

BECKS: I'm telling you Tyler, you want to hitch your horse to my wagon. You want to be on my train. I'm fast tracking. I'm a bullet. Small Town Superstars is just the start. A stepping stone to bigger things.

CAITLIN: (*whispering to COURTNEY*) Small Town Superstars!

COURTNEY: (*whispering back*) I know!

CRYSTAL: (*whispering*) Do you think we'll be on the show?

BECKS: I'm young. I'm hungry. I got six pitches next week and your name's going to come up in every one. I'm looking at you. I'm looking right at you.

JIM: Dude.

PETE: I know.

TYLER: Becks, I have no problem being a star.

BECKS: (*texting*) Getting it, getting it, got it.

TYLER: Stars don't come along every day. Stars don't just happen naturally. Stars are made. You got to work at it. It takes time and energy and commitment. I'm committed, Becks.

COURTNEY: (*whispering*) This is so exciting.

PETE: (*sighing*) Everything he touches...

TYLER: Some people wouldn't be able to handle the pressure. Handle the weight. They'd crumble to pieces. Particularly in a small town. Every eye in Brayton is on me, all the time. I've got to step up. The Tews were made to step up. We're a step up kind of family. My dad stepped up and opened a car dealership when everyone told him not to. Boom! I stepped up and I've got seven schools looking to give me scholarships next year. Boom! Entered that essay contest and won, first time out of the gate. Boom! My mom is in there, in the kitchen, right now, stepping up. Boom! She's reaching for the stars, wanting the best, doing what it takes to make the most awesomest, tastiest, carrot cake, and she will win the blue ribbon. No doubt in my mind. No lousy lemon cake will get the best of my mom this year.

CHEERLEADERS: Gooooooooo carrot cake!

TYLER: She's totally going to rock it out this year!

TRINA: (*standing*) I rock it out!

TRINA's exclamation has totally come from out of left field, throwing a wrench into the conversation. When she speaks, she throws everyone off guard. There is silence as all stare at her. This instantly makes TRINA uncomfortable.

TRINA: I... step... up. I made a decorative fly swatter for the craft competition... the fair? Boom.

She sits again. JANE runs in from stage right.

JANE: (*as she enters*) Brayton High Beacon! Brayton High Beacon! (*she sees the way everyone is situated, and does a complete 180*) Never mind!

JANE runs out as fast as she can. In the silence JIM moves to BECKS, BECKS has pulled out her phone and is texting.

JIM: Are you staying for the fair? You should, if you want to get the full Brayton experience. We have the best food carts. The best.

PETE: (*aside to TRINA*) What was that?

TRINA: Go away.

TYLER: Becks doesn't want to hear about the fair, Jim.

JIM: Two words. *(he holds up two fingers)* Fryer Freddie. Fryer Freddie, deep fries everything.

BECKS: I don't eat fried.

JIM: You don't know what you're missing. I weep for you. Every year Fryer Freddie's got something new in his truck. There's always something that hasn't been fried yet that Fryer Freddie will fry. Sometimes it's something good for you like cauliflower but it doesn't matter cause it's been fried. I'm hoping they bring back the fried Twinkie. I'm partial to Twinkies. And there's something about deep frying them that makes them... the best thing I've ever eaten in my whole life. I think you could deep fry a shoe and I'd still eat it. Hey, if I ate a deep fried shoe would you put me in the show?

BECKS: No.

JIM: Fair enough.

TYLER: So Becks, what do we—

BECKS' phone rings. BECKS holds up a finger and answers the phone.

BECK: Yep. Uh huh. No, no, no. You gotta text him. *(she moves away out of earshot)*

TYLER: All right. *(TYLER claps his hands together, trying to get this back on track)* Back to the float kids.

The CHEERLEADERS groan.

CAITLIN: Can't we stay?

COURTNEY: We promise to be quiet.

CHEERLEADERS: Cross our heart and hope to die.

TYLER: Come on, gang. Be awesome for me.

CRYSTAL: But we can't do anything till Brittney gets here.

BRITTNEY slowly enters stage right. She looks a little sad, but also determined.

TYLER: And there she is.

CHEERLEADERS: Brittney!

The CHEERLEADERS flock to BRITTNEY.

CAITLIN: Where have you been?

COURTNEY: You have to show us how to make those flowers.

BRITTNEY: Sorry. I'm sorry I'm so late.

TYLER: You're here now. Come meet Becks.

BRITTNEY: Who?

CHEERLEADERS: Small Town Superstars!

BRITTNEY: They picked you?

TYLER: Practically. They love me.

JIM: Dude.

PETE: I know.

TRINA: (*muttering*) I can't believe this.

PETE: What?

TRINA: Was I talking to you?

TYLER: This is just the beginning.

CRYSTAL: There are pitches with Tyler's name all over it!

BRITTNEY: Well. Congratulations.

COURTNEY: Are you okay?

CRYSTAL: You look down and stuff.

CAITLIN: You didn't put any concealer under your eyes.

COURTNEY: (*whispering, as if this is a really bad thing*) And you're outside without mascara.

TYLER: Brittney?

BRITTNEY: Let's go work on the float. Wait till you start making these flowers. You'll want to decorate your whole room. They're so cute.

The CHEERLEADERS giggle and head off up left.

TYLER: Hang back a second, you gotta meet Becks. She's gonna love you.

BRITTNEY: Later, okay? *(she looks at his shirt)* You have something on your shirt.

TYLER: Oh crap. Crap! This was my – why didn't any of you tell me there was something on my shirt? Trina, tell Becks I'll be right back.

TYLER runs into the house.

TRINA: Sure. Why not.

PETE: *(to JIM)* Let's take these boxes on back.

BRITTNEY: Hey Pete, can I talk to you? Um, Trina, will you help Jim?

TRINA: Sure. Why not.

TRINA and JIM exit upstage left carrying the boxes.

PETE: What's up?

BRITTNEY: *(whispering)* Over here.

PETE: You okay?

BRITTNEY: I wanted... hmm. I wanted to tell you something. *(she takes a breath)* I'm sorry.

PETE: It's okay, you're always late.

BRITTNEY: No, not about that. *(realizing what he said)* What do you mean I'm always late?

PETE: You are. Were. So what? Are you sure you're all right?

BRITTNEY: I'm fine. Listen, let me, I gotta get this out before Tyler gets back. I'm sorry. I'm sorry I dumped you. I'm sorry I thought Tyler was better than you. I'm sorry I said he was better. Okay?

PETE: Sure. I guess. But he is.

BRITTNEY: Don't say that.

PETE: Brittney, it's okay. You're supposed to think he's better. He's your boyfriend.

BRITTNEY: *(with a sigh)* Yeah. Why did you come today?

PETE: You asked me to.

BRITTNEY: But I've been awful.

PETE: I guess. *(he shrugs)* I don't mind helping. *(she kisses him on the cheek)* What was that for?

BRITTNEY: You're a nice guy.

BRITTNEY and PETE move to exit upstage left. TYLER bounds out of the house.

TYLER: Hey Brit, Brit! Hold back.

PETE continues on and BRITTNEY slowly and reluctantly turns to TYLER. During the following, TRINA enters and eavesdrops on BRITTNEY and TYLER.

BRITTNEY: I have to get the girls started. I brought some streamers too. They'll look nice.

TYLER: Come here a sec. *(he pulls her over to the side for a private conversation)* So?

BRITTNEY: It's fine.

TYLER: Fine?

BRITTNEY: Uh huh.

TYLER: We're good?

BRITTNEY: Yeah.

TYLER crows and pulls BRITTNEY into a hug. Again, she is very stiff.

TYLER: Oh ho! All that worry over nothing.

TYLER twirls BRITTNEY around. She does not participate.

BRITTNEY: Let go of me please.

TYLER: Awesome news!

BRITTNEY: Let go!

TYLER: Huh? *(BRITTNEY untangles herself and steps away)* Okay, sorry. I just got a little excited. You shouldn't have worried so much. I'm sorry about this morning, I didn't mean to yell. It just... *(he shrugs)*

and smiles) wasn't part of the plan. You know? You get it. Not that it matters, right? Things always turn out for me.

BRITTNEY: I'll do the fair. I'll decorate the float. I'll be the Queen, ride in the parade. But that's it.

TYLER: What are you talking about?

BRITTNEY: You have no idea. Really?

TYLER: You said everything's fine.

BRITTNEY: *(fast)* I'm breaking up with you.

TYLER: What?

BRITTNEY: *(She takes a breath. This is a life-changing moment. Slow.)* I'm breaking up with you.

TYLER: *(bewildered, doesn't get it)* No one breaks up with Tyler Tews.

BECKS gets off the phone. TYLER scoops up BRITTNEY and drags her over to BECKS.

TYLER: Hey Becks, I want you to meet my girl. Becks, Brittney.

BECKS: *(holding out a hand)* Becks Steinberg-Espinosa.

BRITTNEY: *(not taking the hand)* Really? That's your name?

TYLER: Becks has big plans, Brit.

BECKS: You got quite the guy here. He's a star.

TYLER: And this star couldn't do anything without this girl right here.
(He slings an arm over BRITTNEY's shoulders. She does not react.)
She's perfect for me. A hundred percent behind everything I do. Always by my side. It's not easy being the girlfriend of Tyler Tews. She never complains about being number two. Like my dad always says, second place to a Tews is a good place to be. Right, Brit?

BRITTNEY: I have to get back to the float.

BRITTNEY exits upstage left. TYLER looks like he's torn between going after BRITTNEY or talking to BECKS. TRINA still hovers.

BECKS: All right, let's do this.

TYLER: *(with a big smile)* I'm ready. Where do we—

BECKS' phone rings. She holds up a finger and turns away.

BECKS: *(she answers the phone)* You got him? So? Fantastic! What do you mean he has to think about it? Get him back. I'm serious. *(she walks off to the side)*

TRINA: *(stepping forward)* Tyler?

TYLER: Hey T! Busy day, huh?

TRINA: What was Brittney talking about?

TYLER: T. Kiddo, you shouldn't eavesdrop on people. Gotta respect the space. Gotta respect. *(he ruffles her hair)* Don't worry about it. Just wait till she gets all dressed up and on top of that float. She'll be fine. It's all falling into place. How's it coming? Lots of flowers?

TRINA: *(fast)* You shouldn't have said you wrote that essay. *(she takes a deep breath)* You shouldn't have told everyone you wrote it, by yourself, you should have said you had help. The video, too. I can do this if I can get some credit, a little something. I want people to know I do things.

TYLER: *(he really believes this)* But I did write it.

TRINA: You didn't.

TYLER: Sure, sure, you helped. A bit. But I wrote that essay fair and square. I do everything fair and square. Isn't that the way Dad taught us? That's the way Tews do things.

TRINA: No, no! Tyler, it's just you and me. You don't have to be like this.

TYLER: Love that t-shirt T. It's awesome.

BECKS moves back toward them.

BECKS: *(on phone)* Okay? Okay... Okay! You're the best, doll. Oh no, you are. *(hangs up)* Change of plans.

TYLER: What?

BECKS: *(texting as she talks)* Another guy. Remission from bone cancer, and his movie just got picked up for Sundance. Now *that's* a small town superstar.

TYLER: But what about...? There are other episodes. Right?



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