

PERUSAL SCRIPT

SLAYING THE GREEBLE

by

Eric Samuelson



Newport, Maine

Leicester Bay

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SLAYING THE GREEBLE

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Cast of Characters — 4f, 1m voice

HANNAH-13 — internet handle Michelle_Akers57

KATRINA-13 — internet handle MiaHamm63, also plays ATVF4

HANNAH'S MOM — also plays TEDDY BEAR

KATRINA'S MOM — also plays FLORIDA STAR

THE GREEBLE: (The GREEBLE should be a male voice, heard only recorded or on mic. He should never be seen.)

LOCATION: Hannah's bedroom, plus other simple areas as needed.

SLAYING THE GREEBLE by Eric Samuelsen. TYA. 4f, 1m voice. Interior Setting: teen bedroom +several other simple areas. Contemporary costumes. About 40 minutes. We hear it all the time. "I met him on the internet." That simple statement that sends shockwaves through parents and other adults. So why do young people keep quiet about it? They've heard the stories. They know there are dangers out there. But they also know that nothing like that could ever happen to them. This play will show the errors in that way of thinking. Two best friends on the same soccer team meet The Greeble in a soccer chat room. One is afraid, one is intrigued... And it deteriorates from there. Premiered at the WDA Workshop at Brigham Young University, 2001. **ORDER #3270**

Eric Samuelsen taught at Wright State University in Dayton, Ohio before joining the faculty at Brigham Young University in 1992. He became head of the Playwriting program at BYU in 1999. He has also taught as an adjunct faculty member in the Religion department. He retired from BYU in 2012.

As a playwright, Samuelsen has had twenty-seven plays professionally produced in Utah, Indiana, Louisiana, New York, and California. Some of his plays include *Gadanton*, which has seen three professional productions across the country, *A Love Affair with Electrons*, *Family*, *The Plan*, and *The Way We're Wired*. He is resident playwright at Plan B Theatre Company in Salt Lake City, who designated their 2013-14 season a 'Season of Eric, including productions of six of his plays.

He is a member of the Playwrights' Circle, and the Dramatists Guild. He is three-time winner of the Annual Award in Playwriting offered by the Association for Mormon Letters (AML) and he became president of AML in 2007. In 2013 the organization awarded him the Smith Pettit Award for his lifetime work as a playwright.

He has been a staff writer for the on-line satirical magazine *The Sugarbeet*. He was also featured in the book *Conversations with Mormon Authors*, edited by Chris Bigelow. He is a noted Ibsen translator, and has also published scholarly articles on 19th and 20th century Scandanavian Theatre, and more recently, on LDS drama and film. He blogged at *Mormoniconoclast.com*. Eric died in September of 2019 after a long battle with polymyositis. This has left a huge hole in the Theatre Community within, and outside of, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

SLAYING THE GREEBLE

(HANNAH's house. A soccer ball and net, a TV with a PlayStation player, a computer on a desk, an old toy box. Enter HANNAH.)

HANNAH: Hi. I'm Hannah. I'm thirteen, and I love soccer. I play PlayStation soccer, I chat on a soccer website every day, and when I get home from school around three thirty, my best friend Katrina and I play in the backyard.

(Enter KATRINA. Demonstrating with the soccer ball.)

Dribble. Backpass. Touch pass. Crossover.

(She passes to KATRINA.)

KATRINA: Receive it, outside foot. Shield the ball.

HANNAH: But when we play, we're not Trina and Hannah. We're Mia Hamm, and Brandi Chastain, stars of the U.S. Women's soccer team! Here's Michelle Akers at midfield. She eludes one defender. Pass to Milbrett on the wing.

(Passes.)

KATRINA: Run, clear, stay on-side.

HANNAH: Milbrett centering pass to Brandi Chastain.

KATRINA: Chastain to Akers.

(Passes.)

HANNAH: Akers to Mia Hamm!

(Passes.)

KATRINA: And Mia Hamm scores!

(She shoots the ball neatly into the net.)

HANNAH: GOOOOOAAAAALLLLLLLLLL!

(Falls to her knees to celebrate. KATRINA watches impatiently.)

KATRINA: Okay, let's try it again. You almost led me too much.

HANNAH: Sorry.

(Retrieves the ball from the net. Tosses to KATRINA, who dribbles into the corner, practicing moves.)

When it's nice, we play outside. Our neighborhood is mostly boys. Unfortunately.

(Confidentially.)

They don't like to hear this, but it's true. Boys aren't as good at soccer as girls are. First of all, they're not dedicated. They don't just play soccer; they have to also play football and basketball and baseball. Second, boys don't pass the ball or anything. No teamwork. Sometimes we let 'em play. But mostly, it's just me and Trina.

(KATRINA's pager goes off.)

KATRINA: My mom. I gotta run.

HANNAH: What is it this time?

KATRINA: I dunno. Ballet, I think. Or violin. See ya tomorrow.

(She exits.)

HANNAH: Like I said, we get home at three thirty, and that only leaves a half hour or so before Trina has to go off to . . .

(Sighs.)

Ballet or Violin, or Chess club, or Piano lessons, or Tae Kwando or Singing. It gets so complicated, Trina just quit trying to keep track of it all. Now her Mom keeps track, and pages her when she needs to go. Trina's Mom won't even like her to play soccer a lot of the time.

(Crosses to toy box.)

When we were younger, we didn't always play soccer. Sometimes we played our other most fun game: The Greeble.

(Enter KATRINA.)

Okay, I'm the king and the prince and the brave knight.

KATRINA: I'm the princess.

HANNAH: Trina was always the princess. And I was always everyone else.

(As the King.)

Sir Galduwain. Our kingdom is in deadly peril. The princess, our only royal daughter has been captured. By...the Greeble.

KATRINA: Help! Help! Rescue me!

HANNAH: *(As the Knight.)* Your highness. The Greeble has been spotted.

(As the King.)

Spotted! Where?

(As the Knight.)

In the dark caves just above the forest of Derwan. Don't worry, sire. I will slay the Greeble.

KATRINA: Rescue me! Help!

HANNAH: *(Brandishing a sword.)* First, I must slash a path through the tangled vines of Makesh.

(Hacking her way through.)

Then I must fight the evil trolls of Lydro.

KATRINA: Help.

HANNAH: And now, I stand before the cave of the Greeble. Come out, come out and fight me like the foul fiend that you are!

(She pulls out a stuffed animal wrapped in a blanket.)

KATRINA: Watch out, brave knight!

(HANNAH holds the GREEBLE out in front of herself.)

HANNAH: *(As the GREEBLE.)* So you would rob me of my prey!

(As the Knight.)

Unhand the princess, and go in peace.

(As the GREEBLE.)

Go in peace, you say! I say, you go...in pieces!

(The GREEBLE attacks. A ferocious combat ensues. There's an opening, and KATRINA launches a terrific karate kick, sending the GREEBLE flying across the room. HANNAH sits up.)

KATRINA: Take that, you fiend!

HANNAH: It's no fun to play the princess if all you get to do is be rescued. And Trina has five years of karate behind her. So, usually, I got to fight the Greeble, but she got to finish him off.

(KATRINA's pager goes off.)

KATRINA: Gotta run.

HANNAH: How 'bout tomorrow?

KATRINA: Sure. See ya!

(She runs off.)

HANNAH: See ya Trina.

(Watches her go.)

So. That's my day. I play soccer with Trina, and then she goes, and I study, and wait for Mom to come home, which is usually around seven or eight. Play PlayStation.

(Pause.)

But I don't want you to think I don't have friends. I have lots of friends.

(She crosses to the computer. HANNAH types.)

Michelle_Akers57 logging in.

(The other three actresses stand upstage, in shadow, talking in rapid succession.)

HANNAH's MOM/TEDDY BEAR: TeddyBear here.

KATRINA's MOM/FLA STAR: FLAStar2 checkin' in.

KATRINA/ATVF: ATVF4 here.

HANNAH: ATVF stands for, I think, A Tisha Venturini fan. Tisha Venturini is on the U.S. Women's team, she's doesn't start, but lots of people like her because she's also really pretty. Teddy Bear lives in England, and she likes Teddy Sheringham, captain of England's national team. And FLAStar is a real good player who lives in Florida.

ALL: Hi Michelle.

HANNAH: We all met in this chat room, and we're all about the same age and we're all girls. Trina joins us sometimes too, when she's not dancing ballet or some stupid thing.

FLA STAR: Okay, so here's my problem. Our coach is such a jerk! Total Greeble.

HANNAH: *(Types.)* Rad, my word's catching on!

TEDDY BEAR: It says so much.

FLA STAR: Like, he wants me to play midfield, and I've been a defender my whole life, practically.

HANNAH: *(Types.)* Michelle Akers is a midfielder!

TEDDY BEAR: David Beckham! Best player in the world!

ATVF: He's so cute.

HANNAH: He's got a dorky haircut. Made a big mistake when he married a Spice Girl, gag.

FLA STAR: Hello, we're talking about my coach, okay? Who doesn't coach me at all. And he totally plays favorites. And he's one of these 'let everyone play' guys, like the whole point isn't to win.

TEDDY BEAR: For sure.

FLA STAR: We're up three-one last Sunday, and he takes me out and puts in this girl, Sarah, who can barely even dribble. They take it away from her five straight times, I swear, and we lose four-three. I could scream!

TEDDY BEAR: That's a shame.

ATVF: I really feel for you.

TEDDY BEAR: Can't you talk to him about it?

FLA STAR: As if. He's one of those coaches who, like, stares over your head the whole time you're talking to him.

TEDDY BEAR: We get those too over here. Drives you nuts.

FLA STAR: And Sarah, long as her boyfriend was watching was totally, 'whatever.' Tell you this; next game if she isn't doing her job, she's gonna hear about it.

ATVF: I couldn't do that.

FLA STAR: Why not?

ATVF: Hi, she's my friend? I couldn't just be a jerk about things.

FLA STAR: Do you wanna win?

TEDDY BEAR: I'm with FloridaStar on this one. It's no use pretending there's not a problem.

HANNAH: You guys think you have problems. I maybe can't even play.

TEDDY BEAR: I thought you played with Mia.

HANNAH: (*Aside.*) Mia is Trina's 'net name.
(*Types.*)

I do. I did. But this year, her Mom might not let her play. And she's my ride.

FLA STAR: That really stinks.

ATVF: I'm so sorry, Michelle. I feel so bad for you.

HANNAH: Yeah.

TEDDY BEAR: Can't you talk to your Mum? Can't someone else drive you?

HANNAH: I've tried.

ATVF: I'm really sorry.

HANNAH: Yeah.
(*Pause.*)

Hey, Teddy. How's Arsenal doing?

TEDDY BEAR: Can we talk about something else? Please. I'm in total despair!

(*Phone rings.*)

HANNAH: Gotta go, 'bye.

FLA STAR: TeddyBear and ATVF ‘Bye!

HANNAH: And the conversation continues. They’re my friends. And I don’t know what I’d do without them.

(The phone rings again.)

Usually between four thirty and five, Mom calls.

(Picks up the phone.)

Parnelli’s Pizza.

HANNAH's MOM: Hannah? It’s Mom.

HANNAH: (Fake Italian accent.) Who-a this Momma? This-a Parnelli’s Pizza, what you want?

HANNAH's MOM: Very funny.

HANNAH: We got-a sausage, we got-a pepperoni—

HANNAH's MOM: Honey, come on. I don’t have much time today.

HANNAH: Okay. Sorry.

HANNAH's MOM: So what homework do you have today?

HANNAH: Some pre-algebra. Health, Social studies.

HANNAH's MOM: Good. If you need help on the math, I’ll be home by seven. I hope.

HANNAH: I’m on top of it.

HANNAH's MOM: Good.

HANNAH: Hey, Mom.

HANNAH's MOM: Yeah?

HANNAH: So what’s the latest?

HANNAH's MOM: Honey, I don’t think—

HANNAH: Come on. What did the Greeble do this time?

HANNAH's MOM: Honey, he’s my boss.

HANNAH: He always does something. He’s the Greeble!

HANNAH's MOM: I’ve told you, it’s Mr. Greible. And he’s a very good boss. The salary he pays me puts food on the table, clothes on our back.

HANNAH: I know, I know. You can’t just tell me one little...tiny...

HANNAH's MOM: Okay, he just left. This morning. We’re working on the Fiensterman case. It’s a very important case, and he was going to court, and he lost the paperwork. And he’s screaming at me, I was so stupid, how could I lose the most important single file of the entire case. Blah blah blah.

HANNAH: Did he say blah blah blah?

HANNAH's MOM: No, that’s me, tuning him out.

(They laugh.)

So I look over at his briefcase. And there it is. On top!

(HANNAH laughs.)

HANNAH: On top!

HANNAH's MOM: Where he couldn't possibly have missed it.

HANNAH: Did he say he was sorry?

HANNAH's MOM: Well, he mostly did his 'I'm sorry' grunt.

(Demonstrates.)

Hhmm hmmm.

(HANNAH laughs.)

So that's my Greeble story of the day.

HANNAH: So you won't be home 'til seven.

HANNAH's MOM: I'm afraid not, sweetie. I'm sorry.

(Pause.)

So...what do you want for dinner tonight?

HANNAH: What are my choices?

HANNAH's MOM: I am not into cooking, I'll tell you that, not after today.

HANNAH: I'll cook.

HANNAH's MOM: Nah, you've got homework, let's treat ourselves. Chinese. Mexican. McDonald's. Carl's Jr.

HANNAH: How 'bout a nice-a Parnelli's Pizza.

HANNAH's MOM: We had pizza last night. Maybe something a little healthier. Chinese?

HANNAH: Arby's? Roast beef's healthy.

HANNAH's MOM: With fries, I don't think so.

HANNAH: They have baked. With broccoli.

HANNAH's MOM: Broccoli and cheese sauce.

HANNAH: Cheese is a dairy product.

HANNAH's MOM: You've worn me down. Arby's it is. Now, put away the PlayStation and do your math.

HANNAH: Okay, Mom.

(Hangs up.)

When Daddy left four years ago, I was only about nine. So of course I stayed with Mom. Then two years ago, when Daddy got the job in Pennsylvania, they went to court over me, and I finally got to choose where I was gonna live. Daddy tried to bribe me, got tickets to see the National Team play, and that was cool, I even got Carla Overbeck's autograph. But Mom and I have always been together. And I don't like Claire, Daddy's new wife. I don't like her at all. That big fake smile, and then, when I have to spend August with them, they make me babysit, and she always makes me change my stinky little half-brother Austin's really all-time grossest diapers.

(ENTER KATRINA.)

Okay, so that's me. Trina, and soccer, and the internet, homework, fast food with Mom. Dinner, sleep, up, to school, home again. Then one day, something creepy happened. Trina was playing her violin, I was chatting with my friends.

FLA STAR: Anyway, my Dad is so clueless, like, he goes to every basketball game my dorky little brother plays in, but can he be bothered to see me play soccer? Not even.

ATVF: I feel so bad for you.

TEDDY BEAR: My Dad lives in Manchester, but he comes to see me play.

FLA STAR: Okay, he comes some of the time. But he NEVER misses seeing my brother play. EVER. Hey, I gotta go.

TEDDY BEAR: It's late for me too. G'Night all.

HANNAH: See ya.

(Pause.)

So, ATVF. You still there?

THE GREEBLE: *(A voice-over; we should never see the GREEBLE.)* No, Michelle_Akers57. She's gone too.

HANNAH: Okay, so who are you?

THE GREEBLE: I'm the Greeble.

HANNAH: *(Sits back.)* Wo.

(Thinks a bit. Types.)

You're the Greeble?

THE GREEBLE: I am. And I've been waiting to chat with you.

HANNAH: I don't know about this.

(Types.)

Who are you really?

THE GREEBLE: I told you who I am.

HANNAH: This is so bizarre.

(Types.)

Okay. What's going on?

THE GREEBLE: I'm a friend.

HANNAH: No, see, Greebles are bad. Evil.

THE GREEBLE: People used to say that about trolls, too.

HANNAH: Trolls?

THE GREEBLE: Trolls, gremlins, leprechauns, ogres. All sorts of mythological creatures have had bad reputations.

HANNAH: So you're mythological.

THE GREEBLE: But I can be real too. I can solve real problems.

HANNAH: Look, this is ridiculous, I invented the Greeble, me and my friend. It's make believe.

THE GREEBLE: I'm not make believe. I'm as real as you are.

(Enter KATRINA.)

HANNAH: Hey.

KATRINA: Hey. Can I just say, violin totally stinks. Straight tones, okay, that I can do. But that vibration thing, like, when you shake your whole wrist—

HANNAH: You will never believe what just happened!

KATRINA: What?

HANNAH: Look.

(She shows KATRINA the computer.)

KATRINA: The Greeble?

HANNAH: We haven't even played The Greeble in like years.

KATRINA: I know.

HANNAH: And there he is. And he, like, knows stuff.

KATRINA: It's your Mom's boss.

HANNAH: I'll ask her. But I doubt it. He doesn't know we call him the Greeble.

KATRINA: The Greeble. Well let's talk to him!

(She commandeers the computer.)

MiaHamm62 here, hey Greeble.

THE GREEBLE: Hello Mia.

KATRINA: This is so cool!

(Types.)

So, are you a soccer fan?

THE GREEBLE: I adore soccer. Especially girl's soccer.

KATRINA: Let's test him.

(Types.)

Who's your favorite player on the US Women's Team?

THE GREEBLE: Brandi Chastain.

KATRINA: Okay, her winning goal against China, World Cup Final, describe it.

THE GREEBLE: PK. She's right footed, but she shot with her left. Upper right corner. Perfect shot.

KATRINA: Wow.

HANNAH: This is creepy.

KATRINA: No, look, he doesn't even mention her tearing her jersey off. The most famous thing about the whole world cup, it was even the picture on the Sports Illustrated cover and he doesn't even mention it, but he knew she shot with her left foot. He's okay, I think. Anyway, this is so cool.

(Types.)

So where do you live, Greeble?

THE GREEBLE: Where you live.

KATRINA: *(Types.)* You live in our town?

THE GREEBLE: Indubitably.

KATRINA: This is so freaking awesome!

HANNAH: He hasn't proved anything. 'Where you live.' That could be anywhere.

KATRINA: So test him.

HANNAH: *(Reaches over to type.)* What is our town? Name?

THE GREEBLE: It's _____ *(the name of whatever town the play is being performed in.)*

(Pause. The girls stare at the screen.)

KATRINA: *(Types.)* How did you know that?

THE GREEBLE: Like I said. I'm the Greeble.

(HANNAH suddenly reaches over to the computer and hits ALT-SHIFT-DELETE.)

KATRINA: Exiting? Why, this was just getting interesting.

HANNAH: It makes me uncomfortable.

KATRINA: It's magic. I mean, clap your hands if you believe in magic, right?

HANNAH: I don't like it. Look, let's play soccer, okay? I want to work on my footwork.

KATRINA: Mom says it's too cold.

HANNAH: *(Aside.)* If it's even a little cold outside, Trina has to play inside, because her Mom thinks she might frost her lungs. Nobody in the history of the world has ever frosted their lungs.

KATRINA: *(Aside.)* My Mom's totally nuts.

(To HANNAH.)

Anyway I've only got about half an hour.

HANNAH: Then what?

KATRINA: *(Shrugs.)* Clogging. I think. I forget.

(Steals the ball.)

Milbrett steals!

HANNAH: *(Aside.)* We're not supposed to play indoors. Mom made a rule, after the time we smashed that lamp. We still do, but we're a lot more careful.

KATRINA: And scores.

(Shoots into the net.)

HANNAH: Penalty kicks?

KATRINA: Cool. You're goalie first.

(She lines up the shot. Pauses.)

Okay, there's no such thing as an actual Greeble.

HANNAH: Of course not.

KATRINA: So. Maybe it's a guy.

HANNAH: A guy?

KATRINA: A guy who likes us. He's been watching us chat, learned about the Greeble. And he likes us.

HANNAH: Are you gonna shoot or not?

KATRINA: And she...scores. GOOOOOAAAAAAAALLLLLLLLLL!!!!!!

(Celebrating, she exits.)

HANNAH: I'll tell you what really stinks about the whole situation. It's like I said to FloridaStar. We may not even be allowed to play on a team together anymore. Eat, sleep, up, to school, home. The next day.

KATRINA: *(Enters.)* Hey.

HANNAH: Hey.

(KATRINA slumps down.)

HANNAH: Did you talk to your Mom?

KATRINA: I talked to my Mom.

(They turn, each MOM enters, two simultaneous conversations.)

KATRINA's MOM: I don't exactly mind you playing soccer, of course.

HANNAH's MOM: Honey, it just isn't fair. I'd have to insist on doing my share of the driving. Not to mention snacks, after the games.

KATRINA's MOM: It's good for you, maybe. But it's messy, and you've got ballet right after.

HANNAH's MOM: Katrina's Mom can't be expected to keep an eye on you for three straight hours after school.

KATRINA's MOM: And what if you skin your knee, or an elbow?

HANNAH's MOM: And I can't take you on Saturdays because that's when I have my class.

KATRINA's MOM: Tae Kwando's safer, and it's better for you.

HANNAH's MOM: Honey, you know how I feel about this. I'm uncomfortable asking people to perform a service for me that I can't reciprocate.

KATRINA's MOM: It's just not our highest priority.

HANNAH's MOM: We're not...a case for someone's misplaced sense of charity.

HANNAH: Mom!

KATRINA: But Mom!

HANNAH's and KATRINA's MOM: I'm sorry. We'll see. But I just don't know.

HANNAH: See, my Mom has this real thing about accepting help from people. I can sometimes go places with Katrina's Mom driving. But not with anyone else, my Mom says. It's not safe, she thinks. And anyway, we can't pay people back.

KATRINA: Maybe we should ask the Greeble what he thinks.

HANNAH: Go ahead.

(As KATRINA logs on.)

We have gotten to play sometimes. Last summer, we were on a team together.

KATRINA: I scored thirty-one goals.

HANNAH: And I scored twenty-two.

KATRINA: And most of my goals, she set up.

HANNAH: And most of my goals, she set up.

KATRINA: It was so awesome, we were the only girls on the team.

HANNAH: There was what's her name, Marianne.

KATRINA: Yeah, but she stopped coming. And she couldn't move or anything.

(On the computer.)

Hey, Greeble.

THE GREEBLE: Hello, Mia. I'm sorry about last time. We were cut off.

HANNAH: Tell him it was a server problem or something.

KATRINA: Yeah, okay.

(She types.)

Our bad.

THE GREEBLE: So. Why have you summoned me?

KATRINA: We didn't. Not, like, 'summon you.' We just wanted to say hi.

THE GREEBLE: Hi.

KATRINA: So, I have to ask. Are you a boy?

HANNAH: Trina!

KATRINA: Well, I wanna know.

HANNAH: Boys are dweebs.

THE GREEBLE: *(Slightly overlapping.)* Boys are dweebs.

HANNAH: *(Pause.)* Okay, that was freaky.

KATRINA: *(Laughing.)* He can read minds.

THE GREEBLE: I am not a boy, I am not a girl. I am The Greeble.

KATRINA: Okay, are you a boy Greeble, or a girl Greeble?

HANNAH: He's gonna say—

HANNAH and **THE GREEBLE:** I am The Greeble.

KATRINA: *(Types.)* You're getting predictable.

THE GREEBLE: I am Predictable.

HANNAH: Trina, do we have to do this?

KATRINA: Okay, Greeble, here's the sitch. My Mom maybe won't let me play soccer. Hannah's Mom for sure won't let her play unless I play. So whaddya think? What do we do?

THE GREEBLE: Who's Hannah?

KATRINA: Michelle_Akers57. My friend.

HANNAH: Trina!

KATRINA: What?

THE GREEBLE: It's a difficult dilemma. Let me give it some thought.

HANNAH: (*Leans over, types.*) Okay, thanks, logging off.

(*To KATRINA.*)

You told him my name!

KATRINA: Your first name. By accident.

HANNAH: Still.

KATRINA: Chill out, Han. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have. But really, what's the harm?

(*She exits.*)

HANNAH: And she was right. It's not like she gave him my address or something. But I did want to check out one thing.

(*Enter HANNAH'S MOM.*)

Mom, can I ask you a question?

HANNAH's MOM: Okay.

HANNAH: The Greeble. I mean, the real-life Greeble, your boss.

HANNAH's MOM: Mr. Greible.

HANNAH: Is he good with computers?

HANNAH's MOM: Is he good with a computer? Honey, on his desktop, the On button is very clearly labeled On. It's orange, and it's large. And he has to ask, on a daily basis, how to turn on his computer.

(*They laugh together, briefly.*)

Now, honey, listen. I don't ask much of you when it comes to chores, but it's just the two of us here, and we both need to do our share, right?

HANNAH: Right, Mom.

(*As HANNAH'S MOM mimes lecturing.*)

I'd forgotten to unload the dishwasher, and I'd forgotten to take out the trash. And I know I'm supposed to do chores, but they're sort of boring and sometimes I forget. How about you guys? You have to do chores? It can be a real pain, can't it?

(*She ad libs a brief conversation with audience about chores. Finally, HANNAH'S MOM exits.*)

Anyway, the next day, it happened.

KATRINA: (*Enters.*) Hey, Hannah.

HANNAH: Hey. Wanna play?

KATRINA: I can't stay long.

HANNAH: So what's up?

KATRINA: It's final. Definite. I can't play.

(*KATRINA'S MOM enters.*)

KATRINA's MOM: Honey, I know how much you like soccer. I'm really sorry.

KATRINA: But Mom!

KATRINA's MOM: We just couldn't work it out. Ballet conflicted. Besides, we think that Tae Kwando's better for you than soccer. That Asian mental discipline.

KATRINA: But Mom!

KATRINA's MOM: And your ballet teacher says you have a real gift. You should see yourself, honey, so graceful.

KATRINA: Graceful?!?! Mom, I walk turned out. I walk like a duck.

KATRINA's MOM: Your Dad and I both think this is best.

KATRINA: I'll quit violin. Or chess, I hate chess.

KATRINA's MOM: They don't really conflict with soccer.

KATRINA: I'll quit everything! Mom, it's the thing I like best.

KATRINA'S MOM: You have to trust us, honey. We really do know what's right.

(KATRINA'S MOM exits.)

KATRINA: So that's it.

HANNAH: Well. It's not like we didn't expect it.

KATRINA: It bites.

HANNAH: Totally.

(Pause.)

And you explained how important this is.

KATRINA: Like, for hours. She's all, 'I know what's best for you.' She's such a complete...Greeble sometimes. Speaking of which. . . ?

HANNAH: Let's not talk about the Greeble.

KATRINA: Whatever. He says he can help.

HANNAH: Well, he can't, okay.

(Changing the subject.)

I was on soccernet last night.

KATRINA: Oh yeah? Who was there? FloridaStar?

HANNAH: The whole gang.

KATRINA: FloridaStar's Mom would never tell her she couldn't play.

HANNAH: For sure.

KATRINA: I keep thinking I'll meet her someday, like at soccer camp or something. And not like her.

HANNAH: She just wants to win.

KATRINA: We could take her. She's probably one of those big girls that can't use her left foot.

HANNAH: Yeah, probably.

KATRINA: Did you tell them about the Greeble?

HANNAH: No, I haven't. Not...yet.

KATRINA: Well don't. Let's keep him for ourselves.

HANNAH: Sure.

(Pause.)

You wanna try penalty kicks?

KATRINA: I can't. Mom's got me doing this new thing. Origami, something to do with folding paper.

HANNAH: Do you get sick of it all? Lessons?

KATRINA: You ask me that, now?

(She's close to tears.)

We were the best team ever. Sweeper and striker. Goaallll. This totally stinks.

(She exits.)

HANNAH: No soccer. Trina's right. It stinks.

(The phone rings. She answers it.)

McKeevey's Mortuary: you stab 'em, we slab 'em.

HANNAH's MOM: Hi honey.

HANNAH: Hi, Mom.

HANNAH's MOM: So how was school?

HANNAH: Fine.

HANNAH's MOM: How's your homework?

HANNAH: Fine. I'm done.

(Pause.)

HANNAH's MOM: Good. Hey, I'm free for a second, you wanna hear the latest?

HANNAH: About what?

HANNAH's MOM: Mr. Greible. Okay, The Greeble.

HANNAH: Not particularly.

HANNAH's MOM: It's a good one. We were preparing for a deposition, and we needed to bring along a video camera. So Mr. Greible—

HANNAH: Mom...

HANNAH's MOM: He told me *he'd* bring the video camera; more room in his car, blah blah blah. He gets like that sometimes, wants to do something—

HANNAH: Mom, I'm sorry. But today I'm not very interested.

HANNAH's MOM: *(Pause. Very hurt.)* I'm sorry. Usually you like to hear about—

HANNAH: Look, okay, soccer starts next week, and Trina can't play. Can you come home every day early enough to get me to soccer practice and games?

HANNAH's MOM: Honey, you know perfectly well what my schedule is.

HANNAH: Can you arrange rides with some of the parents from last year?

HANNAH's MOM: They were mostly boys on the team last year. You told me you don't like having your bra snapped in a minivan.

HANNAH: Can you, or can't you?

HANNAH's MOM: And never, ever be able to repay the favor? You know how I feel about this.

HANNAH: Well, then, that's that. Isn't it? I can't play this year.

HANNAH's MOM: It sounds like you can't, no.

HANNAH: Okay then. So I'm totally outa luck. You get divorced and that means I can't play soccer.

HANNAH's MOM: (*Frosty.*) I'll be home around eight. What do you want for dinner?

HANNAH: I don't care.

HANNAH's MOM: All right. Goodbye, honey.

HANNAH: 'bye Mom.

(To audience.)

I don't feel bad at all. It's not fair, and I don't care how she feels.

(To computer.)

Hi all.

TEDDY BEAR: Hey, look who's back.

ATVF: I was just saying how sorry I was to FloridaStar.

FLA STAR: The coach benched me! Can you believe it! Our leading scorer, and he benches me. He said I was disrespectful!

HANNAH: A lot of that going on right now.

ATVF: What happened?

HANNAH: Nothing. I swear, grown-ups just don't get it sometimes. Do they?

FLA STAR: For sure.

TEDDY BEAR: Absolutely.

ATVF: I suppose.

HANNAH: And it just stinks. Parents stink.

(Pause.)

I'm gonna play PlayStation. Gotta go all.

ALL: 'bye.

(HANNAH goes to her PlayStation.)

HANNAH: Foudy to Venturini. Cross field to Lilly. Pass to Akers. Akers to Hamm, score! Goal. Take that, Norway. One-nil. Take that, world.

(Enter HANNAH'S MOM.)

HANNAH's MOM: Honey.

HANNAH: I'm busy.

HANNAH's MOM: I've got dinner.

HANNAH: I'm not hungry.

(Playing.)

Three-nil.

HANNAH's MOM: Could we talk?

HANNAH: I've got homework.

(She goes straight to the computer. Her MOM watches for a moment, shakes her head, then exits.)

HANNAH: *(Waits until she's gone.)* Hey, Greeble.

THE GREEBLE: Hello Michelle_Akers57. Or should I call you Hannah.

HANNAH: That's not my real name either.

THE GREEBLE: As you wish.

HANNAH: Look, level with me, okay? Are you a guy? Do you live in my town? None of this mysterioso stuff.

THE GREEBLE: I'm sorry if it offends you.

HANNAH: It bugs me.

THE GREEBLE: Well, in answer to your questions. I do exist. I live in your town. I'm male. And I can help.

HANNAH: With what?

THE GREEBLE: Your soccer ride problem. I can help.

HANNAH: How?

THE GREEBLE: Transport you to games and then home again. That is what you want, right? After all, you summoned me.

HANNAH: Wo.

(She sits back.)

I gotta go.

(She shuts down the computer.)

Mom.

HANNAH's MOM: Yes.

HANNAH: I think maybe I'm hungry after all.

HANNAH's MOM: I'm glad to hear it.

HANNAH: Mickie D's. Great.

(She starts to eat.)

Thanks.

(To audience.)

And for just a second there, I almost told her. I mean, I came this close to telling her all about it. The Greeble and everything. But she's the one who won't let me play. And I was kinda rude to her earlier.

9 MORE PAGES TO THE END OF THE PLAY