

CHARACTERS:

Ann, in her 30s

Bob, in his 40s

Cam, any age

*Lights up on ANN and BOB at a conference table. There are piles of papers in front of them. CAM enters, carrying a bagel.*

ANN

*(Picks up a sheaf.)* Wow, is that the title of the play I see up there in the header?

BOB

Yup. And page numbers over there on the right, too. Handy.

ANN

Yeah, handy. The judges know right away if somebody is over ten pages. Which is good, right? To know, I mean?

BOB

Well, yeah. It should be a max of ten pages. Because otherwise—

CAM

*(Looking over Ann's shoulder.)* Excuse me... I don't mean to interrupt, but... I just wondered... Is that font Courier?

ANN

Uh huh. Courier 12, I'm pretty sure.

CAM

Awesome. *(CAM looks around, finds a spot, and carefully sets down his bagel. Then he picks up another sheaf of paper.)* This one is awesome. What margins, do you think? *(Shows BOB the play he's holding.)*

BOB

Looks like an inch and a quarter on the left and an inch on the right.

ANN

Excellent. But what about the top and bottom? They're crucial!

BOB

Well, you know, I'd say we want an inch and a quarter, inch and a half on the left to, you know, accommodate staples if we need them. But an inch of margin everywhere else. Top, bottom, right side. An inch is fine for all of those.

ANN

Right, right. Good to know.

CAM

This one... The character names are centered above dialogue, everything is single-spaced, and stage directions are indented at least two inches. Oh, and the stage directions are italicized, too. I love this play!

*BOB suddenly leaps up from his chair, knocking a flurry of paper to the floor in his haste.*

ANN

What is wrong with you?

BOB

That-that... That script! The last one I picked up. It's 17 pages long! It's in some weird teeny-tiny font I can't read! And I think the margins are about a quarter of an inch! *What* was the playwright thinking?

ANN

*(Shaking her head sadly.)* Do they really think we won't notice?

CAM

But... What if the play is really good, just hiding inside some terribly formatted exterior?

ANN

I guess we'll never know.

*ANN rises from the table as BOB tears the badly formatted play in half. All three gaze at each other as the lights go down.*

*CURTAIN.*