LIGHTS UP

A play is taking place on stage. Actors in full costume are on stage. The show looks to be OKLAHOMA! As they rehearse, the actors seem a tad lost / confused on their blocking. GRACE GODPLOP, 20's-30's, bumps into DONALD SPEAR, older man on stage who looks like he was about to say his line. They both look at one another, unsure who is at fault.

The DIRECTOR, any age or gender, gets up from the audience to stop the show and stands at the bottom of the stage.

DIRECTOR: Stop, stop, stop!

GRACE: Sorry I thought Donald…

DONALD: You thought Donald what?

DIRECTOR: Grace, only one step to the right, watch your blocking as Donald does come in to say his line and you cannot upstage him.

GRACE: Upstage?

The rest of the cast on stage giggle and start to talk among themselves.

DIRECTOR: Ssshh, quiet please. (to Grace) Yes, you are intentionally drawing the audience's attention away from Donald. This is Jud's big moment.

GRACE: But I wasn't trying to downstage him.

One of the actors on stage, DEBBIE LITTLE, older actress and has now lost her patience, speaks up.

DEBBIE: Upstage!

Grace moves closer to the front of the stage.

DEBBIE (throws her arms up): I have been doing shows for over 30 years and I have never worked…

DONALD: Watch it Debbie.

DEBBIE: Oh stick it, Jud!

From the actual light booth, JOHNNY NICER, 30's, pokes his head out and offers his two cents.

JOHNNY: It looked good from up here. Grace was never out of the light and…

DEBBIE: That's not the point Johnny! It's the blocking WE are discussing, we are not worried or concerned about the freakin' lights right now.

GRACE (waving): Hi Johnny.

Johnny smiles and waves back.

JOHNNY: Hi Grace. Good job.

DEBBIE: It is not a good job! Get back to your booth.

Johnny grumbles an insult under his breath and goes back inside the light booth. One of the other actors on stage, MORRIS CATROPHY, older actor raises his hand.

MORRIS: Can we take a break? Nature is calling.

DONALD: Again? Stop drinking so much water.

DIRECTOR: Ok everyone, lets just take five.

The house lights come up. Morris bolts backstage. Donald exits stage left and Grace exits right stage. The remaining actors on stage talk amongst themselves. The director goes back to his /

her chair to look at notes. Just then, the Exit door opens up and a older mature woman dressed in a business suit, walks in with a briefcase, looking around a bit lost. Her name is KAT CROTHERS.

DIRECTOR: Can I help you?

KAT: Yes, are you the producer of the show?

DIRECTOR (getting up from chair): Yes I am the producer and director of Oklahoma, how can I help you?

Kat places the briefcase on the stage and opens it up, taking out various documents. A few pieces of paper fall out onto the floor.

Kat: Yes, my name is Kat Crothers and I work for Gotchu Copyright. You may have heard of us?

The director stares at Kat blankly.

KAT: Yes, well…I regret to inform you but you are in direct violation of section 87 due to copyright infringement.

DIRECTOR: What?!?

Debbie overhears this and motions for the other actors to give them privacy so they all exit backstage. Johnny changes the lights to green, lighting up the stage.

Kat: Look these over please. You currently have the copyrights to the original play of Oklahoma but we received word, complaints if you will, that you changed multiple songs without permission. *"Oh What a Beautiful Mornin"* has been replaced with new lyrics that have been taken from the P. Diddy song *"I'll be Missing You." "It's a Scandal! It's an Outrage!"* has now been changed to reflect the same lyrical tune as R. Kelly's *"It Seems Like You're Ready".* "*Kansas City"* lyrics have been changed and is now sung to the tune of *"Chicago"* by Frank Sinatra… that one doesn't even make any sense.

DIRECTOR: Ok, ok, what is it we have to do? Pay a fine? How much?

KAT: I wish it was that simple. Only thing you can do is perform Oklahoma as originally written.

Debbie and Morris re-enter from backstage.

DEBBIE: But the musical Oklahoma frankly sucks! I worked too hard memorizing…um…

MORRIS: Lines?

DEBBIE: Yeah lines, to have this play fall apart because of some copyright crap.

Johnny changes the lights to blue.

DIRECTOR: Debbie please! Johnny, stop screwing around with the lights! (looks back at Kat) The show goes up in less than two weeks, we cannot make these changes this far into rehearsal. What if I pay a fine? Or we do the show and after it's over, we can discuss and…

KAT: I don't think you understand the severity of this offense. Do you not understand copyright rules? If you wrote an original play, would you think it fair if someone took your script and added hip hop songs to it?

DIRECTOR: I cain't say no.

Kat closes the briefcase, ready to leave.

DIRECTOR: Come on, we can work this out.

KAT: Can we now? How do you propose that?

The Director reaches into his / her pocket and pulls out a dollar. Kat rolls her eyes.

KAT: A dollar?

DIRECTOR: I need to go to the ATM.

Kat shakes her head and closes her briefcase, leaving a few items and exits with the Director following behind. There are loud voices and almost arguing coming from the hallway. Debbie walks towards the Exit door and looks back at Morris.

DEBBIE: Come on, follow me.

Debbie and Morris quickly rush off stage. The arguing continues from backstage. Other voices can be heard until…

A LOUD SCREAM

Debbie and Morris run from behind the stage.

DEBBIE: What the hell was that?! They've both disappeared?

MORRIS: Disappeared?

DEBBIE: That's what I just said. Look!

Debbie points to a few papers that were left.

MORRIS: It's a sheet of paper!

DEBBIE: Nothing gets by you, does it? Yes, a sheet of paper.

Debbie picks it up and looks at it.

DEBBIE: There's writing on it, but it seems to be missing pieces.

MORRIS: Yes, it's missing pieces.

DEBBIE: (sigh) Sometimes it's just a word, sometimes a line – let's looks around more.

MORRIS: You know what we should do? We should look around.

DEBBIE: I am going to murder you.

Just then the exit door opens up and the Director enters. The Director looks like he / she is about to speak but then falls to the ground, dead.

Johnny changes the lights to red.

MORRIS (to the Director): You ok?

Lights Out